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MAY, 1875.

No. 1.

THE BALTIMORE BONAPARTES.



MADAME JEROME BONAPARTE.

[From portrait by Gilbert Stuart, painted in 1804, and now in the rooms of the Maryland Historical Society.]

THE story of the Baltimore Bonapartes is one of the saddest but most interesting chapters in the romance of modern history. It is now more than seventy years since Jerome—the youngest, weakest, and most worthless of Napoleon's brothers—arrived in

New York in command of a French frigate. Napoleon Bonaparte, the Conqueror of Egypt and Italy, and First Consul of France, was then filling the world with the *éclat* of his genius, and Jerome was received with distinction in the "first circles" of New York.

Early in the autumn of 1803, young Bonaparte visited Baltimore. Parties, dinners, and receptions were given in his honor. He was the lion of the day. The leading citizens of Baltimore contended for the privilege of entertaining the distinguished young stranger.

At the elegant and hospitable home of Samuel Chase, one of the Maryland signers of the Declaration of Independence, Captain Bonaparte was introduced to Miss Elizabeth Patterson. This lady, though not yet eighteen, was one of the reigning belles of Baltimore. To the exquisite beauty of her person were added a sprightly wit, fascinating manners, and many brilliant accomplishments. An immediate and ardent attachment sprang up between the handsome and dashing young Frenchman and the beautiful Baltimore girl, an attachment which increased, day after day, as they were constantly thrown together either at home or in society. In spite of the warnings of friends, in spite of the remonstrances of her father, Miss Patterson determined to marry, declaring that she "would rather be the wife of Jerome Bonaparte for an hour than the wife of any other man for life." Finding her so firm and determined in the matter, Mr. Patterson at last gave a reluctant consent to the marriage.

The marriage of Jerome Bonaparte and Elizabeth Patterson took place on Christmas Eve, 1803. The ceremony was performed by the Right Reverend John Carroll, Bishop of Baltimore, afterward Archbishop and Primate of the American Catholic Church. The marriage contract was drawn up by Alexander J. Dallas, and the wedding was witnessed by the Mayor and other prominent citizens of Baltimore. Mr. William Patterson, the father of the bride, was one of the merchant princes of Baltimore, ranking in the mercantile world with John Jacob Astor, of New York, and Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia. During the American Revolution he had freely given large sums of money to support the war for independence, and had enjoyed the intimate friendship of Washington, La Fayette, and Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

Shortly after their marriage, Jerome and his wife made an extended tour of the North-

ern and Eastern States. In Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Albany, and other cities which they visited, they were received with the distinction due to the brother of the First Consul of France.

But trouble was not long in coming. Even during this bridal tour, alarming news arrived from France. Napoleon was furious when he heard of Jerome's marriage; he immediately directed that his allowance should be stopped and that he should return to France by the first frigate; otherwise he would be regarded as a deserter. At the same time, Jerome was forbidden to bring his wife to France, and all the captains of French vessels were prohibited from receiving on board "the young person to whom he had attached himself," it being the intention of the First Consul that she should not, on any pretext whatever, be permitted to enter France, and if she succeeded in so doing, she was to be sent back to the United States without delay.

Jerome was frightened. He hesitated, at first, to return, fearing to meet Napoleon in his anger. He delayed his departure from America week after week and month after month, vainly hoping that time would soften the heart of the tyrant, and reconcile him to his marriage. At last, on the morning of the 11th of March, 1805, Jerome and his wife embarked at Baltimore for Europe, and on the 2d of April arrived at Lisbon. Here they had at once a proof of Napoleon's despotic power. A French guard was placed around their vessel, and Madame Jerome was not allowed to land. An ambassador from Napoleon waited upon her, and asked what he could do for *Miss Patterson*. To whom she replied:

"Tell your master that *Madame Bonaparte* is ambitious, and demands her rights as a member of the Imperial family."

Soon after arriving at Lisbon, Jerome hastened to Paris, hoping, by a personal interview, to win Napoleon over to a recognition of the marriage. On his way through Spain he met Junot, who had just been appointed Minister to Portugal. Junot endeavored to dissuade him from resisting the wishes of Napoleon. Jerome declared that he never would abandon his beautiful young wife. "Strong in the justice of my cause," he said solemnly, "I am resolved not to yield the point." He then showed Junot a miniature of Madame Jerome, which represented a young lady of extraordinary beauty. "To a person so exquisitely beautiful," said Jerome, "are united all the

qualities that can render a woman enchanting."

When Jerome reached Paris, he requested an interview with Napoleon, which was refused. He was told to address the Emperor by letter, which he did, and received an answer that put an end to all his hope concerning his wife. This was the substance of Napoleon's reply :

take the name of my family, to which she has no right, her marriage having no existence."

When Napoleon declared that Jerome's marriage was "null, both in a religious and legal point of view," he was expressing his own wishes rather than stating the facts. At the time of Jerome's marriage to Miss Patterson, Napoleon was only the First Consul



JEROME BONAPARTE.

[From the portrait by Gilbert Stuart, painted in 1804, and now in the rooms of the Maryland Historical Society.]

"Your marriage is null, both in a religious and legal point of view. *I will never acknowledge it.* Write to Miss Patterson to return to the United States, and tell her it is not possible to give things another turn. On condition of her going to America, I will allow her a pension during her life of sixty thousand francs per year, provided she does not

of France, and could have no control over the members of his family. Jerome's mother and eldest brother, Joseph, were the only persons whose consent was necessary, and they concurred in approving the marriage. The marriage had been celebrated according to the prescribed rites of the Catholic Church, of which Jerome professed

was to spend the early part of the evening in music and reading. At nine, her maid came to dress her for the ball. Precisely at ten, she drove to the *soirée*, and invariably left at midnight. In society, her sarcastic wit was as much feared as her beauty was admired.

It was while residing at Florence, in 1822, that Madame Bonaparte saw Jerome for the first and last time after their separation at Lisbon, in 1805. They met in the gallery of the Pitti Palace. On seeing her, Jerome started, and whispered to the Princess of Würtemberg, his second wife: "That is my former wife." He immediately quitted the gallery, and the next morning left Florence. No words passed between them.

Madame Bonaparte spent the winter of 1823 in Vienna. Here, her social success was almost as brilliant as at Florence. It was while residing at Vienna that she made the retort to the English Ambassador at the Austrian Court, which was repeated all over Europe. This is the story: At a state dinner given by Prince Metternich, it fell to the English Ambassador to escort Madame Bonaparte. He was not much pleased at having her assigned to him, for he had already in the drawing-room suffered from her sarcasm. He hated Napoleon, and expressed pleasure that the world was at last rid of him. She admired Napoleon, although he had treated her so harshly. On this subject they had spoken before dinner, and the Ambassador had not been successful in the encounter. At dinner, he thought he would get even with his opponent. So, when the soup was over, he asked her, with a malicious smile, whether she had read Mrs. Trollope's book on America. Madame Bonaparte said she had.

"Well, Madame," said the Ambassador, "did you notice that Mrs. Trollope pronounces all Americans vulgarians?"

"Yes," replied Madame Bonaparte, "and I am not surprised at that. Were the Americans the descendants of the Indians or the Esquimaux, I should be astonished; but being the direct descendants of the English, it is very natural that they should be vulgarians."

The English Ambassador said nothing more to Madame Bonaparte during the dinner.

Young Jerome Bonaparte of Baltimore accompanied his mother to Europe, and was placed at school in Geneva. After remaining there several years, he joined his mother in Italy in 1821, where most of the Bonaparte family were then residing. He was

received with affectionate kindness by his grandmother, the venerable Madame Mère, his uncles Lucien and Louis, his aunt Julia, wife of Joseph Bonaparte, and aunt Pauline, Princess Borghese, and all his numerous cousins. So delighted were they all with the bright and handsome young Baltimore Bonaparte, that they were anxious to make a match between him and his young cousin, Charlotte, daughter of Joseph. In the event of the marriage taking place, the Princess Borghese promised to leave the young couple three hundred thousand francs. Nothing came of this project. The two cousins continued devotedly attached to each other and frequently corresponded. Young Jerome visited her beautiful home at Point Breeze, New Jersey, where her father lived from 1816 to 1839. In the spring of 1823, Jerome returned to America, and, in the next autumn, entered Harvard University, where he remained three years. In 1826, he again visited Italy, and renewed his intimate personal relations with his family there. His half-brother, Prince Jerome, and half-sister, Princess Mathilde, became tenderly attached to him. It was during this visit to Europe that Jerome's acquaintance with Louis Napoleon began; this soon ripened into a most cordial intimacy.

Not long after his return to America (namely, in November, 1829), Jerome, then about twenty-four years old, was married to Miss Susan May Williams, a native of Baltimore, but descended of a prominent family of Massachusetts. Letters of congratulation came from the different members of the Bonaparte family, including Madame Mère, Joseph, Louis, Jerome, and his cousin Charlotte. On the 5th of November, 1830, a son was born to Mr. Bonaparte, and named Jerome Napoleon. After spending one year at Harvard, young Jerome entered West Point, July 1st, 1848, where he distinguished himself, both in the class-room and in all martial exercises, graduating high in his class in 1852. Perhaps a more dashing, more noble-looking young officer than Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte never left West Point; tall, graceful, handsome, with dark eyes, and regular features, he was every inch a soldier.

When Louis Napoleon came to America in 1837, Mr. Jerome Bonaparte invited him to visit him at his country-seat near Baltimore. On the 1st of January, 1853, Jerome addressed a letter to Napoleon III., congratulating him upon the occasion of his ascending the Imperial throne of France, to

which the Emperor responded, expressing the great pleasure which the letter of his cousin had afforded him, and concluding with an invitation to visit France.

Mr. Bonaparte and his son visited Paris in June, 1854, and immediately upon their arrival were invited to dine at Saint Cloud by the Emperor. When they entered the Palace, Mr. Bonaparte received from the hands of the Emperor a paper containing the deliberate opinion of the Minister of Justice, the President of the Senate, and the President of the Council of State, upon the subject of the marriage of Prince Jerome with Miss Elizabeth Patterson, to the effect that Jerome Bonaparte ought to be considered a legitimate child of France. Prince Jerome opposed the recognition of his son's legitimacy, said he would not consent to his remaining in France, and so wrote to the Emperor. Napoleon III. replied that the laws of France recognized the son of Miss Patterson as legitimate, and on the 30th of August, 1854, a decree was inserted in the "Bulletin des lois," declaring that *M. Jérôme Bonaparte est réintégré dans la qualité de Français.*

Another decree, dated September 5th, 1854, conferred upon young Jerome Bonaparte, of Baltimore, the rank of Lieutenant in the French army. He had previously resigned his commission in the United States army. The young officer proceeded at once to the Crimea, where he distinguished himself upon several occasions. At the end of the war his commanding officer wrote a letter of congratulation to his father, saying that he ought to be proud of such a son. For his gallant conduct in the Crimea, Lieut. Bonaparte received a Victoria Medal from the Queen of England, the Order of the Medjidie from the Sultan of Turkey, and the Cross of the Legion of Honor from his Imperial cousin, Napoleon III. For his heroic services in the Italian campaign of 1859, Victor Emanuel decorated him with the Order of Military Valor.

In the summer of 1870 Jerome Bonaparte died in Baltimore, leaving his large fortune to his wife and two sons. Mr. Bonaparte bore a striking likeness to his uncle, the First Napoleon, having the same massive head, regular features, and dark eyes. On one occasion, when he was traveling through France, the people saw him, and as if the great Napoleon had returned to life, they enthusiastically shouted: "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

Mr. Bonaparte was a gentleman of refined taste and culture. His late residence

in Baltimore is probably the most interesting in the South, and in Napoleonic portraits, curiosities, and relics; it is, perhaps, the most



JEROME NAPOLEON BONAPARTE [SON OF JEROME BONAPARTE].—From a bust taken in 1859.

interesting in America. One room in the house is entirely devoted to Bonaparte. Here, the chief object of interest is a magnificent bust of General Bonaparte, which bears the following inscription: "*Le Général Bonaparte en l'an VIII, par Corbet, au Caire. En marbre par Iselin, Paris, 1859.*" The history of this bust is remarkable. The original cast was taken in Egypt, during the French invasion in 1798-9. Before the French left the country, the cast was buried, and was not recovered until 1859, when Napoleon III. had it cut in marble, by the French sculptor, Iselin. Only two copies were made; one was placed in the Tuileries; the other was purchased by Mr. Bonaparte.

On the left side of this bust of General Bonaparte, is a bust of Colonel Jerome N. Bonaparte; and on the right hand side is the bust of Mr. Bonaparte, an engraving of which accompanies this article. These busts were done in marble by Iselin, at Paris, in 1859. Among other busts in this apartment are those of Charles and Letitia Bonaparte, the father and mother of Napoleon. These busts are by Canova. There is, also, a bust of the little King of Rome, and a full length bronze figure of the Prince Imperial. A marble portrait of the hands of the Princess Mathilde by Bartolini, a portrait of King Jerome, a bronze statue of Napoleon, and a portrait of Colonel Bonaparte, as Captain of the First Carabiniers, painted by May, and exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1867, are

in this room also. The likeness of Colonel Bonaparte, accompanying this article, is from a photograph of this picture.



COL. JEROME NAPOLEON BONAPARTE [GRANDSON OF JEROME BONAPARTE].—From a recent photograph.

Madame Bonaparte is still living in Baltimore, at the age of ninety years. She says she has no intention of dying until she is a hundred. She has been to Europe sixteen times, and contemplates another trip this summer. This old lady has more vivacity and certainly more intelligence than many of the leading women of fashion of the present day. She expresses her opinion upon all subjects with great freedom, and sometimes with bitterness. She has little or no confidence in men; and a very poor opinion of women: the young ladies of the present day, she says, all have the "*homo mania*." All sentiment she thinks a weakness. She professes that her ambition has always been—*not the throne, but near the throne*. Mr. Patterson, her father, died in 1836, at an advanced age, in possession of a large fortune. In his will, which is one of the most remarkable documents that has ever been deposited in the Orphans' Court of Baltimore, he says: "The conduct of my daughter, Betsey, has, through life, been so disobedient that in no instance has she ever consulted my opinion or feelings; indeed, she has caused me more anxiety and trouble than all my other children put together; her folly and misconduct have occasioned me a

train of experience that, first to last, has cost me much money"—in this, he means the marriage of his daughter to Jerome Bonaparte. The old gentleman left her, out of his great wealth, only three or four small houses and the wines in his cellar—worth in all about ten thousand dollars.

Madame Bonaparte is very rich: she has made her money by successful speculations and by her life-long habit of saving. For years she has lived at a boarding-house in Baltimore, seeing very little company. Her costume is ancient, and there is nothing about her appearance that suggests the marvelous beauty that led captive the heart of Jerome Bonaparte. Her eyes alone retain some of the brightness of former days.

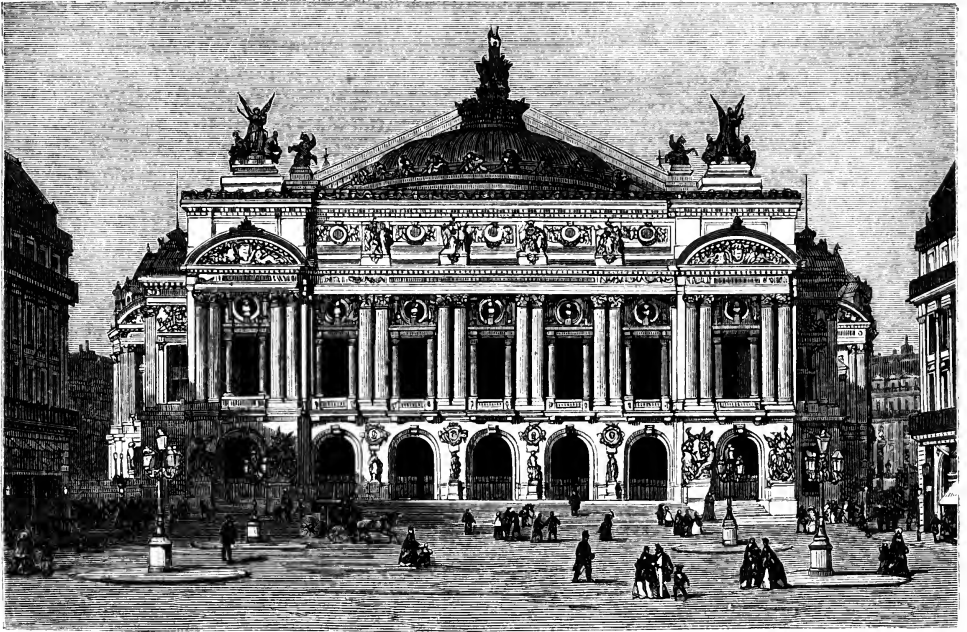
For forty years, Madame Bonaparte kept a diary, in which she recorded her views and observations of European and American society. Some of her remarks are severely sarcastic. A well-known Boston publishing house, it is said, recently offered ten thousand dollars for the manuscript volumes, but Madame refused to sell them at any price, and has committed them to the custody of her younger grandson, Charles Joseph, recently a law student of Harvard, now a rising member of the Baltimore bar. They will probably be published after the writer's death.

In the Franco-Prussian war, Colonel Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte distinguished himself by his personal bravery and splendid soldierly qualities. After the capture of the Emperor at Sedan, Colonel Bonaparte escorted the Empress through France, and returned to Paris in time to take a conspicuous part in the memorable siege of that city. During the Commune he escaped from Paris just in time to save his life.

At the close of the war, Colonel Bonaparte came back to the United States and visited Baltimore. In the summer of 1871, at Newport, R. I., he married Caroline Le Roy Appleton (Mrs. Newbold Edgar), granddaughter of Daniel Webster.

Colonel Bonaparte has all the qualities of a successful leader: he is brave, dashing, and fearless. When we recall the many extraordinary events that have happened in France during the last ninety years—when we remember that a lieutenant of artillery at Toulon became the conqueror of Austerlitz and Emperor of France—that the grandson of the guillotined Beauharnais became Napoleon III.—does it seem impossible that we have a future Emperor of France among us in Colonel Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte of Baltimore?

A TEMPLE OF SONG.



THE NEW OPERA-HOUSE, PARIS.

THE New York papers of Jan. 6th, 1875 printed a brief telegram which doubtless escaped the notice of many readers, and which, if it attracted their attention, was hardly likely to produce an impression sufficient to delay progress to the subsequent item of intelligence. Yet the despatch related to an event which, if it did not engross for the moment the thoughts of a nation, monopolized at least those of its capital, and made politics, trade and finance, topics of subsidiary importance: it announced the formal opening of the new Paris Opera-House, commenced under the Empire and finished by the Republic. People on this side of the Atlantic had in truth become rather weary of the theme, for repeated postponements of the inauguration had extended, not merely over the nine days usually allotted to general wonderment, but over a year or two more. The interest of France, and that of the Parisians in particular, in the occasion was, however, as lively as if the *Nouvel Opéra* had grown up in their midst overnight. The reporters of "*Le Figaro*" gossiped about "the situation" once every twenty-four hours, and even severer writers dealt with it twice or thrice a week. Loungers

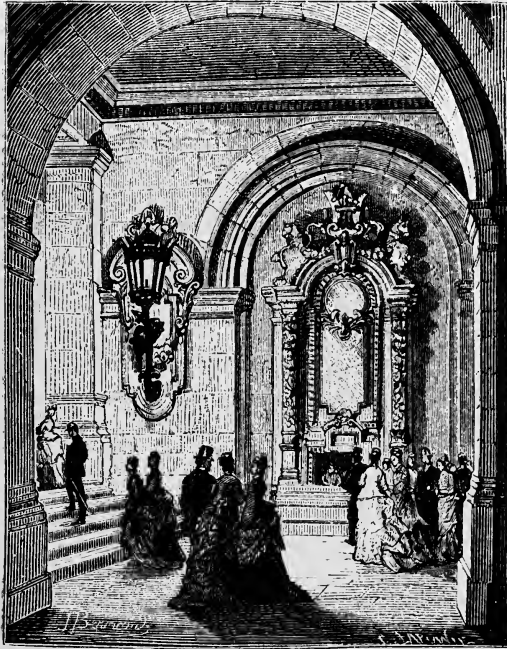
outside were as numerous as ever, and the desire to catch a glimpse of the interior was rather increased than diminished.

There can be no doubt that, although not without its defects, the new Opera-House is the most complete building of the kind in the world, and, in many respects, the most beautiful. Portions of it invite censure, but, as a whole, no European capital possesses an Opera-House so comprehensive in plan and execution, and none can boast an edifice equally vast and splendid. I was in Paris toward the close of last August, only four months before the theater was thrown open to the public. I had just returned from Italy, and hence was scarcely in the mood to be overcome by the sight of a modern building, however broad in design and rich in material. The forest of needles of the Duomo of Milan, rising pink and golden in a summer sky, and the myriad hues of the Venetian Piazza and Piazzetta, with the polychromatic Basilica, the contrasted Procuratie, the gorgeous clock-tower, and the Campanile, do not predispose one to view with favor anything savoring of newness, and it must be admitted that an undeniably unpleasant air of youth still clings

to M. Garnier's work. Yet the Opera-House, which I then beheld for the first time since its completion, delighted me, while the artistic beauty and variety of its internal features

of the monument which M. Garnier has erected to his own talent and industry. The book in question is by M. Nutter; it is brimful of facts and figures, and is illustrated by many faithful and delicate engravings. With these at hand to aid me, I have slight fear that American readers will not be interested in a few pages of print upon the history of the opera in France, and upon the most salient traits of its latest and costliest abode.

Before the erection of the grandiose structure of which this article treats, the opera, during the two hundred years of its existence, found in Paris a home in twelve different edifices. The first was situated opposite the Rue Guénégaud, on the site of the building now known as No. 42 Rue Mazarine, and No. 4 Rue de Seine. Here "Pomone," the first French musical comedy, a pastoral in five acts, with a prologue, was performed in public for the first time. The words were by the Abbé Perrin, and the music was by Cambert. The success achieved by this earliest setting to notes of a French piece determined the Abbé Perrin to solicit the privilege of giving representations of the same character in public. This privilege was accorded him June 28, 1669, by royal letters patent. He then formed a partnership with the



BOX OFFICE—VESTIBULE.

compelled unreserved admiration. Time, as M. Garnier well knew, will do a great deal for the outward appearance of the building, and modifications within can be readily effected, as they are suggested by successive tests.

With M. Maurice Strakosch (now so thorough a Parisian in tastes and habits, that I should not marvel if some day or other he controlled the Opéra as he has controlled the Italiens), I wandered through the edifice. The visit was almost as bewildering as it was agreeable. Giant stairways and colossal halls, huge frescoes and enormous mirrors, gold and marble, satin and velvet, met the eye at every turn. A performance is enjoyed when the Opera-House is seen; on sober reflection, objections to sundry points may be advanced, but a first visit is fruitful of gratification and astonishment only.

I quitted Paris the next day, and should probably have been content to keep the recollection of my ramble through the *Nouvel Opéra* undisturbed by a reference to it, but for the publication in the French metropolis of a volume of two hundred and fifty pages devoted to the description and consideration

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Marquis de Sourdéac, who was accounted one of the most able men of his day in the art of inventing and constructing theatrical machinery. The *Sieur de Bersac de Champeron* furnished the funds for the enterprise, and in 1670 he and the Marquis de Sourdéac leased the tennis court "de la Bouteille," on the site of which the first Opera-House was to be erected, the managers paying therefor a rental of 2,400 livres for five years. The oblong form of the tennis court was preserved, and the stage was large for the time, and well adapted to the production of mechanical effects, which from the introduction of the opera had constituted one of its attractions. In the last act of "Pomone" no less than eighteen sprites appeared suspended amid the clouds.

The inauguration took place March 19, 1671, and the enterprise proved quite successful. But discord soon sprung up between the partners. De Sourdéac and Champeron, the sole lessees of the house, had a second opera composed, and Perrin, seeing that he was virtually turned out of the association, ceded his rights to Lully, to

whom the King gave another and more extended privilege, which dignified the theater with the title of the Royal Academy of Music. Lully, who had dealt with Perrin only, being too wise to enter into a lawsuit with de Sourdéac, applied to the King, and

the fire of October, 1873, when it became necessary to hire the Salle Ventadour, the opera was represented in buildings belonging to the State, and the manager was free of rent.

It would not be profitable to follow the history of the opera in France step by step down to the present period. We shall, in this belief, confine ourselves to a hasty review of events. For ninety years Molière's "house" was the dwelling of the lyric drama in Paris, and it would probably not have been given up then, had it not been destroyed by fire on April 6, 1763. Measures were then taken to keep the troupe together, and recitals



THE CIRCULAR VESTIBULE.

the theater in the Rue Mazarine was closed by royal decree in March, 1672. Lully selected the "Bel Air" tennis court, situated in the Rue Vaugirard, between the Palace of the Luxembourg and the Rue des Francs-Bourgeois, for the site of his theater, and Vigarani, a skillful machinist, was engaged to assist him. But few documents exist throwing any light on the plan of this building, but it is generally conceded that it was of a temporary character. Lully was, in truth, anxious to reap promptly the benefit of his privilege. The hall, however, was not ready until November, 1672, when it was opened with the performance of a pastoral called "Festes de l'Amour et de Bacchus," and made up of pieces which Lully had already produced at court. Lully soon obtained a better theater free of all cost. Molière having died on the 16th of February, 1673, Lully applied to the King for the Palais Royal Theater, which was then occupied by Molière's company. The King granted his petition, and from that time until after

took place in the concert-hall of the Tuileries, in the Pavillon de Flore. Later on, the opera found shelter in a building on the other side of the Palace.

In the interval from 1763 to 1770 an opera-house had been built by Moreau on the ground occupied by the burned building. This was the first house built solely



VIEW FROM THE LOGGIA.

for such tenancy. The theater was large and well provided with machinery, and the auditorium, which was spacious and beautifully decorated, had four tiers of boxes. On the 8th of June, 1781, at half-past eight in the evening, just as the representation was about

to conclude, one of the scenes caught fire. The ballet-master, Dauberval, ordered the curtain to be lowered, and the audience dispersed, thinking that the last act was



"DANCING"—BY M. GUMERY.

rather short, but without suspicion that anything had gone wrong. The progress of the flames could not be arrested, and the house was reduced to ashes. Fourteen of the dancers and machinists perished in the conflagration. After this catastrophe, the opera took up its abode in the building known as the *Menus Plaisirs du Roi*, in the Rue Bergère, on the Boulevard St. Martin, and in the *Théâtre National*. A decree of the 27th Germinal of the year II gave the name of *Théâtre des Arts* to the opera-house. On the 13th day of February, 1820, the Duc de Berry was mortally wounded by Louvel, and the next day he died in one of the ante-rooms of the theater, whither a bed had been hurriedly carried. It was subsequently decided that no more theatrical entertainments should be given in the building, and that it should be torn down and an expiatory monument be erected in its place. The Favart Opera-House, built in 1781 by the Italian actors, and now known as the *Opéra Comique*, was vacant at the time, and representations were given there from April 19, 1820, to May 11, 1821. A few concerts and performances were also given from May to August, 1821,

in the *Salle Louvois*, built in 1791 by Brongniart. A temporary opera-house was inaugurated August 16, 1821, in the Rue Lepeletier. It was built by M. Debret, and originally contained 2,000 seats, of which about 200 were afterward removed. On October 28, 1873, this house met the usual fate, and was destroyed by fire. Since then the *Salle Ventadour*, originally used by an Italian company, has had for a lessee M. Halanzier, who now controls the fortunes of the new abode of the French lyric drama.

After the construction of a new opera-house had been declared to be a measure of public utility, a resolution, passed December 29, 1860, provided for a competitive exhibition of designs and plans, and determined the conditions under which they should be submitted. One month only was accorded to the competitors, and 171 plans, forming a total of 700 drawings, were presented. Of these, 43 were selected first; these were reduced to 16, and afterward to 7, by a further examination. The jury then set aside two of the plans, and expressed a desire that a final competition, the result of which should be the award to the victor of the contract for the erection of the building,



"POETRY"—BY M. GUMERY.

should be entered into by the authors of the five plans retained.

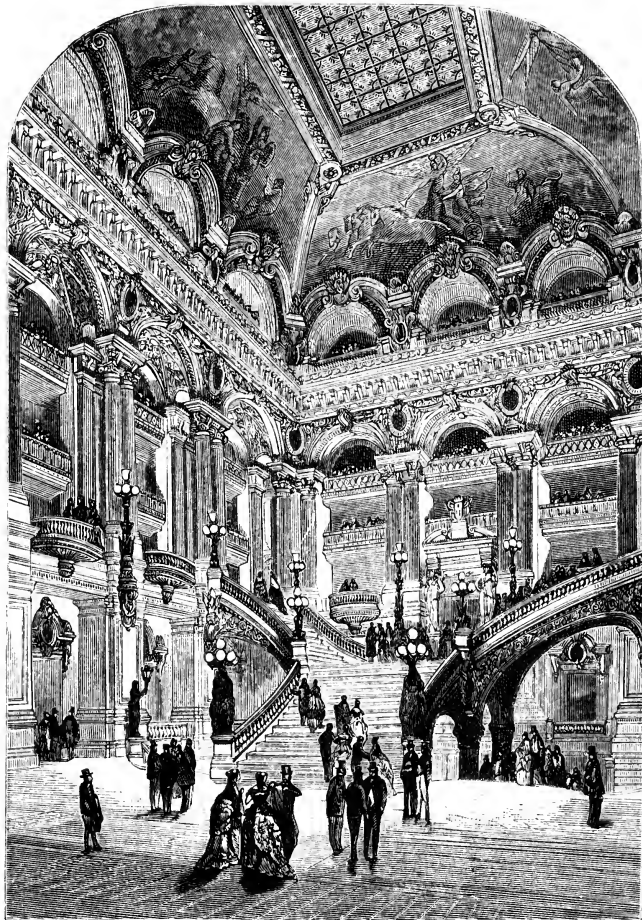
The upshot of this last competition was that

the plan submitted by M. Charles Garnier was unanimously chosen by the jury, composed of Count Walewski, president; MM. Lebas, Gilbert, Caristie, Duban, de Gisons, Hittorff, Lesueur et Lefuel, members of the Academy of Beaux Arts; and MM. de Cardaillac, Questel, Lenormand and Constant Du-feux, members of the General Council of Civil Construction.

In July, 1861, the site of the new opera-house was determined upon, and the digging of the foundation was begun in the following month. At the very outset of this great work one of the principal difficulties of the enterprise was encountered. Although it was well known that water would be met with, it was impossible to foresee at what depth or in what quantity it would be found. The experience acquired in the construction of buildings in the neighborhood afforded no basis for any calculation, as a part of the fresh foundation had to be exceptionally deep. This will be more fully understood when it is known that the stage arrangements were to be such as to permit a scene fifteen mètres in height to be lowered on its frame. It was, therefore, necessary to lay a foundation in a soil soaked with water, which should be sufficiently solid to sustain a

weight of 10,000,000 kilogrammes,* and at the same time be perfectly dry, as the cellars were intended for the storage of scenery and "properties." While the work was in progress the excavation was kept free from water by means of eight pumps, worked by steam power, and in operation without interruption day and night, from March 2d to October 13th. Four pile-driving machines were employed, two worked by steam, and two by hand power. During the process

of construction, it was not only necessary to prevent the return of the water, but to resist its pressure, which was estimated at 2,000,000 kilogrammes. To this the architect naturally opposed the weight of the materials used,



THE GRAND STAIRWAY.

and this he reversed by distributing it over a series of inverted arches in such a manner that the outside pressure held the work together all the more firmly. The floor of the cellar was first covered with a layer of concrete, then with two coats of cement, another layer of concrete, and a coat of bitumen. The wall includes an outer wall built as a coffer-dam, a brick wall, a coat of cement, and a wall proper, one mètre* thick. After all this was done, the whole was filled with water, in order that the fluid, by penetrating

* The French kilogramme is equivalent to 2.2048 pounds avoirdupois; five kilogrammes are about equal to 11 pounds.

* The French mètre is equivalent, roughly, to one yard and a tenth.

into the most minute interstices, might deposit a sediment which should close them more surely and perfectly than it would be possible to do by hand. Twelve years have now elapsed, and during that time it has been demonstrated that the precautions taken

The public complained occasionally of the slow growth of the edifice. A comparison with the time required for the construction of other large buildings results, however, favorably for the Opera-House, the cubic contents of which are about 450,000 mètres

The construction of the Panthéon, which contains about 190,000 mètres, only occupied twenty-six years; the Bourse, containing 106,000 mètres, was nineteen years old before it was completed, and the Sorbonne, fourteen. The events of 1870 interrupted work just as it was about to be prosecuted most vigorously, and the new Opera-House was put to new and unexpected uses. During the siege it was converted into a vast military storehouse, and filled with a heterogeneous mass of goods, the total weight of which was 4,500,000 kilogrammes.

Arches eleven centimètres in thickness, which had been constructed with a view to supporting the usual weight only, were then subjected to a pressure which at times alarmed the architect. The archives of the Opera-House were deposited in one of the cellars during this period, but, thanks to the care taken in the subterranean construction, no damage was caused by dampness. A semaphore telegraph, which was placed on the roof, was used by the Navy Department



THE GRAND FOYER.

have secured absolute impermeability and solidity. On the 21st of July, 1862, Count Walewski, Minister of State, laid the cornerstone and within a twelvemonth the foundations were finished. 165,000 working days had been employed in the completion of the work, besides 2,300 working nights at the pumps. In 1867 the building was covered in, and at this stage of progress the number of working days amounted to 1,107,632, besides 2,359 nights at the pumps.

during the war. After the siege the building fell into the hands of the Commune, and the partisans of Raoul Rigault turned the roof into a balloon station. The damage done during the siege and by the Commune was comparatively slight, and the whole cost of repairs did not exceed 300,000 francs.

In September, 1873, M. Garnier announced that the building could be in readiness for occupancy by the month of January, 1876. A short time after, the burning of the

theater in the Rue Lepeletier made it necessary to finish it as rapidly as possible, and in March, 1874, a further appropriation was



"THALIA"—PAINTING BY BAUDRY.

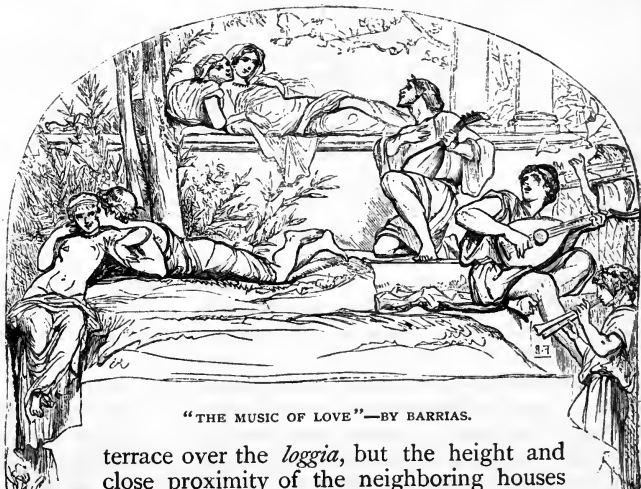
made to hasten affairs. M. Garnier, meantime, had fallen to work on the day after the fire, without orders and without money. The contractors consented to make advances on the strength of his word, and matters were pressed with such unwonted energy that the theater was fit to be handed over to the management in December, 1874. The fine stone employed in the construction was brought from quarries in Sweden, Scotland, Italy, Algeria, Finland, Spain, Belgium, and France.

While work on the exterior was in progress, the building was inclosed in what may be called a wooden shell, rendered transparent by thousands of small panes of glass. On the 15th of August, 1867, M. Garnier thought the time for revealing his achievement had come; the Place de l'Opéra was cleared of loungers, and a swarm of men supplied with hammers and axes stripped the house of its

habit, and showed, in all its splendor, the structure of which the frontage is represented in the accompanying engraving. The impression wrought was very decided, and while M. Garnier did not escape severe criticism, he had defenders who were quite as earnest as his opponents.

The engraving appended conveys a correct idea of the proportions of the structure. But it must be borne in mind that a woodcut cannot do justice to the rich colors of the edifice, or to the harmonious tone resulting from the skillful use of many diverse materials. The broad steps are of St. Ylie stone; the ground floor built of Larrys freestone and adorned by numerous statues and groups, ranges above, while higher up is the balcony, called the *loggia*. Sixteen monolith columns of Bavarian stone stand out on a background of red Jura stone. It was remarked at first that their snowy whiteness contrasted too strongly with the background, but M. Garnier was quite aware that time would take upon itself the task of toning down the brighter hues. These columns are connected by balconies of polished stone with balusters of green Swedish marble, and with them are eighteen peach-blossom marble columns, with capitals gilded with two shades of gold. These eighteen columns sustain a *rideau* or curtain of Jura stone, ornamented with gilt-bronze busts and brackets, the curtain not being intended to support the attic, which rests upon the principal columns, but only to shelter the *loggia*.

The attic is the result of one of the chief modifications effected in M. Garnier's original plan. It was first proposed to place a



"THE MUSIC OF LOVE"—BY BARRIAS.

terrace over the *loggia*, but the height and close proximity of the neighboring houses

made it expedient to increase the altitude of the building, and, therefore, to raise the attic. Into the background of the carvings on this part of the structure is incrustated a golden mosaic which, according as the sunlight or the moonbeams glance upon it, gives animation

cupola of the auditorium, topped with a cap of bronze sparingly adorned with gilding. Further on, on a level with the towers of Notre-Dame, is the gable end of the roof of the stage, a "Pegasus," by M. Lequesne, rising at either end of the roof, and a bronze group by M. Millet, representing "Apollo lifting his golden lyre," commanding the apex. Apollo, it may here be mentioned, is useful as well as ornamental, for his lyre is tipped with a metal point which does duty as a lightning-rod, and conducts the fluid to the body and down the nether limbs of the god.



"THE WAR DANCE"—SKETCHED BY BOULANGER.

to figures and arabesques by its changeful reflection. Higher up, a row of gilt-bronze antique masks runs along the frontage, and, higher still, above bands of violet brocatelle marble, are gilt-bronze groups, placed at the angles.

Such is the *ensemble*, varied, brilliant and warm in tone, which greets the eye when the looker-on stands a few yards from the building. From a more remote point, the effect of the frontage is completed by the

it not that his statue is to be seen within the house. On the ground floor are profile medallions of Bach, Haydn, Pergolesi, and Cimarosa, by M. Gumery. Four statues on the steps personify "The Drama," "Song," "The Idyl," and "The Cantata;" and four groups typify "Music," "Lyric Poetry," "The Lyric Drama," and "Dancing." "Dancing," by M. Carpeaux, merits a special reference. For a brief period, it was quite as much talked about as the Opéra

would be unaccountable were

itself, discussed on the floor of the Assembly, criticised in the *cafés*, and reviled in the newspapers. Public interest in the topic even became so active as to give birth to hostile demonstrations against the group, and, one morning, one of the figures was found sullied with the contents of an ink-bottle. That M. Carpeaux's achievement is not particularly felicitous, cannot be doubted. In thought and expression, it is at least suggestive of lewdness, and, however indulgent a view is taken of the composition, it is altogether too frivolous to hold the distinguished position assigned to it. On this point opinions concurred, and, in 1869, a ministerial decree ordered the removal of "Dancing" to the interior of the house, inasmuch as its want of proportion was injurious to the façade. Another group was at once ordered of M. Gumery, but the sculptor died before his task was completed, and, although his pupils finished the group, its substitution for that of M. Carpeaux has not yet been agreed upon. To close this description of the frontage, we note that it is lighted by four huge bronze candelabra.

The lateral frontages are less ornate. Marble is less freely used. The balusters of the windows of the first floor are, however, of green Swedish marble; a band of red Serravezza marble runs under the cornice; the lapping-stones are of bronze—everything else is of stone.

Among the obligations laid upon the architect, was the contrivance of a special entrance for the Executive, leading directly to his proscenium-box, and of a covered entrance for the carriages of the public. Both were to be side entrances, and falling back from the frontage. The demand was met by the addition of two pavilions to the lateral façades. The pavilion on the Rue Gluck affords shelter to five vehicles at once. The pavilion on the Rue Scribe is so constructed that the coach of the Executive can be driven into a vestibule from which a few steps lead to the box. Each of the lateral façades is adorned with twelve busts of musicians, placed in circular niches with a background of red marble. On the right, are Monteverde, Durante, Jomelli, Monsigny, Grétry, Sacchini, Lesueur, Berton, Boieldieu, Hérold, Donizetti, and Verdi. On the left, are Cambert, Campra, Rousseau, Philidor, Piccini, Paisiello, Cherubini, Méhul, Nicolo, Weber, Bellini, and Adam. Each of these busts bears the arms of the native town of the composer. A balustrade of polished St. Ylie stone, with bluish marble balusters, compasses the edi-

fice. Eleven gates intersect this balustrade, and twenty-two lamp-bearing statues, with eight blue marble columns, from each of which spring three gas-jets, shed light upon the entrances. Two "rostral" pillars, on which eagles are perched, mark the entrance to the pavilion of the Executive.

One of the most curious features of the edifice is the roof, the superficies of which is fifteen thousand mètres. The part covering the stage is conspicuously novel in construction. A heavy rain-storm might have had a disastrous effect on so vast a surface. From the ridge to the edge, the waters are held in check by two dams, which gently regulate the flow and direct it into two immense channels, whence the flood rolls into large gargoyles and harmlessly passes away.

Turning from the exterior to the interior of the house, the spectator, having climbed ten steps and left behind him a gate-way and a double door, reaches a vestibule in which are statues of Lully, Rameau, Gluck, and Handel. Ten steps of green Swedish marble lead to a second vestibule, intended for the occupancy of the ticket-sellers. Visitors who enter by the pavilion reserved for carriages pass through a hall-way where ticket-offices are situated. The larger number of the audience, before entering the auditorium, traverse a vast circular vestibule located exactly beneath it. The ceiling of this portion of the building, which is shown in the accompanying engraving, is upheld by sixteen fluted columns of Jura stone, with white marble capitals, forming a portico. Here servants are to await their masters, and spectators may remain until their carriages are summoned. The third entrance, which is quite distinct from the others, is reserved for the Executive. The section of the building set aside for the use of the Emperor Napoleon was to have included an antechamber for the body-guards; a salon for the aides-de-camp; a large salon and a smaller one for the Empress; hat and cloak-rooms, etc. Moreover, there were to be, in close proximity to the entrance, stables for three coaches, for the outriders' horses, and for the twenty-one horsemen acting as an escort; a station for a squad of infantry of thirty-one men and ten *cent-gardes*, and a stable for the horses of the latter; and, besides, a salon for fifteen or twenty domestics. Thus arrangements had to be made to accommodate in this part of the building about one hundred persons, fifty horses, and half-a-dozen carriages. The fall of the Empire suggested some

changes, but ample provision still exists for emergencies.

Its novel conception, perfect fitness, and rare splendor of material, make the grand stairway unquestionably one of the most remarkable features of the building. It presents to the spectator who has just passed through the subscribers' pavilion a gorgeous picture. From this point he beholds the ceiling formed by the central landing; this and the columns sustaining it, built of Echaillon stone, are honeycombed with arabesques and heavy with ornaments; the steps are of white marble, and antique red marble balusters rest on green marble sockets and support a balustrade of onyx. Hence the eye, gazing through the pillars, reaches the Venetian mosaic ceiling of the *avant-foyer*; higher up, it grasps a myriad panels, rich in elaborate carvings, and, further above still, it meets the paintings of the ceiling. From the first landing a monumental door gives admission to the *baignoirs*, or rear boxes; to the amphitheater, or raised pit, and to the orchestra chairs; two bronze caryatides, representing "Tragedy" and "Comedy," with draperies of yellow and green marble, guard the entrance, and uphold a pediment with two white marble children leaning upon the coat-of-arms of the city.

To the right and to the left of this landing are stairways to the floor on a plane with the first row of boxes. On this floor stand thirty monolith columns of Sarrancolin marble, with white marble bases and capitals. Pilasters of peach-blossom and violet stone are against the corresponding walls, the pilasters and columns bearing the archivaults of the arcades of the vault. Each of the columns is five mètres in height; more than fifty blocks had to be extracted from the quarry to find thirty perfect monoliths. Among the noteworthy ornaments are twelve light-yellow marble medallions, surrounded by carved children's heads, and placed in the piers of the arches, and four compartments in the ceiling, each fifteen mètres by five, in which allegorical subjects are painted. The columns on the side of the *foyer* are disconnected, but the others are bound together by balconies on a level with the tiers as high as the fifth; thence the spectator can look down upon the ebbing throng. The balconies on the first tier are marble, with a balustrade of Algerian onyx; those on the second and third tiers are bronze; those on the fifth are marble and stone.

The *avant-foyer* is mainly noticeable on account of its mosaic ceiling. Four large panels inclose life-size figures in mosaic, representing "Diana and Endymion," "Orpheus and Eurydice," "Aurora and Cephalus," and "Psyche and Mercury." A Greek inscription records the fact that, for the first time in France, mosaic is employed in this *avant-foyer* for decorative purposes "for the adornment of the ceiling and the popularization of the art." The names of the architect and workmen, and that of the designer of the cartoons, also appear in Greek characters. It had long been M. Garnier's dream to create a French school of mosaic, and he was by no means willing to lose so good an opportunity of advancing a powerful argument in behalf of his idea.

The large *foyer* is fifty-four mètres long, thirteen wide and eighteen high; its height produces the earliest and most marked impression. Its tone is golden; but old gold, such as is used in Italy, prevails, and a soft and rich effect is thereby secured. Twenty columns serve as pedestals for as many golden statues, personifying the qualities artists ought to possess. They embody "Imagination," "Hope," "Tradition," "Fancy," "Passion," "Strength," "Thought," "Prudence," "Moderation," "Elegance," "Will," "Grace," "Science," "Faith," "Dignity," "Beauty," "Wisdom," "Philosophy," "Independence," and "Modesty." The ceiling is enriched with the magnificent paintings of M. Paul Baudry, illustrative of the arts, from their origin to the present day. In his "Parnassus" M. Baudry has gathered around Apollo the Graces, the Muses, and even the demigods of modern music; in a twin achievement he has summoned about Homer the ancient poets, and the "painters and sculptors they have inspired, the heroic types they have immortalized, and the primitive men they have civilized. Music commands the decorative ensemble of the central ceiling," proceeds M. Baudry, "and therein is symbolized the union of 'Melody' and 'Harmony' between 'Poetry' and 'Glory.' The dramatic thought is expressed in two secondary ceilings, one of which is devoted to 'Comedy,' and the other to 'Tragedy.'" Ten large designs picture the characteristics and effects of "Music" and "Dancing," and also "The Triumph of Beauty;" the subjects selected are "The Judgment of Paris," "Marsyas," "The Assault," "The Shepherds," "Saul and David," "St. Cecilia's Dream," "Orpheus and Eurydice," "Jupiter and the Corybantes," "Or-

pheus and the Moenads," and "Salome." The intermediate spaces between these compositions are occupied by eight large detached figures, representing the Muses. The doors are crowned with oval panels, upon which M. Baudry has painted children personifying music in all lands. One of these panels is in mosaic; M. Garnier desired to preserve the paintings by reproducing them all in this fashion, but the execution of the plan would have required ten years' time, and an outlay of about 200,000 francs. While dealing with the *foyer*, some magnificent hangings of golden-hued silk, and several large looking-glasses, seven mètres high, claim attention. Supplementary *foyers* connect with the main salon, and, with the aid of countless mirrors, make the perspective endless. Among the paintings in these *foyers* are three from the brush of M. Delaunay and three from that of M. Barrias. "The Music of Love," by the latter artist, is herewith reproduced.

The *loggia*, or balcony of the *foyer*, is reached through five large glass doors, but these being open in summer only, so that a sudden rush of cold air may not chill the throng, side doors leading to it are habitually used. From the *loggia* the spectator looks upon the Place de l'Opéra, and up the new avenue which is eventually to cross the Butte des Moulins and bind the Opéra to the Tuileries and the Louvre. At present the avenue closes at the Rue Louis le Grand, and only the roofs of the Louvre and the Théâtre Français are visible. As it is, the scene is sufficiently picturesque, and no more representative view of Paris could be wished than that of the Place de l'Opéra, the boulevards and the tributary streets all teeming with life.

The auditorium of the Opéra is almost equal in size to that of La Scala, in Milan, and that of the San Carlo, in Naples, and is larger by about one-fourth than that of the house in the Rue Lepeletier. Still it impresses one at first sight as small. The painting forming the interior of the dome is by M. Lenepveu, the present Director of the French Academy in Rome, and it represents, on a superficies of two hundred mètres, the hours of the day and night; the sun shines above the stage, the moon beams opposite, and to the right and left are dawn and twilight, the figures nearest to these standing in appropriate lights. Below, among other ornaments, are twelve heads, personifying Iris, Amphitrite, Hebe, Flora, Pandora, Psyche, Thetis, Pomona, Daphne, Clytie, Galatea, and Are-

thusa. Further down, gas-burners, globed in pearly and many-colored glass, form a dazzling circle, and a superb chandelier, with three hundred and forty burners, depends from the ceiling. On the proscenium are two large carved heads of Venus and Diana, and, right and left, are smaller heads of "Epic Poetry," "Fairy Lore," "History," and "Fable." The prevailing colors of the auditorium are red and gold. There are four tiers of boxes and a gallery, and the seating capacity of the house is two thousand one hundred and fifty-six.

The stage is the largest in existence. Communication with the rear of the building can be cut off in case of fire by an iron curtain and iron doors, and a curtain of iron net-work can also be lowered to keep the flames from the auditorium. The "flies" are twenty mètres above the floor. Nearly all the scenic machinery is made of iron, but no changes of importance have been effected in the "working" of the stage, although some innovations on time-honored methods are to be attempted hereafter. A large organ, and a carillon of ten bells, the heaviest of which weighs six hundred and fifty kilogrammes, are on the stage.

The *foyer de la danse* has particular interest for the habitués of the Opéra. It is a place of reunion to which subscribers to three performances a week are admitted between the acts in accordance with a usage established in 1770. Three immense looking-glasses cover the back wall of the *foyer*, and a chandelier with one hundred and seven burners supplies it with light. The paintings include twenty oval medallions, in which are portrayed the twenty danseuses of most celebrity since the opera has existed in France, and four panels by M. Boulanger, typifying "The War Dance," "The Rustic Dance," "The Dance of Love," and "The Bacchic Dance." While the ladies of the ballet receive their admirers, in this *foyer*, they can practice their steps; velvet-cushioned bars have to this end been secured at convenient points, and the floor has been given the same slope as that of the stage, so that the labor expended may be thoroughly profitable to the performance. The singers' *foyer*, on the same floor, is a much less lively resort than the *foyer de la danse*, as vocalists rarely leave their dressing-rooms before they are summoned to the stage. Thirty panels with portraits of the artists of repute in the annals of the Opéra adorn this *foyer*.

It is clearly impossible, within the narrow limits set us, to give an adequate idea of the

accommodations reserved for the attachés of the house. Some estimate of their requirements may be arrived at by sitting beside the *concierge* an hour or so before the representation commences. First appear the stage carpenters, who are always seventy, and sometimes, when "L'Africaine," for example, with its ship scene, is the opera, one hundred and ten strong. Then come stage upholsterers, whose sole duty it is to lay carpets, hang curtains, etc.; gasmen, and a squad of firemen. *Claqueurs*, call-boys, property-men, dressers, coiffeurs, supernumeraries, and artists, follow. The supernumeraries number about one hundred; some are hired by the year, but the "masses" are generally recruited at the last minute, and are usually workmen who seek to add to their meager earnings. There are about a hundred choristers, and about eighty musicians. Next we behold equerries, whose horses are hoisted on the stage by means of an elevator; electricians who manage the light-producing batteries; *hydrauliciens* to take charge of the water-works in ballets like "La Source;" artificers who prepare the conflagration in "Le Prophète;" florists who make ready Marguérite's garden, and a host of minor employés. This *personnel* is provided for as follows: Eighty dressing-rooms are reserved for the artists, each including a small antechamber, the dressing-room proper, and a little closet. These rooms contain two mirrors, affording full length views of the occupant; four burners, of which two are movable so as to throw the light in any direction; and a grate and a register, enabling the artist to choose between a damp and a dry heat. Besides these apartments, the Opéra has a dressing-room for sixty male, and another for fifty female choristers; a third for thirty-four male dancers; four dressing-rooms for twenty female dancers of different grades; a dressing-room for one hundred and ninety super-

numeraries, etc. In brief, five hundred and thirty-eight persons have places assigned them wherein to change their attire. The musicians have a *foyer* with one hundred closets for their instruments. Sixty costumers have two work-rooms for themselves, and there are wardrobe-rooms, armor-rooms, and property-rooms in profusion.

The part of the Opéra reserved for the administrative forces has a Department of archives; a musical library embracing thirty-one thousand two hundred volumes, inclusive of two hundred and forty-four operas, complete for artists, chorus and orchestra; one hundred and ten ballet-scores, and one hundred and seventy-six conductor's scores. A dramatic library, only ten years old, already boasts upward of four thousand pamphlets, thirty thousand prints, and a vast collection of drawings of scenery and costumes.

The historian of the new temple of song rounds off his record with an array of not uninteresting figures, and with a few of these I too shall close. The gas-pipes, if connected, would form a pipe twenty-five kilomètres* in length; fourteen furnaces and four hundred and fifty grates heat the house; a battery of seventy cups generates electricity for the scenic effects; nine reservoirs and two tanks hold a hundred thousand litres† of water, and distribute their contents through six thousand nine hundred and eighteen mètres of piping, and there are twenty-five hundred and thirty-one doors, and seven thousand five hundred and ninety-three keys, which latter M. Garnier delivered formally, but figuratively, I imagine, to M. Halanzier when the manager took possession of the premises.

* A French kilomètre is equal to five furlongs; eight kilomètres are equivalent to five miles.

† Four and a-half litres make a gallon.

THE STORY OF SEVENOAKS.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH JIM ENLARGES HIS PLANS FOR A HOUSE, AND COMPLETES HIS PLANS FOR A HOUSE-KEEPER.

WHEN, at last, Jim and Mr. Benedict were left alone by the departure of Mr. Balfour and the two lads, they sat as if they had been stranded by a sudden squall after a long and pleasant voyage. Mr. Benedict was plunged into profound dejection, and Jim saw that he must be at once and persistently diverted.

"I telled Mr. Balfour," said he, "afore he went away, about the house. I telled him about the stoop, an' the chairs, an' the ladder for posies to run up on, an' I said somethin' about cubberds and settles, an' other thingembobs that have come into my mind; an' says he: 'Jim, be you goin' to splice?' An' says I: 'If so be I can find a little stick that'll answer, it wouldn't be strange if I did.' 'Well,' says he, 'now's your time if you're ever goin' to, for the hay-day of your life is a passin' away.' An' says I: 'No, you don't. My hay-day has jest come, and my grass is dry an' it'll keep. It's good for fodder, an' it wouldn't make a bad bed.'"

"What did he say to that?" inquired Mr. Benedict.

"Says he: 'I shouldn't wonder if you was right. Have you found the woman?' 'Yes,' says I. 'I have found a genuine creetur.' An' says he: 'What is her name?' An' says I: 'That's tellin'. It's a name that oughter be changed, an' it won't be my fault if it ain't.' An' then says he: 'Can I be of any 'sistance to ye?' An' says I: 'No. Courtin' is like dyin'; ye can't trust it to another feller. Ye've jest got to go it alone.' An' then he laughed, an' says he: 'Jim, I wish ye good luck, an' I hope ye'll live to have a little feller o' yer own.' An' says I: 'Old Jerusalem! If I ever have a little feller o' my own,' says I, 'this world will have to spread to hold me.'"

Then Jim put his head down between his knees, and thought. When it emerged from its hiding his eyes were moist, and he said:

"Ye must 'scuse me, Mr. Benedict, for ye know what the feelin's of a pa is. It never come to me in this way afore."

Benedict could not help smiling at this

new exhibition of sympathy; for Jim, in the comprehension of his feelings in the possible event of possessing offspring, had arrived at a more vivid sense of his companion's bereavement.

"Now, I tell ye what it is," said Jim. "You an' me has got to be brushin' round. We can't set here an' think about them that's gone; an' now I wan't to tell ye 'bout another thing that Mr. Balfour said. Says he: 'Jim, if ye're goin' to build a house, build a big one, an' keep a hotel. I'll fill it all summer for ye,' says he. 'I know lots o' folks,' says he, 'that would be glad to stay with ye, an' pay all ye axed 'em. Build a big house,' says he, 'an' take yer time for't, an' when ye git ready for company, let a feller know.' I tell ye it made my eyes stick out to think on't. 'Jim Fenton's hotel!' says I. 'I don't b'lieve I can swing it.' 'If ye want any more money'n ye've got,' says he, 'call on me.'"

The idea of a hotel, with all its intrusions upon his privacy and all its diversions, was not pleasant to Mr. Benedict; but he saw at once that no woman worthy of Jim could be expected to be happy in the woods entirely deprived of society. It would establish a quicker and more regular line of communication with Sevenoaks, and thus make a change from its life to that of the woods a smaller hardship. But the building of a large house was a great enterprise for two men to undertake.

The first business was to draw a plan. In this work Mr. Benedict was entirely at home. He could not only make plans of the two floors, but an elevation of the front; and when, after two days of work, with frequent questions and examinations by Jim, his drawings were concluded, they held a long discussion over them. It was all very wonderful to Jim, and all very satisfactory—at least he said so, and yet he did not seem to be entirely content.

"Tell me, Jim, just what the trouble is," said his architect, "for I see there's something wantin'."

"I don't see," said Jim, "jest where ye're goin' to put 'im."

"Who do you mean? Mr. Balfour?"

"No; I don't mean no man."

"Harry? Thede?"

"No; I mean, s'posin'. Can't we put on an ell when we want it?"

"Certainly."

"An' now, can't ye make yer picter look kind o' cozy like, with a little feller playin' on the ground down there afore the stoop?"

Mr. Benedict not only could do this, but he did it; and then Jim took it, and looked at it for a long time.

"Well, little feller, ye can play thar till ye'r tired, right on that paper, an' then ye must come into the house, an' let yer ma wash yer face;" and then Jim, realizing the comical side of all this charming dream, laughed till the woods rang again, and Benedict laughed with him. It was a kind of clearing up of the cloud of sentiment that enveloped them both, and they were ready to work. They settled, after a long discussion, upon the site of the new house, which was back from the river, near Number Ten. There were just three things to be done during the remainder of the autumn and the approaching winter. A cellar was to be excavated, the timber for the frame of the new house was to be cut and hewed, and the lumber was to be purchased and drawn to the river. Before the ground should freeze they determined to complete the cellar, which was to be made small—to be, indeed, little more than a cave beneath the house, that would accommodate such stores as it would be necessary to shield from the frost. A fortnight of steady work by both the men not only completed the excavation, but built the wall.

Then came the selection of timber for the frame. It was all found near the spot, and for many days the sound of two axes was heard through the great stillness of the Indian summer, for at this time nature, as well as Jim, was in a dream. Nuts were falling from the hickory-trees, and squirrels were leaping along the ground, picking up the stores on which they were to subsist during the long winter that lay before them. The robins had gone away southward and the voice of the thrushes was still. A soft haze steeped the wilderness in its tender hue—a hue that carried with it the fragrance of burning leaves. At some distant forest shrine, the priestly winds were swinging their censers, and the whole temple was pervaded with the breath of worship. Blue-jays were screaming among leathern-leaved oaks, and the bluer kingfishers made their long diagonal flights from side to side of the river, chattering like magpies. There was one infallible sign that winter was close upon the

woods. The wild geese, flying over Number Nine, had called to Jim with news from the Arctic, and he had looked up at the huge harrow scraping the sky, and said: "I seen ye, an' I know what ye mean."

The timber was cut of appropriate length and rolled high and dry upon low scaffoldings, where it could be conveniently hewed during the winter; then two days were spent in hunting and in setting traps for sable and otter, and then the two men were ready to arrange for the lumber.

This involved the necessity of a calculation of the materials required, and definite specifications of the same. Not only this, but it required that Mr. Benedict should himself accompany Jim on the journey to the mill, three miles beyond Mike Conlin's house. He naturally shrank from this exposure of himself; but so long as he was not in danger of coming in contact with Mr. Belcher, or with any one whom he had previously known, he was persuaded that the trip would not be unpleasant to him. In truth, as he grew stronger personally, and felt that his boy was out of harm's way, he began to feel a certain indefinite longing to see something of the world again, and to look into new faces.

As for Jim, he had no idea of returning to Number Nine again until he had seen Sevenoaks, and that one most interesting person there with whom he had associated his future, although he did not mention his plan to Mr. Benedict.

The ice was already gathering in the stream, and the winter was descending so rapidly that they despaired of taking their boat down to the old landing, and permitting it to await their return, as they would be almost certain to find it frozen in, and be obliged to leave it there until spring. They were compelled, therefore, to make the complete journey on foot, following to the lower landing the "tote-road" that Mike Conlin had taken when he came to them on his journey of discovery.

They started early one morning about the middle of November, and, as the weather was cold, Turk bore them company. Though Mr. Benedict had become quite hardy, the tramp of thirty miles over the frozen ground, that had already received a slight covering of snow, was a cruel one, and taxed to their utmost his powers of endurance.

Jim carried the pack of provisions, and left his companion without a load; so by steady, quiet, and almost speechless walking, they made the entire distance to Mike

Conlin's house before the daylight had entirely faded from the pale, cold sky. Mike was taken by surprise. He could hardly be made to believe that the hearty-looking, comfortably dressed man whom he found in Mr. Benedict was the same whom he had left many months before in the rags of a pauper and the emaciation of a feeble convalescent. The latter expressed to Mike the obligations he felt for the service which Jim informed him had been rendered by the good-natured Irishman, and Mike blushed while protesting that it was "nothing at all, at all," and thinking of the hundred dollars that he earned so easily.

"Did ye know, Jim," said Mike, to change the subject, "that owld Belcher has gone to New Yorrk to live?"

"No."

"Yis, the whole kit an' boodle of 'em is gone, an' the purty man wid 'em."

"Hallelujer!" roared Jim.

"Yis, and be gorry he's got me hundred dollars," said Mike.

"What did ye gi'en it to 'im for, Mike? I didn't take ye for a fool."

"Well, ye see, I wint in for ile, like the rist of 'em. Och! ye shud 'ave seen the owld feller talk! 'Mike,' says he, 'ye can't afford to lose this,' says he. 'I should miss me slape, Mike,' says he, 'if it shouldn't all come back to ye.' 'An' if it don't,' says I, 'there'll be two uv us lyin' awake, an' ye'll have plinty of company; an' what they lose in dhraimin' they'll take out in cussin'," says I. 'Mike,' says he, 'ye hadn't better do it, an' if ye do, I don't take no resk;' an' says I, 'they're all goin' in, an' I'm goin' wid 'em.' 'Very well,' says he, lookin' kind o' sorry, and then, be gorry, he scooped the whole pile, an' barrin' the ile uv his purty spache, divil a bit have I seen more nor four dollars."

"Divil a bit will ye seen agin," said Jim, shaking his head. "Mike, ye're a fool."

"That's jist what I tell meself," responded Mike; "but there's betther music nor hearin' it repaid; an' I've got betther company in it, barrin' Mr. Benedict's presence, nor I've got here in me own house."

Jim, finding Mike a little sore over his loss, refrained from further allusion to it; and Mr. Benedict declared himself ready for bed. Jim had impatiently waited for this announcement, for he was anxious to have a long talk with Mike about the new house, the plans for which he had brought with him.

"Clear off yer table," said Jim, "an'

peel yer eyes, Mike, for I'm goin' to show ye somethin' that'll s'prise ye."

When his order was obeyed, he unrolled the precious plans.

"Now, ye must remember, Mike, that this isn't the house; these is plans, as Mr. Benedict has drawn. That's the kitchen, and that's the settin'-room, and that's the cubberd, and that's the bedroom for us, you know, and in that other paper is the chambers."

Mike looked at it all earnestly, and with a degree of awe, and then shook his head.

"Jim," said he, "I don't want to bodder ye, but ye've jist been fooled. Don't ye see that divil a place 'ave ye got for the pig?"

"Pig!" exclaimed Jim, with contempt. "D'ye s'pose I build a house for a pig? I ain't no pig, an' she ain't no pig."

"The proof of the puddin' is in the atin', Jim, an' ye don't know the furst thing about house-kapin'. Ye can no more kape house widout a pig, nor ye can row yer boat widout a paddle. I'm an owld house-kaper, Jim, an' I know; an' a man that don't 'tend to his pig furst, is no betther nor a b'y. Ye might put 'im in Number Tin, but he'd go through it quicker nor water through a bas-ket. Don't talk to me about house-kapin' widout a pig. Ye might give 'im that little shtoop to lie on, an' let 'im run under the house to slape. That wouldn't be bad now, Jim?"

The last suggestion was given in a tender, judicial tone, for Mike saw that Jim was disappointed, if not disgusted. Jim was looking at his beautiful stoop, and thinking of the pleasant dreams he had associated with it. The idea of Mike's connecting the life of a pig with that stoop was more than he could bear.

"Why, Mike," said he, in an injured tone, "that stoop's the place where she's agoin' to set."

"Oh! I didn't know, Jim, ye was agoin' to kape hins. Now, ef you're agoin' to kape hins, ye kin do as ye plase, Jim, in course; but ye muns't forgit the pig, Jim. Be gorry, he ates everything that nobody ilse kin ate, and then ye kin ate him."

Mike had had his expression of opinion, and shown to his own satisfaction that his judgments were worth something. Having done this, he became amiable, sympathetic, and even admiring. Jim was obliged to tell him the same things a great many times, and to end at last without the satisfaction of knowing that the Irishman comprehended

the precious plans. He would have been glad to make a confidant of Mike, but the Irishman's obtuseness and inability to comprehend his tenderer sentiments, repulsed him, and drove him back upon himself.

Then came up the practical question concerning Mike's ability to draw the lumber for the new house. Mike thought he could hire a horse for his keeping, and a sled for a small sum, that would enable him to double his facilities for doing the job; and then a price for the work was agreed upon.

The next morning, Jim and Mr. Benedict pursued their journey to the lumber-mill, and there spent the day in selecting their materials, and filling out their specifications.

The first person Mr. Benedict saw on entering the mill was a young man from Sevenoaks, whom he had known many years before. He colored as if he had been detected in a crime, but the man gave him no sign that the recognition was mutual. His old acquaintance had no memory of him, apparently, and then he realized the change that must have passed upon him during his long invalidism and his wonderful recovery.

They remained with the proprietor of the mill during the night.

"I jest call 'im Number Ten," said Jim, in response to the inquiries that were made of him concerning his companion. "He never telled me his name, an' I never axed 'im. I'm 'Number Nine,' an' he's 'Number Ten,' and that's all thar is about it."

Jim's oddities were known, and inquiries were pushed no further, though Jim gratuitously informed his host that the man had come into the woods to get well, and was willing to work to fill up his time.

On the following morning, Jim proposed to Mr. Benedict to go on to Sevenoaks for the purchase of more tools, and the nails and hardware that would be necessary in finishing the house. The experience of the latter during the previous day showed him that he need not fear detection, and, now that Mr. Belcher was out of the way, Jim found him possessed by a strong desire to make the proposed visit. The road was not difficult, and before sunset the two men found themselves housed in the humble lodgings that had for many years been familiar to Jim. Mr. Benedict went into the streets, and among the shops, the next morning, with great reluctance; but this soon wore off as he met man after man whom he knew, who failed to recognize him. In truth, so many things had happened, that the memory of the man who, long ago, had been given

up as dead had passed out of mind. The people would have been no more surprised to see a sleeper of the village cemetery among them than they would to have realized that they were talking with the insane pauper who had fled, as they supposed, to find his death in the forest.

They had a great deal to do during the day, and when night came, Jim could no longer be restrained from the visit that gave significance, not only to his journey, but to all his plans. Not a woman had been seen on the street during the day whom Jim had not scanned with an anxious and greedy look, in the hope of seeing the one figure that was the desire of his eyes—but he had not seen it. Was she ill? Had she left Sevenoaks? He would not inquire, but he would know before he slept.

"There's a little business as must be did afore I go," said Jim, to Mr. Benedict in the evening, "an' I sh'd like to have ye go with me, if ye feel up to't." Mr. Benedict felt up to it, and the two went out together. They walked along the silent street, and saw the great mill ablaze with light. The mist from the falls showed white in the frosty air, and, without saying a word, they crossed the bridge, and climbed a hill dotted with little dwellings.

Jim's heart was in his mouth, for his fears that ill had happened to the little tailoress had made him nervous; and when, at length, he caught sight of the light in her window, he grasped Mr. Benedict by the arm almost fiercely, and exclaimed:

"It's all right. The little woman's in, an' waitin'. Can you see my har?"

Having been assured that it was in a presentable condition, Jim walked boldly up to the door and knocked. Having been admitted by the same girl who had received him before, there was no need to announce his name. Both men went into the little parlor of the house, and the girl in great glee ran upstairs to inform Miss Butterworth that there were two men and a dog in waiting, who wished to see her. Miss Butterworth came down from busy work, like one in a hurry, and was met by Jim with extended hand, and the gladdest smile that ever illuminated a human face.

"How fare ye, little woman?" said he. "I'm glad to see ye—gladder nor I can tell ye."

There was something in the greeting so hearty, so warm and tender and full of faith, that Miss Butterworth was touched. Up to that moment he had made no impression

upon her heart, and, quite to her surprise, she found that she was glad to see him. She had had a world of trouble since she had met Jim, and the great, wholesome nature, fresh from the woods, and untouched by the trials of those with whom she was in daily association, was like a breeze in the feverish summer, fresh from the mountains. She was, indeed, glad to see him, and surprised by the warmth of the sentiment that sprang within her heart in response to his greeting.

Miss Butterworth looked inquiringly, and with some embarrassment at the stranger.

"That's one o' yer old friends, little woman," said Jim. "Don't give 'im the cold shoulder. 'Tain't every day that a feller comes to ye from the other side o' Jordan."

Miss Butterworth naturally suspected who the stranger was, and was carefully studying his face to assure herself that Mr. Benedict was really in her presence. When some look of his eyes, or motion of his body, brought her the conclusive evidence of his identity, she grasped both his hands, and said:

"Dear, dear, Mr. Benedict! how much you have suffered! I thank God for you, and for the good friend He has raised up to help you. It's like seeing one raised from the dead."

Then she sat down at his side, and, apparently forgetting Jim, talked long and tenderly of the past. She remembered Mrs. Benedict so well! And she had so many times carried flowers and placed them upon her grave! She told him about the troubles in the town, and the numbers of poor people who had risked their little all and lost it in the great speculation; of those who were still hoping against hope that they should see their hard-earned money again; of the execrations that were already beginning to be heaped upon Mr. Belcher; of the hard winter that lay before the village, and the weariness of sympathy which had begun to tell upon her energies. Life, which had been once so full of the pleasure of action and industry, was settling, more and more, into dull routine, and she could see nothing but trouble ahead, for herself and for all those in whom she was interested.

Mr. Benedict, for the first time since Jim had rescued him from the alms-house, became wholly himself. The sympathy of a woman unlocked his heart, and he talked in his old way. He alluded to his early trials with entire freedom, to his long illness and mental alienation, to his hopes for his boy, and especially to his indebtedness to Jim.

On this latter point he poured out his whole heart, and Jim himself was deeply affected by the revelation of his gratitude. He tried in vain to protest, for Mr. Benedict, having found his tongue, would not pause until he had laid his soul bare before his benefactor. The effect that the presence of the sympathetic woman produced upon his *protégé* put a new thought into Jim's mind. He could not resist the conviction that the two were suited to one another, and that the "little woman," as he tenderly called her, would be happier with the inventor than she would be with him. It was not a pleasant thought, but even then he cast aside his selfishness with a great struggle, and determined that he would not stand in the way of an event that would crush his fondest hopes. Jim did not know women as well as he thought he did. He did not see that the two met more like two women than like representatives of opposite sexes. He did not see that the sympathy between the pair was the sympathy of two natures which would be the happiest in dependence, and that Miss Butterworth could no more have chosen Mr. Benedict for a husband than she could have chosen her own sister.

Mr. Benedict had never been informed by Jim of the name of the woman whom he hoped to make his wife, but he saw at once, and with sincere pleasure, that he was in her presence; and when he had finished what he had to say to her, and again heartily expressed his pleasure in renewing her acquaintance, he rose to go.

"Jim, I will not cut your call short, but I must get back to my room and prepare for to-morrow's journey. Let me leave you here, and find my way back to my lodgings alone."

"All right," said Jim, "but we ain't goin' home to-morrer."

Benedict bade Miss Butterworth "good-night," but, as he was passing out of the room, Jim remembered that there was something that he wished to say to him, and so passed out with him, telling Miss Butterworth that he should soon return.

When the door closed behind them, and they stood alone in the darkness, Jim said, with his hand on his companion's shoulder, and an awful lie in his throat:

"I brung ye here hopin' ye'd take a notion to this little woman. She'd do more for ye nor anybody else. She can make yer clo'es, and be good company for ye, an'——"

"And provide for me. No, that won't do, Jim."

"Well, you'd better think on't."

"No, Jim, I shall never marry again."

"Now's yer time. Nobody knows what'll happen afore mornin'."

"I understand you Jim," said Mr. Benedict, "and I know what all this costs you. You are worthy of her, and I hope you'll get her."

Mr. Benedict tore himself away, but Jim said, "hold on a bit."

Benedict turned, and then Jim inquired:

"Have you got a piece of Indian rubber?"

"Yes."

"Then jest rub out the picter of the little feller in front of the stoop, an' put in Turk. If so be as somethin' happens to-night, I sh'd want to show her the plans in the mornin'; an' if she should ax me whose little feller it was, it would be sort o' cumbersome to tell her, an' I sh'd have to lie my way out on't."

Mr. Benedict promised to attend to the matter before he slept, and then Jim went back into the house.

Of the long conversation that took place that night between the woodsman and the little tailoress we shall present no record. That he pleaded his case well and earnestly, and without a great deal of bashfulness, will be readily believed by those who have made his acquaintance. That the woman, in her lonely circumstances, and with her hungry heart, could lightly refuse the offer of his hand and life was an impossibility. From the hour of his last previous visit she had unconsciously gone toward him in her affections, and when she met him she learned, quite to her own surprise, that her heart had found its home. He had no culture, but his nature was manly. He had little education, but his heart was true, and his arm was strong. Compared with Mr. Belcher, with all his wealth, he was nobility personified. Compared with the sordid men around her, with whom he would be an object of supercilious contempt, he seemed like a demigod. His eccentricities, his generousities, his originalities of thought and fancy, were a feast to her. There was more of him than she could find in any of her acquaintances—more that was fresh, piquant, stimulating, and vitally appetizing. Having once come into contact with him, the influence of his presence had remained, and it was with a genuine throb of pleasure that she found herself with him again.

When he left her that night, he left her in tears. Bending over her, with his strong hands holding her cheeks tenderly, as she

looked up into his eyes, he kissed her forehead.

"Little woman," said he, "I love ye. I never knowed what love was afore, an' if this is the kind o' thing they have in heaven, I want to go there when you do. Speak a good word for me when ye git a chance."

Jim walked on air all the way back to his lodgings—walked by his lodgings—stood still, and looked up at the stars—went out to the waterfall, and watched the writhing, tumbling, roaring river—wrapped in transcendent happiness. Transformed and transfused by love, the world around him seemed quite divine. He had stumbled upon the secret of his existence. He had found the supreme charm of life. He felt that a new principle had sprung to action within him, which had in it the power to work miracles of transformation. He could never be in the future exactly what he had been in the past. He had taken a step forward and upward—a step irretraceable.

Jim had never prayed, but there was something about this experience that lifted his heart upward. He looked up to the stars, and said to himself: "He's somewhere up thar, I s'pose. I can't seen 'im, an' I must look purty small to Him if He can seen me, but I hope He knows that I'm obleeged to 'im, more nor I can tell 'im. When He made a good woman, He did the biggest thing out, an' when He started a man to lovin' on her, He set up the best business that was ever did. I hope He likes the 'rangement, and won't put nothin' in the way on't. Amen! I'm goin' to bed."

Jim put his last determination into immediate execution. He found Mr. Benedict in his first nap, from which he felt obliged to rouse him, with the information that it was "all right," and that the quicker the house was finished the better it would be for all concerned.

The next morning, Turk having been substituted for the child in the foreground of the front elevation of the hotel, the two men went up to Miss Butterworth's, and exhibited and talked over the plans. They received many valuable hints from the prospective mistress of the prospective mansion. The stoop was to be made broader for the accommodation of visitors; more room for wardrobes was suggested, with little conveniences for housekeeping, which complicated the plans not a little. Mr. Benedict carefully noted them all, to be wrought out at his leisure.

Jim's love had wrought a miracle in the

night. He had said nothing about it to his architect, but it had lifted him above the bare utilities of a house, so that he could see the use of beauty. "Thar's one thing," said he, "that thar hain't none on us thought on; but it come to me last night. There's a place where the two ruffs come together that wants somethin', an' it seems to me it's a cupalo—somethin' to stan' up over the whole thing, and say to them as comes, 'Hallelujer!' We've done a good deal for house-keepin', now let's do somethin' for glory. It's jest like a ribbon on a bonnet, or a blow on a potato-vine. It sets it off, an' makes a kind o' Fourth o' July for it. What do ye say, little woman?"

The "little woman" accepted the suggestion, and admitted that it would at least make the building look more like a hotel.

All the details settled, the two men went away, and poor Benedict had a rough time in getting back to camp. Jim could hardly restrain himself from going through in a single day, so anxious was he to get at his traps and resume work upon the house. There was no fatigue too great for him now. The whole world was bright and full of promise; and he could not have been happier or more excited if he had been sure that at the year's end a palace and a princess were to be the reward of his enterprise.

CHAPTER XII.

WHICH INTRODUCES SEVERAL RESIDENTS OF SEVENOAKS TO THE METROPOLIS AND A NEW CHARACTER TO THE READER.

HARRY BENEDICT was in the great city. When his story was known by Mrs. Balfour—a quiet, motherly woman—and she was fully informed of her husband's plans concerning him, she received him with a cordiality and tenderness that won his heart and made him entirely at home. The wonders of the shops, the wonders of the streets, the wonders of the places of public amusement, the music of the churches, the inspiration of the great tides of life that swept by him on every side, were in such sharp contrast to the mean conditions to which he had been accustomed, that he could hardly sleep. Indeed, the dreams of his unquiet slumbers were formed of less attractive constituents than the visions of his waking hours. He had entered a new world, that stimulated his imagination, and furnished him with marvelous materials for growth. He had been transformed by the clothing of the lad whose place he had taken into a

city boy, difficult to be recognized by those who had previously known him. He hardly knew himself, and suspected his own consciousness of cheating him.

For several days he had amused himself in his leisure hours with watching a huge house opposite to that of the Balfours, into which was pouring a stream of furniture. Huge vans were standing in front of it, or coming and departing, from morning until night. Dressing-cases, book-cases, chairs, mirrors, candelabra, beds, tables—everything necessary and elegant in the furniture of a palace, were unloaded and carried in. All day long, too, he could see through the large windows the active figure and beautiful face of a woman who seemed to direct and control the movements of all who were engaged in the work.

The Balfours had noticed the same thing; but, beyond wondering who was rich or foolish enough to purchase and furnish Palfgrave's Folly, they had given the matter no attention. They were rich, of good family, of recognized culture and social importance, and it did not seem to them that any one whom they would care to know would be willing to occupy a house so pronounced in vulgar display. They were people whose society no money could buy. If Robert Belcher had been worth a hundred millions instead of one, the fact would not have been taken into consideration in deciding any social question relating to him.

Finally the furnishing was complete; the windows were polished, the steps were furnished, and nothing seemed to remain but the arrival of the family for which the dwelling had been prepared. One late afternoon, before the lamps were lighted in the streets, he could see that the house was illuminated; and just as the darkness came on, a carriage drove up and a family alighted. The doors were thrown open, the beautiful woman stood upon the threshold, and all ran up to enter. She kissed the lady of the house, kissed the children, shook hands cordially with the gentleman of the party, and then the doors were swung to, and they were shut from the sight of the street; but just as the man entered, the light from the hall and the light from the street revealed the flushed face and portly figure of Robert Belcher.

Harry knew him, and ran down stairs to Mrs. Balfour, pale and agitated as if he had seen a ghost. "It is Mr. Belcher," he said, "and I must go back. I know he'll find me; I must go back to-morrow."

It was a long time before the family

could pacify him and assure him of their power to protect him; but they did it at last, though they left him haunted with the thought that he might be exposed at any moment to the new companions of his life as a pauper and the son of a pauper. The great humiliation had been burned into his soul. The petty tyrannies of Tom Buffum had cowed him, so that it would be difficult for him ever to emerge from their influence into a perfectly free boyhood and manhood. Had they been continued long enough they would have ruined him. Once he had been entirely in the power of adverse circumstances and a brutal will, and he was almost incurably wounded.

The opposite side of the street presented very different scenes. Mrs. Belcher found, through the neighborly services of Mrs. Dillingham, that her home was all prepared for her, even to the selection and engagement of her domestic service. A splendid dinner was ready to be served, for which Mr. Belcher, who had been in constant communication with his convenient and most officious friend, had brought the silver; and the first business was to dispose of it. Mrs. Dillingham led the mistress of the house to her seat, distributed the children, and amused them all by the accounts she gave them of her efforts to make their entrance and welcome satisfactory. Mrs. Belcher observed her quietly, acknowledged to herself the woman's personal charms—her beauty, her wit, her humor, her sprightliness, and her more than neighborly service; but her quick, womanly instincts detected something which she did not like. She saw that Mr. Belcher was fascinated by her, and that he felt that she had rendered him and the family a service for which great gratitude was due; but she saw that the object of his admiration was selfish—that she loved power, delighted in having things her own way, and, more than all, was determined to place the mistress of the house under obligations to her. It would have been far more agreeable to Mrs. Belcher to find everything in confusion, than to have her house brought into habitable order by a stranger in whom she had no trust, and upon whom she had no claim. Mr. Belcher had bought the house without her knowledge; Mrs. Dillingham had arranged it without her supervision. She seemed to herself to be simply a child, over whose life others had assumed the offices of administration.

Mrs. Belcher was weary, and she would

have been delighted to be alone with her family, but here was an intruder whom she could not dispose of. She would have been glad to go over the house alone, and to have had the privilege of discovery, but she must go with one who was bent on showing her everything, and giving her reasons for all that had been done.

Mrs. Dillingham was determined to play her cards well with Mrs. Belcher. She was sympathetic, confidential, most respectful; but she found that lady very quiet. Mr. Belcher followed them from room to room, with wider eyes for Mrs. Dillingham than for the details of his new home. Now he could see them together—the mother of his children, and the woman who had already won his heart away from her. The shapely lady, with her queenly ways, her vivacity, her graceful adaptiveness to persons and circumstances, was sharply contrasted with the matronly figure, homely manners, and unresponsive mind of his wife. He pitied his wife, he pitied himself, he pitied his children, he almost pitied the dumb walls and the beautiful furniture around him.

Was Mrs. Dillingham conscious of the thoughts which possessed him? Did she know that she was leading him around his house, in her assumed confidential intimacy with his wife, as she would lead a spaniel by a silken cord? Was she aware that, as she moved side by side with Mrs. Belcher, through the grand rooms, she was displaying herself to the best advantage to her admirer, and that, yoked with the wifehood and motherhood of the house, she was dragging, while he held, the plow that was tilling the deep carpets for tares to be reaped in harvests of unhappiness? Would she have dropped the chain if she had? Not she. To fascinate, and make a fool of, a man who was strong and cunning in his own sphere; to have a hand—gloved in officious friendship—in other lives, was the zest of her unemployed life. She could introduce discord into a family without even acknowledging to herself that she had done it wittingly. She could do it, and weep over the injustice that charged her with it. Her motives were always pure! She had always done her best to serve her friends! and what were her rewards? So the victories that she won by her smiles, she made permanent by her tears. So the woman by whose intrigues the mischief came was transformed into a victim, from whose shapely shoulders the garment of blame slipped off, that society might throw over them the

robes of its respectful commiseration, and thus make her more interesting and lovely than before!

Mrs. Belcher measured very carefully, or apprehended very readily, the kind of woman she had to deal with, and felt at once that she was no match for her. She saw that she could not shake her off, so long as it was her choice to remain. She received from her no direct offense, except the offense of her uninvited presence; but the presence meant service, and so could not be resented. And Mrs. Belcher could be of so much service to her! Her life was so lonely—so meaningless! It would be such a joy to her, in a city full of shams, to have one friend who would take her good offices, and so help to give to her life a modicum of significance!

After a full survey of the rooms, and a discussion of the beauties and elegancies of the establishment, they all descended to the dining-room, and, in response to Mrs. Dillingham's order, were served with tea.

"You really must excuse me, Mrs. Belcher," said the beautiful lady deprecatingly, "but I have been here for a week, and it seems so much like my own home, that I ordered the tea without thinking that I am the guest and you are the mistress."

"Certainly, and I am really very much obliged to you;" and then feeling that she had been a little untrue to herself, Mrs. Belcher added bluntly: "I feel myself in a very awkward situation—obliged to one on whom I have no claim, and one whom I can never repay."

"The reward of a good deed is in the doing, I assure you," said Mrs. Dillingham, sweetly. "All I ask is that you make me serviceable to you. I know all about the city, and all about its ways. You can call upon me for anything; and now let's talk about the house. Isn't it lovely?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Belcher, "too lovely. While so many are poor around us, it seems almost like an insult to them to live in such a place, and flaunt our wealth in their faces. Mr. Belcher is very generous with his family, and I have no wish to complain, but I would exchange it all for my little room in Sevenoaks."

Mr. Belcher, who had been silent and had watched with curious and somewhat anxious eyes the introductory passage of this new acquaintance, was roused by Mrs. Belcher's remark into saying: "That's Mrs. Belcher, all over! that's the woman, through and through! As if a man hadn't a right to do what he chooses with his money! If men

are poor, why don't they get rich? They have the same chance I had, and there isn't one of 'em but would be glad to change places with me, and flaunt his wealth in my face. There's a precious lot of humbug about the poor which won't wash with me. We're all alike."

Mrs. Dillingham shook her lovely head.

"You men are so hard," she said, "and Mrs. Belcher has the right feeling; but I'm sure she takes great comfort in helping the poor. What would you do, my dear, if you had no money to help the poor with?"

"That's just what I've asked her a hundred times," said Mr. Belcher. "What would she do? That's something she never thinks of."

Mrs. Belcher shook her head, in return, but made no reply. She knew that the poor would have been better off if Mr. Belcher had never lived, and that the wealth which surrounded her with luxuries was taken from the poor. It was this, at the bottom, that made her sad, and this that had filled her for years with discontent.

When the tea was disposed of, Mrs. Dillingham rose to go. She lived a few blocks distant, and it was necessary for Mr. Belcher to walk home with her. This he was glad to do, though she assured him that it was entirely unnecessary. When they were in the street, walking at a slow pace, the lady, in her close, confiding way, said:

"Do you know, I take a great fancy to Mrs. Belcher?"

"Do you, really?"

"Yes, indeed. I think she's lovely; but I'm afraid she doesn't like me. I can read—oh, I can read pretty well. She certainly didn't like it that I had arranged everything, and was there to meet her. But wasn't she tired? Wasn't she very tired? There certainly was something that was wrong."

"I think your imagination had something to do with it," said Mr. Belcher, although he knew that she was right.

"No, I can read;" and Mrs. Dillingham's voice trembled. "If she could only know how honestly I have tried to serve her, and how disappointed I am that my service has not been taken in good part, I am sure that her amiable heart would forgive me."

Mrs. Dillingham took out her handkerchief, near a street lamp, and wiped her eyes.

What could Mr. Belcher do with this beautiful, susceptible, sensitive creature? What could he do but reassure her? Under the influence of her emotion, his wife's of-

fense grew flagrant, and he began by apologizing for her, and ended by blaming her.

"Oh! she was tired—she was very tired. That was all. I've laid up nothing against her; but you know I was disappointed, after I had done so much. I shall be all over it in the morning, and she will see it differently then. I don't know but I should have been troubled to have found a stranger in my house. I think I should. Now, you really must promise not to say a word of all this talk to your poor wife. I wouldn't have you do it for the world. If you are my friend (pressing his arm), you will let the matter drop just where it is. Nothing would induce me to be the occasion of any differences in your house."

So it was a brave, true, magnanimous nature that was leaning so tenderly upon Mr. Belcher's arm! And he felt that no woman who was not either shabbily perverse, or a fool, could misinterpret her. He knew that his wife had been annoyed by finding Mrs. Dillingham in the house. He dimly comprehended, too, that her presence was an delicate intrusion, but her intentions were so good!

Mrs. Dillingham knew exactly how to manipulate the coarse man at her side, and her relations to him and his wife. Her bad wisdom was not the result of experience, though she had had enough of it, but the product of an instinct which was just as acute, and true, and serviceable, ten years earlier in her life as it was then. She timed the walk to her purpose; and when Mr. Belcher parted with her, he went back leisurely to his great house, more discontented with his wife than he had ever been. To find such beauty, such helpfulness, such sympathy, charity, forbearance, and sensitiveness, all combined in one woman, and that woman kind and confidential toward him, brought back to him the days of his youth, in the excitement of a sentiment which he had supposed was lost beyond recall.

He crossed the street on arriving at his house, and took an evening survey of his grand mansion, whose lights were still flaming through the windows. The passengers jostled him as he looked up at his dwelling, his thoughts wandering back to the woman with whom he had so recently parted.

He knew that his heart was dead toward the woman who awaited his return. He felt that it was almost painfully alive toward the one he had left behind him, and it was with the embarrassment of conscious guilt that he rang the bell at his own door, and

stiffened himself to meet the honest woman who had borne his children. Even the graceless touch of a bad woman's power—even the excitement of something like love toward one who was unworthy of his love—had softened him, so that his conscience could move again. He felt that his eyes bore a secret, and he feared that his wife could read it. And yet, who was to blame? Was anybody to blame? Could anything that had happened have been helped or avoided?

He entered, determining to abide by Mrs. Dillingham's injunction of silence. He found the servants extinguishing the lights, and met the information that Mrs. Belcher had retired. His huge pile of trunks had come during his absence, and remained scattered in the hall. The sight offended him, but beyond a muttered curse he said nothing, and sought his bed.

Mr. Belcher was not in good humor when he rose the next morning. He found the trunks where he left them on the previous evening; and when he called for the servants to carry them upstairs, he was met by open revolt. They were not porters, and they would not lift boxes; that sort of work was not what they were engaged for. No New York family expected service of that kind from those who were not hired for it.

The proprietor, who had been in the habit of exacting any service from any man or woman in his employ that he desired, was angry. He would have turned every one of them out of the house, if it had not been so inconvenient for him to lose them then. Curses trembled upon his lips, but he curbed them, inwardly determining to have his revenge when the opportunity should arise. The servants saw his eyes, and went back to their work somewhat doubtful as to whether they had made a judicious beginning. They were sure they had not, when, two days afterward, every one of them was turned out of the house, and a new set installed in their places.

He called for Phipps, and Phipps was at the stable. Putting on his hat, he went to bring his faithful servitor of Sevenoaks, and bidding him find a porter in the streets and remove the trunks at Mrs. Belcher's direction, he sat down at the window to watch for a passing newsboy. The children came down, cross and half sick with their long ride and their late dinner. Then it came on to rain in a most dismal fashion, and he saw before him a day of confinement and ennui. Without mental resource—unable to find any

satisfaction except in action and intrigue—the prospect was anything but pleasant. The house was large, and, in a dark day, gloomy. His humor was not sweetened by noticing evidences of tears on Mrs. Belcher's face. The breakfast was badly cooked, and he rose from it exasperated. There was no remedy but to go out and call upon Mrs. Dillingham. He took an umbrella, and, telling his wife that he was going out on business, he slammed the door behind him and went down the steps.

As he reached the street, he saw a boy scudding along under an umbrella, with a package under his arm. Taking him for a newsboy, he called: "Here, boy! Give me some papers." The lad had so shielded his face from the rain and the house that he had not seen Mr. Belcher; and when he looked up he turned pale, and simply said: "I'm not a newsboy," and ran away as if he were frightened.

There was something in the look that arrested Mr. Belcher's attention. He was sure he had seen the lad before, but, where, he could not remember. The face haunted him—haunted him for hours, even when in the cheerful presence of Mrs. Dillingham, with whom he spent a long and delightful hour. She was rosy, and sweet, and sympathetic in her morning wrapper—more charming, indeed, than he had ever seen her in evening dress. She inquired for Mrs. Belcher and the children, and heard with great good humor his account of his first collision with his New York servants. When he went out from her inspiring and gracious presence he found his self-complacency restored. He had simply been hungry for her; so his breakfast was complete. He went back to his house with a mingled feeling of jollity and guilt, but the moment he was with his family the face of the boy returned. Where had he seen him? Why did the face give him uneasiness? Why did he permit himself to be puzzled by it? No reasoning, no diversion could drive it from his mind. Wherever he turned during the long day and evening that white, scared face obtruded itself upon him. He had noticed, as the lad lifted his umbrella, that he carried a package of books under his arm, and naturally concluded that, belated by the rain, he was on his way to school. He determined, therefore, to watch for him on the following morning, his own eyes reinforced by those of his oldest boy.

The dark day passed away at last, and things were brought into more homelike

order by the wife of the house, so that the evening was cozy and comfortable; and when the street lamps were lighted again and the stars came out, and the north wind sounded its trumpet along the avenue, the spirits of the family rose to the influence.

On the following morning, as soon as he had eaten his breakfast, he, with his boy, took a position at one of the windows, to watch for the lad whose face had so impressed and puzzled him. On the other side of the avenue a tall man came out, with a green bag under his arm, stepped into a passing stage, and rolled away. Ten minutes later, two lads emerged with their books slung over their shoulders, and crossed toward them.

"That's the boy—the one on the left," said Mr. Belcher. At the same moment the lad looked up, and apparently saw the two faces watching him, for he quickened his pace.

"That's Harry Benedict," exclaimed Mr. Belcher's son and heir. The words were hardly out of his mouth when Mr. Belcher started from his chair, ran down-stairs with all the speed possible within the range of safety, and intercepted the lads at a side door, which opened upon the street along which they were running.

"Stop, Harry, I want to speak to you," said the proprietor, sharply.

Harry stopped, as if frozen to the spot in mortal terror.

"Come along," said Thede Balfour, tugging at his hand, "you'll be late at school."

Poor Harry could no more have walked than he could have flown. Mr. Belcher saw the impression he had made upon him, and became soft and insinuating in his manner.

"I'm glad to see you, my boy," said Mr. Belcher. "Come into the house, and see the children. They all remember you, and they are all homesick. They'll be glad to look at anything from Sevenoaks."

Harry was not reassured: he was only more intensely frightened. A giant, endeavoring to entice him into his cave in the woods, would not have terrified him more. At length he found his tongue sufficiently to say that he was going to school, and could not go in.

It was easy for Mr. Belcher to take his hand, limp and trembling with fear, and under the guise of friendliness to lead him up the steps, and take him to his room. Thede watched them until they disappeared, and then ran back to his home, and reported.

what had taken place. Mrs. Balfour was alone, and could do nothing. She did not believe that Mr. Belcher would dare to treat the lad foully, with the consciousness that his disappearance within his house had been observed, and wisely determined to do nothing but sit down at her window and watch the house.

Placing Harry in a chair, Mr. Belcher sat down opposite to him, and said:

"My boy, I'm very glad to see you. I've wanted to know about you more than any boy in the world. I suppose you've been told that I am a very bad man, but I'll prove to you that I'm not. There, put that ten-dollar gold piece in your pocket. That's what they call an eagle, and I hope you'll have a great many like it when you grow up."

The lad hid his hands behind his back, and shook his head.

"You don't mean to say that you won't take it!" said the proprietor in a wheedling tone.

The boy kept his hands behind him, and still shook his head.

"Well, I suppose you are not to blame for disliking me; and now I want you to tell me all about your getting away from the poor-house, and who helped you out, and where your poor, dear father is, and all about it. Come, now, you don't know how much we looked for you, and how we all gave you up for lost. You don't know what a comfort it is to see you again, and to know that you didn't die in the woods."

The boy simply shook his head.

"Do you know who Mr. Belcher is? Do you know he is used to having people mind him? Do you know that you are here in my house, and that you *must* mind me? Do you know what I do to little boys when they disobey me? Now, I want you to answer my questions, and do it straight. Lying won't go down with me. Who helped you and your father to get out of the poor-house?"

Matters had proceeded to a desperate pass with the lad. He had thought very fast, and he had determined that no bribe and no threat should extort a word of information from him. His cheeks grew hot and flushed, his eyes burned, and he straightened himself in his chair as if he expected death or torture, and was prepared to meet either, as he replied:

"I won't tell you."

"Is your father alive? Tell me, you dirty little whelp? Don't say that you won't do what I bid you to do again. I have a great

mind to choke you. Tell me—is your father alive?"

"I won't tell you, if you kill me."

The wheedling had failed; the threatening had failed. Then Mr. Belcher assumed the manner of a man whose motives had been misconstrued, and who wished for information that he might do a kind act to the lad's father.

"I should really like to help your father and if he is poor, money would do him a great deal of good. And here is the little boy who does not love his father well enough to get money for him, when he can have it and welcome. The little boy is taken care of. He has plenty to eat, and good clothes to wear, and lives in a fine house, but his poor father can take care of himself. I think such a boy as that ought to be ashamed of himself. I think he ought to kneel down and say his prayers. If I had a boy that could do that, I should be sorry that he'd ever been born."

Harry was proof against this mode of approach also, and was relieved, because he saw that Mr. Belcher was baffled. His instincts were quick, and they told him that he was the victor. In the meantime, Mr. Belcher was getting hot. He had closed the door of his room, while a huge coal fire was burning in the grate. He rose and opened the door. Harry watched the movement, and descried the grand staircase beyond his persecutor, as the door swung back. He had looked into the house in passing, during the previous week, and knew the relations of the staircase to the entrance on the Avenue. His determination was instantaneously made, and Mr. Belcher was conscious of a swift figure that passed under his arm, and was half down the staircase before he could move or say a word. Before he cried "stop him" Harry's hand was on the fastening of the door, and when he reached the door, the boy was half across the street.

He had calculated on smoothing over the rough places of the interview, and preparing a better report of the visit for the lad's friends on the other side of the Avenue, but the matter had literally slipped through his fingers. He closed the door after the retreating boy, and went back to his room without deigning to answer the inquiries that were excited by his loud command to "stop him."

Sitting down, and taking to himself his usual solace, and smoking furiously for awhile, he said: "D——n!" Into this one

favorite and familiar expletive he poured his anger, his vexation, and his fear. He believed at the moment that the inventor was alive. He believed that if he had been dead his boy would, in some way, have revealed the fact. Was he still insane? Had he powerful friends? It certainly appeared so.

The lad's reticence, determined and desperate, showed that he knew the relations that existed between his father and the proprietor, and seemed to show that he had acted under orders.

Something must be done to ascertain the residence of Paul Benedict, if still alive, or



"I AM THE MOST MISERABLE OF MEN."

Otherwise, how could the lad be where he had discovered him? Was it rational to suppose that he was far from his father? Was it rational to suppose that the lad's friends were not equally the friends of the inventor? How could he know that Robert Belcher himself had not unwittingly come to the precise locality where he would be under constant surveillance? How could he know that a deeply laid plot was not already at work to undermine and circumvent him?

to assure him of his death, if it had occurred. Something must be done to secure the property which he was rapidly accumulating. Already foreign Governments were considering the advantages of the Belcher rifle, as an arm for the military service, and negotiations were pending with more than one of them. Already his own Government, then in the first years of its great civil war, had experimented with it, with the most favorable results. The business was never so promis-

ing as it then appeared, yet it never had appeared so insecure.

In the midst of his reflections, none of which were pleasant, and in a sort of undefined dread of the consequences of his indiscretions in connection with Harry Benedict, the bell rang, and Mr. and Mrs. Talbot were announced. The factor and his gracious lady were in fine spirits, and full of their congratulations over the safe removal of the family to their splendid mansion. Mrs. Talbot was sure that Mrs. Belcher must feel that all the wishes of her heart were gratified. There was really nothing like the magnificence of the mansion. Mrs. Belcher could only say that it was all very fine, but Mr. Belcher, finding himself an object of envy, took great pride in showing his visitors about the house.

Mrs. Talbot, who in some way had ascertained that Mrs. Dillingham had superintended the arrangement of the house, said, in an aside to Mrs. Belcher: "It must have been a little lonely to come here and find no one to receive you—no friend, I mean."

"Mrs. Dillingham was here," remarked Mrs. Belcher quietly.

"But she was no friend of yours."

"No; Mr. Belcher had met her."

"How strange! How very strange!"

"Do you know her well?"

"I'm afraid I do; but now, really, I hope you won't permit yourself to be prejudiced against her. I suppose she means well, but she certainly does the most unheard-of things. She's a restless creature—not quite right, you know, but she has been immensely flattered. She's an old friend of mine, and I don't join the hue and cry against her at all, but she does such imprudent things! What did she say to you?"

Mrs. Belcher detected the spice of pique and jealousy in this charitable speech, and said very little in response—nothing that a mischief-maker could torture into an offense.

Having worked her private pump until the well whose waters she sought refused to give up its treasures, Mrs. Talbot declared she would no longer embarrass the new house-keeping by her presence. She had only called to bid Mrs. Belcher welcome, and to assure her that if she had no friends in the city, there were hundreds of hospitable hearts that were ready to greet her. Then she and her husband went out, waved their adieus from their snug little coupé, and drove away.

The call had diverted Mr. Belcher from his somber thoughts, and he summoned his

carriage, and drove down town, where he spent his day in securing the revolution in his domestic service, already alluded to, in talking business with his factor, and in making acquaintances on 'Change.

"I'm going to be in the middle of this thing one of those days," said he to Talbot as they strolled back to the counting-room of the latter, after a long walk among the brokers of Wall street. "If anybody supposes that I've come here to lie still, they don't know me. They'll wake up some fine morning and find a new hand at the bellows."

Twilight found him at home again, where he had the supreme pleasure of turning his very independent servants out of his house into the street, and installing a set who knew from the beginning, the kind of man they had to deal with, and conducted themselves accordingly.

While enjoying his first cigar after dinner a note was handed him, which he opened and read. It was dated at the house across the Avenue. He had expected and dreaded it, but he did not shrink like a coward from its perusal. It read thus:

"MR. ROBERT BELCHER: I have been informed of the shameful manner in which you treated a member of my family this morning—Master Harry Benedict. The bullying of a small boy is not accounted a dignified business for a man in the city, which I learn you have chosen for your home, however it may be regarded in the little town from which you came. I do not propose to tolerate such conduct toward any dependent of mine. I do not ask for your apology, for the explanation was in my hands before the outrage was committed. I perfectly understand your relations to the lad, and trust that the time will come when the law will define them, so that the public will also understand them. Meantime, you will consult your own safety by letting him alone, and never presuming to repeat the scene of this morning.

"Yours,
JAMES BALFOUR,
"Counselor-at-Law."

"Hum! ha!" exclaimed Mr. Belcher compressing his lips, and spitefully tearing the letter into small strips and throwing them into the fire. "Thank you, kind sir, I owe you one," said he, rising, and walking to his room. "That doesn't look very much as if Paul Benedict were alive. He's a counselor-at-law, he is, and he has inveigled a boy into his keeping, who, he sup

poses, has a claim on me; and he proposes to make some money out of it. Sharp game!"

Mr. Belcher was interrupted in his reflections and his soliloquy by the entrance of a servant with the information that there was a man at the door who wished to see him.

"Show him up."

The servant hesitated, and finally said: "He doesn't smell very well, sir."

"What does he smell of?" inquired Mr. Belcher, laughing.

"Rum, sir, and several things."

"Send him away, then."

"I tried to, sir, but he says he knows you, and wants to see you on particular business."

"Take him into the basement, and tell him I'll be down soon."

Mr. Belcher exhausted his cigar, tossed the stump into the fire, and, muttering to himself, "Who the devil!" went down to meet his caller.

As he entered a sort of lobby in the basement that was used as a servants' parlor, his visitor rose, and stood with great shamefacedness before him. He did not extend his hand, but stood still, in his seedy clothes and his coat buttoned to his chin, to hide his lack of a shirt. The blue look of the cold street had changed to a hot purple under the influence of a softer atmosphere; and over all stood the wreck of a great face, and a head still grand in its outline.

"Well, you look as if you were waiting to be damned," said Mr. Belcher, roughly.

"I am sir," responded the man solemnly.

"Very well; consider the business done, so far as I am concerned, and clear out."

"I am the most miserable of men, Mr. Belcher."

"I believe you; and you'll excuse me if I say that your appearance corroborates your statement."

"And you don't recognize me? Is it possible?" And the maudlin tears came into the man's rheumy eyes and rolled down his cheeks. "You knew me in better days, sir," and his voice trembled with weak emotion.

"No; I never saw you before. That game won't work, and now be off."

"And you don't remember Yates?—Sam Yates—and the happy days we spent together in childhood?" And the man wept again, and wiped his eyes with his coat-sleeve.

"Do you pretend to say that you are Sam Yates, the lawyer?"

"The same, at your service."

"What brought you to this?"

"Drink, and bad company, sir."

"And you want money?"

"Yes!" exclaimed the man, with a hiss as fierce as if he were a serpent.

"Do you want to earn money?"

"Anything to get it."

"Anything to get drunk, I suppose. You said 'anything.' Did you mean that?"

The man knew Robert Belcher, and he knew that the last question had a great deal more in it than would appear to the ordinary listener.

"Lift me out of the gutter," said he, "and keep me out, and—command me."

"I have a little business on hand," said Mr. Belcher, "that you can do, provided you will let your drink alone—a business that I am willing to pay for. Do you remember a man by the name of Benedict—a shiftless, ingenious dog, who once lived in Sevenoaks?"

"Very well."

"Should you know him again, were you to see him?"

"I think I should."

"Do you know you should? I don't want any thinking about it. Could you swear to him?"

"Yes. I don't think it would trouble me to swear to him."

"If I were to show you some of his handwriting, do you suppose that would help you any?"

"It—might."

"I don't want any 'mights.' Do you know it would?"

"Yes."

"Do you want to sell yourself—body, soul, brains, legal knowledge, everything—for money?"

"I've sold myself already at a smaller price, and I don't mind withdrawing from the contract for a better."

Mr. Belcher summoned a servant, and ordered something to eat for his visitor. While the man eagerly devoured his food, and washed it down with a cup of tea, Mr. Belcher went to his room, and wrote an order on his tailor for a suit of clothes, and a complete respectable outfit for the legal "dead beat" who was feasting himself below. When he descended he handed him the paper, and gave him money for a bath and a night's lodging.

"To-morrow morning I want you to come here clean, and dressed in the clothes that this paper will give you. If you drink

one drop before that time I will strip the clothes from your back. Come to this room and get a decent breakfast. Remember that you can't fool me, and that I'll have none of your nonsense. If you are to serve me, and get any money out of it, you must keep sober."

"I can keep sober—for a while—any way," said the man, hesitatingly and half despairingly.

"Very well, now be off; and mind, if I ever hear a word of this, or any of our dealings outside, I'll thrash you as I would a dog. If you are true to me I can be of use to you. If you are not, I will kick you into the street."

The man tottered to his feet, and said: "I am ashamed to say that you may command me. I should have scorned it once, but my chance is gone, and I could be loyal to the devil himself—for a consideration."

The next morning Mr. Belcher was informed that Yates had breakfasted, and awaited his orders. He descended to the basement, and stood confronted with a respectable-looking gentleman, who greeted him in a courtly way, yet with a deprecating look in his eyes, which said, as plainly as words could express, "don't humiliate me any more than you can help. Use me, but spare the little pride I have, if you can."

The deprecatory look was lost upon Mr. Belcher. "Where did you get your clothes?" he inquired. "Come, now; give me the name of your tailor. I'm green in the city, you see."

The man tried to smile, but the effort was a failure.

"What did you take for a night-cap last night, eh?"

"I give you my word of honor, sir, that I have not taken a drop since I saw you."

"Word of honor! ha! ha! ha! Do you suppose I want your word of honor? Do you suppose I want a man of honor, anyway? If you have come here to talk about honor, you are no man for me. That's a sort of nonsense that I have no use for."

"Very well; my word of dishonor," responded the man, desperately.

"Now you talk. There's no use in such a man as you putting on airs, and forgetting that he wears my clothes and fills himself at my table."

"I do not forget it, sir, and I see that I am not likely to."

"Not while you do business with me; and now, sit down and hear me. The first

thing you are to do is to ascertain whether Paul Benedict is dead. It isn't necessary that you should know my reasons. You are to search every insane hospital, public or private, in the city, and every alms-house. Put on your big airs and play philanthropist. Find all the records of the past year—the death records of the city—everything that will help to determine that the man is dead, as I believe he is. This will give you all you want to do for the present. The man's son is in the city, and the boy and the man left the Sevenoaks poor-house together. If the man is alive, he is likely to be near him. If he is dead he probably died near him. Find out, too, if you can, where his boy came to live at Balfour's over the way, and where he came from. You must stumble upon what I want very soon, or I may take you all winter. If you should fail, then, I shall want you to take the road from here to Sevenoaks, and even to Number Nine, looking into all the alms-houses on the way. The great point is to find out whether he is alive or dead, and to know, if he is dead, where, and exactly when he died. In the meantime, come to me every week with a written report of what you have done, and get your pay. Come always after dark, so that none of Balfour's people can see you. Begin the business, and carry on in your own way. You are old and sharp enough not to need any aid from me, and now be off."

The man took a roll of bills that Mr. Belcher handed him, and walked out of the door without a word. As he rose to the sidewalk, Mr. Balfour came out of the door opposite to him, with the evident intention of taking a passing stage. He nodded to Yates, whom he had not only known for other days, but had many times befriended, and the latter sneaked off down the street while he, standing for a moment as if puzzled, turned, and with his latch-key reëntered his house. Yates saw the movement, and knew exactly what it meant. He only hoped that Mr. Belcher had not seen it, and indeed, he had not, having been at that moment on his way upstairs.

Yates knew that, with his good clothes, the keen lawyer would give but one interpretation to the change, and that, in hope or direct plan he might have with regard to ascertaining when the boy was received into the family, and where he came from, was nugatory. He would not tell Mr. Belcher this.

Mr. Balfour called his wife to the window,

pointed out the retreating form of Yates, gave utterance to his suspicions, and placed her upon her guard. Then he went to his office, as well satisfied that there was a

mischievous scheme on foot as if he had overheard the conversation between Mr. Belcher and the man who had consented to be his tool.

(To be continued.)

AN ELECTRO-MECHANICAL ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

THE ENGINE.

SHE was a beauty. From head-light to buffer-casting, from spark-arrester to air-brake coupling, she shone resplendent. A thing of grace and power, she seemed instinct with life as she paused upon her breathless flight. Even while resting quietly upon the track, she trembled with the pulsations of her mighty heart. Small wonder that the passengers waiting upon the platform came down to gaze upon the great express engine, No. 59. She seemed long and slender like a greyhound, and her glistening sides, delicate forefeet, and uplifted head were suggestive of speed and power.

The engineer stepped down from his high throne with his long nickel-plated oiler in hand, and the fireman clambered over the glistening heap of coal and swung round the great copper water-pipe that the magnificent creature might have a drink of pure spring water. The engineer looked eagerly up and down the platform as if in search of some one. Two or three tourists of the usual type and a stray idler were all to be seen. A group of big fellows were unloading mail bags, and beyond them the busy throng down the platform was lost to view. How lovingly he touched the shining arms of his great pet with the smooth clear oil, golden and limpid. Here her great cylinder, seventeen inches wide, and with a stroke of twenty-four, safely rested behind the sturdy outtruss that held her forefoot so daintily thrust out in front. The head-light gleamed in all the sparkle of plate glass, and her shapely rods fairly glowed in polished beauty. On one side lay her boiler-feed pump, a finished bit of mechanism, and on the other was hung a steam-injector for forcing water into the boiler without the aid of the pump. How perfect everything! Even the driving-wheels were works of art. From balanced

throttle-valves to air-brake she had every device that American skill had produced, or that such an engine could demand, and her thirty-five tons of chained-up energy seemed the perfect expression of the highest mechanic art.

With a loud roar her safety-valve yielded to her pent-up vitality and filled all the air



"A HANDKERCHIEF IS QUICKLY FLIRTED IN THE AIR."

with clouds of steam. The engineer gazed proudly upon his noble steed, and then looked anxiously down the platform to see if any came whose presence would be welcome.

The fireman swung back the great copper pipe, and the idlers suddenly withdrew. The last trunk was thrown in, and the engineer climbed slowly up into his house. He looked anxiously about the long platform. It was nearly clear, and he could see the gold band on the conductor's hat glistening in the sun.

Where can she linger? Why does she

not come? 59 is here, and still she comes not. The gold-banded cap is lifted in the air. With one hand on the throttle-valve, the engineer glances down the long empty platform. The bell rings; there is a hissing sound beneath the giant's feet; the house trembles slightly; the water-tank seems to move backward; the roar of the safety-valve suddenly stops; the fury of the great iron monster vents itself in short deep gasps; clouds of smoke pour down on everything. They almost hide the platform from view.

Ah! A dress fluttering in the door-way. Some one appears abruptly upon the platform. With both hands on the throttle-valve, the engineer leans out the window. A handkerchief is quickly flirled in the air. He nods, smiles, and then turns grimly away, and stares out ahead with a fixed look as if the world had suddenly grown very dark, and life was an iron road with dangers everywhere. The fireman shovels coal into the fiery cavern at the engineer's feet, and then stirs up the glowing mass till it roars and flames with fury. The steam-gauge trembles at 120°, and quickly rises to 125°. The vast engine trembles and throbs as it leaps forward. The landscape—woods, houses and fields seem to take wings in a wild Titanic waltz. The engineer gazes ahead with tight-set lips, but his heart can outrun his locomotive, and lingers behind at the deserted way-station.

CHAPTER II.

THE TELEGRAPH OPERATOR.

WITH that perversity for which railroads are famous, the line did not enter the town, but passed along its outermost edge, among the farms and woodlands. This affected the life of the place curiously. At one hour the station was animated and thronged with people; at another it was dull, quiet and deserted by all save the station-master and his daughter. She it was who guarded the little telegraph office, received and sent the telegrams of the town, and did anything else that pertained to her position. She had a little box of a place portioned off in one corner of the ladies' waiting-room, where there was a sunny window that looked far up the line, and a little opening where she received the messages. She viewed life through this scant outlook, and thought it very queer. Were people always in a state of excitement? Did everybody have trouble in the family that demanded such breathless,

heart-rending messages? Was it in every life to have these awful, sudden things happen? Life from her point of view was more tragic than joyful, and she sometimes thought it a relief to receive a prosy order to "tell Jones bring back boots and have mower mended." Sometimes between the trains the station was quite deserted, and were it not for the ticking of the clock, and the incessant rattle of the fretful machine on her desk, it would be as still as a church on Monday. At first she amused herself by listening to the strange language of the wires, and she even made the acquaintance of the other operators. With one exception they all failed to interest her. They were a frivolous set, and their chatter seemed as empty as the rattle of a brass sounder. One girl she knew must be a lady. Her style of touch, and the general manner of her work, showed that plainly, and between the two a friendship sprang up, though they lived a hundred miles apart, and had never met. Finally, she took wisely to reading books, and the sounder chattered in vain, except on business.

Then there was John. She saw him for one hurried moment every day, and the thinking of it filled many a weary hour. He was the engineer of the express, and stopped at the station every afternoon at five and just before daylight every morning. She met him at the water-tank by day, and by night she awoke to hear his train thunder through the valley. She heard it whistle as it passed the grade crossing, a mile up the line, and as it pulled up at the station. If the night was calm, she heard the faint rumble as it flew over the resounding iron bridge at the river. Then she slept again. He would soon reach the city, and on the morrow she would see him again.

The happy morrow always found her at her post, busy and cheerful as the long day crept away, and the time drew near for his train. Oh! if her window only looked out the other way, that she might see No. 59 come round the curve in the woods! The station was always full at that hour, and messages were sure to come in just as she wanted to close her little office and go out to the water-tank, where John waited, oiler in hand, to see her. Strange, that he should always be oiling up just there.

This time, she waited with calm face and beating heart to see if any stupid passenger had forgotten anything, that he must telegraph home. Fortunately, none came, and as the engine rolled past her

window, she hastily put on her pretty hat and ample cloak and went out on the platform. A few quick steps, and she was beside the noble 59.

The fireman smiled a grimy smile, and, while he swung the water-pipe over the tender, he gave a lively whistle. The engineer tipped up his oiler with a sudden jerk, as if the piston-rod had quite enough, and then climbed hastily into the cab. There she sat on the fireman's perch, radiant, blushing, and winsome.

"She's a beauty—perfectly lovely, and a Westinghouse, too! I tried to see you yesterday, and aren't you very proud of her?"

John thought he was rather proud of 59. She was perfect. Ran her one hundred and fifty miles yesterday, for the first time. The little electrician was charmed. To think that John should be appointed master over the Company's new express engine. Dear fellow, he had run that old 13, till she was ready to rattle to pieces. And now, what a magnificent machine he had beneath him!

"And everything is so bright and handsome. I know you're proud of her."

John thought he was also proud of somebody else. Then they smiled, and the fireman whistled softly as he pushed back the water-spout. How brief the precious moments!

John pulled out a little blank-book and began hastily to tell her about the new prize the Directors had offered to the engineer who should travel five thousand miles with the least expenditure of coal and oil. It would take about twenty-seven days to decide the matter, and then the books would be all handed in, and the records examined, and the prize awarded.

"And if we could get it!"

"It would come in very convenient for—"

She blushed a rosy blush, and, clasping his arm, she laughed softly, and said:

"My dear, you must win it. We shall want it for—our—"

"Lively, now! Here comes the Conduc."

What a friendly fireman! How sharp he watched for the lovers! The girl prepared to spring down from the engine when the gold-banded cap of the conductor came in sight.

"Run up to the siding, Mills, and bring down that extra car."

"Aye, aye, sir. Cast off the couplings, Dick." Then, in a whisper: "Wait a bit, Kate. Ride up to the siding with us."

The girl needed no invitation.

"Oh! I intended to. Here, let me tend the bell."

"Good! Do. Dick must tend the couplings."

With a hiss and a jar the monster started forward, while the girl sat on the fireman's high seat with her hand on the bell-rope and one little foot steadied against the boiler. Suddenly, John turned the valve for the air-brake and reversed his lever, and the monster stopped. A deafening blast from the whistle.

"Where is that signal man? Why don't he show his flag?"

Again the whistle roared in short, quick blasts.

"Oh! Why didn't I think of it before?"

"Think of what?"

"That whistle. You could use it to call me."

"When?"

"Why, you see, I never exactly know when you are coming. I cannot tell your whistle from any other, and so, I sometimes miss seeing you."

"I—have—noticed—that—" said John, pulling at the throttle valve. "But, what can I do? If I gave two whistles or three, they would think it meant some signal, and it would make trouble."

"Yes, but if you did this, I should know you were coming, and nobody would think anything of it."

So saying, she stood up, leaned over the boiler, and grasping the iron rod that moved the whistle, made it speak in long and short blasts, that may be represented as follows:

"— — — — —"

"I see. Like a sounder. Morse's alphabet. But what does it spell?"

"K — — — — — A — — — — — T — — — — — E — —"

"Oh! Let me learn that by heart."

"You must, John. And will it not be amusing to hear the folks talk? What on earth can that engineer be roaring about with his '— — — — —'"

The signal-man looked indignant as 59 rolled past him. What was the good of such a din on the whistle! Was the man crazy!

"You must write it down, Kate. It won't do to practice now. See how the people stare on—the—platform."

The sentence was broken up by John's efforts over the reversing bar, and the deep-toned gasps of the engine drowned further conversation. The monster backed into the siding, where Dick stood ready to couple on the extra car. Then he climbed up into the

cab, and the lovers were silenced. The engine, with the three, rolled out upon the main line, stopped, and then backed up to the train. Kate, with a pencil wrote some marks on the edge of the window-frame, and with a bright smile she shook hands with the



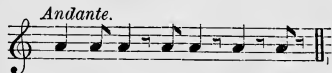
“THE GIRL SAT ON THE FIREMAN’S HIGH SEAT.”

burly engineer, nodded to the fireman, and then sprang lightly to the ground.

The safety-valve burst out with a deafening roar. The smoke belched forth in clouds, and while fairy rings of steam shot into the air, the train moved slowly away.

Presently, the girl stood alone upon the deserted platform, with the ruddy glow of the setting sun gilding her bright face.

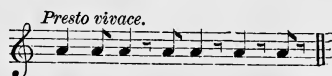
The roar of the train melted away on the air. Still, she stood listening intently. She would wait till she heard him whistle at the next crossing. Then, like a mellow horn softened by the distance, came this strange rhythmic song:



A smile and a blush lit up her winsome face.

How quickly love can learn!

That night, the waning moon sank cold and white in the purple west, while the morning star came out to see the sleeping world. Kate awoke suddenly and listened. Was that the roar of his train?



“How soft and sweet the notes so far away! There! He has crossed the bridge. Dear John!”

Then she slept again.

CHAPTER III.

THE OTHER OPERATOR.

THE last local train to the city left the station. The gray old station-master put out the lamps on the platform, rolled the baggage-trucks into the freight-house, and, having made the tour of the switches to see that all was clear for the main-line night mail, he returned to his little ticket den.

His daughter still sat reading like a demure cat in her little corner. The old man remarked that it was ten o'clock, and time to go home.

“Leave the key, father; I’ll lock up and return home as soon as I have finished this chapter.”

The old fellow silently laid a bunch of keys on her desk and went his way. The moment he departed she finished her chapter in a flash, and laying the book down, began to operate her telegraphic apparatus.

No reply. Middleboro had evidently gone to bed, and that office was closed.

No response. Dawson City refused to reply. Good. Now, if the operator at the junction failed to reply, she and Mary would have the line to themselves with none to overhear.

Alston Junction paid no heed. Good. Now for:

Mary replied instantly, and at once the two girl friends were in close conversation with one hundred miles of land and water between them. The conversation was by sound in a series of long and short notes—nervous and staccato for the bright one in the little station; smooth, legato and placid for the city girl.

Translated, it ran as follows:

Kate—“I taught him my name in Morse’s alphabet, and he sounds it on his whistle as he comes up to the station; but I am in daily terror lest some impertinent operator should hear it, and, catching its meaning, tell of it.”

The other operator was all sympathy, and replied:

"I see the danger. At the same time, my dear, I think the idea is worthy of your bright self. It is perfectly jolly. Think of hearing one's name for miles over the country on a steam-whistle. I never heard of anything so romantic in my life."

Kate—"And when he passes in the night the sounds my name all through the valley, and I can hear it for miles. How people would laugh if they knew what it meant."

Mary—"They would, I'm sure, and it would be very unpleasant to be found out. Why don't you fix up some kind of open circuit and let him telegraph to you from the line as he approaches your station?"

Kate—"My love, your idea is divine. If I only had a wire."

Mary—"It would take two wires, you know, and a small battery. At the same time, it would not cost much, and would be perfectly safe."

Kate—"Would not some one find it out and be ringing the bell out of mischief?"

Mary—"No. You could hide the connections in the bushes or trees by the road, and his engine could touch it as it passed."

Kate—"Yes, but wouldn't every engine touch it?"

Mary—"Then you could fix it so that a stick, or something secured to the engine, would brush it as it passed. No other engine would be provided with the stick, and they would all pass in silence."

The idea was almost too brilliant for contemplation, and the two friends, one in her deserted and lonely station in the far country, and the other in the fifth story of a city block, held close converse over it for an hour or more, and then they bid each other good night, and the wires were at rest for a time.

About five one afternoon shortly after, Kate sat in her office waiting for 59 to sound its Titanic love-signal. Presently it came in loud-mouthed notes:

"-----"

She closed her little office hastily, and went out on the platform. As she opened the door, two young men laughed immoderately, and one said aloud:

"Kate! Who's Kate?"

Found out! She hastily turned away to hide the blush that mounted to her temples and walked rapidly up the platform to the water-tank.

59 rolled up to the spot, and the lovers met. With one hand on the iron front of this great engine, she stood waiting him, and at once began to talk rapidly.

"It will never do, John! They have found it all out."

"Oh! I was afraid they would. Now, what are we to do? If I could only telegraph you from the station below."

"It wouldn't do. It is too far away. Besides, it would be costly, and somebody would suspect."

"Conduc!" shouted the fireman, as he swung back the great water-pipe.

"Good-bye, dear. I'm sorry we must give it up."

"So am I. And, John, come and spend next Sunday with us."

"Yes, I will. Good-bye, Good-bye."

59 hissed out her indignation in clouds of steam from her cylinders, and moved slowly forward. Then Kate stood alone again on the platform. The sun sunk in angry clouds, and the wind sighed in the telegraph wires with a low moaning sound, fitful, sad and dreary.



"KATE UNROLLED THE WIRE AS HE TOOK IT UP."

The next morning the express tore savagely through the driving rain, and thundered over the iron bridge till it roared again. The whistle screamed, but love no longer charmed its iron voice.

The electrician listened in silence, and then, after a tear or two, slept again.

CHAPTER IV.

LOVE AND LIGHTNING.

IT was a lovely autumnal afternoon, and the lovers went out to walk in the glorious weather.

To escape observing eyes, they wandered down the railroad track toward the woods, where the line made a great curve to avoid a bend in the river.

After a while they reached a shady dell in the woods, and, taking down a bar in the fence, they entered its depths. Just here the various telegraph wires hung in long festoons from their poles. With a sudden cry of delight, she seized his arm and cried:

"Look, John. Just the thing. An abandoned wire."

"Well; what of it?"

"My dear, can't we use it? Come, let us follow it and see where it goes. Perhaps we may make it useful."

John failed to see how that might be. Kate was all eagerness to follow the wire, and returned to the track, and began to trace the wire up and down the line as far as it was visible. John replaced the fence rail and joined her. Then she began to talk in that rapid manner that was so becoming to her. He was fairly dazzled by the brilliancy and audacity of her ideas. They both walked on the sleepers toward the bridge over the river. The wire was still continuous, but after walking about half a mile, they found it was broken, and apparently abandoned. Then she laid down her plan. This wire had been put up by a certain company some years since, but as the company had failed, the wire had been abandoned, and here for perhaps a mile it was still hanging on its insulators. At the bridge it came to a sudden end.

"Now, if we can manage to rig up another wire from here to our station we can make an open circuit, and as you pass this point you can join it and—ring a bell in my office!"

The two sat down on the iron bridge and fairly laughed at the splendor of the idea. Suddenly she looked very grave.

"The expense!"

"Ah! yes. Well, I'm willing to pay something for the advantage of seeing you every day. It's worth——"

"How much?"

"About \$5,000,000."

"John!"

Two days after, a package came by express from the city, and Kate stowed it away in her telegraphic den till the evening. Then, when the day had passed, and she had some leisure, she carefully opened it and found a neat little wooden box with a small brass gong or bell attached to the bottom. A slender hammer hung beside it, and there were places for securing the connecting wires, an electric bell and 3,000 feet of insulated wire and a bill for the same. Eleven dollars.

"Not half so bad as I expected. As for the battery, I fancy I can make one myself. A pickle jar, some zinc and copper and a little acid will answer, and John can arrange the rest. Fortunately I selected insulated wire, as we shall have to carry our line through the woods to cut off that bend in the road."

Thus talking and planning to herself, she examined her purchase, and then carefully placing the bell and the wire in a closet under her desk, she closed up the station and went demurely home, conscious of the innocence of all her dark plottings.

The third day after seemed like the Sabbath, and was not. It was Thanksgiving Day, and all the very good people went soberly to church. The good people like Kate and her lover did nothing of the kind. John Mills, engineer, did not ride on No. 59 that day. He had a holiday, and came to see Kate quite early in the morning. She proposed a walk in the woods, as the day was fine.

"Did you bring the boots?"

"I did, my love, spikes and all. I tried 'em on an apple-tree, and I found I could walk up the stem as nicely as a fly on the ceiling."

"That is good; for, on the whole, I think we must shorten the line, and cut off that great bend in the road."

"And save battery power?"

"Yes. My pickle-jar battery works well, but I find that it is not particularly powerful. It rings the bell furiously when I close the circuit, but the circuit is not two yards long. What it will do when the line is up, remains to be seen."

"Where did you place the bell?"

"Oh, I hung it up in the cupboard under my desk. I can hear it, and no one will be likely to look for it there. But that is not the great difficulty. How are we to hide the wires that enter the station?"

"I wouldn't try. Let them stand in plain sight. Not a soul will ever notice them among the crowd of wires that pass the station."

By this time the two had reached the railroad station, and, opening her little office, they both went in. Presently they reappeared, each with a brown paper parcel, and, with the utmost gravity, walked away down the line toward the woods.

In a few moments they were lost to view round a curve in the road, and they turned off toward the bank and sat down on a large, flat stone.

"The boots, Kate."

She opened the bundle she had in her hand, and displayed a pair of iron stirrups having an iron rod on one side, and a sharp steel point on the bottom. There were also leather straps and buckles, and John, laying aside his burden, proceeded to strap them to his feet. When ready, the iron rods or bars reached nearly to the knee, and the steel points were just below the instep. Kate meanwhile took a pair of stout shears from her pocket and began to open the other bundle. It contained a large roll of insulated copper wire, some tacks, and a hammer.

Then they started down the track, with sharp eyes on the abandoned wire hanging in long festoons from its insulators. All right so far. Ah! a break; they must repair it. Like a nimble cat John mounted the pole, and Kate unrolled the wire as he took it up. In a moment or two he had it secured to the old wire. Then up the next pole, and while Kate pulled it tight he secured it, and the line was reunited.

Then on and on they walked, watching the wire, and still finding it whole. At last they reached the great iron bridge, and anxiously scanned the dozen or more wires, to see if their particular thread was still continuous.

"We must cross the river, John. The line seems to be whole, and we can take our new line through the woods on the other shore till we reach the town bridge."

It was a relief to leave the dizzy open sleepers of the bridge and stand once more on firm ground.

"This must be the limit of our circuit. I wish it was larger, for it will not give me more than three minutes time. Now, if you'll break the line on that pole, John."

There was a sound of falling glass, and then the new insulated line was secured to the old line; the broken end fell to the

ground and was abandoned. For half an hour or more the two were busy over their work, and then it was finished. It was a queer-looking affair, and no one would ever guess where it was or what it was designed to do. A slender maple-tree beside the track had a bit of bare copper wire (insulated at the ends), hung upright, in its branches. Near by stood a large oak-tree, also having a few feet of wire secured horizontally to its branches. From the slender maple a wire ran to the old telegraph line. From the old oak our young people quickly ran a new line through the woods by simply tacking it up out of sight in the trees.

Then they came to the wooden bridge where the town road crossed the stream. It took but a few moments to tack the insulated wire to the under side of one of the string-pieces well out of sight, and then they struck off into the deep woods again.

Three hours later they struck the railroad, and found the old wire some distance beyond the station up the line. Again the two-legged cat ran up the pole, and there was a sound of breaking glass. The old wire fell down among the bushes, and the new one was joined to the piece still on the line. A short time after, two young people with rather light bundles and very light hearts gravely walked into the station and then soberly went to their dinner. That night two mysterious figures flitted about the platform of the deserted station. One like a cat ran up the dusky poles, and the other unrolled a bit of copper wire. There was a sound of boring, and two minute wires were pushed through a hole in the window frame. The great scientific enterprise was finished.

CHAPTER V.

ALMOST TELESCOPED.

It was very singular how absent-minded and inattentive the operator was that day. She sent that order for flowers to the butcher, and Mrs. Robinson's message about the baby's croup went to old Mr. Stimmins, the bachelor lodger at the gambrel-roofed house.

No wonder she was disturbed. Would the new line work? Would her pickle-jar battery be strong enough for such a great circuit? Would John be able to close it? The people began to assemble for the train. The clock pointed to the hour for its arrival.

"He cometh not," she said. Then she began to be a little tearful. The people

all left the waiting-room and went out on the platform, and the place was deserted and silent. She listened intently. There was nothing, save the murmur of the voices outside, and the irritating tick of the clock.

Suddenly, with startling distinctness, the bell rang clear and loud in the echoing room. With a little cry of delight she put on her dainty hat and ran in haste out upon the platform. The idle people stared at her flushed and rosy face, and she turned away and walked toward the water-tank. Not a thing in sight? What did it mean?

Ah! The whistle broke loud and clear on the cool, crisp air, and 59 appeared round the curve in the woods. The splendid monster slid swiftly up to her feet and paused.

"Perfect, John! Perfect! It works to a charm."

With a spring she reached the cab and sat down on the fireman's seat.

"Blessed if I could tell what he was going to do," said Dick. "He told me about it. Awful bright idea! You see, he laid the poker on the tender brake there, and it hit the tree slam, and I saw the wires touch. It was just prime!"

The happy moments sped, and 59 groaned and slowly departed, while Kate stood on the platform, her face wreathed in smiles and white steam.

So the lovers met each day, and none knew how she was made aware of his approach with such absolute certainty. Science applied to love, or rather love applied to science, can move the world.

Two whole weeks passed, and then there suddenly arrived at the station, late one evening, a special with the directors' car attached. The honorable directors were hungry—they always are—and would pause on their journey and take a cup of tea and a bit of supper. The honorables and their wives and children filled the station, and the place put on quite a gala aspect. As for Kate, she demurely sat in her den, book in hand, and over its unread pages admired the gay party in the brightly lighted waiting-room.

Suddenly, with furious rattle her electric bell sprang into noisy life. Every spark of color left her face, and her book fell with a dusty slam to the floor. What was it? What did it mean? Who rang it?

With affrighted face she burst from her office and brushed through the astonished people and out upon the snow-covered plat-

form. There stood the directors' train upon the track of the on-coming engine.

"The conductor! Where is he? Oh! sir! Start! Start! Get to the siding. The express! The express is coming!"

With a cry she snatched a lantern from a brakeman's hand, and in a flash was gone. They saw her light pitching and dancing through the darkness, and they were lost in wonder and amazement. The girl is crazy! No train is due now! There can be no danger. She must be ——

Ah! that horrible whistle. Such a wild shriek on the winter's night! The men sprang to the train, and the women and children fled in frantic terror in every direction.

"Run for your lives," screamed the conductor. "There's a smash-up coming!"

A short, sharp scream from the whistle. The head-light gleamed on the snow-covered track, and there was a mad rush of sliding wheels and the gigantic engine roared like a demon. The great 59 slowly drew near and stopped in the woods. A hundred heads looked out, and a stalwart figure leaped down from the engine and ran on into the bright glow of the head-light.

"Kate!"

"Oh! John, I ——"

She fell into his arms senseless and white, and the lantern dropped from her nerveless hand.

They took her up tenderly and bore her into the station-house and laid her upon the sofa in the "ladies' room." With hushed voices they gathered round to offer aid and comfort. Who was she? How did she save the train? How did she know of its approach?

"She is my daughter," said the old station-master. "She tends the telegraph."

The President of the Railroad, in his gold-bowed spectacles, drew near. One grand lady in silk and satin pillowed Kate's head on her breast. They all gathered near to see if she revived. She opened her eyes and gazed about dreamily, as if in search of something.

"Do you wish anything, my dear?" said the President, taking her hand.

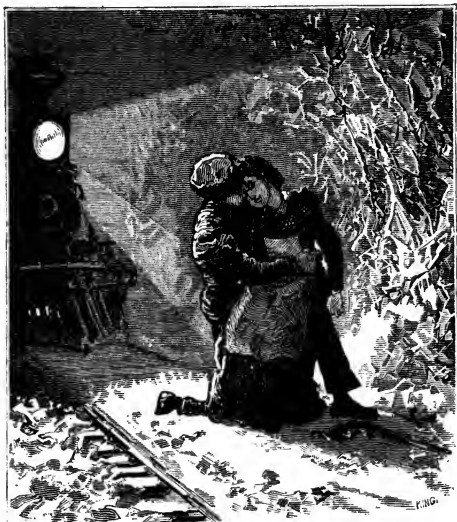
"Some water, if you please, sir; and I want—I want——"

They handed her some wine in a silver goblet. She sipped a little, and then looked among the strange faces as if in search of some one.

"Are you looking for any one, Miss?"

"Yes—no—it is no matter. Thank you,

ma'am, I feel better. I sprained my foot on the sleepers when I ran down the track. It is not severe, and I'll sit up."



"SHE FELL INTO HIS ARMS SENSELESS AND WHITE."

They were greatly pleased to see her recover, and a quiet buzz of conversation filled the room. How did she know it? How could she tell the special was chasing us? Good Heavens! if she had not known it, what an awful loss of life there would have been; it was very careless in the superintendent to follow our train in such a reckless manner.

"You feel better, my dear," said the President.

"Yes, sir, thank you. I'm sure I'm thankful. I knew John—I mean the engine was coming."

"You cannot be more grateful than we are to you for averting such a disastrous collision."

"I'm sure, I am pleased, sir. I never thought the telegraph——"

She paused abruptly.

"What telegraph?"

"I'd rather not tell, sir."

"But you will tell us how you knew the engine was coming?"

"Must you know?"

"We ought to know in order to reward you properly."

She put up her hand in a gesture of refusal, and was silent. The President and directors consulted together, and two of them came to her and briefly said that they would be glad to know how she had been made aware of the approaching danger.

"Well, sir, if John is willing, I will tell you all."

John Mills, engineer, was called, and he came in, cap in hand, and the entire company gathered round in the greatest eagerness.

Without the slightest affectation, she put her hand on John's grimy arm, and said:

"Shall I tell them, John? They wish to know about it. It saved their lives, they say."

"And mine, too," said John, reverently. "You had best tell them, or let me."

She sat down again, and then and there John explained how the open circuit line had been built, how it was used, and frankly told why it had been erected.

Never did story create profounder sensation. The gentlemen shook hands with him, and the President actually kissed her for the Company. A real Corporation kiss, loud and hearty. The ladies fell upon her neck, and actually cried over the splendid girl. Even the children pulled her dress, and put their arms about her neck, and kissed away the happy tears that covered her cheeks.

Poor child! She was covered with confusion, and knew not what to say or do, and looked imploringly to John. He drew near, and proudly took her hand in his, and she brushed away the tears and smiled.

The gentlemen suddenly seemed to have found something vastly interesting to talk about, for they gathered in a knot in the corner of the room. Presently the President said aloud:

"Gentlemen and Directors, you must pardon me, and I trust the ladies will do the same, if I call you to order for a brief matter of business."

There was a sudden hush, and the room, now packed to suffocation, was painfully quiet.

"The Secretary will please take minutes of this meeting."

The Secretary sat down at Kate's desk, and then there was a little pause.

"Mr. President!"

Every eye was turned to a corner where a gray-haired gentleman had mounted a chair.

"Mr. President."

"Mr. Graves, director for the State, gentlemen."

"I beg leave, sir, to offer a resolution."

Then he began to read from a slip of paper.

"Whereas, John Mills, engineer of engine Number 59, of this railway line, erected a

private telegraph; and, whereas he, with the assistance of the telegraph operator of this station (I leave a blank for her name), used the said line without the consent of this Company, and for other than railway business:

“It is resolved that he be suspended permanently from his position as engineer, and that the said operator be requested to resign——”

A murmur of disapprobation filled the room, but the President commanded silence, and the State Director went on.

“——resign her place.

“It is further resolved, and is hereby ordered, that the said John Mills be and is appointed chief engineer of the new repair shops at Slawson.”

A tremendous cheer broke from the assembled company, and the resolution was passed with a shout of assent.

How it all ended they never knew. It

seemed like a dream, and they could not believe it true till they stood alone in the winter's night on the track beside that glorious 59. The few cars the engine had brought up had been joined to the train, and 59 had been rolled out on the siding. With many hand-shakings for John, and hearty kisses for Kate, and a round of parting cheers for the two, the train had sped away. The idlers had dispersed, and none lingered about the abandoned station save the lovers. 59 would stay that night on the siding, and they had walked up the track to bid it a long farewell.

For a few moments they stood in the glow of the great lamp, and then he quietly put it out, and left the giant to breathe away its fiery life in gentle clouds of white steam. As for the lovers, they had no need of its light. The winter's stars shone upon them, and the calm cold night seemed a paradise below.

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND.

PART II.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE first week of January was devoted to the manufacture of the linen garments required by the colony. The needles found in the box were used by sturdy if not delicate fingers, and we may be sure that what was sewn was sewn firmly. There was no lack of thread, thanks to Cyrus Smith's idea of re-employing that which had been already used in the covering of the balloon.

The cloth of which the balloon-case was made was then cleaned by means of soda and potash, obtained by the incineration of plants, in such a way that the cotton, having got rid of the varnish, resumed its natural softness and elasticity; then, exposed to the action of the atmosphere, it soon became perfectly white. Some dozen shirts and socks—the latter not knitted, of course, but made of cotton—were thus manufactured. What a comfort it was to the settlers to clothe themselves again in clean linen, which was doubtless rather rough, though they were not troubled about that, and then to go to sleep between sheets, which made the

couches at Granite House quite comfortable beds!

It was about this time also that they made boots of seal-leather, which were greatly needed to replace the shoes and boots brought from America. You may be sure that these new shoes were large enough and never pinched the feet of the wearers.

With the beginning of the year 1866 the heat was very great, but the hunting in the forests was continued.

Cyrus Smith recommended them to husband the ammunition, and took measures to replace the powder and shot which had been found in the box, and which he wished to reserve for the future.

In place of lead, of which Smith had found no traces in the island, he employed granulated iron, which was easy to manufacture. These bullets, not having the weight of leaden bullets, were made larger, and each charge contained less, but the skill of the sportsmen made up for this deficiency. As to powder, Cyrus Smith would have been able to make that also, for he had at his disposal saltpeter, sulphur, and coal; but this preparation re-

quires extreme care, and without special tools it is difficult to produce it of a good quality. Smith preferred, therefore, to manufacture pyroxyle or gun-cotton, the advantages of which consist in this, that it is not injured by damp, that it does not make the gun-barrels dirty, and that its force is four times that of ordinary powder. In this substance, cotton is not indispensable, as the elementary tissue of vegetables may be used, and this is found in an almost pure state, not only in cotton, but in the textile fibers of hemp and flax, in paper, the pith of the elder, etc. Now, the elder abounded in the island toward the mouth of Red Creek, and the colonists had already made coffee of the berries of these shrubs, which belong to the family of the caprifoliacæ.

The only thing to be collected, therefore, was elder-pith, for as to the other substance necessary for the manufacture of pyroxyle, it was only by fuming nitric acid. Now, Smith having sulphuric acid at his disposal, had already been easily able to produce nitric acid by attacking the saltpeter with which nature supplied him.

To make pyroxyle, the cotton must be immersed in the fuming nitric acid for a quarter of an hour, then washed in cold water and dried. Nothing could be more simple. The sportsmen of the island, therefore, soon had a perfectly prepared substance, which, employed discreetly, produced admirable results.

By this time the intelligent Jupe was raised to the duty of valet. He had been dressed in a jacket, white linen breeches and an apron, the pockets of which were his delight. The clever orang had been marvelously trained by Neb, and any one would have said that the negro and the ape

understood each other when they talked together.

Judge, then, of the pleasure Jupe gave to



JUPE HAS A REVELATION.

the inhabitants of Granite House when, without their having had any idea of it, he appeared one day, napkin on his arm, ready to wait at table. Quick, attentive, he acquitted himself perfectly, changing the plates, bringing dishes, pouring out water, all with a gravity which gave intense amusement to the settlers and which enraptured Pencroff.

"Jupe, some soup!" "Jupe, a little agouti!" "Jupe, a plate!"

And Jupe, without ever being disconcerted, replied to every one, watched for everything, and shook his head in a knowing way when Pencroff, referring to his joke of the first day, said to him :

“Decidedly, Jupe, your wages must be doubled.”

Toward the end of January the colonists began their labors in the center of the island. Within three weeks a corral was established near the sources of the Red Creek, at the foot of Mount Franklin, and into this enclosure were driven the animals which were

radishes, and other cruciferæ. The soil on the plateau was particularly fertile, and it was hoped that the harvests would be abundant.

CHAPTER IX.

THE colonists, not having any pressing work out of doors, profited by the stormy weather of March to work at the interior of Granite House, the arrangement of which was becoming more complete from day to day. The engineer made a turning-lathe, with which he turned several articles both for the toilet and the kitchen, particularly buttons, the want of which was greatly felt. A gun-rack had been made for the fire-arms, which were kept with extreme care, and neither tables nor cupboards were left incomplete. They sawed, they planed, they filed, they turned; and during the whole of this bad season, nothing was heard but the grinding of tools or the humming of the turning-lathe which responded to the growling of the thunder.

About this time the engineer devised a lifting apparatus which took the place of the long ladder at Granite House.

A natural force was already at his disposal which could be used without great difficulty. To obtain motive power it was only necessary to augment the flow of the little stream which sup-

plied the interior of Granite House with water. The opening among the stones and grass was then increased, thus producing a strong fall at the bottom of the passage, the overflow from which escaped, by the inner well. Below this fall the engineer fixed a cylinder with paddles, which was joined on the exterior with a strong cable rolled on a wheel, supporting a basket. In this way, by means of a long rope reaching to the ground,



THE DOCKYARD, LINCOLN ISLAND.

to supply the wool for the settlers' winter garments.

Before the cold season should appear, the most assiduous care was given to the cultivation of the wild plants which had been transplanted from the forest to Prospect Heights. The kitchen-garden, now well stocked and carefully defended from the birds, was divided into small beds, where grew lettuces, kidney potatoes, sorrel, turnips,

which enabled them to regulate the motive power, after a few trials they were able to moist their burdens and themselves in the basket to the door of Granite House.

About this time, too, Cyrus Smith attempted to manufacture glass, putting the old pottery-kiln to this new use. After several fruitless attempts, he succeeded in setting up a glass manufactory, which Gideon Spilett and Harbert, his usual assistants, did not leave for several days. As to the substances used in the composition of glass, they are simply sand, chalk, and soda, either carbonate or sulphate. Now the beach supplied sand, lime supplied chalk, sea-weeds supplied soda, pyrites supplied sulphuric acid, and the ground supplied coal to heat the kiln to the wished-for temperature. Cyrus Smith thus soon had everything ready for setting to work.

The tool the manufacture of which presented the most difficulty, was the pipe of the glass-maker, an iron tube, five or six feet long, which collects on one end the material in a state of fusion. But by means of a long, thin piece of iron rolled up like the barrel of a gun, Pencroff succeeded in making this tube soon ready to be used.

On the 28th of March the tube was heated. A hundred parts of sand, thirty-five of chalk, forty of sulphate of soda, mixed with two or three parts of powdered coal, composed the substance, which was placed in crucibles. When the high temperature of the oven had reduced it to a liquid, or rather a pasty state, Cyrus Smith collected with the tube a quantity of the paste; he turned it about on a metal plate, previously arranged, so as to give it a form suitable for blowing; when he passed the tube to Harbert, who blew so much and so well into the tube—taking care to twirl it round at the same time—that his breath dilated the glassy mass. Other quantities of the substance in a state of fusion were added to the first, and in a short time the result was a bubble which measured a foot in diameter. Smith then took the tube out of Harbert's hands, and, giving to it a pendulous motion, he ended by lengthening the malleable bubble so as to give it a cylindro-conic shape.

The blowing operation had given a cylinder of glass terminated by two hemispherical caps, which were easily detached by means of a sharp iron dipped in cold water; then, by the same proceeding, this cylinder was cut lengthways, and after having been rendered malleable by a second heating, it was extended on a plate and spread out with a wooden roller.

The first pane was thus manufactured, and they had only to perform this operation fifty times to have fifty panes. The windows at Granite House were soon furnished with panes, not very white perhaps, but still sufficiently transparent. Bottles, tumblers, and other utensils were also made.

Cyrus Smith and Harbert, while hunting one day, had entered the forest of the Far West, on the left bank of the Mercy, when Harbert, stopping, and uttering a cry of joy, exclaimed:

"Oh, Captain Smith; do you see that tree?" and he pointed to a shrub, rather than a tree, for it was composed of a single stem, covered with a scaly bark, which bore leaves streaked with little parallel veins.

"And what is this tree? It resembles a little palm," said Smith.

"It is a 'cycas revoluta,' of which I have a picture in our Dictionary of Natural History!" said Harbert.

"But I can't see any fruit on this shrub!" observed his companion.

"No, captain," replied Harbert; "but its stem contains a flour which nature has provided all ready ground."

"It is, then, the bread-tree?"

"Yes, the bread-tree."

"Well, my boy," replied the engineer, "this is a valuable discovery, since our wheat harvest is not yet ripe; I hope that you are not mistaken!"

Harbert was not mistaken; he broke the stem of a cycas, which was composed of a glandulous tissue, containing a quantity of floury pith, traversed with woody fiber, separated by rings of the same substance, arranged concentrically. With this fecula was mingled a mucilaginous juice of disagreeable flavor, but which it would be easy to get rid of by pressure. This cellular substance was regular flour of a superior quality, extremely nourishing; its exportation was formerly forbidden by the Japanese laws.

They returned to Granite House with an ample supply of cycas stems. The engineer constructed a press, with which to extract the mucilaginous juice mingled with the fecula, and he obtained a large quantity of flour, which Neb soon transformed into cakes and puddings. This was not quite real wheat bread, but it was very like it.

One day it occurred to the engineer to make observations by means of the sextant, to verify the position which he had already obtained, and this was the result of his operation. His first observation had given him for the situation of Lincoln Island: West

longitude, from 150° to 155° ; south latitude, from 30° to 35° . The second gave exactly: West longitude, $150^{\circ} 30'$; south latitude, $34^{\circ} 57'$. So then, notwithstanding the imperfection of his apparatus, Cyrus Smith had operated with so much skill that his error did not exceed five degrees.

"Now," said Gideon Spilett, "since we possess an atlas as well as a sextant, let us see, my dear Cyrus, the exact position which Lincoln Island occupies in the Pacific."

The map of the Pacific was opened, and the engineer, his compasses in his hand, prepared to determine their position.

Suddenly the compasses stopped, and he exclaimed:

"But an island exists in this part of the Pacific already!"

"An island?" cried Pencroff.

"Ours, doubtless," returned Gideon Spilett.

"No," replied Smith. "This island is situated in 153° latitude and $37^{\circ} 11'$ longitude, that is to say, two degrees and a-half more to the west and two degrees more to the south than Lincoln Island."

"And what is the name of this island?" asked Harbert.

"Tabor Island."

"An important island?"

"No, an islet lost in the Pacific, and which, perhaps, has never been visited."

"Well, we will visit it," said Pencroff.

"We?"

"Yes, captain. We will build a decked boat, and I will undertake to steer her. At what distance are we from this Tabor Island?"

"About a hundred and fifty miles to the north-east," replied Smith.

"A hundred and fifty miles! And what's that?" returned Pencroff. "In forty-eight hours, with a good wind, we should sight it!"

"But what would be the use?" asked the reporter.

"I don't know. We must see."

And, on this reply, it was decided that a vessel should be constructed in time to be launched toward the month of next October, on the return of the fine season.

CHAPTER X.

THE engineer was not working in the dark at this new trade. He knew a great deal about ship-building as about nearly everything else, and at first drew the model of his ship on paper. Besides, he was ably seconded by Pencroff, who, having worked for several years in a dockyard at Brooklyn, knew the

practical part of the trade. It was not until after careful calculation and deep thought that the timbers were laid on the keel.

It was agreed that since the fine season would not return before six months, only the engineer and Pencroff should work at the boat. Spilett and Harbert were to continue to hunt, and neither Neb nor Jupe was to leave the domestic duties which had devolved upon them.

Pencroff, as may be believed, was as eager as eagerness to carry out his new enterprise and would not leave his work for an instant.

A single thing had the honor of drawing him, but for one day only, from his dockyard. This was the second wheat-harvest which was gathered in on the 15th of April. It was as much a success as the first, and yielded the number of grains which had been predicted.

One day in April, as the sportsmen were hunting in the forests of the Far West, the reporter was attracted by the odor which exhaled from certain plants with straight stalks round and branchy, bearing grape-like clusters of flowers and very small berries. He broke off one or two of these stalks and said:

"What can this be, Harbert?"

"Where did you find this plant, Mr. Spilett?"

"There, in a clearing, where it grows abundantly."

"Well, Mr. Spilett," said Harbert, "this is a treasure which will secure you Pencroff's gratitude for ever."

"Is it tobacco?"

"Yes, and though it may not be of the first quality, it is none the less tobacco!"

"Oh, good old Pencroff! Won't he be pleased? But we must not let him smoke it all, he must give us our share."

"Ah! an idea occurs to me, Mr. Spilett," replied Harbert. "Don't let us say anything to Pencroff yet; we will prepare these leaves, and one fine day we will present him with a pipe already filled!"

The reporter and the lad secured a good store of the precious plant, and then returned to Granite House, where they smuggled it in with as much precaution as if Pencroff had been the most vigilant and severe of custom-house officers.

Once more, however, his favorite work was interrupted, on the 1st of May, by a fishing adventure, in which all the colonists took part.

For some days they had observed an enormous animal two or three miles out in the open sea swimming around Lincoln Island

This was a whale of the largest size, which apparently belonged to the southern species, called the "Cape Whale."

"What a lucky chance it would be if we could capture it!" cried the sailor. "Ah! if we only had a proper boat and a good harpoon, I would say, 'After the beast,' for the would be well worth the trouble of catching!"

"Well, Pencroff," said Gideon Spilett, "I should much like to see you handle a harpoon. It would be very interesting."

"Very interesting, and not without danger," said the engineer; "but, since we have not the means of attacking the animal, it is useless to think about it."

"I am astonished," said the reporter, "to see a whale in this relatively high latitude."

"Why so, Mr. Spilett?" replied Harbert. "We are exactly in that part of the Pacific which English and American whalers call the whale-field, and, it is here, between New Zealand and South America, that the whales of the southern hemisphere are met with in the greatest numbers."

"That is quite true," said Pencroff; "and what surprises me is, that we have not seen more of them. But, after all, since we can't get at them, it doesn't matter."

But what the colonists could not do for themselves chance did for them, and on the 3d of May shouts from Neb, who had stationed himself at the kitchen window, announced that the whale was stranded on the beach of the island.

The stranding had taken place on the beach of Flotsam Point, three miles from Granite House, and at high tide. It was, therefore, probable that the cetacean would not be able to extricate itself easily; at any rate, it was best to hasten, so as to cut off its retreat if necessary. They ran with pickaxes and iron-tipped poles in their hands, passed over the Mercy bridge, descended the right bank of the river along the beach, and in less than twenty minutes were close to the enormous animal, above which flocks of birds already hovered. It was a southern whale, eighty feet long, a giant of the species, probably not weighing less than 150,000 pounds.

It was dead, and a harpoon was sticking out of its left side.

"There are whalers in these quarters, then," said Gideon Spilett directly.

"Why?" asked the sailor.

"Since the harpoon is still there—"

"Oh, Mr. Spilett, that doesn't prove any-

thing," replied Pencroff. "Whales have been known to go thousands of miles with a harpoon in the side."

"However—" said Spilett, whom Pencroff's explanation did not satisfy.

"That is possible," replied Smith, "but let us examine this harpoon. Perhaps, according to the usual custom, the whalers have cut the name of their ship upon it."

In fact, Pencroff, having torn the harpoon from the animal's side, read this inscription on it:

"MARIA STELLA,
VINEYARD."

"A vessel from the Vineyard!" he cried. "The 'Maria Stella!' A fine whaler; 'pon my word, I know her well! Oh, my friends, a vessel from the Vineyard!—a whaler from the Vineyard!"

But as it could not be expected that the "Maria Stella" would come to reclaim the animal harpooned by her, they resolved to begin cutting it up before decomposition should commence.

Pencroff had formerly served on board a whaling ship, and he could methodically direct the operation of cutting up—a disagreeable operation lasting three days. The blubber, cut in parallel slices of two feet and a-half in thickness, then divided into smaller pieces, was melted down in large earthen pots brought to the spot, for they did not wish to taint the environs of Granite House, and in this fusion it lost nearly a third of its weight. The tongue alone yielded 6,000 pounds of oil, and the lower lip 4,000. Then, besides the fat, which would insure for a long time a store of stearine and glycerine, there were still the bones, for which a use could doubtless be found, although there were neither umbrellas nor stays used at Granite House. The remains of the animal were left to the birds.

One day, after dinner, just as he was about to leave the table, Pencroff felt a hand on his shoulder, and the engineer said:

"One moment, Pencroff; you mustn't sneak off like that. You've forgotten your dessert."

"Thank you, Mr. Spilett," replied the sailor. "I am going back to my work."

"Well, a cup of coffee, my friend?"

"Nothing more."

"A pipe, then?"

Pencroff jumped up, and his great good-natured face grew pale when he saw the reporter presenting him with a ready-filled pipe, and Harbert with a glowing coal.

The sailor endeavored to speak, but could

not get out a word; so, seizing the pipe, he carried it to his lips, and then, applying the coal, drew five or six great whiffs. A fragrant blue cloud soon arose, and from its depths a voice was heard repeating excitedly:

"Tobacco! real tobacco!"
 "Yes, Pencroff," returned the engineer, "and very good tobacco too."
 "Well, my friends, I will repay you some day," replied the sailor. "Now we are friends for life."

(To be continued.)

A FARMER'S VACATION: II.

DROOGMAKERIJ.

WE spell it differently here, but the art of drainage is itself so much more an art in Holland, that one is tempted to dignify and distinguish it by its more ponderous Dutch synonym.

How the silt of the Rhine, and the blending of its currents with the tides of the North Sea formed the sand-bar that stretched with occasional interruptions along the front of its wide-mouthed bay; how the waves and the winds raised this sand-bar above the level of the sea and tossed it into high dunes; how the slimy deposits of the river settled in the stilled waters behind, and by slow accretions rose to the reach of the sun's warmth; how the reeds and lily-pads and bulrushes then covered the face of the flood with the promise of a fertile land that was to grow from their gradual accumulation and from the ever-coming wash of the Rhineland and the higher Alps—all this is clouded in the gloom of prehistoric speculation.

When Cæsar came to Batavia vast forests grew at the level of the water, quaking morasses lay on every side, and the oozy soil was only here and there thrown high enough to give a foothold to the scant and hardy population. Travelers of that time relate that the whole land could be traversed on fallen timber without touching the ground, and rivers were blocked with rafts of uprooted oaks. The climate had an almost Norwegian fierceness. Even four centuries later the country was described as an "endless and pitiless forest."

Out of this waste of water and almost floating soil—driven now here and now there by the unbridled floods of the Rhine, or melted into silt again and swept away by fierce inroads of the sea—a noble people has created the fertile and productive home of a compact and most prosperous commonwealth; has defended it in long and fero-

cious contest with the mightiest power of Europe, and stands to-day the proudest example that our race has to show of conquest by patient and unflinching toil and devotion, over the combined opposition of nature and of man.

The changes made by inundations have been almost incredibly great. Fig. 1 shows the north-western portion of the Netherlands before the floods of the twelfth century, as contrasted with their present condition. A large part of that arm of the German Ocean which forms what is called the Zuyder Zee was formerly inhabited and cultivated land. Successive irruptions of the sea have melted away this vast tract, until from Harlingen to Texel all is now navigable water. In the final inundation which effected this opening 80,000 lives were lost.

In 1277 an irruption of the sea, sweeping 44 villages from the face of the earth, carried the borders of the Dollart beyond Winschoten. Gradual reclamations have reduced it to its present size.

Frequent inundations are recorded from the earliest history of the Netherlands. In 1570 100,000 lives were lost, 30,000 of them in Friesland alone, this province and Groningen having always been the greatest sufferers. Since then the inundations here have been less frequent and somewhat less disastrous. Robles, the Spanish commander in Friesland, having inaugurated a new and more suitable system of diking.

Internal inundations, arising from the action of storms on the inland lakes, and still more from the floods of the Rhine, have been only less disastrous than the breaking in of the sea itself. The Rhine, bringing vast deposits of soil in its flood, is always lifting its bed, and constant additions to its dikes are thus made necessary. Then, too, while its northern waters are frozen, the more southern sources of its current are

already unlocked, sending down freshets, which are dammed back by the ice and even thrown out of the banks, flowing over fertile farms, and constituting a never-ending source of danger.

write. Flanders and Italy were the richest, and the most industrious and flourishing of the Western nations.

To what extent the character of the people, and the condition of the land in

which they have lived, have reacted on each other, it would be curious to examine. Certainly the success of such enormous undertakings bears evidence of great strength of character, natural or developed. The Dutch have been spoken of as a people who can sit for hours *en tête-à-tête* with their thoughts and their pipes; a people who feel a sufficient stimulus in successes to be reached only years hereafter. Their life has always been practical, earnest, and driven by the necessities of

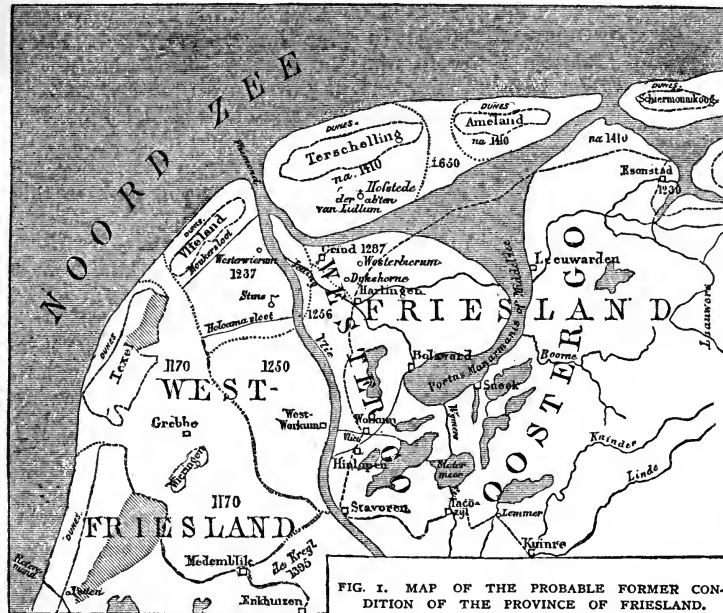


FIG. 1. MAP OF THE PROBABLE FORMER CONDITION OF THE PROVINCE OF FRIESLAND.

The condition of the best part of North Holland in 1575 is shown in the accompanying map (Fig. 2). Leaving out the barren sand dunes along the coast, there was less land than water; and such land as there was had to be defended by constant care, not only against the incursions of the higher-lying sea, but equally against the waters of the interior lakes, which often stormed the protecting banks of the reclaimed country with such force as to break through and do vast harm. The land was divided into polders, which were kept dry by pumping. There was little soil so high that artificial drainage was not necessary, and the whole territory was saved from being overwhelmed by the sea, only by the dunes and by artificial embankments.

On this insecure soil the Dutch made their successful stand against the Spaniards, often cutting the dikes, and flooding miles of fertile country as the only available defense of their liberties and their lives. From the rich ports, scattered over the interrupted land, they controlled the commerce of the world. Education was universal, as it was nowhere else in Europe; nearly the whole population could read and

their anomalous position. Of them it might have been said from the first that "obstacles change themselves into auxiliaries."

There is no field of human enterprise in which their success has not been at one time or another notable. At the bottom of it all, apparently at the bottom of the character on which their success has been founded, we find their traditional jealousy of every acre of water which covers good land. Neglecting the poorer lands, they have dived into the fertile deposits lying under water and peat, and sought there a wealth that no other soil can equal. Seeking this they have become patient, long-enduring, sturdy, hardy, and resolute. If a lake is to be drained they sit quietly down and count the cost, the time, and the interest that time will add to the cost, and then devise the means for the most effectual performance of the work; this done, the undertaking proceeds with the regularity and the persistence of the work of ants. If obstacles cannot be made auxiliaries they are overcome. The clamors of dissatisfied people are idle, not as the wind—for the wind is not idle in Holland—but they pass unheeded, and steadily, day by day, the toiling goes

on until the end is gained, and a new territory has been added to the earth's domain.

In the pursuit of their aims it would almost seem that no cost is too great. The whole country bristles with the evidences of the most gigantic expenditure. The coast of Friesland is held against the attacks of the sea by works which include sixty miles of piles three rows deep. Near Haarlem a dike of Norwegian granite, forty feet high,

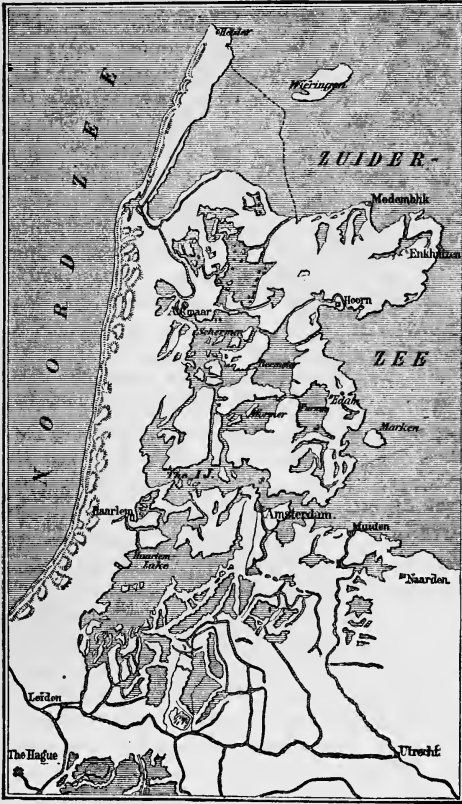


FIG. 2. MAP OF NORTH HOLLAND IN 1575.

and stretching two hundred feet into the water, continues for a length of five miles.

Since 1575, three hundred years have passed, and now nearly all the vast wastes of water among which the films of land formerly threaded, have been pumped off from the face of the earth. The map of the North Holland of to-day is shown in Fig. 3. After the IJ has been canalized and its broad area laid dry, there will remain in all the province only the water needed for navigation.

In a certain sense the whole world knows about the draining of the Netherlands, but their knowledge is of that sort which gives

an impression rather fanciful than real. Holland is a broad land rather than a deep one, and while the traveler is often below the level of the sea he does not often realize the position from any obvious contrast. The sea is out of sight, and the canals are themselves below its level often by several locks, so that in its general aspects the country as seen from the railway seems only a wide plain, with its canals raised on low embankments and its housetops hidden more than such embankments should hide them. We see the polders mainly from the outside, and so fail of getting a due impression of their depth.

The marvel that we expect to realize is the freeing of all this low-lying land from its old-time floods,—but the water is gone and we need to be told that these fertile farms and blooming flower-beds were once at the bottom of deep lakes. Those who have taken their information from popular descriptions are quite sure to have wrong ideas, and I confess that my own first view of the flat country of Holland was a disappointment.

Away from the canal-netted towns there was much less of the amphibious element than had been anticipated. With one who makes only a rapid run through the country by rail this feeling of disappointment will be likely to remain; but he who gives more attention to the special problems of Dutch drainage must soon find himself astonished that so much could have been done by so small a people, and that the reality should be so much more interesting than the suggested fancy.

Nearly the whole of North and South Holland is a level plain, stretching from Helder to Zeeland, and lying behind dunes or sand-hills on the sea-coast. It is a level plain in the sense of having no elevations, but it is full of depressions, where the surging of the old-time waves washed away the half-soluble soil and floated it out to sea. Much of the land remaining is of a sort that may be in like manner easily destroyed. The plain formerly stretched away to the eastward and north-eastward, through Friesland and Groningen, but the formation of the Zuyder Zee has made a wide separation between the two districts.

The unit of all Dutch drainage is what is called the "polder," a term which applies to any single area inclosed in its own dike and drained by the same pumps. Some of them are but slightly below the level of the surrounding country, and need but a light

embankment; such are often of tolerably firm soil, and require only the removal of the water to make them fertile. Others were originally ponds or lakes, or deposits of wet muck, which have been inclosed by more substantial embankments, and from which the removal of the water was, and continues to be, a more serious operation. Polders are frequently formed after the removal of the peat and its sale for fuel. Its place is occupied with water, and then commences the fresh operation of improving the embankment, removing the water, and often even adding a large quantity of foreign matter to make fertile soil. Sometimes the peats are found under a stratum of arable soil several feet thick. This is carefully laid aside to form the basis of cultivation after the peats are removed and the drainage completed. The boats which take turf to the cities bring back street sweepings, builders' rubbish, and waste of all kinds, which in all towns in Holland, large and small, are said to be carefully collected and sold for filling places from which turf has been raised.

The polders vary in size from two or three acres to over forty thousand acres. They are sometimes only a few inches below the established level of the out-lying water, sometimes seventeen or eighteen feet below this. Those first drained were shallow marshes, which could be secured by slight dikes and drained by a single small mill. Later, when the country had made more progress, the system was applied to deep marshes and lakes, requiring large and strong dikes, and a number of large mills for their pumping. The interior of each polder is cut with canals and ditches, which serve to lead the water toward the mills, and in summer for the distribution of the water admitted from without. In the district of the "Rhineland" there are nearly ninety thousand acres of land, which, but for the combined skill, and perseverance, and capital of the people, would be buried much of it, under seventeen feet of water. The polder drainage alone, aside from the Haarlem Lake, employed two hundred and sixty wind-mills.

The next step in the organization is what is called the Hydraulic Administration. This is a body of skilled men, some of them engineers, who have charge of the hydraulic interests of certain districts. The Administration of the Rhineland, for instance, has complete jurisdiction in all matters concerning the dikes and drains of that part of North Holland lying between Amsterdam

and the sea on the east and west, and between the IJ and the environs of the Hague and Gouda on the north and south. Their territory includes Leyden and Haarlem and

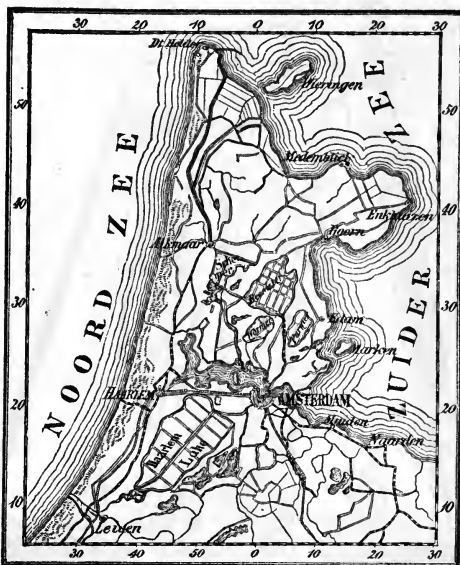


FIG. 3. PRESENT MAP OF NORTH HOLLAND.

the great Haarlem Lake. These administrations have entire control of the means of outlet for the drainage waters, and of the mechanical appliances by which their removal is facilitated. They have also a supervisory control over the drainage government of the different polders in their districts. The district is divided into two classes of territory, the Polders, and the Basin. The polders are governed by officers appointed by local proprietors; the basin, entirely by the Administration. The latter consists of all canals of communication and other channels for the removal of the water pumped from the polders, and also of any undrained bodies of water that may exist in the district. One of the most important duties of the Hydraulic Administration is to establish the maximum level of the water in the basin, and when from any cause the water has reached this level, to see that no more water is pumped from the polders until it shall have subsided below it. Control is also taken by this body, of all questions arising between different polders as to the injurious effect of the pumping of one upon the interests of the other. The care of the exterior defenses—defenses against the influx of water from the sea or from interior sources—forms an important part of their

office, and, indeed, the safety of the country depends more than on anything else on the vigilance with which in time of danger the

individual polders, have charge of the maintenance of the dikes and mills, and of the opportune removal of the waters. The



FIG. 4. CONSTRUCTION OF PUMPING WIND-MILL.

detailed dike-guards are made to attend to their duty.

When south-west gales have long prevailed, forcing the waters of the Atlantic around the North of Scotland, and are then succeeded by north-west gales which blow these waters into the German Ocean beyond the capacity of the English Channel to pass them, they are piled against the coast of Holland with terrific force; the high tide is prevented from receding, and the next tide, and sometimes even the next, is piled upon it by the winds until only the utmost exertion suffices to prevent its surmounting the dikes. In such times, an army of men hastily build a new dike on the top of the old one, contending with the waters inch by inch, and so preventing that first damaging flow which is like "the beginning of strife."

The hydraulic administrations are of such universally recognized importance that they have always been respected during political troubles and revolutions, and in spite of the administrative or judiciary subdivisions of the country.

The polder-masters, or the local authorities for the regulation of the drainage of the

Hydraulic Administration is charged with the maintenance of a just equilibrium between the interests of the polders and those of their own works of drainage, and with the control of intercommunication, etc. The point at which the level of water in the basin shall be fixed, and the strictness with which it is maintained, are the cause of frequent difficulty between the two organizations. The authorities of the polders are naturally anxious to make their draining as rapid as possible, and frequently continue the working of the mills after the fixed level of the waters without has been reached, hoping to escape detection, or risking the penalty that may result—anything rather than that their own polders shall remain submerged. The owners of polders with strong and high dikes often care little that, in draining them, they injure neighboring polders with smaller or feebler dikes, and it requires the strong authority of the administration to which they belong to prevent serious injury from this source.

No view of Dutch drainage would be complete which did not take into consideration the vast production of peat for fuel. In spite of the fact that Newcastle coal can frequently be delivered at Amsterdam or Rotterdam for less than its price in Dublin, and that German coal can also be had at very low cost, yet by far the largest part of the fuel used in the Netherlands, not only for domestic purposes, but for steaming, brick-burning, and all manner of manufactures, is the peat taken from their own bogs.

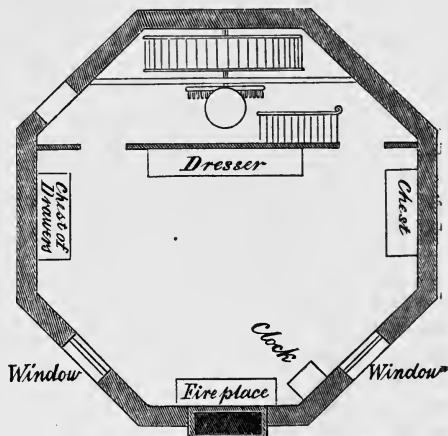


FIG. 5. GROUND-FLOOR OF WIND-MILL.

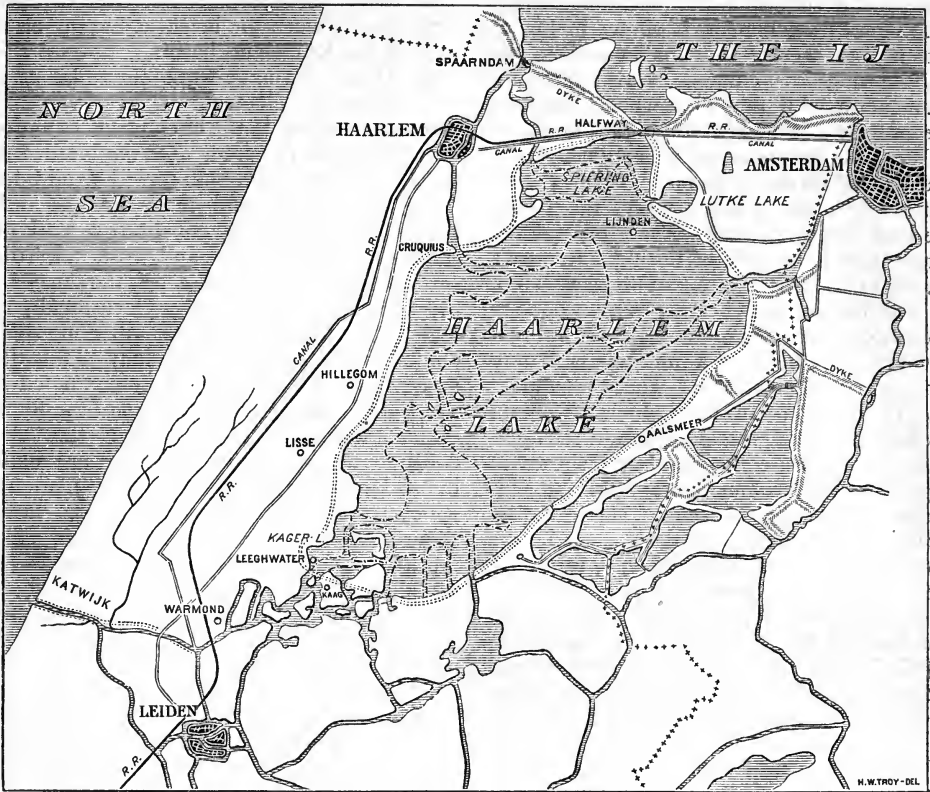


FIG. 6. MAP OF THE RIJNLAND BEFORE THE DRAINING OF THE HAARLEM LAKE.

The annual consumption amounts to millions of tons, and is constantly increasing. So strong is the influence of the profits of the peat-trade, that even in this country, where land is so high in agricultural value, and where so much of the energy of the people is devoted to the reclamation of submerged lands, there is a constant destruction of fertile fields in the interest of those who seek the fuel lying beneath the soil. This latter is rapidly removed, strip by strip, and then, the substratum of rich peat being taken out, the trench from which it came is allowed to fill with water—thus to remain until the new draining at the lower level shall have restored it to cultivation. Some of these turf-lakes have attained great size; the polder called Zuidplas, near Rotterdam, about 14,000 acres in extent, was an artificially formed turf-lake. The turf-lakes lying east of Haarlem Lake, and parts of which have long been drained, were of even greater extent. Now, no such removal of turf is permitted until provision has been made for payment into the treasury of enough to cover the taxes due from the land while it

shall remain covered with water, and the cost of the final drainage.

Each polder is supplied with a gate for the admission of the exterior water. These lands, although so low, and though created by artificial drainage, suffer quickly from drought, and it is important to their fertility that the water in the interior ditches and canals be not, in dry weather, reduced below a certain level; fortunately the means are always at hand for the needed supply.

Wind-mills have been used in Holland for the drainage of land from immemorial time. The little mill, with a vane to turn it toward the wind, which is much used in Friesland, costs about 300 gulden. The large mills used in deep draining cost even a hundred times this sum. These are, indeed, large, and a row of them at the side of a canal is really imposing.

Fig. 16 shows such a row of giants near Rotterdam. The foundation, to the height of the doors, is of stone or brick; on this rests the superstructure, which, including the revolving hood, is beautifully thatched with straw. The turning of the sails toward the

wind was described in the preceding article. The interior mechanism is shown in Fig. 4, which is a section of a smaller mill. The paddle-wheel is actuated by a simple communication with the wind-wheel; it drives the water up an incline to a higher level.

With no important modifications, this is the type of all draining-mills, except a comparatively small number, where the Archimedean screw is used. Each mill of the larger size is capable of raising water to a height of about four feet. With a fair wind, it will lift to this height from 5,000 to 10,000 gallons per minute. Each wind-mill is under the charge of a man whose family makes its home within it. The most quaint and charming room into which I went in Holland was the principal room in the foundation story of the first wind-mill shown in Fig. 16. The arrangement of this story is shown in Fig. 5; the ceiling, supported by heavy oak timbers, was darkly oiled; the floor was covered with smooth red tiles. Between the windows was a hearth of blue-and-white Dutch tiles, these also covering the back of the fire-place for the full width of the hearth, until it was screened by the curtain hanging about the front of the chimney throat. Against this bright back hung a polished steel chain and hooks, from one of which was suspended a polished brass kettle over the little fire of smoldering turf. At one side stood a high-carved clock. Opposite the fire-place was a well-arranged and very old dresser, well furnished with Delft ware and other quaint pottery. The other furniture of the room was of old style, quaintly carved, and mounted with brightly polished brass ornaments. The windows were low, broad, and bright, and the whole air of the place was unique and entirely in keeping. The people were polite and friendly, and they willingly allowed me to inspect the general construction of the mill.

The influence of the wind on the level of interior waters is important to be considered, as affecting the level at which the pumping of the polders is to be stopped, the rapidity with which water is discharged at the outlet sluices, and the danger with which the containing banks are menaced. In a large basin like that of the Rhineland before the draining of Haarlem Lake, when a strong south wind blows, the water is raised in the northern part to such a height that the northern polders sometimes cannot be pumped, however great their need of it, while those at the south have ample margin. The force of the

wind made sometimes a difference of over three feet between the levels at the opposite ends of the Rhineland basin.

In Dutch drainage-work the dike is a very important element. These vary, of course, according to the circumstances under which they are required. On the North Sea coast, where they are built to withstand tides rising ten feet beyond their average, and, lashed by storms, they constitute a work of stupendous magnitude and cost. In the case of a polder of a few acres, they may be the work of a single man. Occasionally in their construction serious engineering difficulties are presented; especially is this the case where the dike is to be constructed in the water. Here the two sides of the foundation, which must reach from the solid earth to the surface of the water, are made by sinking great rafts of fascines made of willow osiers, often from 100 to 150 yards square, strongly secured together, and making a compact mass. These are floated over the place they are intended to occupy, where they are guided by poles sunk in the bottom, and are loaded with stones or with earth until they sink. Upon this first, a second and smaller one, and often a third, and even a fourth, always decreasing in size, are placed in turn. The space between the two walls is filled with solid earth, and on the top of this secure foundation the dike is built. If the dike is to remain exposed to moving water, it must be further protected by jetties, or by mason-work, or by wattles placed upon its slope, or by rows of piles, basket-work of straw or rushes, or sometimes by brick walls.

The security that all this enormous work affords is maintained only by eternal vigilance. Even a mole-track may be the beginning of an inundation that will soon destroy the whole. As a consequence, the engineering supervision and control of all public hydraulic works assumes an importance in the Netherlands nowhere else known.

The standard of all water measurement in Holland is a bench mark at Amsterdam, showing the ordinary level of water at that point. It is indicated by the letters A P (Amsterdamsche Peil), and is the zero point to which all hydraulic descriptions of Holland refer, and will be used in this paper. It is 2 feet 4 inches above ordinary low water, and about 2 feet 7 inches below ordinary high water. Levels above this bench mark are indicated by + A P, those below by — A P.

The Rhineland is protected against the

North Sea by high sand dunes along the coast, and against the IJ by a vast dike stretching along its southern shore from the dunes to Amsterdam, its crest being nearly ten feet + A P. Before the drainage of Haarlem Lake this administration covered over 300,000 acres, 75,000 (including the dunes) being naturally above the water level, and 175,000 polders or drained lakes; the remainder, constituting what is called the Basin, covered the undrained lakes, canals, and water-courses, including an area of about 55,000 acres.

The accompanying map (Fig. 6) shows that portion of the Rhineland about Haarlem Lake, a body of water which attained the proportion here shown only by slow extension, as the soft soil has been washed away and removed by the drifting waters. The dotted line shows the contour of the water in 1531. Successive removals since then, up to 1740, brought the lake to the form given. The dark surrounding line shows the position finally adopted for the dike.

The administration of the Rhineland dates back beyond the earliest history. It was recognized by the King in 1253. It is directed by a college of seven members, nominated when vacancies occur by the remaining members and confirmed by the King. They revise the annual accounts of the polders, decide disputes concerning questions of drainage, establish and maintain all hydraulic works of general utility, and divide their charges pro rata among the polders benefited. In financial matters it is subject to the decision of a board composed of some of the principal landed proprietors chosen by the land-owners at large. While it is in theory subject to the inspection of the Government, it is practically uncontrolled in its very excellent management of the affairs intrusted to it.

Serious ground for apprehension existed in the great restriction of the basin of the Rhineland by separating the lake from it, reducing it to about one-fifth its former size; not only from the danger that it might be overflowed during the pumping out of the lake, but that after the polder was subjected to cultivation there would be, during summer droughts, too little water available for the necessary supply of its canals and ditches. This apprehension could be met only by theory, and the administration of the Rhineland, naturally jealous of its rights and impressed with its duties to its constituents, was slow to concede its permission for the execution of the plan.

A long discussion resulted in a contract between them and the commission, acting on behalf of the Government, which was exceedingly strenuous in its restrictions, and illustrates the degree to which the Government defers to the hydraulic administrations, on which so much of the safety of the country depends. It is difficult for those not familiar with the drainage of Holland to understand how the question of a half-inch more or less in the elevation of the water should become a question of state.

This contract held the commission to the strictest responsibility, and required them to stop the action of their pumps whenever the basin should rise higher than 5.4 inches in winter or 11.2 inches in summer — A P. They were required to establish such works as might be necessary to supply fresh water from without whenever in dry weather the basin should descend lower than seventeen inches — A P. As fast as the drained lands were put in cultivation they were to pay to the administration their proportional taxes. The drainage being completed, the polder was to form a part of the territory of the administration, this body having also the same control of the navigation of the encircling canal that it had of other waters within its district.

The drainage of all the large polders of Holland is an interesting subject of study, but all the others sink into relative insignificance when compared with Haarlem Lake, which, being the latest and the largest work of its kind in the world, is selected for the illustration of the system followed.

This lake had always been a source of great danger to the cities of Amsterdam, Haarlem, and Leyden, and the known fertility of the soil at its bottom was always a strong temptation to enterprising improvers. Schemes for its drainage date back for more than two centuries and a-half. As long ago as 1643 a mill builder, named Jan Adriansz (surnamed Leeghwater), published a detailed plan for its drainage, which passed through thirteen editions (the latest in 1838).

Leeghwater proposed an inclosing dike with a canal outside of it, but he omitted a portion of the southern end (the Kagermeer). He proposed to use 160 wind-mills, forty upon each of four different elevators raising the water from one to the other. The outlet of the basin of the Rhineland at Katwijk did not then exist, the Rhine having been closed with silt and drift. Another similar plan appeared about the same time, and then the question rested for a century.

In 1742 the engineers of the Rhineland prepared a new plan, leaving out not only the Kager meer, but also the Spiering meer at the north. They proposed the use of 112 wind-mills. After this time the subject was frequently discussed. It had much attention from the Government, and many modifications of the plan were proposed, some greatly extending the boundaries of the land to be drained.

The first proposal to make use of steam as a motive power was made by Baron Lijnden, who recommended eighteen steam-engines to drive rotating paddle-wheels, similar to those used with wind-mills. As time passed on, plans and descriptions multiplied, and the use of steam alone, or as an accessory to wind-power, was more and more considered. During the whole two centuries there were fifteen well-studied plans submitted to the public or to the Government.

Final action was stimulated by the repeated hurricanes of the autumn of 1836. On the 9th of November, the fierce west wind drove the waters of the lake violently upon Amsterdam. They swept across the polders, and above the roads and dikes, to the very walls of the capital. On Christmas day another storm blowing from the east carried the waters of the lake toward Leyden, submerging a part of the city. The waves broke the dikes, or poured in cascades into the deep polders. In November, near Amsterdam, the water rose nearly three feet + A P, and flooded nearly 100,000 acres of polders. In December an equal height was attained, over 18,000 acres of polders being inundated. With extraordinary cost and energy, it was still more than a year before the submerged lands were

made dry again. This was the deciding circumstance which resulted in the formation of the commission for the drainage of Haarlem Lake.

The chief area of the modern Haarlem Lake was formerly an inhabited country. According to an old map of 1531 (as indicated by the dotted lines in Fig. 6), there were at that time only four small lakes. Two roads crossed the whole extent, and there were three flourishing villages. These lakes occupied together less than one-third of the modern area. In 1591 one of these villages had already disappeared, and in 1647 the others had gone, and the four lakes had run into one. The cause of this continual loss of land, as has already been explained, is to be sought in the exceedingly fine and siltable condition of the soil, which is readily moved by moving water, and yields rapidly to the force of strong waves.

The soft bed of the lake is tolerably uniform, and was covered with rather more than thirteen feet of water. The firm soil lay more than sixteen feet — A P.

The plans which were finally adopted for the drainage of the lake involved:

1. The building of a huge dike entirely around the lake for a distance of about thirty-seven miles, and outside of this a canal, 131 feet wide, serving the double purpose of affording a channel for the active navigation, now to be excluded from the lake, and for the escape of the water of drainage during and after the formation of the polder.

2. The enlargement of the canal and lock at Katwyk to secure the more rapid escape of the waters delivered at that point.

3. The erection of steam-works at Spaarndam and Halfway to secure the more rapid discharge of these outlets into the IJ, and to prevent the interruption of the flow on the occasion of unusual rises of the water in that arm of the sea.

4. Another of like character at the southern border of the territory of the Rhineland (at Gouda) to improve the drainage of the polders of this region—this not necessarily as an aid to the drainage of the lake itself, but as an inducement for concessions on the part of the administration of the Rhineland.

5. The establishment of three pumping stations at the borders of the lake, each supplied with lifting-pumps worked by enormous steam-engines specially invented and constructed for the work. One of these pumping stations, "The Cruquius," was fixed at the

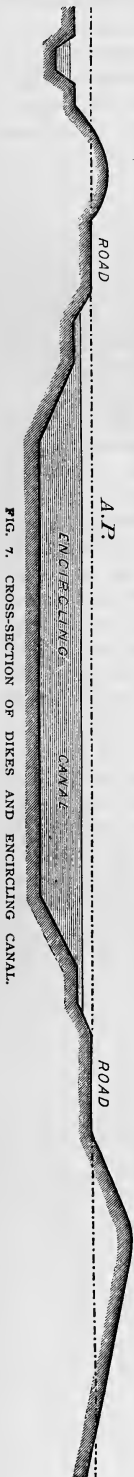


FIG. 7. CROSS-SECTION OF DIKES AND ENCRICLING CANAL.

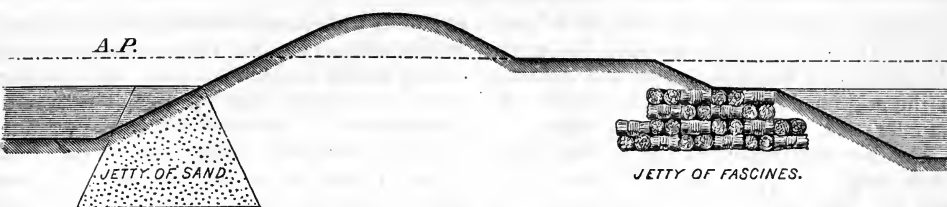


FIG. 8. DIKE WITH JETTIES.

junction of the Spaarne with the encircling canal, and the other two at the ends of the longitudinal axis of the lake ("The Lijnden" opposite the Lutke meer, and "The Leeghwater" at Kaag.)

The estimated cost of the enterprise was 8,355,000 gulden (\$3,342,000 gold, or about \$75 per acre for the land to be reclaimed).

The scheme was finally adopted by the States-General by an immense majority in 1839. The commission charged with the work comprised thirteen distinguished engineers, landed proprietors, and State counselors, under the presidency of Gevers d'Endegeest, to whose elaborate monograph I am indebted for many of the statistics given in this article.

The dike was entirely to isolate the lake, without locks for the admission of boats to the canals of the future polder. It was to be a simple embankment on the firmer ground bordering the lake, but protected by loaded caissons sunk in the creeks and canals which it crossed. These works under water covered a length of nearly two miles, and presented in many cases serious engineering difficulties.

The general character of the dike and canal will be understood from the accompanying profile, Fig. 7. For a width of 95 feet the canal has a depth of over 10 feet. The dike rises to a height of $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet + A P. The banks of the canal have a slope of 2 to 1, and are bordered by a level strip about 6 feet wide, which is slightly covered by water. Between the canal and the dike of the lake on one

side, and the dikes of the adjoining polder on the other, there is a level roadway.

The body of the dike is generally composed of the peaty earth thrown up in the excavation of the canal. It is covered with turf, and has generally sunk but little, the heavy weight of the mass in construction having at once compacted it firmly.

In exceptional cases it has been necessary to restore its height from time to time—generally with the silt taken out in cleaning the canal.

The narrow tongue of land separating the lake from the peat-lakes lying to the southeast of it, was not land in the true sense of the word, only a narrow floating bed composed of a variety of aquatic plants whose roots were closely interlaced, and which rose and fell with the level of the basin. This was gradually loaded with the earth taken from the canal and sunk, little by little, to the hard bottom 12 or 15 feet below. Upon this, as it solidified, the body of the dike was finally built. The result was entirely satisfactory, and the cost was not excessive.

Occasionally it was necessary to build walls of fascines (sunken caissons), and occasionally heavy deposits of sand were brought at great cost from the dunes on the opposite side of the lake. This construction is shown in Fig. 8.

In October, 1843, the lake was entirely closed with the exception

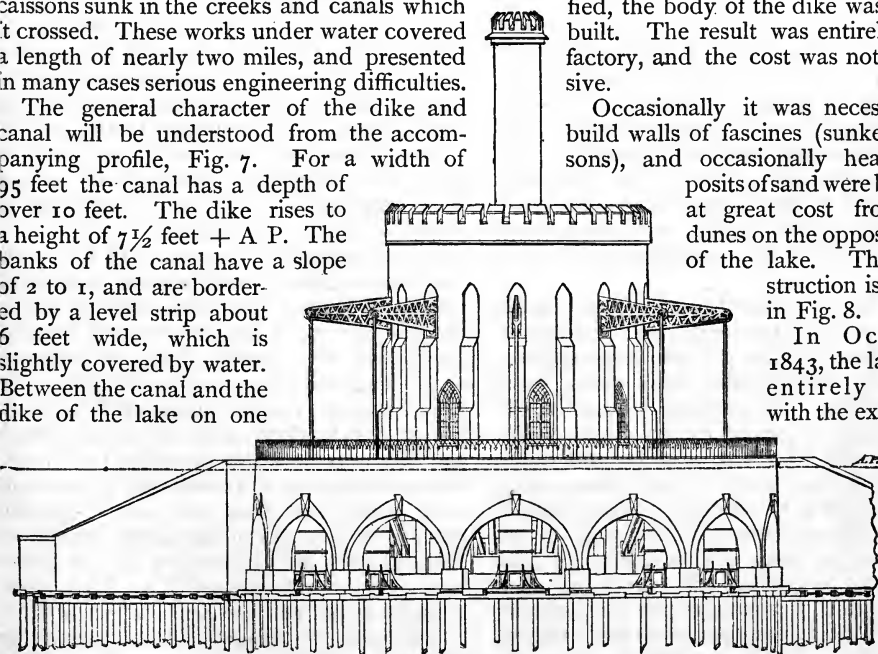


FIG. 9. ELEVATION OF THE PUMPING-ENGINE LEEGHWATER.

of certain openings left for navigation, and the final closing of which awaited the completion of the machinery and the consent of the administration of the Rhineland. It actually took place only in May, 1848.

The dike and canal cost 1,938,328 gulden. Their length is 37.02 miles. The average cost for canal and dike together was 9.91 gulden per running foot. The superficial area of the canal is 654.36 acres, and the area of the dike and its slopes is 1013.52 acres.

During the early stages of the work, before the dike had settled and become covered with vegetation, it was subject to considerable washing by the water of the canal, and had frequently to be protected by basket-work of straw and rushes.

After its completion, in 1848, it needed no repair save occasional slight additions to its height at certain points where it had settled or had lost material by accidental fires.

A curious phenomenon, however, occurred in connection with the outer dike of the canal on the east side of the lake, where it crossed an area of floating soil which bordered wide ponds near the village of Aalsmeer. An area of many acres, detached by the canal from the old works of defense against the lake, found itself one fine day driven by the tempest from the bank of the canal to the other side of the pond. The proprietor implored the aid of the commission. His land had floated to the opposite shore, widely separated from his other fields, and resting on water that was not his own. By the combined effort of the proprietor and of the commission these fugitive fields were towed back to the borders of the canal and pinned in place by piles and poles which prevented them from undertaking another voyage.

The question which required the most careful consideration, and the decision of which involved the greatest responsibility, was that of the exclusive use of steam-power for pumping. The amount of water to be lifted was over seven hundred and eighty million tons. To this must be added the rainfall and the water of infiltration, which was estimated to amount to forty million tons per annum during the drainage of the lake, and to sixty million tons after the drainage. There had, however, to be taken into account the necessity for the rapid removal of the greatest additions the waters of the polder might receive under the most unfavorable circumstances. Provision was con-

sequently to be made for the removal of forty million tons per month. The lowest water level of the canals and ditches after the draining would be sixteen feet—A P. This would constitute a task for the full capacity of one hundred wind-mills of the largest size. A serious objection to the use of these was found in the fact that a pumping wind-mill works effectively only one thousand five hundred hours in the year; the rest of the time (during the wet season) the wind is too strong, or too light.

In using wind-mills with the Archimedean screw, with which the lake could be emptied in two lifts, of about seven feet each, it would have been necessary to have fifty-seven mills on each lift. The upper lift would have required fifteen months for its removal. The second lift could be moved only so fast as the mills of the upper could lift the water for the whole height of seven feet. This would have required for the removal of all the water of the lower lift thirty-three months. Draining by wind would therefore have required four years time. Steam would be able to remove the whole in fourteen months, allowing an actual working of two hundred and fifty days per annum. Each wind-mill would cost 26,000 gulden, and would each cost 750 gulden per annum for maintenance, making a total, including interest, of 3,700,000 gulden.

It was calculated that the removal of forty million tons per month would be accomplished, with the use of pumps, by steam-engines having a combined force of 1,084 horse-power. In adopting steam as the motive power, the commission undertook a work on a scale larger than had ever before been attempted. There was no model to follow at home or abroad.

The experience of the mines of Cornwall had demonstrated that the larger the steam cylinder—at least up to a diameter of eighty inches—the less is the fuel required for the production of a certain force; that direct-acting engines with pumps give the most advantageous results; that such engines of eighty-inch cylinders can raise six hundred and fifty tons of water three feet high, with the consumption of twenty-two pounds of coal, being less than two and a-quarter pounds of coal per horse-power, per hour. Making allowance for friction and all drawbacks, there was allowed less than three pounds of coal per horse-power, per hour.

The cost of draining by steam would be only 1,200,000 gulden. After the removal of the water, the maintenance of the one

hundred and fourteen wind-mills would cost 74,100 gulden, per annum. The steam pumps (allowing fifty-three days' work per annum) would cost 54,000 gulden.

These calculations induced the commission definitely to employ steam as their mo-

foot, with the consumption of ninety-four pounds of the first quality of Welsh coal, the circumstances being the same as would obtain when the water had to be lifted from the whole depth of the drained polder. This result being obtained, they were to receive

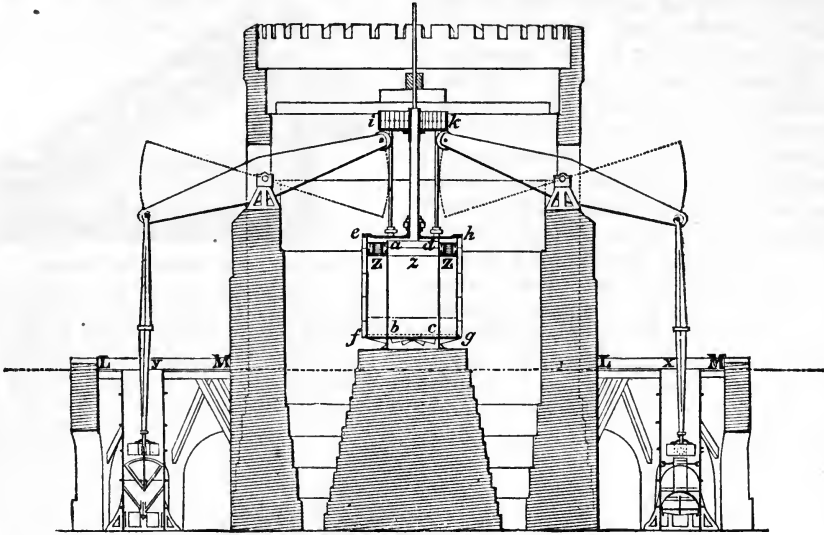


FIG. 10. CROSS-SECTION OF ENGINE AND PUMPS, LEEGHWATER.

tive power, and, in default of all example, they decided to create an apparatus which nowhere else existed.

As Hollanders had been called to England, to France, and to Germany, for the construction of hydraulic works, they had no hesitation in employing English engineers, to prepare plans of their pumping engines.

The duty was intrusted to Messrs. Arthur Dean and Joseph Gibbs, who contracted to furnish complete plans for a steam-engine with a double cylinder, the diameter of the inner one being eighty-four inches. Each engine should have a force of three hundred and fifty horse-power, with ten strokes per minute, the length of stroke being ten feet, and capable of raising from seventy to seventy-five million pounds one foot with the consumption of ninety-four pounds of coal of the best quality. They engaged further to superintend the construction and placing of the machine.

Their compensation was to depend mainly on the success of their plans. They were to receive 3,000 gulden, whether the Leeghwater succeeded or not. To succeed, the machine should be of at least three hundred and fifty horse-power, should lift from seventy to seventy-five million pounds to the height of one

in addition, 9,000 gulden. For all greater result, they were to receive 200 gulden for each million in excess. The same plans being adopted for the Lijnden and Cruquius, they were to receive 9,000 gulden for each of these machines.

Fig. 10 represents an elevation and cross-section of the engine as actually constructed. The inner cylinder *abcd* (eighty-four inches in diameter) is placed immediately within the larger cylinder *efgh* (144 inches in diameter). These cylinders have no connection at the bottom,—only at their upper parts. The solid piston *z* works in the smaller cylinder, and an annular piston *ZZ* in the larger.

These two pistons are connected by means of five piston-rods (one extending from the inner piston and four from the segments of the annular piston) with a circular crosshead, to which they are securely fastened. This crosshead and the pistons themselves are heavily loaded with ballast as a counterpoise to the burden of water.

When the two pistons are at the bottoms of the cylinders, steam is admitted beneath the interior one; this is forced upward, carrying with it the annular piston, the crosshead, and the load of ballast; at a certain point the steam is cut off and the rest of the

stroke is by expansion, until the pistons have reached the tops of their cylinders. During this time, the plungers of the pumps descend by their own weight, and independently of the machine, to the bottoms of their cylinders, this movement causing the opposite ends of the working-beams to rise against the bottom of the crosshead, at this moment a valve is opened, allowing the steam to pass to the tops of the cylinders. The interior piston is then in equilibrium, with an equal pressure above and below; but the expansive force of the steam can act only upon the upper side of the annular piston, which it forces to the bottom of its cylinder, this force aiding that exerted by the dead weight of the heavy apparatus, and of the ballast, in drawing down the inner ends of the working-beams and lifting the plungers of the pumps with their load of water. The return stroke being finished, the equilibrium valve is closed, the used steam passes to the condenser, and live steam from the boiler raises the piston for the succeeding stroke.

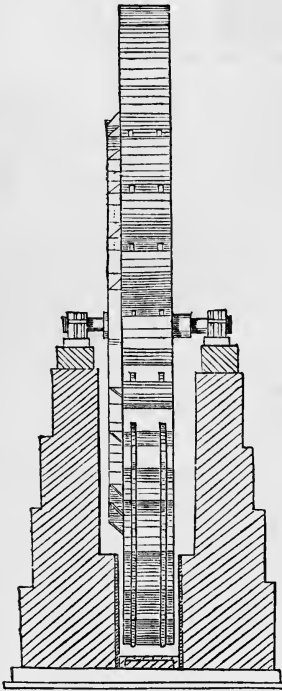


FIG. 11.
ELEVATION OF PUMPING WHEEL.

Each of the eleven pumps is sixty-three inches in diameter and has a stroke of ten feet, the amount of water lifted at each stroke being over 216 cubic feet for each pump, or

over 2,376 cubic feet for the whole set, and, when running at full force, over 23,760 cubic feet per minute. The total product of twenty-four hours reaches the enormous figure of 34,214,400 cubic feet, or, 1,069,200 tons.

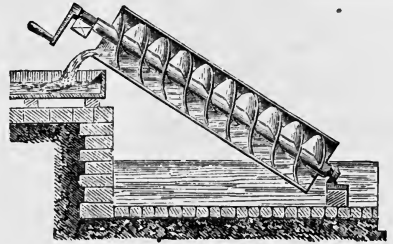


FIG. 12. THE ARCHIMEDEAN SCREW.

The water raised by the pumps flows directly upon a spilling floor; L. M. As soon as the water spread upon the floor rises higher than that outside, sluice-gates open of themselves and allow it to escape. This arrangement renders it unnecessary to lift the water materially higher than the level of the external canal, and gives a certain economy of force when this is below its usual standard, constituting an important advantage over the Archimedean screw, which necessarily raises its water always to a fixed point, causing a useless expenditure of power when the outer waters are low.

The pumps were so arranged that the engine could work to its full capacity during the early part of the drainage, when the lift was slight, and all the pumps could be operated together. As the level was lowered and the lift became heavier, opposite pairs of pumps could be detached successively, and at the lift from the full depth it was contemplated to use only three pumps.

The construction of the building to receive this machinery required the isolation by a circular dike of the spot intended for its foundation. This was drained and dug out to a depth of 23 feet — A P. At the bottom of this deep pit there were sunk 1,400 piles, 490 of them, of oak, being under the central tower, and soil was found so solid that it was impossible to sink them to the desired depth of 40 feet. Sometimes twenty-five blows of a hammer weighing 1,100 pounds moved them but the fraction of an inch.

The floor, composed of timbers rather than of planks, was secured to the tops of the piles, and on this were begun the enormous walls of the edifice. In three

months two and a-half million bricks were used.

The walls were not less massive than the foundation. They were to sustain at their upper part not only the eleven working beams in constant motion, each weighing 22,000 pounds, but also the rods and plungers of the pumps, and the torrents of

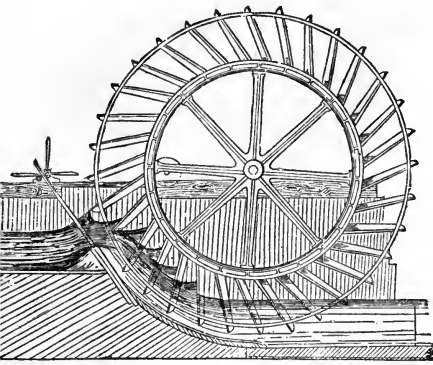


FIG. 13. DUTCH DRAINING-WHEEL.

water that these were to lift—48,400 pounds men at the depth of 3 feet, and more than 100,000 pounds at the lower limit of the drainage.

The first trial of the Leeghwater engine was made in September, 1845. Those parts of the machine which came from England were perfect in every respect, although several of them were of a size until then unknown. The steam cylinder was the largest in the world. This cylinder, with an interior diameter of nearly 12 feet, and a length of nearly 13 feet, weighed 24.2 tons, the crosshead 18.8 tons. The eleven pump cylinders, 19 feet long and 63 inches in diameter, weighed 6.82 tons each. Having lain for a long time upon their sides, they had settled by their own weight, until they had lost one-tenth of an inch of their circular form. They regained this after lying for some time in an inverse position.

When we consider the magnitude of this enterprise we readily excuse the president of the commission and historian of the work for the enthusiasm shown in the following: "The enormous machine could at last be tried in September, 1845. It was a moment full of anxiety, but most imposing, when the colossus put for the first time in motion traveled off directly—imperfectly, it is true, but it went. That which until now had existed only in the human mind had become a reality. This mass at once, as though animated, presented itself to our

gaze in its magnificent *ensemble*, grand, simple, strong, unique of its kind, and working grandly. Until now the Leeghwater had been but an attempt; the attempt had succeeded.* * * * What would have happened if the attempt had not succeeded? The commission would have been blamed and contemned; this would have been the consolation of those who had dared to compromise their names in the interests of a grand undertaking. But further, we should have expended uselessly one and a-half million gulden; the drainage would have been retarded and discredited beyond measure, the Dutch name would have been despised on every hand, where it is now, because of the success of the Leeghwater machine, honored by all who render homage to science and genius."

On the 6th of November, 1845, the Leeghwater machine in full action was presented to the King. The actual drainage of the lake was not commenced until two and a-half years later; but an artificial basin was made, of the depth of 16 feet — A P, and work from the bottom of this demonstrated the efficiency of the mechanism.

In May, 1848, the lake had been finally closed, and the pumping was commenced with this machine alone, the other two not being ready for work until April, 1849. During this whole period of eleven months the Leeghwater reduced the water level only 5½ inches.

In the erection of the buildings for the other machines, the "Lijnden" and "Cruquius," the contractor found so firm a foundation and such good material at the site of the former, that a small pump worked by two horses was sufficient to keep the bed dry. At the "Cruquius," at a depth of 19 feet, he struck a bed of shells from which water and quicksand poured in on every side as through a sieve. He established and maintained in action, night and day, three pumps with sixty horses, and a six horse-power steam-pump. The deeper they sank the greater became the difficulty, until the caving-in of the whole bank became imminent. Finding the case hopeless, he announced to the president of the commission that he had ceased a work which insurmountable obstacles rendered impossible, and asked a discharge from his contract. The reply was: "All means are not yet exhausted; there is room on your encircling bank for a fourth horse-pump and a second steam-pump. The caving-in can be prevented by sheet-piling. Until these means

have been tried and found insufficient, then, and then only, will *force majeure* be established. Until these have been tried the commission cannot discharge you, and you will be immediately prosecuted for an abandonment of the work; but we will come to your aid, and will add 10,000 gulden to your compensation if you immediately apply the means indicated, especially the sheet-piling." An agreement was at once signed, and the next day work was resumed with unconquerable force and tenacity. The burgo-master of the city of Leyden furnished sixty additional men; the fourth horse-pump and a ten horse-power steam-pump were added. All this pumping apparatus, twelve immense pile-drivers, 450 workmen and eighty-three horses were in full activity in and about the excavation. The top and slope of the bank were covered with sheds, shanties, stables, materials, forage; everything in movement—carting, wheeling, turning, drawing, and working, and all amidst the most cheerful songs and cries. While they gained slowly, inch by inch, on the rushing water, the twelve pile-drivers sunk the enormous piles of pine and oak. All this activity of movement, persistent, obstinate, apparently incoherent, yet perfectly regulated—this mass of men and animals gathered in so narrow a space in the midst of water and mud—all worked together for the sole end of conquering, for a few moments, the effects of the natural law of water to seek its level. The skill and energy of man triumphed over nature. Soon 1,700 piles, 1,000 of them of oak, were covered with their heavy floor; the foundations were laid upon this, and the walls rose above the waves of the lake.

The construction of these two engines, with their pumps, varied in no material point from that of the successful Leeghwater, but some minor modifications delayed their completion, so that only in April, 1849, did they fairly commence their work.

Every part of the machinery, as well as of the buildings to receive them, had to be originated and constructed from theoretical plans only. Some parts were made in Amsterdam, and others in England, and the erection was done by mechanics of both countries, who had great difficulty in understanding each other until they had invented a Dutch-English *patois*, unintelligible to others, but quite effective for their own purposes, and which is still the language of the pumping-stations.

Although the dike was made very largely

of peat, the amount of infiltration due to this cause was but slight. There were, however, developed, especially near the entrance of the Spaarne, several formidable streams of infiltration through porous strata lying beneath the canal. During the early years of the polder, before these channels had become choked with sediment, they had a sensible effect on the water level of polders lying beyond the canal.

An inspecting commission in 1860 reported that the drainage of the polder was improving year by year, and that there was no longer any serious annoyance from infiltration.

As has been stated, in April, 1849, the Leeghwater had reduced the level of the lake $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches—the real drainage may be said to have commenced at this point (about 31 inches — A P).

From this time the lowering of the water was constant, except for short intervals during winter when the rise of the water in the outer basin required the pumps to suspend action. Early in July, 1852, the lake was drained. The whole time occupied was thirty-nine months, instead of fourteen months, as contemplated.

The amount of water lifted by the pumps, which made together over 14,000,000 strokes, was over 900,000,000 tons, nearly 50 per cent more than was originally contemplated. The excessive amount was due in a great degree to the infiltration, which, in all such works, is much the greatest during its early years, before the filtering beds have become filled with sediment.

The removal of this greater quantity of water; the time lost in awaiting the reduction of the basin to the level at which pumping was allowed to be resumed in accordance with the contract with the Rhineland; the occasional choking of the valves of the pumps by accumulations of silt; delays amounting in the aggregate to three months for each machine, caused by accidents to the parts; and the time required to excavate the canals by which the water was led from the center of the lake to the different pumping-stations,—these all combined to prolong the work, the most serious consequence of which was the addition of a large amount of interest money to the cost.

The actual time of the working of the pumps was nineteen and a-half months.

The completion of the drainage of the lake was celebrated by the issue of seven medals; the one struck by the Government contained a Latin inscription, which m

was thus translated: "Haarlem Lake, after having for centuries assailed the surrounding fields, to enlarge itself by their destruction, conquered at last by the force of machinery, was returned to Holland its 44,280 acres of invaded land. The work, commenced under William I., in 1839, has been finished in 1853 under the reign of William III."

In 1860 it was decided that the level of the water in the polder should not be allowed to stand higher than $15\frac{1}{2}$ feet — A P. The level of the lowest part of the land is 4 feet — A P.

The work of draining was not without its serious drawbacks. The administration of the Rhineland was flooded with complaints coming from land-owners and the administrations of the polders concerning the bad effect of the work upon their established interests; petitions to the same effect were also sent to the commission, to the King, to the States-General, to the Minister of the Interior. Some of these complaints no doubt were well founded—too many of them originated in fears, misconceptions, or still worse motives. They related mainly to an undue elevation of the waters of the basin, and were met by the commission with the general statement that the basin was no worse off in this respect than it had been before the closing of the lake; that serious dangers then existing had been removed; and that the means for accelerating the flow from the basin to the sea—the larger canal at Katwijk, and the engine at Spaarndam—more than compensated for the amount of water delivered into it from the new polder.

During the whole course of its work the commission was annoyed by innumerable complaints from every side and on every ground. Some of these were well founded, and received attention, but the majority were either chimerical or malicious, though none the less perplexing.

Petitions, addresses, and complaints, poured in incessantly, and divided the communities interested like petty questions of politics.

The delays that arose from all causes amounted in the aggregate to about six years, but still the 8,000,000 gulden appropriated for the work was not materially exceeded, so far as the items originally contemplated were concerned.

The lake had been pumped out, and the excavation of the minor canals and ditches had been commenced in 1852, occupying the time until 1855, during which year the sale of the land was finally concluded. In

1856 the polder was given over to its new direction, but the pumping-machine at Gouda, the last work of the commission, was not finished until March, 1858; one month later the commission was dissolved.

In addition to the drainage of the lake itself, it was an important part of the plan of the commission to establish steam water-wheels at Spaarndam and Halfway on the IJ to hasten the outflow of the water of the basin of the Rhineland.

These accessories were believed to be necessary to compensate for the lost effects of winds in driving the water toward one or the other of these outlets before the lake was drained. They must also be very important to the future interests of the polder, by keeping the Rhineland basin low enough for the pumps to be worked at all seasons.

The principle on which these wheels operate is the same as that of the water-wheel used in wind-mill pumping, and shown in Figs. 11 and 13. The construction and arrangement of this apparatus at Halfway are shown in the accompanying illustrations.

The work of lifting the water is performed by a sort of reversed paddle-wheel, arranged as shown in Fig. 14, where the water is lifted over a dam and discharged through valve-gates, opening into water at a higher level. When the wheel is not in operation, the water in which it stands falls back to the inner level, and the gates are closed by the pressure of the higher water without. When the wheel is set in movement it forces the inner water over the dam, lifting it to such a height that it opens the gates and flows outward.

A series of three of these wheels on axles, which may be connected so that they shall move simultaneously, is placed on each side of the engine, as shown in Fig. 15, where the wheels at the right are obscured by the closed gates, and those at the left are seen through the open gate-ways. At the right are seen the closed gates of a large sluice-way, which, in case of flood, opens to allow the free passage of the water as it passed before the engine was built.

Fig. 17 shows the location of the machinery and the sluices. Before the diking of the lake its waters flowed directly into the IJ through three sluice-ways, which are shown in the plan. Since the diking the canal has had the same direct communication that the lake had before the east sluice was given over to the Haarlem Lake Commission, which established dikes separating it from the fore-bay, closing the opening

between these dikes with the pumping-wheels and the large sluice mentioned above. If for any reason the engine is inactive, the east sluice receives its full supply of water through the gates provided for such emergencies. As soon as the wheels are set in operation the waters in the intermediary basin rise and close the gates toward

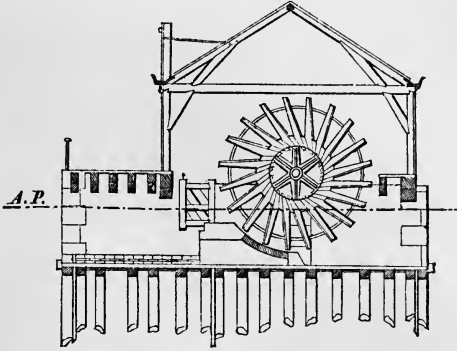


FIG. 14. SECTION OF WATER-WHEEL AND HOUSE.

the canal. When they have risen sufficiently they open the gates of the east sluice and flow into the IJ. Each wheel has a diameter of $21\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and a breast of $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet.

The machine at Halfway ran, during its trial, 1,367 hours, and was in actual work, up to the time of its transfer to the administration of the Rhineland, 3,623 hours; its consumption of coal was $787\frac{1}{2}$ pounds per hour. Its average lift was 20 inches, and its total displacement of water was 202,765,406 tons, with a working force of ninety-two horse-power, and a consumption of 9 pounds of coal per horse-power per hour.

The apparatus at Spaarndam is of about twice the power of that at Halfway. Its trial showed that the six wheels, having a united width of 45.92 feet, revolving for thirty-eight minutes, raised the level of the water in the test basin $25\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Two wheels were then disconnected, and four, with the united width of 32.8, revolving for twenty-seven minutes, raised the waters 12 inches more. A computation of the area of the test basin showed that, with the six wheels, 932.36 cubic feet had been raised per minute by each foot in width of the wheel, and that the four wheels had raised to the greater height 907.25 cubic feet for each foot in width of the wheels.

From the commencement of its work until the complete drainage of the lake in July, 1852, this machine alone threw into the sea 946,075,000 tons of water during 13,000 hours of work. This exceeded, by more than ten per cent., the whole amount of water thrown into the basin of the Rhineland by the drainage of the lake. The consumption of coal during the whole time was 7,480 tons,—about 1,150 pounds for each hour's work.

It was demonstrated, during the progress of the work, that the condition of the Rhineland would not be so satisfactory as to prevent complaint of the drainage of Haarlem Lake as a source of annoyance, unless measures were adopted to improve the outlet toward the south through the Gouwe Canal into the IJssel, at Gouda. If there was any weak point left, this was it. Many projects were suggested, and much time was lost in considering plans and objections. It was finally determined to build at Gouda a steam apparatus with paddle-wheels, similar to those at Spaarndam and Halfway, to empty the water of the Rhineland into the river IJssel.

The engine was of 120 horse-power, and the construction was similar, in all essential respects, to that at Halfway, except that there was no breast or dam in front of the wheels. Their action has the effect of pressing the water forward in a continuous stream, raising it to a sufficient height to open the sluice-gates and discharge into the river.

The average rise of the tide at Gouda is four feet + A P. To overcome this, the axles of the wheels are placed seven feet + A P. The wheels make but five revolutions per minute; they have each a width of $5\frac{3}{4}$ feet, and a diameter of $24\frac{1}{2}$ feet.

The supply of fresh water to the polders in this part of the Rhineland is very important, and there is an arrangement by which the wheels can be thrown out of gear and allowed to turn freely, when water is needed for the alimentation

of the polders,—it is then only necessary to open the

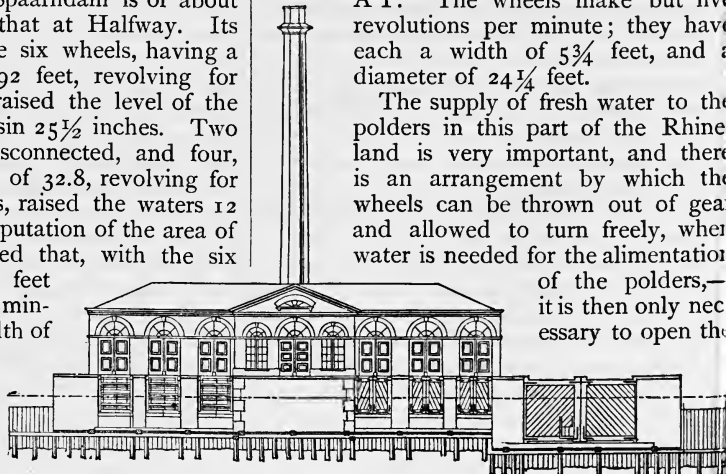


FIG. 15. ELEVATION OF STEAM WORKS AT HALFWAY.

flood-gates at the Ijssel, and allow the water to enter with no further interruption than the simple turning of these wheels.

A very important part of the plan of the improvement was that which related to the subsequent division of the land by means of canals and smaller ditches, these being needed not only to collect the drainage water of the polder and convey it to the pumps, but also to afford means for local transportation and among the farms, and especially to constitute the basin of the new polder,—that is, a sufficient reservoir to receive the water of the heaviest rains without allowing the land itself to be overflowed. Besides

these canals and ditches, constituting the basin, roadways and bridges were also needed.

The plan for the division of the polder is shown in Fig. 18. This plan was made in advance of the drainage, after a triangulation survey and a careful series of soundings of depth, taken in winter while the lake was frozen. The soundings were made, not only to discover the lowest points of the bottom and secure their drainage by the shortest route, but also to determine the depth of surfy and other light material, which would be subject to depression or settling after the water should be withdrawn from it; this was especially important with reference to the establishment of a summer level of the water, which should be sufficiently lower than the finally settled surface to allow dry soil for vegetation.

The summer level was definitely fixed at $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet — A P, and the depth of the bottom of the canal at $19\frac{1}{2}$ feet — A P.

It was believed, and the result has shown, that, having in steam an accessory which may be applied at any desired moment, the basin might be materially smaller than in cases where it would need to hold the accumulation between sufficient winds, if wind-power alone is depended upon. For ordinary polders drained by wind-mills, from

one-tenth to one-twelfth of the whole area is allowed for the basin.

By reference to the plan, it will be seen that a long canal follows the longitudinal axis of the polder in nearly a straight line from the Lijnden to the Leegwater. An-



FIG. 16. A ROW OF GIANTS.

other crosses it about midway of its length and delivers at the Cruquius; these canals have a width of eighty feet. Besides these, there are four smaller canals lengthwise of the lake, and six crossing it. The whole area is further divided by smaller ditches into tracts of about fifty acres each.

The length of the large canals is 18.63 miles, and of the smaller, 93.15 miles. In addition to these, roads were established for a length of 122 miles, and sixty-five bridges were constructed over the canals.

The digging of the large canals had to proceed gradually as the water was removed, and the necessity for opening them to draw the water from the center of the lake to the pumping-stations caused material delays in the general operations of draining. This work frequently employed 2,000 men.

For some years after the first completion of the interior water-courses frequent cleaning was necessary to keep them in order. The whole mass of earth in parts of the lake was still so soft that horses could only plow with broad wooden *sabots* on their feet, and the slopes and beds of the water-courses were difficult to maintain in good condition. In June, 1856, the basin was in sufficiently good condition to require no further expense on the part of the commission.

The size of the polder to the interior of the encircling canal is 44,659 acres; of this, 41,648 acres are valuable land subject to taxation; the remainder is made up of roads and water-ways.

Canals and ditches have been dug for a length of nearly 750 miles, and roads have been made for a length of 133½ miles within the dike, and a tow-path of 37¼ miles adjoining the canal. The total length of water-courses and roadways was 919 miles.

When the polder had been divided by ditches into areas of fifty acres each, and it was proposed to sell the land, an offer was made by a foreign association to buy the whole for 120 gulden per acre. There were many objections to this—an insurmountable one in the fact that those who held the bonds of the drainage loan had the right to use these at par in paying for land to be sold when the work should be completed.

The first public sale took place in August, 1853, in that part of the lake over which the city of Leyden claimed ownership. In the midst of the crowd of buyers and spectators there appeared an officer of the court, who read in a loud voice the protest of the city against the sale, and threatened with prosecution any purchaser who might attempt to occupy his land. This was met by a guarantee of the Government securing all purchasers in undisturbed possession.

At the last great sale of similar land which had been made it had brought sixty-nine gulden per acre; a higher price was expected here, because of the close vicinity of several cities, and of the fact that many large proprietors in the neighborhood would wish to increase their domains. It had been hoped that eighty gulden would be reached. The foreign association had offered 120 gulden. To the great astonishment of all, this first sale brought an average of two hundred and ninety-eight gulden per acre. Some of the land subsequently sold was less advantageously situated and the prices were lower, but the average of the whole lake was 192.27 gulden per acre. The sum realized, together with the value of about 250 acres reserved for villages, etc., was over 8,000,000 gulden.

The basin of the Rhineland (the area to receive the water pumped from the polder), as has already been stated, was reduced to about one-fifth of its original size, but no inundation of a polder has resulted from this. Many of them would have been drowned, as in 1836, if the broad basin had been in existence in February, 1860, when a fearful

tempest reigned for twenty-four hours in all the land. Formerly the huge lake, in prolonged storms, buried half the leeward country, filling entire polders, reaching into the streets of Leyden and Haarlem, or beating at the very gates of Amsterdam. The draining has rendered such disasters forever impossible.

The effect of the wheel-engine at Gouda has hardly been less important; it acts on the basin of the Rhineland by reducing the level of the Gouwe Canal, thus radically relieving all the polders which depend upon this for their outlet.

The cost of running the three steam-pumps during the four years covering the time of the drainage was as follows:

Maintenance, repair, and improvements of machinery.....	80,120	Gulden.
Attendance	61,875	"
Coal	229,426	"
Lubricating material.....	20,670	"
Total.....	392,091	"

The total cost of the work from its inception until it was given over to the administration of the new polder in 1856 (not including interest and commission on the loan) was 9,377,512 gulden, divided as follows:

Works for the discharge of waters from the basin of the Rhineland (wheel-engines, Katwijk Canal, &c.).....	1,373,473
The encircling canal and dikes.....	1,988,257
Land purchases.....	684,513
Three pumping-engines, and the cost of maintaining and running them.....	2,405,433
Works connected with the navigation of the canal and Spaarne, &c.....	196,815
Works for the defense of the capital by inundation.....	275,920
The division of the polders, roads, canals, &c.....	1,325,828
Repairs, &c.....	434,917
Expenses of the commission, police lawsuits, &c.....	644,975
Expenses not provided for in the original estimate.....	47,381

Aside from the addition of this valuable territory, with its costly works, to the taxable capital of the kingdom, the following cash returns were realized:

Received for rents, pasture rights, sale of material, &c.....	55,609
The sale of land, including the value of the small amount retained.....	8,032,781
Received from purchasers as pumping tax	184,187
Received for fuel, lubricants, and work at the different pumping-stations, on turning them over to the polder and the Rhineland	72,415
Total.....	8,344,992

Leaving the question of interest out of the account (and much of this was due to delays for which the commission was not responsible), the net cost of the improvement was 1,032,520 gulden, or \$413,008 gold—less than ten dollars per acre for the land added to the taxable estate of the kingdom.

The historian of the work closes his account of the material gain to the State as follows: "But this is not all; we have driven ever from the bosom of our country a most dangerous enemy; we have at the same time augmented the means for defending our capital in time of war. We have conquered a province in a combat without wars and without blood, where science and genius took the place of generals, and where olderjongens were the worthy soldiers. Oversewing to surmount the obstacles of nature, and those created by man, the country has accomplished, to its great honor and glory, one of the grandest enterprises of the age."

The commission served long and faithfully without compensation. Its members accepted as a sufficient recompense these five words, inserted in 1852 in the "Official Journal," "*Le Lac est à sec.*"

In my own visit to the polder, after examining Mr. Amersfoort's farm just within the dike, I walked along the tow-path of the canal to the pumping-engine at Lijnden, which is in charge of an English engineer, and which was even more stupendous than I had supposed. It works now mainly during winter with seven pumps, making seven strokes per minute, and lifting 56 tons of water at each stroke; the lift is 15 feet, 3 feet below the general level of the land in the polder. There are consumed about 29 tons of German coal per day. This engine, as well as the Cruquius and Leeghwater, works about three months during the year, day and night.

I went some distance into the lake, which it has, as compared with the older polders like the Beemster, a somewhat new look, though with a population of from 11,000 to 2,000 mainly devoted to agriculture, and with farms of small size, there is much more activity, more cultivation, and very much greater evidence of good farming than are to be found in new districts in our own country. There is, after visiting the older drainages, nothing of special interest, so far as I was able to learn, except the immense initial fact of the reclaiming of this vast polder from the domain of the sea. Here one can best study the customs of the whole kingdom, for

the inhabitants have come from every province, and each has built and does his farming according to the practices of his former home.

In this vast plain, so lately the bottom of a deep navigable lake, straight roads are bordered with trees; substantial and often elegant farm-houses are seen on every hand; over 30,000 letters are distributed annually; throughout the whole commune there are police, cemeteries, fire-engines, all the appliances of Dutch civilization, as well organized as in any of the older districts; periodical cattle-markets are regularly held; the diligence makes its stated trips; a steamboat plies on the encircling canal; grain-mills are at work, and all the necessaries of life are obtained within the polder. In the villages are artisans, manufacturers, and professional men of all sorts—in a word, thrift, industry, and prosperity have taken complete possession of the polder.

Nearly opposite the Lijnden, on the other side of the canal, is the Aker polder of 738 acres, which is entirely drained and kept in satisfactory condition by a small wind-mill, which has been running for 250 years driving a paddle-wheel which lifts the water about 4 feet. Each of the four sails of this mill is only about 22 feet long.

A little further on toward Halfway is the Lutke meer, containing 452 acres, lying 11½ feet below the level of the canal. This is a new reclamation, and was pumped out in six months in 1864 by a centrifugal pump having a diameter of 18 inches, and delivering through a 12-inch iron pipe. This pump consumes 85 pounds of coal per hour, and the engine is of 12 horse-power. The polder is in good condition, but requires the constant working of the pump for seven months of the year.

The pumping-wheels at Halfway I was not able to examine.

At Haarlem I was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of Mr. Van de Poll, the Dijk Graaf of the Haarlem Lake polder, who is the custodian of the documents and maps relating to the improvement, and is in charge of all matters connected with the removal of water and the protection of the works. From him I obtained much valuable engineering information:

The average annual rainfall in the Haarlem Lake for ten years, ending in 1872, was.....	31.267 inches.
The average for the first four months of the year.....	7.472 "
The average for the second four months of the year.....	10.503 "

The average for the third four months of the year.....	13.292 inches.
The average work of the pumps was.....	5584 $\frac{3}{4}$ hours.
The average for the first four months of the year.....	2254 $\frac{1}{4}$ "
The average for the second four months of the year.....	398 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
The average for the third four months of the year.....	2932 "

The average annual consumption of coal was 2,690 tons.

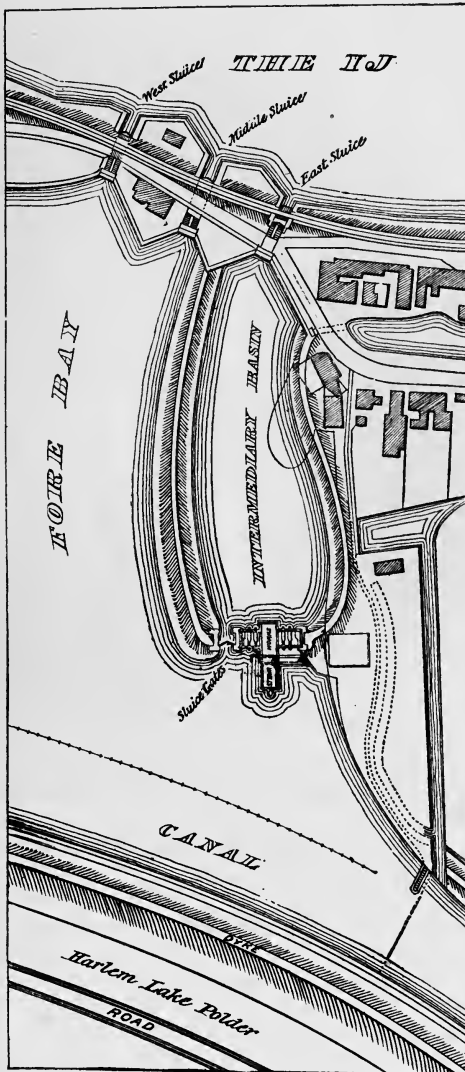


FIG. 17. ARRANGEMENT OF SLUICES AND MACHINERY AT HALFWAY.

Drainage operations throughout Holland are carried on the basis of 10 horse power, necessary to drain 6,000 acres to the depth of 1 foot.

If wind-power is used, it is necessary that one-tenth of the area of the polder should be in canals and ditches (basin). If steam is used, the basin need be but one-twentieth of the area.

For a lift of only 3 feet, it is immaterial whether the paddle-wheel or the Archimedean screw be used; either delivers ordinarily from 55 to 65 tons per minute.

The large wind-mills, such as are used near Rotterdam and in the Beemster, deliver as follows:

11 tons when the force of the wind is from.....	10 to 20 lbs. per sq. yard
25 tons when the force of the wind is from.....	20 to 40 lbs. per sq. yard
42 tons when the force of the wind is from.....	40 to 60 lbs. per sq. yard

The annual cost of draining the Beemster by the present system is 25,440 gulden. To drain it by steam would cost 56,575 gulden. The area of the Beemster is 17,647 acres. The extra cost, therefore, to drain it by steam would be 31,135 gulden, or 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ gulden per acre. The change is seriously contemplated, because under the present system for an average of seven weeks during the winter, hundreds of acres are submerged while the other parts are only from 4 to 12 inches above the water level. They should be never less than from 16 to 24 inches above.

Mr. Van de Poll gave me the details of the canalization of the IJ, described in the previous article (Hollow-land). He states that the chief motive, that of perfecting a direct communication between Amsterdam and the sea, would hardly have been sufficient to induce the prosecution of the work had it not been strongly seconded by the craving for the rich reclaimed land, which it is believed will lead to sales that will largely recompense its cost.

The ambition of the Dutch people to regain what the sea has taken from them will evidently know no limit until the solid defense against its incursions shall enclose only cultivated land, and the canals necessary for navigation.

The drainage of the Haarlem Lake is by much the largest operation of its kind ever undertaken by man, yet it becomes almost unimportant as compared with the project now on foot for the drainage of the Zuyder Zee.

This improvement is to include the whole of the southern part of this body of water. It is proposed to build a dike from Enkhuizen to the Island of Urk, and



Map of the Division
OF THE
HAARLEM LAKE
POLDER.

- ==== Common Road.
- ==== Canal.
- ==== & " Ditch.

H.W. TROY-DEL.

FIG. 18.

thence to Kampen on the east coast, just south of the mouths of several rivers which belong to the outlets of the Rhine. This dike will be raised to a height of 16 feet + A P,—its width at high water mark 131 feet. The dike will be covered with granite on its outer slope to a point well below the surface of the water—laid at a very slight inclination so as to break the force of the waves. The top of the dike is to have a width of nearly 20 feet, and the inner slope for a width of $29\frac{1}{2}$ feet will rest upon a heavy stone and sand foundation. Adjoining these, a level space 33 feet wide will be devoted to a railroad. Within these comes a canal 492 feet wide and $16\frac{1}{2}$ feet deep. This canal will be in communication with the Grand Canal of Amsterdam. It will be separated by another dike with a long inner slope reaching to the bottom of the Zuyder Zee and bordered by a shallow canal 130 feet wide. The top of the dike will be 27 feet above the summer level of the inner canals. The whole area will be intersected by navigable canals.

The project was devised in 1866 by Mr. Bijerinck, Hydraulic Engineer of the Kingdom. It contemplates the draining of 480,000 acres by means of steam-pumps having a combined force of 9,400 horse-power. It is estimated that the draining will occupy four and a-half years, and that the expense, including the construction of dikes, canals, interest, etc., will be 184,000,000 gulden,—each acre costing 1,050 gulden. The average depth of the Zuyder Zee is nearly 11 feet — A P.

Lest the reduction of the area of the Zuyder Zee should increase the rise of the tides during north-westerly storms and overflow the adjacent low country, the passage between the islands of Texel and Vlieland is to be diked, forming a barrier across the opening to the Zuyder Zee which will very much decrease the influx of water. The Commission was unanimous in recommending the enterprise, on the score of health and the general interests of the country, all previous drainages having proved advantageous. The whole scheme is now only waiting the approval of the Government.

THE HERON.

WHERE water-grass grows over-green
 On damp, cool flats by gentle streams,
 Still as a ghost and sad of mien,
 With eyes half-closed, the heron dreams.

Above him in the sycamore
 The flicker beats a dull tattoo;
 Through papaw groves the soft airs pour
 Gold dust of blooms and fragrance new.

And from the thorn it loves so well
 The oriole flings out its strong,
 Sharp lay wrought in the crucible
 Of its flame-circled soul of song.

The heron nods, the charming runes
 Of Nature's music thrill his dreams,
 The joys of many Mays and Junes
 Wash past him like cool summer streams.

What tranquil life, what joyful rest
 To be thus swathed in fragrant grass,
 And doze like him while tenderest
 Dream-waves across my sleep would pass!

THE ELDER MYTHS.

WE have the authority of John Milton for it, that in the Garden of Eden Adam and Eve discussed by themselves such hard matters as the motions of the heavenly bodies, the relation of the sexes, and the due submissiveness of women, as well as the simpler art of husbandry. When the affable angel visited them they listened to unearthly tales—how the heavens were built, how the stars were made, and how the angels fought and fell. Milton could not suspect that under the banks of the rivers Hiddekel and Euphrates, which watered the Garden of Eden, there were buried imperishable records that would ere long tell us how in the early infancy of the world the children of Adam and Eve told their tales of high enterprise—of the birth of the world, of the creation of sun and moon and planets, of the motions and meanings of the stars, of the battles of gods and giants, of the mighty deeds of heroes, of the Flood and its devastation, of heaven and hell and the ghosts of mighty men.

For twenty-five years students of the Assyrian and Babylonian remains have been working hardest to develop the *history* of those empires. They have been spurred on to their work by their brilliant success in discovering long and full records of various monarchs mentioned in the Scriptures, and by the invaders' accounts of the victories recorded in the Old Testament over the various kings of Judah and Israel. These wonderful confirmations of the sacred history have been carefully developed, and a new and very important chapter of the world's history has been recovered, including tolerably complete annals of successive kings, beginning nearly 2,000 years before the conquest of Babylon by Cyrus. But it is only within a very few years that we have begun to learn what was the real literature of these people, what their books, what their inner life and feelings, what their Iliad or Kalevala, what their omens and exorcisms and star-gazers' prodigies. To these subjects the labor of Assyrian students is now directed, and already a rich store of information has been secured, as important as it is curious. The public attention directed to this subject through the discovery by Mr. George Smith, of the Babylonian story of the Flood, resulted in the commission given to Mr. Smith, first by the publishers of the London "Telegraph," and afterward

by the British Museum, to carry on further explorations in Nineveh, with the object of completing the story of the Flood, and of securing other records. He was successful in discovering the only missing fragment of that story, and in adding other mythological and historical tablets of great value, translations of which, as of inscriptions previously in the British Museum, he has given in his important work just published, entitled "Assyrian Discoveries." *

The Assyrian mythological tablets which we possess were mainly from the large library which was deposited in the upper story of the palace of King Sennacherib. The kings of Babylon and Nineveh were as munificent in their support of literature as Alexander, Ptolemy, or Mæcenas. There were famous libraries in different places, and in Babylon, as in Palestine, one of the oldest cities was named the City of Books. Sanskrit scholars lament that the historical instinct seems to have been wholly lacking to the monarchs of India from the earliest times, and that it is impossible to construct any trustworthy account of their history. But the kings of the Valley of the Euphrates and the Tigris had great regard for the good opinion of posterity. Their greatest fear was that they might be forgotten. They might have said with the Elder Cato: "Do you imagine that I would have endured such heavy toils by day and night, in war and peace, had I supposed that my glory would end with my life? But somehow my soul was ever lifting itself up and gazing forward upon posterity, as if, when it should depart from this life, it would then begin to live." Like Cicero, they "would not have tried to accomplish deeds that would belong to posterity, if they had not seen that posterity would belong to them." Every brick in their temples was stamped with the royal name—the wainscoting of their palaces was engraved with pictures of their victories and the stories of their battles. Every year the court historian prepared anew the annals of the monarch's reign, and inscribed them on numerous cylinders. In each of the four corners of their temples and palaces there was carefully built up within the wall the full record of the king's biography, and curses were invoked on the

* New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

head of the successor who should impiously destroy these annals. Thus wrote King Vul-nirari less than two hundred years after the death of Moses:

"May the god Assur hear the prayer of the succeeding prince, who repairs the damage of this place when it becomes old and decayed, and restores to its place my tablet written with my name. But whoever shall efface the writing of my name and write his name upon it; whoever shall cover over this my tablet, or hurl it into the water, or burn it in the fire, or bury it in the ground, or shall hide it where it cannot be seen, to him, the foreigner, stranger, enemy and evil one, I appoint these curses: May Assur, the mighty god, dwelling in the temple of Sadi-matati; may Anu, Bel, Hea, and Ziru; may the great gods, the angels of heaven and the spirits of earth, firmly seize him in their might; may they quickly curse him with an evil curse; may they wipe his name, his seed, his strength, his family out of the land; may they sweep his country, and destroy his people and his landmarks; may Vul, the god of the air, with his storms of evil, stir up a flood, an evil wind, a ruinous earthquake, destruction, scarcity and famine in his land; the rain may he send in a deluge; to mounds and ruins may Vul turn his country and consume it."

One would almost think that the words which Shakespeare wrote for his own monument had been translated from the blessing and the cursing of Vul-nirari:

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear
To dig the dust inclosed here;
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones."

A stone with a similar inscription warning all successors against its removal or destruction, has its objurgation enforced by the symbols engraved on one side of the gods and avenging spirits who would punish its profanation.

But the Mæcenases of Mesopotamia did not confine their literary ambition to the preservation of their historical records. Their mythology and their astrology were compiled in extensive treatises written and burned in clay tablets, each leaf carefully numbered and provided with titles and catch-words, and arranged for easy reference under the direction of the librarian. We are concerned just now only with their tales of the gods.

One of these is, unfortunately, too much mutilated for correct translation; but, as described by Mr. Smith, it tells a part of the

story of the creation. When the gods in their assembly made the universe there was confusion, the Biblical formlessness and void, and the gods sent out the spirit of life, corresponding to that "Spirit of God" which, we are told by Moses, "moved upon the face of the waters." Then the gods created the beasts of the field and the creeping things of the field, and put in them the breath of life. Next came the creation of the creeping things and domestic animals of the city. The imperfection of this story is greatly to be regretted. Another tablet records the occasion of the creation of the heavenly bodies, but here the parallelism with the Scriptural account is very slight. In the beginning, we are told, the seven evil gods, spirits who had been in rebellion, bearing the forms of serpents and leopards and other beasts, stirred up fearful commotion in heaven, the abode of the god Anu. They mingled cloud and darkness and storm, darting like lightning through the sky, and finding no opponent in the realms of Anu. Then Bel, ruler of the earth and god of the middle region, was displeased, and took counsel with Hea (or Nisroch), the god of wisdom, and they placed in the sky the sun, the moon, and the planet Venus (Shamas, Sin, and Ishtar), to bring order out of the confusion of the heavens. But Shamas, the sun, and the planet Ishtar were not true to their trust: Only Sin, the moon, remained firm, while the other luminaries were won over by the seven evil spirits. The moon god (a chief male divinity in the Assyrian Pantheon) was greatly troubled, as was Bel, at the failure of his attempt to reform the heavens. Again Bel sought the advice of the wise Hea, who called in the aid of his son Merodach.

"Bel to his attendant, the god Nusku, said:
'The needs of my child Sin, who in heaven is greatly troubled,
Repeat to the god Hea in the Ocean.'
Nusku the command of his lord obeyed,
To Hea in the Ocean he descended and went.
To the prince, the noble sage, the lord, the god unfailing,
Nusku the message of his lord at once repeated.
Hea in the ocean the message heard;
His lips spake, and with wisdom was his mouth filled.
Hea called his son, god Merodach, and this word he spoke:
'Go, Merodach, my son,
Go to the shining Sin, who in heaven is greatly troubled,
His troublers expel from heaven.'"

The remainder of this fragment is lost, but it doubtless contained the story of the vic-

ory of the dauntless Merodach, son of Hea, over the seven evil spirits. We must wait the discovery of the missing fragments before we can learn whether the deities who betted them were punished like the gods in the parallel Greek myth, by being thrown sheer o'er the crystal battlements," or wung dangling out of heaven by a golden chain. As it is, the resemblance is sufficiently striking to allow us to add this as another proof of the large infusion of Semitic elements with the pure Aryan mythology of Greece.

Another remarkable fragment of Assyrian mythology is that which recounts the descent of Ishtar or Venus into hell. It appears that among the amours of the Assyrian goddess of love was one with Thammuz or Adonis. A lost fragment probably gave an account of his death, and the present tablet tells of her apparently fruitless descent into Hades in search of him. In the portions we have selected advantage has been taken of the translations published by Smith, Fox-Talbot, Lenormant, and Schrader. The story begins:

To the returnless, distant land, the home of corruption,
Ishtar, daughter of the moon god, turned her mind;

Yea, the daughter of Sin turned her mind
To the house of corruption, to the seat of the god Irkalla,

To the house whose entrance allows no exit,
To the road whose journey allows no return,
To the house whose entrance is bereft of light,
To the place where dust is their food and their nourishment clay,

Where the light never shines and in darkness they dwell,

Whose ghosts like birds flutter their wings,
Over whose bolts and doors the dust lies thick."

Ishtar arrives at the gates of Hades and cries roughly to the porter, bidding him open the gates and let her in, or she will break them down and let the dead escape to devour the living. The porter replies, begging her to restrain her impatience till he can run and tell the Queen of Hades, the goddess Belit. When Belit heard the report she was angry, and exclaimed:

'Let her dwell here with heroes who have left their wives,

With wives who have left the embrace of their husbands,

With luckless children who have perished before their time.

Go, Porter, open to her thy gate;
Make an end with her as with former visitors.'

The porter went and opened the gate—

'Enter in, O mistress of the city of Cutha,
May the palace of the returnless land rejoice at thy coming!'"

Here the narrative takes a yet more dramatic form. It was probably arranged for recitation in a sort of sacred play; it may be in some Assyrian Mysteries.

"I let her in through the first gate,
I despoiled her, I took the great crown from her head.'

'Why, porter, dost thou take the great crown from my head?'

'Enter in, O mistress; thus the queen of earth requires of her visitors.'

'I let her in through the second gate,
I despoiled her, I took her ear-rings from her.'

'Why, porter, dost thou take my ear-rings from me?'

'Enter in, O mistress; thus the queen of the earth requires of her visitors.'"

And thus the dialogue repeats itself as Ishtar is let in through all the seven gates, until she has been stripped of the last article of clothing or ornament. Thus Ishtar entered within the land whence is no return, and presented herself, dishonored, before the Queen of Hades, who received her angrily, and called her servant Nibhaz (cf. 2 Kings, xvii., 31), and bade her inflict on Ishtar disease in the eyes, the hips, the feet, the heart, and the head. Thus was the goddess of love confined by the queen of hell, and love disappeared from the earth, and neither men nor beasts sought their mates. This ends the first canto. The second tells of the release of Ishtar. Shamas, the sun god, urged by Nassir, first goes to his father Sin, the moon god, and together they greet Hea (Nisroch), god of wisdom, and tell him that since the Queen of Love has descended within the earth, love, too, has left the earth, and neither men nor beasts seek their mates. Then, in the wisdom of his heart, Hea formed his resolution. He called his phantom messenger, Assusunamir, a shade of the setting sun, and bade him carry to the queen of the lower world the commands of the great gods, that she should restrain her rage and release Ishtar. After invoking curses on the phantom messenger, Belit sent her servant Namtar, bidding him give to Ishtar the water of life and let her go. As she returned by each gate through which she had entered, there was restored the garment or ornament of which she had there been despoiled.

"He sprinkled Ishtar with the water of life and brought her forth.

Out of the first gate he let her go;

He returned her the girdle about her loins.

Out of the second gate he let her go;

He returned her the jewels for her hands and feet.

Out of the third gate he let her go;

He returned her the cincture of precious stones
about her waist.
Out of the fourth gate he let her go;
He returned her the mantle for her back.
Out of the fifth gate he let her go;
He returned her the necklace of precious
stones.
Out of the sixth gate he let her go;
He returned her the rings for her ears.
Out of the seventh gate he let her go;
He returned her the great crown for her head."

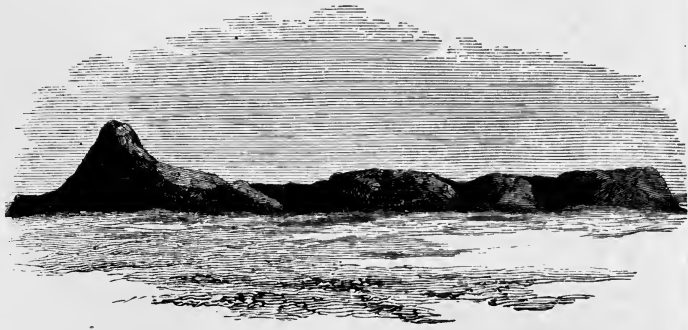
This remarkable story is an episode in a long epic poem, the remaining portions of which are in a mutilated and fragmentary condition. Fortunately, yet another epic, like this, of extreme antiquity—probably as old as the time when Abram left Ur of the Chaldees—is that of which the hero is Izdubar. This name is only provisional, as the names of gods or men in Assyria are seldom written phonetically, and often long defy the best attempts of scholars who are perfectly familiar with

their attributes, relationship, worship,—in fact, everything except the pronunciation of the cipher in which their names are written. Thus, the god whom we have called Hea, has been variously named Ao, Nouah, and Nisroch; and the god Vul is also called Yav, Bin, or Rimmon.

The Izdubar tablets contained, when perfect, an epic in twelve books or cantos. The eleventh book is the one that has attracted so much attention as giving the old Babylonian myth corresponding to the Biblical story of the Flood. Fortunately, this is the portion which is best preserved, and it is not strange that the contemporaneous account from the Valley of the Euphrates, almost miraculously recovered after having been lost for more than two thousand years, should have excited the profoundest interest all over the Christian world. In his "Assyrian Discoveries," Mr. Smith has, for the first time, published a translation of the fragments of the entire epic, adding and correcting something in the canto on the Flood, which he first gave to the world two years and a-half ago.

Mr. George Smith believes that Izdubar will be found to correspond with the Biblical Nimrod, although evidence in favor of the identification appears to be very scanty. Izdubar appears to have been, according

to the legend, a great hunter or giant, who ruled over the city of Erêch, the Blessed, from which he had driven out a tyrant. Later, he destroyed a monster and liberated the sage Heabani, who became his trusted friend. After Heabani was killed by a wild animal, Izdubar was afflicted, probably by the goddess Ishtar, whose love he had spurned and whose sacred bull he had killed, with a disease similar to leprosy. He then went on a pilgrimage to have his disease cured, and found Hasisadra or Xisuthrus, the Biblical Noah, who relates how



VIEW OF NIMROUD.

he had passed through the Flood, and had achieved the boon of immortality. Hasisadra tells Izdubar how to obtain his cure. The king then returns to Erêch, makes a great mourning for Heabani, and secures the peace of his ghost—which is released from Hades and ascends to heaven. This general plot is wrought out in considerable poetical detail in the portions that are preserved.

The first fragment that we have of this epic is so disconnected and broken that we cannot tell where it belongs. It relates an early conquest by enemies of the city Erêch, the Blessed, when the protecting deities of the city were unable to stand, and turned themselves to flies and escaped with the swarms of locusts. Izdubar seems to have delivered the city, and afterward to have been its chief. The next fragment opens with a petition from Izdubar, who appears to have had a dream, and to have desired a learned man named Heabani to come and interpret it. Heabani is a sort of hermit, who was in the clutches of a dragon, inhabiting a cave or hole which it had dug out of the rock. A hunter named Zaidu had tried and failed to destroy the monster, and had then gone for the aid of Izdubar. He directed Zaidu to take two females with him, that they might show themselves to the

dragon, that thus it might come out and be killed. This was done, and then one female tempted Heabani to come to Erech and explain to Izdubar his dream. The story reads:

“He turned and sat at the feet of Harimtu.
Harimtu bent downward her face,
And Harimtu spake and his ears heard,
And thus did she speak to Heabani:
‘Heabani, like a god thou art;
Why dost thou associate with the reptiles in the desert?
I will take thee to the midst of Erech, the Blessed,
To the temple of lofty Tardusi, the seat of Anu and Ishtar,
To the place of Izdubar the mighty giant,
And like a bull shalt thou rule over the chiefs.’”

Heabani follows her, and doubtless interprets Izdubar's dream, and becomes his intimate counselor. The fifth tablet, which is the first with its number preserved, recounts the conflict of Izdubar and Heabani in a splendid forest of pine, with one Humababa, whose head is cut off by them.

Of the sixth tablet we have more considerable remains. Ishtar, goddess of love, was enamored of Izdubar. She says:

“I will take thee, Izdubar, as my husband,
Thy oath shall be thy bond to me,
Thou shalt be husband to me and I will be wife to thee.
Thou shalt drive in a chariot of *ukni* stone and gold,
Whose pole is brilliant and whose body is of gold.
Thou shalt secure days of mighty conquest,
As far as Bitani where the pine-trees grow.
There shall be under thee kings, lords, and princes;
They shall bring thee the tribute of the mountains and plains, and pay thee taxes;
Thy mules shall be swift and thy chariot horses strong;
Thy enemies shall fall under thy yoke and thou shalt have no rival.”

A break here occurs, after which we find the scornful Izdubar refusing the overtures of the goddess. He reminds her at length of her amours and the unhappy fate of all her lovers. She had granted her love to Thammuz, but now, “country after country is mourning his misfortune.” She had loved Alalu-bitru, and then had smitten him and broken his wings, while he stood in the forest and had begged for their return. Ishtar was incensed at the rejection of her suit, and went into the presence of Anu, her father, and Anunit, her mother, and said:

“‘Father Izdubar hates me,
Izdubar despises my beauty,
My beauty and my charms.’”

In compliance with her petition, her father Anu makes a winged bull to be the instrument of her vengeance on Izdubar. But he and Heabani succeed in destroying the animal. Hereupon Ishtar went up to the wall of Erech, the Blessed, and uttered a curse upon Izdubar for slaying the winged bull. Heabani heard her speech, and, either as an exorcism, or a taunt, threw after her a portion of the bull's body. While Ishtar and her maidens mourned over it, Izdubar and his young men rejoiced, and took the weight of the horns, which was about seventy pounds, and the bulk of the body, which amounted to six *gurs*.* Another dream of Izdubar, with its interpretation by Heabani, then follows, but too imperfect for translation.

In the eighth tablet, the curse of Ishtar appears to work. Izdubar is smitten with a disease like leprosy, which consumed or burnt his limbs. After this, Heabani was struck down and killed, which added to the grief of Izdubar.

The ninth canto opens with the sorrow of Izdubar over the death of Heabani, and his determination to go and seek the advice of Hasisadra, or Xisuthrus, the son of Ubaratutu, or Otiartes, in reference to his disease. After worshiping the great moon god Sin, and receiving an auspicious dream, he started in search of Hasisadra. At one stage of his journey, he meets some giants whose feet rest in hell, while their heads reach to heaven, and whose office it is to direct the sun in its rising and setting. He asks them to guide his journey. They direct him to Hasisadra, and tell him that he is immortal. At each stage of the subsequent journey some adventure is met until the ninth stage, where he reaches splendid trees covered with jewels, and soon after the sea. The gate to the sea was at first shut in his face by the porter and portress; but, in some way, the account of which is lost, he passes through and meets the boatman, Urhamsi, who undertakes to navigate Izdubar to the home of Hasisadra. Fifteen days, beguiled with converse, are consumed on the voyage. Meanwhile, Hasisadra wonders why Izdubar is so long on the journey, and talks over his exploits with a female named Mua. At last, Izdubar and Hasisadra meet. Where the broken story continues, Izdubar has asked the immortal sage a question, and he is replying:

* A *gur* is 2000-2500 litres.

“Despoiling and death exist together,
And the image of death has not been seen.
Whether freeman or servant, on approaching
death
The spirit of the great gods takes him by the
hand.



HEAD OF ISHTAR, THE ASSYRIAN VENUS.

Mamitu, goddess, maker of fate, brings them
their fate;
She has fixed the limits of death and life,
So that the day of death cannot be known.”

The answer of Hasisadra appears to have been quite too general to have suited Izdubar, as he desired to know how Hasisadra had become immortal, wishing a similar honor for himself. This introduces the famous eleventh tablet, which is practically complete, and which gives the Babylonian legend of the Flood. As this was so generally reprinted two years ago, it is not necessary to copy it again now, interesting as it is. It is enough to say that the resemblance to the Mosaic account is throughout so remarkable that it cannot be questioned that one was derived from the other. The striking difference between the two is in the grossly polytheistic tone that characterized the Babylonian account. The gods Anu, Bel, and Adar, Shamas, and Sin, Hea, Vul, and Nergal, Nebo, Saru, and Ishtar, crowd the canvas of the story. Nay, the gods are represented in no lofty guise. They are utterly confused and frightened by the down-pouring flood :

“In heaven the gods feared the tempest and
sought refuge.
They ascended to the heaven of Anu.
The gods, like dogs, were fixed in droves
prostrate.
Ishtar spake like a child.
The great goddess uttered her speech.
‘All are turned to corruption.
As in the presence of the gods I prophesied evil,
So to evil are devoted all my people for I
prophesied.
I have brought forth my people,
And like the young of fishes they fill the waters.’

The gods concerning the spirits were weeping
with her,
The gods in their seats were seated in lamen-
tation,
Their lips were covered for the coming evil.”

Mr. Smith's corrected translation makes one or two unimportant modifications of sense. The gods who, as we have just quoted, were “like dogs, fixed in droves prostrate,” were, in Mr. Smith's first translation, “like dogs with their tails hidden,” that is, between their legs with fear. Another new feature is Hasisadra's dread, lest in making the ark, or rather vessel, “young and old will deride me.” Yet another, is Hasisadra's tears of joy when he first sees the land rise out of the water. The following lines are new, and the fruit of Mr. Smith's expeditions to Nineveh :

“Enter into it, and shut the door of the ship.
Into the midst of it thy grain, thy furniture, and
thy goods,
Thy wealth, thy maid servants, thy female slaves,
and the young men,
The beasts of the field, the animals of the field
all I will gather,
And I will send to thee, and they shall be en-
closed in thy door.”

We have the parallel of these lines in the Mosaic account where God brings the beasts to Noah for preservation in the ark. Indeed, as we have said, the parallelism is remarkably close throughout, varying in little



TERRA COTTA WINGED FIGURE, EXCAVATED AT NIMROUD.

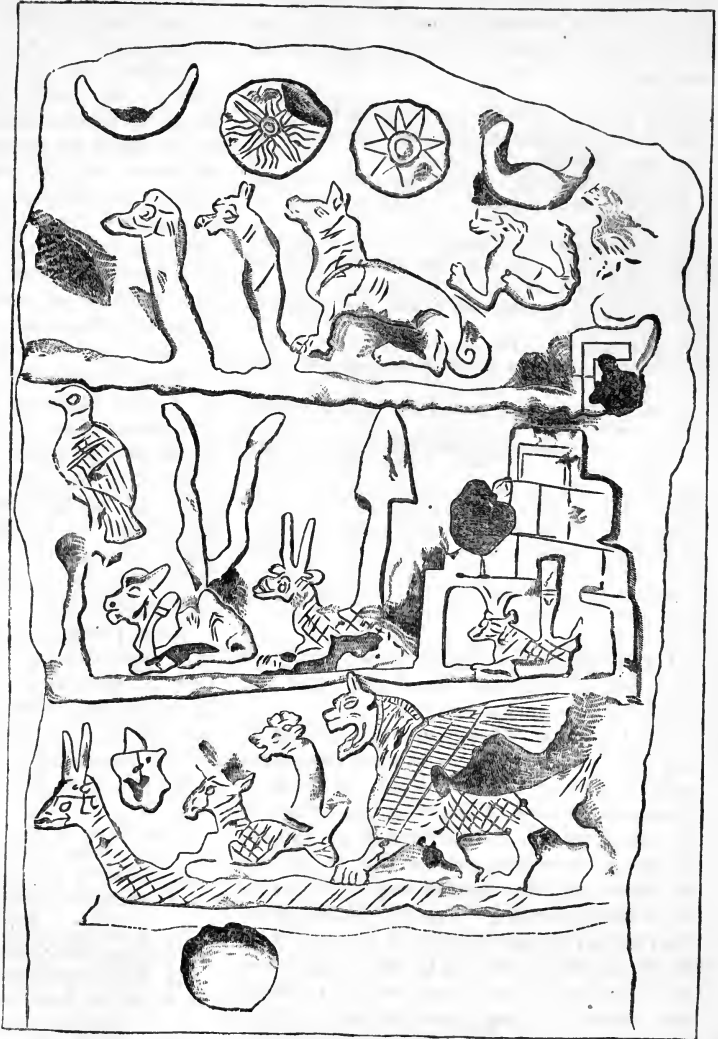
else than the contrast between the pure monotheistic and elevated tone of the one, and the idolatrous spirit which pervades the other, and in the indication that the one was

the product of an inland, and the other of a maritime people. In Babylon, the ark becomes a good ship, properly equipped, with naval appointments and a crew, while the Biblical account is merely of a floating, well-caulked box. After the ark had rested on the mountains of Nizir, and the swallow and raven had been sent out, and the altar had been built, and the gods had gathered like flies at its burning, and had promised never to send another flood (there is no rainbow, however), the new portion of the eleventh tablet relates how Hasisadra bade Urhamsi take Izdubar where, by bathing in the sea, he might recover the health of his skin and his hair might be restored. This was accomplished, as told at length, and Izdubar takes Urhamsi back with him to Erech, the Blessed.

The twelfth tablet is devoted to the lament of Izdubar over his dead friend, Heabani, and to the means he took to secure the repose of his perurbed soul. Whether it was that his body had not received proper burial, or from some other cause, his ghost was wandering about, detained from the abode of the blest. There is a real and very quaint *andon* of pathos in this most ancient elegy, all literature, more ancient even than the lament of David over Jonathan :

The noble banquet thou dost not share,
To the assembly they do not call thee.
The bow from the ground thou dost not lift;
What the bow should smite surrounds thee.
The mace in thy hand thou dost not grasp;
Its spoil defies thee.

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EMBLEMS OF THE GODS.

Shoes on thy feet thou dost not wear;
The slain on the ground thou dost not stretch.
Thy wife whom thou lovest thou dost not kiss;
Thy wife whom thou hatest thou dost not strike.
Thy child whom thou lovest thou dost not kiss;
Thy child whom thou hatest thou dost not strike;
The arms of the Earth hath taken thee.
O darkness, O darkness, Mother Ninazu, O
darkness!

Her noble stature like his mantle covers him,
Her feet like a deep well enclose him!"

And in this temper Izdubar continues his threnody. Heabani's soul was not allowed entrance into heaven. Bel and Sin refused to admit it. Izdubar then appealed to Hea, who sent his son Merodach to bring before Izdubar the soul of Heabani. On seeing

his ghost, Izdubar begged it to enlighten him as to the secrets of Hades. The ghost refuses, but confides to him its longings for escape.

"From Hades, the land which I have known;
From the house of the departed, the seat of the god Irkalla;
From the house out of which there is no escape;
From the road the course of which never returns;
From the place within which they long for light—
The place where dust is their nourishment and their food mud;
Where light is never seen and they dwell in darkness.
That I may enter the place of seers,
Of crowned kings who from days of old ruled the earth,
To whom the gods Anu and Bel have given renowned names,
A place of abundant water, fed from perennial springs.
Into the place of seers would I enter,
The place of chiefs and unconquered ones,
The place of bards and mighty men,
The place of interpreters of the wisdom of the great gods.
The place of the mighty, the dwelling of the god of Light."

The remainder is imperfect, but doubtless the spirit of Heabani found rest, and the epic a happy conclusion.

The last tablet, though not so startling as that which went before, certainly contained passages of high poetic ability. It is also a memorable record of the religious belief of the Babylonians of the time of Abraham. It will be seen that even at that early date the notion of a future state was defined with the utmost clearness. For the wicked there was not merely punishment in this world, as for the sinners destroyed in the deluge, but the disembodied soul was either received into heaven or consigned to hell. It is extremely curious that, with the faith in the immortality of the soul and the doctrine of future awards, so pronounced in both Egypt and Babylonia, the Jewish sacred writings should have had so little to say on this subject. The Jewish people must have had the same belief from the earliest times. Some of the Babylonian hymns of worship have direct reference to this expectation of a future existence. I refer not so much to the "Prayer for the King" in the third volume of "Records of the Past," which, if Mr. Fox-Talbot's translation were satisfactory, would be an excellent example, as I do to what appears to be a sort of funeral ritual found among the Assyrian tablets corresponding to the Egyptian Book of the Dead. It seems to take the soul by stages

to the lower world, and contains addresses to the various divinities which the soul meets on its way.

Besides the myths above mentioned, there is no doubt that discoveries will be made of many others when the thousands of inscribed fragments now in the British Museum shall be arranged and translated. There yet remains a great harvest for other explorers. France has her large collection, the fruits of the explorations of Botta; England hers, the work of Layard and Smith. The expense of Smith's explorations have been only about ten thousand dollars; and it is strange if American enterprise cannot be quite as munificent and successful. Even as I read these proof-sheets I see the announcement in an English journal that Mr. Smith has just discovered the Babylonian account of the creation of the world and of man; of his fall, and the curse pronounced upon him; of the building of the Tower of Babel and the confusion of tongues. No archæological discovery of greater interest can be imagined.

As a pleasing contrast to the idolatrous and superstitious phases of the Assyrian belief, a specimen or two may be added of their religious worship. These litanies of the elder, or, rather, the younger days might express the devotion of the pious heart the world over.

"In the heavens who is lofty?
Thou alone, thou art lofty.
On the earth who is lofty?
Thou alone, thou art lofty.

"Thy great commands in heaven are published,
Its gods bow down before thee;
Thy great commands on earth are published,
Its spirits kiss the dust."

Not all the prayers, however, are offered to an unnamed supreme god. Here is a short prayer of intercession addressed by the priest to the god Shamas, or the Sun, in behalf of a worshiper.

"O thou Sun, at thy command,
Let his sins be atoned,
Let his iniquities be blotted out!"

Another hymn is hardly the less striking and beautiful for its reverence for Venus.

"He who fears not his God,
Shall be cut down like a reed.
He who worships not Ishtar,
His strength shall fail.
Like a star in the sky shall he fade away,
Like the dew of the night shall he vanish."

The following psalms, however, need not the change of a word to adapt them for chanting in our own Sabbath worship :

“O God, my Creator,
Hold thou mine arms,
Keep the breath of my mouth
Take thou my hands,
O Lord of light!”

Or this :

“O Lord, let not thy servant sink!
In the waters of the raging flood
Hold thou his hand!”

Or this :

“Lord, my transgressions are many,
My sins are great!
The Lord in the wrath of his heart,
Hath heaped dishonor upon me!
God in the strictness of his heart,
Hath overwhelmed me!”

A second verse, however, of this psalm, recognizes inferior deities.

“Ishtar hath pressed down hard upon me
She hath made my troubles bitter ;

I throw myself upon the ground,
No one taketh my hand ;
I cry aloud,
No one heareth me.”

It might give a juster view of the religion of these kings and people by whom God punished Judah and Israel, if we were to add some of their strange conjurations against a hundred sorts of goblins and devils, and incubi and succubi, which were supposed to torment mankind ; but they would only show what is abundantly proved by the religions of all nations—that the soul's pure worship of the Most High cannot quite be extinguished by the densest superstition. “In every nation,” says St. Peter—and why not even in that city in which, we are told, the people cried mightily unto God at the preaching of Jonah—“he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with him.” Theirs was what the theologians call “an invincible ignorance,” for which men are not responsible, and notwithstanding which such as they, as the infallible Pope told his flock in 1863, “are able, by the operation of the power of divine light and grace, to obtain eternal life.

THE HAPPY VILLAGE.

As often I pass the roadside,
When wearily falls the day,
I turn to look from the hill-top
At the mountains far away.

When the red sun through the forests
Throws hither his parting beams,
And far in the quiet valley
The happy village gleams.

Where the lamp is lit in the cottage
As the husbandman's labors cease,
And I think that all things are gathered
And folded in twilight peace.

But the sound of merry voices
Is heard in the village street,
While pleased the grandame watches
The play of the little feet.

And at night to many a fireside
The rosy children come ;
To tales of the bright-eyed fairies
They listen and are dumb.

There seems it a joy forever
To labor and to learn,
For love with an eye of magic
Is patient to discern.

And the father blesses the mother,
And the children bless the sire,
And the cheer and joy of the hearthstone
Is as light from an altar fire.

Oh, flowers of rarest beauty
In that green valley grow ;
And whether 'twere earth or heaven
Why shouldst thou care to know ?

Save that thy brow is troubled,
And dim is thy helpmate's eye ;
And graves are green in the valley,
And stars are bright in the sky.

SOME OLD LETTERS.

PART IV.

“LONDON, April 10th, 1833.—A dreadful epidemic is raging which they call influenza; it takes every kind of form, but has not proved dangerous in any instance. Whole families are laid up with it, and some of the great shops have been shut up, because all the shop-boys are ill. We heard of eighteen cases in one warehouse. Some of the theaters also have been closed, and twenty-five of the actors at Covent Garden have been confined to bed. The Tunnos have all been in bed one after the other, and half the servants are ill. Our woman is now in bed, and I have hired another for a day or two. X. and I have entirely escaped. We have remained at home, and have not, since Sunday, been out in the evening; except on Sunday, I have not been out even in the day-time for ten days.”

“Thursday, April 25th, 1833.—Sunday we dined with the Lansdownes. The dinner was rather stupid to me. I was obliged to give an account of the numbers of our representatives, senators, etc. It is astonishing how little people know of anything connected with America! X. was asked the other day by Sydney Smith what sort of people he lived with in America. X.'s answer was: ‘Such sort of people as I should always like to, and do live with here—when I can find them.’ ‘Well,’ said Hallam, ‘that’s as strongly put as can be.’

“Monday was a dismal, dark day—like November. We dined at seven with Lady Affleck, a gay old lady of eighty-five, very deaf, but astonishingly active—the mother of Lady Holland. Mr. Boddington, Col. Webster, Mr. Pigou, Lady Mary Fox, X. and I, with our hostess, composed the party. We had an exceedingly agreeable dinner, after which Lady Affleck took her usual nap in her easy chair, and Lady Mary and I talked till she sent down word to the gentlemen that it was ‘high time they should make their appearance,’ which was delivered in a clearly audible tone by the servant down-stairs.

“Wednesday we dined at Morier’s, and had a delightful dinner. Morier handed me down, and I sat between him and the famous Dr. Quinn. You have no idea of the ridiculous questions I am asked about America! They (I speak not of well-

informed persons, but of fashionable people of rank, who consider themselves such), asked me if we had any but field preachers in America; if we had much music; if it wasn’t very disagreeable to have the gentlemen take their coats off in the theater, and sit with their feet on the cushions and their backs to the stage. They said they ‘should not think Mr. Kemble would allow it.’ Mr. Pigou, a great friend of Lord Dudley’s and a scientific man, who knows what America is, enjoyed my answers amazingly.

“I happened to be the best-dressed woman in the room, and I told them that they must be very much surprised at my having so soon adopted the custom of evening clothes; that a feather was the extent of my wardrobe in America.”

“Wednesday, May 1st, 1833.—A dismal day—May-day is the day for the sweeps, and it is a most ridiculous exhibition. They go about the streets dressed in ribbons and flowers,—one of them as a clown, painted, one as a harlequin, one as Maid Marian, in muslin and flounces, and one as ‘Jack-o’-the-green,’ which is a green bush with a sweep inside, who dances about till it looks as if the bush were moving of its own accord; one of them carries a ladle to collect pence, and in such rags and tatters, bespattered with mud and rain, they made a sad rabble.

“Miss Tunno wrote me a note, to say that she had Mrs. Edward Tunno’s box for the opera, and that two of her sisters would call for us at eight, if we were inclined to go. It was Pasta’s first appearance this season. We went at eight and heard the overture. About ten or eleven every box was full, and the pit crowded with fashionable people in full dress; it was exceedingly brilliant, but the music I cannot describe. I do not pretend to say that the dramatic effect of an Italian opera touches my feelings; but I could have conceived of nothing more perfect, or more exceedingly beautiful than parts of it. I probably heard the finest music that can be heard or ever was heard. Pasta carries the art of singing to greater perfection than it has ever been carried before. Every note is modulated perfectly. Then Rubini, who has the finest tenor voice now known, and whose voice is, to my ear, more touching

than Pasta's, and, as a man's, more peculiar; then Tamburini, who has the finest bass voice now known—nothing could be more finished.

“The opera was ‘Anne Boleyn,’ with Pasta as Anne Boleyn; Rubini as Percy; Tamburini as Henry VIII.; the part of Lady Jane Seymour being taken by Mme. De Meric, who is herself far above any singer I had ever heard before, though considered second-class. Pasta is not handsome, but rather the contrary; but her hands and arms are beautiful, and every motion is graceful. Rogers once told her that every pose of hers should be made into a statue.

“But this was not all. Taglioni made her appearance in the ballet. She was dressed like an opera dancer, but so delicately and so beautifully, and was so feminine, that it is evident that she is a lady of character. Her motions have not the least appearance of exertion, and no one would object to seeing even a sister move as she did. Her feet seem to have sentiment in them; and, as X. described it, ‘her dancing gives me the repose of a strain of sweet music.’ As a Frenchman said of her, ‘*Les autres retombent, Taglioni toujours descend.*’ It is certainly the poetry of dancing, and only think of such entertainment all on one evening! We did not leave till half-past one—five hours and a-half—and I was not in the least fatigued.”

“May 12th, 1833.—There is great jealousy existing here with regard to everything American. They have been looking with intense interest at this struggle between the Northern and Southern States, and have predicted, with some satisfaction, disunion and the fall of republicanism; and now that we are safely through it, they proclaim that the first blow has been given to our manufactures, and that they will by degrees fail, and that, ‘at any rate, they are not as afraid of us as they were.’ These are the words which Sydney Smith made use of the other day, which proves to me that they are much more so; and Lord Auckland, one of the ministry, said, at the end of the session of Congress, that it had taken him three-quarters of an hour to read all our proceedings. It was at a dinner at Lansdowne House, and X.’s answer was: ‘Is it possible! Why, a statesman in America would be unwilling to own that he knew so little of the most insignificant country in the world.’ Lord Auckland was perfectly silent.

“Monday evening. After a quiet evening at home until ten we dressed, and at a quar-

ter past eleven went to Mrs. Baring’s to a ball. I saw the Duke of Wellington and the Duke of Orleans, and was introduced to a number of new persons—Lady Sophia Sydney, the King’s daughter, Mrs. Ellice, a daughter of Lord Grey, and a variety of other people; but there is very little beauty in the highest circles, and very little elegance, I think. Everybody dances, dresses, and moves alike; the idol is fashion. We remained there half an hour; walked through all the rooms, saw everybody, and came home. Mrs. Baring’s is a magnificent house, and this is the handsomest ball I have seen.

“The Duke of Wellington was pointed out to me by Lady Listowell. He was shorter than I expected to see him; gray-haired, dressed in blue coat with brass buttons and small-clothes, with the Order of the Garter on his leg. He spoke to Lady Listowell, who presented me to him. He took a vacant chair next to me, and talked chiefly to Lady Listowell after a few remarks to me, and while he talked rubbed his leg up and down with his hand. He did not remain long. I talked with Mrs. Francis Baring, the daughter of the French Duc de Bassano [her husband was afterward Lord Ashburton], who said that ‘London was so *triste* after Paris she could not bear it.’ [She afterward returned to Paris.]

“Yesterday I remained at home all day. Jekyll came in in the morning, and in the evening we went to a grand rout at the Duchess of Sutherland’s (better known as Marchioness of Stafford. She has had this higher title within the last two years). York House is the most magnificent palace in England. They have an income of £7,000 a day. The entrance hall is as large as the lower floor of the State House; it is hardly to be described. The floor is of inlaid marbles of varied colors; the pillars around the hall which support the gallery are of white and yellow marbles; the arches of the doors are of white marble, and there are balustrades projecting on each side of the door, each side of the room and each side of the staircase, and filled with pyramids of green-house plants. The staircase is of white marble covered with crimson cloth, and the baluster rail is of black marble supported by gilded iron; the walls are of variegated yellow marble ascending to a cupola; the ceiling white and gilt. The staircase ascends to a gallery, surrounding which are the entrances to the state-rooms, each door a mirror. The state-rooms were not furnished, and we did not enter them.

On the first landing of the staircase was a pyramid of flowers, and at each corner a statue. On the ground floor are nine rooms *en suite*, most sumptuously furnished. The mere shell of the house, unfinished, cost seventy thousand pounds. The Duke of Sutherland is famous for his fine collection of pictures.

"Every one was there, including the different members of the royal family, the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Orleans, and Talleyrand, who is old, lame, and short, wears long powdered hair, has his chin covered with a cravat, and takes very little part in conversation. There was Lord Hill, the hero, Lord Grey, and a thousand others. A great many people were introduced to me; the most agreeable person was Lady Grosvenor, the Duchess of Sutherland's daughter. A line of servants stood, one at each door, and called the names of the guests to each other, till they were at last announced by the ninth in the reception-room.

"Next door to us are the Chalons. Alfred Chalon, the eldest son, is the famous and fashionable water-color portrait painter; so fond of painting ladies in flowing silks and airy laces, that some of the artists published an advertisement in one of the morning papers, to the effect that 'muslins and laces would be done up equal to new at 19 Berners street,' which was his residence before he became our neighbor.

"He painted a portrait of Mrs. Lane, wife of Lane the engraver, a very pretty, but most quiet, simple little woman, who dressed always in the plainest way possible. Chalon wished to paint her in white satin, and lace, and jewels. 'But,' said Mr. Lane, 'it's quite out of character. She never wears them.' 'But, for this occasion,' said Chalon. However, Mr. Lane was not to be persuaded. 'Then,' said Chalon, 'I must paint her on a lawn, as such simplicity is out of place in a drawing-room picture;' and he did paint her seated upon a lawn.

"The Chalon family consists of Mr. Chalon, a very old French gentleman, Alfred, John, and Miss Chalon. They are very devoted to one another, and the merriest people I ever saw. We hear them chattering away in French as they sit out on their leads, where they roll out a great easy chair for the old gentleman, and then, such peals of laughter! I think Mr. Chalon must be a very droll old man in his own language (he spoke very broken English when I called upon him), for they seem to laugh a great deal at what he says. Miss

Chalon is very clever, and an excellent woman. She is almost as tall as her brother Alfred, who is a large man with reddish hair. John Chalon is short and stout, also a professional painter—paints landscapes in oil. The other night they went to a fancy-ball, Miss Chalon and her brothers—she as a Swiss peasant, John as a Spanish peasant, and Alfred as a ballet dancer, though very dreadful and unfeminine he looked in low neck, lace petticoats, white silk stockings, satin shoes, and a Duchesse de Berri hat without a crown—just a brim turned up, with feathers, and the hair dressed above. They thought it great fun, but I thought it shocking—this great man with his shaven red beard, and bare arms, but he was very cleverly gotten up."

"May 26th, 1833.—Thursday evening, we went to Lady Lansdowne's. We left home at eleven—left our fly in Berkeley Square, and walked up to the house,—for it was a delightful night,—and were at home again at half-past twelve. I talked to a great many people, among them the most beautiful woman I ever saw—Lady Seymour, who was Miss Sheridan, a sister of Mrs. Norton. People don't admire her as much as they do Mrs. Norton. It is fashion that governs everything here.

"I talked with Miss Fox and Lady Mary. We get amusing glimpses of court life sometimes through Lady Mary, who said to Lady Lansdowne in Lent, 'It is so dull for poor papa. Queen Adelaide won't even let him play cards, and the poor old fellow must amuse himself with sleeping in the evening.'

"Yesterday morning Mrs. and Miss Tunno came in the carriage and took me out to a beautiful botanical garden on the King's road in Kensington. The superintendent talked to me about America and picked a beautiful bouquet of flowers for me. He told me if X. would bring me there in about a fortnight he would give me a beautiful collection of roses. Mrs. Tunno dropped us at one of the gates of Kensington Gardens on our return. We walked through the Gardens, than which you cannot conceive anything more beautiful. It is like a large wild park—a serpentine river running through, and crowds of people, or rather groups, under the trees, sitting, walking, standing, riding on horseback on the turf. The charm of London is its parks and gardens. Twice a week the band plays in Kensington Gardens, and then it is like a large rout. People go gayly dressed, and such crowds of them! London at this season is beautiful. * * *

"This morning we have been breakfasting with Rogers and his sister. We had a delightful breakfast; Campbell also came in afterward, so that we had both the 'pleasures of hope' and of 'memory.'

"We were sitting round the table talking when the servant announced that Mr. Campbell was in the library.

"Have you ever seen Campbell?" said Mr. Rogers to me. "No." "Then come with me upstairs."

"So we left X. and Miss Rogers, and found Campbell waiting in the library. He was careless in his dress, and looked dilapidated—the worse for his bad habits, which have kept him much out of society of late years. "I have come here this morning, Mr.

Rogers," he said, "to ask you to tell me something I need for the book I am writing about Mrs. Siddons—about her sitting for Sir Joshua Reynolds as the Tragic Muse. I'd rather have you write it out for me."

"I will tell you of it now, and if you then desire it, I will write it down," said Mr. Rogers. "I was at Sir Joshua's studio when Mrs. Siddons came in, having walked rapidly to be in time for her appointment. She threw herself, out of breath, into an arm-chair, having taken off her bonnet, and dropped her head upon her left hand—the other hand drooping over the arm of the chair. Suddenly lifting her head, she said: "How shall I sit?" "Just as you are," said Sir Joshua, and so she is painted."

MEDRAKE AND OSPREY.

MEDRAKE, waving wide wings low over the breeze-rippled bight;
 Osprey, soaring superb overhead in the fathomless blue,
 Graceful, and fearless, and strong, do you thrill with the morning's delight
 Even as I? Brings the sunshine a message of beauty for you?

O the blithe breeze of the west, blowing sweet from the far away land,
 Bowing the grass heavy-headed, thick crowding, so slender and proud!
 O the warm sea sparkling over with waves by the swift wind fanned!
 O the wide sky crystal clear, with bright islands of delicate cloud!

Feel you the waking of life in the world locked so long in the frost,
 Beautiful birds, with the light flashing bright from your banner-like wings?
 Osprey, soaring so high, in the deeps of the sky half lost,
 Medrake, hovering low where the sandpiper's sweet note rings!

Nothing am I to you, a blot perhaps, on the day;
 Naught do I add to your joy, but precious you are in my sight;
 And you seem on your glad wings to lift me up into the ether away,
 And the morning divine is more radiant because of your glorious flight.

SONNET.

TO ONE WHO COMPLAINED OF A POET FOR NOT WRITING ABOUT NATURE.

WHICH lover loveth best, the one who says
 Aloud his mistress' name, and maketh shows
 Of all his nearer knowledge doth disclose
 Of her? Or he who spendeth silent days
 Of rapture at her feet, and goes his ways
 Like one, who, by some sovereign honored, knows
 Such sacred secrets that his bosom glows
 With zeal of service, while from words of praise,
 Even of praise, he shrinks, lest they should be,
 Because of his poor speech, or lack of wit,
 In some wise, an unconscious treachery?
 Thus I love Nature, and can find no fit,
 Safe words to praise her, lest I should commit,
 Spite of my reverent love, a blasphemy.

BOTH SIDES OF THE SHIELD.

WE all of us remember that old story of the two knights who nearly did each other to death about a shield which they found in a wood—and by the way, what a constant habit those old story-tellers had of picturing life as a wood! Their own temper and mood always gave growth and atmosphere to it. Dante falls into a sleep, bitter with rage and vengeance against the Neri, and straightway finds that he has been living in a jungle full of unclean beasts, and abutting upon hell; while honest Bunyan, in his dream, sees Bedford gaol as but a sleeping-place in a wilderness, wherein the House Beautiful is an inn kept open for travelers, and through which the path leads straight to the Heavenly City.

But these two knights of the story, wandering in their wood, found therein another knight dead, and stopped to do honor leisurely to his prowess, and to speed his soul on its flight with a prayer. There was no hurry then to notify heirs or to write a report of the affair for the evening newspapers, so that they had plenty of time for such friendly offices. "A marvel," said one, "that so gallant a knight should have borne an iron shield." "The shield is golden," said his fellow. "Iron!" "Gold!" At that, to it they went, and it was only when, after a long battle, they lay exhausted on the grass that they saw that the shield was iron on one side and gold on the other.

These old fables, which have become part of the world's household furniture, come to light oddly now and then in their modern dress.

Two travelers from distant parts of the country met the other day at a hotel in Philadelphia, and one proposing a visit to Laurel Hill, the other accompanied him.

"I had in fact no other object in stopping in the city," said the first, "than to find a grave in this cemetery."

"You have a kinsman buried here?"

"More than that—the best friend I ever had. A queer old fellow, a Quaker merchant, in whose house I was an errand-boy. He took a fancy to me, educated me liberally, set me up in business in New Orleans, and as long as he lived, never ceased to watch over me with the care and tenderness of a father." The man's voice began to grow husky and his eyes wet. "I tell you," he said, "God has left some genuine

salt in the world. When I think how many people are the better and happier because that man has lived; when I remember the slaves whom he helped to free, the asylums that he founded, the strait economy and lavish alms-giving of his home, I actually feel, sir, as if this ground under our feet was made holy because his old body lies in it."

They were walking then through the dusky alleys of the cemetery. His companion was silent, from sympathy, a few moments.

"I never knew but one Philadelphian," he said presently, "and he is dead. A Quaker too—sugar importer. Used to transact a good deal of business with our firm in New York. The very closest, sharpest man in a bargain I ever knew,—a very steel-trap of a man,—would argue an hour about a penny. An implacable old Shylock, too. There was young Graves, a fast young fellow, who cheated him of a few dollars. Well, he pushed that matter inexorably, in spite of all we could do. Graves was the only son of his mother, too, and she a widow. Justice! justice!—that was his cry, until he sent the lad to Sing Sing, and to perdition. But, luckily, the old man's dead now. H'llo! here's his grave, and a marble shaft over him!"

"I raised *that* over my benefactor," said his friend.

The men made no quarrel nor explanation. Men are not apt to admit that they have been looking on two sides of the same shield.

After all, what a deal of mental worry it would save us if men had but one side to their shield! You have just settled down into a comfortable hatred of your neighbor, when some gleam of golden virtue in him pricks you up, and forces you off to find a new point of view. A famous philanthropist or Christian teacher comes to dine with you;—your allegiance is ready to lay at his feet as a matter of course. But he has a bilious headache that day, or his gastric juices are out of order; you see all the iron laid bare; the peevishness, the bigotry, the besetting sin, whatever it be, shows its ugly surface, and thereafter your judgment turns perpetual somersaults on the subject of that man. One day you pronounce him a saint; the next a swindler, trying to hoax humanity

and God. Then, there is that gentle little enthusiast, Mrs. Calder. How her fine features glow and her blue eyes kindle at a pathetic story or a noble word! She would strip herself of her own garments to give to a beggar. She has done it. She believes whatever any beggar chooses to tell her. She is eager in going to visit the almshouses, the prisons, in singing hymns to God there, with a voice that would melt hearts of stone. What comfort could you take in writing her down as a sum-total on the side of virtue, if you did not know that she was just as eager in dodging her grocer and milkman with their bills—if you had never seen the torn under-clothing on her children, or suffered from her talent for pretty lies?

There, too, is the entire population of Clap City. Nothing could be easier, apparently, than to give them their status in the social scale. Any traveler, noting their frantic haste to make money, their frantic waste to spend it in tawdry display, the balls and champagne suppers which are their idea of "high life," the barren plane of thought on which they dwell, far removed from art or literature,—would be ready to declare that the coat-of-arms of that town should be engraved on pinchbeck, and that of the poorest quality. But I happened to be in Clap City at the time when old Coolidge died, who had been Town Clerk for twenty years,—a man noted for his solid honesty, and I remember the solemnity, the tenderness, with which he was laid under the ground. The next day, too, a sum was given to his widow, by the Town Council, as "a debt due by the City;" a sum sufficient to educate her girls and place the boys in business. It was subscribed out of their own pockets, as everybody knew—but Mrs. Coolidge did not know it. She does not suspect it to this day. These old grocers, and river-men, and liquor-dealers did not speed the soul of their friend upon its way with a prayer, perhaps, but their mode of doing him honor was no less knightly and gentle.

Your young Hotspur, eager and ingenuous, demands from every man a like show of pure metal. He charges on him, strikes his shield *à l'outrance*, with the sharp end of his lance, and holds him a traitor if it does not ring true. But as we jog on into middle age we grow wider, laxer in our judgment; we are ready to find, out of our own shortcomings, a hundred excuses for our fellow-travelers if the rust gathers over

their gold; and when they drop beside us in the road, we follow the kindly old custom of the world, and turn up the bright side of the shield upon the breast of the dead, graving it over with virtues—which he never knew.

Of course there are exceptions. Bullock (I mean O. B. Bullock, the high-priest of morality, not any lesser man of the name) was born middle-aged, and he never countenanced any slipshod dealing of that sort with the living, or agreeable lying over the dead. He would walk calmly this afternoon into Congress or a grave-yard, and write on every desk or tombstone: "This man—a liar; that, a libertine, or thief," with no more qualms of conscience than you would label different qualities of sugar. When he was our representative one would as soon have thought of offering a bribe to the stone George Washington, on his stone horse, as to Bullock. He would hold the offer of a cigar as much of an insult as the bribe. Vice is vice to him. Tobacco smells as rank of the pit to him as *Crédit Mobilier*. He goes steadily and comfortably along the very road whereon poor Christian staggered and fainted, and was hard beset. Apollyon has not courage to attack the president of so many public moral associations and the warden of a church of which the cost, in round numbers, was a million and a-half. He has laid the foundation of a prosperous dry-goods business across the Valley of Humiliation. The weak men and guilty men who clung to Christian's skirts keep clear, you may be sure, of Bullock's sound judgment and impregnable morality, just as dyspepsia and neuralgia sheer off from his six-foot apparatus of muscle, liver, and stomach, always warranted in prime condition. We may rest satisfied that a spot of rust will never gather on that shield. No alloy in Bullock;—he is solid, eighteen-carat virtue, from head to foot.

Naturally, he would have no patience with any such flippant comparison as this between men's characters and two-sided shields. Men are saints or sinners—principally sinners. He finds little but base metal wherever he goes. Some men are so characterless, so trivial, that it is no shield which they hold up to the light, but rather the paper baton of the clown. When he says that, everybody knows that he means his cousin, Jem Floyd. Though he always speaks kindly of him as "Poor James," and adds: "Floyd means well, but he has no

backbone, you know." If backbone mean money, Jem's spinal support is certainly thin; but it is to be hoped his actual vertebral column is all right, as nature has been so niggardly to him in other ways. If you met him on Broadway to-day, you would set him down as the leanest and least man in New York, and then notice the odd, friendly eyes, which would somehow make you wish you knew that fellow, and could send him a better coat. But if you had known Jem for years, you would not offer him the coat, nor any other help, and you would never find out from the merry, plucky little man, how he had been fighting ever since he was born—fighting poverty, sickness, death itself. He was a poor relation, a "bound boy" of Bullock's father—plowing barefoot, and shoveling manure when Bullock was taking the first honor at Yale College—sitting by the kitchen fire late at night, poring over his Latin Grammar. He starved, and worked, and fought his way into an education. A boy can do that in this country, and Bullock or any well-to-do kinsman of such a boy is proud of his old barefoot condition, provided he makes his mark afterward. But Jem Floyd has not made his mark. The young fellow—soul and body—was intent on doing something to help the world. He enlisted, but was discharged from the army on account of failing health. He has written two or three books, but they do not sell a dozen copies in a year. Five or six years ago he married, and he and his wife took a little house in Fordham, N. J. They have not been able to furnish it yet (except with the twins and the baby). All literary and artistic people in New York and Boston know Jem; they make a rendezvous of his house; they will tell you nobody has finer culture or a more delicate critical ability, but that it is hard to find just the niche in which he can work. He had a chance as managing editor of "The Bee," but had to give it up for lack of business knowledge. His miserable health forbids steady newspaper work. He wrote a couple of plays which had great success—light little comedies, with a meaning as tender and true as

if Jem had put part of his own life into them. A woman would come from the hearing of them strengthened and softened as she would have been by holding her child in her arms, or standing by the grave of a man she had loved.

Meanwhile there is not a mechanic out of work this winter, within twenty miles of Floyd, who does not go to him for counsel and help. They do not know—nobody would know—that Jem has not been a most successful man in life. He is still so intent on doing some great work to help the world—so sure that the chance to do it is just at hand, that he is always eager, sympathetic, happy. You will never know what an assemblage of good people this world is until you gain admittance to that bare, gay little house at Fordham, and hear Jem and his wife talk of their multitude of friends, and witness the sweet temper, the humor, the wisdom, the fun, with which they season our cheap suppers of sandwiches and cider. Bullock's state feasts of terrapin and champagne have a different flavor. Bullock regards Jem with meditative sadness, as a man of straw. "I once hoped there was something in him, but he has accomplished nothing but some rubbish for the theater. Out of chaff comes chaff."

As for Jem, I believe he never questions what Bullock's or the world's opinion of him may be. There is so much work waiting for him to do for wife, children, the people about him, that he has no time to give to polishing his shield for the world's view. In any case, the shield of a poor, cranky playwright would certainly be rated by all well-ordered minds as of but cheap and common material.

Yet every man and woman who comes within sight of the gate of that Fordham house, involuntarily brings all that is purest, healthfullest and truest in them to the light, knowing that Jem will expect to meet it in them. Just as in the old times, when the prince went among the ranks, every knight held up his burnished shield in deference, that he might read the legend thereon.

JEAN-AH POQUELIN.

In the first decade of the present century, when the newly established American Government was the most hateful thing in Louisiana—when the Creoles were still kicking at such vile innovations as the trial by jury, American dances, anti-smuggling laws, and the printing of the Governor's proclamation in English—when the Anglo-American flood that was presently to burst in a crevasse of immigration upon the delta had thus far been felt only as slippery seepage which made the Creole tremble for his footing—where stood, a short distance above what is now Canal street, and considerably back from the line of villas which fringed the river bank on Tchoupitoulas Road, an old colonial plantation-house half in ruin.

It stood aloof from civilization, the tracts that had once been its indigo fields given over to their first noxious wildness, and grown up into one of the horriddest marshes within a circuit of fifty miles.

The house was of heavy cypress, lifted up on pillars, grim, solid, and spiritless, its massive build a strong reminder of days still earlier, when every man had been his own peace officer and the insurrection of the blacks a daily contingency. Its dark, weather-beaten roof and sides were hoisted up above the jungly plain in a distracted way, like a gigantic ammunition wagon stuck in the mud and abandoned by some retreating army. Around it was a dense growth of low water willows, with half a hundred sorts of thorny or fetid bushes, savage strangers alike to the "language of flowers" and to the botanist's Greek. They were hung with countless strands of discolored and prickly smilax, and the impassable mud below bristled with *chevaux de frise* of the dwarf palmetto. Two lone forest-trees, dead cypresses, stood in the center of the marsh, dotted with roosting vultures. The shallow strips of water were hid by myriads of aquatic plants, under whose dense and spiritless flowers, could one have seen it, was a harbor of reptiles, great and small, to make one shudder to the end of his days.

The house was on a slightly raised spot, the levee of a draining canal. The waters of this canal did not run; they crawled, and were full of big, ravening fish and alligators, that held it against all comers.

Such was the home of old Jean Marie

Poquelin, once an opulent indigo planter, standing high in the esteem of his small, proud circle of exclusively male acquaintances in the old city; now a hermit, alike shunned by and shunning all who had ever known him. "The last of his line," said the gossips. His father lies under the floor of the St. Louis Cathedral, with the wife of his youth on one side, and the wife of his old age on the other. Old Jean visits the spot daily. His half-brother—alas! there was a mystery; no one knew what had become of the gentle, young half-brother, more than thirty years his junior, whom once he seemed so fondly to love, but who, seven years ago, had disappeared suddenly, once for all, and left no clue of his fate.

They had seemed to live so happily in each other's love. No father, mother, wife to either, no kindred upon earth. The elder a bold, frank, impetuous, chivalric adventurer; the younger a gentle, studious, book-loving recluse; they lived upon the ancestral estate like mated birds, one always on the wing, the other always in the nest.

There was no trait in Jean Marie Poquelin, said the old gossips, for which he was so well known among his few friends as his apparent fondness for his "little brother." "Jacques said this," and "Jacques said that;" he "would leave this or that, or anything to Jacques," for "Jacques was a scholar," and "Jacques was good," or "wise," or "just," or "far-sighted," as the nature of the case required; and "he should ask Jacques as soon as he got home," since Jacques was never elsewhere to be seen.

It was between the roving character of the one brother, and the bookishness of the other, that the estate fell into decay. Jean Marie, generous gentleman, gambled the slaves away one by one, until none was left, man or woman, but one old African mute.

The indigo fields and vats of Louisiana had been generally abandoned as unremunerative. Certain enterprising men had substituted the culture of sugar; but while the recluse was too apathetic to take so active a course, the other saw larger, and, at that time, equally respectable profits, first in smuggling, and later in the African slave-trade. What harm could he see in it? The whole people said it was vitally necessary,

and to minister to a vital public necessity,—good enough, certainly, and so he laid up many a doubloon, that made him none the worse in the public regard.

One day old Jean Marie was about to start upon a voyage that was to be longer, much longer, than any that he had yet made. Jacques had begged him hard for many days not to go, but he laughed him off, and finally said, kissing him :

“*Adieu 'tit frère.*”

“No,” said Jacques, “I shall go with you.”

They left the old hulk of a house in the sole care of the African mute, and went away to the Guinea coast together.

Two years after, old Poquelin came home without his vessel. He must have arrived at his house by night. No one saw him come. No one saw “his little brother;” rumor whispered that he, too, had returned, but he had never been seen again.

A dark suspicion fell upon the old slave-trader. No matter that the few kept the many reminded of the tenderness that had ever marked his bearing to the missing man. The many shook their heads. “You know he has a quick and fearful temper;” and “why does he cover his loss with mystery?” “Grief would out with the truth.” “Look in his face,” said the charitable few; “see that expression of true humanity.” The many did look in his face, and, as he looked in theirs, he read the silent question: “Where is thy brother Abel?” The few were silenced, his former friends died off, and the name of Jean Marie Poquelin became a symbol of witchery, devilish crime, and hideous nursery fictions.

The man and his house were alike shunned. The snipe and duck hunters forsook the marsh, and the woodcutters abandoned the canal. Sometimes the hardier boys who ventured out there snake-shooting heard a slow thumping of oar-locks on the canal. They would look at each other for a moment half in consternation, half in glee, then rush from their sport in wanton haste to assail with their gibes the unoffending, withered old man who, in rusty attire, sat in the stern of a skiff, rowed homeward by his white-headed African mute.

“O Jean-ah Poquelin! O Jean-ah! Jean-ah Poquelin!”

It was not necessary to utter more than that. No hint of wickedness, deformity, or any physical or moral demerit; merely the name, and the tone of mockery: “O Jean-ah Poquelin!” and while they tumbled one

over another in their needless haste to fly, he would rise carefully from his seat, while the aged mute, with downcast face, went on rowing, and rolling up his brown fist and extending it toward the urchins, would pour forth such an unholy broadside of French imprecation and invective as would all but craze them with delight.

Among both blacks and whites the house was the object of a thousand superstitions. Every midnight, they affirmed, the *feu follet* came out of the marsh and ran in and out of the rooms, flashing from window to window. The story of some lads, whose word in ordinary statements was worthless, was generally credited, that the night they camped in the woods, rather than pass the place after dark, they saw, about sunset, every window blood-red, and on each of the four chimneys an owl sitting, which turned his head three times round, and moaned and laughed with a human voice. There was a bottomless well, everybody professed to know, beneath the sill of the big front door under the rotten veranda; whoever set his foot upon that threshold disappeared forever in the depth below. What wonder the marsh grew as wild as Africa! Take all the faubourg St. Marie, and half the ancient city, you would not find one graceless dare-devil reckless enough to pass within a hundred yards of the house after nightfall.

The alien races pouring into old New Orleans began to find the few streets named for the Bourbon princes too strait for them. The wheel of fortune, beginning to whirl, threw them off beyond the ancient corporation lines, and sowed civilization and even trade upon the lands of the Graviers and Girods. Fields became roads, roads streets. Everywhere the leveler was peering through his glass, rodsman were whacking their way through willow brakes and rose hedges, and the sweating Irishmen tossed the blue clay up with their long-handled shovels.

“Ha! that is all very well,” quoth the Jean-Baptistes, “but wait till they come yonder to Jean Poquelin’s marsh; ha! ha! ha!” The supposed predicament so delighted them, that they put on a mock terror and whirled about in an assumed stampede, then caught their clasped hands between their knees in excess of mirth, and laughed till the tears ran; for whether the street-makers mired in the marsh, or contrived to cut through old “Jean-ah’s” property, either event would be joyful. Meantime a line of tiny rods, with bits of white

paper in their split tops, gradually extended
his way straight through the haunted ground,
and crossed the canal diagonally.

"We shall fill that ditch," said the men
in mud-boots, and brushed close along the
chained and padlocked gate of the haunted
mansion. "Ah, Jean-ah Poquelin, these are
not Creole boys."

He went to the Governor. That official
cannoned the odd figure with no slight inter-
est. He was of short, broad frame, with a
bronzed, leonine face. His brow was ample
and deeply furrowed. His eye, large and
black, was bold and open like that of a war-
rior, and his jaws shut together with the
firmness of iron. He was dressed in a suit
of Attakapas cottonade, and his shirt un-
buttoned and thrown back from the throat
and bosom, sailor-wise, showed a herculean
chest, hard and grizzled. There was no
cruelty or defiance in his look, no harsh
rude gentleness, no symptom of his unlawful
life or violent temper; but rather a peaceful
and peaceable fearlessness. Across the whole
face, not marked in one or another feature,
but as it were laid softly upon the counte-
enance like an almost imperceptible veil, was
the imprint of some great grief. A careless
eye might easily overlook it, but, once seen,
there it hung; faint, but unmistakable.

The Governor bowed.

"*Parlez-vous Français?*" asked the figure.

"I would rather talk English, if you can
do so," said the Governor.

"My name, Jean Poquelin."

"How can I serve you, Mr. Poquelin?"

"My 'ouse is yond'; *dans le marais là-bas.*"

The Governor bowed.

"Dat *marais* billong to me."

"Yes, sir."

"To me; Jean Poquelin; I hown 'im
meself."

"Well, sir?"

"He don't billong to you; I get him
from me father."

"That is perfectly true, Mr. Poquelin, as
far as I am aware."

"You want to make street pass yond'?"

"I do not know, sir; it is quite probable;
but the city will indemnify you for any loss
you may suffer—you will get paid, you un-
derstand."

"Strit can't pass dare."

"You will have to see the municipal au-
thorities about that, Mr. Poquelin."

A bitter smile came upon the old man's
face:

"*Pardon, Monsieur, you is not le Gou-
verneur?*"

"Yes."

"*Mais*, yes. You har *le Gouverneur*—
yes. Veh-well. I come to you. I tell you,
strit can't pass at me 'ouse."

"But you will have to see——"

"I come to you. You is *le Gouverneur*. I
know not the new laws. I ham a Fr-r-rench-
a-man. Fr-rench-a-man have something;
aller au contraire—he come at his *Gouver-
neur*. I come at you. If me not had been
bought from me king like *vassals* in the hold
time, ze king gof—France would-a-show
Monsieur le Gouverneur to take care his men
to make strit in right places. *Mais*, I know;
we billong to *Monsieur le Président*. I want
you do somesin for me, eh?"

"What is it?" asked the patient Governor.

"I want you tell *Monsieur le Président*,
strit—can't—pass—at—me—'ouse."

"Have a chair, Mr. Poquelin;" but the
old man did not stir. The Governor took a
quill and wrote a line to a city official, in-
troducing Mr. Poquelin, and asking for him
every possible courtesy. He handed it to
him, instructing him where to present it.

"Mr. Poquelin," he said, with a conciliatory
smile, "tell me, is it your house that our
Creole citizens tell such odd stories about?"

The old man glared sternly upon the
speaker, and with immovable features said:

"You don't see me trade some Guinea
nigga'?"

"Oh, no."

"You don't see me make some smugglin'?"

"No, sir; not at all."

"But, I am Jean Marie Poquelin. I mine
me hown bizness. Dat all right? Adieu."

He put his hat on and withdrew. By
and by he stood, letter in hand, before the
person to whom it was addressed. This
person employed an interpreter.

"He says," said the interpreter to the
officer, "he come to make you the fair
warning how you muz not make the street
pas' at his 'ouse."

The officer remarked that "such impu-
dence was refreshing;" but the experienced
interpreter translated freely.

"He says: 'Why you don't want?'" said
the interpreter.

The old slave-trader answered at some
length.

"He says," said the interpreter, again
turning to the officer, "the marass is a too
unhealth' for peopl' to live."

"But we expect to drain his old marsh;
it's not going to be a marsh."

"*Il dit*——" The interpreter explained in
French.

The old man answered tersely.

"He says the canal is a private," said the interpreter.

"Oh! *that* old ditch; that's to be filled up. Tell the old man we're going to fix him up nicely."

Translation being duly made, the man in power was amused to see a thunder-cloud gathering on the old man's face.

"Tell him," he added, "by the time we finish, there'll not be a ghost left in his shanty."

The interpreter began to translate, but—

"*J' comprends, J' comprends,*" said the old man, with an impatient gesture, and burst forth, pouring curses upon the United States, the President, the Territory of Orleans, Congress, the Governor and all his subordinates, striding out of the apartment as he cursed, while the object of his maledictions roared with merriment and rammèd the floor with his foot.

"Why, it will make his old place worth ten dollars to one," said the official to the interpreter.

"'Tis not for de worse of de property," said the interpreter.

"I should guess not," said the other, whittling his chair,—“seems to me as if some of these old Frenchmen would liever live in a crawfish hole than to have a neighbor.”

"You know what make old Jean Poquelin make like that? I will tell you. You know—"

The interpreter was rolling a cigarette, and paused to light his tinder; then, as the smoke poured in a thick double stream from his nostrils, he said, in a solemn whisper:

"He is a witch."

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed the other.

"You don't believe it? What you want to bet?" cried the interpreter, jerking himself half up and thrusting out one arm while he bared it of its coat-sleeve with the hand of the other.

"How do you know?" asked the official.

"Dass what I goin' to tell you. You know, one evening I was shooting some *grosbec*. I killed three; but I had trouble to fine them, it was becoming so dark. When I have them I start' to come home; then I got to pas' at Jean Poquelin's house."

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed the other, throwing his leg over the arm of his chair.

"Wait," said the interpreter. "I come along slow, not making some noises; still, still—"

"And scared," said the smiling one.

"*Mais*, wait. I get all pas' the 'ouse. 'Ah!' I say; 'all right!' Then I see two thing' before! Hah! I get as cold and humide, and shake like a leaf. You think it was nothing? There I see, so plain as can be (though it was making nearly dark), I see Jean—Marie—Po-que-lin walkin' right in front, and right there beside of him was something like a man—but not a man—white like paint!—I dropp' on the grass from scared—they pass'; so sure as I live 'twas the ghos' of Jacques Poquelin, his brother!"

"Pooh!" said the listener.

"I'll put my han' in the fire," said the interpreter.

"But did you never think," asked the other, "that that might be Jack Poquelin, as you call him, alive and well, and for some cause hid away by his brother?"

"But there har' no cause!" said the other, and the entrance of third parties changed the subject.

Some months passed and the street was opened. A canal was first dug through the marsh, the small one which passed so close to Jean Poquelin's house was filled, and the street, or rather a sunny road, just touched a corner of the old mansion's door-yard. The morass ran dry. Its venomous denizens slipped away through the bulrushes; the cattle roaming freely upon its hardened surface trampled the superabundant undergrowth. The bellowing frogs croaked to westward. Lilies and the flower-de-luce sprang up in the place of reeds; smilax and poison-oak gave way to the purple-plumed iron-weed and pink spiderwort; the bind-weeds ran everywhere blooming as they ran, and on one of the dead cypresses a giant creeper hung its green burden of foliage and lifted its scarlet trumpets. Sparrows and red-birds flittered through the bushes, and dewberries grew ripe beneath. Over all these came a sweet, dry smell of salubrity which the place had not known since the sediments of the Mississippi first lifted it from the sea.

But its owner did not build. Over the willow-brakes, and down the vista of the opened street, bright new houses, some singly, some by ranks, were prying in upon the old man's privacy. They even settled down toward his southern side. First a wood-cutter's hut or two, then a market gardener's shanty, then a painted cottage, and all at once the faubourg had flanked, and half surrounded him and his dried-up marsh.

Ah! then the common people began to

hate him. "The old tyrant!" "You don't mean an old *tyrant*?" "Well, then, why don't he build when the public need demands it? What does he live in that unneighbourly way for?" "The old pirate!" "The old kidnapper!" How easily even the most ultra Louisianians put on the imported virtues of the North when they could be brought to bear against the hermit. "There he goes, with the boys after him! Ah! ha! ha! Jean-ah Poquelin! Ah! Jean-ah! Aha! aha! Jean-ah Marie! Jean-ah Poquelin! The old villain!" How merrily the swarming Americans echo the spirit of persecution! "The old fraud," they say, "—pretends to live in a haunted house, does he? We'll tar and feather him some day. Guess we can fix him."

He cannot be rowed home along the old canal now; he walks. He has broken sadly of late, and the street urchins are ever at his heels. It is like the days when they cried: "Go up, thou bald-head," and the old man now and then turns and delivers ineffectual curses.

To the Creoles—to the incoming lower class of superstitious Germans, and Irish, and Sicilians, and others—he became an omen and embodiment of public and private ill-fortune. Upon him all the vagaries of their superstitions gathered and grew. If a house caught fire it was imputed to his machinations. Did a woman go off in a fit, he had bewitched her. Did a child stray off for an hour, the mother shivered with the apprehension that Jean Poquelin had offered him to strange gods. The house was the subject of every bad boy's invention who loved to contrive ghostly lies. "As long as that house stands we shall have bad luck. Do you not see our peas and beans dying, our cabbages and lettuce going to seed and our gardens turning to dust, while every day you can see it raining in the woods? The rain will never pass old Poquelin's house. He is a fetch. He has conjured the whole Faubourg St. Marie. And why, the old wretch? Simply because our playful and innocent children call after him as he passes."

A "Building and Improvement Company," which had not yet got its charter, "but was going to," and which had not, indeed, any tangible capital yet, but "was going to have some," joined the "Jean-ah Poquelin" war. The haunted property would be such a capital site for a market-house! They sent a deputation to the old mansion to ask its occupant to sell. The deputation never got beyond the chained gate and a very barren

interview with the African mute. The President of the Board was then empowered (for he had studied French in Pennsylvania and was considered qualified) to call and persuade M. Poquelin to subscribe to the company's stock; but—

"Fact is, gentlemen," he said at the next meeting, "it would take us at least twelve months to make Mr. Pokaleen understand the rather original features of our system, and he wouldn't subscribe when we'd done; besides, the only way to see him is to stop him on the street."

There was a great laugh from the Board; they couldn't help it. "Better meet a bear robbed of her whelps," said one.

"You're mistaken as to that," said the President. "I did meet him and stopped him, and found him quite polite. But I couldn't get no satisfaction from him; the fellow wouldn't talk in French, and when I spoke in English he hoisted his old shoulders up, and gave the same answer to everybody I said."

"And that was," asked one or two, impatient of the pause, "that it 'don't worse w'ile?'"

One of the Board said: "Mr. President, this market-house project, as I take it, is not altogether a selfish one; the community is to be benefited by it. We may feel that we are working in the public interest [the Board smiled knowingly], if we employ all possible means to oust this old nuisance from among us. You may know that at the time the street was cut through, this old Poquelann did all he could to prevent it. It was owing to a certain connection which I had with that affair that I heard a ghost story [smiles, followed by a sudden dignified check]—ghost story, which, of course, I am not going to relate; but I *may* say that my profound conviction, arising from a prolonged study of that story, is, that this old villain, John Poquelann, has his brother locked up in that old house. Now, if this is so, and we can fix it on him, I merely *suggest* that we can make the matter highly useful. I don't know," he added, beginning to sit down, "but that it is an action we owe to the community—hem!"

"How do you propose to handle the subject?" asked the President.

"I was thinking," said the speaker, "that, as a Board of Directors, it would be unadvisable for us to authorize any action involving trespass; but if you, for instance, Mr. President, should, as it were, for mere curiosity, *request* some one, as, for instance, our

excellent Secretary, simply as a personal favor, to look into the matter; this is merely a suggestion."

The Secretary smiled sufficiently to be understood that he would not refuse the President's request; and the Board adjourned.

Little White, as the Secretary was called, was a mild, kind-hearted little man, who, nevertheless, had no fear of anything, unless it was the fear of being unkind.

"I tell you frankly," he privately said to the President, "I go into this more to prove the old man innocent, than with any expectation of finding him guilty."

The next day, a little after nightfall, one might have descried this little Secretary slipping along the rear fence of the Poquelin place, preparatory to vaulting over into the rank, grass-grown yard.

The picture presented to his eye was not calculated to enliven his mind. The old mansion stood out against the western sky, black and silent. One long, lurid pencil stroke along a sky of slate was all that was left of daylight. No sign of life was apparent; no light at any window, unless it might have been on the farther side of the house. No owls were on the chimneys, no dogs were in the yard.

He entered the place, and ventured up behind a small cabin which stood apart from the house. Through one of its many crannies he easily detected the African mute crouched before a flickering pine knot, his head on his knees, fast asleep.

He concluded to enter the mansion, and, with that view, stood and scanned it. The broad rear steps of the veranda would not serve him; he might meet some one midway. He was measuring, with his eye, the proportions of one of the pillars which supported it, and estimating the practicability of climbing it, when he heard a footstep. Some one dragged a chair out toward the railing, then seemed to change his mind and began to pace the veranda, his footfalls resounding on the dry boards with singular loudness. Little White drew a step backward, got the figure between himself and the sky, and at once recognized the short, broad-shouldered form of old Jean Poquelin.

He sat down upon a billet of wood, and, to escape the stings of a whining cloud of mosquitoes, shrouded his face and neck in his handkerchief, leaving his eyes uncovered.

He had sat there but a moment when he

noticed a strange, sickening odor, faint, as if coming from a distance, but loathsome and horrid.

Whence could it come? Not from the cabin; not from the marsh, for it was as dry as powder. It was not in the air; it seemed to come from the ground.

Rising up, he noticed, for the first time, a few steps before him a narrow footpath leading toward the house. He glanced down it—ha! right there was some one coming—ghostly white!

Quick as thought, and as noiselessly, he lay down at full length against the cabin. It was pure strategy, and yet, there was no denying it, little White felt that he was frightened. "It is not a ghost," he said to himself. "I *know* it cannot be a ghost;" but the perspiration burst out at every pore, and the air seemed to thicken with heat. "It is a living man," he said in his thoughts. "I hear his footstep, and I hear old Poquelin's footsteps, too, separately, over on the veranda. I am not discovered; the thing has passed; there is that odor again; what a smell of death! Is it coming back? Yes. Now it is gone." He shuddered. "Now, if I dare venture, the mystery is solved." He rose cautiously, close against the cabin, and peered along the path.

The figure of a man, a presence if not a body—but whether clad in some white stuff or naked the darkness would not allow him to determine—had turned, and now, with a seeming painful gait, moved slowly from him. "Great Heaven! can it be that the dead do walk?" He withdrew again the hands which had gone to his eyes. The dreadful object passed between two pillars and under the house. He listened. There was a faint sound as of feet upon a staircase; then all was still except the measured tread of Jean Poquelin walking on the veranda, and the heavy respirations of the mute slumbering in the cabin.

The little Secretary was about to retreat; but as he looked once more toward the haunted house a dim light appeared in the crack of a closed window, and presently old Jean Poquelin came, dragging his chair, and sat down close against the shining cranny. He spoke in a low, tender tone in the French tongue, making some inquiry. An answer came from within. Was it the voice of a human? So unnatural was it—so hollow, so discordant, so unearthly—that the stealthy listener shuddered again from head to foot; and when something stirred in some bushes near by—though it may

have been nothing more than a rat—and came scuttling through the grass, the little Secretary actually turned and fled. As he left the inclosure he moved with bolder leisure through the bushes; yet now and then he spoke aloud: “Oh, oh!” and shut his eyes in his hands.

How strange that henceforth little White was the champion of Jean Poquelin! In season and out of season—wherever a word was uttered against him—the Secretary, with a quiet, aggressive force that instantly arrested gossip, demanded upon what authority the statement or conjecture was made; but as he did not condescend to explain his own remarkable attitude, it was not long before the disbelief and suspicion which had followed Jean Poquelin so many years fell also upon him.

It was only the next evening but one after his adventure that he made himself a source of sullen amazement to one hundred and fifty boys, by ordering them to desist from their wanton hallooing. Old Jean Poquelin, standing and shaking his cane, rolling out his long-drawn maledictions, paused and stared, then gave the Secretary a courteous bow and started on. The boys, save one, from pure astonishment, ceased; but a ruffianly little Irish lad, more daring than any had yet been, threw a big hurtling clod, that struck old Poquelin between the shoulders and burst like a shell. The enraged old man wheeled with uplifted staff to give chase to the scampering vagabond; and—he may have tripped or he may not, but he fell full length. Little White hastened to help him up, but he waved him off with a fierce imprecation, and staggering to his feet resumed his way homeward. His lips were reddened with blood.

Little White was on his way to the meeting of the Board. He would have given all he dared spend to have stayed away, for he felt both too fierce and too tremulous to brook the criticisms that were likely to be made.

“I can’t help it, gentlemen; I can’t help you to make a case against the old man, and I’m not going to.”

“We did not expect this disappointment, Mr. White.”

“I can’t help that, sir. No, sir; you had better not appoint any more investigations. Somebody’ll investigate himself into trouble. No, sir; it isn’t a threat, it is only my advice, but I warn you that whoever takes the task in hand will rue it to his dying day—which may be hastened, too.”

The President expressed himself “surprised.”

“I don’t care a rush,” answered little White, wildly and foolishly. “I don’t care a rush if you are, sir. No, my nerves are not disordered; my head’s as clear as a bell. No, I’m *not* excited.”

A Director remarked that the Secretary looked as though he had waked from a nightmare.

“Well, sir, if you want to know the fact, I have; and if you choose to cultivate old Poquelin’s society you can have one, too.”

“White,” called a facetious member, but White did not notice. “White,” he called again.

“What?” demanded White, with a scowl.

“Did you see the ghost?”

“Yes, sir; I did,” cried White, hitting the table, and handing the President a paper which brought the Board to other business.

The story got among the gossips that somebody (they were afraid to say little White) had been to the Poquelin mansion by night and beheld something appalling. The rumor was but a shadow of the truth, magnified and distorted as is the manner of shadows. He had seen skeletons walking, and had barely escaped the clutches of one by making the sign of the cross.

Some madcap boys with an appetite for the horrible plucked up courage to venture through the dried marsh by a cattle-path, and come before the house at a spectral hour when the air was full of bats. Something which they but half saw—half a sight was enough—sent them tearing back through the willow-brakes and acacia bushes to their homes, where they fairly dropped down, and cried:

“Was it white?” “No—yes—nearly so—we can’t tell—but we saw it.” And one could hardly doubt, to look at their ashen faces, that they had, whatever it was.

“If that old rascal lived in the country we come from,” said certain Americans, “he’d have been tarred and feathered before now, wouldn’t he, Sanders?”

“Well, now he just would.”

“And we’d have rid him on a rail, wouldn’t we?”

“That’s what I allow.”

“Tell you what you *could* do.” They were talking to some rollicking Creoles who had assumed an absolute necessity for doing *something*. “What is it you call this thing where an old man marries a young girl, and you come out with horns and—”

“*Charivari*?” asked the Creoles.

"Yes, that's it. Why don't you shivaree him?" Felicitous suggestion.

Little White, with his wife beside him, was sitting on their doorsteps on the sidewalk, as Creole custom had taught them, looking toward the sunset. The view was not attractive on the score of beauty. The houses were small and scattered, and across the flat commons, spite of the lofty tangle of weeds and bushes, and spite of the thickets of acacia, they needs must see the dismal old Poquelin mansion tilted awry and shutting out the declining sun. The moon, white and slender, was hanging the tip of its horn over one of the chimneys.

"And you say," said the Secretary, "the old black man has been going by here alone? Patty, suppose old Poquelin should be concocting some mischief; he don't lack provocation; the way that clod hit him the other day was enough to have killed him. Why, Patty, he dropped as quick as *that!* No wonder you haven't seen him. I wonder if they haven't heard something about him up at the drug-store. Suppose I go and see."

"Do," said his wife.

She sat alone for half an hour, watching that sudden going out of the day peculiar to the latitude.

"That moon is ghost enough for one house," she said, as her husband returned. "It has gone right down the chimney."

"Patty," said Little White, "the drug-clerk says the boys are going to shivaree old Poquelin to-night. I'm going to try to stop it."

"Why, White," said his wife, "you'd better not. You'll get hurt."

"No, I'll not."

"Yes, you will."

"I'm going to sit out here until they come along. They're compelled to pass right by here."

"Why, White, it may be midnight before they start; you're not going to sit out here till then."

"Yes, I am."

"Well, you're very foolish," said Mrs. White in an undertone, looking anxious, and tapping one of the steps with her foot.

They sat a very long time talking over little family matters.

"What's that?" at last said Mrs. White.

"That's the nine o'clock gun," said White, and they relapsed into a long-sustained, drowsy silence.

"Patty, you'd better go in and go to bed," said he at last.

"I'm not sleepy."

"Well, you're very foolish," quietly remarked little White, and again silence fell upon them.

"Patty, suppose I walk out to the old house and see if I can find out anything."

"Suppose," said she, "you don't do any such—listen!"

Down the street arose a great hubbub. Dogs and boys were howling and barking; men were laughing, shouting, groaning, and blowing horns, whooping, and clanking cowbells, whinnying, and howling, and rattling pots and pans.

"They are coming this way," said little White. "You'd better go into the house, Patty."

"So had you."

"No. I'm going to see if I can't stop them."

"Why, White!"

"I'll be back in a minute," said White, and went toward the noise.

In a few moments the little Secretary met the mob. The pen hesitates on the word, for there is a respectable difference, measurable only on the scale of the half century, between a mob and a *charivari*. Little White lifted his ineffectual voice. He faced the head of the disorderly column, and cast himself about as if he were made of wood and moved by the jerk of a string. He rushed to one who seemed, from the size and clatter of his tin pan, to be a leader. "*Stop these fellows, Bienvenu, stop them just a minute, till I tell them something.*" Bienvenu turned and brandished his instruments of discord in an imploring way to the crowd. They slackened their pace, two or three hushed their horns and joined the prayer of little White and Bienvenu for silence. The throng halted—the hush was delicious.

"Bienvenu," said little White, "don't shivaree old Poquelin to-night; he's—"

"My fwang," said the swaying Bienvenu, "who tail you I goin' to chahivahi somebody, eh? You siñk bickause I make a little playfool wiz zis tin pan zat I am *dhonk?*"

"Oh, no, Bienvenu, old fellow, you're all right. I was afraid you might not know that old Poquelin was sick, you know, but you're not going there, are you?"

"My fwang, I vay soy to tail you zat you ah dhonk as de dev'. I am *shem* of you. I ham ze servan' of ze *publique*. Zeze *citoyens* goin' to wickwest Jean Poquelin to give to the Ursuline' two hondred fifty dolla'—"

"*Hé quoi!*" cried a listener, "*Cinq cent piastres, oui!*"

"*Oui!*" said Bienvenu, "and if he wiffuse we make him some lit' *musique*; ta-ra-ta!" He hoisted a merry hand and foot, then frowning, added: "Old Poquelin got no bizniz dhink s'much w'isky."

"But, gentlemen," said little White, "round whom a circle had gathered, "the old man is very sick."

"My faith!" cried a tiny Creole, "we did not make him to be sick. W'en we have say we going make *le charivari*, do you want that we hall, tell a lie? My faith! sfools!"

"But you can shivaree somebody else," said desperate little White.

"*Oui!*" cried Bienvenu, "*et chahivahi Jean-Ah Poquelin tomo'w!*"

"Let us go to Madame Schneider!" cried two or three, and amid huzzahs and confused cries, among which was heard a tentorian Celtic call for drinks, the crowd again began to move.

"*Cent piastres pour l' hôpital de charité!*"

"Hurrah!"

"One hongred dolla' for Charity Hospital!"

"Hurrah!"

"Whang!" went a tin pan, the crowd relled and Pandemonium gaped again. They were off at a right angle.

Nodding, Mrs. White looked at the mantel-clock.

"Well, if it isn't after midnight!"

The hideous noise down street was passing beyond earshot. She raised a sash and listened. For a moment there was silence. Some one came to the door.

"Is that you, White?"

"Yes." He entered. "I succeeded, Patty."

"Did you," said Patty, joyfully.

"Yes. They've gone down to shivaree the old Dutchwoman who married her step-daughter's sweetheart. They say she has got to pay \$100 to the hospital before they stop."

The couple retired, and Mrs. White slumbered. She was awakened by her husband napping the lid of his watch.

"What time?" she asked.

"Half-past three. Patty, I haven't slept wink. Those fellows are out yet. Don't you hear them!"

"Yes. Why, White, they're coming this way!"

"I know they are," said White, sliding out of bed and drawing on his clothes,

"and they're coming fast. You'd better go away from that window, Patty. My! what a clatter!"

"Here they are," said Mrs. White, but her husband was gone. Two or three hundred men and boys passed the place at a rapid walk straight down the broad, new street, toward the hated house of ghosts. The din was terrific. She saw little White at the head of the rabble brandishing his arms and trying in vain to make himself heard; but they only shook their heads, laughing and hooting the louder, and so passed, bearing him on before them.

Swiftly they pass out from among the houses, away from the dim oil lamps of the street, out into the broad starlit commons, and enter the willowy jungles of the haunted ground. Some hearts fail and their owners lag behind and turn back, suddenly remembering how near morning it is. But the most part push on, tearing the air with their clamor.

Down ahead of them in the long, thicket-darkened way there is—singularly enough—a faint, dancing light. It must be very near the old house; it is. It has stopped now. It is a lantern, and is under a well-known sapling which has grown up on the wayside since the canal was filled. Now it swings mysteriously to and fro. A goodly number of the more ghost-fearing give up the sport; but a full hundred move forward at a run, doubling their devilish howling and banging.

Yes; it is a lantern, and there are two persons under the tree. The crowd draws near—drops into a walk; one of the two is the old African mute; he lifts the lantern up so that it shines on the other; the crowd recoils; there is a hush of all clangor, and all at once, with a cry of mingled fright and horror from every throat, the whole throng rushes back, dropping everything, sweeping past little White and hurrying on, never stopping until the jungle is left behind, and then to find that not one in ten has seen the cause of the stampede, and not one of the tenth is certain what it was.

There is one huge fellow among them who looks capable of any villainy. He finds something to mount on, and, in the Creole *patois*, calls a general halt. Bienvenu sinks down, and, vainly trying to recline gracefully, resigns the leadership. The herd gather round the speaker; he assures them that they have been outraged. Their right peaceably to traverse the public streets has been trampled upon. Shall such encroachments be endured? It is now day-

break. Let them go now by the open light of day and force a free passage of the public highway!

A scattering consent was the response, and the crowd, thinned now and drowsy, straggled quietly down toward the old house. Some pressed ahead, others sauntered behind, but every one, as he again neared the tree, came to a stand-still. Little White sat upon a bank of turf on the opposite side of the way looking very stern and sad. To each new-comer he put the same question:

"Did you come here to go to old Poque-
lin's?"

"Yes."

"He's dead." And if the shocked hearer started away he would say: "Don't go away."

"Why not?"

"I want you to go to the funeral presently."

If some Louisianian, too loyal to dear France or Spain to understand English, looked bewildered, some one would interpret for him; and presently they went. Little White led the van, the crowd trooping after him down the middle of the way. The gate, that had never been seen before unchained, was open. Stern little White stopped a short distance from it; the rabble stopped behind him. Something was moving out from under the veranda. The many whisperers stretched upward to see. The African mute came very slowly toward the gate, leading by a cord in the nose a small brown bull, which was harnessed to a rude cart. On the flat body of the cart, under a black cloth, were seen the outlines of a long box.

"Hats off, gentlemen," said little White as the box came in view, and the crowd silently uncovered.

"Gentlemen," said little White, "here come the last remains of Jean Marie Poque-
lin, a better man, I'm afraid, with all his sins, than any of you will ever be."

There was a profound hush as the vehicle came creaking through the gate; but when it turned away from them toward the forest those in front started suddenly. There was a backward rush, then all stood still again staring one way; for there, behind the bier, with eyes cast down and labored step, walked the living remains—all that was left—of little Jacques Poque-
lin, the long-hidden brother—a leper, as white as snow.

Dumb with horror, the cringing crowd gazed upon the walking death. They watched, in silent awe, the slow *cortège* creep down the long, straight road and lessen on the view, until by and by it stopped where a wild, unfrequented path branched off into the undergrowth toward the rear of the ancient city.

"They are going to the *Terre aux Le-
preux*," said one in the crowd. The rest watched them in silence.

The little bull was set free; the mute lifted the long box to his shoulder. For a moment more the mute and the leper stood in sight, while the former adjusted his heavy burden; then, without one backward glance upon the unkind human world, turning their faces toward the ridge in the depths of the swamp known as the Leper's Land, they stepped into the jungle and disappeared.

SOME RECENT WOMEN POETS.

It seems to us that the poetry of women, considered as such, has yet to meet with a full and sufficient criticism. In various passages of various critical essays will be found a wise and sensitive scrutiny of particular poetical productions of women, hinting an acknowledged perception of artistic qualities peculiar to them; but the whole subject of women's poetry would, we think, repay a more systematic treatment. One cause for its not having received this is, of course, the fact that the rise of women's poetry bears a

date of hardly more than a century since and it has taken most of that period for the mixed intelligence and masculine judgment of the world to get its lenses properly adjusted for a fair contemplation of the new phenomenon. Lord Byron said that women could not write dramas, because their feelings and their experience of life were not varied enough; and excepted only Joanna Baillie. In what manner, then, did he account for *her* ability—this same good muffins-and-tea-inspired Joanna? It is rather

curious, too, that it should have been Byron who spoke, since he was inferior even to Miss Baillie in skill of dramatic construction and the evolution of character. But he was not alone in the graceful assumption to man of the sole right to revel in deep poetic feeling, like that of drinking too much wine. When Garrick brought out Hannah More's "Percy," he wrote a prologue to be spoken by a lady, into which he put this becoming sentiment:

"Let us wish modestly to share with men,
If not the force, the feather of the pen."

It was a queer age, when the whole matter could be turned off with a glib, trifling alliteration like that. But, in truth, they had no real woman's poetry at that time. Miss Baillie and Miss More succeeded by a dexterous dullness, by an unconscious currying of favor through the concealment of what was most characteristic of their sex, and an aping of the masculine manner. An "Address to a Steam Vessel" or "Poem on The Slave Trade" was the sort of thing to which they extended their intellectual antennæ. It seems significant that these two women were maidens: only the tough British type of spinster could have achieved what they had to achieve in order to get a hearing. Then came the Lady Blessington and Book of Beauty period, and women began to be graceful in verse. At last, Mrs. Browning arose. She was the apostle of the true woman's poetry; and it is by the light of her fame that a good many women since have been enabled to discover their own genius. Yet of her singing Mr. Stedman says, and seemingly with justice, that "Health was not its prominent characteristic." In her exquisitely spiritual emotion and utterance "nothing is earthly, though all is human." Certainly none but a woman was likely to have given us those two lines in the "Drama of Exile:

"Till your smile waxed too holy,
And left your lips praying."

None but Shelley, to whom Mr. Stedman has said she is akin, suggesting as a ground for this that Shelley "was the most sexless, as he was the most spiritual of poets."

Now, it is this connection between that spiritualness of Mrs. Browning's and a certain unhealthiness, that we are occasionally led to ponder deeply upon, in looking over books of poetry by women of the present day. Hannah More put into the mouth of

a character the sentiment, that "Women in their course of action describe a smaller circle than men; but the perfection of a circle consists not in its dimensions, but in its correctness." Applying this to their poetry, the points brought into issue would be: Is it a circle which is here described? Is it correct? How shall we define, and just where shall we place the orbit of the feminine genius in poetry?

"I am so weary and alone."

This is the sort of line one meets with constantly in women's poetry. "Weary," "Tired," "Doubt," "Questioning"—this is the sort of title one is apt to encounter. You find pretty much the same thing, here and there, in all of it; circumstance and shaping being a little altered to suit the individual case. The line just quoted comes out of a little book of poems by Lelia B. Bickford, collected after her death. She was a young woman of Newburyport, who died at twenty-one, leaving a short record of song that is sad reading. There is not much real poetry in the book, but it evidences a sensitive and solitary spirit searching vaguely for its place in the world, longing for love or death—you are not quite sure which—and finally passing away, at once and quietly. She seems to have discovered, as Mr. Stedman reminds us imaginative girls are apt to discover, that she had "missed something," and to have passed into that "abnormal growth" insuring to "the feebler class of dreamers, who have poetic sensibility without true constructive power," blight and early decay. When we consider from what barren and unsuggestive nooks of existence such young women strive sweetly and patiently into sight, we must wonder at their accomplishment—small as it frequently is. It is to be feared that an un nourishing soil sometimes starves the best of them, and that the fittest intellectually do *not* always survive. Miss Bickford leaves traces of genius in her simple verses, which surprise one, if her remote growth and slight opportunities be considered, and displays sudden perfections that seem to have promised achievement of a very rare and far-reaching order. For example, in these stanzas on snow-flakes:

"They cannot be tears from some sad angel's eye,
Because Heaven's people, I think, do not cry;
Who knows but the great sculptor Sun may design
These star-flakes? All day he's neglected to shine."

"Ah, no; I remember, last night in the west,
Great clouds lay like giants reclining for rest;
They could not help seeing our flowers were dead,
So now they are sending their blossoms instead."

Elsewhere she speaks of

"The aching sense of loss
Instead of growth, as days and days go on,
As pulseless age becalms youth's galleon."

What is this "aching sense of loss," by the way, and what the "proffered gladness" she speaks of in the same poem, which she must renounce "for Duty's righteous sake?" There, indeed, the patient, plaintive sadness characteristic of young women poets is recurring. This thin volume of slender verses, full of technical imperfections and girlish thoughts, is a strange, sad study. In one place she has "A Prayer for Growth," affecting not so much by its poetry, as by its pure and touching ambition to make "Earth's bitterness grow less." And in her last poem of all (printed in SCRIBNER), she sums up her heart's prayer again.

"I only ask to sing
A little song, so true and strangely sweet,
That though it be not wise, or e'en complete,
The tired world, while going to and fro,
More glad and faithful, hearing it, shall grow."

We dwell upon this, because it seems to illustrate a distinguishing trait of youthful feminine poetry. Poets, throughout life, are such by virtue of sustained youthfulness; but it seems to us that women represent the *sadness* of life's prime, while men singers preserve its more joyous side. All poets inherit a vexed youth, but women persist in expressing the surprised sadness that such periods bring in the conflict of ideals with actualities.

They cannot quite weather the bitter "blossom-storm" that assails them on the near edge of summer. The consciousness, too, of being born with a mysterious inheritance called "womanhood" that strangely hinders them in the artist-life, saddens them. The sorrow, the yearning, the passionate aspiration thus engendered rings always through their lines.

Here is a new aspirant for poetic privilege, publishing under the name of "Stuart Sterne," whose example is in point. The element of unrest and yearning here is one that could not have had an existence in a masculine breast: it arises from a somewhat indefinite sorrow over some one who appears to have died long since, and whom the writer loved and revered so wholly, that

all chances of earthly happiness are now closed. At times this person would seem to have been known to her, but to have loved some one else, and to have since died; in other places her passion appears to fix itself upon the persons of great men long since departed, which leads us to conceive the other affection to be also imaginary. But, however this be, there is breathed throughout the whole series of irregular and uneven poems relating to it an extraordinary force of feeling. There is a strength of unshaped aspiration and vigor of emotion in them that are quite unusual in contemporary verse. In the lines beginning, "What strange, dark fate," the authoress bitterly bewails that, when loving, worshipping, "kindling with fire divine" for people of "undying words, immortal deeds," and asking to be led to them, she is always told that—

"Long the dark earth below,
The hands you'd kiss are crumbled into dust."

And in one of her best-formed pieces, a sonnet opening with: "O ye, the matchless sweetness of whose song," she entreats the great poets who have made the world fail to forgive her—she, who dares to raise her voice in the same world, even though her "fame should perish like the winter's snow"—should she not prove to be of the Elect. Her faults, however, are grave. Her diction is careless and almost always commonplace; she grossly disregards what should be first with all young poets—form—and by far the greater portion of the volume is made up of mere prose. Had we obeyed our first impression, we should have laid it down in complete disappointment and disapproval after the first glance through its pages. To the casual reader, we have little doubt that "Stuart Sterne's" wordiness, rambling form, and prosaic utterance will cast discredit on her better qualities, and cause her poetic passion to appear in a light only ridiculous. But her venture deserves more than this. The longest of her efforts is a story (not, as yet, a poem), based on an episode in the life of Beethoven; and to such objective matter we should advise her hereafter to direct her attention—though with a far deeper and longer devotion to art than is manifest in the present performance—if her wish is, genuinely to grow. In the stanzas entitled "The Nun," there is evidence of ability to seize a characteristic state of mind, although, to be sure, the mood expressed is much akin to her own. It is

distinctions of character, and the action of emotion in others, that she should now study. Twice or thrice, too, she interrupts her wandering and unmusical lines with real little poems, as that beginning, "Love me as thou may'st love the silvery light," and that in which she wishes she had been "a small, sweet, tender bud" laid on the "dead heart" of her dead lover, when he was borne

"Out to the quiet grave, the hill below.

"Glory enough and joy, and deep content,
For life and death, and all eternity,

* * * * *

To thus have rested for a passing hour,
What though but as a feeble, fragrant flower,

* * * * *

On thy dead heart!"

Here we discover true feeling and tender fancy. But, as yet, we can promise ourselves nothing in the future from "Stuart Sterne;" we discern a good impulse in her work, but without reverent discipline, and the learning of many things in life and principles in art, it cannot lead to achievement.

"Swallow-Flights of Song," from its association in Tennyson's text, would seem unsuitable to a collection of verse that had not some suggestion of deep sorrow in it. This collection of Harriet McEwen Kimball's has none such; but there is a kind of forced melancholy, a sought suggestion of agreeable grief about them, which answers to it in a measure. This, however, soon wearies the reader; and in such pieces as "Sweet Peas" and "Heliotrope" the overlaid atmosphere of sentiment becomes very nearly laughable, although it is evident that the authoress wrote them carefully, and with the best intentions of being poetical. The ode called "In Autumn" has more merit than most of her efforts, and "Abraham Lincoln" sounds sturdy and earnest. The writer has a considerable sense of rhythm and an appreciation of form, which, nevertheless, desert her at times—especially in the religious pieces that close the book. But, on the whole, it is what we should style "boudoir poetry." It is woman amusing herself,—now with the flowers, now with a momentary doubt and darkness; again humming a strain over a sleeping baby; always elegant in tone, and sometimes graceful; but so indefinite in her aims as to seem idle.

It is always the fortune, or misfortune, of certain poets to amuse themselves and their readers with pretty, painted sorrows and pas-

sions, instead of real ones. We are not quite sure that it is misfortune, because neither party is aware of it, and both are often well pleased with their occupation. Still, it will not do to forget that it is amusement. In this class, along with Miss Kimball, we find Norah Perry, who, feeling called upon to make poetry, is, we think, fortunate in having it successfully floated by the high tide of average culture. There is no original thought in these poems, and the echoes of Tennyson and Browning in them often reverberate with disastrous distinctness to our ears. But they are not deliberately trifling; and this, in passing, must be noted of all women's poetry in our day—that it is remarkably free from conscious lightness. In the "Romance of a Rose" Miss Perry finds a good subject, and treats it excellently well—except that she has added two superfluous stanzas since its first appearance in "The Atlantic;" but elsewhere throughout the list she suffers from insufficiency in her themes. The solemn absorption of the young poetess leads her occasionally into sheer absurdities, as in the piece called "Destiny:"

So near, and yet so far!
Just a thin, narrow door,
Shut between—just a far
Evermore!

* * * * *

And though time has brought me more
Than I care now to tell,
I sometimes think of that door,
And that bell!

She refers to the door-bell. Suppose that Rogers, in telling the story of Ginevra, had talked about "just an old carved chest," and ended with the exclamation: "That spring-lock!" But Miss Perry may reflect that even Mrs. Browning was sometimes betrayed into bathos by her sleeping sense of humor. We do not wish to imply that either Miss Kimball or Miss Perry has not experienced greatly or felt deeply; but it does not appear in their poems, if they have, and therefore to the public it is much the same as if they had not. Our meaning may appear in a better light, to any one who will compare these two writers with others like Mrs. Thaxter, Mrs. Piatt, and Mrs. Whitney—the first two being poets of but a few notes, and those not always musical; the last one a genius of more range and less art, but full of delicate, deep earnestness that makes her "Army of Knitters," "Larvæ," and "Sparrows," worthy of gentle remembrance.

We believe that singers of just this range and *timbre* are called for, however, and that they illustrate one phase of the feminine genius.

In all that we have just been saying about the poetry of women, we have conveyed but a small part of its various significance; and we fear that by some our attitude may have been misunderstood. It is enough to say that it is distinctly one of respect, of earnest investigation, and—in some instances and for some traits—of profound reverence. To pick flowers to pieces, even in the interests of critical science, is not a grateful task; and when we take the petals of poems and scrawl a treatise on them, we run serious risk with the gardeners. But if they will receive our meaning aright, no harm is done; possibly some advantage may accrue to both them and us.

No examination of feminine poetry of this period could be at all just, were H. H.'s work left out of account. If Mrs. Browning has convinced us of the divine right of womanly sorrows, and tearfully sweet experiences of love, to resound in strains that will outlast the century, Mrs. Hunt, we think, is the first to show that a woman may set forth in verse in a distinctive manner, the inspiration of a high philosophy of life interfused with many of the feelings natural and peculiar to her sex. She alone of women singers, while entering deeply into the vicissitudes of womanly life, the joys and griefs of wifehood and maternity, has given satisfactory utterance to the pure consolations and exalted faith that belong to a certain lofty, and, also, happily, a frequent type of woman. More than this—though this should imply it—she has, to a great extent, conquered a fair domain of speech, and gained for herself a poetic idiom of considerable power. At times, language is for her like tempered steel to the swordsman; it will bend double, flash the finest circles through the air, and observe discriminations of the thousandth part of an inch in leaping toward the point of attack. But in her latest offering, "The Story of Boon," she is very far from doing herself justice. Speaking as artists, we have not been struck by a single line in this rhymed tale that is eminent for any quality of technical goodness. The diction is commonplace, the lines are too often broken by full stops, for their length, and make no music. Moreover, in putting these incidents into verse, she has almost wholly lost the dramatic process; and on p. 20 we even find a tacit reliance on Mrs. Leonowens'

prose narrative to complete the sense; for the poet does not explain that Choy was about to be put to the torture, but counts on the fact as understood. Mrs. Hunt seems to have made the mistake of supposing that emotions excited by particular occurrences, of which she has been reading, must be wasted unless employed in giving fresh expression to those identical occurrences, and none other. But it is obvious that indirect inspiration may often be derived from sublime or touching incidents that have already found fitting rehearsal in prose, and that it is only rarely advisable to apply the feelings stimulated by them to a reproduction in a new form of the same matter. What H. H., as we think, ought to have asked herself, and what we, in explaining to ourselves her failure, *have* asked, is: "Were her powers of a kind adapted to the dramatic narration of a very dramatic event in a poem of this length?" Judging from her collected poems, we should have concluded that they were not, for reasons to be given below. As it is, we do not intend to dwell upon the shortcomings of "The Story of Boon," for this is one of the cases when a certain loyalty to genius must be brought into play, if we would preserve a just attitude toward its possessor. In the republic of letters, we are too apt to demand that persons in high places shall instantly come down if they commit an error; but we prefer to regard H. H. in the light of a queen, who only needs to form a new cabinet in order to come into full favor again. That she is entitled to this sort of loyalty, we believe her "Verses" amply prove. Her serene imaginative insight into some of the deepest truths of existence places her very high; there is a deep and sustaining joy in her poetry which is not found elsewhere in women's poetry—a joy, nevertheless, that recognizes its own foundations as being based

"On adamant of pain,
Before the earth
Was born of sea, before the sea,
Yea, and before the light. * * *"

If we consider its quality, we shall find its chief strength to be lyrical, and perhaps it is a logical sequence from this that her greatest successes are in her shortest poems. This is true, if we except a few sustained reveries like "Revenues," "My Hickory Fire," "My House not Made With Hands," and "My Strawberry." These are couched in a surpassing strain of sweetness, filled with mys-

al apprehension of nature's most friendly
crets, and touched with fancies of "the
ry bee," and the "beaded ants," that
rick out and in,"

"Mysterious and dark, and thin."

ere, too, we find her talking deeply to the
awberry:

"I see thy tendrils drink by sips
From grass and clover's smiling lips;
I hear thy roots dig down for wells,
Tapping the meadow's hidden cells.

* * * * *

I mark thee, bathe and bathe again,
In sweet, uncalendared spring rain."

at last line, graceful as the lily-stalk, has
o the enduring gleam of gold. But this
oup of poems issues from a special mood
at cannot include much variety, and per-
ps we have received from it as much as it
est that it should yield. In most of her
nger pieces, Mrs. Hunt is liable to breaks
her music. In some places we discover
ange freaks of lines too long for the meas-
e, and not warranted by the structure, or
en the general spirit, of the stanza. At
er moments she subsides unconsciously
o prose. It follows that she is not yet
be relied on as a master in the ode.
Resurgam" is her strongest venture in this
ection. We quote a few lines:

"Somewhere on earth,
rked, sealed, mine from its hour of birth,
There lies a shining stone,
My own.
hhaps it still is in the quarry's hold.
! Pine-tree, wave in winter's cold
fter above it; in the summer's heat
op spices on it, thick and sweet;
icken its patient crystals' growth.
Oh! be not loth,
Quarry and pine,
And stir of birds in the still North,
And suns that shine—
ve up my smooth white stone! Hasten it forth.
My soul in bondage lies,
I must arise."

at, as a whole, this, like all her odes, fails
want of a sufficiently accurate timing,
d of delicate enough differences in the
ferent strophes, both as to mood and ex-
ression. It is in her sonnets that her com-
est victories are gained. The dignity of
eir design, the swing of many lines, and the
rst of culminating thought in these, are
ngs to be proud of, both for writer and
ader.

all great loves that have ever died dropped dead."

That is one of her most impressive closes.
Faults like her frequent awkward omission
of the article, as in "in instant," and the
continual use of adjectives adverbially, *e. g.*,
"sudden seemed," and "patient stringing,"
fall away from her sonnets, and as the ex-
pression perfects itself, the thought has a
chance to refine to the utmost, sure of a
hearing. "Poppies on the Wheat," "Exile,"
"Burnt Ships," and "Triumph," shall show
cause for our admiration. Of course we do
not mean to ignore the vigor of a mystical
ballad like "Amreeta Wine," and the readily
dramatized narration in "Coronation." We
enjoy the simple human feeling in "When
the Tide Comes In," and "Coming Across,"
and the precision and point of "Love's
Largess." But we like to point to the much-
in-little of "Oenone" and "Demeter," and
to the intaglio-like results of "Decoration
Day," as warranting our demand for more
sonnets from this poetess, rather than more
odes and versified stories. Her voice streams
forth so well in songs and sonnets, that are
not simply "verses," but praiseworthy poems,
that we incline to think it her mission to use
it only so. Yet, if she closely studies her
own forces and failures, and can learn to put
as much art into narrative poems as lies in
her sonnets, much might come of it. From
such metaphysical poetry as "Form," and
"Distance," however, to good dramatic nar-
ration, is a long stretch, and it were a mar-
vel if one poetess should include it in her
beat. For our part, we are content with a
much less range for her, believing her to be
a fine and faithful lyricist, and though to
some extent visibly affected by Emerson, yet
hardly injuriously so,—if not a great original
power, still a figure unique among women
poets, and, we think, the strongest woman
poet yet arisen in America. Only Mrs.
Howe can call this claim into question; and
we are impressed with the feeling that she
is by no means so purely a poet as H. H.
She is a person whose interests are large and
varied, a student of philosophy who stands
above the level of fancy. In much of her
poetry there is a certain uncouthness of
utterance, resulting, it may be, from the wide-
ness of her meaning. Of course, no one
who has read the "Battle Hymn" and
others of the "Later Lyrics" can forget
that she has at times the true "lyric cry" in
her verses. But even here, as in her earlier
volumes, we are sometimes reminded of a
burst of lava that cools on the surface as it
flows; an instant chill seems forever falling
on her song, and disappointing us of some

last element of beauty essential to our satisfaction. Nor is Mrs. Howe so distinctively feminine as Mrs. Hunt. With but a few exceptions, it seems to us that many of her poems in the character of a woman could have been easily imagined by a man; but those of Mrs. Hunt's, Mrs. Piatt's, and Mrs. Whitney's which arise from the events of women's and children's life, possess an intense, indefinable aroma which could not have been exhaled from any masculine mind.

In so brief and hasty a sketch, we can no more than suggest a line of reflection which we have, perhaps, said enough to show leads to interesting regions; but could time be taken to follow it up, it might appear that there are reasons why the poetry of women will come to be much more studied henceforth than in the past, and that the triumphs of women poets are in store which they have as yet had only the faint taste.

YUNG WING AND HIS WORK.

THE Chinese Educational Mission for more than two years has been very quietly and very earnestly putting in operation in New England the initiatory movements of a measure destined to affect materially the future of the oldest, most populous, and most conservative nation in the world. So modestly, in fact, has this Mission taken its place in our land, and commenced its important work, that very few besides those immediately interested and engaged in it, know why so many young Chinese boys are to be found in the towns of the Connecticut Valley. The only general information in regard to these strange visitors, is comprised in the apparent fact that they are here to be educated. Let us see what it means.

China has always been the hermit of nations. Until the present generation, indeed, her ports were not open to international commerce, and the whole vast realm, with its busy hundreds of millions of souls, was an unknown land, with a Cerberus at every portal. The combined powers of the world, led by intrepid America, succeeded, at length, in opening her ports to commerce, and bringing her into diplomatic relations with other lands. But though this marked an era in the monotonous story of that nation's life, it was still only a business transaction. The national traditions, grounded in forty centuries of conservatism, were not to be uprooted in this way. Another instrumentality was called into play before the soil was prepared for the better growths of other countries. A Chinese boy, then a sojourner in a strange land, having abjured the religion of his people, and at home but little better than an outcast, was to be the means. in

God's providence, of opening the door of a new and broader national life for his countrymen.

Thirty or forty years ago some American missionaries, who had obtained a footing at Macao, an island on the China coast, gave instructions in English to a young Chinese boy intrusted to their care. So devoted was the young student to his instruction that when the latter returned to Massachusetts, Yung Wing, then sixteen years of age, was one of three Chinese lads who accompanied him. The broader facilities which he here found, the young student grasped with an unwavering purpose. Still boarding in the family of Rev. L. R. Brown, of Springfield, Mass., his missionary teacher he pursued a course of study in Monsies Academy, and while there was led to espouse the Christian religion. In 1850, he entered Yale College, where he graduated with distinction, four years later. His student life completed, it became an important question with the young man how to utilize the knowledge he had acquired. Naturally his American friends had hoped to see him enter the field as a missionary preacher, and their influence was exerted in that direction; but Yung Wing decided not to become a missionary. Longing to make his experiences of the greatest possible service to the whole race of his countrymen, he had already begun to dream of a great mission for himself in the educational field. How the desired result was to be brought about, even his yearning soul could imagine.

Few young men in the world's history ever found themselves the champion of a great reformatory idea under greater discouragements than those which Yung Wing

encountered on his return to China. The very decision he had made had cut him off from the sectarian charities that would have helped him to become a preacher to his people, and his college course had been completed under all the discouragements of poverty. But Yung Wing's ardent patriotism never wavered. He turned his back upon every temptation to forego the purpose of his heart, and soon after leaving Yale set sail for China. Here he was utterly without friends, and a stranger in his own land. While achieving such success in the study of our language, he had forgotten his own, and could neither write nor speak it so as to make himself understood. There was no one to welcome him. By his own people he was regarded with a prejudice which almost excluded him from their society; while his refusal to become a formal missionary acted strongly to his disadvantage with the foreigners there resident, who somewhat naturally considered him a sort of hopeless convert after all.

Ten years passed, and though he had made every possible effort to secure some position which would bring him into connection with the officials of his country, he seemed no nearer to the realization of his ambition. But, though he had now reached middle life, with no prospect of being able to accomplish his heart's aspiration, Yung Wing never for a moment wavered in his design, or lessened his efforts to bring his plans to the notice of the Government.

In 1862, there came a gleam of light. In that year, Tsang Koh Fan, the General commanding the Imperial troops operating against the rebels, after an interview with Yung Wing, who was then established in business in the interior, engaged his services for the Government, and made him a mandarin of the fifth rank. His first recommendation was for the establishment of a factory for the manufacture of arms, which should be supplied with the best machinery to be had in the world. The recommendation was at once acted upon, and Yung Wing was given the amount of money named as necessary, with an eighteen months' leave of absence, to procure the material wherever he saw fit. He visited America, England, and France, but bought all his machinery here, and on his return to China was made a mandarin of the fourth rank.

Then came another period of waiting. Yung Wing had never forgotten his educational project, and had often taken opportunity to urge its importance upon his friends;

but while he made many converts to his ideas, he was invariably given to understand that it was not yet time to bring the project before the higher authorities—that he must wait till prejudice softened, if it ever should soften; and the patient patriot waited on. But he was not waiting in vain. The Tientsin massacre of 1869 is still fresh in memory, and this it was that indirectly brought about the success of Mr. Wing's long cherished plan. The French Catholic missionaries were murdered by a mob, and for a time great alarm was felt lest all foreigners might be treated in the same manner. The foreign officials demanded indemnity, and a guarantee for the future. Committees were appointed from both sides, and Yung Wing was among the Chinese representatives. The services he rendered were so marked as to secure him especial recognition. He now took the opportunity to impress, more earnestly than ever, upon the officials with whom he came in contact the absolute national necessity of having representative men educated in foreign thought and ideas, as well as in language, so that China should be prepared to meet the new responsibilities which its enlarged commercial policy required, without being obliged, as in the instance of Mr. Burlingame, to obtain the services of foreigners to represent it. It was a strong argument addressed to the national pride, and we may well suppose it was pressed with all his powers of reasoning, for such an opportunity he might never see again. And this time the plea was not in vain. In due time the imperial decree was issued, the necessary money appropriated, and the commission appointed.

The commissioners were Yung Wing, now made a mandarin of the third rank, Chin Lan Pin, and Chan Laisun, the secretary of the Board. The latter, like Yung Wing, was educated in America. In boyhood he came to this country, and for some years lived at Bloomfield, N. J. He graduated at Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y., and, after returning to his native land, won distinction as a teacher of Chinese youth, entering heartily into the educational plan. Like Yung Wing, Mr. Laisun is a convert to Christianity, and several of his family are now members of the First Congregational Church at Springfield.

The third commissioner, Chin Lan Pin, who lately returned to China to attend to the interests of the Mission there, might very properly be termed the conservative element of the Board. His associates were Chris-

tians, and to a great extent Americanized. He remained true to his people in religion, in thought, in custom. While appreciating the advantages that would result to his country from the proposed new departure in education, he was inclined to fear, with many of his fellow-Celestials, that the long sojourn of their youth in a foreign land would result in a loss of those national peculiarities which are so dear to the Chinese heart. And Mr. Wing and Mr. Laisun may well respect the conscientious conservatism of their associate. While they have no fears of any such "demoralization" of their pupils, and would, at heart, no doubt, welcome their conversion to Christianity, there would seem to be glory enough for one lifetime in their present success.

The details of the Mission were placed entirely in the hands of Mr. Wing. The imperial decree merely designated that one hundred and twenty Chinese boys should be sent to the Western countries for education from early boyhood to mature manhood. It was quite in the natural order of things that Yung Wing should lead his important charge back to the scenes that had been familiar to his own early manhood.

The matter, having once been decided upon, was carried out with the national thoroughness. Four years were given to the selection of the pupils, in order that the most brilliant and promising sons of the empire should be secured. Scholarship was made the only test, and while many of the fortunate ones are the sons of wealthy and influential parents, the children of the humblest mechanic are by no means debarred. Each year an installment of thirty has been sent to this country, and the coming season will witness the filling of the complement.

The proposed course of education is to be distinctively Chinese in its thoroughness and completeness. There is to be nothing of American haste or superficiality about it. Fifteen years is the contemplated period of sojourn, and though this limit may be shortened in individual cases, it is likely that the large majority of our Celestial pupils will remain the full time. Nor do those pupils who have already commenced their course manifest any desire for a shortening of the time. Patience is peculiarly a Chinese trait. No matter what task may be assigned them,

it is undertaken with an application which knows no faltering or discouragement. In fact, Chinese boys appear to have no conception of the difference between hard and easy tasks; whatever is given them is undertaken with their whole strength of mind. Their success with English studies is remarkable. Some of those who began their studies but little more than two years ago, under the tutorship of Rev. M. C. Stebbins, late Principal of the Springfield High School, are now studying advanced algebra and Latin, with corresponding progress in other branches. The fine arts do not escape their attention, and in drawing they make very marked progress. One of the pupils of Mr. Stebbins, Chun Lung, had evinced such talent for portraiture, that when the commissioners last visited him they were so pleased with specimens of his skill, that they sat to him for their own pictures.

In reading and spelling they are very proficient, and speak our language with a good degree of fluency; they are sometimes puzzled by our idioms, which, independent of the fact that our language is so "fearfully and wonderfully made," will hardly be surprising, when it is remembered that there is not a line of resemblance between the two languages, the Chinese having neither case, gender, number, mood, nor tense.

The students are distributed through all the towns on the Connecticut River between Springfield and Hartford, and in that vicinity, with families of culture, two in a family as a rule, only two are apportioned to the same town. They become very much attached to their associates in many cases, and some interesting incidents are related in that condition. A case illustrative was that of one whose father, a prosperous merchant in the Sandwich Islands, desired his son to give up his student's life and join him in business. But the boy's heart rebelled, and, as he was progressing wonderfully with his studies, the commissioners and his tutor joined in urging that the boy be allowed to remain in the Mission, and the father finally withdrew his request. As soon as the work of preparation is completed the boys will enter the different colleges selected.

Such is an imperfect sketch of one of the greatest educational movements of the age, indeed of all history. Its importance to the future of China no one can estimate.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Count Ten.

WE begin with this issue the tenth volume of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY. To us, who, from inside positions, have watched the development of the Magazine throughout a long period of financial depression, and seen it with strong and certain steps, slower than we wished, rising to a great success, the birth of every new volume is like the birth of a child. We gather around it; we make new plans for it; we indulge in new hopes over it. We try to learn, alike from previous successes and mistakes, how best to build it, and how best to serve with it the constantly increasing throng of patrons and readers.

We relinquish with this number the editorial department entitled "Nature and Science," so long and ably maintained by Dr. John C. Draper. We do it simply on the ground that it cannot be sufficiently detailed and extended to be of moment to scientific men, and cannot be so confined to practical topics as to be of popular interest and value. We substitute for it a department entitled "The World's Work," which will, of course, contain, with all that belongs to it, the results of science, applied to commerce, mechanics and industry. Without greatly changing the character of the little department hitherto known as "Etchings," we give it a better name and a larger field. Under the heading "Bric-a-brac," our readers will find every month a mélange of entertaining reading, gathered alike from life and literature, and containing special contributions in prose and verse. The solid type, too, in which the editorial departments have recently been set, in order to cram the more into them, will hereafter be "leaded," that it may the more easily be read.

So, from new offices, furnished with every convenience—the most beautiful and comfortable perhaps that any magazine was ever issued from—and with hopes based upon a steadily increasing patronage, we listen while our clock strikes ten, confident of the high noon of our enterprise that is only two volumes in advance. May we all be living to hear the chime when it sounds from its airy perch over Broadway!

Speaking Disrespectfully of the Equator.

WE heard a sermon recently on the subject of irrational reverence. It was suggestive and stimulating. It recalled to us the fact that one of the principal objects of American reverence is the Devil. There are multitudes who are shocked to hear his name mentioned lightly, and who esteem such mention profanity. We believe we do no injustice to millions of American people in saying that they have genuine reverence for the being whom they believe to be the grand source and supreme impersonation of all evil. Of course this respectful feeling has grown out of the association of this being with religion, and is strong just in the proportion that the

religion is irrational or superstitious. Now we confess to a lack of respect for the being who played our great grandmother a scurvy trick in the garden, and has always been the enemy of the human race; and we have persistently endeavored to bring him into contempt. It is harmful to the soul to entertain reverence for any being, real or imaginary, who is recognized to be wholly bad. That attitude of the man which defies, rather than deprecates, is a healthy one. If we have an incorrigible devil, who is not fit to live in the society of pure beings, let's hate him, and do what we can to ruin his influence. Let us, at least, do away with all irrational reverence for him and his name.

There is a good deal of irrational reverence for the Bible. There are men who carry a Bible with them wherever they go, as a sort of protection to them. There are men who read it daily, not because they are truth-seekers, but because they are favor-seekers. To read it is a part of their duty. To neglect to read it would be to court adversity. There are men who open it at random to see what special message God has for them through the ministry of chance or miracle. There are men who hold it as a sort of fetish, and bear it about with them as if it were an idol. There are men who see God in it, and see Him nowhere else. The wonderful words printed upon the starry heavens; the music of the ministry that comes to them in winds and waves and the songs of birds; the multiplied forms of beauty that smile upon them from streams and flowers, and lakes and landscapes; the great scheme of beneficent service by which they receive their daily bread and their clothing and shelter,—all these are unobserved, or fail to be recognized as divine. In short, there is to them no expression of God except what they find in a book. And this book is so sacred that even the form of language into which it has been imperfectly translated is sacred. They would not have a word changed. They would frown upon any attempt to examine critically into the sources of the book, forgetting that they are rational beings, and that one of the uses of their rational faculties is to know whereof they affirm, and to give a reason for the hope and faith that are in them. It is precisely the same irrational reverence that the Catholic has for his church and his priest.

The irrational reverence for things that are old is standing all the time in the path of progress. Old forms that are outlived, old habits that new circumstances have outlawed, old creeds which cannot possibly contain the present life and thought and opinion, old ideas whose vitality has long been expended—these are stumbling-blocks in the way of the world, yet they are cherished and adhered to with a reverential tenderness that is due only to God. A worn out creed is good for nothing but historical purposes, and, when those are answered, it ought to go into the rag-bag. Forgetting those things which are behind, the wise man will constantly reach toward those that

are before. The past is small; the future is large. We travel toward the dawn, and every man who reverences the past, simply because it is the past, worships toward the setting sun, and will find himself in darkness before he is aware. Of all the bondage that this world knows, there is none so chilling or so killing as that which ties us to the past and the old. We wear out our coats and drop them; we wear out our creeds and hold to them, glorying in our tatters.

There is even an irrational reverence for the Almighty Father of us all. We can, and many of us do, place Him so far away from us in His inaccessible Majesty, we clothe Him with such awful attributes, we mingle so much fear with our love, that we lose sight entirely of our filial relation to Him—lose sight entirely of the tender, loving, sympathetic, Fatherly Being, whom the Master has revealed to us.

In the sermon to which we have alluded, the preacher quoted Coleridge's definition of reverence, which makes it a sentiment formed of the combination of love and fear. We doubt the completeness of the definition. Certainly, fear has altogether too much to do with our reverence, but if perfect love casteth out fear, where is the reverence? That is an irrational reverence which lies prostrate before a greatness which it cannot comprehend, and forgets the goodness, the nature of which, at least, it can understand. That is an irrational reverence which always looks up, and never around—which is always in awe, and never in delight—which exceedingly fears and quakes, and has no tender raptures—which places God at a distance, and fails to recognize Him in the thousand forms that appeal to our sense of beauty, and the thousand small voices that speak of His immediate presence.

Are we preaching? Let us stop, then. This is a literary magazine, into which religion should never enter! After all, isn't that one of the old ideas that ought to be discarded? Is the highest life of the soul so alien to literature that it must always be served in a distinct course, on a special platter? Even the ass knows enough not to spit out the flower that crowns his thistle.

Popular Arts.

THERE are certain arts in high repute among the people which are so inefficiently taught, and so imperfectly acquired, as to call for some stimulating and suggestive questioning. The amount of money expended upon the teaching of music to the young in this country is enormous; and what are the results? In every ladies' school, among our forty millions of people, the piano is sounding from morning until night. In all the cities and large towns, industrious gentlemen, each with a portfolio under his arm, go from house to house, giving instruction upon this popular instrument, and in forty-nine cases out of every fifty, their pupils stop exactly where they leave them. In how many families in this great city of New York can a girl be found who is capable of going on with her practice alone, and

perfecting herself in an art, the rudiments and principles of which she has acquired? Very few, we answer. We do not know of one. The universal testimony is, that the moment instruction ceases, progress ceases. Under the tuition of her teacher, the universal American girl learns her dozen pieces so as to play them fairly, and never goes beyond them. These she plays until they are worn out to her own ear, and the ears of her friends; gradually she loses her power to play these well; and then she drops the piano altogether, especially if she is married. The money paid for her accomplishment, and the precious time she has expended upon it, are a dead loss.

The lessons in drawing, given in the same way, are, as a rule, as poor in results as those given in music. A set of pictures, of various degrees of badness, are manufactured and framed, and that is the end of it, unless the bolstering and spurring of a teacher are called in to keep the pupil to her work; but, beyond the eye of a teacher, the work rarely goes. The average American girl not only has no impulse to perfect herself in the ornamental arts to which she has devoted so much time, but she considers it a hardship to be required to take a single step without assistance. She is just as dependent on a teacher, when she ought to be able to stand and walk alone, as she is when she begins with him.

Now we doubt whether this state of things is owing to something radically wrong in the girl. She has her responsibility in the matter, without question, but it seems to us that there must be something radically wrong in the teaching. A method of teaching which universally produces the result of dependence upon the teacher, stands self-condemned. What would be thought of a teacher of mathematics who, under fair conditions, could not teach his pupils to reason for themselves? What of a teacher of the natural sciences who should uniformly leave his pupils incapable of an independent investigation in geology, or chemistry, or botany? Yet here are two great classes of teachers who uniformly leave the young submitted to their tuition, not only practically helpless, but without the first impulse to go on without help. We know nothing of their business, but we know enough, from the results of it, to know that they are as ignorant as we are of certain very essential departments of it. We know, also, that if they cannot produce better results, the quicker they are out of the way the better.

In the entire conglomerate educational system of America there is no department in which so much time and money are absolutely thrown away as in what are called the ornamental arts. The teachers in this department fail entirely to comprehend the end toward which every lesson they give should drive. It is not for us to point out the remedies for their imperfections, but, in the name of a suffering and disappointed people, to call their attention to those imperfections, and to demand that they shall either be remedied, or the costly farce be withdrawn from the boards.

Oratory is one of the most popular arts in America. The man who can speak well is always popu-

; and the orator holds the hearts of the people in hand. Yet, what multitudes of young men are reared out upon the country, year after year, to get their living by public speech, who cannot even read their own writing! We have had something to say recently about the unreasonableness of the people concerning their favorite preachers; yet, after all, there is something to be said for the people. When a minister goes before an audience, it is reasonable to ask, and to expect, that he shall be accomplished in the arts of expression—that he shall be a good writer, and a good speaker. It makes little difference that he knows more than his audience—is better than his audience has the true matter in him—if the art by which he conveys his thought is shabby. It ought not to be shabby, because it is not necessary that it should be. There are plenty of men who can train the speaker. There are plenty of men who can so develop and so instruct in the arts of oratory, that no man needs to go into the pulpit unaccompanied by the power to impress upon the people all of wisdom that he carries. The art of public speech has been shamefully neglected in all our higher training-schools. It has been held subordinate to everything else, when it is of prime importance.

We believe that more attention is now paid to this matter than formerly. The colleges are training their students better. Recently a College of Education and Oratory has been established in Philadelphia, and we are glad to know that both lawyers and clergymen are availing themselves of its privileges. There is no danger that too much attention will be devoted to it. The only danger is, that the great majority will learn too late that the art of oratory demands as much study and practice as any other of the higher arts, and that without it they must flounder along through life practically shorn of half the power that is in them, and shut out from a large success.

The Premium on Productive Culture.

THE foreign feather, added last winter to Mr. Emerson's already bending plume, was one which, according to that gentleman's published letter, he regarded as quite the most brilliant that the plume had ever received—indeed, its crowning glory. We call one, however, that must have comforted his heart a great deal more than this tribute to his intellect. It was the assembling of his neighbors, on his return from his latest foreign tour, to welcome him. It was not a new thing under the sun, but it was a new thing in America. On the Continent of Europe, the honors paid to genius and culture by friends and neighbors have formed some of the most touching and beautiful incidents of history. We read of artists returning to their country homes, after their metropolitan triumphs, and finding the streets leading to their birthplaces thronged with shouting friends, adorned with floral arches, and strewn with roses. A hundred little cities and villas cherish with the tenderest pride the fact that they have sent out men who have moved the world with speech and song, with picture and sculpture. America has seen, and been capable of, very little of this;

and it really marks an era in our national life when supreme culture is so fully apprehended that it becomes the object of supreme honor.

How many years ago was it that N. P. Willis chronicled the fact that a young man had passed through New York on his way to Europe, for a foreign tour on foot? This young man's name was then James Bayard Taylor. The name has been spoken so many times since that early day that the "James" has been worn away, and has disappeared altogether. Since then, the young man has "ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes," and done hard work enough for ten men. As lecturer, newspaper correspondent, novelist, writer of travels, poet, translator of Goethe, he has poured his literary life out upon the world in a continuous stream that has grown deeper and broader with the advancing years. America has hardly produced a more prolific life than this, or one more versatile in its productions and possibilities. Yet we fancy that its possessor fancied that he was not held at his true value in a country devoted to money, and political ambition, and social rivalry. How sweetly, then, must the recent ovation paid to him by his old neighbors and friends have come to him! We do not wonder that his mouth was sealed by the swelling of his heart. For, after all, it is love that we are after. We learn to despise the applause of the multitude. The difference between being lionized and being loved and honored is wide. And to be loved and honored by one's early neighbors and friends is the sweetest thing of all. It was worth all the cost of travel over Arabian sands and Siberian snows, and years of toil and struggle, to find one's self at the end among congratulating friends, and proud and hearty fellow-villagers, with tears on one's face, and the great comfort of appreciative sympathy in one's heart.

Last winter an old man with the snows of eighty years upon his head stood before the legislative bodies of the Empire State, and received their obeisance. For sixty years he had been writing for the American people. Their oldest poet, and, in many respects, their best, his productions had been familiar, not only in the household, but the school, to all the generations that have risen since he began to write. With an unspotted personal record, with wisdom won in many schools, with the gathered veneration of half a century looking up to him, and the modesty of one to whom laurels are unwanted and the breath of praise almost a painful surprise, he stood before the people's representatives and received his crown. Did it come too late? No; it never comes too late, if it comes in life. It would have touched him more, doubtless, at an earlier day, when in the thick of his struggle; but men worthy to be honored are not men who seek for honor or recognition. They are not men who must have recognition, or die. Still, the strongest heart melts before personal reverence and personal affection; and the good white head and the good white soul must have had a foretaste of the thrill which will come with the upper verdict: "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

Now, all these tributes, paid by Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and New York, to men who have enriched the nation's literature, mean something. They mean that the time is come when that which is most solid in a nation's acquisitions is, in some degree, appreciated.

Our Presidents rise, and scheme, and serve, and pass out of office, and die—most of them to be forgotten. Our politicians reign for a day, and retire to obscurity. Our men of wealth build palaces, and hold banquets, and control great financial interests, and go down in disaster. Our men of society court the various powerful material interests of the world, and rejoice in their patronage for a brief season, and then disappear like the ephemera of the twilight. But art and literature live forever. If a man add to these treasures, he adds to the permanent possessions of the nation. Navies, armaments, wealth, are at the mercy of war. Literature is independent of disaster—nay, disaster only enriches it. It feeds on all forms and phases of the national life, and grows as steadily and surely in adversity as in prosperity. And all these men and women who pour out their lives in literature are the true national benefactors to be cherished, protected, encouraged, fully and freely recognized. They are the kings, queens, and nobles of a realm which is above the accidents of political empires—the producers of treasures which cannot decay.

When the country comes to a recognition of these facts, it comes to its highest glory. When the

birthplace of a poet grows into a shrine; when the name of a true artist becomes a title of renown and affection; when productive culture wins the honor of a prophet in a prophet's own country, the country becomes worth living and dying for. The Scotland of to-day is what Walter Scott made it. If the old man could come back and see how in millions of imaginations he has glorified the homely features of his beloved hills, and transformed every rod he ever stood upon, or wrote about, into a charmed territory, and made every fellow-countryman more tenderly patriotic—ay, if he could hear the affectionate terms in which they speak of "Sir Walter," he would feel that in one region, at least, literature had won the place that belongs to it by right, and that he, and not the chieftains of whom he sang, and wrote so wonderfully, was the greatest benefactor of the Scottish people—that he, and not the British Queen, reigns in Scotland to-day.

The people live and grow on thoughts. They are fed by magazines, speeches, sermons, books. The poet ministers to their imaginations, and when they come to realize who their real kings and benefactors are, and how subordinate to the higher life and culture of the soul are all those matters of government, finance and society, which so absorb their attention, and rise to do honor to the almoners of the heavenly bounty, we feel that they have become worthy of the work that is done for them, and that they ought to be most truly happy on whom lies the divine necessity of literary expression.

THE OLD CABINET.

It is not strange that American writers should occasionally manifest impatience at the tone of English criticism of American books. The English critics, or certain ones among them, seem to find it impossible to be interested in anything American that is not "peculiar." The same tendency is shown in many of their best journals. An American reads the columns of "items" from America with curiosity and astonishment. Can it be that all these preposterous things have happened under his very window, and he has never heard a word about them? These absurdities are put forth, not as abnormal cases, but as the news from America. The fact is, that the true islander is not interested in anything outside, unless it is something that may directly affect his own person and property. "I suppose it is really difficult,"—said a cockney writer to a New York editor, of whom he was seeking employment—"really difficult for you to imagine how little we care about things in America, you know!"

And so it is with the British critics. They harp upon transatlantic imitation of English models just as if, because we happen to live in New York instead of Manchester, we were to be cut off from the literature

into which we were born. Must an American poet who is as ignorant of Indians, prairies, cañons, geysers, and the rest, as if he had been brought up within the shadow of St. Paul's (and had been a subscriber to the London edition of SCRIBNER), must he be condemned because he cannot express himself in Choctaw, or make his verse savor of the Yellowstone?

Such criticism is the offspring of a double ignorance—an ignorance, namely, of American civilization, and of the principles of poetry, to say nothing of the further ignorance of American literature. So far as imitation goes, we claim the right to our own language, to its literature, and to all the legitimate influences of that literature. We claim the right further, to imitate in just the same sense that Homer and Dante, and Shakespeare, and Byron, and Keats, and Tennyson, and Swinburne, imitated. We do not find that even an English critic calls Solomon to account for imitating David. It might puzzle the same critic to select from a dozen Italian sonnets—none of which he had happened to see before—those which were written by Dante and those which were from the pen of some friend or predecessor of his.

ere are plays and poems bound up with Shakespeare's works, concerning whose authorship many learned British critics are exceedingly puzzled to-
y, and will be, no doubt, to the end of time.

Now have we brought our own swift condemnation upon us! We see the serene smile that plays over the features of our critical cousin at mention of these luminous names. But if any poet of America desires to be tried by a standard different from the standard by which the greatest are judged,—then, indeed, he deserves no mercy at the hands of "The *hænum*." The question as to any piece of poetic work is simply this: What beauty has it; what sincerity; what worth of thought? These are things the world is sure, sooner or later, to find out.

If we were writing a letter to a young person in America who gave promise of poetical accomplishment, we might say something like this: Do not be easily troubled by this bugbear of imitation. Nevertheless, if you find yourself inclined to imitate any particular author, fight against that tendency without remorse. Perhaps, instead of fleeing his works, a better way is to "have it out with him." Tennyson, for instance, is your *bête noir*, read him rough and through till whatever he has of mere mannerism, whatever of affectation, cloy upon you. You will then instinctively avoid his faults, and you will have learned, as you should learn, and as you have the right to learn, something of his exquisite art. Above all, "look in your heart and write." If what you have written in all earnestness and sincerity takes no hold upon those of your fellows, to whom you naturally turn for an audience,—if they, as the years go on, and your skill and purpose, and individuality have freer play and development,—if they still pronounce your best work nothing but echo and imitation—then you had better give up. But remember that the tendency to imitate is a part of that sensitiveness to impression which belongs to the poetic organization. In a sense, all poetry is imitation. The most original and individual of poets often begin with imitation, and the greatest put the whole world of life and literature under their contribution. If you have stuff in you, you will find the talk about imitation growing less and less, and by and by you may have the fact of your own work on originality well proved by the crowd of mere mocking-birds who are trying to sing your songs. Look in your heart and write—and all the better for you, for your art, and for your good name, if you had there the land of your birth:

"She that lifts up the manhood of the poor,
She of the open soul and open door,
With room about her hearth for all mankind!"

If you should need further exhortation on the subject of your own country, we might address to you some such words as those addressed early in the century by Joseph Rodman Drake to Fitz-Greene Halleck. It was a stirring note the young poet sounded for the awakening of his friend to more sincere and lofty effort. In our day the exhortation of Drake has not the wide application it then

had. Doubtless, this clarion call had its effect upon others besides the poet for whose awakening it was intended: "You damn me with faint praise," said Halleck to Drake upon receiving the latter's criticism upon his work. "Yes," answered his friend—

"Yes, faint was my applause, and cold my praise,
Though soul was glowing in each polished line;
But nobler subjects claim the poet's lays,
A brighter glory waits a muse like thine.
Let amorous fools in love-sick measure pine;
Let Strangford whimper on in fancied pain,
And leave to Moore the hackneyed rose and vine.
Be thine the task a higher crown to gain—
The envied wreath that decks the patriot's holy strain!"

"Yet not in proud triumphal song alone,
Or martial ode, or sad sepulchral dirge:
There needs no voice to make our glories known;
There needs no voice the warrior's soul to urge,
To tread the bounds of nature's stormy verge;
Columbia still shall win the battle's prize:
But be it thine to bid her mind emerge,
To strike her harp, until its soul arise
From the neglected shade, where low in dust it lies.

* * * * *

"'Tis true, no fairies haunt our verdant meads;
No grinning imps deform our blazing hearth;
Beneath the kelpie's fang no traveler bleeds,
Nor gory vampire taints our holy earth,
Nor specters stalk to frighten harmless mirth,
Nor tortured demon howls adown the gale;
Fair reason checks these monsters in their birth.
Yet have we lay of love and horrid tale,
Would dim the manliest eye, and make the bravest pale.

* * * * *

"But if the charms of daisied hill and vale,
And rolling flood, and towering rock sublime;
If warrior deed, or peasant's lowly tale
Of love or woe should fail to wake the rhyme,
If to the wildest heights of song you climb,
(Though some who knew you less might cry beware!)
Onward! I say—your strains shall conquer time!
Give your bright genius wing, and hope to share
Imagination's worlds—the ocean, earth and air.

"Arouse, my friend—let vivid fancy soar:
Look with *creative* eye on nature's face;
Bid airy sprites in wild Niagara roar,
And view in every field a fairy race;
Spur thy good Paolet to speed apace,
And spread a train of nymphs on every shore.
Or, if thy muse would woo a ruder grace,
The Indian's evil Manitous explore,
And rear the wondrous tale of legendary lore.

"Away! to Susquehanna's utmost springs,
Where throned in mountain mist Areouski reigns,
Shrouding in lurid clouds his plumbeous wings,
And sternly sorrowing o'er his tribe's remains.
His was the arm, like comet ere it wanes,
That tore the streamy lightning from the skies,
And smote the mammoth of the Southern plains.
Wild with dismay, the Creek affrighted flies,
While in triumphant pride Kanawha's eagles rise.

"Or westward far, where dark Miami wends,
Seek that fair spot, as yet to fame unknown,
Where, when the vesper dew of heaven descends,
Soft music breathes in many a melting tone,
At times so sadly sweet, it seems the moan
Of some poor Ariel pined in the rock.
Anon—a louder burst!—a scream!—a groan!
And now amid the tempest's reeling shock,
Gibber and shriek, and wail—and fiend-like laugh and mock.

"Or climb the Palisado's lofty brows,
Where dark Omana waged the war of hell,
Till waked to wrath the mighty spirit rose,
And pent the demons in their prison cell.
Full on their head the uprooted mountain fell,
Enclosing all within its horrid womb!
Straight from the teeming earth the waters swell,
And pillared rocks arise in cheerless gloom
Around the drear abode—their last eternal tomb."

* * * * *

Halleck and Drake—after all, what lines that either of them wrote are likely to outlast the simple tribute which Halleck, in despair of nobler and more fitting utterance, laid with tears upon the grave of the man he loved :

“Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor nam'd thee but to praise.”

TO RETURN to our English critics (and we have shown, after all, that their mistaken criticism carries an admonition it would be well to heed),—in point of fact, of whom was Poe the servile imitator? What poetry of this century is likely to outlast the shocks of time longer than that of Emerson? And from what Englishman did Emerson steal his profound and marvelous verse?

It would be ungenerous to suppose a shade of irritation upon the critical transatlantic mind, owing to a consciousness of the fact that, notwithstanding their own unrestricted enjoyment of all the hereditary local “models,” our island cousins have been compelled to send to Massachusetts for “the household poet of England.”

WE were lately trying to discover the qualities which made a literary work a part of literature, and sincerity was named as perhaps the most important quality. Sincerity is a great matter, but is it the principal thing? Is not the principal thing, after all, the mind and mood of the writer? At first this

will seem a trite enough statement, but a very good argument can be made for mere style.

We have all been struck at this phenomenon: we are profoundly impressed by a passage we have read, and, after some time, we turn back to read it once more, when, instead of finding at least half a page of print, as we had expected, we find only two or three lines. There is another allied phenomenon—a single line, or passage, in a poem, or an entire poem of but a few lines, obtains great currency, and is constantly praised for its charm. You cannot tell what gives it such fascination; what keeps it so fresh in your own mind, and in the minds of all cultivated people. You have seen other passages and poems by obscure writers, which appeared at first to have more thought and originality. Your amateur friend has, in moments of confidence, read to you his “Ode to the Inscrutable.” Some of the lines were really Wordsworthian, not to say Miltonic! Nothing, indeed, is more common in amateur verse-making, of a certain kind, than lines which remind you of Shakespeare, when read aloud by their authors. But, somehow, when the verses get into print, the world is not moved by them, and you confess that type has a queer effect upon poetry, and that it is never safe to commit yourself critically until you “get the poem into your own hands.”

So it happens that the simple phrase which the great poet himself set little value upon, and which seemed to him a miserably inadequate statement of his thought—the phrase, the poem, comes, with light in its garments, from a high and pure mind, from a golden and immortal mood.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Fashions in Suits.

As heretofore, combinations of silk and wool fabrics are the favorite style; but many of the most elegant imported dresses are of a single material, though rarely of a single shade—the fondness for mingling different shades and different colors growing by what it feeds on. The method of mingling tints is to have the skirt and sleeves of the darker shade, and the over-dress and basque of the lighter, with a judicious combination of both in the trimmings. Where the costume is of plain and plaided or striped goods, the plain matches the darkest hue in the plaid, and forms the skirt and sleeves. Almost every variety of new stuff is plaided, more or less gayly, and it is with reference thereto, that the modes are designed. Plaids render the figure much larger in appearance than it actually is; consequently, the skirt, apron, and basque are made to fit the figure as closely as it is possible for them to cling. Little trimming, save bands, folds, and slight shirrings in the drapery, is allowed on plaid goods, whatever the material; indeed, every tasteful eye can detect at a glance the extreme difficulty

of ornamenting broken lines and squares successfully. Thus, the favorite over-dresses this season will be aprons,—often very long,—either sharply pointed in the middle, or perfectly square on the lower edge, drawn as smooth and tight across the front and sides as tapes and pins can make them. Behind, the aprons will meet over the tournure, and generally will be secured under a long, loosely-looped sash. Frequently the trimming on the skirt reaches much higher behind than in front, though no amount of skill can ever render this anything but ugly.

In the way of garniture, fashion seems evenly divided between shirrings and knife-plaiting; though the former, being more economical both in time and material, is likely to become the favorite. Sometimes the two styles are used together, to the improvement of neither. Being essentially different, only a false taste would ever wish to mingle them. Many rows of narrow knife-plaiting, with bands at the head, or two rows of wide knife-plaiting lapping each other, are in favor for street skirts. They are extremely heavy, however, especially for spring cos-

umes; and at this time, when the first recommendation of a suit is its lightness, shirred trimmings are usually to be preferred. A French style of trimming is a deep flounce shirred a finger's width near the top, with a two-inch knife-plaiting on the upper and lower edges of the flounce. The over-skirt, to match, has a two-inch knife-plaiting set under the edge, with a corded bias band above. It is, then, either shirred up and down the middle of the apron, or across the ends which join over the tournure.

Basques, almost without exception, are cut in the mirror shape; that is, straight round below the waist line, without any fullness, and buttoned down to the front to the extreme edge. No trimming but handsome buttons is allowed on them; the bottom being finished by one or two large cords, and the back by a standing collar of some sort. The shoulder seams are cut very short; the sleeves, therefore, are rather sharply rounded at the top to imitate the peculiarly shaped arm-holes. Close coat-sleeves (with simple, but stylish cuffs combining the two materials or colors) are the only ones allowable in street dresses.

It is rumored, unhappily, that our brief but glorious struggle for short street dresses is to end in failure this season; but we hope that American women will still contend for just that degree of independence of mode which shall provide a garb of convenient length for the promenade. We must leave our walks, and we want to be tidy; *ergo*, we must abandon, finally and forever, trailing skirts on dusty pavements.

Evening Dresses.

THE designs for party robes have never been so charming, we believe, as now. The dainty selections of colors, the delicate commingling of stuffs, the soft touches that produce a maximum of effect from a minimum of cause, all contribute to the beauty of the toilets known as full dress.

To tell the little tale from the beginning, it is well to mention that trains are very long, very slender in shape, and tied back, in front and on the sides, as smooth as it is compatible with locomotion. The cut is a wide, gored front breadth, two or very wide side gores, and two straight but narrow back breadths. Sometimes, where this cut does not seem sufficiently long and slender, the seam between the two straight widths is left open for half a yard or so, from the bottom, and a flounce of the silk, plaited like a fan, is set in between the breadths. The effect of this is to render the train more pointed than ever, and, ordinarily, it can hardly be considered an improvement. The prettiest evening dresses are of silk and some thin fabric, like gauze, grenadine, crêpe de Chine, or English crêpe; while the current fancy is to have the color of the thick and thin stuff identical. The peculiar shape of the rail precludes the possibility of effectively trimming the skirt in rows straight round the bottom. Hence, the part of the train resting on the ground is trimmed across until a line is reached, which can be continued round the skirt.

A favorite caprice is to have the two straight

widths in the back covered with shirred breadths of tulle, crêpe, or gauze. The thin breadths are shirred on each edge, and tacked lightly to the silk below; but their fullness forms a fleecy puff over the silken skirt. With this garniture on the back, two or three narrow plaitings, puffings, ruches, or ruffles of the silk and gossamer, combined, outline the skirt, while across the front and sides, are carried loose sashes of the thin stuff mingling with the puffing in the back. These sashes are almost always either beaded, or fringed by wreaths of artificial flowers, which, though never in quite unquestionable taste, are far less objectionable than formerly, since, in many cases, it is difficult to detect the copy from the original. French flowers—many of them made in this country—are so much a part of evening toilets that they are sold in sets of garlands of different lengths, suitable for the waist, skirt, and hair. If carefully selected as to color, a set of flowers will serve for several dresses, which they certainly ought to do, as they cost from fifteen to fifty dollars the set.

As during last year, white will be very popular for evening robes. Chiefly, white grenadines, gauze, tulle, and crêpe will be made up on white silk slips, for they last much better in this way; but for very young ladies, these thin stuffs will be made up over petticoats of the same. A white gown of this sort is one of the most useful adjuncts to any wardrobe. It is fit alike for winter and summer entertainments, can be freshened and varied by different tinted sashes, flowers, and bows, and is not originally as expensive as a rich silk. It was once said by a society woman who made dress a study, that, if a lady could have but two gowns, she should choose a black silk and a white silk; because, with these bases, she could form an indefinite variety of costumes, with trifling expense of money and material. A white silk grenadine or gaze de Chambéry serves almost every purpose of a white silk, at considerably less expense.

Very pretty bodices of bright-colored silk, trimmed with very full pinked ruches, are made to wear over black, white, and neutral tinted gowns. They are sleeveless, cut high to the throat, or Pompadour, as preferred,—the basque part hanging low on the sides in smooth peplum points. One or two such bodices are invaluable to a limited wardrobe; indeed, a number of dainty trifles like these are more desirable than innumerable gowns destined, in a year's time, to be somewhat out of date.

Hats and Bonnets.

THE head-coverings which are offered us this season are pitched at every conceivable angle from the face, except a becoming one.

In material, they are principally of the frailest, daintiest chip, in various delicate shades of grays, browns, écrous, creams, and lavenders, as well as black and white. There is a smaller variety than usual of the more durable straws, and such as there are are so inferior in beauty to chip, that it may be regarded as a cunning device of manufacturers to

compel us to choose the loveliest and least serviceable head-covering.

It is on the top of the crown—if these bonnets can be considered as having a crown distinct from the rest of the hat—and at the back, that the trimming is massed. This is an artful design; for the bonnets look as if they were falling off anyhow, and the weight of the garniture would appear to be the cause. Beautiful damask ribbons, wide and soft, are used as scarfs, tied loosely around the crown, with many loops. Whole beds of flowers, with bright-hued birds in the midst of them, are dropped carelessly on the silken loops; looking as if the wearer had accidentally passed under a rose bush, and received its over-ripe blossoms on her head.

More loops and ends are on this season's bonnets than were worn last year; but they are generally so nearly hidden by the floral decorations that they would hardly be noticed. Hats and bonnets alike have face trimmings; usually a band or twist of silk more or less covered with flowers and leaves. Indeed, as for the fashion, it is impossible to get on too great a conglomeration of flowers, leaves, grasses, stems, ferns, etc., etc., though the bound of good taste is easily overstepped.

The whole difference between hats and bonnets appears to exist in the small matter of strings. On any other ground, the most discriminating critic would hardly dare to base a distinction.

Outside Garments.

THERE is no lack of variety in sacques and mantles, capes, and coats. They are long or short, round or square. To say that one is more strictly the mode than another, would be somewhat rash; yet, just at this moment, little, half-fitting cashmere sacques, single-breasted, with long, square tabs in front, and short, round back resting smoothly over the tournure, appear to have the preference. These are generally trimmed with gimp and fringe, or heavy braid sewed on in horizontal or perpendicular rows,—the width of the braid apart. Now and again, a wide silk facing is employed; but this is regarded as a little gone-by. These sacques are high in the neck, and finished by standing collars, precisely like those used on dresses. The cuffs and pockets are sometimes of eccentric shape, but, for the most part, of the plainest and severest type.

The tendency, with all outer garments, is to greater length in the front than in the back. This is neither graceful nor becoming; but it is new and therefore the most will be made of it. Sometimes it is carried to extremes; as when the front of a garment reaches nearly to the bottom of the skirt, while the back scarcely covers the basque of the dress. Such a style is rare, however, and finds few admirers. All garments are single-breasted this season; the convenient and jaunty little English walking-jacket, heretofore so deservedly a favorite, having been relegated to the shades of departed styles.

For elderly ladies, and those to whom jackets are not adapted, many garments of the dolman char-

acter are made. Some of them are more elegant and distinguished than the sacques, but they are not suitable for misses and young ladies. Such wraps as these are usually fitted in the back, and loose in front, and have cape-like sleeves thrown up gracefully over the arms. The most expensive as well as the prettiest trimming for them is lace—Chantilly or guipure—headed by bands of feathers. This, however, is beyond the average purse; hence, very full fringed or pinked ruches of silk will be employed in place of feathers, and fringe instead of lace.

Beads, jet and steel, and glass, have nearly run their race in regard to outside garments. Though they are often found in gimps, they are seldom used to embroider garments alone; and wherever they appear, they are far less conspicuous and obtrusive than they were. It is believed that another winter will give us an entire surcease of them.

As plaid suits are so much the rage, it is necessary that they should have a wrap of their own material; for black looks badly over them. Sacques made of plaids would be insufferable; so the plaid wraps will be mantles, scarfs thrown entirely round the shoulders, and half-capes neatly fitted to the figure in the back, and worn shawl-fashion in front. These garments will be convenient chance wraps for chilly evenings, with other suits than the one they match.

Color in Houses.

ANY foreigner traveling through the countless inland towns and villages between New York and San Francisco would be ready to declare that Americans were born without any sense of color. He sees one long panorama of red brick, or white wooden houses, with green shutters, and is hurried past large crops of pasteboard villas, with Greek stables and Gothic hencoops, the favorite hue for which appears to be a pale, aguish yellow. In fact it is our lack of training in this matter of color which gives to the whole face of the country its look of crudeness, of glaring newness. A farmer, or villager, builds his new house with two leading ideas as far as beauty is concerned: cleanliness and "the fashion." He satisfies the first acquirement by daubing zinc paint or whitewash with an unsparing brush on the walls outside and inside, on gates, fences, even the trunks of the trees. Then he piles a Mansard roof on the wooden fabric, because the squire tells him it is "the style;" spreads a hideous Brussels carpet, with wreaths of impossible flowers, over the parlor floor, for the same reason; hangs some glaring chromos on the wall, and sits down for the rest of his life contented with having proved his title to be considered a man of taste.

House decoration has only within the last ten years been studied as an art in even the large cities of this country. It is no wonder, therefore, that the mass of householders have scarcely as yet learned its alphabet. Before they begin to learn it we would suggest two or three maxims so apparent as to be platitudes; the first of which is, that beauty, while it begins in cleanliness, by no means ends

there; and, secondly, that it has no inborn relation whatever to the style or fashion; thirdly, that in default of good models, nature is the best teacher, although we confess it requires some culture or a native gift of insight to understand her lessons. The farmhouse builder, with his unlimited swash of white paint, could have learned some truths from the woods, or even the well-tramped road beside him. He will nowhere in nature find permanent, glaring, white coloring, in masses. The hue of the earth, pale grays, browns, yellows, may give him a hint of a base of color for his walls; and for their relief, the darker shades of the moss, or weeds, which he may study on any damp stone or fence-rail. The peculiar gratification to the eye given by the priceless work of Turkish and Persian looms is caused by precisely the same combination of colors as those of lichen in October on the bark of an old tree. It is a popular rule, too, with housekeepers, more ambitious than aesthetic in their tastes, to buy a carpet or wall-paper, which of itself "furnishes" a room. Nature, as they may see by looking out of the window, has chosen her carpet and drapery of quiet monotonous tints, to serve as a background for small and fine effects. We can do little more than suggest this subject to our readers, with the remark that a room without a well-marked meaning is a body without a soul; but that the slightest intrusion of pretension or assertion of wealth into that meaning only gives vulgarity as a soul to the body, and makes it offensive when it might have been only dull.

A Grate for Wood Fires.

INSERT a broad strong iron bar securely from side to side of the fire-place, and directly in front, about six inches above the hearth. From this bar let others of less diameter, and about four or five inches apart, extend at right angles to the back of the fire-place, where they may be fastened in the wall, or to a transverse bar, or secured properly upon bricks. No andirons are needed with a grate of this kind; and the wood burns well; and the ashes fall down, and are easily removed.

If a second bar is fixed a few inches above the large front bar, the danger of the wood rolling forward and out of the fire-place will be averted.

A Veritable Curry.

AN Englishman, who has traveled extensively, gives the following recipe for a curry he saw made in Malay, and vouches for its excellence:

Cut up a fowl into small pieces, and provide four dried and two green onions, five chillies, half a tea-spoonful of turmeric, one tea-spoonful of coriander seed, one of white cummin, and one of sweet cummin. Pound the seeds, turmeric, and chillies well, and slice the onions fine. Butter a saucepan, and, after slightly browning the onions, add the pounded ingredients, with just sufficient water to reduce them to a paste, and throw in the pieces of fowl, and mix well until the meat has a yellow tint. Lastly, add cocoanut-milk, and boil until sufficiently cooked. The

cocoanut-milk is obtained by soaking the finely scraped meat of an old nut in warm water, and straining out the fiber.

Kitchen Floors.

WHAT shall we put upon our kitchen floors in winter? "Nothing" would probably be the reply of the sanitarian or of the scrupulously neat housewife. A painted floor, or, better still, one simply oiled two or three times a year, is undoubtedly the most cleanly, for it can easily be wiped up, and is not constantly sprinkling dust over the food like a carpet; but then it is so cold in winter. Sanitarians condemn carpets because they give us dust to inhale; but perhaps perpetual cold feet are equally unhealthy, and carpets are warm. Nevertheless, a carpet is not a desirable thing in a kitchen. It should be taken up and shaken at least once a week, which is a very great trouble, and even then it is really clean only about one day. Sweeping it merely sends the dust flying over everything. Oil-cloth is most commonly used, and is easily kept clean, but it is as cold as the floor. If strips of carpet are laid about, they are always curling up at the corners, or working up into ridges, or tripping people up.

Won't somebody please invent something for kitchen floors that can be easily washed, that will not hold dust, and that will be warm?

Burn your Magazines!

BACK numbers of magazines, if not neatly bound, and if permitted to "lie around loose," with torn and soiled covers, become, in the course of years, a great household nuisance. If you can think of no other way of disposing of them, under such circumstances, it is unquestionably best to use them for kindling the fires; they are good solid kindling, combining the principal virtues of paper and wood. We can confidently recommend this method of making a fire, because we have never tried it. We confess to being a little selfish in this matter of magazines; like the Rothschild, who gave guineas to beggars just for the fun of it, we give all the old magazines that we don't want to a certain bright little Irish girl, whom we happen to know, and who manifests the most amusing delight in their possession. Not only she, but her whole family of brothers and sisters, not to say fathers and mothers.

One reason for burning these old magazines is, that if you should send a bundle of them to some poor fellow in a city hospital, or to a family in the far West, or in the South, you would probably receive such a pathetic, not to say tragic, letter, that all your peace of mind would be destroyed for two entire days, or more; such a letter, in fact, as the following, which was written not long since by a woman of the South to some one in New York:

"SIR: A year ago I received a package of periodicals from some unknown Samaritan. I am now in receipt of another, for which most welcome favor, may the good God, who blesses him who extends the cup of cold water to a perishing fellow-creature, bless you in basket and in store, and all belonging to you, to the third generation. Having been reduced through the late horrible war from comparative affluence to poverty, and having

two young daughters, whom I have striven to educate as best I could, and who, like myself, love knowledge, and are yet too poor to subscribe for one periodical, I feel such deep gratitude for this favor that I cannot refrain from thanking you from the very core of my heart. Could you know what delight we felt when the package was received, I feel that you would experience that divine truth: It is more blessed to give than to receive. Living in a dreary and sparsely populated portion of the country, with but little society, and so little to read, it is one of the greatest treats that we could desire, to get a new periodical or a book. I never, in fact, get a package with a piece of newspaper around it but I read every sentence I can make out, and I have often sought for the refuse papers swept from the publishers' doors. I believe God will bless him who ministers to the hungry mind, as well as him who nourishes the suffering body. I will not bore you longer, but trust you will bear in mind that you have given the purest and most heartfelt pleasure to one of God's suffering and brain-starved creatures."

Notes from Correspondents.

COFFEE-MAKING.—First, buy your coffee, and buy it carefully, seeing that it is thoroughly and evenly roasted, but free from any burnt grains, a few of which will ruin the flavor of a large quantity. See that it is Java, or, best of all, is a mixture of Mocha and Java. Buy it in the grain to avoid impurities and adulteration. Do not buy largely at a time, as there is a peculiar freshness of flavor when newly roasted. Keep it in a closely-covered tin, or earthen vessel. Grind it rather fine, as you need it, for the flavor is dissipated if it is long unused after grinding, even when under cover.

To those who like it, the French method commends itself as giving rich and highly flavored coffee very quickly, and is also to be commended in point of economy, a far smaller portion being sufficient,—since, if judiciously managed, one well-filled tablespoon contains sufficient for two persons. For a small quantity have always a small pot, as it is far nicer and hotter if the pot be of the size to contain only about the quantity needed.

For distilling, the coffee must be ground much finer than for boiling, and must be drunk at once, as it becomes very flat by standing.

A distilling coffee-pot can be obtained, with full directions for use, at any house-furnishing establishment; but let me suggest this—have the pot thoroughly heated with boiling water, and, before allowing it to drip, moisten sparingly and slowly, adding but a few drops of water at a time, since, if allowed to filter before thoroughly permeated, the liquid will be pale in color, weak, tasteless, and disappointing. This no shopkeeper will think to tell you. When thoroughly saturated, keep the little cup constantly filled, and filter as rapidly as possible in order to have the coffee fresh and hot; do this until you have a quantity corresponding to the amount of coffee. But so many prefer the old-fashioned plan of boiling coffee, that I give briefly and simply the plan of a lady, whose coffee is, by all her friends, highly enjoyed, and which gains from them enthusiastic praise:

Have an ordinary coffee-pot, no peculiar style or patent; to each person allow a good table-spoonful of coffee, and one or two extra "for the pot."

Pour boiling water upon this, and boil for eight or ten minutes; then have a beaten egg in a bowl of cold water; add this, and let it merely boil thor-

oughly for a moment. Remove from the stove; add, if needed, more water; leave it for a moment to settle, before serving. Let the latter be done, if possible, with cream and sugar.

The old plan was to mix the egg with the ground coffee, and boil, but this housekeeper observed that the albumen, hardening and holding the coffee, deprived the liquid of half its flavor and color.

WRITING IN THE LAP.—I think you are somewhat mistaken about "writing in the lap" in saying that women write so because they have no other convenient place. I think you will find that many have a comfortable desk, and there are very few who cannot command the use of a table!

But, with some broad portfolio, or base to hold the paper, especially if there be some sort of spring to keep it in place, there is no more natural or healthful position for writing than in the lap, unless, indeed, one be very near-sighted, which makes a difference.

In writing at a desk or table, it is almost certain that one arm or the other will be raised unnaturally, and when this is the right arm, there is pressure upon the nerves of the shoulder from the dress or coat, and upon the under side of the arm, by the desk or table. From this pressure, and the constant use of the fingers in perhaps a cramped position, come the frequent cases of what is called "scrivener's paralysis." In order to write easily, the ink and paper should be good, the pen light and flexible, the penholder elastic and light, and of a size not to cramp the fingers. The position should be as natural as possible, upright, and with neither arm much raised or depressed.

Attention to these points makes a wonderful difference in the fatigue of writing, and the over-fatigue of writing too much. Nor should writing be too continuous; it is a saving of time and strength to rise from one's seat at least once in half an hour, move about, throw up and swing the arms, and relieve all tension of the muscles.

And—to go a long way from the point of writing in the lap—if one has done a long evening's work, a few moments in the fresh air are a wonderful refreshment. Or, if that is impossible, a thorough dash with cold water on forehead and shoulders, and especially on the lower part of the back. Cold water and friction on the lower part of the spine are as good as a new supply of electricity, or nerve-power!

BREAD-BAKING.—The writer of "Curious Things in Housekeeping" expresses great surprise that the woman of "average good sense," who baked twice a week "regular" for thirty-five years, did not, at the three thousand four hundredth baking, succeed in making good bread. Would it not have been more surprising if, after having baked bad bread three thousand three hundred and ninety-nine times, she should have made good bread the three thousand four hundredth time? This would really have been a phenomenon for which no laws of science, or bread-making, could possibly account.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Ristori in New York.

It has been said of certain story-tellers in the past, that "so extraordinary is their power" of facial expression, "and so skillfully modulated are the inflections of their voices, that even a European, ignorant of the language, can follow their narrative with absorbing interest." Something of the same ability, perhaps, should be credited to Ristori, along with those other eminent actors and actresses who of late years have crossed the Atlantic and made their appearance amongst us, in full confidence that their genius for dramatic expression would find its way to the hearts of a foreign and English-speaking public, even through the barriers of German or Italian speech. It is true, that books of the play, which the auditors of those Oriental story-tellers must dispense with, are a great assistance; and it is true, also, that a large proportion of the audiences which receive Ristori, Salvini, Seebach, or Anauschek, in this city, is made up of persons owning the same nationality as the actors themselves. This, however, is only saying that the field for such representations in New York is one of those circumstances have made fertile, and that is naturally open to extensive cultivation. But we suspect that it is not so much the attraction of seeing a compatriot distinguishing him or herself on the stage that fills the theaters for these eminent histrionists, as the pure and simple charm of the dramatic representation itself. We recall in this connection the cultured satisfaction which Théophile Gautier exhibits in his "Winter in Russia," at the performance of Ira Aldridge, the American negro, who played "Othello" and "Lear" in English, while the company with whom he acted spoke German, before an assemblage of Russians, a great part of whom probably made their comments on the piece in French! Here, indeed, was a confusion of tongues quite surpassing that bilingual transaction between Booth and Dawson, some years since, at the old Winter Garden. Gautier himself understood neither English nor German, and seems to think that he enjoyed the performance all the better for that reason. Admitting a good deal of justice in his opinion, and making allowance for the reliance on librettos, and the influence of that social "follow my leader" feeling which sets the fashion in such matters, we think it fairly due to Madame Ristori's skill to say that that is the real attraction; and such appeals to the common human reverence for art, as she and others have in recent years made, seem to us commendable. They open to genius in this department a field of personal influence denied to the writer of books, and no less limited than the whole civilized world. But let us look at this special exhibition of Italian skill and genius more in detail.

Madame Ristori's performances were certainly disappointing. Divesting ourselves of prejudice, and

throwing aside as far as possible the mist of rather maudlin rhetoric which some of the daily papers had promptly emitted on her appearance, we confess to having seen in the "Elizabeth" and "Mary Stuart" of this actress, two rather dreary and depressing exhibitions. Both dramas are defective, considered with any regard for close artistic construction. But that is not so much the point, as the indefinable melancholy, quite apart from any mournful results of the tragedy (which, in fact, did not affect us at all), that gradually settled down upon us like a black dust scattered from some relic that is being lifted and handled after long repose, while these two plays slowly dragged through their appointed course. At first, we were pleased with that subdued, sonorous recitation of the rhythmic Italian, and those rounded, easy gestures which even the less important personages gave us—stately movements of the person and of the arms that seemed a grace come down from ancient Rome. The scenery was thin and shabby, the dresses were sadly worn; nevertheless, the performance distinctly possessed that quality of "tone" corresponding to the same thing in painting, which most contemporary representations lack. We mean, that the atmosphere of tragedy was somehow engendered out of scenery, costume, speech, and action: all the parts adjusted themselves in harmonious relations. This grace and harmony is peculiarly Italian; there is a native familiarity on the part of the actors with that imaginary life they are called upon to enact, resulting, perhaps, from the class-feeling of the dramatic profession in Italy, which causes whole families and successive generations of the same family to live upon the stage—being born there, to continue there, and, continuing, to die there also. This inherited ease was illustrated in the aptness of little Stella Ristori, who made the part of the childish Dauphin in "Marie Antoinette" much more endurable than parts usually can be, in which it is necessary to force children to appear. But it may have been partly owing to this "tone" that the entrance of Elizabeth into the scene somehow did not arouse one so much as would have been expected. As the piece proceeded, we became aware that the sensations it excited were akin to those that come of straying among ruins—sensations of a pensive reminiscence, somber association, tragedy, if you will; yet of tragedy a good deal tempered by commonplace and by connoisseur-like satisfaction. In truth, we did not *lose ourselves*, but wandered at ease through *débris* and fine-sculptured capitals and flourishing weeds, only at intervals coming upon some stalwart fragment of a temple, or proud column upright and beautiful as when first reared. The performance rose high in points here and there, as in the subtle skill of that double dictation of letters to Leicester and Popham, and in the throne-room scene with Elizabeth and Essex in conflict. But there was something positively

squalid in the death of Elizabeth, a suggestion of some poor Italian woman expiring in a Roman garret, instead of the proud queen that would not let life leave her except it should be broken short off. And how did it happen that we entered so much more into Essex's injuries than Elizabeth's indignation? Was her character indeed so hateful that the highest triumph of the actress should be to make sympathy difficult?

Hardly; for in "Mary Stuart," where the whole drift of character and incident was in her favor, we found ourselves insensibly going over to Signora Stefani, in the person of Elizabeth, simply because we saw in her—though assisted only by a good talent and a small supply of genius—a fervor and an imaginative conviction that attracted. Mme. Ristori, on the other hand, gave us a cold and conceited Mary Stuart, absorbed in her own wrongs to be sure, but absorbed in a way that showed she was sure of approval from the audience, rather than fortified by a burning and invincible sense of suffering. Signora Stefani, though possessed of no adequate personal presence, and not to be compared with the other as an actress, was Elizabeth—in spirit at least—in the park-scene, without trying to label herself too glaringly; but Mme. Ristori found it necessary to incorporate several subordinate persons into her rôle at this point, and required an amount of bodily propping-up from Talbot and the nurse which the real Mary Stuart would never, at her time of life and with her haughty spirit, have demanded at such a moment. In her denunciation of Elizabeth, however, at the close of this scene, she reached a white heat of anger, which, though it had a somewhat chemical glow about it, was impressive. This, indeed, was the real climax; after it, the play crumbles away in a very unsatisfactory style, and the final scene, so full of mourning dresses and white cambric, and feeble wailing, and so devoid of plastic charm, was in no way soothing to our defrauded sensibilities.

But it is quite plain that in these two rôles in which Ristori has had so many triumphs, she is not now seen to the best advantage. Her playing in them, now, has for its greatest triumph the persuading us how credible her former victories in them are. The mask, the outward appearance is much the same, but the spirit has shrunk up within their encasing substance. But the emotions connected with these parts have been for too long a time the staple of her trade, and she brings them to market in the small arena of her face with a precision and facility that show her resolved to get the highest price of applause attainable, for each shred of sentiment, each convulsive shrinking of the soul. Every artistic success, we suppose, depends upon an admixture in some degree of genius and talent. But the talent should not be plated with genius, the fine and precious gleam of which must then vanish with long wear. Rather it is the *talent* which should become less and less perceptible, as the incrustations upon a gem disappear when it is cut and polished down into its fifty facets. French connoisseurs, we have been told, said of Rachel,

'twas a pity she died so early, because they could never be sure whether she would have turned out a great actress. In their opinion, a long lifetime only would have sufficed to test her. If she grew better, if the genius shone brighter always—well and good! Judged by this severe standard, Mme. Ristori would suffer, for we begin to see under the vestiges of good gold a kind of white metal foundation. One must greatly respect her art; but, after all, it is not the mode, but the substance, which we look for in actresses of this stamp.

When we come to Medea, Lucretia Borgia, Marie Antoinette, however, it is different: here we have something in a much better state of preservation. Into these molds—but especially the last two—she pours a burning fluid of passion, apparently not afraid that they will break, and mar the form. We cannot, maturely, speak so well of Medea, a part which somehow wants coherence, and which is injured by the abrupt catastrophe following upon a rather weak second act. In Lucretia, moreover, it must be remembered that hers is absolutely the only feminine part worth mentioning, and that Victor Hugo's best constructive skill and romantic concentration have been given to the setting off of this solitary, terribly tragic figure. This we do not say in derogation, but only to prepare readers for our conclusion that Marie Antoinette is therefore altogether her finest and most majestic assumption. The persons in this play are numerous, and there is a variety of interests attaching to it; the figure of Louis XVI. is quite as prominent as the heroine's, up to the time of his removal from the scene by death. But Ristori is fortunate in having a play, in this case, which is better arranged than the rest (with the exception of Hugo's), and, therefore, all that it embraces besides the person of Marie is subordinate, or at least coöperative; so that she crowns the whole, being lifted the higher by the abundance of its subject-matter, not weighed down. The transition from her brilliant and careless prime to a premature age, reaches a dignity and beauty not even hinted at in the painful process similar to it, in Elizabeth. There are five distinct summits of high power in the piece,—at the end of the first act, where Marie Antoinette appears to the populace with the Dauphin in her arms; at the end of the third, where the royal family leave the Tuileries in that solemn procession that resembles a living sculpture, Marie following Santerre, holding the hand of the little Dauphin on his shoulder, and making one last sad gesture of farewell to the halls that she is to see no more; again, at the end of the fourth, when Louis is parted with; once more, when she defends the Dauphin from Simon's grasp; and, finally, at the close of all, when the royal heroine walks, in bonds, but proudly, toward her death. But besides these, it gives rise, in Ristori's hands, to quick strokes of vast skill at various points—like those monosyllabic masterpieces, "*Che!*" and "*Tu!*" in the fifth scene of the fifth act—that cannot be described. The whole is like an imposing procession of historic events, brilliant at first, and afterward bathed in deepest shadow, all the vicissitudes of which find

her finest and clearest accent in the person of the heroine, in her gestures, attitudes, changes of countenance, and in the melancholy alteration that befalls her youthful grace and majesty before the curtain closes out the scene. The part was magnificently played, calling out an enthusiasm very different from the coldly critical applause which the excellent-intentioned public gave her other exhibitions; and it was not only a success for the actress, but a triumph for womanhood—the womanhood of Marie Antoinette, an unfortunate but heroic queen, as well as that of all other noble women. At last, in this performance, we discovered what was the ultimate end of art so systematic and refined as this, which had up to that point been surprising us only with its wondrous mechanism; we were here again reminded how and what the drama can really teach.

We shall look back upon Ristori in the rich perspective of this play with great satisfaction. In her other impersonations, we missed that deep quality of joyousness which should underlie even the saddest and darkest tragedy, like an underground spring—making the earth above it bloom in denser shade or brighter blossoms. Satire, sternness, laughiness, a wildness almost savage could be found in them, but no hint of this; in Marie Antoinette, the mother, we came nearer to it. And, looking back, we fancy that the picture will gain power; for one thing that is essential to pleasure in Mme. Ristori's performances is—to be a trifle near-sighted. We refer partly to the evidences of waning physical force and fading freshness, which however apart from artistic merits or demerits, are still manifest at times; but we mean still more to say that her artistic method is deficient in distantness. All is too real, too much depends on facial movements, and the fineness of these effects invites the opera-glass too constantly. But, this being removed, there is still genius enough to give a broad effect of considerable efficacy. Distance and the lapse of time will tend to bring her performance into even a better focus. We were inclined, at one moment, to regret that such actresses must be so transiently seen. The whole phenomenon has so much of the classic in it, appeals to such high tastes, that to have playing like this constantly before us would be equivalent to a constant cultivation of the more delicate discriminating power in our public. But so far as simple, mellow pleasure is concerned, it is perhaps best that the reality should give place to the modifying memory.

Mr. Wilkinson's "Free Lance."*

IN collecting and entitling the forcible papers which compose this volume, their author has given new point and potency to his marked aspirations toward accurate and unbiased criticism, long since indicated, on the first appearance of certain of these essays, for he here illustrates himself more com-

pletely than it was possible for him to do in any one of the articles when issued in the form of a contribution to a magazine, and he now comes forward a distinct and consistent figure, an earnest Evangelical unable to restrain his religious ardor even while discussing subjects purely literary, and eagerly seizing the opportunity, which a review of the United States Christian Commission's labors offers, to pour out his pent-up enthusiasm without stint, once at least, before the volume shall be closed. In this review, the evangelical element in his writings reaches its highest expression, while the papers on Mr. Bryant's *Iliad*, and on *The Character and Literary Influence of Erasmus*, exhibit the culmination of his more purely literary strain. In all but the two last-named, however, his energetic orthodox thought fights boldly abreast of the associated literary thought. It will be noticed that to all these discussions, excepting the two that treat of Bryant, Mr. Wilkinson seems to have been attracted by some loose end of an ethical problem attached to each of the various subjects selected; and by those who have not already made acquaintance with these writings in the pages of SCRIBNER and elsewhere, it may be inferred accordingly that Mr. Wilkinson's readers will find themselves, throughout his pages, engaged in constant intellectual exercise.

The longest of the essays, and the one that has perhaps excited the most active attention of any in the collection, is that on Mr. Lowell's *Prose*. It is an entirely frank, unsparing, dissection of that eminent poet and scholar's prose essays, and, as it seems to us, evidences in the writer of it a rare command of the art of critical fence. Through nearly eighty pages he presses the essayist without pause; we will not count the number of times he compels the cry of "a hit;" but to the end of the bout he remains courteous, reluctant to hurt. Only once or twice does the button come off the foil, and surely not then by any malice of the critic's.

Still Mr. Wilkinson might, without injury to himself, have omitted in his book a passage like that (on p. 156) in which he not very successfully associates the names of Lowell and Gambetta. For our own part, also, we incline to think that he misunderstands Mr. Lowell, where the latter speaks of Shakespeare as having been "unfitted for the pulpit" by "the equilibrium of his judgment." The source of the misunderstanding may lie in Mr. Lowell's ambiguous expression of his idea; we hardly think he intended the implications which Mr. Wilkinson discovers. And when Lowell calls Shakespeare "incapable of partisanship," he means, doubtless, that Shakespeare would not disturb the life and working of a drama by openly taking sides with the good against the bad persons of the play. Mr. Wilkinson hits hard because he has much system and science in his attack, and, being everywhere consistent with himself, is able, at any instant, to concentrate all his energy upon any forward thrust. It is not to be wondered at that, in the heat of argument, he should discover points which, though they appear vulnerable, do not really call for a touch so sharp as that which he applies. We have therefore seen with

* *A Free Lance in the Field of Life and Letters.* By William Weaver Wilkinson. New York: Albert Mason.

real regret that his candor has in some quarters given offense.

There are passages in this essay which are not entertaining beyond the degree of entertainment that comes of seeing well-founded correction administered. These passages are concerned with the detection of grammatical errors, and one of them, the most disturbed by the pointing out of these, has been selected by a reviewer for somewhat unfair use as a specimen extract, with a contemptuous query appended. Now it strikes us that the true method of deriving benefit from Mr. Wilkinson's honest efforts is to examine the case he presents with honesty similar to his own. Even if unjust, his strictures, based "on the prompting of a vital first principle in what may be called the hygiene of literature," cannot rightly be treated with contempt; but the case is greatly simplified when we observe that they are all strongly sustained by close and unimpeachable reasoning and by principles of grammar and good taste. Mr. Wilkinson, seeing frankness forced out of court for want of a client, undertook the not altogether agreeable duty (in this case) of getting a hearing for the truth. A debt of thanks and of careful attention would assuredly seem to be owing to him for this service.

But there is other service for which he must be thanked: the suave but searching writing, namely, in his essays on Mr. Bryant's poetry, and in that already alluded to on Erasmus, together with the fine burst of enthusiasm excited by the Christian Commission—enthusiasm of a tone too seldom heard from the ranks of contemporary reviewers.

So clear-headed a critic as Mr. Wilkinson cannot, on the other hand, protest against our registering some exceptions to his judgments. In discussing the ethical quality of George Eliot's novels, we believe that he overestimates the degree of despondency supposably induced by them; at least, we think that their effect is not always found to be so discouraging as he depicts it. This may be owing to the fact that readers do not always go to her expecting theological illustration, but looking rather for presentation of phenomena in human nature in the scientific manner. That they obtain this in perfection cannot be denied; though we may deplore with Mr. Wilkinson the absence of evangelical faith from the mind of the great novelist. Yet we think it will also be found true that many readers draw a far more hopeful and encouraging inspiration from her books than our critic deems possible. In short, many persons may be found who will not concur in Mr. Wilkinson's opinion that "George Eliot tries to save us without hope." At the same time, we are aware that George Eliot's cynical selection of phenomena that do not do justice to the better traits of human nature often has a subtly embittering influence. This trait of hers is certainly a flaw in the fruit—an element of bitterness, not greatness. It seems to us, also, that Mr. Wilkinson has erred in a somewhat different direction, though in a similar manner, when he insists on the necessity for a supplemental stanza to Bryant's "June." Even in this Christian era, it may still sometimes be the office of

a poet to merely register, without further comment, a mood of mind common to human nature, whether pagan or Christian. But though these and other points of difference between the writer and the readers of this book may occur, most people, we are sure, will agree in admiration of Mr. Wilkinson's complete frankness on all occasions. It would be well for our literature if there could be more criticism of a tone so outspoken. Only if our critics should all learn to speak so strenuously, and with such unyielding conviction, there might come to pass at times an incommensurable jostling. Notwithstanding his prefatory explanation of his title, Mr. Wilkinson's method is really somewhat warlike, and it need diminish in nothing our respect for his bravery, to remember that there are methods of argument more persuasive in character, and yet equally favorable to integrity of opinion.

Robert Lowell's Writings.

If it yet be true, that of making many books there is no end, Mr. Robert Lowell may take to himself no share of responsibility for any such endlessness. It was as long ago as 1857 that the world of novel-readers was surprised by the appearance of "The New Priest in Conception Bay." In 1863 a new edition, illustrated by Darley, was issued to meet the general demand, and ten years afterward still another edition was brought out by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, both of the original volumes being included in one. There was published in 1860, just at the beginning of our civil war, a small volume of Mr. Lowell's poems, and another edition, with some noteworthy additions, was issued by E. P. Dutton & Co. at the end of the war. Last fall, Roberts Brothers, of Boston, published "Antony Brade," a strong, hearty story, of about four hundred pages, written lovingly for those "who have been boys, or are boys, or like boys." And this is the slender record of one man's contributions to general literature. We cannot find it in our heart to say we wish it were more. In these three volumes, we are sure, is the best work of a noble life.

Of the latest of these works, "Antony Brade," we cannot speak too highly. So many books for young folks are goody-goody, or downright bad, or worthless, it is a great comfort to light on a story which the grown-up reader finishes with a sigh of satisfaction, and says: "There! I want my boy to read that!" The charm of "Antony Brade" is not far to seek. The author is one who never will grow old. Whatever years and cares may do for him, his young heart always holds fast to "childhood's holy friendship, and early ambitions that were never lost." It is impossible for one whose youth is thus immortal to miss the breezy boy-life when he writes for it. Therefore, little Posterity, devouring "Antony Brade" in the waning twilight, may well say, as he closes the book: "Why, he writes just like one of us!" So much freshness, "outdooriness," if we may coin a word, is put into this story of school-boy life, it must needs act like a tonic on the reader, be he young or old. The talk of the boys is genuine boy-talk, not manish, nor yet laboriously juvenile; it is so natural,

tinged with slang, and flavored with young students' crude classicism, that we forget the fiction in the dialogue and action of the characters. Some of the older personages in the little drama, "Mr. Par-enther," for example, are drawn from life, and we are very sure that the kindly and much-nagged Principal of St. Bart's has a real existence somewhere. There is a loving heart, as well as an observant eye, that has looked into the alcove of the sleeping school-boys, and thus tells us what is to be seen:

"Generally, the faces are lying most restfully, the hand under cheek, and in many cases look awfully younger than when awake, and often very antique, as if some trick of older expression, which they had been taught to wear by day, had been dropped the moment the young ambitious will had taken control. The lids lie shut over bright, busy eyes; the air is gently and evenly fanned by coming and going breaths; there is a little crooked mound in the bed; along the bed's foot, or on a chair beside it, are the day-clothes, sometimes neatly folded, sometimes huddled off, in a hurry; bulging with balls, in the lesser fellows, marbles; stained with the sweat of many fields where woodchucks have been trapped, or perhaps torn with the roughnesses of the holes on which squirrels' holes have been sought; perhaps wet and mired with the smooth black or grey mud from marshes or the oozy banks of streams, where muskrats have been tracked. * * * * * And there, in their little cells, squared in the great darkness of night, heedless how the world whirls away about them or how the world goes, who is thinking of them or what is doing at home, the busiest people in the world are resting for the morrow."

As in "The New Priest in Conception Bay," there is in this story absolute sincerity of purpose. The description of out-door effects, the atmosphere, the scenery, detail of wood, thicket and stream, and the pitiful combinations which we call nature, are honestly given. The piqued curiosity, small gossip, and somewhat stunted diversions of village life, are as faithfully portrayed before the reader as the crawling mist on the hill-side, the miry country road, or the snowy pasture, where Antony and his comrades set their rabbit-traps. In the Newfoundland story, however, Mr. Lowell has the advantage of a peculiar race from which to draw his characters, as well as a strongly characteristic country for his local coloring. In both these he has been singularly successful. Whoever knows much of the peculiar people inhabiting the long, austere coast of Newfoundland must be charmed with the faithful reproduction of life, manners, and character in the pages of "The New Priest in Conception Bay." The rude occupations of the humble folk of Bay Harbor and Peterport, their repressed and self-contained manner of life, the primitive simplicity and faith of such as "Skipper George" and his ilk, are all true to nature. Most of the characters of the story are strong, and they are as firmly drawn as if we saw them in a real drama. Indeed, though, like "Antony and the Tide," the Newfoundland story is full of alert action, the latter is certainly more dramatic; every situation is a tableau. Mr. Lowell, we observe, has his little mystery, and he has it in each of his stories. In both, the popular idea of "plot" may

seem to make this necessary. But, for the high art of either, there is no need for anything more than the vivid pictures of real life, and the subtle delineations of human character, which the author has given us.

Mr. Lowell's stories are pervaded with fine poetic feeling, more perceptible, for obvious reasons, in "The New Priest in Conception Bay." That work, too, is somewhat somber, as suits the humor of the poet; and the volume of verse, which we have referred to already, lacks lightness and grace of movement, though no part of it may be called didactic. Mr. Lowell's poetry is elevated in tone, sweet and strong, and breathes in every line a deep religious faith. It is quite impossible for him to write trifles; his aspect is always serious, and even his charming little pastoral, "Our Inland Summer Nightfall," has a grave sportiveness. The hearty cheer of his prose is not apparent in Mr. Lowell's poems; but both prose and verse are vigorous with the strength of a pure mind, a chastened imagination, and a manly intention.

"Hours in a Library."*

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN belongs to a class of writers, of which Chorley was an excellent representative, which exists in strength in England, but which is only just beginning to gather its forces in this country. We mean the class of pure critics—men who give the best of their time and intellect to the cultivation of æsthetic judgment, and its refined expression, without necessarily aspiring to create. Chorley, indeed, had aspirations toward production, and soared a little above the critical clan; yet his actual life-employment places him with this class, the existence of which is a luxury only to be enjoyed by old communities. They are a sort of rich moss upon imaginative literature. This simile goes deeper than at first sight it seems to, for this mossy growth is very apt to argue decay in the substance to which it clings. A glance through these very readable essays on De Foe, Richardson, Pope, Scott, De Quincey, and Balzac, will show that Mr. Stephen is inviting us to feast on a few remaining excellences, choice bits from banquets, once full of novelty and delight, that are now beginning to stale. "The lapse of time must, in all cases," he says, "corrode some of the alloy with which the pure metal of all, even of the very first writers, is inevitably mixed." And the business in hand is to apply a touchstone for determining what is worthy to endure. Elsewhere, Mr. Stephen makes the same point more ingeniously. "When naturalists wish to preserve a skeleton, they bury an animal in an ant-hill, and dig him up after many days with all the perishable matter fairly eaten away. That is the process which great men have to undergo. A vast multitude of insignificant, unknown, and unconscious critics, destroy what has no genuine power of resistance, and leave the remainder for posterity." The writer's estimate of the critical function is everywhere re-

* Scribner, Armstrong & Co., are the American publishers.

markedly modest and conscientious, and it is gratifying to find that he is, in most cases, remarkably successful in separating the chaff from the wheat. In the case of Hawthorne, however, we think him a little premature in his attempts at denudation. Naturalists may want only the skeleton of an animal, but the literary critic should aspire to preserving more than the dry bones of an author. Some of Mr. Stephen's criticisms of Hawthorne on points of art it would be unjust not to admit into a discussion of the subject; but his view in all cases is prosaic, rather than poetic, and his remarks on Hawthorne are inadequate to a just presentation of the whole of our great prose-writing poet. Mr. Stephen pours on an acid in order to see what is strong enough to resist it; but the best part of a writer like Hawthorne is just that which escapes such tests, and resolves itself into "opacous cloud" in the trial.

But though he lacks the poetic apprehension, this critic is not without a pervading sense of humor, and occasionally flashes out into wit, as when, in speaking of the presumption of art-revivalists at the present time, he says: "One thing is pretty certain, and, in its way, comforting, that, however far the rage for revivalism be pushed, nobody will ever want to revive the nineteenth century." "I confess that I am generally skeptical as to the merits of infallible dialecticians, because I have observed that a man's reputation for inexorable logic is generally in proportion to the error of his conclusions"—is a remark not without quaintness. But when he says "Poe was a sort of Hawthorne and *delirium tremens*," it is clear that he is sacrificing nice distinctions to a temptation to say something bright. It is not bright, because it implies that Poe included Hawthorne, whereas the structure of the two geniuses, and their respective results, were radically different.

The paper on Walter Scott is, to our mind, the pleasantest in the book; but those on Balzac and Hawthorne show an agreeable impartiality. And all the essays are like the talk of a cultivated and kindly tempered man, flavored by an accurate and graceful knowledge of books, but also full of the fresh air of out-door, every-day life.

Life Insurance.*

ON January 1, 1874, according to the "Insurance Blue Book," there were in existence in the United States 87 life companies, 70 of which had in force 916,866 policies, assuring \$2,231,327,184. Of these 87 companies, 71 received in the aggregate, during 1873, \$125,183,935; expended \$88,958,303, and showed assets amounting to \$374,459,879. It is difficult to take in the full significance of these figures simply by reading them, but a glance at them will convey to every mind a general idea of the enormous importance which this business has assumed. Even

these totals only vaguely indicate the extent to which its ramifications penetrate every part of the land, affecting every grade of society, and touching the interests of a steadily increasing number of individuals. It is fortunate that in general the life insurance business has been conducted with such shrewdness and skill. A failure even of a small company must cause great distress. There have been such failures, but, fortunately, they have been comparatively few in number, and by this time the safer companies are so well known that an insurer has himself to blame if he goes astray in placing his policy. All the more is this the case when there is accessible such a complete and so familiar an exposition of the principles underlying life insurance as is given in this pamphlet. Professor Van Amringe has made a thorough study of this whole subject. His high reputation as a mathematician, and his well-known independence as a man, are of themselves a sufficient pledge of the fact that his presentation of the subject could not have been inspired by any company, or clique of companies; and those, therefore, who care to understand the whole theory of life insurance may study this pamphlet with the fullest confidence that it is an unbiased exposition. The better the principles of life insurance are understood, the more widely its benefits are likely to be felt, and Professor Van Amringe has done good service in thus contributing to a thorough knowledge of the subject.

Putnam's Ride.

EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY: In a communication from R. B. Thurston, of Stamford, Conn., published in the November (1874) number of your monthly, page 123, in relation to "Putnam's Ride," it is said: "It was a break-neck leap, and has given to that part of Greenwich the name Horseneck, which it still bears."

With all due deference to Mr. Thurston, I beg leave to state that in 1672 twenty-seven persons purchased, from the few Indians that still continued about the west part of the town of Greenwich, Mioschaseky, situated between the Myanos and Byram rivers. These twenty-seven proprietors kept separate records of their own, and West Greenwich, which was by them called Horseneck, was entirely under their control, so that the place had been called Horseneck for more than one hundred years before Putnam rode down the stone steps.

Very respectfully,

Cobham, Pa.

HENRY BAXTER.

French and German Books.*

La Crise de l'Eglise Réformée de France. By Doumergue. Grassart, Paris.—The Reformed Church of France is a Protestant, Synodal, Presbyterian Church, that is, one directed by representative assemblies called Synods, which were not given up even in the days of persecution, when they met in what was called the Desert. In 1871, Thiers, as President of the Republic, called a General Synod, when dissensions of great violence occurred between the Evangelical and so-called Radical parties, the Radicals forming a powerful minority. The result was an action of the majority, by which the Minister of Public Instruction and Religions of France was authorized to forward the following

* A Plain Exposition of the Theory and Practice of Life Assurance. With a Brief Sketch of its History. By J. H. Van Amringe, Professor of Mathematics, Columbia College. New York: Charles H. Kittle, 765 Sixth Avenue.

* These books may be had of Christern, 77 University Place, New York.

ment respecting legal voters to each of the wishes in the country in accordance with the parol suffrage granted by Napoleon III. "Those French Protestants are entered, or kept, on the official register at their demand, who, fulfilling the conditions actually demanded, and causing their children to be brought up in the Protestant religion, declare themselves to be heartily attached to the reformed Church of France and to the revealed truth, such as is contained in the holy books of the New and Old Testaments."

M. Thiers' right to call a synod was challenged, as every shade of opinion obtains among French Protestants, some being almost Unitarians, this attempt to draw party lines made a great stir, and very likely led to extreme language, and some misrepresentation to the more ignorant members. M. Doumergue's charges cannot be received, to claim that the Evangelicals are the real Church is not to be set aside; the others are the real innovators, being Liberals or Progressists, but that does not prevent their loud outcries against being forced to reform or leave. For the present, they seem to be the worst of it; the centralizing Evangelicals, on the east, are perfectly clear as to what they do or do not believe; the Radicals, who would appear to belong more to Democratic camps, are in a very chaotic condition.

Mémoires d'un Journaliste. By H. de Villemessant. Dentu, Paris.—In memoirs mostly reprinted in the Paris "Figaro," M. de Villemessant depicts himself as a devoted gambler; his reminiscences of the noble art are both instructive and amusing: instructive for the studies of gamblers, thieves, and religious superstitions; amusing for the happy, scanless style in which they are given. Of his many anecdotes some are good, and most of them interesting as exhibits, more or less colored, of one side of the daily life in France and South Germany of a people as have money to spend, and such as are shown by their wits. He objects to the closing of public gambling-houses, because gambling is only increased thereby. For one open, strictly watched table on which stakes are limited, there are a thousand in private houses, respectable or not, where the bets are given by one friend to the other, and the amounts at stake cannot be limited. He also encourages every kind of violence and license at cards, in order that gambling may become both dangerous and disreputable.

M. de Villemessant is before all things a royalist, and his paragraphs of small scandal are full of spite-pleasantries, whose aim is to attack political opponents, such as the Communists Grousset, Arbet, and Rochefort, the accounts of the latter, who was an intimate friend, being very curious. The same is also given to M. Thiers, and it is pleasant to see how in all his brave praises, barbed with insinuations, the real greatness of the French exponent shines through. Villemessant closes with a characteristic act of treachery: he prints an anonymous letter of M. Thiers which the latter wrote, and is said to have written, to the "Figaro" in confidence. Altogether, Villemessant evinces great

vanity, while only proving to the world that he is a gambler, a liar, a violator of confidences, and, for the comic side of him, a perpetrator of silly practical jokes.

La Faute du Mari. By Henri Rivière. Lévy, Paris.—As a serial in the pages of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," the "Husband's Fault" moved very slowly, but in book form the careful drawing tells, while the reader does not demand the sensational spices that are generally needed to pique a languid curiosity to the point of remembering a story from one number of a periodical to another. The husband's fault consists in falling desperately in love with a young widow, Cyprienne Darcy, because his wife, for whom he has sacrificed his prospects in life, is of a cold and unsympathetic nature, although devotedly attached. His love being discovered, he quits his wife; the widow dies soon after, and his own child, born unknown to him, is made the means of surprising him back into his former affection for a now sorrow-softened wife. The book is from the hand of a workman of high order.

Rafaëlla. By Arsène Houssaye. Lévy, Paris.—The letters from Paris in the New York "Tribune," which must bewilder the bucolic readers of Mr. Greeley's sheet, are from the bounding pen of the author of *Rafaëlla*. The story does not fail from too much improbability, as one might expect; yet, for all that, it is a *reductio ad absurdum* of a certain French school. The medieval Venetian subject reminds one of a prose tale of Alfred de Musset, but possesses, it is needless to say, none of the charm of that genius, while the terse epigrammatic writing, which Victor Hugo carries to such alarming lengths, is not relieved by the breathing spaces which the greater man allows his hurried readers.

The volume contains other stories, and a chapter in which M. Houssaye seems to have arrived quickly at the high tide of success that permits an author to allude to himself, not to say print eulogies by other men on himself.

Notes pour servir à l'Histoire de la Nouvelle France, 1545-1700. By the author of "Bibliotheca Americana Vetustissima." Tross, Paris.—Thorough historians, who, like Mr. Parkman, for instance, have taken up the annals of discoveries and settlements of North America, will find these bibliographical lists of, and historical notes on, the first reports of explorers all-important to their subject. Red tape and the jealousy of foreign intrusion on their amazing collections of official manuscripts, charts, and printed reports bearing on New France, kept the French authorities in the position of dog in the manger; they did not use the immense accumulation of historical data themselves, nor would they allow access on the part of others. In 1842, however, Gen. Cass, U. S. Minister to Paris, broke the charmed circle, and got sight of historical treasures that up to that time Canadian Commissioners had been unable to reach. Even in 1871, it appears to have been only grudgingly that entrance was permitted; but it is hardly possible that at present a well-accredited foreigner would be denied admission. Without drawing at the sources in Paris, it may be said that

no exhaustive work on early American history can be written; the next best thing is this careful description of authorities, supplemented by valuable notes.

Die Brüder vom Deutschen Hause. By Gustav Freytag. Hirzel, Leipzig.—The Deutsches Haus is an order of religious knights, into which the hero and independent vassal Ivo is taken at a critical moment. He is thus saved from the fury of wicked revivalist friars, from whom he has torn two victims, no other than his real true-love and her peasant father, while the result is that all the beauty and arts of the Emperor's niece, whom he has loved after the imported fashion, according to the rules of *Minne*, are unable to compete with the heroic fidelity of the village maid, Friderun. True love triumphs over *Minne*-love for a married princess, even when the princess, become a widow, gives him a glimpse of great fortunes at the Emperor's Court. We have here a full blown tale of the Crusades of the *Ivanhoe* order, historical and instructive, but not after the tiresome manner of Louisa Mühlbach. The book, indeed, is too long, but it is a practiced hand, scorning exaggerations, that has drawn the contrast between grumbling peasants and blindly obedient minor

vassals; between the poor noble, haughty from independence and a lofty lineage, and the greater vassal looking with envy on the narrow territory of the other. At first, the Emperor is a distant star, and we are sorry when, by putting us through the whole of a small crusade, including Arabs and camels, Syrians and Assassins, Dr. Freytag hurts the art in the essentially German portion of his novel. Nevertheless, it is good work, and work admirably healthy in tone. Being so recent, the decided moral drawn against the Papacy, and the hint to Prussians that they are new-comers compared to Saxons and Thuringians, may be called timely.

Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie. Duncker & Humblot, Leipzig, 1875.—Under the auspices of Maximilian II. of Bavaria, this, the first of one hundred issues, begins a complete series of biographies of eminent Germans. Among the four hundred collaborators appear the names of Döllinger and Ranke; doubtless the undertaking will be pushed with the slow thoroughness which makes German literary work so valuable. The present number gives from A to Ah inclusive, and the cost in Leipzig is 2 marks 40.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

The Prevention of Spontaneous Combustion.

BITUMINOUS coal from deep mines, and many other substances, are liable to spontaneous combustion when stored, afloat or ashore, in large quantities. Among the latest devices for preventing this is the saturation of the coal, or other materials, in carbonic acid gas, and the displacement of the ordinary air. In the case of a collier, the acid gas is poured down through tubes, passing through the coal to the bottom of the hold, where it spreads out over the floor, and gradually pushes up the ordinary air, and displaces it till the hold is full, and the coal is drowned in it. In case flame has already started in the coal, the acid gas, rising from the bottom, will at once put it out. In bins, store-houses, and the like, it is plain that the places holding the coal, cotton, wool, and other goods, must be gas-tight, or it will leak out at the bottom and escape. Two gases are recommended for this purpose, carbonic acid gas, and sulphurous acid gas, and both may be quickly and cheaply made. A common soda apparatus, where dilute sulphuric acid is allowed to drip upon marble dust, would, in a short time, manufacture sufficient carbonic acid gas to cover a hundred tons of coal. The manufacture of sulphurous acid gas is even more simple, as it is given off freely by burning sulphur. The only point to be noticed is, that this gas must be cooled before it will fall in the tubes leading to the bottom of the bin. This may be done by passing it through a tube, bent in an arch, made by joining two pieces of gas-pipe with a

return bend at the top. When cool, the gas will readily fall through pipes to the bottom of the ship's hold, bin, coal-pocket, or elevator, and if it is air-tight, will fill it to the brim. Then, if it is possible to make the hatches air-tight, the gas may be kept on the coal for an indefinite time.

Rock-drilling by Compressed Air.

THE application of compressed air to the work of drilling, "blasting holes" for mining, railroad cutting, etc., has brought out a great variety of inventions, all of more or less value. These air-driven drills have now come into common use, both here and in Europe, and any novel form they may assume becomes of interest. The latest device comes from England, and is radically different from those in use. The common drill of the "jumper" pattern has the apparatus that moves the drill secured to its top, and jumps up and down in the hole, delivering its blow at every stroke. The new drill consists of a steel drill of the ordinary form that is struck on the top by a hammer. The drill does not rise in the hole, but merely turns partly round between each blow. The hammer slides in a suitable case, or guide, that holds the top of the drill. The hammer-head is secured to the piston of an ordinary compressed air engine, and, by the turning of a screw, the cut-offs are regulated to the work, and the speed and power controlled perfectly. The whole apparatus can be easily carried by one man, and it is said that it will drill an inch-and-three-quarters hole in the

lest granite at the rate of three feet an hour. In it is supported by a tripod, or it may be easily in place by the operator. The old method of using a drill with hammers is here imitated. There is no waste of power in lifting the drill, no chipping on the sides of the holes, and no misdirected blows, and it would seem as if the invention had both merit and novelty.

New Photographic Light.

To enable the photographer to take pictures in dark rooms, caves, mines, ruins, and other situations where there is no sunlight, various lamps have been used. The latest of these lights is produced by blowing a low-pressure jet of oxygen upon a mass of melting sulphur. The sulphur is melted in an iron crucible over a spirit lamp. The moment it is heated, a jet of oxygen, delivered through a small nozzle discharge-pipe, is turned upon it, and a bluish light of great actinic power is obtained. A suitable chimney, having a good draught, must be provided to take away the products of combustion. Another mode advanced is to fill the crucible with nitrate of potassa, and heat till decomposition begins. Small pieces of sulphur, then thrown in, cause a bright light of great power, but of comparatively low actinic value.

How to Mark Tools.

To mark your tools, warm them slightly, and rub with steel with wax, or hard tallow, till a film gathers. Then scratch your name on the wax, cutting through the steel. A little nitric acid poured on the mark will quickly eat out the letters. Wipe acid and wax off with a hot, soft rag, and the letters will be clearly etched.

Dredging.

For dredging out mud-banks in the following manner has been suggested. A wrought-iron pipe, having one end closed, and with holes perforated round the bottom, is sunk down from a boat into the silt. A powerful stream of air, driven through the pipe, "blows out" the soft sediment, which, carried by a strong tideway, or current, is swept away and is suspended in the water. For the soft mud-banks, and shoals of our Western rivers, such a device would prove of great value in removing them from troublesome places. Of course, the bar is not able to re-form lower down stream, but in many cases this would be of no consequence. A piece of gas-pipe, and a common air-pump, or a steam compressor, would be sufficient to experiment with.

Novel Device for Transmitting Power.

UPON the ceiling, or in some convenient place, are hung two cast-iron disks, or hemispheres, securely clamped together. Between the two is an elastic diaphragm having a piston secured to the center. The piston passes through a hole in the upper disk, and is geared to a crank, or short piece of shafting. From each disk extends a common

rubber tube. These are united at any convenient distance with a small air-tight cylinder with a piston. On applying power, the diaphragm is driven rapidly up and down, and the air above and below it is alternately compressed and rarefied. This impulse passes, with little loss by friction, through the pipes, and the piston in the cylinder is alternately sucked up and driven down. As there are two pipes, the movement is reciprocal, and the piston moves with nearly the same power, and at a speed corresponding with the movement of the diaphragm. There is no exhaust, no discharge, and no new supply of air. Even a leak does no harm, except to waste the power, and the cylinder will work in whatever position it is placed, so long as the pipes are clear. This device has been used in cutting cloth in a wholesale clothing-house, and it is said to work satisfactorily.

The Diamond Stone Saw.

To saw stone has been the dream of many inventors. Here is the finished result of years of experiments. The machine stands in a wooden shed, having wide doors opening upon the stone-yard. In a general way it resembles the gang-saws used for slicing marble, such as may be seen at any marble-cutting shop. An upright, heavily timbered frame-work, perhaps sixteen feet high, a broad platform for holding the stone, and some peculiar and powerful machinery. Just now the saw is at rest, and a number of men are rolling in a huge block of brown stone. It is finally secured in place, blocked up with wedges below, and steadied by sticks of timber from above. The foreman throws the belts into play, and the machine starts up. Hung horizontally in the center is a massive saw, looking exactly like some gigantic hand-saw the giants might have used on the big trees of California when they wanted back-logs and fore-sticks. To support this great saw, and to give it a correct and steady motion, slide-rests at each end are hung on long screws at each end of the machine. The power that is now applied is turning these upright screws, and the saw-frame rests, and all slowly descends. The broad saw sinks till it nearly touches the stone, and then the foreman stops it. The saw itself is worth examination. It is perhaps twelve feet long and ten inches wide, and along its lower edge are square notches. In each of these is a steel cutter-block securely fastened with a soft metal rivet. The cutter-blocks show bright yellow at the bottom, and there are small black specks, or nodules, scattered along the edge. These are the black Brazil diamonds, or carbons, and all the work of cutting the stone is done by them. The foreman calls to the engineer for more power, and the heavy beam secured to the saw starts forward and backward quickly. The saw slides through the air just clear of the stone. A boy places a number of small rubber pipes on top of the stone, and it becomes covered with streams of clear water. There is a sharp grating sound as the saw, slowly descending, strikes the top of the stone. The noise increases in power

as the diamonds engage more and more of the stone. The edge of the saw quickly sinks out of sight. The torrent of water flowing from the platform is stained a dull red. While we are watching the work, the cutter-blocks have sunk out of sight in the stone. The foreman oils the bearings, and the men go about their work in the yard. The saw is automatic and self-feeding, and will do its work at the rate of three feet or more an hour through the largest piece of stone that may be put under it. At each return stroke, the saw frame is lifted by suitable eccentric gearing from the main shaft that furnishes the power. The cutting stroke is downward and forward, and the return allows the diamonds to just clear the stone. By thus making only one working stroke, there is no shaking or tearing out of the diamonds, and they are kept securely wedged into the brazing that holds them. This is the diamond saw as now used. It is a recent and most important invention, and may well rank with the diamond drill. Any square cut in any building stone may be made with it, and at a great economy of time, labor, and material.

The Phylloxera.

"*Le Phylloxéra de la Vigne*," by Maurice Girard, is the sketch of the results of labors of government commissions and private investigators, of Dumas, Planchon, Lichtenstein, Cornu, Riley—the last an American. Prof. Riley's suggestions we gave in our September number. As a six-footed female larva of a yellowish tint, and armed with a sucker, the Phylloxera in France, Portugal, Ireland, and, it is said, Madeira, makes its way down to the tender rootlets, where its sting raises thick warts which soon destroy the part, while the insect moves on to the stronger roots. Laying thirty eggs at a time, the larva gives birth to eight sets; twenty days are sufficient for these new hordes, *which are all females*, to come to maturity and begin to lay themselves. All molt three times, but here and there individuals go on to a fifth molting, and receive four large gauzy wings, which they soon use in the upper air. These also are females, and deposit a few eggs of two sizes on the shoots of the vine; from the large eggs proceed females, from the small at last males. All previous generations have been armed with suckers; these have none, and their sole work is reproduction. Their eggs have not been traced, but M. Girard supposes that, born in the buds, the larvæ creep down, having stored up in themselves that wonderful power of successive generations without males which has just been traced. The history of jelly fishes is the only one that compares in strangeness with theirs.

Many futile efforts have been made to arrest this malady, which shows itself in the redness and stunted look of the plant. Where a vineyard can be flooded for one month in winter the cure is certain, since mud kills the insect. A preventive to spread is a general poisoning of the ground, the cutting off and careful destruction of roots affected and just attacked, anointing the stems with petroleum or pitch,

and ramming hard the earth mixed with pitch about the stem to keep the larvæ from entering. Pure fine sand is also a barrier; but a radical cure is the burying under the root a one-hundredth solution of a compound of the sulphates of potassium and carbon; by the action of the soil, sulph-hydric acid is slowly disengaged, and kills eggs and larvæ, while supplying alkali to the exhausted plant.

White Paper.

IN the paper manufacture a leading problem at the present moment is one of color; in other words, of making a pulp that shall be absolutely colorless, from the abundant fibrous grasses and similar materials which are brought from nearly every part of the world. It is easy to make a pulp from these materials that shall answer perfectly for all uses, except for the whitest fabrics, but the removal of the last faint traces of color is a problem not yet solved. One limitation in the bleaching process has been the cost of the method which must be employed to obtain this perfectly white condition of the grass pulp. Another has been the chance of injury to the fiber when it is subjected to the strong chemicals that would cheaply effect the desired object; between the two obstacles, the use of these grass materials for fine paper has been almost wholly suspended.

The first thing aimed at in our best paper-mills to-day is a perfect product; to reduce the cost of production is the second. Hence arises at once, in the paper trade, the importance, and the difficulty, of removing this last trace of color, for in nothing is more minute excellence demanded than in the perfect whiteness of the best paper.

It is really a trifling matter to remove artificial colors of any sort, compared with the removal of some of these natural colors, even though the grass fiber may be pale yellow, or nearly white in the first place.

Paper Buckets.

THE real possibility and advantage of the varied and extending use of paper pulp is illustrated in the manufacture of such things as water pails, which are now made in large numbers of paper pulp, as well as of wooden staves.

In the old way of making pails the separate parts or staves are cut, one at a time, from the log of wood, and, in making them, all the chips and smaller pieces are wholly wasted, so far as the real object of manufacture is concerned. In making a paper pail, however, the fibrous material is wholly utilized, and if the original stock is wood, as in part it may be, then that which would be wasted in chips and in fag ends is entirely saved.

Those who make paper tell us that thus far they have barely entered on some of their new lines of product.

Advantages of Wire Tramways.

THE so-called Wire Tramways are worthy, for many reasons, of more attention than they have yet

ved in this country, although they are by no means unused here. In cheapness of construction, simplicity of operation, they present some important advantages over the ordinary tramway overhead. They consist, essentially, of an endless running wire rope, which, starting from the fixed end that drives it, extends away over the counter-hill or down, across valleys and rivers, to the point to be reached. The rope is supported, at intervals of from three hundred to one thousand feet, according to the requirements of the location, by simple carrying wheels fastened to upright posts. The outgoing rope lies upon the wheel on one side of the post, and the returning side of the rope upon the other wheel, and hence, almost the whole weight of the rope is supported by the posts. The material to be transported is packed into boxes; holding from one hundred to three hundred pounds each, and, by means of a yoke attached to each box, it is run directly upon the carrying wire rope, and travels with it at a speed of from five miles per hour. It is plain that such a system, if practicable at all, solves at sight many of the questions that are so troublesome, and that require such heavy expenditures, upon lines of the ordinary kind. Cuttings, embankments, bridges, tunnels are wholly set aside. It is probable that their use will be greatly extended, for the transportation of goods in bags.

The Distribution of Steam-Power.

THE transmission of power in a manufacturing establishment, from a central motor to the various machines that are driven by it, occasionally involves troublesome problems. Some difficulties are avoided by dispensing entirely with the central or single engine, and by employing several smaller engines, running each as near as possible to the work which it is to do, and thus entirely at the disposal of those persons by whom its power is used.

It is not easy to say just how far, in any given establishment, this multiplication of small engines can be profitably carried. It is important, however, by this, or by similar means, to reduce to a minimum the chance of delay by any disabling in any part of the works of an engine by which some department also is usually driven. Another advantage attending the use of detached engines is the possibility of running each part of the works by itself at any time, when it is necessary to close other departments.

Small engines may be put in each room directly upon the lines of shafting, from which the machines derive their motion, two or three engines, or even one, being sometimes used upon the same floor. The steam may be distributed to them through pipes from a central boiler with only a very slight loss from condensation if the pipes are properly lagged and protected.

The objection to the use of such engines is the considerable difficulty that is experienced in maintaining a speed absolutely uniform—that is, in common with the larger central engines. Some of

these larger engines run with an almost incredible steadiness, as indeed they must when used for such purposes as cotton-spinning, each revolution of the engine being then multiplied into hundreds in the swift machinery of the spindles. With the larger engines, too, it is far easier to arrange perfectly for the proper distribution of the steam in the engine itself in exact proportion to the work required to be done at any given instant, for, by the use of the best regulating contrivances, the variation of the steam supply is affected absolutely in an instant's time, and just at the point where it is needed.

The Sczaroch.

A NEW projectile, bearing this curious and significant name, has been recently introduced into the Russian army. The general use of the elongated shell of rifled ordnance by armies has been attended by the sacrifice of the ricochet shot, which all old artillerymen prized as one of the peculiar advantages of the spherical cannon ball. In the new projectile, the attempt is made to combine the advantages of both the rifled and spherical ball; in fact it consists of a very thin elongated shell capped by a spherical ball. When the shell bursts, only the cylindrical portion explodes, while the spherical portion continues its flight after the manner of the old-fashioned ball.

Habits of Curculios.

In a paper presented to the Alton Horticultural Society, Dr. Hull says: Early in the season I commenced a series of experiments to determine, if possible, at what particular period of the day curculios were at rest. On three different days I dropped a number of curculios in flour, and near sundown of each day put them in the forks of trees and watched them until they crawled into some place of concealment, which was usually in the crevices of the rough bark and into depressed parts made by cutting off limbs of trees. Out of thirty insects, thus watched to places of rest, all concealed themselves as stated, except one, which went to the ground and crawled under a clod of earth. Out of the number thus watched, all but one were found early the next morning just where they went to rest at night.

In other trials, marked insects were placed on the trees in the morning, and at sunset the trees were thoroughly jarred over a curculio-catcher. Out of ninety insects, only twenty-seven were caught from the trees on which they were placed—forty-nine were obtained from other trees, and the remainder escaped. From these results it is to be inferred that curculios rest at night and fly by day.

Memoranda.

A NEW gelatine poultice has been reported before the Academy of Medicine, Paris. Two layers of wadding, one over the other, are saturated with a decoction of common Irish moss gelatine. They are then submitted to heavy pressure, and dried by fire heat. They resemble card-board when finished, and, on soaking in warm water, swell up and make

a soft, pulpy poultice, that is said to be very satisfactory to both patients and physicians.

Rolled screws have been experimented upon recently. Instead of being cut, they are rolled hot in screw blanks. Their holding power, in wood, etc., is said to be much greater than those cut in the ordinary way.

The *Wistaria Sinensis* is generally supposed to be poisonous to bees, but the observations of Mr. Meehan, of Philadelphia, show that in certain seasons this is not the case.

In the new photographic lamp of Delachanel and Mermet the flame is obtained by the combustion of a mixture of vapor of bisulphide of carbon and deutoxide of nitrogen. The deutoxide is prepared by the action of a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acid on iron. The photographic power is said to be superior to that of the magnesium light, double that of the calcium light, and treble that of the voltaic arc.

The Russian Government is making experiments in relation to the use of electricity for the headlights of locomotives. A battery of forty-eight elements was found to make everything on the railway track distinct for a distance of more than 1,200 feet.

Some of the observers of the transit of Venus state that the atmosphere of that planet was distinctly seen at certain periods. "It showed as a pale white circle around part of her edge, and was totally different from the brilliant sunlight. The general remark was that it reminded us of moonlight."

Delachanel and Mermet have devised an apparatus for the production of the electric spectra of metals by the use of solutions. In it the solution is caused to fall by drops from one terminal of a Ruhmkorff coil to the other. The terminal wires are placed in the interior of a glass tube and the slit of the spectroscope thus protected from the action of the solution.

During the voyage of the "Polaris" the extreme northern limit of 82° 16' was reached, and, at this point, no less than fifteen species of plants were found, of which five were grasses. In latitude 81° 38' twenty-six musk oxen were shot, together with seventeen different kinds of birds, and Dr. Bessels made a collection of flies, beetles, butterflies, and mosquitoes.

M. Onimus states that by electrifying the eggs of the frog, the development of those that are in connection with the negative pole will be accelerated, whilst the hatching of those in connection with the positive pole will be either retarded or stopped.

Roasted figs are suggested as a better substitute for coffee than chicory. The latter substance is frequently the originator of serious and persistent dyspepsia.

It is stated that seeds which have been buried in the Laurium mines in Greece for two thousand years have germinated on being exposed to air and moisture.

The new vegetation, which appeared in different parts of France immediately after the war, has almost entirely disappeared.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

A Buffalo Classic.

THE story of the ballad of "The Three Thayers," is the old, old story of genius unappreciated. "Paradise Lost," Charlotte Brontë's first book, Theodore Winthrop's stories, and "The Three Thayers," were none of them valued in the beginning at their full worth.

John Love, whom the Thayers murdered and the bard embalmed, was an Englishman. In summer he sailed on the lakes; in winter he retired to the country and played usurer with his earnings among his less thrifty neighbors. He had loaned some money to the Thayer Brothers at Boston, Erie County, New York, and pressed them for payment. On the 15th of December, 1824, he suddenly disappeared. He was last seen in the company of the Thayers, and these gentlemen were naturally suspected. Their answers to inquiries were unsatisfactory, and speedily the conviction that there had been foul play spread like an epidemic through the

sparsely settled country. The excitement was intense and far-reaching. Finally, February 19, 1825, the Thayers were arrested, examined, and sent to Buffalo jail to await developments. A few days after the arrest a call was made for men to assist in searching the woods. The greater part of the population of Boston and adjoining towns turned out on the 20th of February for the grand hunt. It resulted in the finding of Love's body buried beside a log, in leaves and brushwood.

The Thayers were tried, found guilty, and hanged on one gallows erected in Niagara square, Buffalo. The execution took place June 17th, 1825, and was witnessed, it is said, by thirty thousand people. It was the sensation of the day, and of many a day thereafter.

The verses printed below were offered to one of the weekly papers for publication some time during the summer of 1825, but of course the mole of an editor rejected them. They did not burn their re-

ed contributions in those days, however, and out a dozen years ago the original manuscript ended up from somebody's scrap-basket to the lot of a more intelligent day. The author's name, unfortunately, was not preserved, but he is believed to have been a blacksmith of the neighboring village of Aurora. His poem soon became a Buffalo classic, and was lithographed in fac-simile. It is reproduced here from a broad-side edition, in ordinary type, handsomely gotten up for local circulation.

THE THREE THAYERS.

IN England sveral years a go
the Seen was present fair and gay
John Love on board of a Ship he entred
and Sald in to a merica

Love was a man very percevering
In making trades with all he see
he soon in gaged to be a Sailor
to sail up and down on lake Erie

he then went in to the Southern countries
to trade for furs and other skins
out the cruel French and savg Indias
come very near of killing him

But God did spare him a litle longer
he got his loding and come down the lake
he went into the town of Boston
whare he made the grate mistake

with Nelson Thair he made his station
thru the sumer for to stay
Nelson had two brothers Isaac and Isreal
ove lent them money for thare debts to pay

Love lent them quite a sum of money
he did befriend them every way
out the cruel cretres tha coulden be quiet
ill tha had taken his sweet life a way

One day as tha ware all three to geher
his dredful murder tha did contrive
tha a greed to kill Love and keep it secret
and then to live and spend thare lives

On the fifteenth evening of last desember
n eighteen hundred and twent four
thain vited Love to go home with them
and tha killed and murdered him on thar floor

First Isaac with his gun he shot him
he left his gun and went away
then Nelson with his ax he chopt him
ill he had no life that he could perceive

After tha had killed and most mortly brused him
tha drawd him out whare tha killd thare hogs
tha then caried him of apease from the house
and deposited him down by alog

The next day tha ware so very bold
tha had Love's horse ariding round
Som askd the reason of Lovs being absent
tha sed he had chrd and left the town

Tha sed he had forgd in the town of Erie
the sherief was in persuit of him
he left the place and run a way
and left his debts to colect by them

tha went and forgd a pour of turney
to colect Loves notes when tha ware due
tha tore and stormd to git thare pay
and sevel nabors tha did sue

After tha had run to ahie de grece
in killing Love and in forgery
tha soon ware taken and put in prison
whare tha remaingd for thare cruelty

Tha ware bound in irons in the dark dungon
for to remain for a litle time
tha ware all condemd by the grand Jury
for this most foul and dredful crime

Then the Judge pronounced thare dredful Sentenc
with grate candidness to behold
you must all be hangd untill your ded
and lord have mursey on your Souls.

If you, or your grandfather, chanced to be in London at the time that the young Roscius was in vogue, you probably heard of the amateur actor, "Romeo" Coates, who shared with the youthful prodigy the admiration of the town. Robert Coates was celebrated, not only for his amateur acting, but for his splendid curricle, the body of which (see "English Eccentrics") was in the form of a cockleshell, bearing the cock as his crest, the harness of the horses being mounted with metal figures of the same bird. A writer in an English monthly thus described one of Coates's performances: "Never



"ROMEO" COATES.

shall I forget his representation of Lothario (some sixty years since) at the Haymarket Theater, for his own pleasure, as he accurately termed it, and certainly the then rising fame of Liston was greatly endangered by his Barbadoes rival. Never had Garrick or Kemble in their best times so largely excited the public attention and curiosity. The very remotest nooks of the galleries were filled by fashion, while in a stage-box sat the performer's notorious friend, the Baron Ferdinand Geramb.

"Coates's lean, Quixotic form being duly clothed in velvets and in silks, and his bonnet highly fraught with diamonds (whence his appellation), his entrance on the stage was greeted by so general a *crowing* (in allusion to the large cocks, which as his crest adorned his harness) that the angry and affronted Lothario drew his sword upon the audience, and actually challenged the rude and boisterous tenants of the galleries, *seriatim* or *en masse*, to combat on

the stage. Solemn silence, as the consequence of mock fear, immediately succeeded. The great actor, after the overture had ceased, amused himself for some time with the Baron ere he condescended to indulge the wishes of an anxiously expectant audience.

"At length he commenced: his appeals to the heart were made by the application of the left hand so disproportionately lower down than 'the seat of life' has been supposed to be placed; his contracted pronunciation of the word 'breach,' and other new readings and actings, kept the house in a right joyous humor until the climax of all mirth was attained by the dying scene of

'that gallant, gay Lothario;'

but who shall describe the grotesque agonies of the dark seducer, his platted hair escaping from the comb that held it, and the dark crineous cordage that flapped upon his shoulders in the convulsions of his dying moments, and the cries of the people for medical aid to accomplish his eternal exit? Then, when in his last throes his coronet fell, it was miraculous to see the defunct arise, and after he had spread a nice handkerchief on the stage, and there deposited his head-dress, free from impurity, philosophically resume his dead condition; but it was not yet over, for the exigent audience, not content 'that when the men were dead, why there an end,' insisted on a repetition of the awful scene, which the highly flattered corpse executed three several times, to the gratification of the cruel and torment-loving assembly."

Macready, in his entertaining "Diaries" (just published by Macmillan), has a story of this same Coates. Among the amateurs he had seen, he says, "were Charles Dickens, of world-wide fame, and the lovely representative of Mary Copp in the 'Merry Monarch' at the British Embassy at Paris; Miss MacTavish, the niece of Lady Wellesley, afterward married to the Hon. H. Howard, and since dead. One of the very worst, if not the worst, who owed his notoriety chiefly to his frequent exposure of himself in the character of Romeo, Lothario, Belcour, etc., was Coates, more generally known as 'Romeo Coates' * * * He displayed himself, diamonds and all, this winter at Bath in the part of the West Indian, and it was currently believed on this occasion he was liberally paid by the theater, which profited largely by his preposterous caricature. I was at the theater on the morning of his rehearsal and introduced to him. At night the house was too crowded to afford me a place in front; and seeing me behind the scenes, he asked me, knowing I acted Belcour, to prompt him if he should be 'out,' which he very much feared. The audience were in convulsions at his absurdities, and in the scene with Miss Rusport, being really 'out,' I gave him a line which Belcour has to speak. 'I never looked so like a fool in all my life,' which, as he delivered it, was greeted with a roar of laughter. He was 'out' again, and I gave him again the same line, which, again repeated, was acquiesced in with

a louder roar. Being 'out' again, I administered him the third time the same truth for him to utter, but he seemed alive to its application, rejoining in some dudgeon, 'I have said that twice already.' His exhibition was a complete burlesque of the comedy, and a reflection on the character of a management that could profit by such discreditable expedients."

The Young Roscius, whose portrait we published last month, was an acquaintance of Macready. We mentioned the fact of his failure upon his return to the stage in manhood. It seems that Betty did pretty well in the provinces, but it was in London that he failed. Macready was disposed to think that his talents were not fairly appreciated. "It seemed as if the public resented on the grown man the extravagance of the idolatry they had blindly lavished on the boy. There was a peculiarity in his level elocution that was not agreeable—a sort of sing-song and a catch in his voice that suggested to the listener the delivery of words learned by heart, not flowing from the impulse or necessity of the occasion; but when warmed into passion he became possessed with the spirit of the scene, and in witnessing, as I have done, his illustration of passages with all the originality and fire of genius, the conviction was pressed upon me that if he had not to his prejudice the comparison of his boyish triumphs, and the faulty manner derived from frequent careless repetition, he would have maintained a distinguished position in his maturer years."

For *Mrs. Siddons* Macready had the most unbounded admiration. While he was still young she was making her last tour, previous to taking leave of the stage in London; and upon being told that he was to appear on the stage with her he was almost terrified. When he went to see her to receive instructions, she said: "I hope, Mr. Macready, you have brought some hartshorn and water with you, as I am told you are terribly frightened at me." When the time came the first scene passed with applause; but in the next, his first with *Mrs. Beverly* (the play was the "Gamester"), his fear overcame him, and his memory seemed to have taken wings. She kindly whispered the word to him and the scene proceeded. "I will not presume," he writes, "to catalogue the merits of this unrivaled artist, but may point out, as guide to others, one great excellence that distinguished all her personations. This was the unity of design, the just relation of all parts to the whole, that made us forget the actress in the character she assumed. Throughout the tragedy of the 'Gamester' devotion to her husband stood out as the main-spring of her actions, the ruling passion of her being; apparent when reduced to poverty in her graceful and cheerful submission to the lot to which his vice has subjected her, in her fond excuses of his ruinous weakness, in her conciliating expostulations with his angry impatience, in her indignant repulse of Stukely's advances, when, in the awful dignity of outraged virtue, she imprecates the vengeance of Heaven upon his guilty head. The climax to her

rows and sufferings was in the dungeon, when her knees, holding her dying husband, he dropped lifeless from her arms. Her glaring eyes were fixed in stony blankness on his face; the powers of life seemed suspended in her; her sister and Lewellyn gently raised her, and slowly led her unresisting from the body, her gaze never for an instant diverted from it; when they reached the prison door she stopped, as if awakened from a trance, uttered a shriek of agony that would have pierced the hardest heart, and, rushing from them, flung herself, as for union in death, on the prostrate form before her.

"She stood alone on her height of excellence. Her acting was perfection, and, as I recall it, I do wonder, novice as I was, at my perturbation when on the stage with her. But in the progress of the play I gradually regained more and more my self-possession, and in the last scene, as she stood on the side wing waiting for the cue of her entrance, on my utterance of the words 'My wife and daughter, well, well, there is but one pang more and one farewell world,' she raised her hands, clapping wildly, and calling out 'Bravo! sir, bravo!' in sight of a part of the audience, who joined in her applause."

"*Study, study, study,*" was Mrs. Siddons's advice to Macready. "Her words," he adds, "lived with me, and often, in moments of despondency, have come to cheer me. Her acting was a revelation to me, which ever after had its influence on me in the study of my art. Ease, grace, untiring energy, through all the variations of human passion, blended together in that grand and massive style, had been with me the result of patient application. On first witnessing her wonderful impersonations I may say of her the poet:

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
When a new planet swims into his ken;"

I can only liken the effect they produced on me in developing new trains of thought, to the awakening power that Michael Angelo's sketch of the colossal head in the Farnesina is said to have produced on the mind of Raphael."

The Duke of Wellington is one of the principal features in the new "Bric-à-Brac" book (Personal reminiscences of Cornelia Knight and Thomas Raikes). "I can remember well," says Raikes, "the time when the Duke returned to England, after his brilliant campaigns, crowned with the battle of Waterloo; at that time he was cheered by the people wherever he went, and lauded to the skies. Afterwards, at the period of the Reform Bill, the fickle people forgot all his services, and constantly hooted him in the streets. On one day, coming from the Tower on horseback, the rascally mob attacked him with so much virulence and malice, that he was exposed to considerable personal danger in the street. It was in that year at a ball given by him at Apsley House to King William IV. and his Queen, when the mob were very unruly and indecent in their conduct at the gates, and on the following days they proceeded to such excesses that they broke the win-

dows of Apsley House and did much injury to his property. It was then that he caused to be put up those iron blinds to his windows, which remain to this day as a record of the people's ingratitude. Some time afterward, when he had regained all his popularity, and began to enjoy that great and high reputation which he now, it is to be hoped, will carry to the grave, he was riding up Constitution Hill in the Park, followed by an immense mob, who were cheering him in every direction; he heard it all with the most stoical indifference, never putting his horse out of a walk, or seeming to regard them, till he leisurely arrived at Apsley House, when he stopped at the gate, turned round to the rabble, and then, pointing with his finger to the iron blinds which still closed the windows, he made them a sarcastic bow, and entered the court without saying a word."

The Great Duke's opinion of Napoleon is interesting: "I asked him what he really thought of the talents of the Emperor Napoleon as a great general. He said, 'I have always considered the presence of Napoleon with an army as equal to an additional force of 40,000 men, from his superior talent, and from the enthusiasm which his name and presence inspired in the troops; and this was the more disinterested on my part, because in all my campaigns I had then never been opposed to him. When I was in Paris, in 1814, I gave this very opinion in the presence of several Prussian and Austrian generals who had fought against him, and you have no idea of the satisfaction and pleasure it gave them to think that, though defeated, they had had such odds against them.'

"On another occasion the Duke also said that he thought Napoleon superior to Turenne, Tallart, or any of the old generals of former times; but Napoleon had this advantage over every other general, himself in particular, that his power was unlimited. He could order everything on the spot as he pleased; if he wanted reinforcements, they were sent; if to change the plan of a campaign, it was changed; if to reward services, he could confer honors on the field of battle; whereas the Duke and other generals were obliged to write home to ministers and wait their decision, perhaps that of Parliament; and he himself had never had the power of conferring the slightest reward on any of his followers, however deserving."

Pleasant pictures we are getting nowadays of life in courts and castles. In Earl Russell's book we find mention of a letter written by a lady from St. Petersburg, in which was described the ceremony of the coronation of Alexander I. "The Emperor," she said, "entered the church, preceded by the assassins of his grandfather, surrounded by the assassins of his father, and followed by his own."

Somebody asked a wealthy Jew to take venison.

"No," said the capitalist, "I never eat wenschen; I don't think it is so coot as mutton."

"Oh," said his friend, "I wonder at your saying so; if venison is not better than mutton, why does venison cost so much more?"

"Vy? I tell you vy; in dish varld de people al-wash prefersh vat is *deer* to what is *sheep*."

Daniel Purcell, being asked to make a pun extempore, and to take the King as his subject, replied: "The King is not a subject."

An Irishman, angry at being late, and hearing the clock strike, broke its face with his cane. The owner expostulated: "Faith, sir," said the other, "the clock struck first."

Louis XIV., being told that Lord Stair was the most well-bred man in Europe, determined to put the matter to test. He accordingly invited his Lordship to take an airing with him, and, when the carriage arrived, bade him get in and take his seat. Lord Stair bowed and obeyed.

The King of France complained that his Irish regiments gave him much uneasiness.

"Sir," said their commander, "your Majesty's enemies make the same complaint."

A gentleman asked a lawyer if a seven-shilling piece, which he held in his hand, was a good one. The lawyer, having examined it, pronounced it excellent, and having deposited it in his pocket, returned the man four pence.

A wretched poet, having read to Boileau a poem in which the letter G did not occur, asked him how it might be further improved. Boileau replied:

"If all the other letters were taken out of it."

Two impertinent young fellows called out to a farmer who was sowing seed in his field:

"Well done, old fellow, you sow, we reap the fruits."

"May be you will," said the farmer, "for I'm sowing hemp."

Two gentlemen were on the point of fighting a duel, when one of the seconds proposed that they should shake hands.

"Nay," said the other second, "that is quite unnecessary, as the hands of both have been shaking this last half-hour."

All of which, and more of the same sort, the reader will find in "Barker's Literary Anecdotes."

The "*Chicago Hospital Bazaar*," published during the Homeopathic fair in the Phoenix City, contained the following, which many of our readers may have missed seeing:

THE IMPROVED ÆSOP.

FOR INTELLIGENT MODERN CHILDREN.

BY BRET HARTE.

I.—*The Fox and the Grapes.*

A thirsty fox one day, in passing through a vineyard, noticed that the grapes were hanging in clusters from vines which were trained to such a height as to be out of his reach.

"Ah," said the fox, with a supercilious smile, "I've heard of this before. In the twelfth century an ordinary fox of average culture would have wasted his energy and strength in the vain attempt to reach yonder sour grapes. Thanks to my knowledge of vine culture, however, I at once observe that the great height and extent of the vine, the drain upon the sap through the increased number of tendrils and leaves must, of necessity, impoverish the grape, and render it unworthy the consideration of an intelligent animal. Not any for me, thank you." With these words, he coughed slightly, and withdrew.

MORAL.—This fable teaches us that an intelligent discretion and some botanical knowledge are of the greatest importance in grape culture.

II.—*The Fox and the Stork.*

A fox one day invited a stork to dinner, but provided for the entertainment only the first course, soup. This being in a shallow dish, of course the fox lapped up readily, but the stork, by means of his long bill, was unable to gain a mouthful.

"You do not seem fond of soup," said the fox, concealing a smile in his napkin. "Now it is one of my greatest weaknesses."

"You certainly seem to project yourself outside of a large quantity," said the stork, rising with some dignity, and examining his watch with considerable *empressement*; "but I have an appointment at eight o'clock, which I had forgotten. I must ask to be excused. *Au revoir*. By the way, dine with me to-morrow."

The fox assented, arrived at the appointed time, but found, as he fully expected, nothing on the table but a single long-necked bottle, containing olives, which the stork was complacently extracting by the aid of his long bill.

"Why, you do not seem to eat anything," said the stork, with great *naïveté*, when he had finished the bottle.

"No," said the fox, significantly, "I am waiting for the second course."

"What is that?" asked the stork, blandly.

"Stork, stuffed with olives," shrieked the fox in a very pronounced manner, and instantly dispatched him.

MORAL.—True hospitality obliges the host to sacrifice himself for his guests.

III.—*The Wolf and the Lamb.*

A wolf one day, drinking from a running stream, observed a lamb also drinking from the same stream at some distance from him.

"I have yet to learn," said the wolf, addressing the lamb with dignified severity, "what right you have to muddy the stream from which I am drinking."

"Your premises are incorrect," replied the lamb with bland politeness, "for if you will take the trouble to examine the current critically you will observe that it flows from you to me, and that any disturbance of sediment here would be, so far as you are concerned, entirely local."

"Possibly you are right," returned the wolf, "but, if I am not mistaken, you are the person who, two years ago, used some influence against me at the primaries."

"Impossible," replied the lamb; "two years ago I was not born."

"Ah! well," added the wolf, composedly, "I am wrong again. But it must convince every intelligent person who has listened to this conversation that I am altogether insane, and consequently not responsible for my actions."

With this remark, he at once dispatched the lamb, and was triumphantly acquitted.

MORAL.—This fable teaches us how erroneous may be the popular impression in regard to the distribution of alluvium and the formation of river deltas.

Mrs. Partington is considered a mythical person "evolved" from the brain of Mr. Shillaber, but her counterparts are often found in real life. One of these ladies was overheard at an evening assembly speaking in high praise of a pretty girl just passing.

"Why, she is a perfect paragram of a young lady!"

"I think you mean parallelogram; do you not?" suggested the waggish gentleman addressed.

"I said parallelogram, Mr. —," exclaimed the lady, with a combination of dignity and indignation impossible to describe.

"Do you intend to *masticate* your house?" inquired a Western lady of a friend of mine who was building. He was a critical, cultured New Englander, as exact as witty. What a droll look came over his face as he answered:

"My wife says I eat like an anaconda, and I am blessed with the digestion of an ostrich; but, really, madam. I don't think I could manage my three-story brick."

This makes me think of Leigh Hunt's reply (not all malapropy) to a lady who said to him at dinner:

"Mr. Hunt, won't you venture on an orange?"
"I would most gladly, dear madam, only I'm afraid I should tumble off."

But to keep to our theme. A lady visiting Washington for the first time sent word to friends at home that she was dreadfully disappointed; she wanted to have got an Indian Bureau for Jennie's name, but there weren't any to be had; and that was so busy shampooing a young lady from one place to another that she had no time to write letters.

A rather old girl (who had been lured to California by the cheering information that she was sure to marry there) laid siege to a wealthy widower, who at first showed signs of succumbing, but finally resisted the attack. As usual with women who are feeling intensely disappointed, she "didn't care; no, not one bit." And she exclaimed, half laughing, to a bosom friend:

"Why, I wouldn't be *hired* to marry him, hateful thing! I wouldn't take him, not if he was a perfect *Venus!*" As money was his chief charm, we suppose she meant Ceresus.

A bull, says Samuel Lover, is always connected with thought, and is always comprehensible, even when most confused.

It may be owing to a limited amount of knowledge—as in the case of an old woman going to the candlemaker's for a farthing candle, and being told it was raised to a half-penny on account of the Russian War.

"Bad luck to them!" she exclaimed, "and do you fight by candle light?"

He gives this instance of genuine Irish humor: a gentleman seeing an Irishman staggering home from a fair, and observing to him:

"Ah, Darby, I'm afraid you'll find the road you're going is rather a longer one than you think."

"Sure, your honor," he replied, "it's not the length of the road I care about, it's the *breadth* of the destroyin' me."

He gives a graphic sketch of the Dublin porter. He lands at Kingston from her Majesty's mail packet, and has instantly a swarm of porters round him, some with tickets on their arm, and some without—the former, the legitimate assistant of the traveler; the latter, the poacher who lays hands on any bird he can catch. Between these contending parties, of course, an active war goes on, the one depending on their authority, the other adroit in their evasions. An example strikes us instantly. A man without a number is walking off with a passenger's luggage.

"Stop!" cries out a ticket man, "you have no business with that jntleman."

"No business!" exclaims the forager. "Well, no, sure it's a pleasure I have in sarving him."

"Stop, I say!" shouts his antagonist; "you know you've got no number."

"No number, did you say? but I have tho'. Sure, my number is nine, barrin' a *tail* to it."

The tardy perception of the Scotch is in strong contrast to the readiness of the Irish; yet, in spite of Sydney Smith's joke about the necessity of trepanning their skulls, a great deal of true wit manages to get out of a Scotchman's pate, however hard it may be to pound it in.

In Hislop's recent collection of Scottish anecdote, there are many proofs of this:

A Scotch preacher being sent one Sunday to officiate at a country parish, was accommodated at night in a very diminutive closet, instead of the usual "best bed," appropriated to strangers.

"Is this the bedroom?" he cried, when he saw it, starting back in amazement.

"Deed ay, sir," responded the lady of the house, who had escorted him upstairs; "this is the prophet's chaumer."

"It maun be for the minor prophets, then," was the quiet reply.

When Lord Airlie remarked to one of his tenants that it was a very wet season, "Indeed, my lord," replied the man, "I think the spigot's oot a'the-gither."

An aged divine had occasionally to avail himself of the assistance of probationers. One day, a young man, very vain of his accomplishments as a preacher, officiated, and on descending from the pulpit, was met by the old gentleman with extended hands.

Expecting high praise, he said:

"No compliments, I pray."

"Na, na, na, my young friend," said the minister; "nowadays I'm glad o' ony body!"

At a certain mansion notorious for its scanty fare, a gentleman was inquiring of the gardener about a dog which he had given to the laird some time since.

The gardener showed him a lank greyhound, on which the gentleman said:

"No, no; the dog I gave your master was a mastiff, not a greyhound."

The gardener quietly answered:

"Indeed, sir, ony dog would soon be turned into a greyhound, if it stoppit lang here."

We quote only two more, not so much for their wit, as to show the national pride and enthusiasm.

"Well, Mr. Miller," said a Yankee proudly to a traveling Scot as they stood by the falls of Niagara, "is it not wonderful? In your country you never saw anything like that."

"Like that!" said the Scot, "there's a far mair wonderfu' concern no twa miles frae whar I was born."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Jonathan, with an air of supercilious skepticism, "and pray what kind of concern may it be?"

"Weel, man," replied Sawney, "it's a peacock wi' a wooden leg."

Jerdan (who, as Maginn puts it, spent the first seventy or eighty years of his life in the usual dissipations of youth, and, according to Stoddard,

began to remember when most begin to forget), has told some characteristic anecdotes of Hogg, the far-famed Ettrick Shepherd. When the peasant-poet wrapped his plaid about his shoulders and wended his way to London, he said of himself: "I had never once been in polished society, had read next to nothing, and knew no more of human life and manners than a child." Being at dinner at a ducal table, the Duchess said to him:

"Were you ever here before, Mr. Hogg?"

To which the poet, with his usual candor, replied:

"Na, ma laddy, I have been at the yett (the gate) wi' beasts that I was driving into England, but I never was inside o' the house before."

In his amusing little work on "The Birth of Chemistry," Professor Rodwell describes one of the books which were cherished by the alchemists. A little vellum-covered *Aldus*, date 1546, pretended to teach how to make the *elixir vite* and the Philosopher's Stone. As to the contents, says Rodwell, we have, firstly, an opening address by Janus Lacinius; then certain definitions of form, matter, element, color, etc.; next, symbolic representations of the generation of the metals, and, after this, a wood-cut representing the transmutation of the elements according to the dogmas of Aristotle. After this, we find the



whole course of transmutation set forth pictorially and allegorically. A king, crowned with a diadem, sits on high, holding a scepter in his hand. His son, together with his five servants, beseech him, on bended knees, to divide his kingdom between them. To this the king answers nothing. Whereupon the son, at the instigation of the servants, kills the king and collects his blood. He then digs a pit, into which he places the dead body, but at the same time falls in himself, and is prevented from getting out by some external agency. Then the bodies of both father and son putrefy in the pit. Afterward their bones are removed, and divided into nine parts, and an angel is sent to collect them. The servants now pray that the king may be restored to them, and an angel vitrifies the bones. Then the king rises from his tomb, having become all spirit, altogether heavenly and powerful, to make his servants kings. Finally, he gives them each a golden crown, and makes them kings (as in the second

cut). It is difficult to follow this from beginning to end, but there can be no doubt that the king signifies gold; his son, mercury; and his five servants, the five



remaining metals then known, viz.: iron, copper, lead, tin, and silver. They pray to have the kingdom divided among them—that is, to be converted into gold; the son kills the father, viz.: the mercury forms an amalgam with gold. The other operations allude to various solutions, ignitions, and other chemical processes. The *pit* is a furnace; *putrefaction* means reaction or mutual alteration of parts. At last, the Philosopher's Stone is found; the gold, after these varied changes, becomes able to transmute the other metals into its own substance.

It is somewhat strange, this author remarks, that alchemy should have once received the serious attention of the Legislature of England. In 1404, Parliament forbid the working of gold and silver; it was feared that the alchemists might become too powerful for the State. Fifty years later the King granted several patents to persons who pretended to be discoverers of the Philosopher's Stone, and a Royal Commission of ten learned men was appointed ultimately to determine if the transmutation of metals into gold were possible.

The old French proverb, "Le jeu n'en vaut pas la chandelle," gains a new significance, when we learn from Fitzgerald, in his "Romance of the Stage," that the pay of "the stroller" in early days was given not in whole candles, but odd bits.

A fair idea of the profit to be gained by this calling may be gathered from the not unfrequent sharing of the night's receipts among the members of the company, viz.: a shilling and "six pieces of candle ends" falling to each. "I remember," said Mr. King in the green-room of Drury Lane, "that when I had been a short time on the stage, I performed one night King Richard, gave two comic songs, played in an interlude, danced a horn-pipe, spoke a prologue, afterward harlequin in a sharing company; and after all this fatigue my share came to threepence and two pieces of candle."

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IN THE LATIN QUARTER.

THE Latin Quarter of Paris is thus called because, several hundred years ago, the edict was ordered to speak Latin as soon as one entered the Sorbonne or any of the other colleges situated therein. In class and out of class his duty was to talk Latin; first congruous Latin, then ameliorated Latin,

aux Vins, which covers a good deal of ground, and comprises almost entirely the fifth and sixth arrondissements. It is much changed within the last ten or twelve years, although there are certain portions which remain as they were. It was the intention of Baron Haussmann, in compliance with



THE CONCIERGE.

otherwise called congruous. His Latin went with him into the street and the cabaret. A common language was necessary to the University, embracing several colleges, where students came from different parts of the civilized world,—and it was Latin. In the evening it was kitchen Latin, and in time it was purified to the requirements of the professor.

The Quarter has no strictly defined limits, as far as boundaries may be established, and is believed to embrace that portion of the city inside of the Seine, the Rue Bonaparte, Boulevard Montparnasse and the Halle

the Imperial programme, to demolish the whole of it and reconstruct after the modernized quarters of Paris, but the fall of the Empire interrupted this project as it did many others. The pick and the trowel were cast aside for the sabre and the chassepot, and the money intended for the construction of streets, squares, and gardens, was turned into ammunition of war, and the dream of Haussmann remains unrealized. Diminished resources and heavy taxation have rendered further improvement almost impossible, and it is improbable that the Imperial plan of the new Lutetia will ever

be completed. For many years to come it will be the national idea, whether wisely or not, to employ all the money which can be had, in the creation of a new army, in the forging of new thunderbolts for the annihilation of the one particular enemy of France.

One of the ancient streets is the Ecole de Médecine, which is a specimen of what the entire Pays Latin was twenty years ago—a tortuous way lined with tall houses of many stories and low ground floors. This is the home of S. V. P. Over the lodge of the concierge and at each story of the dwelling one reads: “Parlez au Concierge, S. V. P. ;” “Essuyez vos pieds, S. V. P. ;” “Tournez le bouton, S. V. P.,” etc. Here is the hôtel garni of the student of limited resources. A somber stairway with a rope for banister leads to the upper stories. In a long low room of the first floor the table is spread for dinner—un potage, trois plats au choix, un dessert et un carafon de vin—violet, for one franc and a-half. Stout young women serve, with red hands not over-clean. The most nourishing part of the repast is the bread at discretion, and the diners eat of it accordingly. Here are grisettes, bare-headed and bonneted, free of

scrape the violin or twang the harp, to render the “Canotiers de la Seine,” and sing with a nasal tone:

“Laissez les roses aux rosiers,”

afterward handing around the hat. Cheap candles are stuck in leaden candlesticks, the table-cloth is spotted here and there with wine or coffee, and the napkins, used several times, are put into wooden rings; for under no circumstances will the Gaul forego the luxury of a napkin.

In the room of the concierge, the sides are garnished with the leaden candlesticks and the keys of the lodgers, each *bougie* bearing the number of the room to which it belongs. The stairway conducting to the rooms is steep as well as narrow; the doors are of yellowish brown with black numbers on them, and occasionally a card underneath giving the occupation of the lodger, for it is a hobby of the Gaul to annex his vocation to his name. The flooring in the landings and in the rooms is of brick or tiles. The usual furniture of a room consists of a hard bed, a table, a secretary, a wardrobe without locks, two arm-chairs lined with cheap, well-worn velvet, two or three hair-bottomed chairs more or less fractured, a clock under glass on the mantel-piece, and a washstand; and the rent for this is about forty francs a month.

This street leads into the Rue de l’Ancienne Comédie, in which is situated the Café Procope, formerly a noted rendezvous of literary men, but now generally abandoned by them. It was here, too, that the Théâtre Français was born, opposite to the well-known café. The place is full of the traditions of D’Alembert, Rousseau, Diderot, Helvétius, and Piron. Among the last of distinguished men who frequented it was Gambetta, usually surrounded by a group of admirers to listen to him talking politics. The critics, authors,

and philosophers have all left it, and unknown Bohemians now play dominoes in the place where Voltaire once sat.

Since the Great Exposition there has been considerable extension given to Bavarian and Vienna beer, made in Paris, and saloons or brasseries have been opened for



“IF THERE WERE NO WORSE SLIPS THAN THAT!”

speech and gesture, and on familiar terms with students in neglected costumes, long hair, and eccentric garments. Here they usually remain to take their coffee and little glass, not comprised in the price of the dinner.

Sometimes wandering musicians enter to

sale, where the clients are served by young women; and these places are now much frequented by the students, especially those studying medicine.

The hôtel garni of a better class than that of the Rue d'École de Médecine, is usually found in the Rue Monsieur le Prince and streets radiating from the Odéon Théâtre. I know one of these, kept by the Père Joseph, where a certain degree of comfort is obtained at a moderate price, and, of course, something higher than that of the establishment in the Rue d'École de Médecine. The Père Joseph is a good-natured host, and is somewhat imposed upon by his young clients, whose fatal propensity for running into debt he sometimes indulges, reaping the fruit in occasional loss. His wife is a stout little woman with eyes as black as coals and cheeks as red as tomatoes, who is nearly as good-natured as her husband. The house is a comfortable, old-fashioned one, the ground floor being occupied as the kitchen, dining-room, and a small room of the concierge, and the upper part of the host and his wife. The best-priced lodgings—almost always the case in France—are on the first floor, the price descending in proportion as the lodger ascends,—those of the top floor, the sixth, containing only the strictly necessary in the way of furniture, and those of the first what may be regarded as requisite for comfort. There are no tiles in the house, the flooring of the corridors and chambers being of wood, which is kept well waxed. The host usually conducts the applicant for lodgings to the house himself; one of these, a newly arrived compatriot whom I had recommended, and who was unaccustomed to the softness of a waxed floor, took a lower step than he intended, when the Père Joseph carried him into one of his chambers. For a moment a smile flitted over the face of the guest, but it was only for a moment, and he then gave place to an expression of solicitude. When the American gave the cue he laughed over his mishap, then only did the Père Joseph permit himself to indulge in a sympathetic cachinnation, observing, as he said, so, that if there were no worse slips than these, the world would be a happier one. The French are a musical people, and one of Joseph's lodgers especially. There is a young man with a horn who occasionally gives way to his passion for music at leisure hours. He is perched in one of the upper stories, and sometimes before going to bed, which is usually at a late hour,

he allows himself a blast or two out of his open window. The host, at the request of a middle-aged lodger of the first floor, remonstrated with him, but to little purpose, he alleging that the blow was not only a gratification of a passion for music, but a



A HYGIENIC MEASURE.

hygienic measure prescribed by his physician; that he must blow or die.

There are four or five other inmates who are formed into an amateur band. The owner of the horn was an applicant for admission therein, but was unanimously rejected. The band occasionally plays in the dining-room after the table d'hôte dinner, and affords much pleasure to those assembled, with the exception, however, of the horn-blower, who thinks its music very tiresome, and, in short, says, "c'est un rasoir."

At dinner Papa Joseph, assisted by his wife and a garçon, waits on the table, where there is animated talk of various kinds—of art, law, medicine, and general gossip about theaters, grisettes, journals, and the news of the Quarter. The repast is a long one, and by the time it is over the tomatoes on Madame Joseph's cheeks turn into cherries. The gentle old Joseph asks each, like a father, what he will have to eat. The diners make known their wants in a familiar manner, without ceasing to be respectful, a specialty of which the Frenchman seems to possess the secret. Here occasionally comes to dine the Socrates of the Rue Saint Jacques, so called from a supposed resemblance to the Greek philosopher, who in discussion,

of which he is very fond, employs the Socratic method. The middle-aged gallant, still a student, is a lodger in the house, and frequents the table, fastidious in dress, and in America would be called the *beau* of the

beans are served, the same person amuses himself in calling for *lez-z-z-z haricots verts*. When he invites a stranger to this board he tells him that the pension enjoys a speciality in double-headed rabbits and quadruped chickens; that Papa Joseph, in view of the objection to tender meat on account of sponginess, supplies his table with well-matured, wholesome bull meat, which sets the digestive organs properly to work.

There are several art students here with long hair and conical-shaped hats; birds of a feather that flock together, not being often found in the groups of law and medical students. They are often heard in animated conversation on the subject of art, with illustrative pantomime. "My *bonhomme* takes this attitude," observes one, referring to his model, and throwing himself into a pose of Germanicus. "My *bonhomme* does this," says another, assuming the pose of Spar-



THE AMATEUR BAND.

establishment. He has sacrificed so much to the graces and the gentle sex, that he has never succeeded in passing all his examinations, and he will, probably, remain a student to the end of his days. The Socrates, who is negligent in his attire, thinks that this old student should be put under glass and preserved as a specimen of the nineteenth century civilization. Naturally the old gallant thinks Socrates is very tiresome with his theories, some of which are not unlike Schaubard's "Influence of Blue on the Arts." Gallic gayety, of course, finds expression at table. Boiled beef being invariable in this establishment after the soup, one tells Père Joseph he will take some of it for a change; another observes that he has already eaten his, having taken it in the soup. Spinach being the broom of the stomach, as the proverb says, remarks a grave-looking farceur, he will sweep his interior in partaking thereof. When green

tacus. Arms, hands, eyes, and nose are pressed into service to develop æsthetic theories, and these extravagant gesticulators, soaring in the clouds of the Antique, are usually spoken of by other brethren of the brush as Rapins-Phidias. It is worthy of remark that the sack coat, felt hat, and long hair gradually disappear as the student develops his talent, and are rather signs of adolescence in art. He discovers in time that a man can paint good pictures, and wear a shiny silk hat and irreproachable linen, as illustrated in no less a person than Meissonier. Formerly there were men of talent among the long-haired and sack-coated, but they have now pretty well abandoned this eccentricity to some young people who have nothing else than this to recommend them. Young men of fortune go into the fine arts as they formerly went to the bar and into the army, and painting is becoming profitable as a profes-

The poverty of the painter is already addition. Delattaille, who exhibited with success at the last Salon, is only twenty-five, and makes \$6,000 a year. At such an age there are few vocations which yield as much. This talented young man is garbed in fashionable attire, and for this the strangely accoutered men of the Latin Quarter can hardly forgive him.

Each café has its own clients, often from some province as the proprietor thereof, knowing pretty well the circumstances of each one, opens a credit with those whose means are well to do. The young man whom one asks for an account, and the credit runs on for several years for dinners, suppers, and general refreshment. When he is of a legal turn, it is a free table to his friends—rents and grisettes. It appears to him something like fairy-land; he enters, asks for what he wants; it is placed before him, and he has not a sou in his purse. Politeness and attention, and no questions asked. When the time approaches for returning to the normal roof, a bill is unrolled before him, formidable in dimension as the traditional one which the host of the Opéra Comique holds out before his guest, and with a like effect. There is consternation in the face of the debtor. What is to be done? The creditor presents his conditions; he will pay in annual installments with interest if he does not marry; if he marries, he will pay the whole out of his wife's dowry. If these con-

before him, will not listen; so he goes home with a pecuniary load on his shoulders and fear of discovery, which he has to bear for several years. A typical Englishman, or



AN OLD STUDENT.

American, would make a clean breast of it, once for all, and be done with it; the Gaul avoids the explosion by means of expedients. These are the dregs of the cup of pleasure which the young man has so often pressed to his lips. He learns, according to one of his own proverbs, that he who dances must pay, and he does it with a rueful face; but he will not wear it long, for with the lightness which belongs to his mercurial race, he will forget about his pecuniary troubles until the day of payment, to be replunged for a short period in inconsolable misery, to emerge from it again, and go on as before.

The Bohemianism of the students of the Quarter is not nearly so conspicuous as it was a few years ago, from the fact that it played an ugly rôle in the late troubles of France. There was something of the Bohemian in the young enthusiasts of whom André Chénier sung, but the real Bohemia came afterward in the pages of Balzac, his Bohemians being of two kinds—the workers and adventurers. The first formed themselves into a *coenaculum* for mutual instruction; lived like Spartans; studied hard, and waited patiently for recognition of their talent, and, indeed, satisfied their own conscience in their work more than they sought for public favor. They were so simple and regular in their lives that the term hardly fits them. The adventurers, if they may be so called, were the Bohemians *pur sang*—the Bixios, the Lousteaus, the Rastignacs, etc.



THE SOCRATES OF THE RUE ST. JACQUES.

ditions are objected to, the account will be presented to the father, to which the young man, with the fear of the paternal anger

The French Dante, in the "Comédie Humaine," created a terrible society of these, which has exercised over many minds of the Latin Quarter a fatal fascination. Many an

hemians now do not go to the Academy, the hospital, or the morgue,—if they did then, which is somewhat doubtful,—but manage to live and settle down into ordinary country doctors and lawyers. To do or die does not enter into their line of operations. To scale the academic heights, or failing, to plunge into the Seine, are alternatives that do not present themselves. To achieve renown, or death in the smoke of the charcoal, does not offer the same attraction which it did in the times of Béranger and Murger. In a word, the key-note of the author of the "Scènes de la Vie de Bohême," is pitched in too high a key for the man of the Latin Quarter of 1875.

Henri Murger made Bohemia the fashion, and, without intending it, did no little mischief. He described it with cleverness—a kingdom of light-hearted young fellows of inoffensive gayety who gathered under the shade of the lilacs of the Luxembourg Garden to chaff and talk about painters without orders, musicians with music unprinted, writers without reputation, all without resources, and drawn together from good-fellowship and love of art. A marked trait was an admiration of each other's genius, and another was a habit of attacking and demolishing the reputation of those who were acknowledged to be artists by the

world; in short, they only possessed the sacred fire, and all others were pretenders. In reality, the lives of these men were more or less miserable, but disguised under chaff and hilarity. Their carelessness as to their wants, and their eccentricities, are accounted for, according to the author, by their love of the ideal in art. "They were obstinate dreamers, for whom art was a faith, and not a trade; they were called of art with the chance of being of the elect; on one side was doubt; on the other, misery;" and on one side or the other, they found a seat among the forty immortals, death in a public hospital, or suicide in the morgue.

Taking Murger himself as our authority, we find the coloring too strong for his Bohemians. There was nothing of the exaltation of the victim of art, nothing of the pale martyr of an idea, in these *blagueurs*, who passed most of their time drinking *bocks* in the cafés, or lolling under the trees of the Luxembourg. The weightiest questions to them were how they were going to pay their rent, and get food and raiment with empty purses. And these idlers claimed a monop-



THE OLD BEAU OF THE LATIN QUARTER.

inhabitant of the Rue Saint Jacques has endeavored to imitate La Palférine in aplomb and originality, and Lucien de Rubempré, in his brilliant and singular career. The histories of Rastignac and De Marsay have set many to dream of becoming Ministers of the Government. The lives of these men were painted with such power that they almost moved on the canvas; their adventures were so in harmony with their character, that in the end the readers persuaded themselves that they really existed. The lessons which these characters taught were, that riches were the means, and pleasure, the end; that the means came not through steady labor, but by bold strokes of genius.

From these Bohemians to those of Murger, there was decadence; but they, in their turn, also presented attractions to the students. According to this author, "Bohemia was the first stage of life which led to the Academy, the hospital, or the morgue." There was a time when this melodramatic phrase was taken seriously—when Murger's heroes were in vogue, but at the present day it is strained, and not after nature, for the Bo-

of genius. Their brains gave birth to all beautiful ideas and noble sentiments. Their heads which throbbed with work were capable of artistic conception. They were of exclusive class; they had genius, and all were not comprised in their ranks, and marching under their banner, were Philistines, without meaning, in their language, mediocrities. Illustrations of this character have probably come within observation of most of us during our school-days. We have all known a classmate who had genius; never studied his lessons, and recited them better than any of us; wrote poetry like Byron, and spoke in the debating society like Daniel Webster; was wild, idle, and did whatever he attempted, without an effort; who was continually incurring penalties on the rules of the institution, and was excused by his fellows because he had genius; in a word, who was the admiration of all of us, and for whom we predicted a wonderful future. As we look now for this young man of brilliant promise, we find to our surprise that he has not fulfilled our expectations, and that the plodding fellow, who pored over his lessons, and stood about in the middle of his class, has passed beyond him in the race of

the ignorant working men in the beer-houses, and political clubs, with their frothy harangues, and wrote vindictive pamphlets against the rich. They were never tired of getting on chairs and tables and haranguing the gaping blouse-folk with their absurd paradoxes. They ceased being drinkers of beer, and became drinkers of absinthe, and this stimulant, joined to wild declamation, produced almost a delirium in these disordered brains, and when the Commune wave rolled over Paris, they were on the top of it.

The builders of barricades were not confined to the blouse-folk, but found a new element in an educated class of the Latin Quarter, and their allies on the other side of the Seine, consisting of radical journalists and pamphleteers. They would not fight the Prussians, but they were ready to fight against France, and this is one of the most alarming symptoms of decadence furnished in this internecine war. When the blatant café orators of the left side of the Seine seized on defenseless Paris and governed it according to their will, the golden age had come. Balzac's history of De Marsay and Rastignac was being repeated; they held the

surgeon's young men
 ed themselves in
 position to accepted
 s of art, and attack-
 those who held to
 n, continuing, mean-
 e, to run after the
 lo, grisettes, and
 k bocks. They no
 r confined them-
 es to literature, med-
 e, music, and the fine
 but occupied them-
 es with politics, and
 orated in beer-houses
 cafés against the
 ernment and all its
 tionaries. The ora-
 in these places lash-
 themselves into fury
 nst the abuses of
 y department of
 ic administration.



THE STUDENT AT HOME.

those who possessed the comforts and luxuries of life through work or inheritance were denounced with the tongue of envy. Their passions deepened. They were no longer the careless fellows of the "Scènes de la Vie Bohême," but bilious, unsatisfied, idle men, ready for mischief. They stirred up

reins of power; they were generals and ministers with portfolios; and they played at government. Bohemians, whose chief occupation had been to provide themselves with something to eat, were masters of the unfortunate city, and furnished a travesty of government that would be laughable, if

it were not so sad. It was like the people below stairs, in strange garments, trying to imitate their masters. To them it was like a dream of glory, and to France it was like

proprietor of the famous habit-noir used in common by the four, on separate festive days—these types make the reader smile, and sometimes even laugh, but they do not



PORTRAIT OF AN ENGLISH "MEES" BY A FRENCH RAPIN

a nightmare. The excitement of the short reign, and the drinking of absinthe, disturbed the reason of some of these wretched Bohemians, and they gave themselves over to acts of the wildest extravagance. "Après nous le déluge," they cried, and danced on the edge of a precipice. After the orgie was over, some of them, seized with remorse for the past and fear for the future, died from its effects.

Although the "Scènes de la Vie de Bohême," and literature of like character, contributed to the causes which gave birth to the Commune, Murger was, of course, guiltless of such intention, and if he were now living, I think, would experience much regret at seeing some of the fruit which his work bore.

Murger's book is rather superficial and strained, but is readable. Schaunard at his piano, with a false note and his symphony on "The Influence of Blue on the Arts;" Gustave Colline, the philosopher and editor of the journal devoted to the hatters' interests, sententiously uttering his paradoxes; Marcel, with his eternally unfinished picture of the "Passage of the Red Sea," which is to place him in the highest niche of the temple of fame; Rodolphe, the bibliophile and

merit the popularity with which they were honored ten years ago. Among young men it reached enthusiasm, and the sayings of Schaunard, Colline and Company were as familiar as household words, and were repeated and laughed over with the honors once accorded to Artemus Ward in our country. But the book did not stand that best of tests—time, and it is now rather a weary process to read it through; the jokes are too charged, the gayety wanting in spontaneity; however bright the coloring of the foreground may be, one sees that the background is somber; under the mask of the merry-andrew there is the face of an undertaker.

With all their professions of faith in the ideal, they were very much of the earth, earthy. A generous repast, flanked with much wine, was their principal ambition. To accept them as amiable farceurs is as much as can reasonably be accorded to them, and when the author places them on pedestals as the only true worshipers of art, which he does in his preface, we must regard the pretension as very hollow. He does not hesitate to put them in the best of company, beginning with him who sang the

es of Helen and the fall of Troy, and
 ng on to Pierre Gringoire, who, almost
 rving, wrote for the Théâtre de la Salle
 Palais de Justice; François Villon, the
 rabond poet; Mathurin Regnier, who was
 e of the last to defend the boulevards of
 cal poetry against the phalanx of rheto-
 ans and grammarians who declared Rab-

Bohemians whom he describes in his "Vie de
 Bohême." The only thing which they have
 in common is poverty, they being idle, dis-
 sipated, improvident, thoughtless, and with-
 out any especial gifts of the mind, and he
 industrious, temperate, painstaking, thinking,
 with a mind wonderfully endowed. As for
 De Musset, were he living to-day, I am certain



IN THE LATIN QUARTER.

s barbarous and Montaigne obscure;"
 Alembert, the founding of Notre Dame,
 o attained to a seat in the Academy;
 n Jacques Rousseau, Alfred de Musset,
 a number of others. To take one of
 se for a comparison, say Rousseau, I
 cy the author would have some difficulty
 finding corresponding traits in any of the

that he would not acknowledge Messieurs
 Schaunard, Colline and Company as his
 brethren, in mind, character, or habits.
 Murger was wrong in beating up such bril-
 liant recruits to put into the ranks of his
 Bohemians, for it may not be done with due
 regard to proprieties and facts. He would
 have done better by making his characters

point a moral in never reaching any place in art, and it would have been more true to nature, for there is no excellence without



LISETTE WATERS SOMETHING BESIDES HER FLOWERS.

work. When he puts them up in niches in the temple of art, and wreaths their bacchic brows with laurel, they simply become ridiculous. In their true character as *blagueurs* they serve to amuse, and even in that not greatly, but they may not be taken seriously as anything else.

A specimen of Murger's humor is shown in the invitation to an entertainment given by Rodolphe and Marcel, who live in two small rooms about twelve feet square, and reads as follows:

MONSIEUR: MM. Rodolphe et Marcel vous prie de leur faire l'honneur de venir passer la soirée chez eux, Samedi prochain, veille de Noël. On rira.

P.S.—Nous n'avons qu'un temps à vivre.
Programme of the Fête.

FIRST PART.

At seven o'clock—Opening of the salons; conversation animated and agreeable.

Eight—Entry and promenade in the salons of the witty authors of the "Mountain in Labor," a comedy rejected by the Odéon Théâtre.

Half-past eight—M. Alexandre Schaunard,

a distinguished virtuoso, will execute on the piano the "Influence of Blue on the Arts," a symphony.

Nine—First reading of the dissertation on the Abolition of Capital Punishment.

Half-past nine—M. Gustave Colline, hyperphysical philosopher, will enter into a scientific discussion with M. Schaunard. To avoid any unpleasant consequences, they will be securely attached.

Ten—M. Tristan, a man of letters, will relate his first love. M. Schaunard will accompany him on the piano.

Half-past ten—Second reading of the dissertation on the Abolition of Capital Punishment.

Eleven—A foreign Prince will read a Narrative.

SECOND PART.

At twelve p. m.—M. Marcel, historical painter, blindfolded, will improvise with crayon the interview between Voltaire and Napoleon in the Champs Elysées.

Half-past twelve—M. Colline, in the costume of an athlete, will imitate the games of the Fourth Olympiad.

One—Third reading of the dissertation on the Abolition of Capital Punishment, and a collection taken up for poor authors.

Two—Throwing open of the card-rooms, and organization of quadrilles.

Six—Rising of the sun, and final chorus. During the entire fête, ventilators will be kept going.

N. B.—Any person who will attempt to read or recite poetry will be immediately ejected from the salons and handed over to the police. The guests are requested not to carry away the candle ends.

There is nothing very humorous in this, as will be observed, and yet it may be regarded as one of the best specimens of Murger's *genre*.

The Latin Quarter of Balzac has nearly disappeared, and, if one looks for the Rue Copeau, in which was situated the famous boarding-house of Rastignac, described in "Le Père Goriot," no trace of it remains. It is said that the house really existed, and this is not improbable, when one recollects that the novelist sat down before an object and painted it to the last detail. Some of his most dramatic scenes took place in the Quarter, and he must have known it as he did his own chamber. At present, the pictures remain; but the frames are gone. According to his friends, Balzac occasionally gave evidence of Bohemian tendencies in a

for chaff, and once he spoke of plunging into the business of Colonial produce. "his miserable age," said he, "is the age



THE MORNING AFTER THE BALL—LISETTE.

groceries. Why should I not open a fine shop on the boulevards, with a sign in letters of gold: *Balzac & Co., Wholesale & Retail*; Madame Sand behind the counter with a white rose in her hair; Théophile Gautier at the door in the costume of a Bohemian, a phytote turning the coffee-roaster; Gérard de Nerval weighing soap and candles; and Balzac, walking up and down the establishment to superintend. We should have some rich," added he, "but to succeed as a merchant, a man must have his hair cut *à la mode*, and that toad of a Gautier has the honor to be attached to his long hair." The elder Dumas has always had a great number of ardent admirers on the left bank of the Seine, his popularity among them being heightened by his Bohemian character, of which anecdotic illustrations are often given in the Quarter, one of them being as follows: He kept open house at Monte-Cristo, and whoever arrived at the hour of dinner took his seat at the table; one day Monsieur Karr, observing an unknown face on the hospitable board, asked the host for the name of the owner of it, who answered: "I don't know him; I suppose he is a friend of my son." Karr, turning to the host, asked him the same question, and he answered: "I can't place him; he must be a friend of my father."

When the student has finished his studies he usually quits the grisette who has been attached to him during his life in the Quarter. And here one of the singular features of French society presents itself, in the fact that public opinion justifies the young man in such a course. No account seems to be taken of the suffering incurred by the perdition whose affections are thus trifled with.

If the student, obeying the dictates of his heart, marries her, this is regarded as a social calamity, which scarcely any subsequent good conduct will entirely efface. It is replied that she knows beforehand what awaits her in forming an attachment for him, as if this young creature were in the habit of reasoning and calculating for the future. Besides, he is the aggressor, who employs all his efforts to persuade her, without which she would not entangle herself into an alliance with him. There are cases where the man, taking the manly part and marrying the grisette, has been cast off by his family.

The Salic law is a barrier which extends from the throne to the cottage; the Code is full of rules for the protection of man in the enjoyment of his rights, and but few for the protection of women, except in the way of property. Yet the French woman is possessed of such finesse that she often gets the better of the man; for, however much he may boast of independent action, he is more or less under the influence of some woman. There is probably no country in the world where man is as much under the domination of woman as in France, and this is owing to her superior cleverness; not that he is wanting in this respect, but there are more clever French women than there are clever men, which is not usually the case elsewhere. In England and America the clever men are in majority compared to the clever women. The word *clever* here



THE MORNING AFTER THE BALL—THE STUDENT.

is a rather awkward translation of *esprit*; a better, if I may be permitted to use it, would be *gumption*—that is, in the familiar sense in which it is used in the Gallic country.

Frenchmen themselves recognize this superior trait in their countrywomen, and it has passed into a proverb that the woman

la plus bête has more gumption than the most gifted man. He is born with a greater fondness for her sex, and a greater love of

while she, like another Delilah, clips him of his might.

In this way the poor girl sometimes induces the student to marry her, and this result would be reached oftener than it is if the man stood alone and separate, instead of being held in leash, as he usually is, by his family connections. Under similar circumstances an American would assert his individuality and take his initiative regardless of family advice; and here is presented a marked difference between the two men of different races: one is generally standing in a group of props and holds, the other usually standing alone. Marriage being regarded in one case as a family affair where the wish of the parent is complied with, rather than that of the man who marries; in the other, as a union between two people bent on being united with-

out regard to any of the restraining considerations of the first. The Frenchman, whatever may be his passion, stifles it, and submits like a child to the demands of a father and mother influenced by pecuniary questions, and in this character he does not appear to advantage.

pleasure, than the American or the Englishman, and these characteristics contribute to the influence which she exercises over him. He also has a marked personal vanity, which helps in her management of him. Thus he often believes himself to be a Samson in strength of character and individual action,



ENTENTE CORDIALE BETWEEN STUDENT AND GAMIN.

FIRST-BORN.

SEVENTEEN years of shine and shadow,
 Since the rosy light of morn
 Made the sweet June roses redder,
 In the hour that you were born;—
 Hour that brought to flesh and spirit
 Such an ecstasy of pain—
 Such a rapture of rejoicing,
 As will never come again!

I remember how the tender
 Rose of morning flushed the gray,
 How the sun with sudden splendor
 Changed the dawning into day;
 How the dappled clouds went sailing
 All across the summer sky,
 How the robins trilled and twittered—
 When I heard my baby cry!

Seventeen years! but I remember
 Still the passionate delight
 Of that radiant June morning,
 After all the weary night.
 Haply, born to woman-nature,
 It may come to you to learn,
 With your own child for a teacher,
 Such a story in your turn.

If it ever does, my darling,
 May the time be rosy June—
 May the robins trill and twitter
 Such another happy tune,—
 And the child that God shall give you,
 All I ask is, it may be
 Just the daily joy and comfort
 That my first-born is to me!

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND.

PART II.

CHAPTER XI.

WINTER arrived with the month of June, which is the December of the northern hemisphere, and the great business was the making of warm and solid clothing.

Within a few weeks the colonists had made bed-clothes and, though very rough and imperfect, garments, they could without await the approach of the winter of 1866-67. The severe cold began to be felt about the middle of June, and, to his great regret, Pencroff was obliged to suspend boat-building, which he hoped to finish in time for next spring.

The first snow fell toward the end of the month of June. The island had previously been largely supplied with stores, so that daily necessities to it were not requisite; but it was decided that more than a stock should never be allowed to pass without one going to it.

Traps were again set, a dozen foxes, a few rabbits, and even a bear were taken.

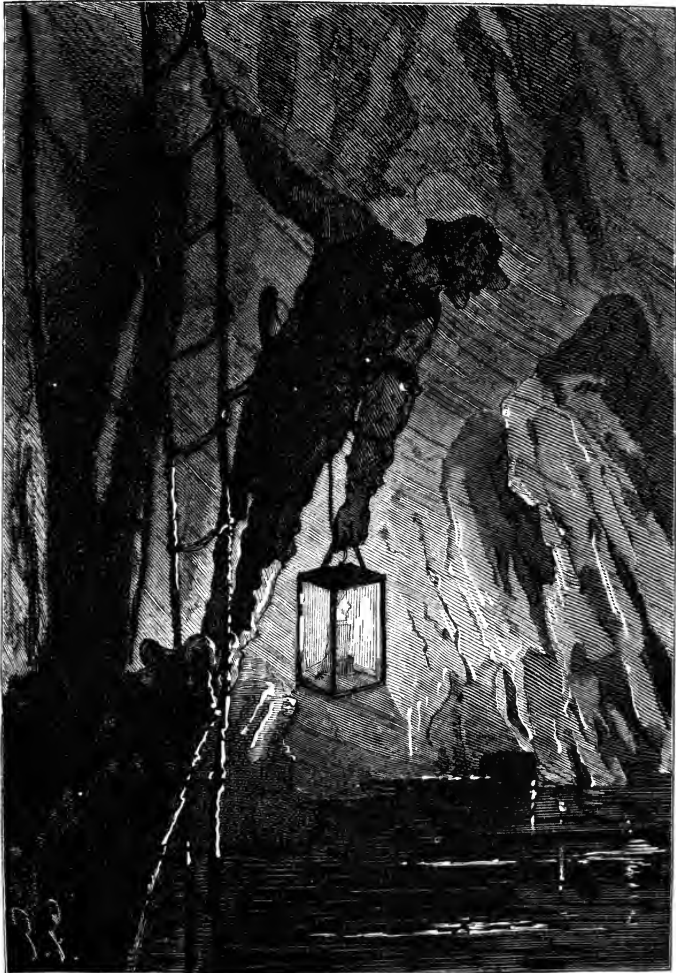
An incident must here be related—not only as interesting in itself, but because it was the first attempt made by the colonists to communicate with the rest of the world.

On the 30th of June Gideon Spilett effected the capture of an albatross, which was from Harbert's gun

slightly wounded in the foot. It was a magnificent bird, measuring ten feet from tip of wing to tip of tail.

Harbert desired to keep this superb bird,

as its wound would soon heal, and he thought he could tame it; but Spilett explained to him that they should not neglect this opportunity of attempting to communicate by this messenger with the lands of the Pacific; for if the albatross had come from some inhabited region, there was



THE ENGINEER EXPLORES THE CAVERN.

no doubt but that it would return there as soon as it was set free.

Gideon Spilett then wrote out a concise account of the settlers' adventures, which

was placed in a strong water-proof bag, with an earnest request to whomever might find it to forward it to the office of "The New York Herald." This little bag was fastened to the neck of the albatross, not to its foot, for these birds are in the habit of resting on the surface of the sea; then liberty was given to this swift courier of the air, and it was not without some emotion that the colonists watched it disappear in the misty west.

It was real enjoyment to the settlers when in their room, well lighted with candles, well warmed with coal, after a good dinner, elderberry coffee smoking in the cups, the pipes giving forth an odoriferous smoke, they could hear the storm howling without. Their comfort would have been complete, if complete comfort could ever exist for those who are far from their fellow-creatures, and without any means of communication with them.

One day their conversation was interrupted by Top's barking, which broke out again with that strange intonation which had before perplexed the engineer. At the same time Top began to run round the mouth of the well, which opened at the extremity of the interior passage.

"What can Top be barking in that way for?" asked Pencroff.

"And Jupe be growling like that?" added Harbert.

In fact the orang, joining the dog, gave unequivocal signs of agitation, and both animals appeared more uneasy than angry.

"It is evident," said Gideon Spilett, "that this well is in direct communication with the sea, and that some marine animal comes from time to time to breathe at the bottom. Quiet there, Top! Off to your room, Jupe!"

The ape and the dog were silent. Jupe went off to bed, but Top remained in the room, and continued to utter low growls at intervals during the rest of the evening.

On the 3d of August an excursion which had been talked of for several days was made into the south-eastern part of the island, toward Tadorn Marsh. The hunters were tempted by the aquatic game which took up their winter quarters there.

Not only Gideon Spilett and Harbert, but Pencroff and Neb also took part in this excursion. The engineer alone, alleging

some work as an excuse, did not join them, but remained at Granite House.

The hunters proceeded in the direction of Port Balloon, in order to reach the marsh, after having promised to be back by the evening. Top and Jupe accompanied them. As soon as they had passed over the Mercy Bridge, the engineer raised it and returned, intending to put into execution a project, for the performance of which he wished to be alone.

Now this project was to explore minutely the interior well, the mouth of which was on a level with the passage of Granite House, and which communicated with the sea, since it formerly supplied a way to the waters of the lake.

It was easy to descend to the bottom of the well by employing the rope-ladder. The engineer drew it to the hole, the diameter of which measured nearly six feet, and allowed it to unroll itself after having securely fastened one end above. Then, having lighted a lantern, taken a revolver, and placed a cutlass in his belt, he began the descent.

The sides were everywhere entire; but points of rocks jutted out here and there, and by means of these points it would have been quite possible for an active creature to climb to the mouth of the well.

The engineer remarked this; but although he carefully examined these points by the light of his lantern, he could find no impression, no fracture which could give any reason to suppose that they had either recently or at any former time been used as a staircase. He descended deeper, throwing the light of his lantern on all sides; still he saw nothing suspicious.

When the engineer had reached the last rounds, he came upon the water, which was then perfectly calm. Neither at its level, nor in any other part of the well, did any passage open which could lead to the interior of the cliff. The wall which Smith struck with the hilt of his cutlass sounded solid. It was compact granite, through which no living being could force a way.

Then Cyrus Smith, having ended his survey, reascended, drew up the ladder, covered the mouth of the well, and returned thoughtfully to the dining-room, saying to himself:

"I have seen nothing, and yet there *is* something there."

THE STORY OF SEVENOAKS.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHICH TELLS OF A GREAT PUBLIC MEETING IN SEVENOAKS, THE BURNING IN EFFIGY OF MR. BELCHER, AND THAT GENTLEMAN'S INTERVIEW WITH A REPORTER.

MR. BALFOUR, in his yearly journeys through Sevenoaks, had made several acquaintances among the citizens, and had impressed them as a man of ability and integrity; and, as he was the only New York lawyer of their acquaintance, they very naturally turned to him for information and advice. Without consulting each other, or forming each other of what they had done, at least half a dozen wrote to him the moment Mr. Belcher was out of the village, seeking information concerning the Continental Petroleum Company. They told him freely about the enormous investments that they and their neighbors had made, and of their fears concerning the results. With a kindly feeling toward the people, he understood, as far as possible, to get at the bottom of the matter, and sent a man to look up the property, and to find the men who nominally composed the Company.

After a month had passed away and no dividend was announced, the people began to walk more freely among themselves. They had hoped against hope, and fought their suspicions until they were tired, and then they sought in sympathy to assuage the stings of their losses and disappointments.

It was not until the end of two months after Mr. Belcher's departure that a letter was received at Sevenoaks from Mr. Balfour, containing a history of the Company, which con- demned their worst fears. This history is ready in the possession of the reader, but that which has been detailed was added information that, practically, the operations of the Company had been discontinued, and that the men who formed it were scattered. Nothing had ever been earned, and the dividends which had been disbursed were taken

out of the pockets of the principals, from the moneys which they had received for stock. Mr. Belcher had absorbed half that had been received, at no cost to himself whatever, and had added the grand total to his already bulky fortune. It was undoubtedly a gross swindle, and was, from the first,

intended to be such; but it was accomplished under the forms of law, and it was doubtful whether a penny could ever be recovered.

Then, of course, the citizens held a public meeting,—the great panacea for all the ills of village life in America. Nothing but a set of more or less impassioned speeches and a string of resolutions could express the indignation of Sevenoaks. A notice was posted for several days, inviting all the resident stockholders in the Continental to meet in council, to see what was to be done for the security of their interests.

The little town-hall was full, and, scattered among the boisterous throng of men, were the pitiful faces and figures of poor women who had committed their little all to the grasp of the great scoundrel who had so recently despoiled and deserted them.

The Rev. Mr. Snow was there, as became the pastor of a flock in which the wolf had made his ravages, and the meeting was opened with prayer, according to the usual custom. Considering the mood and temper of the people, a prayer for the spirit of forgiveness and fortitude would not have been out of place, but it is to be feared that it was wholly a matter of form. It is noticeable that at political conventions, on the eve of conflicts in which personal ambition and party chicanery play prominent parts; on the inauguration of great business enterprises in which local interests meet in the determined strifes of selfishness, and at a thousand gatherings whose objects leave God forgotten and right and justice out of consideration, the blessing of the Almighty is invoked, while men who are about to rend each other's reputations, and strive, without conscience, for personal and party masteries, bow reverent heads and mumble impatient "Amen."

But the people of Sevenoaks wanted their money back, and that, certainly, was worth praying for. They wanted, also, to find some way to wreak their indignation upon Robert Belcher; and the very men who bowed in prayer after reaching the hall walked under an effigy of that person on their way thither, hung by the neck and dangling from a tree, and had rare laughter and gratification in the repulsive vision. They were angry, they were indignant,

they were exasperated, and the more so because they were more than half convinced of their impotence, while wholly conscious that they had been decoyed to their destruction, befooled and overreached by one who knew how to appeal to a greed which his own ill-won successes and prosperities had engendered in them.

After the prayer, the discussion began. Men rose, trying their best to achieve self-control, and to speak judiciously and judicially, but they were hurled, one after another, into the vortex of indignation, and cheer upon

which he was bound to discharge. "My friends," said he, "I am with you, for better or for worse. You kindly permit me to share in your prosperity, and now, in the day of your trial and adversity, I will stand by you. There has gone out from among us an incarnate evil influence, a fact which calls for our profound gratitude. I confess with shame that I have not only felt it, but have shaped myself, though unconsciously, to it. It has vitiated our charities, corrupted our morals, and invaded even the house of God. We have worshiped the golden calf.



"TURN THIS BOAT 'ROUND!"

cheer shook the hall as they gave vent to the real feeling that was uppermost in their hearts.

After the feeling of the meeting had somewhat expended itself, Mr. Snow rose to speak. In the absence of the great shadow under which he had walked during all his pastorate, and under the blighting influence of which his manhood had shriveled, he was once more independent. The sorrows and misfortunes of his people had greatly moved him. A sense of his long humiliation shamed him. He was poor, but he was once more his own; and he owed a duty to the mad multitude around him

We have bowed down to Moloch. We have consented to live under a will that was base and cruel in all its motives and ends. We have been so dazzled by a great worldly success, that we have ceased to inquire into its sources. We have done daily obeisance to one who neither feared God nor regarded man. We had become so pervaded with his spirit, so demoralized by his foul example, that when he held out even a false opportunity to realize something of his success, we made no inquisition of facts or processes, and were willing to share with him in gains that his whole history would

taught us were more likely to be fairly than fairly won. I mourn for your loss, for you can poorly afford to suffer such a loss; but to have that man forever removed from us; to be released from his debasing influence; to be untrammelled in our action in the development of our resources; to be free men and free women, and to be content with our lot and with such success as we may win in a legitimate way, worth all that it has cost us. We needed a severe lesson, and we have had it. It is heavily upon some who are innocent. We trust, in kindness to these, find a balm for our own trials. And, now, let us not degrade ourselves by hot words and impotent resentments. They can do no good. Let us be true—Christian men, with detestation of the guilt from which we suffer, but with pity for the guilty, who, sooner or later, will certainly meet the punishment he so richly deserves. 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay,' saith the Lord."

The people of Sevenoaks had never before heard Mr. Snow make such a speech. It was a manly confession, and a healthy admonition. His attenuated form was slight and almost majestic, his pale face flushed, his tones were deep and strong, they saw that one man, at least, breathed freely, now that the evil genius of the town was gone. It was a healthful speech. It was an appeal to their own consciences, and to such remains of manhood as they possessed, and they were strengthened

by a series of the most obnoxious resolutions which had been prepared for the occasion, yet the speaker saw that it would be better to keep them in his pocket. The meeting was at a close, when little Dr. Radcliffe, who was devoted to his heart's core with his petty loss, stood up and declared that he had a series of resolutions to offer. There was a world of unconscious humor in his freak,—unconscious, because his resolutions were intended to express his spite, not only against Mr. Belcher, but against the villagers, including Mr. Snow. He began by reading in his piping voice the first resolution passed at the previous meeting which so pleasantly dismissed the proprietor to the commercial metropolis of his country. The reading of this resolution also sweetened a sarcasm on the proceedings of that occasion, that it was received with a burst of laughter and deafening cheers, and he went bitterly on, from resolution to resolution, raising his voice to overtop the speaker, the scene became so ludicrous as to

surpass description. The resolutions, which never had any sincerity in them, were such a confirmation of all that Mr. Snow had said, and such a comment on their own duplicity and moral debasement, that there was nothing left for them but to break up and go home.

The laugh did them good, and complemented the corrective which had been administered to them by the minister. Some of them still retained their anger, as a matter of course, and when they emerged upon the street and found Mr. Belcher's effigy standing upon the ground, surrounded by fagots ready to be lighted, they yelled: "Light him up, boys!" and stood to witness the sham *auto-da-fé* with a crowd of village urchins dancing around it.

Of course, Mr. Belcher had calculated upon all this indignation and anger, and rejoiced in their impotence. He knew that those who had lost so much would not care to risk more in a suit at law, and that his property at Sevenoaks was so identified with the life of the town—that so many were dependent upon its preservation for their daily bread—that they would not be fool-hardy enough to burn it.

Forty-eight hours after the public meeting, Mr. Belcher, sitting comfortably in his city home, received from the postman a large handful of letters. He looked them over, and as they were all blazoned with the Sevenoaks post-mark, he selected that which bore the handwriting of his agent, and read it. The agent had not dared to attend the meeting, but he had had his spies there, who reported to him fully the authorship and drift of all the speeches in the hall, and the unseemly proceedings of the street. Mr. Belcher did not laugh, for his vanity was wounded. The thought that a town in which he had ruled so long had dared to burn his effigy in the open street was a humiliation; particularly so, as he did not see how he could revenge himself upon the perpetrators of it without compromising his own interests. He blurted out his favorite expletive, lighted a new cigar, walked his room, and chafed like a caged tiger.

He was not in haste to break the other seals, but at last he sat down to the remainder of his task, and read a series of pitiful personal appeals that would have melted any heart but his own. They were from needy men and women whom he had despoiled. They were a detail of suffering and disappointment, and in some cases they were abject prayers for restitution. He read

them all, to the last letter and the last word, and then quietly tore them into strips, and threw them into the fire.

His agent had informed him of the sources of the public information concerning the Continental Company, and he recognized James Balfour as an enemy. He had a premonition that the man was destined to stand in his way, and that he was located just where he could overlook his operations and his life. He would not have murdered him, but he would have been glad to hear that he was dead. He wondered whether he was incorruptible, and whether he, Robert Belcher, could afford to buy him—whether it would not pay to make his acquaintance—whether, indeed, the man were not endeavoring to force him to do so. Every bad motive which could exercise a man he understood; but he was puzzled in endeavoring to make out what form of selfishness had moved Mr. Balfour to take such an interest in the people of Sevenoaks.

At last he sat down at his table and wrote a letter to his agent, simply cautioning him to establish a more thorough watch over his property, and directing him to visit all the newspaper offices of the region, and keep the reports of the meeting and its attendant personal indignities from publication.

Then, with an amused smile upon his broad face, he wrote the following letter :

“TO THE REVEREND SOLOMON SNOW.

“*Dear Sir* : I owe an apology to the people of Sevenoaks for never adequately acknowledging the handsome manner in which they endeavored to assuage the pangs of parting on the occasion of my removal. The resolutions passed at their public meeting are cherished among my choicest treasures, and the cheers of the people as I rode through their ranks on the morning of my departure, still ring in my ears more delightfully than any music I ever heard. Thank them, I pray you, for me, for their overwhelming friendliness. I now have a request to make of them, and I make it the more boldly because, during the past ten years, I have never been approached by any of them in vain when they have sought my benefactions. The Continental Petroleum Company is a failure, and all the stock I hold in it is valueless. Finding that my expenses in the city are very much greater than in the country, it has occurred to me that perhaps my friends there would be willing to make up a purse for my benefit. I assure you that it would be gratefully received; and I

apply to you because, from long experience, I know that you are accomplished in the art of begging. Your graceful manner in accepting gifts from me has given me all the hints I shall need in that respect, so that the transaction will not be accompanied by any clumsy details. My butcher's bill will be due in a few days, and dispatch is desirable.

“With the most cordial compliments to Mrs. Snow, whom I profoundly esteem, and to your accomplished daughters, who have so long been spared to the protection of the paternal roof,

“I am your affectionate parishioner,

“ROBERT BELCHER.”

Mr. Belcher had done what he considered a very neat and brilliant thing. He sealed and directed the letter, rang his bell, and ordered it posted. Then he sat back in his easy chair, and chuckled over it. Then he rose and paraded himself before his mirror.

“When you get ahead of Robert Belcher, drop me a line. Let it be brief and to the point. Any information thankfully received. Are you, sir, to be bothered by this pettifogger? Are you to sit tamely down and be undermined? Is that your custom? Then, sir, you are a base coward. Who said coward? Did you, sir? Let this right hand, which I now raise in air, and clench in awful menace, warn you not to repeat the damning accusation. Sevenoaks howls, and it is well. Let every man who stands in my path take warning. I button my coat; I raise my arms; I straighten my form, and they flee away—flee like the mists of the morning, and over yonder mountain-top, fade in the far blue sky. And now, my dear sir, don't make an ass of yourself, but sit down. Thank you, sir. I make you my obeisance. I retire.”

Mr. Belcher's addresses to himself were growing less frequent among the excitements of new society. He had enough to occupy his mind without them, and found sufficient competition in the matter of dress to modify in some degree his vanity of person; but the present occasion was a stimulating one, and one whose excitements he could not share with another.

His missive went to its destination, and performed a thoroughly healthful work, because it destroyed all hope of any relief from his hands, and betrayed the cruel contempt with which he regarded his old townsmen and friends.

He slept as soundly that night as if he

been an innocent infant; but on the following morning, supping leisurely and luxuriously at his coffee, and glancing over the pages of his favorite newspaper, he discovered a letter with startling headings, which displayed his own name and bore the date of Sevenoaks. The "R" at its foot revealed Radcliffe as the writer, and the peppery proprietor had not miscalculated in deciding "The New York Tattler" would be the paper most affected by Mr. Belcher—a paper with more enterprise than brains, more brains than candor, and with no conscience at all; a paper which manufactured articles and vendied them for news, bought up scandals by the sheet as if they were country gingerbread, and damaged reputations one day for the privilege and profit of mending them the next.

He read anew, and with marvelous amplification, the story with which the letter of his agent had already made him familiar. This was the one he had received a genuine wound, a poison upon the barb of the arrow that pierced him. He crushed the paper in his hand and ascended to his room. All the street would see it, comment upon it and laugh over it. Balfour would read it and sneer. New York and all the country would talk it and gossip about it. Mrs. Dillingham would peruse it. Would it change her attitude toward him? This was a serious matter, and it touched him to the quick.

The good angel who had favored him all his life, and brought him safe and sound through every dirty difficulty of his career, was already on his way with assistance, though he did not know it. Sometimes the good angel had assumed the form of a lie, sometimes that of a charity, sometimes that of a palliating or deceptive circumstance; but it had always appeared at the right moment, and this time it came in the form of an interviewing reporter. His bell rang, and the servant appeared with the card of "Mr. Alvanse Tibbets of 'The New York Tattler.'" A moment before, he was cursing "The Tattler" for publishing the record of his misdeeds, but he knew instinctively that the door out of his scrape had been opened to

"Show him up," said the proprietor at once. He had hardly time to look in his dressing-gown, and make sure that his hair and his boots were all right, before a dapper little fellow, with a professional manner and an air of authority, with a folio under his arm, was ushered into the room. The air of easy good-nature and good fellowship was one which Mr.

Belcher could assume at will, and this was the air that he had determined upon as a matter of policy in dealing with a representative of "The Tattler" office. He expected to meet a man with a guilty look, and a deprecating, fawning smile. He was, therefore, very much surprised to find in Mr. Tibbets a young gentleman without the slightest embarrassment in his bearing, or the remotest consciousness that he was in the presence of a man who might possibly have cause of serious complaint against "The Tattler." In brief, Mr. Tibbets seemed to be a man who was in the habit of dealing with rascals, and liked them. Would Mr. Tibbets have a cup of coffee sent up to him? Mr. Tibbets had breakfasted, and, therefore, declined the courtesy. Would Mr. Tibbets have a cigar? Mr. Tibbets would, and, on the assurance that they were nicer than he would be apt to find elsewhere, Mr. Tibbets consented to put a handful of cigars into his pocket. Mr. Tibbets then drew up to the table, whittled his pencil, straightened out his paper, and proceeded to business, looking much, as he faced the proprietor, like a Sunday-school teacher on a rainy day, with the one pupil before him who had braved the storm because he had his lesson at his tongue's end.

As the substance of the questions and answers appeared in the next morning's "Tattler," hereafter to be quoted, it is not necessary to recite them here. At the close of the interview, which was very friendly and familiar, Mr. Belcher rose, and with the remark: "You fellows must have a pretty rough time of it," handed the reporter a twenty-dollar bank-note, which that gentleman pocketed without a scruple, and without any remarkable effusiveness of gratitude. Then Mr. Belcher wanted him to see the house, and so walked over it with him. Mr. Tibbets was delighted. Mr. Tibbets congratulated him. Mr. Tibbets went so far as to say that he did not believe there was another such mansion in New York. Mr. Tibbets did not remark that he had been kicked out of several of them, only less magnificent, because circumstances did not call for the statement. Then Mr. Tibbets went away, and walked off hurriedly down the street to write out his report.

The next morning Mr. Belcher was up early in order to get his "Tattler" as soon as it was dropped at his door. He soon found, on opening the reeking sheet, the column which held the precious document of Mr. Tibbets, and read:

"The Riot at Sevenoaks!!!"

"An interesting Interview with Col. Belcher!"

"The original account grossly Exaggerated!"

"The whole matter an outburst of Personal Envy!"

"The Palgrave Mansion in a fume!"

"Tar, feathers and fagots!"

"A Tempest in a Tea-pot!"

"Petroleum in a blaze, and a thousand fingers burnt!!!"

"Stand out from under!!!"

The headings came near taking Mr. Belcher's breath away. He gasped, shuddered, and wondered what was coming. Then he went on and read the report of the interview:

"A 'Tattler' reporter visited yesterday the great proprietor of Sevenoaks, Colonel Robert Belcher, at his splendid mansion on Fifth Avenue. That gentleman had evidently just swallowed his breakfast, and was comforting himself over the report he had read in the 'Tattler' of that morning, by inhaling the fragrance of one of his choice Havanas. He is evidently a devotee of the seductive weed, and knows a good article when he sees it. A copy of the 'Tattler' lay on the table, which bore unmistakable evidences of having been spitefully crushed in the hand. The iron had evidently entered the Colonel's righteous soul, and the reporter, having first declined the cup of coffee hospitably tendered to him and accepted (as he always does when he gets a chance) a cigar, proceeded at once to business.

"*Reporter*: Col. Belcher, have you seen the report in this morning's 'Tattler' of the riot at Sevenoaks, which nominally had your dealings with the people for its occasion?"

"*Answer*: I have, and a pretty mess was made of it.

"*Reporter*: Do you declare the report to be incorrect?"

"*Answer*: I know nothing about the correctness or the incorrectness of the report, for I was not there.

"*Reporter*: Were the accusations made against yourself correct, presuming that they were fairly and truthfully reported?"

"*Answer*: They were so far from being correct that nothing could be more untruthful or more malicious.

"*Reporter*: Have you any objection to telling me the true state of the case in detail?"

"*Answer*: None at all. Indeed, I have been so foully misrepresented, that I am glad of an opportunity to place myself right

before a people with whom I have taken up my residence. In the first place, I made Sevenoaks. I have fed the people of Sevenoaks for more than ten years. I have carried the burden of their charities; kept their dirty ministers from starving; furnished employment for their women and children, and run the town. I had no society there, and of course, got tired of my hum-drum life. I had worked hard, been successful, and felt that I owed it to myself and my family to go somewhere and enjoy the privileges social and educational, which I had the means to command. I came to New York without consulting anybody, and bought this house. The people protested, but ended by holding a public meeting, and passing a series of resolutions complimentary to me, of which I very naturally felt proud, and when I came away, they assembled at the roadside and gave me the friendliest cheers.

"*Reporter*: How about the petroleum?"

"*Answer*: Well, that is an unaccountable thing. I went into the Continental company, and nothing would do for the people but to go in with me. I warned them—every man of them—but they would go in, so I acted as their agent in procuring stock for them. There was not a share of stock sold on any persuasion of mine. They were mad, they were wild, for oil. You wouldn't have supposed there was half so much money in the town as they dug out of their old stockings to invest in oil. I was surprised, I assure you. Well, the Continental went up, and they had to be angry with somebody, and although I held more stock than any of them, they took a fancy that I had defrauded them, and so they came together to wreak their impotent spite on me. That's the sum and substance of the whole matter.

"*Reporter*: And that is all you have to say?"

"*Answer*: Well, it covers the ground. Whether I shall proceed in law against these scoundrels for maligning me I have not determined. I shall probably do nothing about it. The men are poor, and even if they were rich, what good would it do me to get their money? I've got money enough, and money with me can never offset a damage to character. When they get cool and learn the facts, if they ever do learn them, they will be sorry. They are not a bad people at heart, though I am ashamed, as their old fellow-townsmen, to say that they have acted like children in this matter. There's a half-crazy, half-silly old doctor

by the name of Radcliffe, and an old man by the name of Snow, whom I have had to feed for years, who lead them to great difficulty. But they're not a bad people, and I am sorry for their sake that this report has got into the papers. It'll hurt them. They have been badly led, inflamed by false information, and they have deceived themselves.

This closed the interview, and then Col. Belcher politely showed the 'Tattler' reporter over his palatial abode. 'Taken for granted, all,' he does not expect 'to look upon me again.'

'None see it but to love it,
None name it but to praise.'

It was 'linked sweetness long drawn out' and must have cost the gallant Colonel a fortune of stamps. Declining an invitation to dine at the stables,—for our new millionaire is a lover of horse-flesh, as well as the narcotic—leaving that gentleman to 'witch the world with wondrous horsemanship,' the 'Tattler' reporter withdrew, 'pierced through the heart by Envy's venomous darts,' and satisfied with his courtly entertainer had been 'more pleased against than sinning.'"

Col. Belcher read the report with genuine pleasure, and then, turning over the leaf, showed upon the editorial page the following:

COL. BELCHER ALL RIGHT.—We are gratified that the letter from Sevenoaks, published in yesterday's 'Tattler,' in regard to our highly respected fellow-citizen, Colonel Albert Belcher, was a gross libel upon that gentleman, and intended, by the malicious author, to injure an honorable and innocent man. It is only another instance of the attitude of rural communities toward their benefactors. We congratulate the redoubtable Colonel on his removal from so pestilential neighborhood to a city where his sterling qualities will find 'ample scope and verge enough,' and where those who suffer 'the shafts and arrows of outrageous fortune' will not lay them to the charge of one who, with truthfulness, declare 'Thou canst not say I did it.'

When Mr. Belcher concluded, he muttered to himself, "Twenty dollars!—cheap enough." He had remained at home the day before; but he could go upon 'Change with a face free of all suspicion. A cloud of truth had overshadowed him, but it had been dispelled by the genial sunlight of falsehood. His self-complacency was fully re-

stored when he received a note, in the daintiest text on the daintiest paper, congratulating him on the triumphant establishment of his innocence before the New York public, and bearing as its signature a name so precious to him that he took it to his own room before destroying it and kissed it.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHICH TELLS ABOUT MRS. DILLINGHAM'S CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR'S RECEPTION AT THE PALGRAVE MANSION.

A BRILLIANT Christmas morning shone in at Mrs. Dillingham's window, where she sat quietly sunning the better side of her nature. Her little parlor was a little paradise, and all things around her were in tasteful keeping with her beautiful self. The Christmas chimes of Trinity were deluging the air with music; throngs were passing by on their way to and from church, and exchanging the greetings of the day; wreaths of holly were in her own windows and in those of her neighbors, and the influences of the hour—half poetical, half religious—held the unlovely and the evil within her in benign though temporary thrall. The good angel was dominant within her, while the bad angel slept.

Far down the vista of the ages, she was looking into a stable where a baby lay, warm in its swaddling-clothes, the mother bending over it. She saw above the stable a single star, which, palpitating with prophecy, shook its long rays out into the form of a cross, then drew them in until they circled into a blazing crown. Far above the star the air was populous with lambent forms and resonant with shouting voices, and she heard the words: "Peace on earth, good-will to men!" The chimes of Trinity melted into her reverie; the kindly sun encouraged it; the voices of happy children fed it, and she was moved to tears.

What could she do now but think over her past life—a life that had given her no children—a life that had been filled neither by peace nor good-will? She had married an old man for his money; had worried him out of his life, and he had gone and left her childless. She would not charge herself with the crime of hastening to the grave her father and mother, but she knew she had not been a comfort to them. Her willfulness; her love of money and of power; her pride of person and accomplishments; her desire for admiration; her violent passions, had made

her a torment to others and herself. She knew that no one loved her for anything good that she possessed, and knew that her own heart was barren of love for others. She felt that a little child who would call her "mother," clinging to her hand, or nestling in her bosom, could redeem her to her better self; and how could she help thinking of the true men who, with their hearts in their fresh, manly hands, had prayed for her love in the dawn of her young beauty, and been spurned from her presence—men now in the honorable walks of life with their little ones around them? Her relatives had forsaken her. There was absolutely no one to whom she could turn for the sympathy which in that hour she craved.

In these reflections, there was one person of her own blood recalled to whom she had been a curse, and of whom, for a single moment, she could not bear to think. She had driven him from her presence—the one who, through all her childhood, had been her companion, her admirer, her loyal follower. He had dared to love and marry one whom she did not approve, and, with curses, she had banished him from her side. If she only had him to love, she felt that she should be better and happier, but she had no hope that he would ever return to her.

She felt now, with inexpressible loathing, the unworthiness of the charms with which she fascinated the base men around her. The only sympathy she had was from these, and the only power she possessed was over them, and through them. The aim of her life was to fascinate them; the art of her life was to keep them fascinated without the conscious degradation of herself, and, so, to lead them whithersoever she would. Her business was the manufacture of slaves—slaves to her personal charms and her imperious will. Each slave carried around his own secret, treated her with distant deference in society, spoke of her with respect, and congratulated himself on possessing her supreme favor. Not one of them had her heart, or her confidence. With a true woman's instinct, she knew that no man who would be untrue to his wife would be true to her. So she played with them as with puppies that might gambol around her, and fawn before her, but might not smutch her robes with their dirty feet, or get the opportunity to bite her hand.

She had a house, but she had no home. Again and again the thought came to her that in a million homes that morning the air was full of music—hearty greetings between

parents and children, sweet prattle from lips unstained, merry laughter from bosoms without a care. With a heart full of tender regrets for the mistakes and errors of the past, with unspeakable contempt for the life she was living, and with vain yearnings for something better, she rose and determined to join the throngs that were pressing into the churches. Hastily prepared for the street, she went out, and soon, her heart responding to the Christmas music, and her voice to the Christmas utterances from the altar, she strove to lift her heart in devotion. She felt the better for it. It was an old habit, and the spasm was over. Having done a good thing, she turned her ear away from the suggestions of her good angel, and, in turning away, encountered the suggestions of worldliness from the other side, which came back to her with their old music. She came out of the church as one comes out of a theater, where for hours he has sat absorbed in the fictitious passion of a play, to the grateful rush and roar of Broadway, the flashing of the lights, and the shouting of the voices of the real world.

Mr. Belcher called that evening, and she was glad to see him. Arrayed in all her loveliness, sparkling with vivacity and radiant with health, she sat and wove her toils about him. She had never seemed lovelier in his eyes, and, as he thought of the unresponsive and quiet woman he had left behind him, he felt that his home was not on Fifth Avenue, but in the house where he then sat. Somehow—he could not tell how—she had always kept him at a distance. He had not dared to be familiar with her. Up to a certain point he could carry his gallantries, but no further. Then the drift of conversation would change. Then something called her away. He grew mad with the desire to hold her hand, to touch her, to unburden his heart of its passion for her, to breathe his hope of future possession; but always, when the convenient moment came, he was gently repelled, tenderly hushed, adroitly diverted. He knew the devil was in her; he believed that she was fond of him, and thus knowing and believing, he was at his wit's end to guess why she should be so persistently perverse. He had drank that day, and was not so easily managed as usual, and she had a hard task to hold him to his proprieties. There was only one way to do this, and that was to assume the pathetic.

Then she told him of her lonely day, her lack of employment, her wish that she could

of some use in the world, and, finally, she considered whether Mrs. Belcher would like to see her, Mrs. Dillingham, receive with her on New Year's Day. If that lady would not consider it an intrusion, she should be happy to shut her own house, and thus be able to present all the gentlemen of the city worth knowing, not only to Mrs. Belcher, but to her husband.

To have Mrs. Dillingham in the house for the whole day, and particularly to make desirable acquaintances so easily, was a rare privilege. He would speak to Mrs. Belcher about it, and he was sure there could not be one answer. To be frank about it, he did not intend there should be but one answer; but, for form's sake, it would be better to consult her. Mr. Belcher did not say what was the truth—that the guilt on his part made him more careful to consult Mrs. Belcher in the matter than he otherwise would have been; but now that his intimacy to her had ceased, he became more careful to preserve its semblance. There was a tender quality in Mrs. Dillingham's voice as she parted with him for the evening, and a half returned, suddenly requited response to the pressure of his hand, which left the impression that she had checked an eager impulse. Under the influence of these, the man went out from her presence, flattered to his heart's core, and with his admiration of her self-contained and silent passion more exalted than ever.

Mr. Belcher went directly home, and into Mrs. Belcher's room. That good lady was sitting, quietly reading. The children had retired, and she was spending her time after her custom.

"Well, Sarah, what sort of a Christmas evening you had?"

Mrs. Belcher bit her lip, for there was something in her husband's tone which confirmed the impression that he was preparing to wheedle her into some scheme upon which he had set his heart, and which he, or feared, would not be agreeable to her. She had noticed a change in him. He was kinder toward her than he had been for years, yet her heart detected the fact that his tenderness was a sham. She could not graciously repel it, yet she felt humiliated in accepting it. So, as she answered his question with the words: "Oh, much the same as usual," she could not look into his eyes with a smile upon her own.

"I've just been over to call on Mrs. Dillingham," said he.

"Ah?"

"Yes; I thought I would drop in and give her the compliments of the season. She's rather lonely, I fancy."

"So am I."

"Well now, Sarah, there's a difference; you know there is. You have your children, and——"

"And she my husband."

"Well, she's an agreeable woman, and I must go out sometimes. My acquaintance with agreeable women in New York is not very large."

"Why don't you ask your wife to go with you? I'm fond of agreeable women too."

"You are not fond of her, and I'm afraid she suspects it."

"I should think she would. Women who are glad to receive alone the calls of married men, always do suspect their wives of disliking them."

"Well, it certainly isn't her fault that men go to see her without their wives. Don't be unfair now, my dear."

"I don't think I am," responded Mrs. Belcher. "I notice that women never like other women who are great favorites with men; and there must be some good reason for it. Women like Mrs. Dillingham, who abound in physical fascinations for men, have no liking for the society of their own sex. I have never heard a woman speak well of her, and I have never heard her speak well of any other woman."

"I have, and, more than that, I have heard her speak well of you. I think she is shamefully belied. Indeed, I do not think that either of us has a better friend than she, and I have a proposition to present to you which proves it. She is willing to come to us on New Year's Day, and receive with you—to bring all her acquaintances into your house, and make them yours and mine."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes; and I think we should be most ungrateful and discourteous to her, as well as impolitic with relation to ourselves and our social future, not to accept the proposition."

"I don't think I care to be under obligations to Mrs. Dillingham for society, or care for the society she will bring us. I am not pleased with a proposition of this kind that comes through my husband. If she were my friend it would be a different matter, but she is not. If I were to feel myself moved to invite some lady to come here and receive with me, it would be well enough; but this proposition is a stroke of patronage as far

as I am concerned, and I don't like it. It is like Mrs. Dillingham and all of her kind. Whatever may have been her motives, it was an indelicate thing to do, and she ought to be ashamed of herself for doing it."

Mr. Belcher knew in his heart that his wife was right. He knew that every word she had spoken was the truth. He knew that he should never call on Mrs. Dillingham with his wife save as a matter of policy; but this did not modify his determination to have his own way.

"You place me in a very awkward position, my dear," said he, determined, as long as possible, to maintain an amiable mood.

"And she has placed me in one which you are helping to fasten upon me, and not at all helping to relieve me from."

"I don't see how I can, my dear. I am compelled to go back to her with some answer; and, as I am determined to have my house open, I must say whether you accept or decline her courtesy; for courtesy it is, and not patronage at all."

Mrs. Belcher felt the chain tightening, and knew that she was to be bound, whether willing or unwilling. The consciousness of her impotence did not act kindly upon her temper, and she burst out:

"I do not want her here. I wish she would have done with her officious helpfulness. Why can't she mind her own business, and let me alone?"

Mr. Belcher's temper rose to the occasion; for, although he saw in Mrs. Belcher's petulance and indignation that his victory was half won, he could not quite submit to the abuse of his brilliant pet.

"I have some rights in this house myself, my dear, and I fancy that my wishes are deserving of respect, at least."

"Very well. If it's your business, why did you come to me with it? Why didn't you settle it before you left the precious lady, who is so much worthier your consideration than your wife? Now, go and tell her that it is your will that she shall receive with me, and that I tamely submit."

"I shall tell her nothing of the kind."

"You can say no less, if you tell her the truth."

"My dear, you are angry. Let's not talk about it any more to-night. You will feel differently about it in the morning."

Of course, Mrs. Belcher went to bed in tears, cried over it until she went to sleep, and woke in the morning submissive, and quietly determined to yield to her husband's wishes. Of course, Mr. Belcher was not

late in informing Mrs. Dillingham that his wife would be most happy to accept her proposition. Of course, Mrs. Dillingham lost no time in sending her card to all the gentlemen she had ever met, with the indorsement, "Receives on New Year's with Mrs. Col. Belcher, — Fifth Avenue." Of course, too, after the task was accomplished, she called on Mrs. Belcher to express her gratitude for the courtesy, and to make suggestions about the entertainment. Was it quite of course that Mrs. Belcher, in the presence of this facile woman, overflowing with kind feeling, courteous deference, pleasant sentiment and sparkling conversation, should feel half ashamed of herself, and wonder how one so good and bright and sweet could so have moved her to anger?

The day came at last, and at ten Mrs. Dillingham entered the grand drawing-room in her queenly appareling. She applauded Mrs. Belcher's appearance, she kissed the children, all of whom thought her the loveliest lady they had ever seen, and in an aside to Mr. Belcher cautioned him against partaking too bountifully of the wines he had provided for his guests. "Let us have a nice thing of it," she said, "and nothing to be sorry for."

Mr. Belcher was faithfully in her leading. It would have been no self-denial for him to abstain entirely for her sake. He would do anything she wished.

There was one thing noticeable in her treatment of the lads of the family, and in their loyalty to her. She could win a boy's heart with a touch of her hand, a smile and a kiss. They clung to her whenever in her presence. They hung charmed upon all her words. They were happy to do anything she desired; and as children see through shams more quickly than their elders, it could not be doubted that she had a genuine affection for them. A child addressed the best side of her nature, and evoked a passion that had never found rest in satisfaction, while her heartiness and womanly beauty appealed to the boy nature with charms to which it yielded unbounded admiration and implicit confidence.

The reception was a wonderful success. Leaving out of the account the numbers of gentlemen who came to see the revived glories of the Palgrave mansion, there was a large number of men who had been summoned by Mrs. Dillingham's cards—men who undoubtedly ought to have been in better business or in better company. They were

in good positions—clergymen, merchants, lawyers, physicians, young men of families—men whose wives and mothers and sisters entertained an uncharitable opinion of that lady; but for this one courtship of a year the men would not be called to account. Mrs. Dillingham knew them at sight, called each man promptly by name, and presented them all to her dear friend Mrs. Belcher, and then to Col. Belcher, dividing his attention between the drawing-room and the dining-room, played the host with rude heartiness and large hospitality.

Mrs. Belcher was surprised by the presence of a number of men whose names were familiar with the public—Members of Congress, representatives of the city government, clergymen from popular pulpits. How had these made their appearance? It could only come to one conclusion, she thought, that they regarded Mrs. Dillingham as a show. Mrs. Dillingham in a magnificent house, arranged for self-exhibition, certainly more attractive than Mary, Queen of Scots, in wax, in a public hall, she could be seen for nothing.

It is doubtful whether Mrs. Belcher's estimation of their sex was materially raised by the tribute to her companion's personal attractions, but they furnished her with an interesting study. She was comforted by her observations, viz., that there were at least twenty men among them who, by their manner and their little speeches, which only a woman could interpret, showed that they were entangled in the same meshes that had been woven around her husband; that they were as foolish, as fond, as much deceived, as treacherously entertained as he.

She certainly was amused. Puffy old men with nose-gays in their button-holes, gallant and young in Mrs. Dillingham's presence, filled her ears with flatteries, and received the grateful tap of her fan, and were immediately banished to the dining-room, from which they emerged redder in face and puffer than ever. Dapper young men arriving in cabs threw off their coats before alighting, and ran up the stairs in evening dress, went through their automatic greeting and leave-taking, and ran again to get through their task of making almost numberless calls during the day. Only old men like Mr. Tunbridge and Mr. Tommaker, who had had the previous privilege of meeting Mr. Belcher, were allowed over to Mrs. Belcher, with whom they sat down and had a quiet talk. Mrs.

Dillingham seemed to know exactly how to apportion the constantly arriving and departing guests. Some were entertained by herself, some were given to Mr. Belcher, some to the hostess, and others were sent directly to the refreshment tables to be fed.

Mr. Belcher was brought into contact with men of his own kind, who did not fail to recognize him as a congenial spirit, and to express the hope of seeing more of him, now that he had become "one of us." Each one knew some other one whom he would take an early opportunity of presenting to Mr. Belcher. They were all glad he was in New York. It was the place for him. Everything was open to such a man as he, in such a city, and they only wondered why he had been content to remain so long, shut away from his own kind.

These expressions of brotherly interest were very pleasant to Mr. Belcher. They flattered him and paved the way for a career. He would soon be hand-in-glove with them all. He would soon find the ways of their prosperity, and make himself felt among them.

The long afternoon wore away, and, just as the sun was setting, Mrs. Belcher was called from the drawing-room by some family care, leaving Mr. Belcher and Mrs. Dillingham together.

"Don't be gone long," said the latter to Mrs. Belcher, as she left the room.

"Be gone till to-morrow morning," said Mr. Belcher, in a whisper at Mrs. Dillingham's ear.

"You're a wretch," said the lady.

"You're right—a very miserable wretch. Here you've been playing the devil with a hundred men all day, and I've been looking at you. Is there any article of your apparel that I can have the privilege of kissing?"

Mrs. Dillingham laughed him in his face. Then she took a wilted rose-bud from a nose-gay at her breast, and gave it to him.

"My roses are all faded," she said—"worth nothing to me—worth nothing to anybody—except you."

Then she passed to the window: to hide her emotion? to hide her duplicity? to change the subject? to give Mr. Belcher a glance at her gracefully retreating figure? to show herself, framed by the window, into a picture for the delight of his devouring eyes?

Mr. Belcher followed her. His hand lightly touched her waist, and she struck it down, as if her own were the velvet paw of a lynx.

"You startled me so!" she said.

"Are you always to be startled so easily?"

"Here? yes."

"Everywhere?"

"Yes. Perhaps so."

"Thank you."

"For what?"

"For the perhaps."

"You are easily pleased and grateful for nothing; and, now, tell me who lives opposite to you?"

"A lawyer by the name of James Balfour."

"James Balfour? Why, he's one of my old flames. He ought to have been here to-day. Perhaps he'll be in this evening."

"Not he."

"Why?"

"He has the honor to be an enemy of mine, and knows that I would rather choke him than eat my dinner."

"You men are such savages; but aren't those nice boys on the steps?"

"I happen to know one of them, and I should like to know why he is there, and how he came there. Between you and me, now—strictly between you and me—that boy is the only person that stands between me and—and—a pile of money."

"Is it possible? Which one, now?"

"The larger."

"But, isn't he lovely!"

"He's a Sevenoaks pauper."

"You astonish me."

"I tell you the truth, and Balfour has managed, in some way, to get hold of him, and means to make money out of me by it. I know men. You can't tell me anything about men, and my excellent neighbor will have his hands full, whenever he sees fit to undertake his job."

"Tell me all about it now," said Mrs. Dillingham, her eyes alight with genuine interest.

"Not now, but I'll tell you what I would like to have you do. You have a way of making boys love you, and men too—for that matter—and precious little do they get for it."

"Candid and complimentary," she sighed.

"Well, I've seen you manage with my boys, and I would like to have you try it with him. Meet him in the street, manage to speak to him, get him into your house, make him love you. You can do it. You are bold enough, ingenious enough, and subtle enough to do anything of that kind you will undertake. Sometime, if you have him under your influence, you may be of use to me. Sometime, he may be glad to hide in your house. No harm can come to you in making his acquaintance."

"Do you know that you are talking very strangely to me?"

"No. I'm talking business. Is that a strange thing to a woman?"

Mrs. Dillingham made no reply, but stood and watched the boys, as they ran up and down the steps in play, with a smile of sympathy upon her face, and genuine admiration of the graceful motion and handsome face and figure of the lad of whom Mr. Belcher had been talking. Her curiosity was piqued, her love of intrigue was appealed to, and she determined to do, at the first convenient opportunity, what Mr. Belcher desired her to do.

Then Mrs. Belcher returned, and the evening, like the afternoon, was devoted to the reception of guests, and when, at last, the clock struck eleven, and Mrs. Dillingham stood bonneted and shawled ready to go home in the carriage that waited at the door, Mrs. Belcher kissed her, while Mr. Belcher looked on in triumph.

"Now, Sarah, haven't we had a nice day?" said he.

"Very pleasant, indeed."

"And haven't I behaved well? Upon my word, I believe I shall have to stand treat to my own abstinence, before I go to bed."

"Yes, you've been wonderfully good," remarked his wife.

"Men are such angels," said Mrs. Dillingham.

Then Mr. Belcher put on his hat and overcoat, led Mrs. Dillingham to her carriage, got in after her, slammed the door, and drove away.

No sooner were they in the carriage than Mrs. Dillingham went to talking about the little boy, in the most furious manner. Poor Mr. Belcher could not divert her, could not induce her to change the subject, could not get in a word edgewise, could not put forward a single apology for the kiss he intended to win, did not win his kiss at all. The little journey was ended, the carriage door thrown open by her own hand, and she was out without his help.

"Good-night; don't get out," and she flew up the steps and rang the bell.

Mr. Belcher ordered the coachman to drive him home, and then sank back on his seat, and crowding his lips together, and compressing his disappointment into his familiar expletive, he rode back to his house as rigid in every muscle as if he had been frozen.

"Is there any such thing as a virtuous

"I wonder," he muttered to himself, as he counted his steps. "I doubt it; I doubt it."

The next day was icy. Men went slipping along upon the side-walks as carefully as they were trying to follow a guide through the galleries of Versailles. And in the afternoon a beautiful woman called a man to her, and begged him to give her his name and help her home. The request so sweetly made, she expressed her objections so courteously, she smiled upon him so beautifully, she praised him so ingenuously, he shook his hand at parting so heartily, he went home all aglow from his heart's fingers' ends.

Mr. Dillingham had made Harry Benevolent's acquaintance, which she managed to keep alive by bows in the street and bows at the window,—managed to keep alive the lad worshiped her as a sort of deity and, to win her smiling recognition, would go out of his way a dozen times on any errand about the city.

He recognized her—knew her as the beautiful woman he had seen in the great city across the street before Mr. Belcher had moved in town. Recognizing her as such, he kept the secret of his devotion to himself, and feared that it would be frowned upon by his good friends the Balfours. Mr. Belcher, however, knew all about it, rejoiced in it, and counted upon it as a possible means in the accomplishment of his ends.

CHAPTER XV.

MR. BELCHER GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF A VOLUNTARY AND AN INVOLUNTARY VISIT OF SAM YATES TO NUMBER NINE.

MR. BELCHER followed up the acquaintance which he had so happily made on the Year's Day with many of the leading speculators of Wall street, during the remainder of the winter, and, by the careful and skilful manipulation of the minor stocks of the market, not only added to his wealth and steady degrees, but built up a reputation for sagacity and boldness. He looked at them with a strong hand, and gradually became a recognized power on the exchange. He knew that he would not be outdone into any combinations until he had demonstrated his ability to stand alone. He understood that he could not win a commanding position in any of the great financial enterprises until he had shown that he had the skill to manage them. He was playing

for two stakes—present profit and future power and glory; and he played with brave adroitness.

During the same winter the work at Number Nine went on according to contract. Mike Conlin found his second horse and the requisite sled, and, the river freezing solidly and continuously, he was enabled not only to draw the lumber to the river, but up to the very point where it was to be used, and where Jim and Mr. Benedict were hewing and framing their timber, and pursuing their trapping with unflinching industry. Number Ten was transformed into a stable, where Mike kept his horses on the nights of his arrival. Two trips a week were all that he could accomplish, but the winter was so long, and he was so industrious, that before the ice broke up, everything for the construction of the house had been delivered, even to the bricks for the chimney, the lime for the plastering, and the last clapboard and shingle. The planning, the chaffing, the merry stories of which Number Nine was the scene that winter, the grand, absorbing interest in the enterprise in which these three men were engaged, it would be pleasant to recount, but they may safely be left to the reader's imagination. What was Sam Yates doing?

He lived up to the letter of his instructions. Finding himself in the possession of an assured livelihood, respectably dressed and engaged in steady employment, his appetite for drink loosened its cruel hold upon him, and he was once more in possession of himself. All the week long he was busy in visiting hospitals, alms-houses and lunatic asylums, and in examining their records and the mortuary records of the city. Sometimes he presented himself at the doors of public institutions as a philanthropist, preparing by personal inspection for writing some book, or getting statistics, or establishing an institution on behalf of a public benefactor. Sometimes he went in the character of a lawyer, in search of a man who had fallen heir to a fortune. He had always a plausible story to tell, and found no difficulty in obtaining an entrance at all the doors to which his inquisition led him. He was treated everywhere so courteously that his self-respect was wonderfully nourished, and he began to feel as if it were possible for him to become a man again.

On every Saturday night, according to Mr. Belcher's command, he made his appearance in the little basement-room of the

grand residence, where he was first presented to the reader. On these occasions he always brought a clean record of what he had done during the week, which he read to Mr. Belcher, and then passed into that gentleman's hands to be filed away and preserved. On every visit, too, he was made to feel that he was a slave. As his self-respect rose from week to week, the coarse and brutal treatment of the proprietor was increased. Mr. Belcher feared that the man was getting above his business, and that, as the time approached when he might need something very different from these harmless investigations, his instrument might become too fine for use.

Besides the ministry to his self-respect which his labors rendered, there was another influence upon Sam Yates that tended to confirm its effects. He had in his investigations come into intimate contact with the results of all forms of vice. Idiocy, insanity, poverty, moral debasement, disease in a thousand repulsive forms, all these had frightened and disgusted him. On the direct road to one of these terrible goals he had been traveling. He knew it, and, with a shudder many times repeated, felt it. He had been arrested in the downward road, and, God helping him, he would never resume it. He had witnessed brutal cruelties and neglect among officials that maddened him. The professional indifference of keepers and nurses toward those who, if vicious, were still unfortunate and helpless, offended and outraged all of manhood there was left in him.

One evening, early in the spring, he made his customary call upon Mr. Belcher, bringing his usual report. He had completed the canvass of the city and its environs, and had found no testimony to the death or recent presence of Mr. Benedict. He hoped that Mr. Belcher was done with him, for he saw that his brutal will was the greatest obstacle to his reform. If he could get away from his master he could begin life anew; for his professional brothers, who well remembered his better days, were ready to throw business into his hands, now that he had become himself again.

"I suppose this ends it," said Yates, as he read his report, and passed it over into Mr. Belcher's hands.

"Oh, you do!"

"I do not see how I can be of further use to you."

"Oh, you don't!"

"I have certainly reason to be grateful

for your assistance, but I have no desire to be a burden upon your hands. I think I can get a living now in my profession."

"Then we've found that we have a profession, have we? We've become highly respectable."

"I really don't see what occasion you have to taunt me. I have done my duty faithfully, and taken no more than my just pay for the labor I have performed."

"Sam Yates, I took you out of the gutter. Do you know that?"

"I do, sir."

"Did you ever hear of my doing such a thing as that before?"

"I never did."

"What do you suppose I did it for?"

"To serve yourself."

"You are right; and now let me tell you that I am not done with you yet, and I shall not be done with you until I have in my hands a certificate of the death of Paul Benedict, and an instrument drawn up in legal form, making over to me all his right, title and interest in every patented invention of his which I am now using in my manufactures. Do you hear that?"

"I do."

"What have you to say to it? Are you going to live up to your pledge, or are you going to break with me?"

"If I could furnish such an instrument honorably, I would do it."

"Hm! I tell you, Sam Yates, this sort of thing won't do."

Then Mr. Belcher left the room, and soon returned with a glass and a bottle of brandy. Setting them upon the table, he took the key from the outside of the door, inserted it upon the inside, turned it, and then withdrew it, and put it in his pocket. Yates rose and watched him, his face pale, and his heart thumping at his side like a tilt-hammer.

"Sam Yates," said Mr. Belcher, "you are getting altogether too virtuous. Nothing will cure you but a good, old-fashioned drunk. Dip in, now, and take your fill. You can lie here all night if you wish to."

Mr. Belcher drew the cork, and poured out a tumblerful of the choice old liquid. Its fragrance filled the little room. It reached the nostrils of the poor slave, who shivered as if an ague had smitten him. He hesitated, advanced toward the table, retreated, looked at Mr. Belcher, then at the brandy, then walked the room, then paused before Mr. Belcher, who had coolly watched the struggle from his chair. The victim of

passion was in the supreme of torment. His old thirst was roused to fury. The resolutions of the preceding weeks, the strength he had won, the motives that came to life within him, the promise of a better future, sank away into blank nothingness.

A patch of fire burned on either side of his face. His eyes were bloodshot.

"Oh God! Oh God!" he exclaimed, and he hid his face in his hands.

"Fudge!" said Mr. Belcher. "What do you make an ass of yourself for?"

"If you'll take these things out of the room, and see that I drink nothing to-night, I'll do anything. They are hell and damnation to me. Don't you see? Have you anything on me? Take them away!"

Mr. Belcher was surprised, but he had sealed the promise he was after, and so he rose and removed the offensive temptations.

Yates sat down as limp as if he had had a stroke. After sitting a long time in silence, he looked up, and begged for the privilege of sleeping in the house. He did not dare to trust himself in the street until he had calmed and strengthened himself.

There was a lounge in the room, and, calling a servant, Mr. Belcher ordered blankets to be brought down. "You can sleep to-night, and I will see you in the morning," said he, rising, and leaving him without the common courtesy of a "good-night."

For Sam Yates had a very bad night indeed. He was humiliated by the proof of his weakness, and maddened by the outcome which had been attempted upon him in his good resolutions. In the morning, when Mr. Belcher, feeble and unrefreshed, with seeming acquiescence received his conditions for future work.

"I want you to take the road from here to Sevenoaks, stopping at every town on the way."

You can be sure of this: he is not in Sevenoaks. The whole county, and in the adjoining counties, were all ransacked and searched for him. He cannot have found asylum anywhere; so he must be either between here and Sevenoaks, or must have gone into the hills beyond. There's a trapper there, Jim Fenton. He may have come across him in the woods, alive or dead, and I want you to go to his camp and find out whether he knows anything. My impression is that Benedict will, and that Benedict will go to hunt with him. When you come back to me, after a faithful search, with the report that you can find nothing of him, or

with the report of his death, we shall be ready for decisive operations. Write me when you have anything to write, and if you find it necessary to spend money to secure any very desirable end, spend it."

Then Mr. Belcher put into the hands of his agent a roll of bank-notes, and armed him with a check that might be used in case of emergency, and sent him off.

It took Yates six long weeks to reach Sevenoaks. He labored daily with the same faithfulness that had characterized his operations in the city, and, reaching Sevenoaks, he found himself for a few days free from care, and at liberty to resume the acquaintance with his early home, where he and Robert Belcher had been boys together.

The people of Sevenoaks had long before heard of the fall of Sam Yates from his early rectitude. They had once been proud of him, and when he left them for the city, they expected to hear great things of him. So when they learned that, after entering upon his profession with brilliant promise, he had ruined himself with drink, they bemoaned him for a while, and at last forgot him. His relatives never mentioned him, and when, well dressed, dignified, self-respectful, he appeared among them again, it was like receiving one risen from the dead. The rejoicing of his relatives, the cordiality of his old friends and companions, the reviving influences of the scenes of his boyhood, all tended to build up his self-respect, reinforce his strength, and fix his determinations for a new life.

Of course he did not make known his business, and of course he heard a thousand inquiries about Mr. Belcher, and listened to the stories of the proprietor's foul dealings with the people of his native town. His own relatives had been straitened or impoverished by the man's rascalities, and the fact was not calculated to strengthen his loyalty to his employer. He heard also the whole story of the connection of Mr. Belcher with Benedict's insanity, of the escape of the latter from the poor-house, and of the long and unsuccessful search that had been made for him.

He spent a delightful week among his friends in the old village, learned about Jim Fenton and the way to reach him, and on a beautiful spring morning, armed with fishing tackle, started from Sevenoaks for a fortnight's absence in the woods. The horses were fresh, the air sparkling, and at mid-afternoon he found himself standing by the

river-side, with a row of ten miles before him in a birch canoe, whose hiding-place Mike Conlin had revealed to him during a brief call at his house. To his unused muscles it was a serious task to undertake, but he was not a novice, and it was entered upon deliberately and with a prudent husbandry of his power of endurance. Great was the surprise of Jim and Mr. Benedict, as they sat eating their late supper, to hear the sound of the paddle down the river, and to see approaching them a city gentleman, who, greeting them courteously, drew up in front of their cabin, took out his luggage, and presented himself.

"Where's Jim Fenton?" said Yates.

"That's me. Them as likes me calls me Jim, and them as don't like me—wall, they don't call."

"Well, I've called, and I call you Jim."

"All right; let's see your tackle," said Jim.

Jim took the rod that Yates handed to him, looked it over, and then said: "When ye come to Sevenoaks you didn't think o' goin' a fishin'. This 'ere tackle wasn't brung from the city, an' ye ain't no old fisherman. This is the sort they keep down to Sevenoaks."

"No," said Yates, flushing; "I thought I should find near you the tackle used here, so I didn't burden myself."

"That seems reasonable," said Jim, "but it ain't. A trout's a trout anywhere, an' ye hain't got no reel. Ye never fished with anything but a white birch pole in yer life."

Yates was amused, and laughed. Jim did not laugh. He was just as sure that Yates had come on some errand, for which his fishing tackle was a cover, as that he had come at all. He could think of but one motive that would bring the man into the woods, unless he came for sport, and for sport he did not believe his visitor had come at all. He was not dressed for it. None but old sportsmen, with nothing else to do, ever came into the woods at that season.

"Jim, introduce me to your friend," said Yates, turning to Mr. Benedict, who had dropped his knife and fork, and sat uneasily witnessing the meeting, and listening to the conversation.

"Well, I call 'im Number Ten. His name's Williams; an' now if you ain't too tired, perhaps ye'll tell us what they call ye to home."

"Well, I'm Number Eleven, and my name's Williams, too.

"Then, if your name's Williams, an' you're Number 'leven, you want some supper. Set down an' help yerself."

Before taking his seat, Yates turned laughingly to Mr. Benedict and shook his hand, and hoped for a better acquaintance.

Jim was puzzled. The man was no ordinary man; he was good-natured; he was not easily perturbed; he was there with a purpose, and that purpose had nothing to do with sport.

After Yates had satisfied his appetite with the coarse food before him, and had lighted his cigar, Jim drove directly at business.

"What brung ye here?" said he.

"A pair of horses and a birch canoe."

"Oh! I didn't know but 'twas a mule and a bandanner handkercher," said Jim; "and whar be ye goin' to sleep to-night?"

"In the canoe, I suppose, if some hospitable man doesn't invite me to sleep in his cabin."

"An' if ye sleep in his cabin, what ye goin' to do to-morrow?"

"Get up."

"An' clear out?"

"Not a bit of it."

"Well, I love to see folks make themselves to home; but ye don't sleep in no cabin o' mine till I know who ye be, an' what ye're arter."

"Jim, did you ever hear of entertainin' angels unaware?" and Yates looked laughingly into his face.

"No, but I've hearn of angels entertainin' themselves on tin-ware, an' I've had 'em here."

"Do you have tin peddlers here?" inquired Yates, looking around him.

"No, but we have paupers sometimes," and Jim looked Yates directly in the eye.

"What paupers?"

"From Sevenoaks."

"And do they bring tin-ware?"

"Sartin they do; leastways, one on 'em did, an' I never seen but one in the woods, an' he come here one night tootin' on a tin horn, an' blowin' about bein' the angel Gabrel. Do you see my har?"

"Rather bushy, Jim."

"Well, that's the time it come up, an' it's never been tired enough to lay down sence."

"What became of Gabriel?"

"I skeered 'im, and he went off into the woods pertendin' he was tryin' to catch a bullet. That's the kind o' ball I allus use when I have a little game with a rovin' angel that comes kadoodlin' round me."

Did you ever see him afterward?" inquired Yates.

Yes, I seen him. He laid down one night under a tree, an' he wasn't called to break an' he never woke up. So I made up my mind he'd gone to play angel somewhere else, an' I dug a hole an' put 'im into it, an' he hain't never riz, if so be he wasn't Number 'leven, and his name was Williams." Yates did not laugh, but manifested the greatest eager interest.

"Jim," said he, "can you show me his bones, and swear to your belief that he was an escaped pauper?"

"Easy."

"Was there a man lost from the poortown about that time?"

Yes, an' there was a row about it, an' afterward old Buffum was took with knowin' more than he ever knowed afore. He always makes a fuss about breathin', so he gave 'im a row."

"Well, the man you buried is the man after."

Yes, an' old Belcher sent ye. I knowed the feller when I smelt the old feller when I heern yer name. When a feller works for the devil he's 't hard to guess what sort of a angel he is. Ye must feel mighty proud o' yer own engins."

"Jim, I'm a lawyer; it's my business. I don't want what I'm hired to do."

"Well," responded Jim, "I don't know much 'bout lawyers, but I'd rather be a natural born cuss nor a hired one."

Yates laughed, but Jim was entirely serious. The lawyer saw that he was unwilling, and that the sooner he was out of the way, the better that freely speaking man would like it. So he said quietly:

"Jim, I see that I am not welcome, but I'll go, you no ill-will. Keep me to-night, and to-morrow show me this man's bones, and give me a certificate of the statements you have made to me, and I will leave you at once."

The woodsman made no more objection, and the next morning, after breakfast, the two men went together and found the bones of the pauper's burial. It took but a few minutes to disinter the skeleton, and, after a silent look at it, it was again buried, and all returned to the cabin. Then the lawyer, after asking further questions, drew up a paper certifying to all the essential facts in the case, and Jim signed it.

"Now, how are ye goin' to git back to Sevenoaks?" inquired Jim.

"I don't know. The man who brought the bones is not to come for me for a fortnight."

"Then you've got to huff it," responded Jim.

"It's a long way."

"Ye can do it as far as Mike's, an' he'll be glad to git back some o' the hundred dollars that old Belcher got out of him."

"The row and the walk will be too much."

"I'll take ye to the landing," said Jim.

"I shall be glad to pay you for the job," responded Yates.

"An' ef ye do," said Jim, "there'll be an accident, an' two men'll get wet, an' one on 'em'll stand a chance to be drowned."

"Well, have it your own way," said Yates.

It was not yet noon, and Jim hurried off his visitor. Yates bade good-bye to Benedict, jumped into Jim's boat, and he was soon out of sight down the stream. The boat fairly leaped through the water under Jim's strong and steady strokes, and it seemed that only an hour had passed when the landing was discovered.

They made the whole distance in silence. Jim, sitting at his oars, with Yates in the stern, had watched the lawyer with a puzzled expression. He could not read him. The man had not said a word about Benedict. He had not once pronounced his name. He was evidently amused with something, and had great difficulty in suppressing a smile. Again and again the amused expression suffused the lawyer's face, and still, by an effort of will, it was smothered. Jim was in torture. The man seemed to be in possession of some great secret, and looked as if he only waited an opportunity beyond observation to burst into a laugh.

"What the devil ye thinkin' on?" inquired Jim at last.

Yates looked him in the eyes, and replied coolly:

"I was thinking how well Benedict is looking."

Jim stopped rowing, holding his oars in the air. He was dumb. His face grew almost livid, and his hair seemed to rise and stand straight all over his head. His first impulse was to spring upon the man and throttle him, but a moment's reflection determined him upon another course. He let his oars drop into the water, and then took up his rifle, which he always carried at his side. Raising it to his eye, he said:

"Now, Number 'leven, come an' take my seat. Ef ye make any fuss, I'll tip ye into the river, or blow your brains out. Any man that plays traitor with Jim Fenton, gets traitor's fare."

Yates saw that he had made a fatal mistake, and that it was too late to arrest it. He saw that Jim was dangerously excited, and that it would not do to excite him further. He therefore rose, and with feigned pleasantry, said he should be very glad to row to the landing.

Jim passed him and took a seat in the stern of the boat. Then, as Yates took up the oars, Jim raised his rifle, and, pointing it directly at the lawyer's breast, said:

"Now, Sam Yates, turn this boat round."

Yates was surprised in turn, bit his lips, and hesitated.

"Turn this boat round, or I'll fix ye so't I can see through ye plainer nor I do now."

"Surely, Jim, you don't mean to have me row back. I haven't harmed you."

"Turn this boat round, quicker nor lightnin'."

"There, it's turned," said Yates, assuming a smile.

"Now row back to Number Nine."

"Come, Jim," said Yates, growing pale

with vexation and apprehension, this "fooling has gone far enough."

"Not by ten mile," said Jim.

"You surely don't mean to take me back. You have no right to do it. I can prosecute you for this."

"Not if I put a bullet through ye, or drown ye."

"Do you mean to have me row back to Number Nine?"

"I mean to have you row back to Number Nine, or go to the bottom leakin'," responded Jim.

Yates thought a moment, looked angrily at the determined man before him, as if he was meditating some rash experiment, and then dipped his oars and rowed upstream.

Great was the surprise of Mr. Benedict late in the afternoon to see Yates slowly rowing toward the cabin, and landing under cover of Jim's rifle, and the blackest face that he had ever seen above his good friend's shoulders.

(To be continued.)

EPHPHATHA.

ONCE, when the harp from hand to hand
Passed, and each yeoman sang a lay,
Or ballad of his native land,
One stole abashed and grieved away.

He could not sing. With knitted brows,
Bent head and cheeks that burned with shame,

He went to watch the herded cows,
And vexed himself till slumber came.

Then was he 'ware that by his head,
A stranger stood and spake his name,
And "Cædmon, sing somewhat," he said,
And stirred the half-stilled founts of shame.

"Alas, I cannot sing," he cried,
"For that, to-night, I left the hall."
"Yea, thou shalt sing," the voice replied.
"Of what?" "Creation and the Fall."

As evening's sky with sudden flame,
His soul was filled with light divine,
And, trooping through his mind, there came
The meters, marshaling line on line.

Then into column broke and wheeled;
He woke, but still they kept their way,
And thus it was, the dumb man, healed,
Became the Milton of his day.

Ah, when I read the glowing page
Of those great souls of other times,
Who pass the harp from age to age,
I blush to own my little rhymes.

But might I hear, by day or night,
A clear voice calling from the skies,
That on my longing ear should smite,
Through all my dreams and phantasies,

That old, sweet voice, strong to control,
All weakness and infirmities,
To speak Ephphatha to my soul,
Then would I rise and sing with these

The half-heard songs that haunt each
mind;
For I no higher lot would seek
Than to be utterance for my kind,
A voice for those who cannot speak.

BEDS AND TABLES, STOOLS AND CANDLESTICKS.

SOME CHAPTERS ON HOUSE-FURNISHING.

INTRODUCTORY.

ONG the smaller facts that must be note of in drawing the portrait of times is the interest a great many peo-

theorizing about the dress and decoration of our rooms: how best to make them comfortable and handsome; and books are written, and magazine and newspaper articles, to the end that on a matter which con-

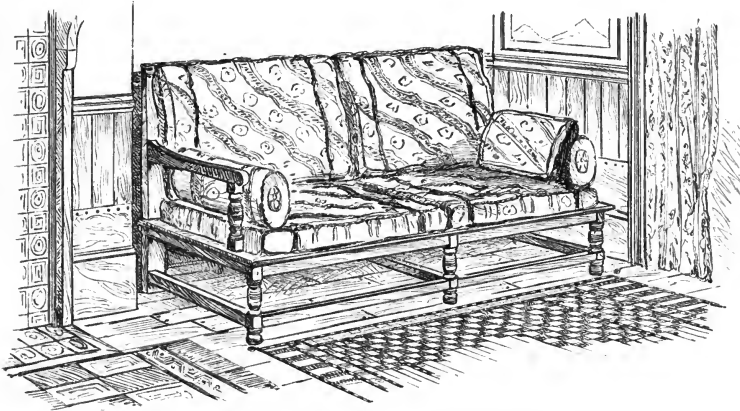


FIG. 1. SOFA, WITH MOVABLE CUSHIONS.

l in everything that is written on the ts of house-building and house-furnish- There never was a time when so many written for the purpose of bringing

cerns everybody, everybody may know what is the latest word.

When those who have attempted to instruct the public on so intimate and personal

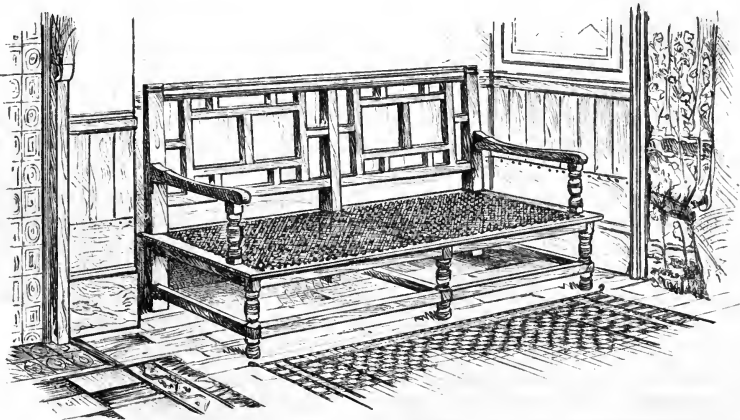


FIG. 2. THE SAME, WITHOUT CUSHIONS.

subject of architecture—its history, its es, its practice—down to the level of opular understanding, were produced this time of ours. And, from the itself, we are now set to thinking and

a subject have looked about for authorities and models, they have turned back with one consent to the past, and either adopted the usage of old times as a whole, or made it a basis for their suggestions, a text for

their sermon. But, if we ask where the old-time people found their models, we certainly do not get for an answer, that they ran to this or that book for them, or that they sought the advice of this or that architect. Whatever they did, were it good or bad, came out of their own minds, and was suggested by their own wants, and represented their own taste and sense of fitness.

Now, we have the same faculties that the

like to live and let the world go by. There are such people. I know such in my own circle, but there are not many of them, and it certainly is not the way of the world at large. But, whoever will try the experiment will find the reward in peace and serenity, and real comfort so abounding, that it will be no longer a query with him whether he shall continue it or not. And he will find that the question of furniture

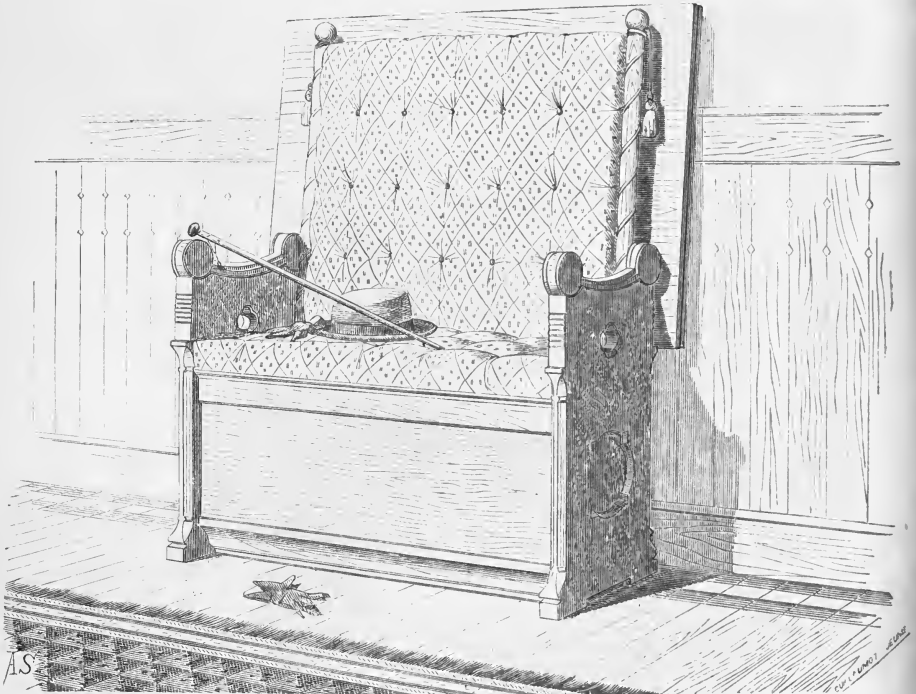


FIG. 3. A SETTLE, CONVERTIBLE INTO A TABLE.

men who lived before us had, just as we have the same desires and needs, and we have only to go to work in the same way in order to produce the same results. Just let us consult our own desires and needs, and refuse to be governed by those of other people. And let us refuse to take what is offered to us, if it does not suit our needs or our purses, and learn not to fear being sent to Coventry for our refusal.

The best plan is to know first, as near as may be, how we ought to live externally, and then to surround ourselves with the things best suited for that mode of life, whatever it may be. This, however, commonplace as it sounds, is so seldom done, that it must be thought a thing extremely difficult to do. Look about you, reader, and ask yourself, how many people you know who live as they really

will disappear from the catalogue of vexations, because there is always provision in the world for every reasonable want. Every country, too, has its own models, and was at one time satisfied with its own—that is, the mass of the people were satisfied, though in every country, at all times, the rich have preferred something borrowed and exotic.

“I would give tilke Morpheus
* * * * *

If he woll make me sleepe alite,
Of downe of pure doves white
I woll give him a feather bed,
Raied with gold, and right well cled
In fine blacke sattin *d'outremere*;
And many a pillow, and every bere,
Of cloth of raines to slepe on soft,
Him there not need to turne oft.”

Their satins must come from over seas, and homespun will not do, but they must go for

to some foreign town of Rennes, else cannot rest in their beds. But the aim of every house is to find the people self-contained, and taking their pleasure and their comfort where they can, in the things that come to them, rather in what they have had to seek painfully and far. It is not worth while to ignore the fashion altogether nor to insist on having things entirely different from those our neighbors have. I know there is a great deal of money expended upon people who follow the fashion; but we ought to reflect that not only the fashion (the question is now of the cost of living, of dress, and of manners) is getting, in the long run, to be expensive, not only in money, but in time, and really takes our attention too much from matters of more worth while. The young man who has his whole mind to the tying of his cravat will not, of course, give any of his mind to other things; and if we fuss too much, or fuss at all, for that matter, over our coats, our trousers, and gloves, and hats, we soon

This is the good general rule, and the following it would help settle many difficulties that we hear people complaining of every day. Much of the trouble we have in getting furniture to suit us, comes from our wanting things that do not suit us. We must have something that somebody else has or has not. We must either follow the fashion or lead the fashion. The last thing we think of is to please ourselves. A young couple heroically determined that when they were married they would live as comfortably as they could on the smallest income that would be theirs; and that for no fashion's sake, nor for any fidgety conventional friend's sake, would they go to any expense that would give them a minute's uneasiness. The husband was a professional man, fond of books and pictures; the wife was womanly, pleased in her own work, in her books and stitchery, and could touch the piano; and when evening came was pleased with what pleased him. Flats had not yet peeped over the horizon of their daily life, and between a whole house

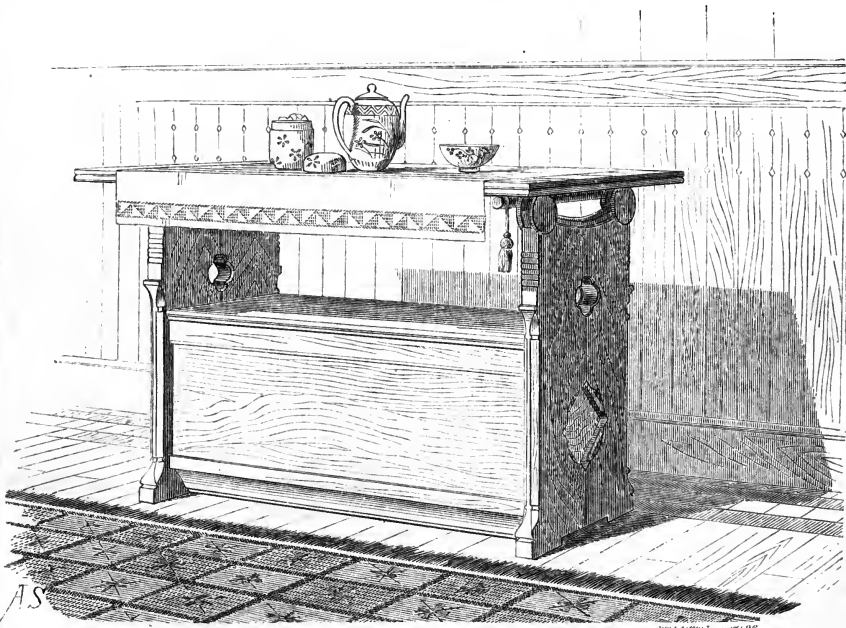


FIG. 4. THE SAME, AS A TABLE.

we are on the wrong road. It is not to worry ourselves over our house nature, and to insist upon having ideal and useless surroundings. If we have things that are different from what the way of the world provides, it ought to be because we like them naturally, and liked them, because we were trying to be peculiar.

and a boarding-house (the latter the last resort of despairing young humans) there seemed no middle ground, nor was any, until it occurred to one of them—they never could tell which one it was, to whom the happy thought was due—to take a whole house and live in the upper floors, and, reserving a corner of the cellar for coals, to

let the rest of the house to somebody else. This they did, and straightway went to work to furnish their floor with the best-looking furniture they could get without hunting too far. In the artist circle, and the circle of young lawyers and budding literary folk, and architects and the Utopians generally, this upper floor became a synonym for domestic paradise; and, indeed, a prettier place had not then been seen in New York. But it soon became whispered

that I can depend upon its being good at all times. If I am pushed to the wall with a question as to my right to be heard in this matter, I can only say that, after much tribulation, I have reached a point where simplicity seems to me a good part of beauty and utility only beauty in a mask; and I have no prouder nor more pretending aim than to suggest how this truth may be expressed in the furniture and decoration of our homes.

THE LIVING-ROOM.

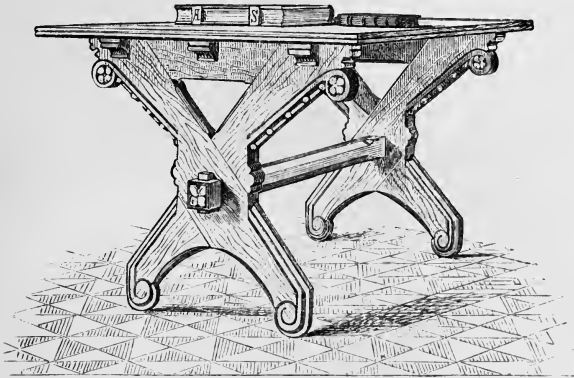


FIG. 5. A CRISS-CROSS TABLE.

abroad—that is, in the course of two years or so—that anxious friends, moving in the upper circles of society, and sadly missing the aid and comfort these two were to have brought to those benighted regions, had so fretted and worried these happy young people, and had teased them so about the world, and what it was saying, and what it was thinking about doing, that at last they wearily succumbed, and let a fine house be bought for them, as ugly and anti-domestic as a New York brown-stone front knows so well to be; and there they went, and there a charming and successful experiment came to a commonplace ending.

Suppose this an imaginary story; but it is a type of the trouble everybody finds in living in an individual way of his own. Society does not notice with approval such departure from the common road, and the ruts are made so easy for us all to roll along in, there is small temptation for us to risk upsetting by trying unaccustomed paths.

However, my purpose is not to recommend eccentricity, nor even a modified Bohemianism. I have no mission to preach a crusade against luxury and bad taste; nor have I a hope that anything I can say will bring back simplicity and good taste. I am not at all sure that my own taste is good, or

I use the word "Living-Room" instead of "Parlor," because I am not intending to have anything to say about parlors. As these chapters are not written for rich people's reading, and as none but rich people can afford to have a room in their houses set apart for the pleasures of idleness, nothing would be gained by talking about such rooms. I should like to persuade a few young people who are just pushing their life-boat off shore to venture into deeper and more adventurous seas, that it will make their home a great deal more cheery

and homelike if they concentrate their leisure, in-door hours in one place, and do not attempt to keep up a room in which they themselves shall be strangers, and which will make a stranger of every friend who comes into it. Happily, the notion that such a room is absolutely necessary to even a respectable family is no longer so prevalent nor held so binding as it once was. A good many people who were children in New England fifty years ago will remember the disagreeable parlor of the period, into which they were only permitted to go on Sunday afternoons, though they often forgot to go there even on that grim holiday, but preferred the nursery or, may be, the kitchen, where there was nothing too good to use, and some comfort might be had. Of course the country towns were worse in this respect than the cities; yet they had this advantage, that, besides the unused parlor, there was almost always a real living-room, and it was oftenest on the sunny side of the house, the shady side being chosen for the parlor, whose carpet must not be exposed to the danger of fading by the admission of the sun. In the country, then, one could easily forget the existence of the parlor, and the real life of the family went cheerily on without it. The parlor was opened on Sunday

on Thanksgiving day, for funerals, for weddings, and on the one or two occasions in the year when the awful solemnity of a formal "party" was gone through; but it was carefully shunned on more cheerful and

Let us begin, then, with the frank abandonment of any formal parlor, but, taking the largest and pleasantest and most accessible room in the house, let us give it up to the wife and children in the daytime, and to

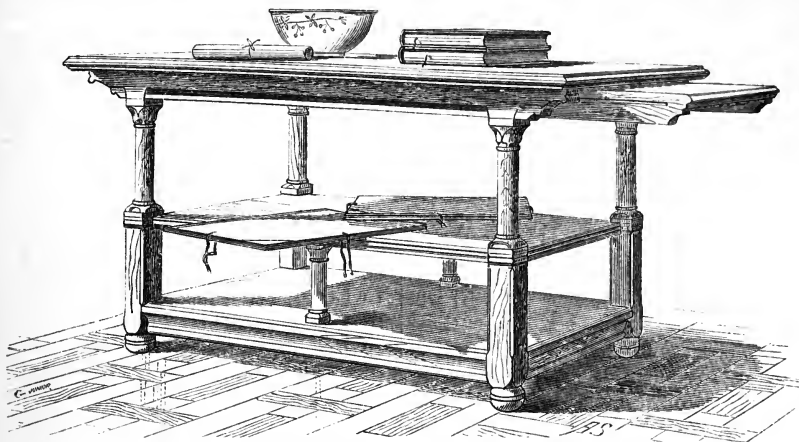


FIG. 6. FOR BOOKS, OR WORK, OR HEALTHFUL PLAY.

human occasions, such as tea-fights, candy-pulls, sleighing-parties, and other "good times." But in the cities the living-room was sacrificed to the social necessities, and was generally up-stairs or down-stairs, the main floor being given to the dining-room and parlor.

How much money has been wasted, how much capital been kept idle in furnishing and keeping up these ceremonial deserts! They are useless and out of place in the houses of nine-tenths of our Americans. They rightly belong to those houses where a great deal of merely formal social intercourse is carried on, where domestic life does not have time to exist, or where the position of the family is such that provision has to be made for a life apart from the domestic life. How few families among our people are in this last condition! Yet I could fill all my chapter with illustrations of the absurd way in which the comfort and domestic happiness of families have been prevented and hindered by the supposed need of making provision for a social life outside the home life of the family. The best room in the house is taken for the use of strangers, furnished with articles that are unwisely too expensive to be used, and the cost of which makes a serious hole in the marriage-money, and a double interest has to be paid on this expenditure—one in cash, the other in just so much subtraction made from the sincerity and naturalness of daily life.

the meeting of the whole family when evening comes. There is not much need at the present time to emphasize this suggestion, for it is one which experience and necessity have already made to a good many people; and now that the problem, "How to get a dwelling at a rent within moderate means" is being solved by the increase of "flats" and apartment houses, the "parlor" must be given up, there being no provision made for it in the common plans. But it is by no means my notion that the living-room should be a homely, matter-of-fact apartment, consecrated to the utilities, while the Muses and Graces are left to kick their heels



FIG. 7. A PIANO-STOOL.

in the hall. On the contrary, we want in the living-room, for a foundation, that the furniture shall be the best designed and best made that we can afford, and all of it intended to be used and necessary to our

comfort; not an article to be allowed that doesn't earn its living, and cannot prove its right to be there. These wants being provided for first, then we will admit the ornament of life—casts, pictures, engravings, bronzes, books, chief nourishers in life's feast; but in the beginning these are to be few, and of the choicest, and the greatest care is to be taken in admitting a newcomer. The room, from the very first, ought to represent the culture of the family,—what is their taste, what feeling they have for art; it should represent themselves, and not other people; and the troublesome fact is, that it will and must represent these, whether its owners would let it or no. If young people, after they have secured the few pieces of furniture that must be had, and made sure that they are what they ought to be, have some money left to get a picture, an engraving, or a cast, they ought to go to work to supply this want as seriously as they would the other, which seems the more necessary, but in reality is not a bit more necessary. I look upon this ideal living-room of mine as an important agent in the education of life; it will make a great difference to the children who grow up in it, and to all whose experience is associated with it, whether it be a beautiful and cheerful room, or only a homely and bare one, or a merely formal and conventional one. The relation of these things to education is all that gives any dignity or poetry to the subject, or makes it allowable for a reasonable man to give much thought to it. But it has a real vital relation to life, and plays an important part in education, and deserves to be thought about a great deal more than it is. It is therefore no trifling matter whether we hang poor pictures on our walls or good ones, whether we select a fine cast or a second-rate one. We might almost as well say it makes no difference whether the people we live with are first-rate or second-rate.

But we are not yet come to the pictures and casts. We must do with our imaginary room as we would do with the real one—get it furnished first; provide it with limbs and members before we put a soul into it. Let us begin, then, with a word or two about carpets. The camp of young married people is divided into two factions on the question: "Whether to have carpets or rugs?" Rugs have novelty on their side, and that is nine points in fashion's law, but there is, I think, much more to be said for them than simply that "they are the latest thing out." Car-

pets are associated in the minds of many of us with ideas of comfort in early days; the custom of having them came over from England, and was kept up here, partly because of inherited ideas of what was comfortable and cozy; partly because the condition of domestic life that made them serviceable in England existed here as well as there; and for another reason, apart from these, if, indeed, it were not rather the effect than the cause—I mean the poor way in which we make our floors of planks, too wide and badly joined. Even in our best New York houses the floors are meanly laid, and in the second and third class houses, they are so bad that they must be covered with carpets whether the occupants wish it or no. Parenthetically, I may state that the carpenter's trade in New York city is in a melancholy state, and the work that is put into the most costly houses would not be accepted in second-class houses in Boston. But, then, I suppose houses are better built in Boston, so far as the carpentry is concerned, than anywhere else in the world. It is common to find, in very plain houses in that city, floors so evenly and tightly laid that it seems a pity to cover them with a carpet; yet, until lately, it was rare to see there a room which was not completely covered with a carpet of some kind.

I suppose the housekeeper's argument for carpets is akin to her argument for "tidies" and "slips," and the other expedients by which the great enemy, "dirt," is imagined to be circumvented. Carpets are great hidings of dirt and dust, and a new broom easily restores them when too much dirt and dust is collected on their surface. But, then, they are great storers of dirt and dust as well, and apart from the waste of money in covering places that do not need covering, the question of health involved in the use of carpets is a very serious one.

The large pieces of furniture that in all our rooms stand against the wall—the sofas, the piano-fortes, the sideboards, the book-cases, the bedsteads, the wardrobes, the wash-stands, the bureaux—do not need any carpet under them; the carpet that is put under them stands for so much wasted money, and yet we go on putting down yards of carpet where they are never seen, where the dust collects, and is only attacked in weekly sweeping, and where it keeps a sort of color while the rest changes color and fades. Let any one give a rug a fair trial, and observe for himself how much less dust will be made in the room, how much more easily the room

is kept clean, and how much more manageable the furniture is when the weekly sweeping, or the daily dusting, has to be got through with.

The principal objection to rugs is their first cost, which for good ones is as yet considerable. I do not like to see several rugs in a room, but prefer one large one, large enough, that is to cover the whole floor up to, or nearly up to, the large pieces of furniture. In no case should any one of these large pieces rest upon the rug, for it ought to be an every-day or at least an *any*-day matter to turn it up and brush underneath it, or to roll it up and carry it out on a balcony to be shaken or swept, and this will never be if some heavy table or piano, or book-case, has to be dislodged for the purpose. Where there are several smallish rugs in a room, or even several of good size, so long as in either case they do not cover the whole of the free floor, they are apt to prove impediments—to trip up children and old people, and they break up the unity of the room, give it a patchy look, which is the chief thing to be avoided. It is better on all accounts to buy a rug large enough to cover all of the floor we wish to cover, even if it strain our purse a little, for a good rug will last a lifetime, and indeed I know rugs that are well on their way to last a second lifetime. The best Turkey, Persian, and Smyrna rugs are made by hand of pure wool, and are so thick that if a brazier of coals is upset on one of them, the charred portion, which, in the case of a Brussels carpet, could never be effaced, will disappear after a few days wear. After much using a good Eastern rug, walking on the best body Brussels is like walking on the wooden floor, to the feeling. To an artistic eye, too (and how much of this writing must be content with the judgment and approval of artistic people!), an Eastern rug that is handsome to begin with grows handsomer with time and use, and even one that was a little staring and pertinacious at first, gets toned down and subdued by being long walked over, just as if it were a human being.

It may be remarked in passing that there are ugly Eastern rugs, as well as ugly Western carpets. The Turks, especially, who sell a great many carpets to England, and nowadays to America, often ship a lot that are so bad, we must believe their rascally makers have learned of some French artist

the phrase: "Anything is good enough for those Americans." But the Turkey carpets proper are only good when the weavers confine themselves to reds and blues, though

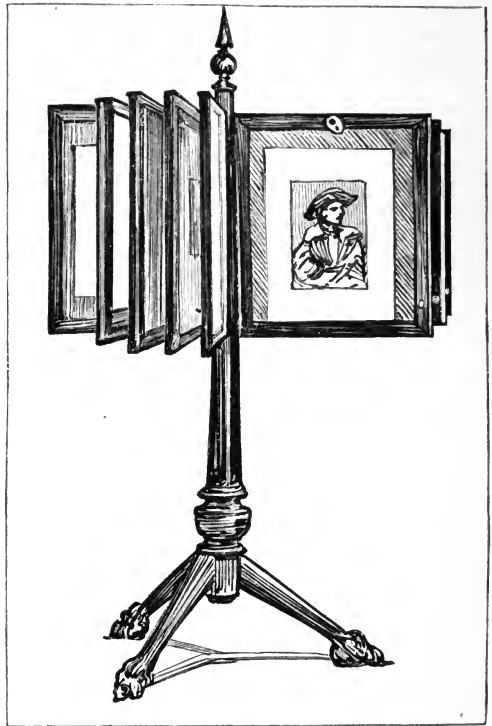


FIG. 8. A PRINT-STAND FROM SOUTH-KENSINGTON.

they sometimes do a very successful thing in mustard-yellow, but the true shade of this is rare.

Just a word more as to the color of the rugs to be employed. The Eastern designers know too much, or have too correct an instinct, to use much white in their designs; they get all the light and brightness they want without it, and even when they use white it is not pure white, but gray, and used with extreme economy at that; at least in all the successful carpets. It is true these Eastern carpets are sometimes found with what is called a white ground, and these are among the handsomest, especially when they come from Persia; but the white, in the first place, is not white, but some color that only looks white by force of juxtaposition (black it may be), and then what there is of it is used in so bold a way and so broken up, that all we feel, in looking at it, is, that it is cheerful and festive, whereas the Eastern rugs we are most used to seeing, and especially the Turkey rugs, are somber and rich rather than

gay. However, a "white ground" carpet is rather a holiday friend, and is not to be recommended unless the room it is intended for be a darkish one, or the character of the household be such that it will not be subjected to the ravages of children and husbands with dirty boots. Otherwise choose a thick rug with a pattern a good deal

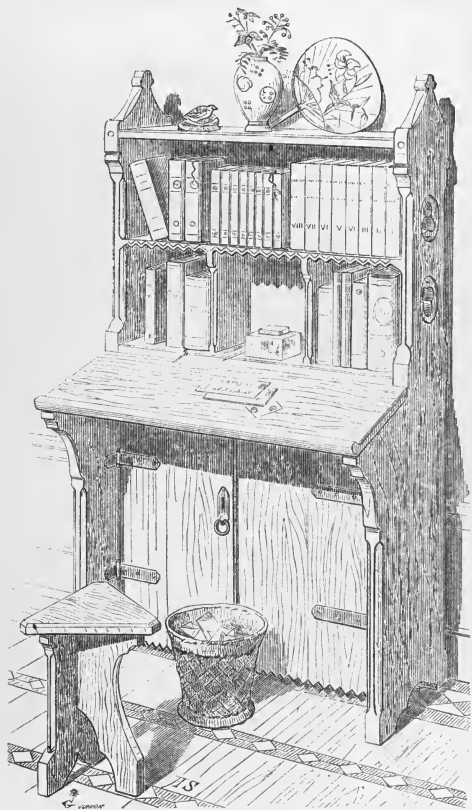


FIG. 9. THE HOUSEKEEPER'S FRIEND.

broken, and with nothing very odd or noticeable in the design, and let it take its fortunes. If it be only used and not abused, it will improve with time, and outwear more than one Brussels carpet.

If people object to rugs, there is at least the comfort left them of knowing that they can get carpets better made than ever carpets were before, and with designs that can only be matched for elegance and beauty with those of Persian rugs. These are English carpets, designed and made by the house of Morris & Co., or by the other equally excellent but not yet so widely known house of Cottier & Co. In fact, these carpets are so handsome and so well made, that I am not sure but the true solu-

tion of the difficulty is to be found in employing squares made of them with the borders that always go with them, instead of hunting up Eastern rugs and having to buy them of the monopolists; for only the common sort are fairly in the market as yet.

There are, however, other and cheaper resources. They make in Philadelphia a pretty and serviceable rug out of the ravelings of fine carpets, and in Boston I have seen the same material. There is, of course, no set pattern, but a pleasant mingling of hues, and its texture makes it agreeable to the foot, though it is more comfortable as a rug over a matting in summer than as a sole dependence in winter. Still, it is something it is well to know of. They make in Scotland and in Holland a carpeting of a mixture of wool and jute, which is dyed a deep maroon, and is about the thickness of Brussels carpeting. A good way of using this is to make a square or parallelogram the size of the clear space of the floor when all the dowager and wall-flower pieces of furniture are in their places. This is laid down and held in its place by rings sewed to the under edge, and slipped over small brass-headed nails, driven down close to the floor. This makes a comfortable footing and is easily removed when necessary. Then in the center of the room, or before the fire, or in front of the sofa, lay down a bright-colored Smyrna rug.

After all, I suppose it is the cost of good rugs that keeps them so long from coming into general use. Yet, the gain of employing them is so considerable in healthiness and cleanliness alone, that I should think the time must come when they will be "your only wear."

But the reader will say: "The floor, the floor's the thing. What are we to do with our floors?" Of course if we are in Boston, and have a sound floor of narrow boards, each board well driven home to its neighbor,* and nailed through the edge as if it were an aristocratic hard-wood floor—if such luck as this ever fell to the unhappy hirer of a New York house, he would agree at once that with two or three good coats of dark paint and a shellac finish, any man with an eye ought to be satisfied; but the case isn't as plain with the wide planks, varied with knots and flaws, and "joined" with gaping

* And this, which is the every-day practice of Boston carpenters in laying all floors, is a thing unknown in New York, even in laying the floors of the costliest houses. I have heard of its being laughed to scorn by some noble bosses.

seams, that are the rule in New York. The handsomest thing to do is to lay down a parquet floor of what is called wood-carpet-

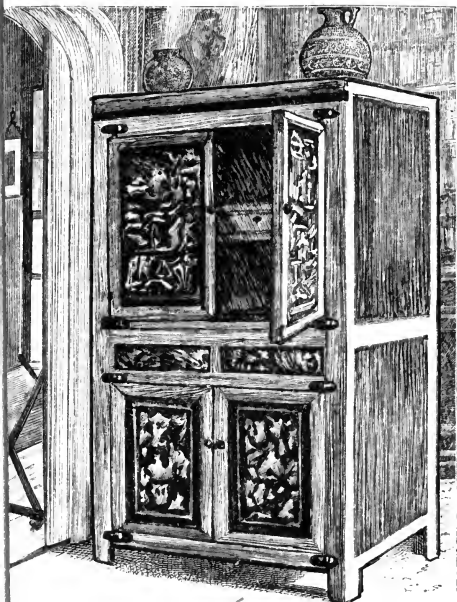


FIG. 10. CHINESE CABINET.

g; but this, with a rug afterward, is enough to give pause to nine young married couples out of every ten, and is only to be thought of by those unhappy "rich people," in whom it is impossible for us to take any human interest.

The best plan is to meekly accept the situation, and sending for a house-painter who knows his business (and there are clever men in his business among us, their extreme skill having been developed by long practice in covering up the tracks of our miserable carpenters), sending for such a man, let him first fill up all the cracks, hot-holes, shrinks, seams, laws, etc., with red putty,—it will take a good deal,—and then *stain* it (not paint it) carefully in a dark brown warmed with a little red, and over all coat of shellac. If this be done well, and allowed to get thoroughly dried, it will last a long time; but, I believe when it needs renewing it must be *painted*, as the shellac

cannot be removed so completely as to admit of restaining. This makes a handsome floor, but when the rug is down and the furniture in its place, but little of it is seen.

The advantage of a hard-wood floor laid down originally, or of a common floor covered with wood-carpeting, is so great on the score of health and labor-saving, that it would seem as if only the prejudice that comes from old association could long keep up the fashion of carpets. But, however it may be in the case of a whole house, large or small, to be furnished with carpets, there cannot be much question as to the desirableness of rugs for rooms in flats. One who has tried them will never want to use an ordinary carpet again.

Our modern rooms, especially in our cities, are so small, and, as a rule, so ill-proportioned—too often long and narrow—that it is very puzzling to know how to furnish them so as to get in the things we need, and yet to have space left in which to move about. It is too much the fashion, especially here in New York, for the builders of houses (and it is, of course, only once in a thousand times that an architect designs a dwelling-house in New York) to put in mantel-pieces, doors, cornices, and all the moldings that are about the doors and windows, by a system of contract supply that takes no account of the differences in size of different houses. Mantel-pieces are got out for all the principal rooms of about the same dimensions, the only difference between

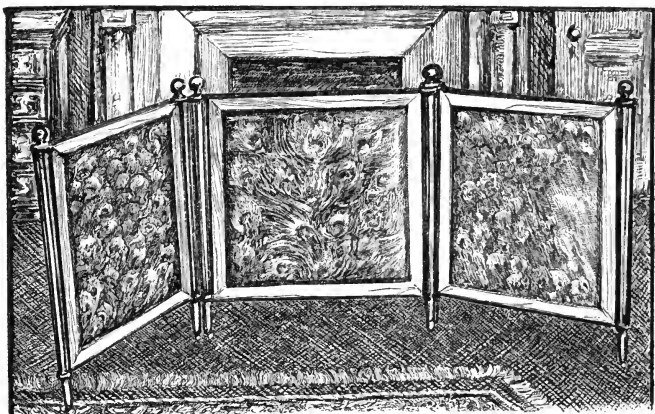


FIG. 11. ITALIAN FIRE-SCREEN.

those for the parlor, dining-room and library, and those for the main bedroom, being, that the bedroom mantel-pieces escape the overloading with badly designed and coarsely

executed carving that is bestowed upon the parlor mantel-pieces. Moldings as heavy, though not as handsome, as would be found in a cathedral, are run about the doors and windows of small rooms, and moldings no heavier are used in rooms of twice the size. Our houses are treated pretty much as are our State-prison convicts—clothes of one pattern and size are provided, and each convict takes his chance. The clothes handed out to him may happen to fit him, but, also, they may not. Here, in the room in which I am writing, a room seventeen feet wide by twenty-two feet long, there is a double door six feet wide opening out of a narrow passage-way, and sliding-doors nine feet wide opening into a small bedroom. It is true these big sliding-doors are useful, because by their opening they supply all the light that the bedroom gets; but in the mind of the New York builder this makes no difference. It is usual in his city, and has been for forty odd years, to have a parlor open into the next room by folding-doors; and all parlors will continue so to open until this generation of builders shall have passed away. If these people could be persuaded to employ in designing their houses a man whose business it is to think what are the best ways to secure comfort and convenience, we might have every room supplied with just as much door and window as it needed and no more, and the mantel-pieces might be made of sizes

about doors and windows and in cornices reduced to proper dimensions, and even dispensed with altogether in some cases; but, as it is, none of these things are likely to be done or left undone; we must take our room as it is, and treat it accordingly.

Let us begin with the principle that every piece of furniture in the room must have a good and clear reason for being there. Nothing ought to be placed in the living-room to diminish the number of cubic feet of air needed for the support of the occupants, that cannot justify its presence by some actual service it renders to those occupants. There must be at least one sofa, one large easy chair, an ample table, a book-case, a cupboard and smaller chairs. It will be found good for the health, and conducive to the freshness and simplicity of a small apartment, to get rid of upholstery and stuffing in our furniture as far as possible. The wooden chairs, and chairs seated with rushes or cane of the old time, were as comfortable as the stuffed and elastic seats we are so fond of. And if we could consent to come back to something of the old-fashioned austerity, we should find it greatly to our profit in many ways. I do not believe a more comfortable chair can be found than a pattern once in universal use here, but now only seen in old country homes. The seat was of wood, hollowed, and curved as skillfully as if it had once been of soft material, and had been molded

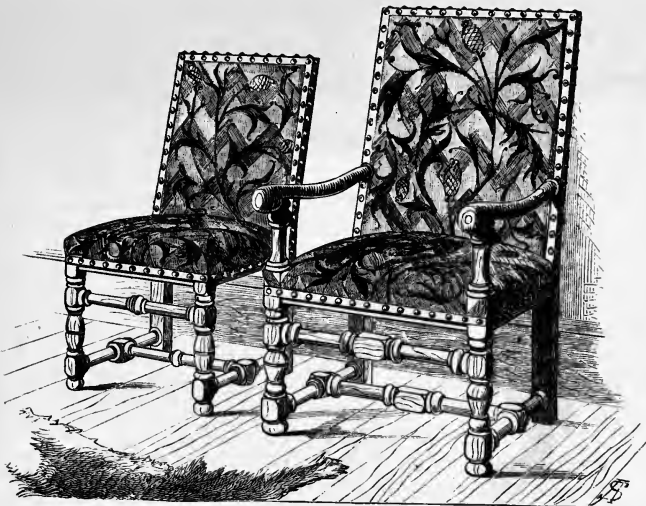


FIG. 12. OAK CHAIRS, EMBROIDERED IN SILK AND WORSTED ON CANVAS.

proportioned to the room, and might be put where they are needed, and where they will best suit the use to which the room is devoted. We might also see moldings

to its perfection by an owner of a persistently sedentary habit. The seat sloped a little from the front to the back, as every chair seat ought; was of ample depth and was inclosed by a slightly sloping back and gently spreading arms. The back was composed of slender rods, and the flat arms were a little broadened and rounded at the ends, offering a pleasant and soothing object for the hands to play with. The legs of these chairs flared considerably but only so much as to give the necessary stability, and they were connected by rungs. Now these chairs once in common use all over our Eastern country, and then despised in the growth of luxury and the desire for stuffed furniture, are come into favor again, and are bought up

once wherever they are offered for sale. It is well known, too, what a prosperity the Wakefield manufacture of rattan furniture is enjoying, and it deserves it too. Whenever the designs obey the law of the material employed, and do not try to twist or bend it out of its own natural and handsome curves, they are sure to be pleasing to look at and serviceable to use. The Chinese make a picturesque and comfortable chair out of the large shoots of bamboo, and their reclining chairs, with a foot-rest that can be pushed out or in at pleasure, are almost indispensable to a house in the country. With such a chair and a good hammock a hermit might set up housekeeping. It would be hard for him to say what he wanted next. Diogenes would have said he wanted nothing but to throw away the hammock. And, indeed, the chair I speak of is bed and table and chair all in one.

A sofa that seems to me to answer all one's reasonable needs is shown in Figures 1 and 2. It has been carefully studied, for comfort and elegance combined, by Mr. James S. Inglis, of Cottier & Co., who has made this very pretty drawing of it, which Mr. Henry Marsh has engraved. The sofa is long enough to lie upon and take a nap, and deep enough and low enough to sit upon with comfort. The cushions are all movable at need, and in summer, if we choose, we can stow them away and use the sofa as a settee. As for the coverings of the cushions, we need not be at a loss, for there has not been in the last fifty years such a varied supply of excellent materials for this purpose: the stuffs themselves of first-rate make, and the designs as good as ever were produced at any time. Cottier & Co. have serges in colors whose delightfulness we all recognize in the pictures that Alma Tadema, and Morris, and Burne-Jones and Rossetti paint, colors that have been turning all the plain girls to beauties of late, and making the beauties more dangerous than ever—the mistletoe green, the blue-green, the ducks-egg, the rose-amber, the pomegranate-flower, and so forth, and so on, colors which we owe to the English poet-artists who are oddly lumped together as the Pre-Raphaelites, and who made the new rainbow to confound the scientific decorators who were so sure of what colors would go together, and what colors wouldn't. Whoever would get a new sensation, and know for the first time what delicate or rich fancies of delightful color and softness of touch can be worked with silk and wool, must go to

the Messrs. Cottiers' shop and learn for himself.

It may sometimes happen that a larger table than ordinary may be much needed when maps are to be consulted, or large books examined, or a collection of prints enjoyed by a company of amateurs. Yet,

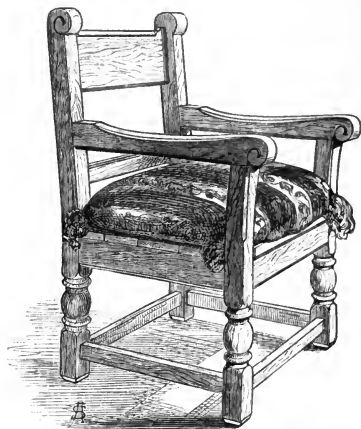


FIG. 13. OAK CHAIR WITH FLUSH CUSHION.

the room is not large enough to permit of such a table standing in it all the time. The common ironing table of our kitchens, the "settle" of the old days, has served as a model for a piece of furniture which may be used either as a sofa or as a table.

"The bed contrived a double debt to pay:
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day."

Nos. 3 and 4 show this amphibian, though not exactly as I would have had it. This design was made by Mr. G. F. Babb, and was drawn by M. Alexandre Sandier, but the engraver has done scant justice to either of these accomplished gentlemen, and has made an uncomfortable botch of his work. This is one of the half-dozen blocks that were sent by us to France to be engraved, and put into the hands of the engraver who cut some of the best work in the "Dictionnaire du Mobilier," etc., of Viollet-le-Duc. But M. Guillaumot doubtless said to himself, as all Frenchmen do: "Anything is good enough for those barbarians, the Americans," and turned the work over to his boys to break their tools on, for practice *in corpore vili*, and at the same time asked full pay for the third-rate work. The only reason for sending the work abroad was that the designs themselves and the drawings had cost a good deal of money, and it was thought an engraver who had had a considerable practice in engraving the same

class of subjects would do it better than our own engravers, who had had no practice. Some of the best of our men were glad to have the experiment tried, and it was tried as much in the interest of our own school of engravers as in any selfish interest of our own, but it proved an entire failure. All the work done for us by Mr. E. Guillaumot is unsatisfactory to us, and discreditable to him. Mr. Babb's design is more suited to a hall or an office than to a living-room, for the reason that it does not look comfortable

good as the other; both of velvet, or both of chintz, or both of bed-ticking, but no shams. It was all well enough for handsome Charles Brandon to have one side of his horse-cloth of cloth-of-gold, and the other of cloth-of-frieze, with the motto on the former:

"Cloth-of-gold, do not despise,
Though thou'rt matched with cloth-of-frieze."

and on the other,

"Cloth-of-frieze, be not too bold,
Though thou'rt matched with cloth-of-gold;"

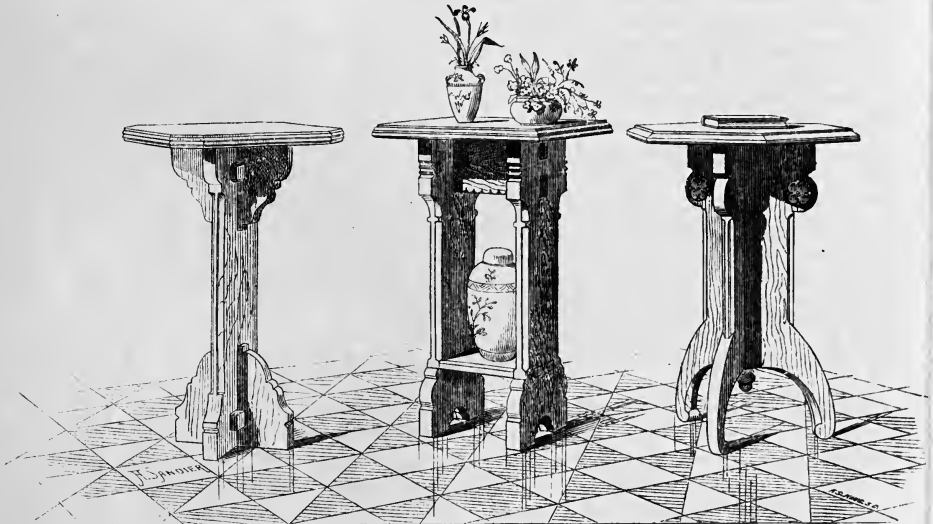


FIG. 14. SMALL TABLES FOR CORNERS.—USEFUL IN TEA-FIGHTS.

to sit on. The seat is too narrow and too high, nor do I like the way in which he has attached the cushions to the top. The round sticks at the sides could not be secured to the table-top, nor could the cushion be fastened to them, except by a fussy contrivance of a cord twisted about them. Both the cushion on the seat and that against the back are designed to be movable. The cushion on the seat does not need to be secured: its weight, and the depth of the seat will keep it always in place. It is made movable in order that the lid of the box beneath (a good place for storing magazines, pamphlets, and newspapers) can be opened. The cushion at the back should be held in place by three broad straps fixed at their lower ends, but attached at their other ends to the table-top by means of a button or a buckle. The object of making this cushion movable is only that it may be occasionally beaten, and dusted, or turned; for my plan doesn't approve of wrong sides. Each side of these cushions ought to be as

but this was only a quip of the Renaissance time, to show his wit and veil his suit; and besides, he showed both sides of his punning horse-cloth in the broad daylight of the tournament. I am sure I shall be upheld by everybody who will try the experiment in my advice to have no "best side," and no belongings too good for daily use and service.

When this apotheosized ironing-table is not wanted to play the desk or book-table as it will only be wanted now and then, it is designed to be a thoroughly comfortable seat, and should be supplied with a small cushion at either end. These cushions are omitted in the drawing, to show the construction of the sofa the better. So, in Figure 4, the two cushions of the seat and of the back are omitted, but this was not intended, for they, of course, remain in the places when the back is lowered to make a table. In the next of these articles, I hoped there will be another and more successful design than the present, which

only introduced here from necessity. Two other tables are shown in Nos. 5 and 6. The first was designed by Mr. Babb, and seems to me quite complete in its way. The little stool, No. 7, a good piano-stool, by the way, was designed by Mr. Sandier to accompany the table, and both were drawn by Mr. Sandier on the wood, and engraved by Mr. Marsh. It does not require a very accomplished eye to see the superiority of the American engraving over the French; yet the drawings were equally good to begin with, for Mr. Sandier can only draw one way, that is with exquisite delicacy and precision. Table No. 5 is intended for a center-table. No. 6 is rather a table to go against the wall, to write at, or hold the books and pamphlets that are being read, while the two shelves below will be found very convenient for folios and large print-books, atlases, etc., etc. A shelf at one end pulls out at need. The lower supports of this table are heavier than need be, and the lower shelf also much too heavy. This drawing was also one of Mr. Sandier's, but you see what the French engraver did for it.

The most troublesome member of the living-room ornaments, and yet the one we can least do without, is the portfolio of prints. It is always in the way, and if it is on a stand, the stand has to behave itself with great reticence and modesty,—keeping its back straight to the wall and turning its toes well in—not to be reckoned a perpetual marplot. As a rule, when the portfolio is introduced, all enjoyment of the prints it contains is at an end, for we are lazy creatures, the most of us, and, rather than drag out the portfolio stand or open the cumbersome book, we prefer to forego the pleasure of studying its contents. The print-stand No. 8 has been devised to help us in this emergency, and it certainly does help us effectually. The upright pole supports as many frames (attached in the simplest way, by hooks fitting into rings) as its circumference will permit, and each frame will hold two prints. Each frame is supplied with two pieces of glass, and the prints are fastened with drawing-pins to the sides of a panel that slips down between the glasses. If need be, the frames themselves can be locked to the supporting pole, and each frame secured by a padlock; but this is rather a necessity for public institutions than for our private rooms. The possession of such a print-case as this makes all the difference between enjoying the prints, draw-

ings, and etchings one owns, and not enjoying them. Besides, it saves a great expense in framing, and it unites the advantages of frames and portfolios. When we want to see our possessions, we can see them framed, and see them without trouble, and when we don't want to see them, we turn the print-frame away, and forget for a while what it holds.

Engraving No. 9 shows a pretty and convenient little movable, a combination of book-shelves, letter-pad, and cupboard, which Mr. Sandier has designed for me. His charming drawing of this has been, as usual, spoiled by the French cutter; but the intelligent reader can see that it must have been charming at first if it looks so pretty still after the mauling it got at the hands of Mr. Guillaumot's apprentices. The cupboard below is for books that are too valuable to be handled by everybody. It is capacious enough, however, to be found very useful for many purposes when one is in narrow quarters.

Every artist will appreciate the Drawing No. 10, made from an actual example by Mr. Francis Lathrop, and engraved by Mr. Henry Marsh. I don't know how it is coming out in the printing, but if the block-printer does any sort of justice to this, and also to the fire-screen, and the coffee-table and chairs (Fig. 15), the joint-work of the same artists, every wood-engraver who is an artist will recognize them as three little masterpiece. Mr. Lathrop's drawings on the block were so altogether delightful, that I



FIG. 15. COFFEE-TABLE WITH CHAIR, BOTH OF BLACK WOOD.

never could have made up my mind to have any one cut them if fortune hadn't brought Mr. Marsh to New York just in time to secure for the work of the painter an interpretation by the hand of a poet. Indeed it would have

been ingratitude not to have been made happy by such a combination as the house of Cottier & Co. coming over to show us practically what beautiful furniture means; Mr. Lathrop taking a flying vacation from the company of the young men who are bringing back the golden days of art in England, to draw these things for us; and Mr. Marsh—whose work is so precious, that it is no wonder he is hardly known out of a small circle—pitching his tent in New York for a while for no other end apparently than to see that justice was done to Mr. Lathrop's work.

No. 10 is a double cupboard, with two drawers between the upper and the lower, and drawers within the upper one, dividing it also into two. It is, I believe, a Chinese piece; the frame is made of a lighter wood than the panels, which, in the doors, are ornamented with ivory figures, fastened upon the wood. It is a little over a man's height, and is of a comfortable depth. It will hold a great deal, and a piece of furniture modeled on it would be found most convenient in any house where there are books of prints, or old china, or curios, or anything of which

it is not desired to make a display. It will be observed that it is of the simplest construction, and owes its picturesqueness greatly to the ornament upon the doors. But sufficient richness and elegance could be obtained by a combination of two woods, or even by one wood alone if the panels were selected by a carpenter with an eye.

I shall not be able to take up the subject of fire-places and mantel-pieces this month, but I insert a cut of the Italian fire-screen, No. 11, before alluded to. This consists of three frames, enclosing panels covered with some dark cloth or plush, on which peacock's feathers are laid, and the whole protected by glass. The frames are loosely united to one another, which gives a pleasantly familiar air to the screen, as if it were standing at ease on its own hearth with its hands under its coat-tail. It is the only fire-screen I ever saw that one could forgive for shutting out the fire. Nos. 12 and 13 are chairs which are plainly comfortable to sit on, though in the making of them they would bear being made somewhat less heavy in the wood-work.

A VISIT TO BENARES.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PICTURES BY NATIVE ARTISTS.

HAVING passed three delightful weeks in Calcutta, and having journeyed northward to High Asia—to the loftiest mountains in the world, and Thibet—I was now traveling by rail up the valley of the sacred Ganges to



THE MAHARAJAH OF BENARES.

Benares, the Hindu metropolis. About thirty miles from Patna, a very old city, and a stronghold of Mohammedanism, the railroad crosses the famous Soane bridge over the river

of that name—small and shallow in the dry, but swift and deep in the rainy season. The erection of this bridge was a most gigantic undertaking. It is nearly a mile in length, and the foundations are said to have been sunk to an average depth of thirty-two feet below low-water level. In the evening we arrived at Mogul Serai, the station for Benares, which is reached by a branch line six miles in length.

The Hindu capital is on the opposite side of the river (on the left bank), and at Rajghaut I left the cars and crossed the Ganges on a long bridge of boats. Unfortunately it had grown quite dark, and I could not see the splendid ghauts of fine Chunar stone, nor the magnificent palaces a hundred feet in length, and four or five stories in height, with their little carved balconies, their oriel windows, and their gorgeously painted walls; nor the gilded temples; nor the stately mosques, with their lofty minars and graceful minarets. I had read about them, and could almost feel their proximity as I walked slowly across the

bridge, and then, having clambered up a steep bank, eighty feet in height, engaged a gharry, and was driven to the Victoria Hotel, a small one-story building, kept by a Hindu Christian, named James Eben-ezer. The rooms were most miserable, and the table was only fair, but the European travel to Benares is small, and perhaps I ought to have been more grateful, since the hotel was much superior to a dāk bungalow. Two or three English officers were the only guests of the house, excepting a nawab and suite, who occupied rooms next adjoining those which were allotted to me. The nawab had his own cook with him, as, being a Mussulman, his religion would not allow him to eat anything prepared by a Hindu, nor could he dine with us at the table d'hôte. The nawab had come from some neighboring district to attend the races which, under English auspices, annually take place in Secrole, the foreign suburb of the city.

Benares is one of the oldest cities in the world; it is five hundred miles from Calcutta by the railroad, and is situated on the northern bank of the Ganges, which stream is here about six hundred yards in width. It is the capital of the Hindus; their political and spiritual center, as Delhi was that of the Moguls, and Calcutta is now that of the English. Benares has been styled the Athens of India, as in ancient times it was the chief seat of Brahminical learning and civilization. The Hindus delight to call their metropolis Kasi, or "the splendid," and the number of its magnificent temples, palaces, and ghauts, fully warrants such a title. Formerly its population, comprising natives of all parts of India, with numbers of Turks, Tartars, Persians, and Armenians, was estimated at not less than seven hundred thousand; at the present

day, however, the number would perhaps not exceed two hundred thousand, excepting in times of great religious festivals, when it frequently contains eight hundred thousand people. The city lies upon a cliff

some eighty feet above the river, along which it extends for a distance of three miles, with an average breadth of one mile. It is very compactly built, the streets being too narrow for the passage of any vehicle other

than a palankeen. In the heart of the city the buildings of stone and brick are four and five stories in height, though the greater number are simply one-story huts of clay and bamboo, with thatched or tiled roofs.



A HINDU PRINCESS.

Benares is the home of Hinduism; it is said to contain a thousand temples. The number of idols worshiped is immense: not less than half a million, says the Rev. Mr. Sherring, an English Missionary for some time resident here. This city is styled the type of India, and especially of the India of the past. It is to the Hindu what Jerusalem is to the Christian, Mecca to the Mohammedan, Rome to the Catholic, or Lassa to the Buddhist—a most sacred and revered spot. Seven-tenths of the people of Hindustan are professors of the Brahminical religion, and to Benares come hundreds of thousands of pilgrims from all quarters of India, patrician and plebeian, prince and ryot, priest and pariah, every year to worship and bestow alms; as many as ten thousand Brahmins subsist entirely upon the offerings of pilgrims and pious residents; and so holy is this city considered, that a residence of but twenty-four hours in it, or in the country for a radius of ten miles around, will secure eternal happiness to any one—Christian, Mohammedan,



THE HEIR-APPARENT.

infidel or pagan. There are many splendid palaces, temples, and gardens in Benares, which, belonging to distant-living rajahs and princes, are occupied only during certain festivals long enough to enable the owners to do penance for their sins. The great men, becoming purified, then return home. And during the remainder of the year these

by the Hindus. It is situated in the center of a small quadrangle, which has a corridor for the use of the Brahmin attendants and devout worshippers. There is a fine porch of carved pillars, said to be a recent addition, in the cupola of which is a large bell, used in the idolatrous ceremonies. The temple itself, the priest told me, had been



WORSHIP OF DURGA.

palaces are closed in the same manner as a summer residence at Saratoga or Long Branch.

The Hindus, not content seemingly with serving and bowing down to graven images, stocks and stones, even worship members of the brute creation, and among others, bulls and monkeys. In Benares, the "sacred" bulls wander about the streets at will, being welcomed, fed, and religiously protected by the natives as the representatives of the god Siva, to whom they are dedicated, and with whose "mark" they are branded. Some of these bulls are quite beautiful with their soft white skin, glossy black horns, and large, brilliant eyes.

There is also in Benares a "monkey temple," which I visited on the day following my arrival. At a little distance from a large tank, dedicated to the goddess Durga, the monkeys appeared, sitting demurely on the walls, clambering up the huge mango trees, or running about the road. The temple is a graceful building of pyramidal form, made of stone, and elaborately carved with figures of those animals esteemed sacred

built two hundred years. There were few people in the inclosure at the time of my visit, and hence there was a good opportunity to examine everything at leisure. In the temple, the presiding goddess, Durga, was placed in such a dark recess, or shrine, and so covered with jasmine blossoms, that nothing could be distinguished but a small hideous gilt head—appearing very much like those we used to draw upon walnuts at school—and several necklaces of English gold sovereigns. The face and neck were about a foot in height; there was no body.

The monkeys—there are nearly four hundred, "all living deities," belonging to the temple—were seen on every side. We fed them with some *kooe* (parched corn), and some fried rice, which our attendant Brahmin produced. We were soon encircled by an immense troop, and very sleek and fat fellows they were, of all ages and sizes, who scrambled and wrestled and fell over one another in the most ludicrous manner, eagerly contesting for the food thrown them. While we were looking at the idol, one of the Brahmins wished to put a necklace on

asmine blossoms, wet with Ganges water, upon my shoulders, but I objected, having heard that it would be considered by them as an act of homage and respect to Durgha—with whose walnut face it would be difficult to become much enamored—and, as a compromise, consented to carry the wreath in my hand. The Brahmins were fine-looking men, quite as sleek and apparently as well fed as the monkeys. They followed me to the gharry, crying *Bukhshish, sahib, amen ko bukhshish do* (a gift, master, give as a gift).

The oldest building in the city is supposed to be the Man Mundil, or Observatory of Jai Singh. It is a large stone structure, situated near the river. On the roof there still remain some ancient astronomical instruments. These consist of an immense stone mural quadrant (eleven feet in height and nine in breadth), an instrument for ascertaining the declination and distance from the meridian of any planet or star, which occupies a space thirty-six feet in length by four and a-half feet in width; a large sun-dial; and some appliances used in astrology. The instruments are all marked with scales and characters which are not now understood.

Jai Singh, the founder of this Observatory, was a rajah of Jeypoor, who fought against several nations of the Deccan under the

—geometry, arithmetic, algebra, and trigonometry. In all of these they had made discoveries, and understood theorems which were unknown to the Greeks and Romans,



GANGES PLEASURE BARGE.

and many which were not found out by European nations until quite modern times.

The Vivishas temple, formerly one of the handsomest in the city, but now fast going to decay, contains a large stone bull, seven feet in height, which is worshiped simply by throwing upon it rice, flowers, and Ganges water. Bisheswar, or Siva, seems to be the most popular divinity in Benares. To "the Destroyer" is dedicated the Golden Temple, which is situated in a very crowded part of the city, and consists of three small rooms which are crowned with two gilt domes, said to have been overlaid with pure gold by Runjeet Singh, Rajah of Lahore. In each of the rooms of this temple is a small, plain, cone-shaped stone, called Mahadeo—the Adam of the Hindus—and representing the linga or creative principle. Near here was another temple of the same style as that of Durgha, above described, namely, a pine-apple-shaped spire, resting upon a square tower, containing the shrine and columned vestibule for the people, which was dedicated to Unna Purna, the Indian Ceres. A rajah and his suite were praying at the time of my visit, and I could not obtain a view of the idol. In the same inclosure were the stalls of a great number of "sacred bulls," who were being fed with milk by the natives, as a peculiarly meritorious and pious act.

During my stay in Benares, I spent several days in walking about the streets, and visiting the shops and mosques of the city, and in sailing up and down the sacred Ganges. The streets were always crowded with people, and my syce (groom) ran ahead crying out from time to time: "Make way for the



THE GODDESS DEVI.

Emperor Aurungzebe, in the seventeenth century. In the earliest periods of Indian history, before the Mohammedan invasion, the Hindus had made great progress in literature, and the arts and sciences. Especially were they well versed in mathematics

English Lord;" while the interpreter followed at my elbow. The first shop visited was that of a noted silk merchant who had



THE MONKEY GOD.

received a gold medal at the Paris Exposition of 1867, for the superiority of his fabrics. In a large room, on the upper floor of a brick house, the proprietor spread before me the finest of his goods, which were worked with gold and silver patterns of leaves, branches, flowers, and odd figures. The silk comes from Bokhara, in Central Asia, and the gold and silver threads are manufactured in Benares, where also the interweaving is done by looms. The designs of many of the mats displayed great ingenuity and good taste. Benares is celebrated throughout India for its manufacture of *kinkob*—gold and silver thread embroidery.

There are various sects of fakirs or religious devotees in Hindustan, but they all seek to obtain merit, or perhaps everlasting bliss hereafter, in a future existence, by torturing the body in this present life. Hindus, even those who are in affluent circumstances, seem to be possessed with a strong desire to become fakirs; with some it is a crazy impulse, with others it is mistaken devotion, with others vanity, and with those who turn mendicant fakirs, it is simply laziness. "Some fakirs make a vow to keep standing for a certain number of years, generally twelve. The burning rays of the sun and scorching blasts of the hot simoom, the torrents of the monsoons, and the piercing winds of the cold season are alike unheeded by them. There is a class of them called *Paramhanses*, who are believed to be the

highest of all. These people observe no caste, and go about in a state of nature. They say their minds are so taken up with the contemplation of the Deity, that they cannot pay attention to sublunary things."

The practice of bringing the old or sick to the river's edge to die, is not in vogue among natives of the city at the present day, though this is sometimes done by people from the surrounding country—very cautiously, however, for the Government is as much determined to abolish this ancient and cruel custom, as it is to do away with *suttee* or widow-burning, and infanticide.

The city of Benares, from the river, has to the foreign traveler a look altogether strange and oriental. Massive stone ghauts or steps ascend to the top of the cliff, along which extends the line of houses four or five stories in height, very irregularly built, with small windows of different sizes, not uniformly placed. Many of these buildings are fast going to decay. From the river, also, one sees the temples and mosques; the palaces of princes who make periodical visits to the holy city; and the pagodas erected by wealthy men for the benefit of the pilgrims. Add to this brilliance, tens of thousands of natives in white and vari-colored garments passing up and down the ghauts or bathing in the water; and the thousands of boats of every craft upon the river, and it is a scene not to be readily forgotten.

Near the eastern limit of the city, at the top of a very steep ghaut, stands the great mosque of Aurungzebe. It is a square stone building covered with three domes,



HINDU TOBACCONIST.

and has two slender minars rising one from either end, one hundred and fifty feet above the floor of the mosque, or nearly twice that height above the level of the adjacent river. It was built on the site of the Hindu temple of Vishnu, which the Emperor Aurungzebe destroyed, and the materials of which, to signalize the triumph of Islam over Brahminism, were used in the construction of this mosque. The graceful minars are but eight and a-quarter feet in diameter at the base, and seven and a-half feet at the top. They were formerly fifty feet higher, but, becoming unstable, it was found necessary to cut the

down to their present height. The ascent is by a stone staircase. From the top the view of Benares, the Ganges and the surrounding country is very fine. In clear weather it is said that even the Himalaya Mountains may be seen. From this point the city presents a very odd sight to an American accustomed to "cities of magnificent distances," as it seems like one solid mass of houses; and such, indeed, it may well appear, for a street four feet wide running between houses five stories in height scarcely forms a perceptible division. The dense green trees constitute a grand background to the picture, and the Ganges may be seen winding away like a silver thread for miles and miles in the distance. From the top of one of the minars, with a loud, shrill voice and a musical measure, the muezzin calls the faithful to prayers.

Once, in walking through the bazaar, I determined to taste the betel-nut—the tobacco of Asiatics—to the use of which the natives of India are especially addicted; so I bought from a tradesman, who dealt in nothing else, two little packages, each containing eight chews, for a pice, or one-fourth of a cent. The betel stains the lips a bright red color, and the prepared leaf of the piper-betel tastes very like the sassafras bark or root; the Hindus call it *pawn*.

The effect of the betel-nut and leaf upon the system is slightly exhilarating, but it is not so powerful a stimulant or narcotic as tobacco or opium. Princes and wealthy merchants are accustomed to chew leaves which have been soaked in rose water, and with which various rich spices have been mixed. The appetite for the betel increases with its consumption, and from chewing one of the little packages after each meal—considered a moderate allowance—the approach to a nearly continual use is rapid and easy.

Having seen about all of interest in the holy city, there yet remained a visit to the ruins of ancient Sarnath, which are situated four miles from Secrole. Sarnath was the birthplace, or rather the home, of Buddhism, which, for nearly a dozen centuries, was the dominant religion of India, and which, though now extinct in Hindustan, yet numbers in other parts of Asia 31.2 per cent., while Brahminism embraces but 13.4 per cent. of the human race. Sarnath was a large and mighty city ages ago, but at the present day there remains standing only a single tower. Reaching the site, I found about ten acres of brick mounds and ruins, and a

solitary round tower, about seventy feet in diameter, and ninety feet in height. This tower is thought to be at least fifteen hundred years old. It is built of stone, elaborately carved with geometric figures, scrolls, flowers, fruit, and human forms, which give abundant proof of taste and skill in their design and execution. The interior is of brick, and the outer stone casing is twelve feet in thickness. It is much dilapidated, and the sides and top are overgrown with grass and shrubs. There is a low and narrow passage of modern date which extends through and underneath the immense structure to its center, where there is a small hole admitting light from the top. This passage was the work of Major-General Cunningham, an English officer who made many excavations hereabouts in the year 1835, but found nothing of interest in the tower, excepting a few idols, and a stone with an almost meaningless inscription.

It was very dark in the passage-way, and I clung to the Mohammedan guide as we groped and stumbled along. From him I heard a singular account of the tower. "It was built," said the old man, "by a certain rajah of Sarnath many hundreds of years ago as a mausoleum for himself—to hand his



SIVA, "THE DESTROYER."

name and fame down to the latest posterity. When the English first came to Sarnath," he continued, "they found a stone tablet outside the tower, which informed them that by the outlay of one lakh of rupees (\$50,000) nine lakhs might be found somewhere inside; and so great numbers of coolies were em-

ployed by the credulous and avaricious foreigner for two years in digging a passage through the old tower, but alas! no hoarded wealth; nothing but a few stone images rewarded their pains and patience." Not far from Secrole the road passes the Barana River, on a bridge whose foundations are made of ruins transported from the old city of Samath, and tons of idols are said to have been excavated, and doubtless tons more remain still undisturbed by the unappreciative and unsparring hand of the foreigner.

One morning two snake-charmers called at the hotel. Around their necks huge boa-constrictors were twined, and each carried jars of smaller snakes, and one of scorpions. The performance consisted in taking the venomous snakes from the jars in which they lay coiled, and, in picking them up, the men placing their fingers in the reptiles' mouths—tantalizing them to a frenzy, and



use of various charms—placed a small round stone over the cut flesh, smelt of a piece of wood resembling flag-root, and then used it for marking a circle about his wrist.



THE ROYAL EQUIPAGE.

This he told me would effectually prevent the absorption of the poison into the system. The stone draws out the blood, and with it, of course, the virus. It is generally supposed, however, and with much reason, that the poison glands of the cobra have been removed in the first instance by the crafty snake-charmers. Several times the cobras advanced until within a foot of my chair, but turned back at command of their masters. During the entertainment one of the men played at intervals upon a sort of flageolet. The scorpion *divertissement* consisted in stringing numbers of them together (as the whips of the Furies were made), which the men then hung upon their lips, nose and ears.

At Benares dwells for a great part of the year the Rajah of Vizianagram—a liberally educated native gentleman, who speaks English fluently, and takes great interest in all matters tending to ameliorate the condition of his people, morally as well as intellectually. But at the time of my visit the rajah was absent on some business at Madras, which was the more unfortunate, as an English gentleman, an old resident, would have favored me with an introduction. However, a very great pleasure and honor was now at hand; nothing less than being received as "a visitor of distinction," and being splendidly entertained at his palaces by the Maharajah of Benares—the spiritual and political chief of the Hindus at the present day.

Early in the morning I left the hotel to visit the rajah at Ramnaghur—a citadel,



A SNAKE-CHARMER.

then wrapping the whole about their heads and necks, where the hissing, writhing mass presented a frightful spectacle.

A cobra bit the finger of one of the men twice, and each time he immediately made

palace and town, all in one, which is situated on the left bank of the Ganges, about a mile above the sacred city. Riding in a gharry to a ghaut opposite, I crossed the river in a dinghy (native boat), and was received at the palace by the chief officer of the rajah, who, having conducted me up long flights of stone steps, left me sitting in the court-yard near the Audience Hall, while he presented to his royal master the letter of introduction which had been given me by my good friend, Moonshee Ameer Allie, of Calcutta.

After waiting some time in the court-yard of the palace, an aide-de-camp came and informed me that the rajah was then sleeping—being very tired on account of the festivities of the previous night while engaged in celebrating his son's birthday, and performing the religious rites customary on such occasions—and that now none dare awake him. But the officer added that the young prince would see me, and led the way to the Audience Hall—a large room with a lofty ceiling, handsomely painted, and stocked with European furniture, a Brussels carpet and some native portraits of the rajah's ancestors. In an adjoining apartment, the dining-room, there was a tessellated marble pavement, and a large rosewood center table, and the walls were hung with engravings of the English royal family, and of some native princes. In one corner, upon a small table, stood a beautiful ivory model of the celebrated Taj Mahal tomb at Agra.

embroidered satin robe and trousers, with velvet slippers, and wore upon his head a small turban, studded with jewels, and covered with gold and silver needle-work tracery. In his delicate ears there hung circlets of golden wire, strung with pearls



A NAUTCH GIRL.

and sapphires, and his fingers shone with costly gems. The prince was a bright-looking little fellow, who spoke English fairly, and understood also some Persian and Sanskrit. He told me he was just fifteen years of age; asked about my previous travels; wished to know my intended route from Benares, etc., and then sent for a rifle (an American "Henry" patent) with which he had shot a large tiger in the jungle.

The rajah was still asleep, and no one wishing or daring to disturb him, I was invited to visit the palace gardens, and the royal temple.

A ride of about a mile in the rajah's own carriage, with its liveried coachman and grooms, along the river bank, brought us to the royal gardens, which cover about four acres, and are surrounded by a stone wall with an imposing gate-way. In the gardens



HINDU MUSICIANS.

Returning to the Audience Hall, I met the young prince—the heir-apparent—surrounded by a crowd of officers and attendants. His Highness was dressed in a gold-

were several large summer-houses built in the Indian style, and near by was an immense tank of clear water. Passing through one of the houses in which His Highness is

accustomed sometimes to entertain European guests, we soon reached the private temple, whose foundations were laid over a hundred years ago by the famous, or rather infamous, Rajah Cheit Singh, an ancestor of the present rajah. This temple is built upon a raised stone platform, and is nearly one hundred feet in height. There are also some smaller shrines and dwellings for the Brahmin priests, and the whole is surrounded by a high wall. The temple is built of Chunar stone, and is of the usual pine-apple shape, but differs from most others in the ornamentation of its sides, which are elaborately carved with figures of gods, goddesses, elephants, lions, etc., in middle relief. On the platform opposite, and facing the entrance to the temple, there are three marble figures—a bull, a *garud* (a figure in the form of a man with wings), and a lion, on which the goddess is supposed to ride when "out for an airing." A Brahmin comes to show us the idol, and, opening the small, highly polished brass doors, her deityship is before us. Durgha, for such is her name, stands in a carved stone recess; her face is of gold and her body of gilded marble, and she is almost covered with flowers. While we were looking into the temple a messenger arrived, who said that the rajah was awake and wished to see me. In leaving the gardens I was presented with beautiful flowers and baskets of fruit; and soon after I alighted from the carriage at the principal gate of the palace, and proceeded at once to the *dewan* of the rajah.

His Highness, surrounded by a great crowd of princes and attendants, received me in a large pillared court, and, having graciously waved me to a seat at his right hand, asked if I spoke Hindustani, remarking that he could not speak English; but my interpreter was near by and served as well. The rajah was very plainly dressed, and was smoking a beautiful silver-wrought hookah. He seemed quite an old gentleman, of large and fleshy person, with a keen intellectual countenance, and very bland and pleasing manners. He first offered me refreshments of all kinds, and then wished to know how he could serve me. He inquired concerning my past travels; asked if I had seen Benares, and said that one of his elephants was at my disposal for visiting any part of the city whenever desired. On taking leave the rajah was good enough to present me with a beautiful silver-silk perfumed neck ribbon as a mark of his regard, and one of the officers gave me a bottle of

the priceless attar-of-rose, after the Indian custom. At the palace gate there stood a huge elephant ready to convey me to Rajghat, where the gharry was in waiting.

Upon returning to the hotel one afternoon from a sail upon the Ganges before the city, I found Baboo Ganesh Chunder, the private secretary of the Rajah of Benares, awaiting my arrival with a note from his royal master proposing to give a nautch (native dance) in my honor at "Karnatcha Palace" (situated on the same side of the river as the city) in the evening at any time from eight o'clock to twelve, and wishing me to name the hour which would be most convenient. I gladly accepted the invitation, and promised to visit the palace at nine o'clock. His Highness spends a large proportion of his time in Benares, it being a more convenient place for the transaction of business than the citadel of Rammaghur.

A drive of two miles brought us (my interpreter accompanied me) to the palace gate. Though it was quite dark, one could see beautiful gardens and glistening tanks and gayly ornamented summer-houses on the one side; and on the other the palace—a plain two-story building, with a narrow stone staircase which led to the upper floor on the outside, and which brought us to the reception chamber. The walls were decorated with paintings by native artists of some of the rajah's ancestors and friends, a native-made carpet lay upon the floor, and the room was lighted with chandeliers holding candles. Chairs having been placed, the officers informed me His Highness would not arrive until ten o'clock, being unexpectedly detained by important business, but that the nautch would proceed at once. Refreshments in the form of wine and cigars were offered as before, but after we had declined them all, the dancers and musicians entered.

The nautch girls were the rajah's private dancers, kept for his own special amusement, and who danced before him nearly every evening. They were dressed in wide-flowing trousers and long robes, or rather shawls, of heavy crimson silk, made perfectly stiff, with gold and silver thread embroidery-trimmings and borders. They were greatly overloaded with jewelry on the neck, arms, hands, legs, feet; large and curiously worked rings hung from the lobes of the ear, as worn in European countries, and, in addition, a perfect fringe of small rings dangled from holes pierced along their upper rims; there were dozens of armlets, bands of gold, two or three inches wide, set

with various colored jewels; a half-dozen necklaces, some of them chains with gold coins attached; rings, four and six on a finger; anklets strung with little bells; and gold and silver toelets (they dance with bare feet). The distinguishable jewels were the topaz, onyx, carbuncle, agate, and carnelian.



THE GODDESS KALI.

The movements of the dancers were very slow—being much hindered by their long robes. They scarcely seemed to raise their feet from the floor, the performance consisting rather of posturing and singing than what we understand by the simple term, dancing. In fact, no people of the East indulge in dancing-parties as do the natives of the West; Orientals never dance themselves; it is not dignified, and they always hire others to dance before them. And so fond are they of the diversion, that the profession of a dancing-girl is both popular and lucrative, though it is not considered very respectable to thus appear before the public; and these girls, some of whom are possessed of extraordinary beauty, generally lead an irregular course of life. One of the officers behind my chair remarked that a rather fascinating girl who had been dancing for some little time was a splendid singer, the celebrated —, but I confess never to have heard such extraordinary *screeching* in my life. She sang at the extreme limit of her gamut, with not the slightest attempt at expression or modulation, and with short intervals for recuperation, as long as her strength lasted, when she was relieved by another, and afterward another, and so the torture proceeded.

The musicians, four in number, stood behind the dancers, and followed their most eccentric movements. The instruments em-

ployed were two violins or guitars—one with steel wire strings—a tom-tom or kettle drum, and a pair of cymbals. The guitars, shaped very like crook-neck squashes, were held before the body, supported by the waist-band, and played upon with bows closely resembling those in use in European countries. The tom-toms were two in number, fastened to a belt which was strapped about the performer, who played by drumming upon them with his fists and fingers. The cymbals were made of brass, and, in action, would answer, perhaps, to our triangle and castinets combined. The guitars were melodious in themselves, but the music produced was entirely without tune, and hence rather monotonous, the same strains being repeated again and again.

On either side of the dancers and musicians there were torch-bearers, who followed them forward and backward in their evolutions, and who were stationed so that the light exhibited the gorgeous dresses of the nautch girls to the best effect. These torches were made simply of greased rags, and emitted a thick oily smoke, which soon filled the room and almost suffocated us. Nautch dancing, to my mind, is like the famous attar-of-rose essence peculiar to this country,—a very little goes a great way.

After an hour or so of the Terpsichorean and Euterpean performances, the rajah and suite entered. His Highness was dressed in a magnificent cloth-of-gold suit,—vest, trousers, and tunic,—the latter embroidered with a beautiful palm-leaf pattern; on his feet were silk slippers; a jeweled armlet clasped one arm; massive rings glistened on his fingers; and his cap was of purple velvet, covered with rich gold flowers, leaves and vines. In his hand he carried a gold-headed cane, more for support than ornament, for he is quite an old man. The young prince, his son—Koor Perbho Narain Sing Bahadoor—was not present, having remained at Ramnaghar in charge of the citadel during his father's absence. The nautch proceeded at the rajah's request, while a splendid silver hookah was brought for His Highness to smoke.

This hookah well merits a description. It rested upon a solid silver tray, two feet in diameter, and its stem (a pliable hose called *nicha* in Hindustani), twenty feet in length, was covered with red velvet, wound with gold and silver thread. The bowl of silver, with fantastic embossed cover, held the tobacco and the lighted charcoal (balls composed of powdered charcoal, mixed with

water, and baked in the sun), and was mounted on a silver pillar, or rather tube, about three feet in height, the whole artfully modeled, and covered with arabesque engraving. At the bottom of this tube was a large bell-shaped vessel, containing rose-water, to which the hose was attached, and through which the tobacco smoke is drawn, cool and perfumed. The nicha terminated in a beautiful mouthpiece of amber and silver.



HINDU JUGGLER.

“How long will the hookah of Your Highness remain lighted?” I asked; for the natives do not smoke continuously, but sit and gossip, and read, and sing for hours at a time with the nichas in their hands, with only an occasional puff.

“All night,” answered the rajah, and added, with a merry twinkle of the eye, “My hookah is stronger than myself, for I am so fatigued at night that often, while smoking,

I fall asleep; but my faithful hookah is never tired, for I always find it lighted on awakening in the morning.”

This may be explained by the fact that the greater part of the sleep of a wealthy native is taken at noon and in the early afternoon—during the great heat of the day;—they seldom retire at night before eleven or twelve, and rise always by five o'clock in the morning, or at daylight, thus making it four or five hours only at the farthest, during which the rajah's hookah remained lighted.

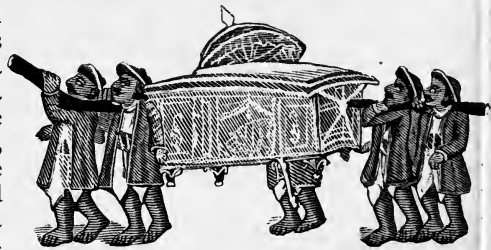
We then had a full half hour of the nautch, during which time I talked almost incessantly with the rajah through my interpreter, the dialect employed being Persian—the court language of Hindustan, and with which most educated natives are familiar. His Highness had recently been absent on a visit to Allahabad, where he also owns a palace and gardens. He had made the excursion for religious purposes, and told me, laughingly, that he had lost his moustache on that occasion. Allahabad, being situated at the junction of the Ganges and Jumna rivers, is regarded as a holy city, and thousands of pilgrims visit it every year. The hair and beard are cut at the junction of the rivers, and for every hair which there falls into the sacred flood, a million years will be

granted in paradise—and hence the rajah's visit.

The nautch had ceased and after refreshments, two musicians were ordered to enter. The one carried a been, and the other a very long-armed and small-bodied guitar. The been is a most singular and primitive instrument, which was used thousands of years ago in Hindustan. It consists of two large hollow pumpkins, which are joined by a bamboo cane two or three inches in diameter and perhaps six feet in length; over this are stretched seven wire cords of different sizes, resembling those of a piano, and upon these the performer plays with the tips of his fingers. Both of these instruments were like the guitars, harmonious in themselves—that is, capable of producing good music; but the men kept thumming a half-dozen strains or chords over and over again in the most monotonous manner, and with a nearly unbearable effect.

Apropos of Hindu music, Fitzedward Hall has said of it very tersely: “Hindu music is, in truth, a fearful thing, being simply an alternation of roars, screams, croaks, and squeaks; and the more volume there is of them the finer is the music. Once, when present at the playing of a regimental band, on my asking a certain rajah which of the instruments he preferred, I was in nowise surprised at my majestic friend's reply, ‘the bass drum.’”

During the evening, I exchanged photographs and autographs with the Maharajah, and had the gratification of seeing myself placed in the distinguished company of Lord Mayo and some other officials of the British-Indian Empire in his superb pearl-covered album. His Highness presented me with a letter of introduction, written in Persian, to a friend residing at Umritsur, and said he would willingly give me others; but that Agra, Lucknow, Delhi, and Lahore



A PALANKEEN.

were all Mohammedan cities, and he, being a Hindu, had no acquaintance in any of them, at least no person with whom he was

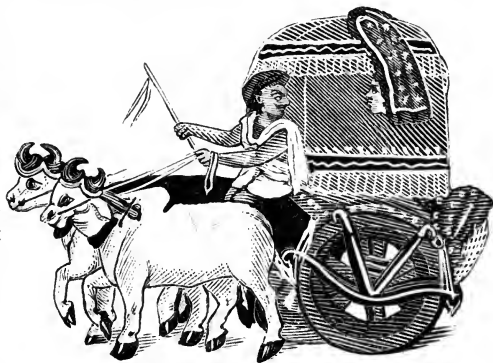
sufficiently intimate to ask favors for an American or Englishman. The rajah would serve me further, and promised to send me a hookah to smoke, and an elephant to use in seeing some interesting parts of the city on the following morning.

Previous to taking leave, His Highness requested me to write him concerning my further travels, which letter he would answer, and added: "If, while you are in any part of India, you are in trouble or in want of anything which it is in my power to grant or bestow, a written request from you alone will be necessary to obtain it." The rajah also placed upon my shoulders one of the silver embroidered neck ribbons "of regard" before mentioned, and sprinkled some attar-of-rose essence upon my handkerchief, doing all with much kindness and apparent sincerity. "Good-bye," said the rajah, using, doubtless, the sole English phrase of which he had command; "*Palagan Maharaj*" (I respectfully bow before you, honored sir), I returned with my broadest Hindustani accent. It was after midnight when we left Karnatcha Palace, and rode back to the hotel by moonlight through long avenues of glossy peepul, feathery weem, and gnarled mango trees.

The next morning two men, one of them the Rajah's own *hookah-buridar*, or pipe preparer, came to the hotel with the promised hookah, and shortly afterward the arrival of the elephant was announced. The hookah resembled the one already described. The smoke was of a very mild but agreeable flavor, cooled and purified by its passage through the water. The tobacco is not used pure and unadulterated, but several other plants and some spices and molasses are added. In appearance it resembles opium or thick pitch, and is called *goracco* (smoking paste). I obtained an account of its preparation from the pipe attendant. In the first place, he said, the tobacco leaves (tobacco is extensively grown throughout Hindustan) are pounded and chopped very fine; then molasses, bananas, and cinnamon are added, and the mass, being well mixed, is kept in the sun until fermentation ensues, when a little musk is added, and the paste, being of the consistency of soft clay, is made into lumps the size of a man's fist, in which state it will keep for years. Sometimes for flavoring the smoke rose-water is poured into the "snake" or *nicha*, or the water in the bowl is perfumed by the addition of some fragrant oils. Tobacco and hookahs of good quality are sold in

the bazaars very cheap, and all natives of India—Moguls of every grade, and Hindus, from Brahmins to pariahs, are great smokers, and, consequently, must use very mild tobacco. Pipes sell at various prices. The ryot (peasant) pays but two pice (one-half a cent) for his *neriaul* (cocoanut water-pipe), while the jewel-studded, gold-mounted hookah of His Majesty the King, or His Highness the Raja¹, often costs as much as a thousand rupees.

The entire morning was spent in riding about the city. The elephant, in passing through the bazaar, would occasionally help himself to a piece of sugar-cane, or a



HINDU OX-CARRIAGE.

few guavas or vegetables from the shops, to the disgust of the traders, but to my intense amusement. It was quite a novel sensation to move along, mounted so high as to be able to gaze into the second-story windows of the houses. Some of the streets were so narrow that the flanks of the animal touched the shop-awnings on either side, while others were even of too slight breadth to admit his huge body. During the ride we visited two palaces belonging to the Rajah of Benares. The are situated in Secrole—the European quarter—on opposite sides of a broad street. His Highness entertains his foreign guests in them, the one containing sitting and sleeping apartments, and the other banqueting and ball-rooms. The Duke of Edinburgh and suite occupied them on his late visit to India, and Lord Mayo and other notabilities were domiciled therein whenever they visited the holy city. The buildings are of brick, stuccoed, two stories in height, with broad verandas, and surrounded by extensive "compounds," laid out in level lawns and beautiful parterres. The palaces contain large and lofty rooms furnished in European style, but are overstocked with paintings and engravings of little merit, and

trinkets, and ornaments, and fancy clocks; and the carpets, of native manufacture, had the appearance of old rugs, owing to their dull color and thick plushy substance.

Returning to the hotel, the driver of the elephant caused her to perform some tricks. But few elephants can be taught them, and the rajah, thinking to please me, sent this particular one, she being a "trick" elephant. At command the animal would raise her trunk high in air and make a profound salaam or bow in correct style, accompanying the motion with a loud snort. She would also walk and dance upon two feet, lie down and rise up at command, and smoke from a hookah. The stick pointed with iron which the driver carries is called a *haunkus*; it is about twenty inches in length and is usually made of iron, though some have wooden handles; the tip has a sharp point, and some six inches above it is a semi-circular hook about four inches in diameter; and with this, as a means of enforcing his commands, he pricks the elephant's head on both sides. When they

become very restless or obstinate a full half-inch of the haunkus is inserted, and always on the day following that on which the animals have been used a healing oil is rubbed into their wounds.

Benares was for many centuries the metropolis of the land of the Hindus and "the intellectual eye" of India, and is still the seat of much learning, culture, and power, though it is no longer, as formerly, the capital of an immense independent State. The early condition of this city, its connection with ancient Buddhism, its antiquities, its famous temples, holy wells and tanks, its numerous ghauts leading down to the Ganges, its manufactures and commerce, its inhabitants, the ceremonies of the idolater, the religious festivals, and the gorgeous displays of the native courts—combine to make it to the Western traveler one of the most interesting spots in all India. A few days after my grand reception at Karnatcha Palace I reluctantly left for Allahabad, the capital of a province of like name, about one hundred miles from the sacred city of the Hindus.

MY OPEN POLAR SEA.

As THOSE who sail in quest of quiet seas,
 Supposed to sleep about the sleeping pole,
 Eternal halcyon waves, the term and goal
 Of hazard, and of hope, and hope's unease,
 Deep bays, bright islands, happy haunts—as these,
 Whatever chances breasting, armed in soul
 To do or suffer, so to know the whole—
 Steer toward the Arctic up the steep degrees,
 Nor daunted, though a frozen continent
 Thwart them with sheer obstruction, coast along,
 And seek and find somewhere the straitening rent
 That yields them grudged entrance, right or wrong;
 And still they strive, on their high aim intent,
 And strive the more, the more the perils throng:

So sails my soul for that pacific sea,
 The pole and vertex of her different sphere,
 Where equatorial sway and swift career
 Are charmed and changed to fast tranquillity:
 Beyond where storms can beat she there shall be,
 Safe locked in blissful calms through all her year;
 Unquiet hope no more, unquiet fear,
 Can vex her perfect peace and fair degree:
 But she must tend her sail, and smite her oar,
 And take meanwhile the buffet of the tide;
 Nor, when she hears the rending icebergs roar
 Upon her, tremble, but, abashed, abide
 To enter that strait gate and dreadful door—
 This portal passed, lo, havens free and wide!

A FARMER'S VACATION: III.

DUTCH FARMING.

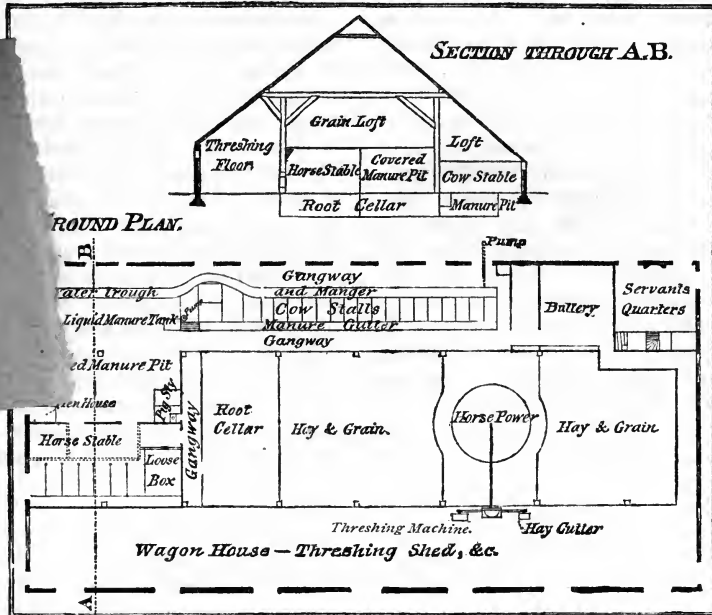


FIG. 1. PLAN OF BARN, ETC., ON A SMALL FARM.—LENGTH, 150 FEET; WIDTH, 72 FEET.

UNDER what influence man first halted and took root on the submerged lands of Holland it would be difficult to determine. Certainly the agricultural attractiveness of the country could not have held him. The soil was one on which it was possible neither to walk as on the land, nor to navigate as on the sea. There were no materials for building; no iron, or other metals; no stone. The country seemed to the ancients like the vague end of the habitable world. There were only a few families, living on fish, and on the eggs of aquatic fowl, and taking refuge at high tide on artificial mounds, or in their cabins built upon piles.

Allusion has been made in previous articles to various destructive floods, which made the chances of this country seem almost desperate, but the following account from Motley is so graphic, and shows so clearly the dangers to which the population was constantly exposed long after the occupation of the country, that it may well be repeated here. He refers to the inundation of November, 1570:

"Not the memorable deluge of the 13th century, out of which the Zuyder Zee was

born; not that in which the waters of the Dollard had closed forever over the villages and churches of Groningen; not one of those perpetually recurring floods by which the inhabitants of the Netherlands, year after year, were recalled to an anxious remembrance of the watery chaos, out of which their fatherland had been created, and into which it was in daily danger of resolving itself again, had excited so much terror, and caused so much destruction. A continued and violent gale from the north-west had long been sweeping the Atlantic waters into the North Sea, and had now piled them up on the fragile coasts of the provinces. The dikes, tasked beyond their strength, burst in every direction. The cities of Flanders, to a considerable distance inland, were suddenly invaded by the waters of the ocean. The whole narrow peninsula of North Holland was in imminent danger of being swept away forever. Between Amsterdam and Meyden the great Diemer dike was broken through in twelve places. The Hand-bos, a bulwark formed of oaken piles, fastened with metal clamps, moored with iron anchors, and secured by gravel and granite, was

snapped to pieces like packthread. The 'Sleeper,' a dike thus called, because it was usually left in repose by the elements, except in great emergencies, alone held firm, and prevented the consummation of the catastrophe. Still the ocean poured in upon the land with terrible fury. Dorp, Rotterdam, and many other cities were, for a time, almost submerged. Along the coast, fishing vessels, and even ships of larger size, were floated up into the country, where they entangled themselves in groves and orchards, or beat to pieces the roofs and walls of houses. The destruction of life and property was enormous throughout the maritime provinces, but in Friesland the desolation was complete. There nearly all the dikes and sluices were dashed to fragments; the country, far and wide, converted into an angry sea. The steeples and towers of inland cities became islands of the ocean. Thousands of human beings were swept out of existence in a few hours. Whole districts of territory, with all their villages, farms and churches, were rent from their places, borne along by the force of the waves, sometimes to be lodged in another part of the country, sometimes to be entirely engulfed. Multitudes of men, women, children, of horses, oxen, sheep, and every domestic animal, were struggling in the waves in every direction. Every boat, and every article which could serve as a boat, was eagerly seized upon. Every house was inundated; even the grave-yards gave up their dead. The living infant in his cradle, and the long-buried corpse in his coffin, floated side by side. The ancient flood seemed about to be renewed. Everywhere—upon the tops of trees, upon the steeples of churches—human beings were clustered, praying to God for mercy, and to their fellow-men for assistance. As the storm at last was subsiding, boats began to ply in every direction, saving those who were still struggling in the water, picking fugitives from roofs and tree-tops, and collecting the bodies of those already drowned. Colonel Robles, Seigneur de Billy, formerly much hated for his Spanish and Portuguese blood, made himself very active in this humane work. By his exertions, and those of the troops belonging to Groningen, many lives were rescued, and gratitude replaced the ancient animosity. It was estimated that at least twenty thousand persons were destroyed in the province of Friesland alone. Throughout the Netherlands, one hundred thousand persons perished. The damage done to property, the

number of animals engulfed in the sea, were almost incalculable."

The coat-of-arms of one of the Dutch provinces shows a lion rising out of the waves with the motto, "Luctor et Emergo." This device, indeed, might have been taken for the nation itself.

Reference was made in the article of Dutch Draining to the manner in which the flat country of the Netherlands grew from the accumulation of the sands of the sea mingled with the silt of the Rhine. A Dutch Professor found in the debris of the Bernese Oberland the same mica that he had found in the silt of the Ijssel. Each year the pastures of the Alps are diminishing, and the soil of the Netherlands is increasing.

In the provinces of Friesland and Groningen, and all along the North Sea, on the alluvial soil, there are seen, at frequent intervals, little mounds, from 12 to 20 feet in height, on which the ancient villages were built. These mounds are called "terpen" and their erection has unquestionably been the work of man. When they are dug down their upper parts are found to consist of layers of manure and rubbish, and they contain utensils which reach back to the bronze age and perhaps even to the stone age. Cretaceous and thalassinian antiquities found within them indicate that at some remote time the hardy navigators of that nation must have landed on this distant shore.



FIG. 2. HOOK AND SICKLE FOR REAPING.

These terpen were undoubtedly places of refuge for the people and their flocks during times of flood. The original structure was of clay taken from the neighborhood—the depressions left having been long since filled

with the silt of the floods. They consist of a calcareous clay, mixed with layers of manure, and have been impregnated with manurial matters for their whole depth by long ages of decay and filtration. Recently their earth has been used with the best effect as a fertilizer. The material has now come in great request, and sells for forty cents a cubic yard, about thirty-five cubic yards being a dressing for one acre. The use of the terpen material has caused almost a revolution in agriculture. The grass-growing farms farther to the south take this earth, and give in exchange fresh manure, to be used on the cultivated fields—an exchange that would be practicable only in a country where water transportation reaches to the side of every field.

Since the days of the terpen-builders things have bravely altered, as is sufficiently shown by the description of the country traveled through, in the previous article, on the general aspect and condition of the country. My opportunities for observing were, it is true, limited, but they were sufficient to confirm the impressions received from descriptions given by other and more careful travelers, and to satisfy me that I had nowhere else seen a community in which industry and prosperity, skill and success, went so constantly hand in hand. On every side there exists the most abundant evidence of comfort and civilization—indeed, of an almost universal prosperity and widespread wealth.

Laveleye speaks of the farm-buildings, especially in the northern provinces, as being of an unequalled size, and surrounded with evidences of wealth and taste. "Between the road and the dwelling-house there is a pleasure-garden planted with exotic trees, and whose lawns are interspersed with groups of flowers. At one side vegetable garden and fruit orchard furnish a good variety for the table. The house is imposing, with the great extent of its façade, and the large number of windows in the two stories. Within, the embroidered curtains, the furniture of American walnut, the piano, the books of the library—these all indicate large wealth and habits of life that imply a

superior condition. Behind the dwelling of the farmer, but attached to it, rises a building, high as a church and long as a covered ship-yard. Here are found the cow-stable, the horse-stable and the barn, all under one



FIG. 3. A BEEMSTER LAUNDRY.

roof. On entering, one first sees an enormous space, sufficient to shelter the harvest of two or three hundred acres, and a large collection of improved implements; next, sometimes sixty or seventy cows in a single row; and, again, from ten to twenty superb black horses.

"The farmers of Groningen have preserved the simple manners of their ancestors. Although often possessing several 'tons'* of gold, they put their own hands to the plow, and take the immediate direction of all the work of their fields. They are much richer than their brethren of Zeeland and Friesland. Their sons are frequently educated at universities, a matter of no small cost, for in this rich country habits are fastidious, and it is estimated that each son while at college costs 2,000 gulden per annum.

"These farmers are the leading men of their country; there is no class elevated above them. From their ranks are chosen nearly all the members of the different elective bodies, and even those who go to represent the province in the States-General. The care of their farms does not prevent them from taking an active part in political life and in the duties of public administration. They follow not only the progress of the art of agriculture, but also the movement of modern thought. They maintain near the city of Groningen an excellent

* 100,000 gulden.

agricultural school with fifty pupils, and perhaps nowhere else is education so universal in country districts. In fact Groningen passes for the most advanced province of the Netherlands. It is a sort of republic, inhabited by rich and enlightened peasants completely emancipated from the spirit of routine. One sees nowhere here the turrets of the feudal castle overlooking the trees of great parks, and one would search in vain for the aristocratic condition of which Brittany is so proud. The fine houses of the farmers are the only castles, and they all resemble each other. Property is quite evenly distributed, and almost all that the land produces remains in the hands of those who cultivate it. Wealth and work are everywhere associated, idleness and opulence nowhere."

The mode of life is simple and inexpensive, and, since of late years butter and cheese have almost doubled in price, prosperity is greatly increased. Many farmers, not content to have table service of silver, use this metal even for heavy kitchen utensils. There are those even who are only satisfied with table service of gold. Aside from this, the accumulations of Dutch farmers are a very large source of the investment fund with which Holland is so well supplied for all manner of foreign stock buying. One is surprised everywhere in the smaller towns with the number and richness of the jewelers' shops, with sumptuous silver ware, and, especially, coral necklaces of the finest quality, and worth hundreds of dollars.

Although Holland took its first impetus from commerce, this has sadly fallen away, but agriculture has on all sides filled the gap. Many towns, formerly thriving with commerce, have been destroyed by the silting up of the rivers and bays; but the reclaiming of the overflowed lands has given them another and firmer hold upon prosperity.

Agriculture in this country grew up only as an incident to the life of its commercial people. The application of tariffs and the competition of England combined lessened very much the importance of Dutch commerce, while the agriculture has steadily increased. Little by little, without the knowledge of the rest of the world, and almost without the knowledge of Holland itself, the Netherlands have gone silently and quietly forward, until they have become one of the most advanced agricultural nations of Europe, exporting more of the products of the soil than any other; while

the prudent, domestic habits of their forefathers still prevail among the people, and cause their wealth to accumulate to a much greater degree than among any other agricultural people.

In 1860 there were sold		
In Alkmaar,	9,600,547	pounds of cheese.
" Horn,	6,341,883.8	" "
" Purmerend,	3,897,051.4	" "
" Medemblik,	1,711,743	" "
" Enkhuizen,	1,627,533.6	" "

If one will look at the map of that part of North Holland lying north of the IJ, comparing it in size with other districts of Europe, the force of this statement will be clearly seen. The whole province of North Holland produces about 26,000,000 pounds of cheese per annum, and nearly the whole of this is made north of the IJ.

Other provinces are far from being behind this in wealth of production. I have no statistics of the colza product of Groningen, but it must be enormous.

Zeeland is the richest agricultural province of the Netherlands. Of its 428,000 acres only 24,000 are unproductive; 196,000 are in cultivation, and 162,000 in grass. 45,000 acres produce an average of 23 bushels of wheat per acre; the annual product of the province is 17,000,000 gulden. The average annual production of each acre of the cultivated land is about one hundred dollars of our money.

The country seems, so far as I could judge, to be given to special local industries, more or less depending on each other. One of the most curious instances of this is to be found in the bee-keeping of some of the provinces. In order to take advantage of the flowering of the colza, which takes place in the earliest spring, but far away from the heather and buckwheat fields which supply them later, the hives are carried on boats or on long wagons arranged for the purpose. They may frequently be seen on the roads and canals of the Northern provinces, traveling to one or the other of their sources of supply. Their product is very variable, depending much upon the weather. In 1859, Drenthe exported over a million pounds of honey; in 1860, only about 10,000 pounds.

Old customs and old employments have maintained their hold with great persistency, and nowhere is there more of the thoroughly quaint and of the apparently awkward to be seen. The grain harvest was in full operation during our visit, and I thought it a pity that there could not be a general introduction of our "grain-cradle." I described it

to a farmer and urged it upon his attention as a great improvement; he was of a contrary opinion, and insisted that the hook and the sickle (Fig. 2.) must be better. There is no use in arguing such a question with a prejudiced mind, but these tools appeared to me to be particularly awkward and inconvenient. The hook is held in the left hand and is used to push the grain along toward the left as it is cut by repeated blows of the long-handled sickle.

When enough for a gavel is cut, it is lifted aside by the sickle and hook together and laid in its place. The swath is cut toward the standing grain, not away from it as with us.

As has been before stated, an immense interest in Friesland and Groningen is based on the cultivation of colza,—a cultivation which must date back to the earliest arrival of the Germans, for the chaff of colza is found buried twelve feet deep in the terpen.

One of the curious customs of the country is connected with the threshing of this grain. It shells so readily that when a stack is attacked, the threshing must be completed within the same day, requiring more force than the farmer himself has at his disposal. The work is done by traveling gangs, each under its *tesck-graaf* or "Count of the Threshers." A huge sail-cloth is spread upon the ground, and the work is inaugurated with some remnants of ancient formalities that distinguish it. But, even in Holland, steam threshing machinery is driving out old customs, and it is no longer *de rijsgeur*, as it once was, that the *tesck-graaf* should immolate a ram with a knife decorated with flowers, his band devouring the flesh to the cry of *Ram! Ram!* that the girls who were to pass the sheaves to the threshers should first wash their faces in spring water strewn with flowers; nor that after the subsequent banquet, where the farmer and the *tesck-graaf* presided, and where strong drinking prevailed,—at the ball which closed the day's exercises,—the waltzers should turn, not round and round as is the modern custom, but over and over each other as they rolled upon the ground.

Another thing which cannot fail to strike a stranger, is the universal water transportation for all manner of traffic, large and small. In the Beemster, all farm transportation is by water. It is by means of boats that manure is taken out and hay brought in, and that the milk is brought each morning from the pastures, where the cows pass

the entire summer. Roads are generally used only for personal communication with the market towns.

Not satisfied, as the rest of the world is, with comfortable housing and ample feeding for their cows, the farmers of Holland, as though eager to recognize the all-important aid they derive from them, frequently cover them with linen blankets, tied in place, to guard them from the attacks of insects, and to shelter from the frequent raw sea winds. It is usual, too, to set up in the pasture fields convenient scratching-poles against which the cattle rub their sides and necks with evident advantage.

Domestic customs vary from the standard to which we are used as widely as do those of the farm itself, and the minutest detail that one is permitted to observe of the mode of life of the people is full of a strange interest.

At each farm-house and cottage in the drained district, there is fixed at the side of the canal a curious kneeling-box, with a platform projecting out over the water, where the family washing is mainly done. (Fig. 3.)

The proverbial Dutch tendency for scrubbing prevails as much in farm-houses as in others, and adds to the attractiveness, as well as to the value, of the products of their dairies. Here, as elsewhere, the duty of repeated cleansing claims a large part of the time. In other countries, in the houses of workmen and small farmers, we usually see only the coarsest furniture, and untidy and worn utensils. In the Netherlands, even in the humblest cottages, all the wood-work is perfectly painted, rubbed, polished, and dusted; utensils of copper and tin shine like gold and silver. There are few households which do not preserve some antique fragment of the time of the republic, two hundred years ago, and porcelain from China of the same period.

Temple says: "From what they are able to spare, after the necessary expenses of the house, they use one part to augment their capital and revenue, and the other to embellish and furnish their houses, and, in this way, not only accumulate the fortune of their families, but contribute also to the beauty and ornamentation of the country."

The cow-stable in summer is often the show-room of the house; the one in which most pride is taken. The little windows in the outer walls are covered with curtains of white muslin. The ceiling, and the partition separating the stable from the hay-barn,

are of pine, glistening with cleanness. The floors of the stalls are covered with white sand, swept in fantastic figures. On tables and dressers are sometimes displayed pieces

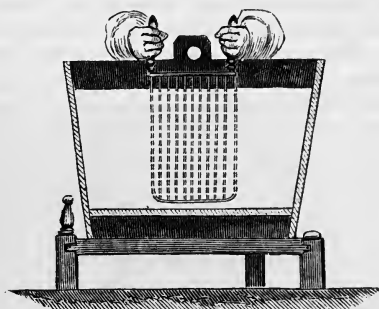


FIG. 4. MANNER OF USING CURD KNIFE.

of silver ware and old Japanese and Chinese porcelain, which have been carefully handed down from father to son for generations. Many of these objects would delight an amateur. There are pots of flowers and well-polished implements, and everything about the great hall (for it seems more like this than like a cow-stable) indicates a combination of pride and of loving tenderness that bespeak an attachment to the home which one bred in a more beautiful country, and under a more genial climate, does not readily comprehend, when applied to the flat lands of Holland.

Dutch farmers have not been slow to realize the fact that good roads are important accessories to good farming, but it must have been a difficult problem which presented itself to the early inhabitants of a marshy country where neither stones nor gravel could be had. Fortunately, the prevalent clayey deposits make excellent bricks,—so hard, that they ring like metal when struck together,—whence, their name of “klinkers.” The roadway is raised well above the level of the water in the adjoining ditches, graded to a proper form and paved with these little klinkers (smaller than our bricks), set on edge. Grass grows to the edge of the roadway, and even in the spaces between the bricks. Its roots, doubtless, help to bind the whole together, and it grows luxuriantly from its frequent drenching with road-wash. There is no mud, and no dust. For light traffic, these roads could not be improved, and all heavy traffic goes by water.

In the low country, where wind-mills are largely used for all purposes, grain-mills are not specially dissimilar from the others, but

on the higher lands, where, in country neighborhoods, the rude grinding of rye and barley is the principal work to be done, one sees only small mills, of which the whole structure turns on a pivot like the mere hood of the larger ones. One of these, into which I went, and which is the type of its class, is shown in an illustration of the first article of this series. In the Northern provinces, hay is kept almost entirely in large barns, built in connection with the cow-stable and cheese-room. More to the South, however, what we well know as the “Dutch hay-cover,” prevails quite generally. This is familiar to most of us as a square roof supported by four poles within which the hay is piled, the roof being lowered from time to time as hay is taken out or as it settles, being supported by pins through the corner posts on which it rests. These covers in Holland are usually very much larger than with us, and frequently have a stable or wagon-house for a foundation. The roof, which is sometimes twenty or thirty feet above the ground, is well thatched, projecting far enough over at the sides to shelter the hay from rain. It is, apparently, not lowered, nor is the hay taken off the top as with us. The first taking seems to be by a square cut at the side, near the eaves, carried far enough down to make a low door-way through which the hay in the interior is thrown out, the outer walls standing until the last of the season. The method is simple, inexpensive, and very convenient, and hay certainly could not be kept in better order than that in some two-year-old stacks which we examined.



FIG. 5. CURD KNIFE.

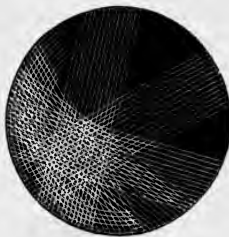


FIG. 6. MANNER OF CUTTING.

my own observations were mainly confined. Our people generally are disposed to regard the whole kingdom as a reclaimed morass. On the contrary, more than half its area is high and sandy. Commencing at the south, in North Brabant and Limburg, the sandy region reaches with little interruption throughout the provinces of Gel-

erland, Over-Ijssel, and Drenthe, and passes through Germany to the Baltic Sea.

I saw but little of this region, but whatever it has to offer of agricultural interest, however important it may be, must necessarily be of a different order from that which we find in the submerged countries. From the accounts that are available of its local agricultural practices, it must be very largely poor and unpromising land. To show how vastly different the sandy district is from the rich country of Groningen, I give Laveleye's account of the people of Rouveen and Stap-orst in Over-Ijssel:

"These are people of austere morals, strict and pious Calvinists, formal, adhering rigidly to all the ancient institutions in matters of faith as in matters of farming; and, for the rest, the hardest workers in the kingdom, adding to the cultivation of their farms several little industries which procure them comfortable wealth. They weave baskets; with the wood of the elders, which form their hedges, they make shoe-pegs; they even knit their own stockings, and they have such a horror of idleness, that when the elders of the village meet in council, they all bring their knitting with them. Rising before the dawn, they work bravely at the cultivation of their large fields, which often run in narrow strips several miles long. Up to this time they have resisted all innovations, even that of the chimney, thinking, like the farmers of Drenthe, that the smoke dries the grain, gives to the buckwheat a finer taste, and helps to preserve their pork and hams.

"A few years ago there was no modern building except the school-house. There were no drinking-shops in their villages. In spite, notwithstanding their antiquated ideas and customs, these pure descendants of the

wealth, few wants, and a great taste for work, which permits them to satisfy these easily."

The same writer thus describes the antique farmstead of Drenthe:

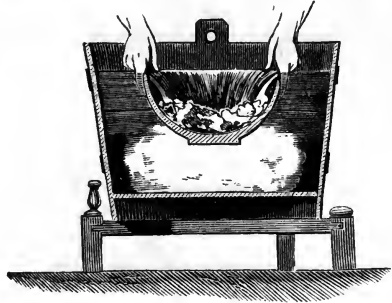


FIG. 7. DISHING OUT THE WHEY.

"It is a vast wooden building, covered with thatch, with no interior division—a sort of barn, where everything is united in the same space—the crops, the implements, and the family of the farmer. The horses are on one side, and the cows are on the other; between these run the pigs, the chickens, and the children. At one end a sort of cupboard encloses the beds. There is no chimney, and not even an opening in the roof. In the middle of the building a turf fire is constantly burning, whose smoke escapes through the interstices between the planks, after having dried the sheaves of rye and buckwheat piled upon the cross-beams and quite to the roof. It is claimed that the grain thus receives an exceptional quality, which commerce apparently recognizes, for the rye and buckwheat of Drenthe are especially sought after."

Most of the country traversed in my journey from Amsterdam to Arnhem, and a vast extent of territory stretching away to the north and east of this line, is as barren and unpromising as any land that I have seen. It is covered, as far as the eye can reach, with purple-blossomed heather, interspersed here and there with meager farmsteads and a few crops of the poorest description. It offers nothing instructive to the agriculturist. It is only as a matter of curious interest that the farmer cares to travel through this desolate region. He finds the whole agricultural attractiveness of the country to be concentrated in the artificially drained lands lying along the sea and the rivers.

One of my early trips was to the Haarlem

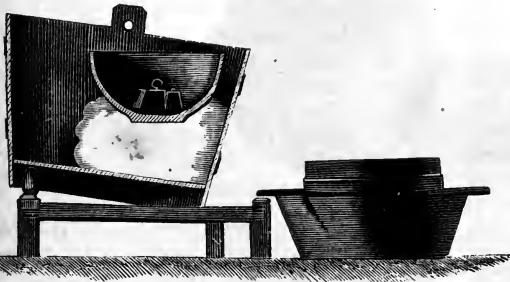


FIG. 8. DRAINING THE CURD.

ancient Frisians, who never marry out of their villages, are distinguished by severe morals, some education, a certain moderate

Lake polder, just within the edge of which, near the village of Sloten, an hour's ride from Amsterdam, we visited "Badhoeve,"* the farm of Mr. Amersfoort. This is a very fine, showy farm, large, and replete with all the appliances of improved modern agriculture, including Fowler's steam plowing apparatus, steam threshing machine, railways for conveying feed, and a perfect museum of minor implements.

Evidently, expense has been but little considered in arranging the whole establishment. The farm buildings are ample, well arranged, and of the best sort. The cattle and horses are as fine as could be asked, and all the appliances of stable and dairy are models of perfection. It is a superb example of "English" agriculture here in the bed of the old Haarlem Lake.

I could not learn that its proprietor makes any special effort at profitable farming, and probably the establishment is well worthy of the adjective "fancy." As an example of prudent, practical, economical farming, it is perhaps of not much value; but as an experimental farm, where all interested in farm operations in Holland can see and judge for themselves the processes most in vogue in the modern phases of the art, it must exert a very wide and beneficial influence. So far as I know, there is nothing of the sort in America at all comparable with it in any way.

The business of the farm lies largely in the production of butter, and of a peculiar sort of

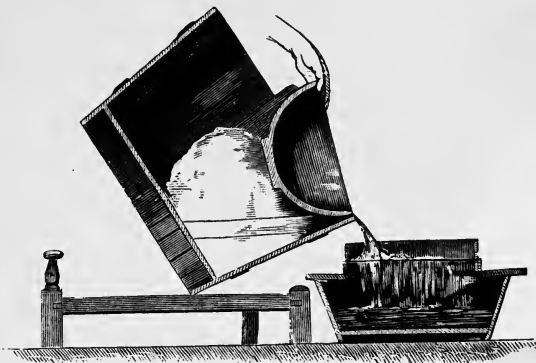


FIG. 9. POURING OFF THE LAST OF THE WHEY.

skim-milk cheese, flavored with cummin seed. At the time of our visit, forage was being cut by a large chaff-cutter, driven by one of Fowler's engines; from the machine, the cut fod-

* "The Bath Farm," so called from occupying a former bathing resort of the people of Amsterdam.

der fell into a car standing on a track which leads to all the stables, turning at right angle into the different passages and gangways. At the turning places the center space is paved with large flat stones, and, as the short car is swung round the angles, the flanges of the outer wheels roll over the smooth surface.

In the dairy, the milk is cooled in deep cans immersed in water, and is then stood to cream in large copper pans.

Mr. Amersfoort has taken a great interest in the drainage operations of the country, and has in his library a capitally made model in plaster of the bottom of the Zuyder Zee, showing its various depressions and the character of the soil. He is a firm believer



FIG. 10. CHEESE MOLD.

in the wisdom of the enterprise for its reclamation.

The agricultural undertaking which has perhaps most interested foreigners, among all the well-drained and well-farmed polders of the country, is that of the Wilhelmina polder, in the province of Zeeland. In 1802 twenty-three merchants of Rotterdam bought from the State at public sale for 700,000 gulden, the marsh that had formed between the islands of South and East Beveland. The diking (which united the two islands) cost 550,000 gulden. This suppressed an arm of the sea, and reclaimed 1,000 acres. This is all rented to a single tenant and constitutes one of the finest agricultural enterprises in the world. The surface

is divided into regular fields of twenty-five acres by rectangular roads. The dikes, and about two hundred acres of the lower and rougher land, are in permanent grass. All the fields are surrounded with hedges. Sets of farm buildings are placed at regular intervals. There are modern stables and barns of unheard-of size, large manure yards, the best farm machinery of England and America, steam threshers, clod-crushers, etc. The village of Wilhelminadorp is situated along the canal, near the center of the polder. Its church, school, workmen's houses, and little shops are all well kept and in order. The

live stock is a cross between the Zeeland cow and the Durham bull. The surplus is sold at high prices to German farmers. The sheep are not less remarkable. Both beef and mutton are sold in the London market. The polder is drained by the receding tide. The rotation covers twenty-one years, includ-

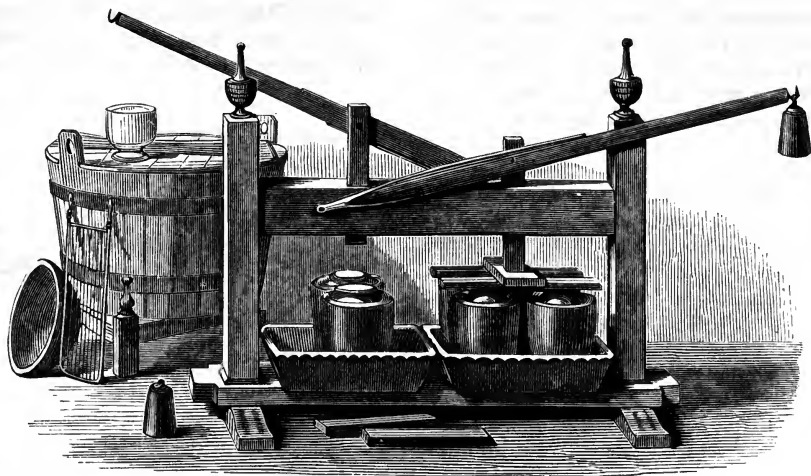


FIG. 11. THE CHEESE PRESS.

ing wheat, peas, beans, barley, flax, madder, oats, clover, beets, and turnips. The shares, which originally cost 18,000 gulden, were worth, ten years ago, 34,000 gulden, and paid six per cent. on that price, notwithstanding that the profits of exceptionally favorable years were spent in permanent improvements, such as paving, draining, planting trees, etc.

In one of the latest numbers of the "English Agricultural Gazette" there is an extended account of this polder, showing the minuteness and care with which all its accounts are kept, and the business-like way in which it is made to yield its utmost profit. It is also stated that Fowler's steam plowing engines (English) are now being used, notwithstanding the very low cost of horse labor under its former system.



FIG. 12. THE SALTING CUP.

That which most interested and instructed me in connection with Dutch farming lay in the old North Holland polder called the Beemster.

At Purmerend we called, as is always wise, upon the leading bookseller of the town, and found him much interested in agricultural matters, and exceedingly polite in giving us information. By his advice we drove some three miles into the Beemster to the capital old farm of Wouter Sluis.

Mr. Sluis is a middle-aged, clear-eyed, wiry, Yankee-looking man, who spoke English sufficiently well for us to converse with him readily. He is of an old Beemster family, and his farm has been in cultivation since the first draining of the polder two hundred and fifty years ago. He is one of

the good farmers of the region, but did not appear to be, nor did he claim to be, better than scores of others whose places we saw. In fact, the Beemster, which contains nearly 18,000 acres, pumped out in 1612, is one vast succession of strikingly good farms. The land lies at a uniform depth of 16 feet below the level of the sea. Its rim dike is over twenty miles long, and upon it are perched fifty-four pumping wind-mills of the largest class. As stated in a previous article, there are frequently weeks together in winter when much of its land is too nearly overflowed for the best results, and draining by steam is seriously considered—at least the use of steam-power as an accessory during the wettest times.

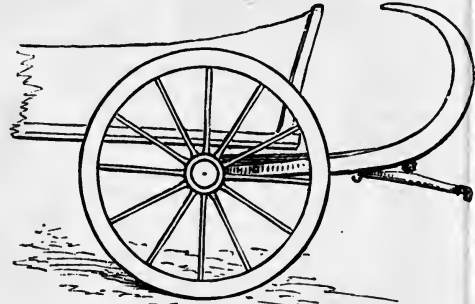
At the time of our visit we found the farm force busy with a horse-power threshing machine threshing out mustard seed. Caraway seed is also largely grown, yielding about 1,800 pounds per acre, and bringing about eighteen cents per pound. The land is divided as follows, the rotation occupying about ten years: twelve acres under the plow, fifty in meadow, and sixty-six in pasture. The meadows are also pastured after mowing. I was not able to get at the yield of hay per acre, but I should be very glad to see anything like such a mow full of fine, early cut, sweet-flavored, green-looking hay from my own fifty acres of meadow land.

The stock carried by this farm—no food of any sort being purchased—is the best evidence of the quality of its soil. There were twenty-five immense Dutch cows, nearly as large as Shorthorns, but deep in the flank, large in the udder, and with con-

spacious frames, the type of great milkers; twenty similar cows, dry, and being fattened for beef; twenty-four heifers of two and a-half years and less; one hundred and sixty sheep, crossed with English Lincolns; five horses and forty swine. I estimated the whole stock at the equivalent of ninety cows of the largest size.

The cows are fed in the stable from November 15th to May 1st; the rest of the year they are in the field day and night. The mowing is done between May 15th and July 15th. The cows give an average of sixteen to twenty-four quarts of milk per day. Four and a-half quarts of milk make one pound of cheese. The bull was a fine specimen of the breed, quite as good as the best of those of his race in this country, where, on the "lucus a non lucendo" principle, and with our curious facility for calling foreign animals by their wrong names,

is a type of this thorough-going Dutch oddity. The horse is attached by a whiffletree to the under part of the hook which replaces



DUTCH WAGON.

the pole, and all that is asked of him is forward propulsion; there are few hills to descend, only the gentle slopes down from the dikes and bridges. When any holding back

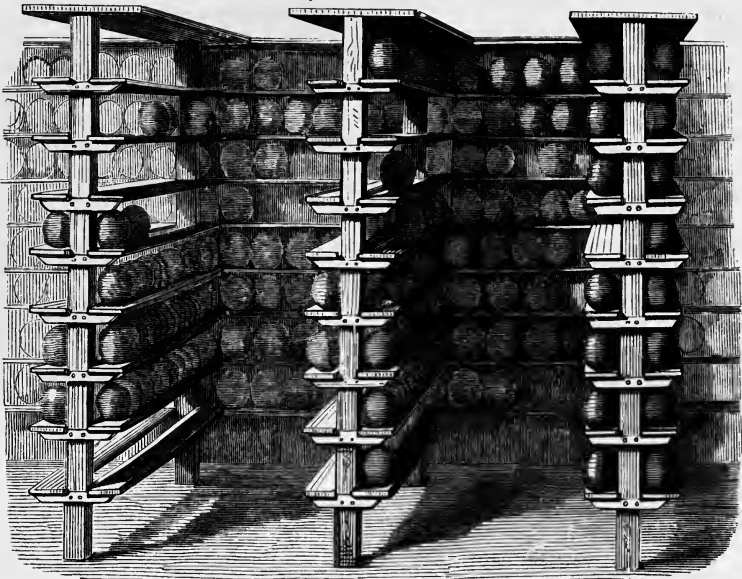


FIG. 13. CHEESES SHELVED FOR DRYING.

as they do *not* come from Holstein, they are known as "Holsteins;" just as Jersey cattle are called Alderneys.

The threshing machine, and many of the larger implements in use, are, as they are all over Holland, of English manufacture; but the plows, reaping instruments, wagons, and all the commoner utensils, are of the true Dutch type; probably unchanged since the first civilization of the country.

The wagon, which was similar to all common wagons which we saw in the flat country,

is necessary, the driver puts his foot against the horse's rump and makes his stiffened leg a substitute for breeching. One foot is always resting in the forward part of the hook, and all turning to right or left is effected by a lateral movement by main force of this leg. My suggestion that the almost universal shafts or pole would be an improvement, was received with a superior smile that can be equaled only in our own remotest farming regions.

The fields are divided by ditches, or

rather, by canals wide enough to accommodate a boat larger than an ordinary wagon body, and all the interior transportation, except the spreading of manure when the ground is frozen in winter, is by water. During our visit the cows were being milked in a field adjoining the farmstead, but when they are farther away the milk is brought home in a boat. The animals born and bred on the place understand the treachery of the slimy banks of the canals and keep at a safe distance, but the imported English pigs and sheep can never be trusted alone; several valuable animals have been lost by miring in the mud. In one pen we saw a Lincoln buck and five Lincoln ewes, bought from the flock that had taken the first prize at the Islington Show in London, in 1872.

A week later, in Rotterdam, I met Mr. Sluis about embarking for England to make further purchases.

The water in the ditches stood about three and a-half feet below the level of the land, as in the province of Groningen, but they were not so neatly kept as those, and evidently are more often flooded. Too little drainage was indicated also by the fact that the surface of the whole farm was plowed into ridges or lands.

I was especially interested to find that in showing his cows, and describing their merits, Mr. Sluis laid especial stress upon the escutcheon or "milk mirror," of which our ideas in his country are vague and tentative. He discussed the different "orders" and "classes" as shown in his own animals, very much as an American dairyman would

dilate upon those points which are here regarded as of especial excellence; not merely showing as good or bad those escutcheons which were large or small in their general area, but attaching great importance to the most minute details of the

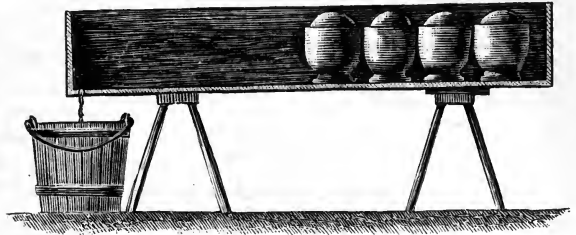


FIG. 14. SALTING CUP TRAY.

system of Guenon, whose illustrated Manual, translated into Dutch, he had, and had evidently thoroughly used. Both he and his son were very clearly of the opinion that all who question the value of the system are only smatterers, who seek for indications in general features which can be truly read only in details. Conversation with others in Holland and elsewhere in Europe made it seem clear that we have paid far too little attention to this means of determining the value of dairy animals.

After looking over the farm we were taken toward the house, and entered a large door leading into an enormous room, the like of which we had never seen. The walls were neatly whitewashed. The little windows were hung with white curtains. Along each wall was a strip of clean brick-work, and next to this a whitewashed gutter; then came, for a width of about six feet, a flooring of handsome old Dutch tiles, well laid;

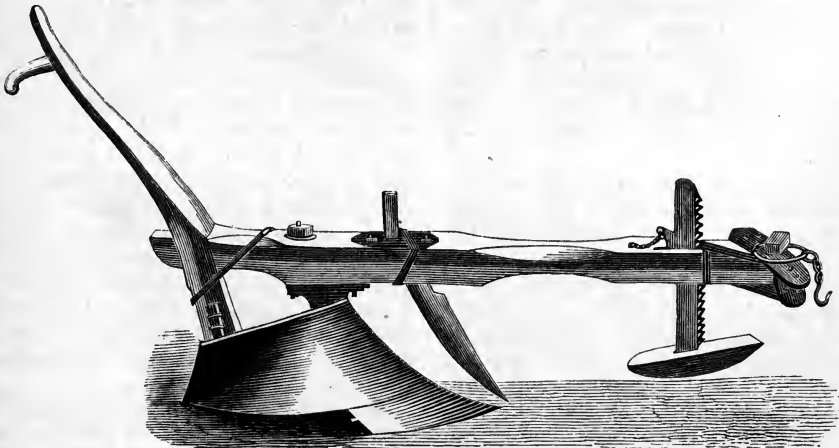


FIG. 15. AN IMPROVED DUTCH PLOW.

then two rows of upright posts, the use of which was not at all obvious. Between these rows of posts was a wide passage-way leading the whole length of the hall. There were several tables, on which were bright utensils and some handsome articles of pot-



FIG. 16. A DUTCH GRAIN FORK.

tery. We congratulated ourselves on seeing the largest and cleanest dairy we had ever met with, but, on a second look, the absence of milk, and of the evidence of daily use, led us to inquire, and, we found to our surprise, that we were in the cow-stable, which had been put in order for the summer. Except for the stanchions and tying-poles, and the gutter behind the stalls, there was nothing to indicate the use intended.

Like all Dutch cow-stables of the old style, this was in summer the show-room of the establishment. The tiles are considered a great luxury; but few families use them. Generally, their place is taken by neatly broomed white sand. The central alley is floored with bricks, and just in front of the tying-posts there is a depression or gutter, also of brick. These drinking gutters slope very slightly from one end to the other. Water is pumped in at the upper end, and is let off at pleasure at the other. The cows stand on a raised earthen floor, supported by a brick wall at its rear end. It is this cattle floor which is in summer covered with movable tiles; the manure trough is quite deep, and contains the solid droppings until they are removed in a barrow. The urine flows off to the underground receptacle which collects all the liquid refuse of the establishment, and which has a pump for filling the tank-cart by which the meadows are sprinkled.

In the loft over the stable, the cheeses are seasoned and prepared for market. Back of this part of the building are the cheese-factory, horse-stables, wagon-house, tool-sheds, etc. Leaving these, and returning through the cow-stable, we passed through a glass door into a sitting-room with some handsome articles of old furniture, and ample evidence of neatness and comfort. At one side of this we entered a little office or library, where we were shown handsome scientific books and various old

objects of interest, and were requested to inscribe our names in the visitors' book, which had been well filled by travelers from all parts of the world. In the larger room, opposite the glass door spoken of, is a fireplace, and over this a large mirror. Here, Mr. Sluis showed us how he sits in winter toasting his shins before the fire, and looking up from his paper now and then to enjoy the reflected view of his two rows of fine cattle, which seem almost members of the family. We saw nothing further of the house, and I am therefore unable to refute or to verify the stories that are told of the absurd cleanliness which is said to be inseparable from Dutch housekeeping. So far as we did see, everything was neat and after its kind tasteful, and in good wholesome humble order. The farmer and his son were not distinguishable in appearance, education (save in languages), or general intelligence, from the better class of New England farmers.

Off from one corner of the cow-stable is a dingy, cleanly, sweet-smelling room where the cheeses are manufactured by a burly bare-armed Dutchman,—clean in his person, and very active and business-like in his movements. The making of round cheeses, which we know as Edam or Dutch cheese, is the great industry of all North Holland, and especially of the Beemster polder. Wouter Sluis's farm is probably as good a place as the world offers to study the process, which is sufficiently important, and sufficiently distinct from all other cheese-making, to be worthy of detailed description; it is the agricultural feature of Holland, which, after its drainage, is, perhaps, the most notable.

In the center of the room stands a large tub on a three-legged stand. This is large enough to hold the whole product of each milking, which, immediately upon being brought in, is carefully double-strained into the tub. Its temperature varies, according to season, between 86° and 99°. When it is as low as 86°, the tub should be stood near the fire, and the doors and windows closed to prevent further cooling. When, on the other hand, the thermometer plunged into the milk marks from 95° to 99°, which happens only during the warmest summer weather, it is cooled by adding from two to four per cent. of pure cold water; the best temperature seems to be for summer 89° to 93°, and for winter from 93° to 96°.

The conditions of straining and temperature being correct, there is added a certain quantity of rennet colored with a certain

quantity of annatto; then, after stirring for a moment, the tub is covered. The amount of rennet to be used depends on the season, on the richness of the milk, and on the temperature; its determination is very much a matter of experience.

When all goes well, the milk is curdled in from eight to fifteen minutes. If a longer time is required, a reduction of temperature interferes with the success of the work.

Much importance is attached to the amount of cream to be left in the milk. Too large a quantity makes the cheese too soft, so that it settles from its round form and fails to keep well. To avoid this during the latter part of the season, the milk is allowed to stand until one-third, and, later, one-half its cream has risen; this is removed, and the work proceeds as before described. The curd having formed, it is cut in all directions with a curd-knife (a sort of gridiron), shown in Figs. 4 and 5. The strokes are first at right angles, then diagonally, and then circular, as shown in Fig. 6. This cutting is done as soon as the coagulation is complete and the mass homogeneous. Between each series of cuts—parallel, diagonal, etc.—two or three minutes are allowed to elapse. The cutting has to be managed with much prudence, for, if too rapidly done, it causes most of the butter to pass into the whey. Ordinarily, the cutting occupies from four to seven minutes. If the external air is too cold—say below 60° —the tub is covered after the cutting and allowed to stand two or three minutes.

The curd is now reduced to a multitude of little crumbs, which settle to the bottom of the tub. These are now worked into a ball by means of a wooden bowl which is worked slowly, parallel to the sides, for two or three minutes. If this is skillfully done, the crumbs of curd, which have a tendency to adhere under the influence of the elevated temperature, form a compact mass, that is easily separated from the whey. This latter is first drained off from the top by the use of a bowl as shown in Fig. 7. When no more can be removed in this way, the tub is tipped on its edges as shown in Fig. 8, and the curd is compacted by the hand into one mass, and is slightly pressed by the wooden bowl, in which is placed a weight of from thirty to forty pounds, as shown in Fig. 9. After five or ten minutes, the whey pressed out in this manner is removed. This operation is repeated four times successively, from fifteen to seventeen minutes being employed in all.

The curd has now become hard, elastic, compact, and cracks slightly between the teeth—in the condition, in fact, to which, in nearly all countries, curd for cheese-making is brought. The subsequent treatment determines whether we make Chester, Gloucester, Edam, or other esteemed varieties.

The operations now to be described are peculiar to North Holland.

The mold used consists of two parts, and is shown in Fig. 10. A couple of handfuls of curd are rubbed and kneaded with the

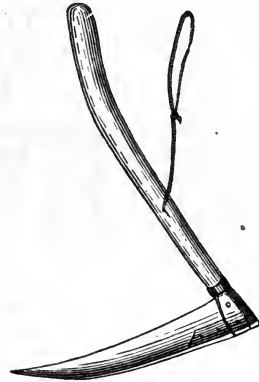


FIG. 17. A DUTCH SCYTHE.

hands until they are reduced to a soft unctuous paste, which is pressed into the bottom of the mold; then more is compacted in the same manner and packed on this, and so on until the mold is sufficiently filled. During the packing, the mass is removed several times from the mold, turned, and again pressed with the hands. This work should be very rapidly done to avoid cooling, which is always prejudicial to good manufacture. When sufficiently pressed, the cheese is plunged for one or two minutes into a bath of whey, raised to a temperature of 130° in winter, and 125° in summer. It is again well pressed in the mold, and then is very carefully wrapped in a linen cloth, thin enough to allow the moisture to escape, and folded neatly about the ball. Mr. Sluis's trademark was made by a peculiar folding of this cloth, which made a star-like figure at the top of the cheese. The cap of the mold is now put on, and these are placed in the press. There are many varieties of cheese presses in use, but all are simple, and will be sufficiently understood by reference to Fig. 11. The pressing is continued in the autumn from one to two hours; in the spring, from six to seven hours, and in winter and summer, about twelve hours.

When taken from the press, the cheeses are removed from the molds, unwrapped, and placed in salting-cups, as shown in Fig. 12. They are then classed according to date, and placed in boxes disposed about the

the store-room are turned daily for four weeks; after that, every second day. When they are from three to four weeks old, they are placed for an hour in pure tepid water (60° to 70°); are washed with a brush, and dried in the open air when the weather permits. As soon as they are thoroughly dried they are placed upon the shelves. Two weeks later they are again bathed, washed, and dried, and are well greased with linseed oil. They are then placed upon the shelves to remain until sent to market.

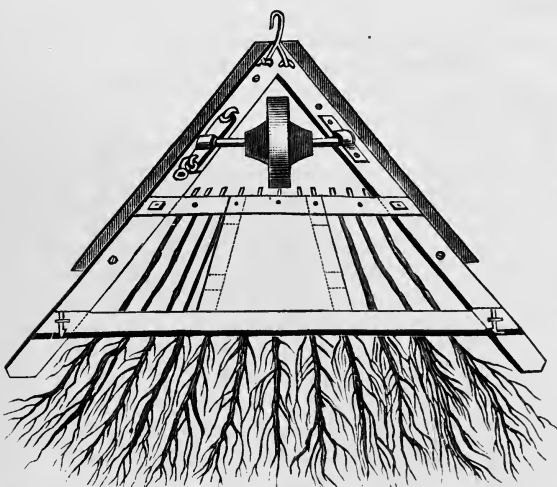


FIG. 18. TOP VIEW OF DUTCH BRUSH-HARROW.

walls, Fig. 13. On the first day of their being placed in their molds, a pinch of salt is placed at their top, and they are left until the next morning. They are then taken out and rolled in a wooden bowl of damp salt, and are then reversed in their molds. This treatment is continued until the experience of the manufacturer shows that the salt has reached quite into the interior of the cheese, this having, in the meantime, lost its elasticity and become extremely hard. The salting lasts on an average from nine to ten days.

On being taken out of the salting boxes, the cheeses are immersed for some hours in brine; they are then washed, dried, and finally placed on the shelves of the store-room, where, as in the salting box, they are classed according to their ages, Fig. 14. This finishes the manufacture, strictly so-called. The store-rooms must be dry, wholesome, well lighted, and kept always in the cleanest possible condition; the temperature should never rise higher than 72° , nor fall lower than 45° . If it is necessary to open the windows in warm weather, special care must be taken not to allow an easterly wind to strike upon the shelves. Damp winds, fogs, and an unventilated atmosphere are all pernicious. If these precautions are not taken, the store-room is invaded by a golden-yellow mold which is extremely destructive.

The cheeses placed upon the shelves of

In Holland cheeses are generally marketed at the age of from six weeks to two months, and their subsequent treatment is at the risk of the merchant. If prepared for the foreign trade, they must be lightly scraped with a sharp knife that removes all the inequalities of their surface left by the mold, by folds of the cloth, or any other cause. As they come from the hands of the scraper, they are as smooth and polished as an egg. If they are intended for the English or

Spanish market, an orange color is given to them by rubbing them with a few drops of linseed oil containing annatto. For France and some other countries, they are made red by rubbing them with butter colored with rouge.

A well-made cheese (before scraping) soon covers itself with a light, dry, mossy efflorescence of a greenish blue. This indication is much sought after by the Dutch merchants. It was very marked in some fine specimens which we brought home from Mr. Sluis's farm, and with which we frequently renew our recollection of the instructive afternoon passed there.

It was already twilight, and the swans in the ditches were nestling themselves away for the night as we drove from the farm and rattled over the klinker road toward Purmerend. As we rose over the dike, a thin fog seemed to fill the Beemster to its brim;—seen in the dim light, it was easy to imagine the old waters returned, and all the life, activity, and prosperity, with which we had but now been impressed, to be a creature of the imagination. It was really easier to contemplate this vast hole in the ground as a filled lake than to realize the marvelous change that Dutch energy and ingenuity had wrought in it.

The plow used on Mr. Sluis's farm is similar to the one shown in Fig. 15.

The implements used by the best Dutch

farmers, some of which have been engraved for this article, are almost invariably English or American, but among those peculiar to the country, there is a very good brush-harrow, which is better for the use for which it is intended than anything of the sort in use in this country. It is shown in Figures 18 and 19.

My examination and study of Dutch farming were all too short, and too much mixed with other sight-seeing (too vacation-like), to be of very great practical utility. They have produced, however, a strong conviction that much more than a simple vacation tour would be well rewarded, and that there is no country to which an American farmer could give time and careful study with more real advantage to his practical operations at home than to this very Hollow-land, where wealth is gathered as in no other agricultural region, and where, more than anywhere else, it remains in the hands of its producers, giving them a fuller measure of comfort, and even of luxury, than we at home are wont to associate with the idea of a farmer's life.

The interest manifested in the drainage of Haarlem Lake, described in the preceding article of this series, makes it seem worth while to communicate the following concerning the manner in which the earth-work was done, and the sanitary and social conditions existing during the early days of the improvement.

The earth-work was done by a class of men called "polderjongens," who are to be found throughout the country wherever drainage is being carried on, operating in gangs, as sub-contractors, under the chief undertaker of the work.

They are men habituated from their childhood to the work, and to the life of the swamps and morasses, and hardened against sickness and fatigue; strong, robust, and active men, because the weak cannot stand the severe toil, and the indolent are driven from the gangs. They work in bands of from eight to twelve men, each band under its own chief.

The band lives in a hut made of straw and rushes—light in summer and heavily covered in winter—which is built in a few hours, and is taken down and rebuilt as the work progresses. A woman takes care of the house and maintains order; she is often the temporary wife of one of the men, the marriage being respected by all.

These men are provided with strong boots with heavy spiked soles, to give footing on the slippery planks over which they

drive their wheelbarrows. They are dressed from head to foot in red flannel. They live upon an abundant diet of pork, potatoes, and good bread. They sometimes drink beer, but more often tea or coffee—seldom water. They are rarely members of temperance societies, and they end their hard week's work with a long carouse; at noon on Monday they return to duty, and for five days and a-half work as long as there is light, often spending the evenings in dancing to the sound of the violin. If their work is threatened with inundation even the night does not interrupt them, and if the summer is too short to finish their task it is continued in winter. The main canal between the Leeghwater and the Lijnden was not completed until the last night of the year, when the opposite parties came together with mutual hurrahs; and these men of iron, covered with sweat and mud, in the open air, on a freezing night, in the midst of this immense plain of morass, prolonged their songs and their libations into the opening of the new year.

Viewed from the moral stand-point these polderjongens are not admirable, but one can but admire the vigor, the efforts, and the courage of men who have made such enormous works possible. Early precautions were taken to provide for the treatment of those who might fall sick during the work of improvement, and pamphlets were written by scientific physicians prescribing rules to be followed. Much importance was attached to the planting of trees as a guard against malaria, but this was met by the proverb: "When the tree has grown the planter is dead." There was no time for precaution beyond the provision of ample hospital facilities, which, fortunately, were in little demand.

During the early stages of the work the acidity of the water in the ditches was so great that a single drop contracted the lips. After a short time the water became drinkable for animals, even in the lowest parts of the polder, where now one sees only broad grass fields pastured by the finest cattle.

Care had been taken in the Haarlem Lake to make ample provision for filtered water, but the workmen rarely slaked their thirst except with cold tea and coffee; when water was used, it had always been previously boiled. Beer was not wanting, and they all had means with which to procure it. There were but few cases of fever, and a few diseases resulting from excessive dissipation. At the worst season, among one hundred and eighty men working in the lowest part of the

lake, under the most unwholesome circumstances, but two were ill when the medical officer made his inspection. Some years after the drainage, in 1858-9, after very warm summers, fevers were very general throughout Holland, but the new polder, and the adjoining country, were not worse off than the older drained districts. There was suffering everywhere, especially where the water, reduced below its ordinary level, left the marshy banks of ditches and canals exposed. The result was pestilential miasma, such as always exists under similar circumstances, not only in Holland, but in other marshy countries. The unhealthful conditions about the Haarlem Lake were considered only temporary, and were no argument against the execution of the work. The fear of malaria has never influenced the people against undertaking new operations of drainage. Under certain circumstances they have been for the time disadvantageous, but most generally no such effects have been observed. If this were not the case, what would be the condition of Holland, where nine-tenths of the soil has been reclaimed?

After the drainage-work had been completed, the lake was formed into a new Commune, which began its life with a population of several hundred persons, and twenty-five electors. Two villages were established in plan; one, being near the center of the polder, and in its lowest part, had to be raised with sand to a sufficient height for safe building.

These villages were laid out, and their building was begun under the direction of the Commission. Streets and parks were provided, and two churches, one Protestant and one Catholic, were established for each community. Trees were planted at the sides of the streets and canals, but were destroyed for want of a sufficient police. The northern village, especially, grew rapidly, and there soon appeared a doctor and apothecary, a mechanical bakery, a blacksmith, all manner of mechanics, and subsequently a fine school. The Commune is now thriving and growing, and constitutes the best field in all Holland in which to study the various aspects of Dutch Farming.

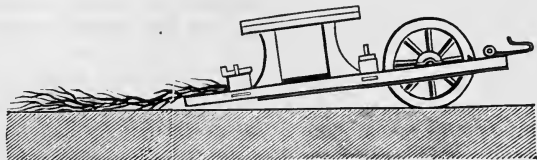


FIG. 19. SIDE VIEW OF DUTCH BRUSH-HARROW.

SOME OLD LETTERS.

PART V.

“LONDON, June 4th, 1833.—Wednesday we went to see the King’s pictures, which are very beautiful, and Friday X., Jekyll and I went to the Marquis of Westminster’s (formerly Lord Grosvenor) to look at his gallery of pictures, which is one of the finest in England. He has an income of a million pounds sterling annually. Leslie painted a picture for him, and he tried to induce him to take £500, instead of 500 guineas for it.

“We called then upon Miss Fox, Lord Holland’s sister, at ‘Little Holland House.’ It is a delightful place. We had luncheon under the trees. Sydney Smith’s beautiful

eldest daughter, Mrs. Hibbert, was one of the company, with her little girl. Sydney Smith came up to me laughing, with the child by the hand, and said: ‘Mrs. X., this little girl wants me to help her catch a butterfly. Imagine me in the pursuit.’ Mrs. Sydney Smith and Miss Smith were there, Lady Phillips, and a niece of Lady Lansdowne. Miss Fox is about sixty, a very sensible, amiable, and delightful person. We have had kind messages from Lady Holland. She has been waiting, I believe, to beg X. to bring me to see her, but finding that he does not, she desired Lady Mary Fox to say that she should call as

soon as she had recovered from the influenza, and that she was 'very much distressed at not having been able to call before.' It is all humbug, but she is an odd sort of person. I suppose you have heard her history. She ran away from her husband, Sir Godfrey Webster, with Lord Holland, with whom she lived for a long time, and had a son, Charles Fox. Lord Holland afterward married her. She is a sort of person whom X. would hardly wish me to see, but I want to see Holland House. * * *

"Yesterday we came to Redleaf (Mr. Welles's country place). * * * * Mr. Welles's carriage met us at Watt's Cross at half-past one, and we arrived at Redleaf (five miles) soon after two, and found Mr. Welles alone and expecting us.

"Opposite the door, in the parlor, hung a full length portrait of a stately dame by Rubens, in a black gown and with a ruff around her neck. 'This,' said Mr. Welles, leading me up before it, 'is the lady of the house.' In the same room hangs a Magdalene by Guido.

"You can imagine nothing more beautiful than Redleaf. The house is the most tasteful place I ever saw—old fashioned, full of beautiful pictures, old china, and carved furniture, and with different shades of brown and drab about the house. The grounds are charming. It is the most famous flower-garden in England. There are no less than seven hot-houses about the grounds. One of them is like a Gothic cottage, and next to it is a dairy of the most beautiful stone, china, and marble. The billiard-room looks like a picturesque cottage, and the pillars and roof are covered with vines and roses. All about the grounds are seats, made of the trunks of trees and

old branches, and at every turn you see something new.

"On the first floor of the house there is a large entrance hall, a music-room, a library, a dining-room with three bow windows, a drawing-room with three bow windows, a picture gallery, a breakfast-room, Mr. Welles's bed-chamber, and the servants' hall. There is one little room filled with Dutch pictures, next the dining-room. Here hangs a cage with a little bullfinch that sings 'God Save the King' admirably. The place is a little paradise. * * * * I keep out of doors all the time, and have my bonnet in the hall. * * * * The place is three miles in length, and about six or seven miles in circumference. He has upon it nine cottages, which he has built, in which servants of his live free of expense. Two gardeners with their families live in two, his carpenter in another, his under-carpenter in another, etc. He gives them tracts of land about their cottages, and increases them as they improve them. The people and children around him look so happy and content, and greet him as he passes them with such appearance of certainty that it will be acceptable—it was quite a picture of a Man of Ross.

"At Christmas, all the country people around about assemble, and Mr. Welles gives blankets, shoes, garments, etc., according to the different wants and merits, and Mr. Dodd, the clergyman of the parish, is present to talk to them. We are going down at Christmas to witness the scene."

"JUNE 16th.—Mr. Welles gives all the women within three miles baby linen, and he told me that he gave to about fifty-six annually, and, as he left out those who were not deserving, and above want, he concluded that there were one hundred chil-

Dear Madam

*A Thousand Thanks for what
I take to be beautiful Specimens of American
Produce, a kinder Present of Apples than the
first Lady gave to the first Gentlemen
y^r very truly*

Joseph Sekyell.

dren born every year within three miles of Redleaf.

"Most of his pictures are old masters, but he has two rooms devoted to modern artists. His household bears the same character with everything else. His butler has been with him twenty-seven years; his footman, seventeen; one of his housemaids, twenty; and none less than seven. He keeps a lady's maid to attend to the ladies who stay with him, and she, at other times, makes baby linen and clothes for poor people, and attends to the house linen. His table is always simple, though luxurious, and he has a beautiful profusion of china. We had a different set of dessert china every day, and we were there eleven days.

"He took me through all the offices, into his dairy, cellar, pantry, and the neatness of them is wonderful. Outside the dairy door there was a row of small tin pails, which are filled every morning with skimmed milk, which the cottagers take for their children.

"Mr. Welles dresses very plainly and neatly—white linen or nankeen gaiters; light pantaloons, brown coat, and white hat—almost like a Quaker. Every morning I found a bouquet of fresh flowers on the breakfast-table, placed there for me by Mr. Welles.

"After writing to you Wednesday morning, June 5th, Mr. Welles proposed to drive over to Tunbridge Wells, eight miles, to see Mrs. Tighe, a lady whom I met at Mrs. Hallam's, an old friend of X. and Lord Dudley. She was not at home, and we drove down to the promenade, the wells, and the repository of Tunbridge ware, which is famous all over England. It is a mosaic of various-colored woods finely polished.

"It rained hard as we came home, but cleared toward evening, and Mr. Welles took us to a neighboring cottage to see the operation of making cricket balls. The maker, by name Duke, sends these balls to all parts of the world. The trade has been in his family more than two hundred and fifty years, with the patent. * * * *

"Every evening we wandered about the grounds. A South American 'poncho'—a red cloak, made of a square piece of cloth, with a hole in the center, through which I put my head, and a Chinese wrap, made of blue crêpe, with a long red tassel, both belonging to Mr. Welles, constitute my picturesque Redleaf walking-dress.

"Mr. Welles has, among other things, a beautiful collection of shells, which has cost him about £800. He is very wealthy, and

spends all his income, as he has no children or family. He spends from fourteen hundred to fifteen hundred guineas a year in pictures, or has done so for many years past. He is exceedingly modest and diffident, though very proud, and dislikes general society, but is very genial and hospitable. He has a choice library, and is also a good deal of a sportsman.

"Friday morning I took my work, and sat in the balcony of the billiard-room, while X. and Mr. Welles played. In the evening we took a delightful walk along a path which Mr. Welles showed us for the first time. It is cut through the trees, and is quite wild in contrast with the rest of the grounds. In one part of it is a summer-house, built with branches of trees, and made into a sort of mosaic, and thatched, where we rested for some time. A quarter of a mile further, the walk for about two rods was cut through a rock, and we came to another rustic summer-house, in the center of which a spring flowed into a basin cut in stone, and again, a quarter of a mile further was another rustic seat, called the umbrella seat, the top of it thatched.

"The whole walk is about a mile and a-half in length, and though a quarter after nine when we got home, it was quite light, and we drank tea without the candles.

"Saturday Mr. Welles ordered his little open carriage at one, and X. and I drove to Penshurst, the former seat of Sir Philip Sidney, a half a mile from Redleaf. It is, or rather was, a fine old castle, and there are yet remnants of the old basement hall. It was worth seeing more from association than any beauty. We saw Sacharissa's walk, and the old oak which is famous for bearing 'the date of noble Sidney's birth,' and on which Waller and Ben Jonson carved their names.

"The present Sir Philip married a sister of Lady Mary Fox, and the King is building a wing to the castle, and repairing other parts of Penshurst for them. The Sidney stock has most unhappily degenerated. The present Sir Philip is a great fool, I believe.

"Sunday we went to Penshurst Church, the village church, and heard a very sensible, straightforward sermon from the clergyman, Mr. Dodd. After church Mr. Welles took us into the parsonage, a neat, cheerful, pretty house, which Mr. Dodd told us owed all its decoration to Mr. Welles.

"After lunch Mr. Welles took X. and me about with him in his weekly visits to the cottages. He talked with them about their

Dear _____ Miss Fielding has been kind enough to sketch a few designs for a book of music I am about to publish, and as she wishes to have the advantage of some more "technical eyes" than her own to see that she has committed no faults in drawing, do it seemed to me that you perhaps would oblige us as well as to undertake the part of her critic before the designs go into the hands of the lithographer. If any service our benevolent be into an amateur at least, of all the painters I know you are the one I should choose for my judge. — so pray, be kind.

Have you heard of Irving's lately? I remember being engaged to write ^{to} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ as if a letter might be so long to read: all the way to hand! I give you my love
Thomas Moore

affairs, asked the children about their school, looked at the birds' eggs they had collected, and made a visit to the village school mistress, who lives in one of his cottages—a nice, bright-looking woman, with a fine healthy baby in her arms. Mr. Welles once asked her if she had ever been obliged to give up a child on account of its stupidity. She said, No; but the Parkers were very stupid children, and she thought she *should* be obliged to give up Jane Parker; but Mrs. Dodd begged her to have patience, and after three years the child did come round, but it was very difficult to get her into plain reading.

"Mr. Welles has in his dining-room a beautiful Murillo, representing Christ healing the sick.

"We made a visit to the billiard-room and to Mr. Welles's lumber-room, which was quite a curiosity. Piles of cotton shirts, baskets of thick shoes of all sizes, calicoes, chintzes, coarse linen, nice linen, pieces of toweling, etc., etc., besides some beautiful china, glass, and curiosities. Mr. Welles gave me a beautiful china bowl.

"Friday was a beautiful day, and we left Redleaf with many a regret. Mr. Welles's carriage took us seven miles to Watts's Drop, where we met the coach. When we

London, Dec^r 20, 1838

My dear Mrs _____

Your Vase has arrived & is much the most splendid thing in my House. It shall be always in my sight, while any remains to me; — not to remind me of You, for I can never forget You — but to convince others that there are some people in the world, whose friendship is not to be affected by Times or places:

Yours every
J. Rogers.

(Reduced fac-simile.)

were about ten miles from Redleaf a man on horseback overtook us. He came from Mr. Welles's with some luncheon for me, and a fresh fish, 'a jack,' which had just been caught in the river which flows through his grounds. * * * * Yesterday we had a delightful note from Moore. I copied a waltz that he admired, and X. sent it to him before we went into the country:

"Thanks, my dear X., to Mrs. X. and yourself, for the pretty waltz, which I play over often, to remind me of that agreeable evening, and those sweet Transatlantic tones in which,

"Like a wizard, by a spell
Of my own teaching, I was caught."

I am afraid I shall have no call to take me within reach of Marlborough street this year.

"Yours, very truly,
"THOMAS MOORE

"Sloperton, June 11th."

In another place we find an anecdote peculiarly illustrative of Rogers's fastidiousness, and Moore's unconventional, easy manner:

"The other morning Moore put his head into our breakfast-room door, saying gayly: 'May I come in and breakfast with you? I'm engaged at Rogers's, but I am a little nervous this morning, and I was afraid I should spill my egg.'"

On one occasion, when he had brought his son with him to town, a youth of fifteen, he sent him to the X.'s with this note:

"MY DEAR X.: Will you let the bearer join our party at dinner to-morrow? I should not billet him upon you, but that I do not know how else to dispose of him for the evening?

Yours ever,
"T. MOORE."

"JUNE 23d, 1833.—We went in the evening to Dr. Fergusson's. * * * * When we came home, we found a note from Mr. Rogers, asking us if we should like three or four tickets for the British Gallery Monday evening, but I had one which Mr. Welles sent me, and X. has, of course free admittance; no one can be admitted except by a Governor's ticket or as an Academician. We went on Monday evening. There is an exhibition of the works of the last three Presidents—Mr. West, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Sir Thomas Lawrence. The Gallery is lighted every Monday evening, and people go in evening dress. It is a gay scene.

"The pictures of Sir Joshua are exceedingly beautiful. Mr. West shines out very brightly, but Sir Thomas Lawrence is very much abused. He was greatly admired during his life, but people seem to be repaying themselves for admiring him too much by undervaluing him now.

"Here I saw the famous Lady Blessington, and was much disappointed in her appearance. She was stout, red, and inelegant-looking, dressed in blue, uncut velvet, and a white hat and feathers. She was leaning on Count d'Orsay's arm. He was much decked with rings and chains, and, though handsome, didn't look like a gentleman."

"TAPLOW LODGE, July 7th, 1833.—We have been here, spending a few days with the Tunnos. Yesterday we all went over to 'Dropmore,' Lord Grenville's country-seat. Lord Grenville is a retired politician, rather a pedantic old man, and as he made no great figure in political life, imagines himself a sort of 'Cincinnatus,' as a consolation. He has lost the use of the limbs by gout, and is wheeled about his place, in which he is constantly making improvements. He employs twenty-four men to keep his grounds in order." * * * *

"JULY 26th, 1833.—The day before yesterday, old Lady Affleck came to see me. She has been very ill, and it was the first time she has been out. It was very unexpected to me, as she is eighty-five, and seldom goes out. But she said she came to see me in my new house, which she heard was very tasteful, and she moved about and looked at everything, and finished her visit by telling me that I was 'a very nice girl.'"

"AUGUST 5th, 1833.—Sunday, X. and I went to see Mrs. Calcott at Kensington. She is a great invalid, and has not been out of her gate since two years ago last March. * * * * She is dying slowly; her case is quite hopeless. She was Miss Maria Graham; married a Captain in the Navy. She wrote a book about India. After her husband's death she went to the Brazils, and lived with the Empress, who was a friend of hers, and undertook the charge of the children, but the maids of honor became jealous of the influence she acquired, and persuaded the Emperor that she was interfering with the religion of the Princesses. He exiled her, and she made a sacrifice of all her property and lived among the mountains there for some time, until Lord Cochrane, who was then with an English fleet, brought her back to England.

"About seven years ago she married Calcott. You will remember that he is the landscape painter. She is rather a masculine woman, but very much softened by her illness." * * * *

"AUGUST 11th, 1833.—Thursday, to our surprise, Moore was announced. He had

come up to London for a day or two, and wanted to know how we were. I was lying on the sofa, but he came in and sat with us for half an hour, and was very agreeable.

"I had just received your letters of July 7th, and read to him what you said of taking him and Horace with you into Maine, to 'drown the hum of mosquitoes.' It was just the thing to delight him.

"I drove with Mr. Rogers in the Park, and, seeing a flower not familiar to me, got out of the carriage and picked it. 'What is its name, Mr. Rogers—the botanical name?' I said, and he answered: 'Ah, my dear child, I love flowers too well to call them names.'

"He has re-arranged his pictures, with lights above and reflectors. He told me the other day, that when Sydney Smith dined with him he gave it as his opinion that it was 'all very well for the pictures above, but below darkness and gnashing of teeth.'"

"OCTOBER 4th, 1833, TAPLOW LODGE.—I have been to-day listening to the most wonderful musical genius. He is a child of Sir Gore Ouseley. He is only seven years old, but seems to have a gift without the power of defining it. He seats himself at the piano and improvises in the most delightful manner, so that he completely arrests your attention; and when he cannot reach all the notes with his little fingers, he presses his palm upon the keys. He has composed an opera, many waltzes, marches, and songs, and modulates from one key to another like a master, and it is all by nature. He seems to forget everything about him, and to be entirely absorbed in his music. Sometimes a thrill appears to pass through him irresistibly. Otherwise, he is very like other bright children, with excessively high animal spirits."

Since the publication of the third part of these Letters, the "Ianthé" there referred to by Moore, to us a mere phantom, suddenly and strangely takes on a personality. Her daughter sends us a copy of Moore's letter, which we give below. "Ianthé" was Mrs. Emma C. Embury, daughter of Dr. James Manley. Her collected poems were published by Hurd & Houghton in 1869, and her prose works had many admirers.

"SLOPERTON COTTAGE, May 8th, 1831.—I should have long before now acknowledged your most welcome gift and letter, had I not, unluckily, the very day after I received them, been summoned up to town, and in my hurry leaving your letter behind,

I preached

next Sunday at St Pauls
at 3 o'clock. — but I shoud be drivē
yourd to attempt coming. The
lect is intense — You may just bus
well be in the open air —

Many thanks for the Book

ever very truly Yrs.

Sydney Smith

Nov 25. 1833

been thus deprived of the means of ascertaining your address. I avail myself, however, of the first moment after my return to express to you hastily, but warmly, my gratitude for the kind terms in which you have addressed me—terms which from any 'Young American' would have been grateful and flattering, but which from one whose own writings display so much feeling and genius, are peculiarly welcome. Having some suspicion that my friend Washington Irving might be the author whom you allude to as knowing your real name, I mentioned to him, while in town, both the circum-

stance of my having received the volume, and the admiration which it had excited in me; but not being able to give him any other clue word than 'Ianthé,' I was made no wiser by my communication with him. The inclosed scrap of Byron's writing (which is one of the very few now left me) will, I trust, be sufficient as a relic. You really ought, as a sister in song, to remove the veil that is between us. In the meantime, I shall take the liberty of saying that I am, my dear Ianthé,

"Very much yours,
"THOMAS MOORE."

THE SONG OF THE SAVOYARDS.

FAR poured past Broadway's lamps alight
 The tumult of her motley throng,
 When high and clear upon the night
 Rose an inspiring song;
 And rang above the city's din
 To sound of harp and violin;
 A simple but a manly strain,
 And ending with the brave refrain—
Courage! Courage, mon camarade!

And now where rose that song of cheer
 Both old and young stood still for joy,
 Or from the windows hung to hear
 The children of Savoy;
 And many an eye with rapture glowed,
 And saddest hearts forgot their load,
 And feeble souls grew strong again,
 So stirring was the brave refrain—
Courage! Courage, mon camarade!

Alone with only silence there,
 Awaiting his life's welcome close,
 A sick man lay, when on the air
 That clarion arose;
 So sweet the thrilling cadence rang
 It seemed to him an angel sang,
 And sang to him, and he would fain
 Have died upon that heavenly strain—
Courage! Courage, mon camarade!

A sorrow-stricken man and wife
 With nothing left them but to pray,
 Heard streaming over their sad life
 That proud, heroic lay;
 And through the mist of happy tears
 They saw the promise-laden years,
 And in their joy they sang again
 And caroled high the fond refrain—
Courage! Courage, mon camarade!

Two artists in the cloud of gloom
 Which hung upon their hopes deferred,
 Resounding through their garret-room
 That noble chanson heard;
 And, as the night before the day,
 Their weak misgivings fled away,
 And with the burden of the strain
 They made their studio ring again—
Courage! Courage, mon camarade!

Two poets who in patience wrought
 The glory of an after-time,
 Lords of an age which knew them not,
 Heard rise that lofty rhyme;
 And on their hearts it fell as falls
 The sunshine upon prison-walls;
 And one caught up the magic strain
 And to the other sang again—
Courage! Courage, mon camarade!

And unto one who, tired of breath
 And day and night and name and fame,
 Held to his lips a glass of death,
 That song a savior came,
 Beseeking him from his despair
 As with the passion of a prayer,
 And kindling in his heart and brain
 The valor of its blest refrain—
Courage! Courage, mon camarade!

O thou with earthly ills beset,
 Call to thy lips those words of joy,
 And never in thy life forget
 The brave song of Savoy!
 For those dear words may have the power
 To cheer thee in thy darkest hour;
 The memory of that blest refrain
 Bring gladness to thy heart again!
Courage! Courage, mon camarade!

CONCERNING MAXIMS.

"Come hither, Fabian; we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws."—"Twelfth Night," III, 4.

THE best definition of a proverb is that of Lord John Russell—"the wit of one and the wisdom of many," and the best description of its elements is that of Howel—"sense, shortness, and salt." Lord Bacon thought that the genius, wit, and spirit of a nation could be discovered in its proverbs, but he must have referred to their form rather than their substance, since those of any marked significance are to be found amongst all nations, varied by climate, customs, and social condition. Aristotle held that they are the remnants of some ancient system of philosophy, from the wreck of which these bits of wisdom have floated down, but Aristotle was too much of a system-builder to be able to realize the spontaneous generation of wisdom in the common mind, nor had he the data for observing that in the early eras of national culture, the every-day wisdom of the world inevitably shapes itself into certain handy forms, which, instead of being parts of a philosophy, are the substitutes used by those who are not yet ready for a philosophy. The proverb, in its origin and use, belongs to an early period in mental culture—after the habit of observation and generalization has set in, but before it has reached what may be called the qualifying or critical habit. Hence, they cease to be formed after the midway period of culture is reached. Ray's collection, published more than a hundred years ago, is so complete that it requires but easy re-editing to make it the most nearly perfect work of its kind. But few proverbs have been created in our country since Franklin, and scarcely any that have gone into general use, unless it be some sayings of President Lincoln, nor in any other country are they so little used. We began our national life at too high a point of culture to feel the need of them as substitutes for thought, or to be tolerant of forms of truth so general as not to be serviceable in our complex state of society. Trench, indeed, contends that their disuse is due to fastidiousness and false refinement, but his statement does not seem to consist with their little use at present, which cannot be said to be an age characterized by these qualities. Neither in literature nor in society do they find much place, and the reason is that they do not agree with

the present thinking, which, in its chief features, is analytic, while the proverb is general and wholesale.

But the fact that proverbs have fallen into disuse does not imply that we have given over the use of maxims, and precepts, and formulated principles of truth and morality. If we mistake not, there is a growing tendency, due to the formal habit of thought induced by science and its reaction upon religious faith, to throw the mind back upon mere statements of truth—maxims, precepts, rules, in short, upon abstract and formulated wisdom as compared with that which is taught and inspired by the ever-acting Source of truth.

In offering some criticism upon this tendency, we may seem to go beyond the apparent limits of our theme, but closer observation will show that we are tracing to its logical conclusion an influence that is already bearing heavily down upon moral life. It is not too early to inquire if the scientific habit of thought now prevailing, is not, in ethical things, taking us backward rather than onward, and especially if, in respect to moral and spiritual guidance, it is not substituting the lower and imperfect methods of the past, for those higher and truer methods brought in by faith in the Personal God.

We take our theme at once into the region of practical illustration. Is the apothegmatic sermon, however crisp and sententious, better than one that, in however obscure ways, somehow makes us feel that there is a God in Heaven? Does the College President do better for his pupils in giving them a string of wise maxims, or in surrounding them with a spirit of nobility and enthusiasm that lies without the scope of words? We recall with mingled feelings of veneration and amusement the "advice" that the late Prof. Silliman used annually to give to the young gentlemen just entering Yale College (he was himself too true a gentleman to call us *Freshmen*). It was very wise and as skillfully balanced as were his own acids and alkalis, and was precipitated upon his hearers with a genial eloquence, but we did not remark that it bore much fruit in the demeanor of those young gentlemen. The not obscurely hinted fact of the good Professor's mercifulness in Faculty meetings to offenders, had

more influence to secure the advised decorum, than did the recollection of his precepts.

Doubtless, maxims have a certain useful function, and Trench's admirable eulogy of them is quite just within a certain range of life. Macaulay, doubtless, goes too far when he says that "every one who has seen the world knows that nothing is so useless as a general maxim. If it be very moral and very true, it may serve for a copy to a charity boy. If, like those of Rochefoucauld, it be sparkling and whimsical, it may make an excellent motto for an essay. But few indeed of the many wise apothegms which have been uttered, from the time of the Seven Sages of Greece to that of Poor Richard, have prevented a single foolish action;"—which, if it be excessive as criticism, still is to be respected as indicating the general opinion of a wise observer of men. They do a kind of moral hack-work that is needful in every-day living; they are what their other name implies—adages—helps to action. They often bridge difficulties, though not seldom they let one through into the flood. They offer, in portable form, the gathered wisdom of the world, but commonly they have something of the worldly taint. It is undoubtedly well to remember that "honesty is the best policy," but it is better to remember that there is an honesty above all policy. They are mechanical in their nature—levers and valves and regulators used to govern the human machine, and, for that very reason, imply that man is in the mechanical category. Being formal, they yield a formal life. Being legal, they impart a legal tone, and so subtract from that freedom which belongs to spiritual life. The maxim may be true, and call for a high exercise of the mind, but the fact that it is formulated tends to take spontaneity out of the action, and the spiritual exercise or moral act called for degenerates into formalism and equality.

The example of Jesus Christ may be quoted as looking in an opposite direction. It is true that he often met a false or imperfect maxim with a true one, but it was more than an exchange of one for another—of error for truth; it was an exchange of action for spirit, of conduct for life. "Forgive thy brother seven times;" that is a rule of conduct. "Forgive thy brother until seventy times seven;" that is a spiritual teaching. Even the two great precepts of love were put by Christ himself into the category of the law, and were, in a sense, superseded by

the new commandment given by him: "As I have loved you, that ye also love one another;" in which there is a plain transition from sharply defined conduct to the measureless expanse of his own spirit, into which it was his aim to bring his followers.

But our chief criticism of this formulated wisdom of which the world has had so much, and which, in the evanishing of faith, threatens again to become the world's teacher, is, that it does not cover life. It may be very useful in the market-place and the forum, but, happily, existence is not summed up here. Life is not always every-day life. For every man there are crises when all things are in balance, and no precept of human wit can tell him into which scale to throw his will and decide his destiny. There are depths into which we are driven, either by the smittings of Satan or by the Divine hand of chastisement, the darkness of which no candle of worldly wisdom can dispel. Whatever the main argument of the Book of Job may be, it would seem that it was an incidental purpose of its author to show the futility of formulated wisdom. His friends uttered the most unimpeachable truths, but he was neither convinced nor comforted by them. Precepts about righteousness and the Divine justice failed to reach his case; it was God himself that he needed, and when the voice spoke out of the whirlwind, the tumult of questioning passed from his soul; hearing by the ear could do nothing for him; seeing with the eye brought peace, for then the personal man came to know the personal God, and in that knowledge alone is the soul ever really taught. The complement of mind evermore is mind, and the mind of man will never respond with power to anything that does not come from a mind of power, nor will man ever wholly yield himself to truth that does not come from a Being who inspires him with a sense of his Divine Personality.

Shakespeare did not commit the blunder of making Polonius offer his excellent maxims of behavior to Hamlet instead of Laertes; they were very well for his son, who was going to France, but Hamlet had a mightier question to decide than how a young man should conduct himself in Paris. "To be, or not to be," was the problem that overtaxed his reflective brain, and crushed him into a despair that left him swinging on the tide of chance. It was not advice that he needed, but a Lady Macbeth to inspire him, instead of the gentle Ophelia singing over her flowers—a personal in-

fluence instead of the meditative wisdom that his own teeming brain supplied.

It is interesting to notice in this connection the value that Shakespeare, and other great literary artists of human nature, have put upon the utterance of precepts and maxims. Shakespeare has contributed much of this sort of wisdom to literature, but himself seems to have had a contempt for it, indicated by the characters that utter it. Trench, speaking of proverbs, says that Shakespeare loved them well; doubtless, but what that concerned humanity did he not love well? Still, we must be careful how we infer Shakespeare's critical opinions from his tastes, or his personal convictions from the form of his dramas. Their very perfection as works of art veil the real opinions of the author, so that, while one of the most prolific of writers, he is one of the most mysterious of men. If anything can be adduced from his dramas as to his critical estimate of maxims, it looks in the opposite direction. Not the frequency, but the manner of his use, reveals his intellectual valuation of them. It would be unfair to suppose that because an author introduces oaths, he loves profanity; if his characters are profane, he must make them speak profanely. Nothing could be better than the precepts offered by Polonius to his son; he puts the quintessence of wisdom into the perfection of form. The passage is too familiar to require quotation. One might imagine Shakespeare saying to himself after writing it: "There is advice worth heeding;" but the myriad-minded man treated his superb words with a deeper truthfulness, and placed upon them the stamp of *vanitas* by putting them into the mouth of "a tedious old fool"—"a foolish, prating knave;" and, as if to deepen his sarcasm upon his own wisdom, represents it as utterly wasted upon the shallow Laertes, and Polonius himself as treating flippantly the very vices of his son against which his precepts had been aimed.

George Eliot puts her wise sayings into the mouth of the keen, worldly-minded Mrs. Poyser, whose main object in life is, that the butter and cheese shall be well made—not into the mouth of the great-souled Adam Bede, who had a matter on hand in his love-tragedy wholly without the compass of maxims, however suitable to his case.

It may be laid down as a canon of criticism, that a great author does not put his apothegms upon the lips of his great characters, nor of those who have great matters on hand, but of side-characters,—separated in

sympathy from the drift of the drama or tale,—lookers-on, and often incapable of taking any part in the events before them, other than a formal summing up of their meaning in witty generalizations. In the *Idyls of Tennyson*, it is not Arthur, but his fool, who moralizes; and in *Don Quixote* it is the squire, rather than the knight, who "cannot open his mouth but there drop from it almost as many proverbs as words." On the other hand, it is only inferior writers who make their great characters talk sententiously and quote maxims for their guidance. We feel a sense of weakness in those books, the chapters of which round out into moralizing,—with a moral announced in the preface, and a moral tagged on as a colophon. We infer that the author is not strong enough to make the characters speak for themselves, and that, being unable to create a battle, he introduces a herald to rehearse it. The ground of this criticism is, that we want *life* instead of its interpretation, and that if one is given, we do not need the other. A great writer depends upon the inspiring power of his characters, rather than upon formulated deductions from their conduct. We search in vain at the close of the great tragedies of Shakespeare for any moral that the reader can transfer to his note-book and walk away with. The moral is in *Hamlet*, and *Macbeth*, and *Othello*, themselves, and cannot be detached and formulated.

We would refer only with utter reverence to whatever is found in the Holy Scriptures, but it must be confessed that the Book of Proverbs suffers a constant sense of abatement as to its practical value, when the character of the author is considered;—if its precepts could do so little for him, can they do much for others? is the inevitable suspicion. It is very needful to tell men that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge," but a man fearing the Lord is a better teacher than the precept. Doubtless "a wise son maketh a glad father," but a wise son making a father glad does more for his generation than by informing all generations of the abstract truth, and himself violating it. The Twenty-third and Fifty-first Psalms have done more for the education of the world than all the maxims of Solomon. The one yearning cry of David after "the living God," supplies a stronger motive power in civilization than do the three thousand proverbs of his son. The harp that gave forth the single strain of blessing and prayer was mightier than the pen of him who was wiser than Ethan and

Heman, and Chalcol and Darda. The reason is simple: one drew his knowledge so directly from God that it was filled with the vital power of God, and therefore was strong enough to keep him from idolatry and the abominations of Moab; the other, by the very act of formulating his knowledge, and by virtue of the very perfection he was able to give to the form, transferred to it somewhat of his faith, between which and the formal precept there was no true correlation, and he was left without moral support. Such precepts may yield a framework strong enough to support an intellectual conviction, but one which breaks down when the whole weight of the temptable nature is cast upon it. Hegel has said that Solomon would not be possible in the Gothic world;" by which he meant that the freedom of spiritual life that Christianity has brought in the Western nations would not admit of a character framed out of elements so formal as maxims. James I., the weakest monarch that ever sat upon the British throne, might have been accounted a wise king in the Eastern world.

But it is not so much with the maxims of the past that we quarrel—the home-made wisdom of the world (though many of them that pass current at the world's counter are fit to be classed with William Blake's, which he plainly calls "Maxims of Hell," such as that of Franklin—"If you would find a friend to you get him to do you a favor;") as with the threatened prospect at formulated wisdom is to become our chief teaching. When our friends of the positivist school have demonstrated and torn us out of faith, and inspiration, and direct teaching, and accountability to a personal God, what moral guides do they propose to give us instead? What can they give us but moral precepts drawn from the present theater of human life and action? What more can they say than that it is well to act and feel thus and so? These prescriptions of conduct and feeling will, of course, be compounded with the exactest analysis, put up in the most elegant form, and dispensed with the utmost profusion. At the risk of being considered out of order, we would offer a motion from the other side of the house—that, in view of the coming era, it is wholly unnecessary to frame new precepts, as competent scholars can produce them by translation from the Chinese, of sufficient variety and number to embrace all the phases of life that society will be apt to assume for some time to come. They are

quite free from any taint of spirituality; they are strictly wise, and carry prudence so far as actually to exalt it into religion; they leave no part of life unregulated, but, with scientific thoroughness, provide guidance for all possible circumstances. In fact many of these maxims are said to be nearly identical with the leading precepts of Christianity, and to indicate their origin and first use. It may indeed occur to some that there is a possible connection between these formal precepts that underlie the entire life of the Chinese nation and its actual condition—fettered by forms, devoid of all freedom, incapable of inspiration, without the conception of progress, repeating the ages with such exactness that history has no field, mere copyists from their crafts to their worship, the faculty of invention fairly expunged from their nature. The condition and characteristics of the Chinese nation furnish an exact exponent of the working of formulated wisdom dissociated from the Divine Will. The excellence of the precepts does not alter the result. The stringency with which they are enforced and obeyed but strengthens the bondage to which they conduct, since it shuts their subjects more and more within the rigid confines of law, and therefore without that freedom which is to be found in the recognition of an Eternal Will.

We advert, in passing, to a theory now much urged in certain quarters, of the similarity between the Confucian and Lautszean maxims and the precepts of Jesus Christ; but when, on the one hand, the maxims yield a Chinese civilization, and, on the other hand, are connected with that of Christendom—"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay"—it indicates that the true power of the maxims consists in their relations, and not in themselves; in other words, that only as they are connected with an intelligent Divine Will, and so are changed from formal rules into spiritual teaching, do they conduct men to free and exalted life. The secret of human society is not to be found in the golden rule, but in God who teaches and inspires men with its truth. By itself, wisdom is nearly the weakest element in the education of the race, as it was almost the first product of the race. Before men could plow the soil or sail a ship, they had put into form the leading moral duties of mankind. Not a savage tribe is dragged into light by the ethnologists but is found to possess a very respectable set of maxims—quite good enough to have saved

it had they possessed saving power. We make no issue whatever with the scholars who are finding the precepts of Christianity in the more ancient literatures; doubtless they are there, and many more of rare truth and purity. The special power of Christianity does not lie in its precepts or formulated truths, but in the revelation of the living God by his Son, whose precepts were the merest incidents and fractions of his all-revealing Life. Words that by themselves signified only bondage, became, when uttered by him, signs of freedom, because they came from the will of God, which alone can make men free.

As we said at the outset, there is a tendency to bring society under the teaching of mere formulated wisdom—maxims, precepts, and the like. It must be admitted that the sense of the personality of God as a Being in constant and intelligent relations to the race is growing weaker,—not indicating a final result, but a swing of the pendulum to the other side,—due to the prevalence of the scientific habit of thought. It is the province of science to ascertain and define truth, and it is fulfilling its vocation with wonderful fullness and accuracy. It has got nearly all of the universe at hand down upon its maps, in its formulæ of quantities and proportions, classified and labeled with such astonishing skill that the world is fast getting down on its knees in adoration. The special feature of science is the precision with which it ascertains and defines law, and its pentecostal season seems to have come since prayer has been required to submit itself to mathematical tests. All this might be very well in itself if it did not induce a similar process in the region of the moral nature, which is not well; it is inducing a habit of formulating the laws and duties of man as a moral being out of the phenomena he presents as a mere dweller upon the earth. If the process goes on, we shall soon have all the moral functions and duties of man clearly tabulated; he will not need to search for the kingdom either within or without; his phenomena have been exhaustively analyzed, the content of his nature fully determined, and the *Q. E. D.* of his conduct follows as a matter of course. In short, there is prophesied a scientific millennium; the friction of doubt will pass away; the heretofore boundless expanse where the soul was often lost in the mazes of its own liberty will be carefully explored and walled about; the heavens will receive a firmament of nothingness save astronom-

ical spaces, and formulæ will be framed for solving every question of duty! We trust our friends who indulge in these glowing anticipations will not consider us intellectually reprobate if we do not share in their hopes. We prefer for a time longer to retain the privilege of at least doubting if there be not a personal God, of sinning and repenting after the old fashion, of holding on to a liberty so wide that no law, scientifically ascertained, can cover it. We will still dream that our nature is too deep to be sounded by any plummet dropt by the hand of science, and that its very glory is that it cannot be so measured.

"But," it is urged, "if our nature cannot be explored and its phenomena brought under observation, what basis is there for truth? what certainty will there be in conduct?" We reply, that a scientific basis for moral truth, and scientific certainty in morals, are just what we do not want; that the rigid certainty of science applied to the moral nature would be as mildew upon it. Shall we then have no certainty as to moral truth and conduct? Yes, but not such as science offers and demands. If it be urged that there is no other, that certainty can only come from phenomena, and that these must be ascertained by science, we take refuge in regions called superstitious by our friends, with the words of Elihu upon our lips: "Days should speak, and multitude of years [that is science] should teach wisdom. But [for all that] there is a spirit in man: and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." If they fail to follow us, with the plea that we are beyond the limits of science, it is what we desire—that they shall not follow us unless they leave behind them their tests, chemical and otherwise named, and whole apparatus of comparative anatomies and the like, and put themselves with us in the way of knowing that man is the child of the infinite God, and therefore cannot at all be comprehended within their finite measures.

There are two things that science cannot manage in a scientific way—*life* and *will*. We are told that the laboratories are being worked very industriously at present with a view to compounding the former, and that sanguine hopes of success are entertained; but we have not learned that a plan has been suggested for the creation of a *will*. It might save a waste of material in experiments in that direction to remember that the will, in its nature, is unscientific. Whatever law is, that the will is not. The outcome of law is phenomena measurable by

science, but the outcome of the will is free acts in no way measurable by science. It has no test, or gauge, or formula, that it can apply to them. There is a vast world of reality into which science can no more enter than a man can walk through the depths of the sea. We regret to observe that rather than face it, and confess its inability to measure it, it turns its back upon it.

Now, because we cannot recognize what is called the scientific way of measuring the contents of human nature, and because the will lies utterly without the scope of science—the zenith of its nadir—we have little regard for abstract, formulated wisdom that obtains in the shape of precepts, maxims, and sharply defined principles. However wise and suggestive, just so far as they are regarded as decisive and unquestionable, do they become, sooner or later, snares and fetters in the way of true and full life. However broad and deep, they cannot measure the variety often required in human conduct, and so may hold it back from the noblest and wisest action. Life is corre-

lated, not to formal rules, but to spirit and inspiration. Hence, any attempt to swedge the conduct within the scope of maxims or fixed principles will result either in dwarfing the subject or bursting the grooves. They make no allowance for the insolvable mystery of life, for freedom, for inspiration, for the action of that witness which is in every man, that answers to the voice of God.

The first and last rule in the treatment of a moral being is to make him free, and this can only be done by making him subject to a spirit in distinction from a rule. Concretely—we would leave him open to the teaching of the ever-acting spirit of God, rather than subject him to any set of principles inductively drawn from his phenomena as a mere dweller upon the earth. Still more concretely—true moral freedom can be maintained only by living unto and in the personal God—life to life, spirit to spirit, in eternally constituted relations, which, because they are ever acting, and therefore forever changing, cannot be measured and formulated.

A MEMORY.

A LONELY garden sloping to the ledge
 Of rugged cliffs that overhang the shore;—
 Its broken terraces, its unclipt hedge
 Weedy, run wild; its pleasance tangled o'er
 With wanton vines;—there, in the evening gray,
 Dew-drenched, the clustering white roses sway,
 That, veiled in tender dusk of purpling light
 Like fragrant phantoms, glimmer through the night.

There, spicy-breath'd carnations fringe the walks;
 There the chaste asphodels their chalices
 O'erbrim with sweetness; drowsy on their stalks
 The scarlet poppies nod; a fitful breeze
 Heavy with scents of balm goes wandering on—
 Trist that so soon the loveliest days are gone,—
 To die upon the shore where broken, faint,
 The melancholy surges sob their plaint.

Deep hid within a bosky alley nigh,—
 Where at hot noontide still cool shadows fall,
 And still in purple-hearted pansies lie
 Dew-drops at noon; where sings his madrigal
 The nightingale unto the rose near by,
 When shine the stars;—white from her pedestal,
 An innocent-faced Psyche droops above
 A shattered column, and a ruined Love.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES SUMNER.

THIRD PAPER.

ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

THE rumor of the assassination of President Lincoln came to Mr. Sumner when he was dining with Senator Conness of California. On receipt of the news, doubting its truth, he jumped into a carriage and drove at once to the White House, where the tidings had not yet been received. Robert Lincoln, of whom inquiry was made, accompanied Mr. Sumner, and his driver was so impressed with the necessity for haste that he galloped his horses all the way to the theater. They found that the dying man had been carried to the house opposite, and then Mr. Sumner joined the circle around the death-bed.

When all was over he started for Mr. Seward's. Gen. Halleck offered to drive him over. They stopped only to warn Andrew Johnson not to leave his house (Kirkwood's Hotel) without a guard, and in this way announced to him that he was now President.

General Halleck left the Senator at the house of the Secretary of State. Soldiers met him at the door. They knew him to be one who was familiar with the inmates, and readily admitted him.

"No, you cannot see Governor Seward; he is dangerously hurt."

"But, Mr. Frederick."

"Oh, sir, he is dying."

"But you can send my card to Mrs. Seward or Miss Fannie; they will wish to see me."

This was done. Mrs. Seward sent for him to come to her. She met him on the stairs in her night-dress. "Charles," she said, "they have murdered my husband—they have murdered my son." All that he, the long-time friend, could say to console her was said, but he went away with those words ringing in his ears: "They have murdered my husband—they have murdered my son." When he next saw that face it was at peace; Mrs. Seward died soon after. She never rallied from the shock of that night.

It was nearly eight o'clock when Mr. Sumner reached his own lodgings. He found his house surrounded by a guard. The officer in charge informed him that the soldiers had been stationed there for his protection,

and told him of the anxiety felt at his absence from home, and that, while some friends were seeking for him in every direction, others were waiting his return in his rooms.

That terrible morning! As the Senator sat stern and haggard over his untasted breakfast, friend after friend came in to assure themselves of his safety. Their tone was gloomy; some were almost hopeless as to the future. But Mr. Sumner was steady in mind and unshaken in courage. In that atmosphere of terror, when so many lost nerve, he remained calm, and had the full use of his powers. To one who feared that all was lost he said:

"No; nothing is lost, all is assured. This last dying throe of the rebellion has cost us inexpressibly valuable lives, but it will separate from the lost cause its best men. No fear of a second rebellion. Those who fought us are soldiers, not assassins. Once there was danger that the sympathy of the unthinking might go with the defeated. That is past. Rebellion, successful, would, as revolution, have received the welcome of the world; but defeated, and degraded to assassination, it has covered itself with the world's contempt. These lives have given us back the South. Those who carried the sword will revolt at the knife. The work of last night, much as it has cost us, has won more for us than any battle-field. I tell you it has shown the South where treason leads, and what is its spirit. No fear of a guerrilla war now. Our soldiers defeated their armies; but the culminating crime of the rebellion has destroyed their cause."

"Yet," said one, "our leaders are gone."

"But the republic remains," replied the Senator. "While all are useful, who is indispensable? A successor always appears, whoever falls."

And so he reassured the faint-hearted, and comforted those who were weak in the faith.

As days passed, the city settled down to its daily work. It was found that the conspiracy had expended its full force, but still the soldiers were kept at Mr. Sumner's door. Always annoyed by such precautions, he was doubly annoyed now. He sent for the officer of the guard and asked

that the attention be discontinued. It was replied that they were there by order, and must stay while the order continued in force. But would the officer give his compliments to his Colonel with his request? Certainly, was the answer. But the next day Mr. Sumner was informed that the Colonel was powerless in the matter, as the orders came through the Provost Marshal from the Secretary of War. The request was forwarded to Mr. Stanton, who curtly declined to remove the guard; and the declination was coupled with the assurance that the guard was necessary to the Senator's personal safety. A sharp note from Mr. Sumner, to the effect that he would be responsible for his own person, only elicited a sharper one from the War Secretary, to the effect that the responsibility could not be transferred from where it belonged, coupled with an intimation that Mr. Sumner's courage exceeded his discretion.

This time of irritation seemed to make even Mr. Sumner irritable. He so fretted and chafed under the presence of the guard, that for a while the relations between the Secretary and the Senator seemed to be actually endangered. Hoping to arrange affairs, I obtained permission to see Mr. Stanton in relation to the matter myself. As I knew his habits, I called at the War Department between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, and was allowed to see the Secretary. He received me kindly, and seemed much annoyed at the Senator's persistency in desiring the removal of the guard. On learning that the Senator did not credit the statement that he was or had been in danger, Mr. Stanton went into the matter at some length. It appeared that the secret agents employed by the War Department ascertained that the original design of the conspirators had been to capture, and carry away alive, if possible, the President, the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War, and certain other leading men, among whom was Mr. Sumner himself, and that it was feared that the plot which had so changed in a moment, that the President's life instead of his liberty had been taken, might change again to Mr. Sumner's injury in the absence of proper precaution.

But the most singular part of the matter, and the one which made care in the Senator's case more than usually necessary, was the evidence that an attempt had been made to reach him on that night of terror, which had been defeated by his absence from his house. Simultaneously with the murder of

the President, two rough, stalwart men had gone twice to Mr. Sumner's rooms, and their suspicious demeanor had so frightened the women-servants who saw them, that no concurrent story had been obtained from them as to the appearance of the intruders. The servants had been carefully examined and their every word had been phonographed; drawings of the suspicious visitors had been made by artists from the description shown to them, and altered again and again until they could no longer suggest any change in form or feature. Photographs of these had then been placed in the hands of the detectives, but up to this time no tidings had been gained as to the persons sought. They might have come up from hell and then gone back there, for all he could learn, the Secretary said. But so long as they were undiscovered,—or at least so long as their identity was not known, Mr. Stanton thought it absolutely necessary that some care should be taken of Mr. Sumner, so notoriously careless was he of his own safety. On hearing these details, Mr. Sumner ceased to demand the removal of the guard, though he jocosely professed to be more afraid of them than of those they were to defend him against. Perhaps he had reason, for the soldiers had refreshments each night at his expense, and the kind of refreshment was left to the selection of the Sergeant. But when the lady of the house permitted her cook to give the soldiers coffee and sandwiches in the kitchen at midnight, instead of having the refreshments served from the neighboring restaurant, the guards were less dangerous to their friends.

Who the two men were that so frightened the servants at Mr. Sumner's lodgings and by their singular actions gave point to the suspicions of the Secretary of War, was often a subject of conversation among the very few of the Senator's friends to whom the incident was known. They naturally watched the developments made during the trial of the conspirators, but no conclusion was reached. It remained as one of the unraveled tangles of affairs until after the Senator's death, when I accidentally came upon the trail which led to the discovery of the identity of the suspicious characters, and I received from their own lips, they having little idea of the commotion their course had caused, an account of their visit to Mr. Sumner's rooms on that eventful night. They were Members of the Massachusetts Delegation to Congress,—one the late Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, now Mr. Sumner's

successor in the Senate, Henry L. Dawes; and the other his friend Mr. Gooch.

The facts were thus detailed: Mr. Dawes and Mr. Gooch had been to Richmond, and returning to Washington, had made a tour of the battle-fields about Manassas, reaching Washington on the night of the fourteenth of April, 1865, about sunset. After supper they started out for a walk, joking each other as to their appearance. And well they might. Their clothing was rough, travel-worn, dusty, and even mud-stained. Their hands, faces, and necks were much sun-burned, in spite of the wide-brimmed hats they wore. Each carried a stick or, rather, a cudgel, cut as a souvenir on some battle-field, and the hair and beard of each were longer than usual. Thus accoutered, they concluded to call on Mr. Sumner. He then had chambers at the corner of F and Thirteenth streets; they knew the house well; so, without ringing, they mounted the stairs and rapped at his door, using their sticks. When it appeared that the Senator was out they left his house, and, passing on, concluded to call on the President. There again they were disappointed, for it appeared, when they rung at the White House, that Mr. Lincoln had gone with some friends to the theater. On their way back to their hotel, they stopped again at Mr. Sumner's lodgings, and again went up to his rooms, and rapped at his door. The noise they made brought a servant to the foot of the stairs. They leaned over the balustrade and questioned her. When did the Senator go out? Did he say when he should return? Would it, they queried between themselves, be worth while to wait? And then they laughed at the evident fear the servant had of two such rough-looking customers. As they were quite fatigued, they went back to their hotel, and in the morning woke to learn that while they were last at Mr. Sumner's lodgings, the shot had been fired that took the life of Mr. Lincoln.

ANTI-SLAVERY LITERATURE.

Mr. Sumner had many books in various languages bearing on the question of slavery. The pamphlets he had gathered were bound, in thirty-two volumes. The books were geographical, statistical, and biographical, rather than philosophical, while the pamphlets were largely made up of speeches, essays, and tracts published in this country, France and England. This collection filled two shelves in his widest book-case, and was

always kept together. With every speech he made, he had added to their number some rare old work—some original source of information—exhumed from some antiquarian book-store, or imported through Westermann of New York, or Pennington of Philadelphia. Almost every book represented some especial stroke in his fight against slavery; and, as he would look over his arsenal, he could point to the particular work done by each weapon.

During the winter of '72-3 he had been much secluded by ill health. His physician had forbidden labor, so he was restricted, as he said, to browsing among books, instead of actually reading them. Thus he had gathered new works about him until every table, chair and lounge was groaning under their load, and heaps so encumbered the floor, that navigation among the piles was difficult, if not dangerous. At last he consented to have them reduced to some order. They must be put on the shelves, and room must be made for them by the removal of books that could be best spared. "But which are they?" I asked. He demurred to each suggestion until it appeared that he would consent to the removal of none. Then we went over them again, and when he was shown that the removal of the anti-slavery books would make much more room, he consented to send them to a closet. "Their day has gone by," he said. "They may be hung up as curiosities, like the cross-bows in the Tower. Their places must be filled with the weapons of the time. But keep them together; who knows what turn affairs may take? It sometimes looks as if the old fight were to be fought over again."

THE ALASKA PURCHASE.

While the question of confirming the treaty with Russia, relative to the purchase of Alaska, was under discussion in the Senate, Mr. Sumner made a speech in Executive Session in support of the measure, so thorough and exhaustive, that it was deemed desirable that it should be published, and to this end the seal of secrecy was removed from the proceedings so far as the speech was concerned. The Senator had expended much labor in informing his own mind, and in making up an opinion on the subject. As Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, he had access to all the information, in print or in manuscript, that the State Department could furnish. The facts in possession of the Russian Legation were

placed at his disposal. Whatever could be found on the subject in the Congressional Library was opened to him. But all this was insufficient. So he had recourse to such original papers as could be found in the Smithsonian Institution, which had come from our exploring expeditions, or had been acquired through the Institution's system of exchanges with other scientific societies and foreign governments. Here, too, he found much that had been learned by the explorers in the employ of the Russian and American Telegraph Company. As the papers thus unearthed were mostly memoirs on particular subjects, the labor of separating the matter he wanted from that which he did not care for was great, and the result was an immense mass of undigested material, a large portion of which was in other languages. But he found that much of the technical language employed was incomprehensible, even with the help of lexicons. So he called scientists to his aid, and with their help brought order out of chaos. Mr. George Gibbs, who was with him at Harvard, helped him in his ethnological inquiries. Professor S. F. Baird, Assistant-Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and now Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, gave him much assistance in his examination of the fauna and flora of the new purchase. Professor J. E. Hilgard, of the Coast Survey, was appealed to on the physical features of the country; and Mr. Theodore Poesche, of the Treasury Department, searched many books and manuscripts in German and kindred tongues for all kinds of information. With these facts before him, the Senator was able to make up his own mind on the subject, and, when on his feet in his place in the Senate, to give the reasons for the faith that was in him. Yet when he was requested to prepare the speech, thus delivered, for publication, he found he had much work still before him. But he went at it with his usual energy and patience, and when he had it in type, sent the proof-sheets of such portions of the speech as related to their several specialties to his various scientific friends, with request that they would alter anything that was wrong, no matter how trivial the point. When his wishes in this respect were carried out, the printers had a season with the proofs that bore heavily on their patience. The second proof being ready, Professor Baird was consulted on the work as a whole. It now appeared that different geographical names had been incorrectly used as synonymous, and, as the Professor said, that the Senator

"had got his whales in the wrong places." There was something of comic despair in the Senator's tone as he asked, "Must I go all over this work again?" But he did go over it again and again until it was pronounced "good" by his scientific advisers, and that, too, under heavy pressure of other work. When the speech was finally published, it was found to be so accurate and complete an account of our new purchase, that the Coast Survey Bureau published it in several editions, with its own map folded therein, as the authoritative description of Alaska.

The only place at which the speech can now be obtained, except in the volumes of Sumner's Works, is at the office of the Coast Survey. Although the country has since been largely explored, this speech is even yet spoken of by the geographers and scientists as singularly full and exact.

SUMNER'S BOOKS AND AUTOGRAPHS.

Mr. Sumner's love and appreciation of poetry was intense, and his knowledge of the best, ancient and modern, was large and varied. It has been said that he could have reproduced Milton's Sonnets were every copy destroyed, and that he could largely contribute to the reproduction of "Paradise Lost." I was much interested in a lady's account of a conversation with Mr. Sumner at an evening party when he was a young man. Her brother, the eminent Judge Walker, had been his classmate at Harvard. He had come from the West to Cambridge to deliver a Phi Beta Kappa oration. This lady, his sister, had accompanied him. She met Mr. Sumner at the house of Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis in the winter of '49-50. Tennyson's "In Memoriam" had just appeared in England, and the rumor of its great beauty was exciting attention. Conversation turned on it, when it appeared that Longfellow had received an advance copy from Tennyson himself, and that Mr. Sumner had read it to or with Longfellow. Of course he was questioned, and it was found that he could not only describe the poem, but that he could quote largely from it, and this he did again and again on request. "Tennyson," he said, "has done for friendship what Petrarch has done for love."

His books of "letters received" contain replies from many poets, especially the young, showing how much they were touched and aided by his kindly appreciation and genial criticism. If his biographer can only obtain the letters he wrote to them, he can make a

long and interesting chapter. Those I remember most vividly are his letters to Jean Ingelow. Among the presentation volumes which adorned his shelves were many which contained graceful little inscriptions acknowledging the encouragement and aid the authors had received at his hands. In some of the books the letters transmitting them were pasted, but more lately the letters were inserted, for greater safety, in his letter-books. But those presentation volumes contain characteristic and valuable autographs. They have all gone to Harvard, and in due time will be accessible to the public.

His books were not as numerous as might have been supposed. They may be divided into three classes: tools, rarities, and author's presentation copies. Books for his own reading came from the great libraries, he so well knew how to use. Among the tools may be classed his dictionaries, Webster, Worcester, Pickering, the French, German, Italian, and Spanish, the Cyclopedias, and the various annals of Congress, together with the documents published by Congress. The rarities consisted of such works as could not be found in the libraries, because of their great value and scarcity, and of beautiful or singular editions of the works of his favorite authors. It is impossible to say how many editions of Milton he had, but certainly there were twenty. The editions of Burke's Works were even more numerous. He was a connoisseur in binding as well as in typography, and many books, highly valuable for their contents, would not have been found on his shelves, but for the exquisite tooling of their covers. In most of these volumes can be found some extract in the Senator's own hand, copied from some other work relative to the peculiar beauty of this particular edition. Sometimes an extract from the catalogue, pasted on the inside of the cover, will give the description. But oftener there is nothing to draw the attention of the unskilled. Old Mr. Lycett, the finest binder in Washington, who had made his fame in England, and who died here one of the acknowledged artists in binding, would consult the Senator's taste in cases where his best skill was involved; and Mr. Roberts, the able foreman of the Government Bindery has many anecdotes of the hours passed with Mr. Sumner, while listening to monologues on his art, illustrated by the production of books showing precisely what was suggested.

Among these books were many choice volumes of the classics. Of the editions of

Aldus there were more than fifty volumes; of the Elzevirs, more than a dozen; there were at least two Lions, and a pair of twin Diamonds,—the Prince Regent's edition of "Horace,"—which could only be read with a magnifying-glass, and, as was remarked, were so small, one must put on glasses to find them at all.

The books on vellum, the illuminated manuscripts and missals, illustrated with colored initial letters, and head and tail pieces; the books of the middle ages that were in old times secured with chains to the desk on which they were exhibited; such books as Bunyan's Bible, Milton's Pindar; bound autographs, such as Burns's "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," abounded in drawers, and were shown to those who thoroughly appreciated them, when the Senator was in the mood. These filled four boxes, and were valued separately by experts as they were packed, and still many of the books that might have gone into that list were scheduled with the Library proper.

The ancient autographs, those prior to 1688, such as Queen Elizabeth's, Leicester's, Strafford's, and others of like age and value, were scheduled with the above; but the four cases of modern autographs were not. The ancient autographs were fragmentary and unclassified, but the modern were arranged alphabetically, and classified with skill and taste. Among these were letters from Madame de Sè vigné, the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, John Sterling, Earl Spencer, Robert Southey, Mary Somerville, Miss Martineau, Sydney Smith, Mrs. Shelley, the author of "Frankenstein," Thackeray, Dickens, Noon Talfourd, Wilberforce, Professor Whewell, Wheaton, Webster, John Wilkes, Basil Montagu, Macready, Monckton Milnes, Miss Mitford, Tom Moore, Robert Morris, Daniel O'Connell, Procter (Barry Cornwall), William H. Prescott, Timothy Pickering, the poet Rogers, and Josiah Quincy.

Many of those from contemporaries were addressed to Mr. Sumner, but much more valuable ones can be found in his letter-books.

Beside the portfolios of royal quarto size, were twelve octavo bound scrap-books filled with franks of British Commoners. These were evidently acquired in form, as very few were addressed to himself. They are simply envelopes, or letter-backs pasted upon the leaves; but on most are a few words, sometimes in the Senator's own hand, indicating the history of the writers.

Among the books, presentation copies are very numerous and valuable. They

came from authors in all fields of literature: romance, poetry, law, philosophy, medicine, theology, architecture, painting, sculpture, including almost every subject on which thoughtful men have written. Nearly every English or American name known to modern fame, has found a place on his shelves. Not only American authors, but English, French,

German, Spanish, Italian, and Russian have sent him their works. Scarcely a book among all these that is not valuable as an autograph; scarcely an autograph that is not characteristic of the author, and when it is considered that such presentations always elicited a reply, some idea can be had of the price paid for the collection.

(To be continued.)

BIRDSALL OF MAPLETON.

"MABEL, don't you want to come for bitter-sweet?" said Birdsall as he took her hand, keeping an eye on his horse at the gate.

"Yes, indeed, Will," she answered merrily.

"Well, get your hat and shawl, then."

Down the long-winding hill they drove, and through the village street beneath the arching maples, all aflame with their autumn splendor. Mabel's eyes fairly glistened as she looked and exclaimed:

"Oh, Will! isn't it splendid?"

And he, with his face turned toward the reflection of all that shining vision in her eyes, and cheeks, and hair, replied:

"Mabel, you look like a saint in a painted window."

She laughed and looked up with a pretty pout.

"But I'm not much like one when the sun is down and the maples burnt out, am I, Will?"

Then the horse's feet rang on the bridge, scrambled up the steep hill, trotted away a mile or two through fields green as spring-time, and cedar-lined by-ways, till the spot was reached where the vines hung on the trees all of the scarlet berries. Mabel had chattered as much to herself as to Will, of the cream and the squirrels in the fence-rows, the grace and tenderness of the Indian summer weather, and had hardly noticed that her companion was less full of gay spirits than herself, was stiller and soberer than usual. They gathered under the vines, and she wound the reins about her hat as they rode homeward under the tawny sunlight.

"Will," she asked, looking back, with a touch of soberness in the midst of her merry humor, "how long is it since you first brought me here?"

"A long time, Mabel," he answered, looking at her. "We have had many happy days together, haven't we? We have been after bitter-sweet every fall, but we have only found the sweet of it so far. I hope we are not going to find the bitterness yet awhile, Mabel."

"Oh, Will," she said, with a swift flash-like regret and a moisture in her eyes, "I wish we could go back and begin again. I wish this was the first time we ever came here."

"Then you are engaged to Chris Markham?"

She turned with a flash of anger in her cheeks and eyes.

"Then" she retorted. "What do you mean?"

"I'm very sorry," he said, in a low tone.

"You have no right to be sorry," she continued, and she flung away the spray she was twining. "I believe you are jealous, Will."

"Do you think so?" he asked.

"Oh, no, I don't, Will," she answered, changing back as abruptly to a gentle manner, and taking hold of his arm deprecatingly. "You're a good boy," with a touch of her natural archness, "a great deal too good for me. No, I know what you mean; you think Chris is not a model young man, and I know he is not. But I'm no angel myself, as you know very well, and Chris is a good-hearted fellow. It's his generosity and good-heartedness that lead him astray; people know he can't say No, and impose on him and lead him into trouble. He has too much money and too little will, and I will relieve him of the one and supply him with the other," she laughed, shaking her curls at him, and adding: "You know I have

enough and to spare, Mr. Will, so you had best say no more."

So he drove along in rather rueful silence, until she made him smile in spite of himself by her chatter, merry and spontaneous, and unreasoning as a brook's; by her comical, graceful play of figure and features, and the bubbling laughter of which she was full, that had a touch of pathos for him withal. As he lifted her out at her door she laid her finger on his lips an instant, and looked into his eyes and said:

"Mind, now, you're to be a good boy and not meddle. And promise me, Will, that, whatever comes, you will not let anything come between you and me."

And he answered:

"Mabel, I will be your friend as long as you let me."

Then he drove homeward with a mingled soreness and sweetness in his heart, and the feeling of her hand upon his face.

Mabel was the motherless child of an unsuccessful man. She was willful and light-hearted and handsome, quick to laugh or to cry, fond of pleasure and beautiful things, and impatient of restraint and poverty. She had tried to help her father after a butterfly fashion, and Will believed her failure was one incentive to her acceptance of Markham.

They were married in the spring and traveled all summer. Then Mabel was occupied a long while with laying out, remodeling and furnishing the new place, and when that was done there was endless coming and going and festivity, and Mabel bloomed out into splendid beauty and spirit that made Will's heart ache, though he hardly knew why. He had not seen a great deal of her in this busy time, though she never saw him without coming to him in her old frank manner, and often reproached him for keeping away; though, indeed, it was hard to find her at any given time. Will went alone that season and gathered the bitter-sweet one gray, chilly day in early November, having waited for a chance to see if Mabel would care, until the berries had already begun to shrivel on the vines. When he took her the sprays some days later, he found her and Chris together in the early evening, with bright lights and a glowing grate fire, looking very pleasant and homelike.

"Why, you good-for-nothing Will!" she cried, when she saw what he had. "What do you mean by going for bitter-sweet without me? I won't take it; you must come and take me the first fine day."

"I'm afraid it's too late, Mabel," he answered. "I got this last week, and you see the berries were shriveling then, and the weather is colder since. I came to speak to you about it two or three times, but you were out."

"Oh, yes," she retorted, "you always make things out to suit you. But I don't care; I think you're as mean as you can be. You never come to see me any more, or come always when I'm out, which is the same thing."

Will laughed, and answered:

"Or you're always out when I come; which is it?"

Chris was lounging on a sofa, looking at a paper, and he threw it down.

"Birdsall, you're right," he broke in. "We are always out, by George! We're going all day and all night; we work harder than Mike, the gardener, by Jove, we do! We never stay home without we've got a crowd of folks that only care for a fellow's victuals and furniture. I say, Mabel, I wish you wouldn't go to that thing to-night. Birdsall is better company than anybody there, and we can have a good, cozy time."

Mabel laughed at him.

"Oh, Will, you wouldn't believe how domestic Chris is getting," she said. "And, by the way, I am sorry to go and leave you, Will, but we're promised, and I know you won't mind; but come in to-morrow, and come oftener now, or I shall scold."

So they went, with no good grace on Markham's part. He made no great ado about it, but that was the beginning of a difference between them that widened slowly yet surely. I am not going to try to detail the gradual estrangement; enough to say that it went on growing until the two foolish, quick-tempered children, found out what Will thought they might have seen at first—that the greatest folly they could have committed was to marry one another. The only things about poor Chris that were tolerable to Mabel were the dash and brilliancy the command of money gave him, and the childish pleasure the command of his money gave her. For their sakes, she blinded herself to his ignorance and roughness, and her natural repugnance to them; and Will thought that distaste of his company was really, unknown to herself, an additional incentive to her love of gay company. So, by and by, when matters had gone the length of plain speaking between them, and Chris had made her understand what he expected of her, she showed him her aversion for the

plain, ungilded Chris Markham pretty plainly, and matters were not mended thereby, as may be guessed.

Will went in a good deal, and by a clearer vision than either of them possessed, and the use of all his tact, he often smoothed matters, or cleared up a threatening storm without showing his hand, but often came away sorry enough after talking and laughing them into good humor. He wondered till he was tired how the unhappy affair would end, and he could not see; but time and fate unraveled the tangle in their own efficient way.

All Mapleton knew before the winter was out that the Markhams were not living happily. Chris took to frequenting his old resorts in the taverns of the neighboring town, and brought home company whom his wife held in open scorn. One night he made the acquaintance of a clever fellow named Griffiths, good-looking, and something of an artist. Each had what the other wanted—one money, the other brains. Griffiths made himself very agreeable, and Chris took him home one afternoon and introduced him to Mabel in a defiant kind of way, as much as to say, "Turn up your nose at him!"

This handsome, soft-voiced, neat-mannered new-comer was somewhat different from Chris's usual companions, and he took a comfortable place in the house with easy assurance, and kept it. He dressed well without having any regular business or known resources, his pictures being few and strangely undervalued by the dealers. Mabel could not help liking him, and indeed few people could when he laid himself out to please. He went shooting and fishing with Chris, and was at his house a great deal. He played the violin, of which Chris was very fond, and he drew caricatures, and scribbled verses, of which Chris understood little and cared less, but which amused Mabel. She tried her own hand at the pencil, and surprised herself and her friends by her success, and Griffiths undertook to instruct her.

Will did not like Griffiths; the first time he met him at Markham's he treated him so brusquely that Mabel took him to task the next day.

But matters went more smoothly in the Markham house, and sorry as Will had been before, he wished the rougher time back now. He cut Griffiths when he met him with his utmost scorn, but only got easy complacency in return, and behind his back *dicule* and the name of a prig and a boor. Will so despised poor Chris for not seeing

the fellow as he did, that he unconsciously made him share the scorn meant only for Griffiths, and a coldness grew up between him and Chris also, which, we may be sure, Griffiths helped as much as he dared.

Will knew that whispers of evil already crept about, linking the name of this good-for-nothing with Mabel's, and he burned with resentment, not the less that he was impotent to prevent or combat them. Nobody started them or could tell where they came from, but the ones most concerned were the only ones who did not hear them. Will drugged away at his little weekly "Mapleton Messenger," and wondered rather bitterly that he should be at odds with Chris and Mabel, while he felt nothing harder than pity for both, and for no better reason than that he would not dissemble his dislike for a scamp.

One day in later spring he was writing in his little office, when the door opened and Chris came in.

"Birdsall," he said, in his high, clear voice, with a quaver in it that was new to Will, "there's nothing between you and me, is there? If there is, I take my part back."

"That's all right, Chris, sit down," he said. He saw there was something new the matter.

"Thank you, Will, you're a good friend;" then, with sudden vehemence, "you're the only friend I've got, I believe; by Heaven, you are! Look here, I found this in my hall. They're always sketching and fiddling, and lally-gagging about art, and the devil knows what. I didn't half know what they were talking about, but I want to know what this means."

It was a clever little sketch that he showed Will. A mounted knight had paused at a castle gate, and drank from a cup which a pretty lady handed him, while her fat, stupid-looking lord showed in the background. Now the lady's face, without being at all a likeness, at once suggested Mabel's. Under the drawing were these lines:

"O lady fair and sweet
And gracious, at thy feet
My thanks I render.
Would it were mine to stay,
And to thy graces pay
An homage tender.

"I hear the battle's call;
The warder on the wall
Bids me not linger.
Yet more than hot affray,
Than warning, more I weigh
Thy taper finger.

"And should it bid me wait,
I'd dare the worst of fate,
Palsy or blindness;
For love of thy dear grace,
Dishonor, death, I'd face,
And count them kindness."

When Will had read them, he said:

"That's Griffiths' writing?"

And Chris answered:

"Yes, and that is Mabel's face. What does it mean?"

"It means that Griffiths is a scoundrel, and that you are a fool if you don't tell him so the first time you see him. I suppose you can see that."

Will spoke harshly, and Chris cursed Griffiths, and swore he would teach him a lesson.

"And look here, Markham," Will continued, "that is all it means. Do you understand? It doesn't mean anything about Mabel. I've known her all her life; I believe I know her better than any one else, and I know that what I say is true. You believe that, don't you?"

And Chris answered "Yes, yes," and broke out crying.

Will went and locked the doors.

"She don't care for me. I don't believe she ever did," Chris complained, sobbing and swearing together. "I meant to do right by her; by —, I did! I don't know what I'm going to do."

Will had always held Markham, beyond a shallow liking for his good nature and free-handedness, in but ill-disguised contempt. But when stress of circumstances brings us down to first principles, as they had Chris, an inch or two more or less of height is no great matter. Will reached across and pushed back Markham's head, until he could look into his eyes, and spoke to the despised fellow with greater frankness than he ever had to another.

"Look here, Chris, don't be a baby. Listen to me. You are not the only man who has loved Mabel and suffered on her account. Do you understand?"

He spoke quickly, and his voice trembled as he talked. Markham looked at him and was quieted, perceiving an emotion as strong as his own, if more restrained.

"Yes," he answered querulously. "I suppose you have. Is it you that she loves, then? Did you ever ask her?"

Will got up and thrust his hands in his pockets and frowned, with his head bent, but not looking at Chris.

"No, I never asked her; I never thought

of it. We grew up like brother and sister. I don't believe she ever thought of me otherwise, and I did not think of it till it was too late. But I found out when you came between us, and I could have killed you for it."

He stopped and ground his heel into the floor, and then turned toward Chris.

"But it's no use quarreling about has been or might be. We're not children, and we've got to take things as they are. I've got to stay here and scratch away alone, and you've got to go back and make the best of your bargain. It's no good kicking against fate; you only bruise your feet and don't make the path any smoother. When you've kicked out that scamp, there's only two things you can do—humor her, and make her at least respect you, by walking straight. Don't be a fool and try to drive her; she never would do a thing that they tried to make her since she could walk alone. And don't make her loathe you as a companion of sots and blackguards. If I can help you any way you won't have to ask twice."

Chris vowed he would try his best, shook hands and went off, feeling very friendly toward Will, and resolved to be all gentleness and forbearance toward Mabel. He arranged a little scene as he rode homeward, in which he was to be quietly forcible and forbearing in the manner of Birdsall, and afterward things were to go smoothly, with mutual allowance and helpfulness. Arriving at home, and coming in with that humor on him, he found Mabel drawing, and Griffiths looking over and directing her, and the little drama of gentleness and accommodation did not ensue.

In the month or two that followed, Markham tried to force Mabel to renounce Griffiths' acquaintance, with the result that Will had foreseen, and Chris went half mad with jealousy and disappointment. Will saw the wretched affair go on, but could only look on, and wish and regret. He knew that Mabel had no innate leaning toward evil; he had watched her closely, and was sure she had no weakness for Griffiths sufficient to mislead her, unless she was very much beguiled by anger as well as artifice; but he knew the smooth fellow was artful, and Chris was playing into his hands with all his might.

The end came one hot Thursday night. A rumor of fear reached Birdsall in the early evening. Mabel had left her home, half mad, and resolved never to go back.

Then the devil met her in the way and tempted her. After hours of agonized searching, Birdsall came upon the bridge at midnight, and she was there waiting. She bade, besought, commanded him to leave her, tried to elude him, but he held her fast, and when she struggled, and fiercely ordered him to let her go, held her the faster, and answered :

"I will drown you first."

Then, by his words and manner, her eyes were somehow opened, and she became suddenly scared, and made him hurry away from the bridge with her. But she would not go back; she said she could not, and Will, for his part, could not urge it. The storm of grief, remorse, shame, fear, and resistless passion that she poured out wrung his heart, and made him helpless as a child.

She wished she were dead; that she had never been born; that he would drown her, as he said; said she would go away alone, anywhere where she was not known. He asked her if she had a friend or relative to whom she could go, and she recalled some one he did not know, and said she would go to her. She knew the way; she would walk till morning and then take the railroad. She had no money. Will gave her all he had but some odd pennies. She cried and thanked him. Could he spare it? Had he more? He said yes, not to think of it, it was nothing. So she went.

She had not told him the place she was going to, but if he went back he would be questioned and tormented with gabble. The place was hateful to him; he was sore and desolate; all the world had gone after her, and he must not follow; for her sake he left all behind, and went out alone also.

That same night Chris Markham had a chance meeting with Griffiths and a short and sharp balancing of accounts.

Griffiths was not seen about for some time after that, and when he was, his face was not nearly so handsome as it had been. Then he startled the community by charging Chris with foul play toward his wife and Birdsall. He made oath to an ingenious story into which his own injuries, the disappearance of Mabel and Will, and many other real and apparent facts were fitted, and which he found credulity and gullibility enough to support. He set the lawyers and a blackguardly rival of the "Messenger" to work; filled out his charges with details and circumstances; seasoned them with scandalous hints and insinuations that spread like leaven among

people and papers till the storm that howled around Chris grew to something terrifying. For months he was dragged about and abused; examined, investigated, accused of everything imaginable, reviled with ferocity, until a local paper one day fell under Birdsall's amazed eyes far away, and he came swiftly and scattered the horrid illusion to the winds. Griffiths fled, and Will and Markham went back to Mapleton together from the county town where the trial had been going on. Chris was much shaken and sobered. As they waited at a junction in the night, he was silent and absent, and when the whistle of their train sounded, he turned and asked Will if he knew where Mabel was, and Will answered that he did not.

Birdsall set the "Messenger" afloat again. He was conscious that Chris mistrusted and watched him. He never went away for a day but he met Chris somewhere. He went once to the southerly town where he had been reporter in his absence, and, sitting in the office, there saw Chris looking in. That made him very angry, and he went out quickly, but Chris was gone. That afternoon they met face to face, and Markham demanded roughly :

"Birdsall, I want you to tell me whether Mabel is in this town."

The hot blood flooded into Will's head, and his impulse was to answer with a blow, but he curbed himself and remembered, and tried to make due allowance.

"Markham," he answered, "don't you ask me another question like that. She may be in this town, for all I know, or in Maine or Oregon."

The anger with which he began became blended with a tremor of pathos in the last words, and then changed to a sudden yearning of heart which softened him toward poor, foolish Chris.

"Come along, Chris," he said, "I'm going home. And look here, Chris, don't hunt me any more; there's nothing to get out of me. You know you two are best apart; you said as much to me before she went away. It isn't like as if there were children; then it would be different. I'll tell you all I know about it."

So they came to a clear understanding, and Chris begged Will's pardon for doubting him, and got it easily.

After that Chris began to show a sort of dog-like attachment toward Will, a still kind of hankering to be in his company. That horrid dream of accusation and prosecution

had changed him greatly. He shrank from his old tavern comrades, who had almost unanimously turned in at Griffiths' heels and hounded him to conviction. He had lost his old lightness and high-keyed chatter. He would sit in the office for hours, if Will was busy, reading the paper, or what not, exchanging only a word or a nod, and perhaps a smile, at entering. When Will set to work to copy anything, or do any mere routine work, Chris would lean over and say: "Can't I do that?" or, "Let me write that, won't you?" And Will, finding him careful, and pleased to be allowed, let him do more and more, until by and by Chris became as regular in his duties and attendance as Bird-sall himself, without ever a word of agreement having passed between them. No paid service was ever more faithful than this labor of love. Will never thanked him; in fact they hardly ever said much beyond the necessary converse of business, but he talked before Chris upon his most private affairs as if no one were by, and trusted him with anything he had. So by degrees there grew up in the dull, rich young fellow, a very great unspoken admiration and affection for his taciturn friend. And so summer and winter came and passed, the tacit and mutual liking growing stronger, and Chris becoming more of a man than Will would have believed. The "Messenger" did not succeed more than tolerably; it was not "spicy," nor servile toward the people or the politicians. Will had to rake and scrape to lay by something for the new presses so badly needed, and finally had to buy them on part credit for three months. The time of payment came round very quickly, and he was unable to get the money together. He was a good deal harassed for a week or two before. Chris knew what the trouble was, but Bird-sall said nothing to him. The day before the note came due he missed Chris from the office. Will had collected all he could and was going the next day to pay that and try to get more time. It went hard with him to do this, but there was nothing else for it. He was busier that day on account of Markham's absence. Late in the day he picked up the day's paper, the "Messenger" having already gone to press. The first thing he saw was this:

"WILL: I am in trouble. Come and help me. I will be at the stone church where we picnicked, at eight on Friday evening. Do not fail.
MABEL."

He crushed the paper into a drawer, hearing some one at the door, and Chris came

in. He looked at Bird-sall, and wondered if anybody else ever took a money matter like that.

"I was in the city to-day," he said.

He fumbled round among papers at his usual place, and then picked up one or two on Bird-sall's table, looked at them, laid them back, and went out.

There was a paper lying before Will that had not been there, and he picked it up. It was his note to the press-makers, and their receipt in full.

He got up, as if the paper stung him, and went into the press-room. The printer had got the press to work and struck off a good many sheets. Will pushed him away, and bade him roughly to print the tickets of a concert.

"They're all done," said the man.

"Print more, then," was the harsh reply.

He pointed impatiently toward the small foot-press, and took hold of the other himself. When Chris came in after supper, the building was quivering with the clang and thumping of the press. The compositor came out and asked him to go in and see the boss, saying the devil had got into him, and he didn't dare speak to him.

Chris went in and looked at him in wonder, working away with his might, and neither seeing nor hearing. Then Chris took hold of him and caught away the sheet he was about to print, and held it before his eyes.

"Don't you see? It's been struck off once," he shouted. "You're sick; go home, now, and we'll attend to this."

Will saw what he had been doing; he had only seen her face before, and heard her voice calling him, while his arms wrought mightily and blindly, and a like aimless striving waged within him. He turned and took hold of Chris's arm in a weak kind of way, and said:

"Chris, I say—"

Then, noticing the other man, he turned away and went out. He ran home and washed and dressed himself. He walked the five miles to Vail's Landing, and caught the night boat. At Carthage he had to wait five hours for the train. The church she spoke of was at Bayhead; a party of them had gone there once in a sloop on a summer cruise.

The stone church stood apart on a hill between two hamlets. He was late; he heard the clock strike eight a mile away. He stopped on the green before the church and looked about. As he turned his face it

the moonlight he heard a low cry, and Mabel appeared from the shadow of the deep door-way and came to him quick and fluttering, as a sheep hunted by dogs will run to you and huddle close, trembling and breathless, and begging protection with mute, appealing eyes.

"Oh, oh, Will!" she cried, "I was afraid it was not you. Oh, I'm so glad! I've been so frightened! I was so afraid you would not come."

She trembled and would have fallen if he had not held her up. And sitting there on the doorstone of the lonely church, she told him incoherently and brokenly how Griffiths, with his hateful, scarred face, had been dogging her for months, meeting her everywhere, and scaring her in a hundred ways, until she was nearly out of her mind. She had been in despair at last, and remembered Will's parting promise to come to her aid at need.

"And now you must take care of me, and tell me what to do. I've tried to go alone, and it's been so hard. You were always so good and strong, and I'm only a weak, foolish, frightened child. I'm so tired and so glad!"

He stood up and looked to right and left eagerly, and she held him by the arm.

"Oh, Will!" she pleaded, "you won't leave me? Say you'll stay and help me."

"Yes, yes," he answered with passion, reaching out his hands but not touching her. "If the scoundrel was here now I would kill him."

"No, no," she continued; "don't mind him. I don't care for that now. I'm not afraid of anything with you, you were always so good and brave."

For answer he took her hand under his arm, saying, "Thank you, Mabel; you're very good," only half knowing what he said, and led her away.

He walked crookedly along the road, and knew not whither it went. She thought him wise and strong, and he wondered if there were another in the world so weak and so blind. If she only knew. Care and fear had chiseled her face, yet the long, tense strain of these late months had nearly crazed her, and the effect was as if she had grown younger by twice the time since they parted. The trust she manifested toward him was more of the child than the woman—unreserved, instinctive. He saw that, and it added pity to his stronger feelings, and made the battle in him more unequal. Woman or child, he could not

but know that in her extremity she had chosen him, of all the world, to guide and shield her, and that thought made the earth reel under his drunken feet. Then he heard, above everything, the creak and thumping of the printing-press, and saw the honest friendly, trusting face of Chris.

The road led along the ridge through moonlit fields full of June verdure, and the air was flooded with the sweetness of the locust blossoms and the lonely calling of distant whip-poor-wills. Then the gleam of the water broke through the trees, and they came winding down toward the shore. A bell sounded over the water, and a steamer came surging in toward a wharf below. Will did not know what boat it was, but he said:

"Come, Mabel, we must hurry, or we shall be too late."

So they hastened and went on board, and the boat went on her way. They sat on the upper deck, and the peaceful panorama of dark shores and bright waters stole behind them. Mabel seemed content to sit still near him, and he said little, bending over her and speaking low when he did, and gently, but with an undecided, introverted air. Gradually the other passengers went in, until they two were left alone on the deck at the stern. It grew chilly and late, and he saw she was tired out, and thought it no wonder. He set two long seats together in a sheltered corner, gathered the cushions and arranged them, and bade her lie down and rest. She hesitated a moment, and held his sleeve.

"You won't leave me?" she pleaded, with a tremor half of weariness and half of fear. "You'll be near if I fall asleep?"

"No, no, Mabel; don't be afraid," he replied. "I'll be near you. Lie down and go to sleep, poor child; you're tired to death."

So she nestled among the cushions in perfect trust, and slept through the midnight and dawn, while Will sat by and kept his lonely vigil. Early in the morning Mabel lifted her head, and stared about, confused and fearful for a moment; then seeing Will, a glad look of recognition and contentment came over her, and she smiled and rose out of her nest and came to him. The sun was rising, and they stood together looking at it a minute or two; then he turned and saw how its flush lit up her face, and she said:

"Have I slept so long? And you have sat up all night. Poor Will, you must be very tired."

"No," he answered; "I shall be all right when I've washed my face."

So he put her in charge of the stewardess, and left her a little while.

The boat made an end of her voyage; across the wharf an excursion-boat was starting, and they went aboard of her. They sat together at the bow in the balmy morning wind. Neither of them knew where they were going, and neither cared. The boat plowed on through breezy waters and morning sunshine, past islands of emeralds, and sloping shores beautiful as Paradise. The spices of woodlands and balm of the clover-fields floated out to them; the happy twitter and warble of countless birds filled all the fields, and by and by from an orchard came the pathetic notes of the brown thrush, that fills the shady places with its brief, rich, full-toned call.

"Do you hear the thrush, Mabel?" he said, softly, and they listened to it singing at intervals the same brief, touching carol, so calm, so evadively sweet.

"You remember it, Mabel?"

"Yes; we used to hear it in the dark woods at home as we rode by. Hark!"

And the lonely carol came once more.

"Do you think it's a happy bird, Mabel?"

"I don't know," she answered. "I used to think it was mournful and lonesome in the dark places; but it doesn't seem so now."

She looked up at him as she spoke, with an expression of childlike trust and peace that brought a feeling of tears into his own eyes as he said:

"No, it is not a merry bird like the others, but happy out of a full heart like one who smiles through tears."

So they went back and talked over all their childish days, as the ever-shifting stream of beauty drifted past them, and the boat made landing after landing. They were children again, wandering together with no care, and nothing between them. A great joy took utter possession of Will, and he gave himself up to the one immeasurable happiness of being alone in the world with her, and having her look to him alone and want no other. They sat by the rail and watched the white clouds form and float across the perfect sky; they walked the deck together to and fro, to and fro. Sitting or walking, talking or still, she was full of the sweetness and comfort of one got safe home after tempest and fear, and Will was fiercely happy just to know that, and have her to watch and hear and care for.

The hours went by like minutes; he knew the sun was swinging up and up, and would have stayed it if strong desire had that power. The dinner-gong startled him as if it had been a knell, and an inarticulate cry for help knew not what swelled up in his heart, "Oh my God, my God!"

The sun swung over and began to sink. And swifter than the swift morning, the afternoon slid by in the same delectable dream, so happy that it trembled past the verge of pain. They stood together and watched the sun dip behind the fringe of trees over a distant ridge. Across the waters streamed the molten gold, and all the scene was steeped in the hush and tender hues of sunset. He felt the light pressure of her fingers on his arm, and he grudged every inch of space between sun and horizon, and would have liked to have that sunset last for all time. His eyes turned from the flaming west at last to the flushed cheek beside him; that made his heart ache, it was so thin and transparent in the crimson light. Presently she, too, turned, and something in his look seemed to disturb her vaguely, like one looked on steadfastly in sleep. Past him her eyes went on to the wharves and shipping and spires of a city. They had spent the day in a dream of the past; the inevitable present faced them now.

"What place is that?" she asked. "Where are we going, Will?"

He looked away toward the nearing town for a minute or two, then turned back.

"I don't know exactly yet," he answered. "Is there any place you would like to go to or—or—?"

But she looked up without doubt or questioning in her face and said:

"Oh, no; I have no place to go to. I can't go back where I was; they were very good, and I shall always love and be grateful to them; but I can't go back, and I can never go anywhere alone again."

She shuddered and drew close to him, and glanced around fearfully as if expecting to see the hateful face that had haunted her to her wit's end.

"Oh, no, I've no place, and no person in the world to go to but you. And I'm sure I could have no better if I had all the world to choose from. You were always my best friend, and I know what you do will be right. I will do whatever you say. I'm sorry if I trouble you; I was always a trouble to you."

"No, no," he answered hastily, "it's another thing but a trouble. You're very good to trust me so."

He could not say more. The boat warped into her wharf where they had taken her in the morning. They went ashore and strolled in the city streets till evening drew on. By and by he perceived that she was tired, and looked about for a place of rest. There was a hotel a little way off, and he took her in, left her in the ladies' parlor a minute, and came back and gave her a key.

"You can go up now," he said; "the servants will show you, or you can sit here awhile."

She saw that he looked haggard, and said: "You're tired yourself, Will, and no wonder; you had no sleep last night. Poor fellow, you're quite pale, and black around your eyes. I'll go now and not trouble you any more to-day. But you'll be here in the morning when I come down?"

He promised, and they said "Good-night," and she went up to her room.

Will went out into the streets and wandered about. Her face, her voice, her presence, filled him, heart and brain; her trust, her complaint, her smile, the touch of her hand, her half-fearful, half-compassionate look, and lingering at parting, the dream of unspeakable happiness that day had been. And her words rang like a swinging bell in his brain, "I will do whatever you say; I know what you do will be right." He did not, he would not, he could not think of anything else. All his nature was flooded and borne along with no more thought or possibility of resistance than one who resigns himself to the delicious swirl and flow of a midsummer tide, with nothing more solid under his trailing feet than the treacherous eddies and clinging sea-grass. The chime of her sweet tones swung on back and forth in his brain, "I have no one else I can go to; I would not if I could choose; I will do whatever you say."

A fierce impatience and hunger took hold of him for another day like that, for another and another, for all days, fair or stormy, to be with her, help her, guard her, comfort her, fight and die for her if need were. He had not chosen or planned that day of days; he could not see how he could have avoided it if he had desired, as Heaven knew he had not. He had gone about his duty honestly, taken the hard and dark places as they came without whining, and as manfully as was in him. Was his duty less plain or incumbent because it was anything but hard or dark now? Had not others their sweetness mingled with the cup of life? Had not fate sent this hunted, stray lamb, to his care and

keeping, and could he think for a moment of putting her away, or setting her some hard new task, who was never made for tasks any more than a robin? She had shown her gladness of heart in every word and look all day, and slept like a play-worn child because he was near. Fate had unmistakably brought her and bidden him guard her and make her happy, and had as markedly shown him the way. Oh, it was all plain. He only put it so to himself for fairness' sake. The world would not understand, but he need not try to explain—the earth was wide and long. He had long ago learned that the world's rules, though good and wise, and not to be lightly disregarded, were, of necessity, general, and fitted few particular cases exactly, and sometimes did not apply to a special case at all. He remembered having seen such exceptions very plainly once or twice, and having thought the persons involved should act carefully and according to their conscience, but should keep to themselves the necessary real or apparent deviation from the usual path for the sake of the undistinguishing multitude who would only be led to condemn blindly, or confuse right and wrong altogether. This was clearly a case of that kind.

Oh, it was all very clear and very, very sweet! But why, then, was he wandering aimlessly while early evening drifted into night, and the city gradually went to sleep? Why did his face take on the feeling of corrugated iron, and his head feel the grasp of a vise? He asked himself if he was sick; but if he was, or if he was tired out with emotion and want of sleep, why in the name of reason did he not go to bed? He neither tried nor felt any sort of wish to resist the flood that bore him along, but perhaps he had some vague suspicion that this same delicious current might fling him on jagged, sunken rocks, or murderous sharks' teeth, or he dimly perceived that somewhere, not far off, lay the breezy harbor bar, beyond which was scant hope of return, and farther on the heaving ocean of terror, full of darkness and destruction.

Late at night he found himself at the door of a railway office, and heard the clicking of the telegraph instrument somewhere within. He went in, looking and feeling like one worn out with a week's carouse. He talked to the clerk a few minutes, and came out. A train had come in meanwhile, and a number of the passengers walked along with him. He came to a hotel and went wearily up the steps, a dozen or so of the belated travelers

clattering before and beside him. One man stopped at the door and looked back, and, as Will gained the topmost step, a hand took hold of his arm, and turned him aside toward the light; and the face that had looked out at him all that night from dark places and flaring windows, and passing vehicles, confronted him now, and said,

"Birdsall."

It was Chris.

He only held Will so and looked at him steadily, but he saw and felt that he shook from head to foot in his grasp, and turned ghastly pale. Little had Birdsall ever thought he should quake before the simple fellow whom he had once so despised and always looked down upon—that he should have to deprecate before him, and Chris have the upper hand.

"Where is Mabel?" Chris asked sternly. "Is she here?"

"Yes," Will answered, and his voice shook with the rest of him.

Chris glanced up at the building, and then back to Will with a dark look. But then Will remembered something that had been driven out of his head for the moment. A thrill of stern joy went through him, and he thanked God and gathered his strength to stand up and face Chris, and his voice did not shake now.

"Don't speak to me again or look at me like that. She's not in there. Come here."

He led Chris back the way they had just come, and into the telegraph office.

"Have you had any answer to my message?" he demanded of the clerk.

"No. I'd have sent it if I had."

"Let me see what you said."

"I said just what you wrote," the operator answered surlily. "There it is, if you can't remember."

Will glanced at the message and held it up before Chris. It was addressed to himself at Mapleton, Chris saw, and was in these words:

"Come here as quick as you can."

It was in Will's well-known hand. Chris laid it down, and they came out.

"Will," said Chris, standing at the railway crossing, and in the glare of a hissing engine's headlight, and speaking less steadily than before, "I want to understand. I saw Mabel's personal in the paper the day after and followed you. I heard of your going on the boat the night before and came on by train. She said she was in trouble; what was it?"

Will answered:

"Griffiths."

"What! that devil again?" He cursed him savagely. "Did he do her any hurt?"

"Tormented her till he drove her nearly distracted."

Chris's first words in answer were like so many sobs. Will stood against a lamp-post with his head down. Chris took hold of his hands.

"Forgive me, Will," he said. "I always was a fool. I ought to have known you would do what was right. It's been rough on you, too; you look as if you'd been through a fever."

"Never mind that," Will answered, knowing there was not a great deal to forgive. "But take charge of me now. I'm tired."

Chris took him back to the hotel and got him to bed, and lay down beside him, contrite and pitiful.

Early in the morning he rose very softly and dressed. He was slipping out of the door, when Birdsall said:

"Where are you going?"

Chris stopped, and answered:

"Home."

"Come back," said Will. "Come here."

He raised his head on his hand.

"Chris Markham, could you live in peace with Mabel if she came back?"

Chris leaned against the wall and was shaken.

"I think so. I would do my best. Do you think I could?"

Will looked in his face steadfastly a minute without seeing him, and then replied:

"Yes."

He got up and dressed himself, said a few words to Chris, and went out. He went and fetched Mabel from her hotel. She was sobered when she saw him. They walked along and came to a park. In a sheltered nook he bade her sit down on a bench. The sound of his voice made her cry.

"Don't do that," he said. "I can't bear it."

He turned away his face from her for a minute or two. Then he forced himself, and turned back and began to tell her of the things that had happened since she left. It was the hardest task life ever set him, but he did it the more thoroughly for the strength it took to do it at all. She sat with wide eyes and parted lips, breathing quickly, hot and cold, shrinking, flashing, melting; and when he ceased speaking she breathed low, like a sigh:

"Poor Chris!"

"Mabel," said Will, "you must go back to him."

"Oh! do you think so?" she answered, with a flutter. "Do you think we could—will he take me?"

"Come and see," he said.

They walked along, he hard, downcast, absent, she flushed, trembling, glancing at him with piteous eyes. They came in sight of a fountain and saw Chris sitting beside it. As they stood he looked up and saw them, and Will beckoned. As he came Mabel turned and looked at Will with a doubting, half-concerned, half-frightened air, and took hold of his hands a moment, then faced toward Chris, and clasped her hands before her. Will turned away and was gone before they met.

He did not care where he went or what happened. Though the sun shone, the sky was black and the earth ashes. There was no pride or strength left in him; he was burnt out. He did not want to die nor to live; there was nothing in the world, or out of it, that he wanted then. He was sick, body and soul. He went to bed and they got the doctor and dosed him. He was up in a day or two, and was able to smile when

they said it was lucky they called the doctor in time.

He still edits the "Messenger." He is grave, quiet, has a very pleasant smile for friends and children; is mostly gentle, but can be very scornful. People take him for five years older than he is. He has two friends who would divide their last penny with him. He and his paper are liked by many, feared and hated by some, respected by all. The "Messenger" is not mealy-mouthed; it has no charity for deceit and dishonor, but it keeps its sharpest lash for the arrogant, the self-sufficient, the Pharisaical. It says that the wisest may err, the strongest be broken, the clearest-sighted stumble and miss the path.

And when the editor writes such doctrine, and many times more, a tremor comes over him, and a vision of emerald shores and sweet waters floats before him and blinds him. Then he quakes to remember the rest, and he thanks God, with a certain grimness, that he was not suffered to go to utter shipwreck, but has saved some things that are, after all, worth more than all he has missed, if they are not so sweet.

THE POWER OF PRAYER:

OR, THE FIRST STEAMBOAT UP THE ALABAMA.

You, Dinah! Come and set me whar de ribber-roads does meet.
De Lord, *He* made dese black-jack roots to twis' into a seat.
Umph, dar! De Lord have mussy on dis blin' ole nigger's feet.

It 'pear to me dis mornin' I kin smell de fust o' June.
I 'clar', I b'lieve dat mockin'-bird could play de fiddle soon!
Dem yonder town-bells sounds like dey was ringin' in de moon.

Well, ef dis nigger *is* been blind for fo'ty year or mo',
Dese ears, *dey* sees the world, like, th'u' de cracks dat's in de do'.
For de Lord has built dis body wid de windows 'hind and 'fo'.

I know my front ones *is* stopped up, and things is sort o' dim,
But den, th'u' *dem*, temptation's rain won't leak in on ole Jim!
De back ones shows me earth enough, aldo' dey's mons'ous slim.

And as for Hebben,—bless de Lord, and praise His holy name—
Dat shines in all de co'ners of dis cabin jes' de same
As ef dat cabin hadn't nar' a plank upon de frame!

Who *call* me? Listen down de ribber, Dinah! Don't you hyar
Somebody holl'in' "*hoo, Jim, hoo*"? My Sarah died las' y'ar;
Is dat black angel done come back to call ole Jim f'om hyar?

My stars, dat cain't be Sarah, shuh! Jes' listen, Dinah, *now*!
What *kin* be comin' up dat bend, a-makin' sich a row?
Fus' bellerin' like a pawin' bull, den squealin' like a sow?

De Lord 'a' massy sakes alive, jes' hear,—ker-woof, ker-woof—
De Debble's comin' round dat bend, he's comin', shuh enuff,
A-splashin' up de water wid his tail and wid his hoof!

I'se pow'ful skeered; but neversomeless I ain't gwine run away;
I'm gwine to stand stiff-leggèd for de Lord dis blessèd day.
You screech, and howl, and swish de water, Satan! Let us pray.

O hebbenly Mah'sr, what thou willest, dat mus' be jes' so,
And ef Thou hast bespoke de word, some nigger's bound to go.
Den, Lord, please take ole Jim, and lef young Dinah hyar below!

Scuse Dinah, scuse her, Mah'sr; for she's sich a little chile,
She hardly jes' begin to scramble up de home-yard stile,
But dis ole traveler's feet been tired dis many a many a mile.

I'se wufless as de rotten pole of las' year's fodder-stack.
De rheumatiz done bit my bones; you hear 'em crack and crack?
I cain't sit down 'dout gruntin' like 'twas breakin' o' my back.

What use de wheel, when hub and spokes is warped and split, and rotten?
What use dis dried-up cotton-stalk, when Life done picked my cotton?
I'se like a word dat somebody done said, and den forgotten.

But, Dinah! Shuh dat gal jes' like dis little hick'ry-tree,
De sap 's jes' risin' in her; she do grow owdaciouslee—
Lord, ef you's clarin' de underbrush, don't cut her down, cut me!

I would not proud persume—but yet I'll boldly make reques';
Sence Jacob had dat wrastlin'-match, I, too, gwine do my bes';
When Jacob got all underholt, de Lord He answered Yes!

And what for waste de vittles, now, and th'ow away de bread,
Jes' for to strength dese idle hands to scratch dis ole bald head?
T'ink of de 'conomy, Mah'sr, ef dis ole Jim was dead!

Stop;—ef I don't believe de Debble's gone on up de stream!
Jes' now he squealed down dar;—hush; dat's a mighty weakly scream!
Yes, sir, he's gone, he's gone;—he snort way off, like in a dream!

O glory hallelujah to de Lord dat reigns on high!
De Debble's fai'ly skeered to def, he done gone flyin' by;
I know'd he could'n' stand dat pra'r, I felt my Mah'sr nigh!

You, Dinah; ain't you 'shamed, now, dat you did'n' trust to grace?
I heerd you thrashin' th'u' de bushes when he showed his face!
You fool, you think de Debble couldn't beat *you* in a race?

I tell you, Dinah, jes' as sure as you is standin' dar,
When folks starts prayin', answer-angels drops down th'u' de a'r.
Yea, Dinah, whar 'ould you be now, exceptin' fur dat pra'r?

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Instruction from Outside.

INSTITUTIONAL life, of all sorts, has an innate tendency to get into ruts. This is peculiarly the case with institutions of learning. With an established curriculum, and a corps of professors who grow old in routine, and unprogressive through the lack of intercourse with the world, and through the constant contact with immature minds and rudimentary knowledge, everything tends to become mechanical. It is, therefore, with great pleasure do we notice in some of our leading theological schools the movement to import instruction from outside. The lectures of Mr. Beecher at New Haven, and of Dr. Storrs and Dr. Hall in this city, have been marked and significant events. Nothing more suggestive and hopeful than these has occurred in the history of these schools. The instruction of these men, all of whom have won eminent positions in the practical functions of the pulpit, cannot fail to be of the highest benefit to the young men who so eagerly receive them. Nor can they fail to be of the highest benefit to the professors themselves.

It is said that a prominent New York pastor has lately declared that he learned more about preaching the Gospel in three weeks, from Henry Varley, than he had ever learned before in his life. We believe Mr. Varley has had no theological training. We know little of his methods, but we know that such men as he, and such men as Messrs. Moody and Sankey, who belong upon our own side of the Atlantic, have a power over the popular mind of which theological schools seem absolutely to be deprived. The fact goes to show that there is a kind of knowledge of methods and of men which the theological schools do not teach—have not, indeed, in possession. Would it not be well, now that these schools have begun to import instruction, to procure for their uses some of the wisdom possessed by the lay element? Why is it that a layman, turned preacher, has the power to move men so wonderfully? Why, except that he knows men better—knows their minds and the motives that stir them better—and gets a little nearer to the three or four essential truths of Christianity, and enforces them and stands by them better—than those trained in the professional schools? His work is to save men, and he drives directly and persistently at it. His method is simple, and he knows little and cares little outside of it.

There is a very suggestive fact that has once been alluded to in these pages, and it naturally comes up here for reconsideration. The literary mind, not only of this country, but of this age, has no faith in the popular theology. The American institution of academic learning is, as a rule, orthodox. The great mass of educated men have been through it, and subjected to its influences. Why is it that when those men come into productive

literary life, they show that they have dropped the opinions in which they were bred? It is one of the subjects of common lamentation, that the men who write are almost uniformly "broad," or "liberal," or "infidel." Would it not be well to take some pains to ascertain what this means? There is a competent philosophical reason for it, somewhere. Perhaps Mr. Bryant, who was bred in old orthodox Hampshire, in Massachusetts, could tell. Perhaps Colonel Higginson, or Mr. Curtis, or Dr. Holmes, has valuable opinions on the matter. If they have opinions so well considered that they would be willing to expose and express them, how valuable they would be to the orthodox theological schools! Then, why not invite them to give to those schools the results of their thinking, and a record of the influences and processes by which those results have been reached?

There is something in the study and practice of medicine which tends to materialism. The fact is patent, but is the theological student armed in any way by his professional studies to meet it? Why not ask Dr. Parker, or Dr. Hamilton, or Dr. Clark, to go before them and talk about it? They are candid men; and whether they are men of Christian conviction or not, they ought to be in the possession of valuable opinions concerning the materialistic influences of their profession. We can hardly imagine any discussion that would be more interesting and fruitful than this.

Again, there is something in mechanical pursuits that tends in the same direction. There is a frightfully large number of mechanics who do not entertain the slightest faith in revealed religion. Why is it that they are so feebly impressed with the ordinary doctrines and appeals of the pulpit? They are among the most intelligent in their calling; they are, in the main, moral in their lives; but they have no faith. How are our theological students prepared to meet these men? We venture to say that there are among them those who could go to the bottom of the whole matter—who could tell exactly why the popular preaching repels them or fails to win their convictions. There are numbers of them who are thoughtful and intelligent. Why not bring them out, and see what they have to say for themselves, and the multitude whom they represent?

It seems to an outsider—even to one whose opinions coincide with the popular religious drift—that the theological student is sent to his work with a plentiful knowledge of his scheme, and a lamentable ignorance of the material to which it is his mission to apply it. He does not know men, or the nature of the influences that are at work against him. He has not the slightest idea of the point at which he is to attack the popular prejudice, or the popular ignorance, or the adverse popular conviction. Pine and ebony are not worked with the same tools. Lead and iron need very different handling; and a

man who has only a single set of instruments for all his work, may manage with his lead, but his iron will master him. There are many indications that the theological schools need a new kind of wisdom, and are conscious of the fact. We believe we have told them where they can find it.

The Shrinkage of Values.

THE hard times for New York and the whole country continue. Men have looked forward to a change which does not come, and which seems as far off as ever. The depression promises to be long, and the revival only to be arrived at after a great shrinkage of values, and the reduction to the strictest economy of public and corporate administration and private life. We are in the hands of circumstances which no human wisdom can manage, or shape; and we shall be obliged to shape ourselves to them. We have too many railroads, and they have cost too much. We have overdone manufactures, and our mills are lying idle, or running to no profit. We have too many middle-men in trade. In brief, we have too many facilities for business. There is not business enough in the country to employ the men and the capital that are devoted to it; and we can only grow up to the employment of them by slow and painful degrees. We shall reach this point quicker by the necessary diversion of this capital and labor to productive pursuits, or by the destruction of the one and the forced withdrawal of the other.

New York seems likely to suffer more than any other city; the reason being, that the high price at which real estate is held, enforces an unexampled expense in doing business. The number of stores unoccupied on Broadway is a very unpleasant indication of the state of affairs in the city. Business is being absolutely forced into side streets, because men cannot afford to pay the Broadway rents. Taxes are enormous, simply because the people who do business in New York cannot afford to live here. Brooklyn has been largely built up by New York men. New Jersey thrives at our expense. The towns up the river and out into Westchester County are made and sustained very largely by men who would live in New York if they could afford to do so. The suburbs of New York are drinking the life of the city; and New York goes on laying out its boulevards and streets, while the abutters cannot sell their lots to builders.

Nor is this all, or the worst. Business goes, in the long run, where it can be done the cheapest. If any specified number of Western products can be handled and shipped more easily and cheaply at Baltimore, or Philadelphia, or Boston, than in New York, that fact settles the question as to where they will be handled and shipped. Trade naturally goes to the metropolis of trade. New York is universally recognized to be the metropolis, and, so far has the lead and the advantage; but, if she cannot furnish the conditions for doing business as cheaply as it can be done elsewhere, trade will just as naturally turn away from her as water will run down

hill. If business men will examine the prices of real estate in the competing cities we have mentioned, and compare them with those that rule in New York, they will understand precisely why it is that the process of diversion has already begun.

For this matter of real estate and rents is destined to settle the whole question for New York, with all her prestige. Business will go where it can be done the cheapest, and that question will be mainly settled by the prices of real estate. The element of rent goes into everything. The clerk who pays from two to five dollars more a week for his board than he would be obliged to pay in Baltimore or Philadelphia, must have that sum added to his weekly wages. The workman who pays fifty or a hundred dollars more per annum for his tenement than if he were in a neighboring city, must earn, in some way, that additional amount. Not only our trade but our manufactures are thus subject to this extra tax, and, therefore, work at a constant and killing disadvantage.

If New York is ever to thrive again, and perfect its growth and importance as indubitably the great American city, her real estate must shrink so that her own people may live upon Manhattan Island, and thus reduce her rate of taxation, and so that business can be done here as cheaply as it can be done elsewhere. It is hard for a man who has had fifty thousand dollars a year for a Broadway store to take twenty-five thousand. It is hard for a man who has paid fifty thousand dollars for a house, or thirty thousand for a lot, to sell it at thirty per cent. discount; but the sacrifice must be made, and the shrinkage submitted to. Rapid Transit may accommodate a limited number of business men now living within the city limits, but it will not populate the vacant territory, unless it can be cheaply bought and built upon. The cost of living in New York is something fearful. A man can buy a dinner for his family at Washington Market at a fair price, but the moment the staples of that market are moved uptown, a sum is added in many instances equal to their original cost at the producer's door. Beef that originally cost from four to six dollars on the foot, rises to an equal advance by passing from Fulton street to Forty-second street; yet we do not know that the market-men make too much money. Turkeys that cost eighteen cents at Washington Market, rise to twenty-five by riding three miles. All this must be changed, and it can only be changed by a fall of rents.

Would it not be well for New York to look all these facts in the face, and accept them, with all their practical consequences, before it is forced to do so in chronic adversity or general disaster? There is but one way out of our trouble. It is just as patent to-day as it ever will be, to all wise men. Why not enter upon it at once, and thus oust the incubus that is pressing the life out of us?

The Music of the Church.

In a somewhat extended editorial experience, we have had many occasions to speak of the earthly

discords that enter into our heavenly harmonies. The question of Church Music refuses to be settled. There are so many tastes to be consulted in it, it is so complicated with economical questions, it is so verloaded with theories, it presents so many difficulties of administration in its simplest forms, that church may be accounted happy which can go on one or two years without a row or a revolution. Nothing seems to be learned by experience, as in their departments of human effort and enterprise. Churches pass through musical cycles. They begin, perhaps, with congregational singing; then they pass into a volunteer choir; that fades out, or reels, and then comes in a paid quartette of professional singers; then a volunteer chorus is added; then comes another revolution, and the church goes back to congregational singing, from which point it starts on another trip around the cycle. Over, and over, and over again, there are churches that do just this, are doing it now, and promise to do it any times more.

In the adjustment of this matter—if it shall ever be adjusted—there are certain facts which must be taken into consideration. First, that music in a city church can never be managed as it is in a country church. The popular singing school in the country, where amusements are few, is a practicable thing. In the city, where life is full, especially at that season of the year when rehearsals are practicable, it is next to impossible to get people together for sufficient practice. A volunteer choir, made up from a city congregation, is one of the most difficult things to maintain that can be imagined. The rehearsals always come in the evening, when everybody is tired or engaged; and, without rehearsals, even tolerable singing is not possible. Congregational singing, without rehearsals, is worse than that of the volunteer choir. If an attempt is made to unite a volunteer chorus with a paid quartette, it is soon ascertained that the more imperfectly trained voices are added to professionally trained voices, the more is the quality of the music depreciated, though the volume of sound may be enlarged. The grand, practical difficulty is that all non-professional singers in a city church have no time to practice their art together. The business engagements of

the men, and the social and religious engagements of the women, are such as to render the necessary rehearsals utterly impracticable.

This ought not so to be, perhaps; but it is so, and it is one of those established facts that must be looked squarely in the face, in any competent handling of the question. Some churches have learned that the best way for them to do is to put their hands in their pockets, and bring out money enough to pay for their music, and have somebody whom they can hold responsible for it. Undoubtedly these churches get along with the least difficulty, and have the best music. We hear a great deal about the congregational singing in Mr. Beecher's church, but Mr. Beecher's church is entirely exceptional in its circumstances. In the first place, it has a large and well-played organ, that is capable of leading, and almost of drowning, all the voices in the house. In the second place, it has a body of professional singers, and, in the third place, it gives a certain seat to every volunteer singer in the choir, in a church where getting a seat is a difficult matter. With such a leading, any congregation can sing. With such a motive, any choir can be steadily filled and maintained. Mr. Beecher's church cannot be mentioned in any general discussion of the matter.

We could get along well enough if we had not so many theories to adjust. "Let the people praise thee," say the advocates of volunteer, or congregational singing. This hiring people to sing our praises is very offensive to many. The theory is well enough, or would be, if the people would sing, or would take the pains to learn and rehearse; but they do not. Volunteer choirs would be well enough if they would observe the conditions necessary to excellence in their performances; but they will not. There is another theory, and, for the life of us, we cannot see the flaw in it, viz.: that it is just as legitimate to hire a band of professional singers to lead us in our praise, as it is to hire a band of professional men to lead us in our prayers. Circumstances compel us to the adoption of this theory, whether we rebel against it or not; and those churches that have settled down upon it have the rare privilege of being at peace upon the question.

THE OLD CABINET.

THERE has been a great deal in the newspapers lately on the subject of conversation, suggested by the advertisement of a Professor of that art.

If we were Professors of the Art of Conversation, we should begin with the teeth. If, according to the philosopher, a lie is too good a thing to waste, it is the effect which may be produced in conversation by the judicious display of the teeth. Teeth, only, after all, another word for smile—in theomenclature of the art of conversation.

How often, then, in every rank of life (except the

lowest, and, in this matter, the wisest), by the clergyman, the lawyer, the editor, the dry-goods merchant, the artist, the woman of society especially, do we see the beautiful device of the smile utterly wasted and frittered away. There is nothing which can be more inane and ineffective; there is nothing capable of greater utility and force. The trouble is, that most people, who appreciate the power of this device, smile perpetually, from the beginning to the end of a conversation. The background of facial expression should be rather of a neutral, or perhaps even somber

tone—against which the high light of a sudden smile may be glowingly relieved.

At the beginning of the session with the person before whom your art is to be exercised, the smile, of course, is in order. The features should then take their natural position in repose; or should, if the circumstances seem to require it, assume a graver expression; it might, indeed, be well to show the lines of the brow somewhat drawn together, with a suggestion of trouble, or at least of concentrated attention. Above all things, remember that when your vis-à-vis begins what promises to be a prolonged humorous narration, your face must instantly relax into quiet. The smile may begin early in the story—but should be very slight and inconspicuous at first, gradually diffusing itself over the entire countenance and coming to a climax with the point of the story—either in an actual laugh, or, still better, in a radiant smile of appreciation, tip-toe on the verge of laughter, and a hundred times more effective for its reticence. No one who has made use of this method will ever return to the old and inelegant system—tiring to yourself and unsatisfactory to your interlocutor—of beginning the facial audience, if we may so call it, at the highest pitch at the outset of his narration, and vainly endeavoring to keep up the strain upon the features to the end. The consequence of such a course is, that either the smile becomes hard and mechanical, or that precisely when most needed it altogether disappears, and you are forced to some clumsy substitute.

You may say that the rule just given is too simple to be regarded. But behold the disastrous results that have followed the ignoring of a method so simple—so entirely within the reach of all. History tells us of a man who rose to the highest political positions on the mere strength of a smile. A discerning and witty people associated the exercise of this gift with his very name. He knew how to smile; but he did not know how not to smile. The constant use of this method of conversation gave his features as decided a set as that which was more artificially produced in the case of Victor Hugo's "homme qui rit." His art was only half learned, and the old adage was again proved true, that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

We might cite another case, in which the art of a whole social life-time was betrayed—we will not say nullified—in ripe old age. There was a man who smiled subtly and successfully through fifty seasons. He then contracted the not unusual habit of falling asleep in company. There would not have been anything serious in this, had he taken the precaution carefully to re-adjust his features before letting himself drop into sweet oblivion. But no; instead of this, he would permit the nicely arranged expression with which he had listened to the last pleasing commonplace still to linger meaningless and ghastly upon his countenance, while his head drooped against the wall or upon his shoulder.

We had nearly forgotten one important point. The most exquisitely proportioned smile will utterly fail of its effect, if the features too quickly resume their ordinary tone. The hand, or rather face, of the

master is shown in nothing more conspicuously than in the delicate shading off of expression. This is the crowning art, by which the art is hidden.

We have no intention of entering at present upon the general subject of facial expression, and only suggest that there is no reason why the Delsarte system should be confined to the public stage. A Professor of Conversation should include in his curriculum a modification of this method, especially adapted to the shorter distances of the reception-room and parlor, and with reference to the direct and reflected lights, and the different tones of the street and the house, both by day and night. It is evident that the expression of the same temper and mental attitude—surprise, flattery, devotion, interest, pique, or what not—must require a different arrangement of the features according to the dress, surroundings, and especially the quantity and quality of the light.

That the utilization of the countenance in conversation is largely a matter of education there can be no doubt. We are well aware that there are persons who are conscious of a strange immobility of features; who feel that their faces are, in very truth, veils and disguises; who, at certain moments of their lives, feel that they would give all they possess if they could tear away the mask and expose their true features, alight with appreciation. But it is a question whether early and persistent education might not have done something for unfortunates like these. On the other hand, you may have seen men who had carried this education to such a pitch that they could execute a visual storm-symphony with nothing but the face for orchestra.

As an example of what may be accomplished by concentrated effort in this direction, we should be glad if we could present here a photograph of the face of the fish vender we met this morning on Fourth Avenue. He was carrying two pails containing fish, balanced one on each side from a shoulder-piece such as you see more frequently in foreign countries, and his whole countenance was given up to the shrill, concentrated, imperative statement of: "Wee-hi-ah,—striped bass!" There was no feature, no line or wrinkle of his crooked countenance that was not abandoned to this one end. A scientific study of a face—and of faces—like that, we are sure would be of incalculable benefit to a Professor of the Art of Conversation. He would be enabled, finally, by analysis and classification, to read even in the silent countenance the inveterate phrase; and he could easily deduce his rules and suggestions. The knowledge so acquired would be of use in other ways. Every man has a favorite pun, or story, or sentence of some kind, which at last makes itself apparent in the set of his features.

" * * * There lies
A conversation in his eyes."

This should be a warning in your own case as to the manner of phrase permitted to dominate your outward presentment; and in the case of a stranger you might learn, by looking at him, the very pun or

arrange that is sure to come—and in this way make good your retreat.

THERE are persons who, in conversation, have the culty of putting you in the wrong on your own round. You are, for instance, devoted to the genus of Milo, so called. You have always considered that your "favorite statue." You have in our house the very best reproduction of it extant—st from the original, and procured by you at great expense and no little trouble; and day by day you gain new pleasure in it and new admiration for it. You meet Mr. A. B. C. in friendly discourse, and suddenly find yourself forced by his exclusive, appropriating *culte* of the Venus, into what, even to yourself, seems, for the time being, not merely a condition of ignorance and lack of appreciation, but to almost a virulent personal animosity toward the statue. It is as if, in some dream of horror, you had flown at your idol and dashed it into a thousand pieces.

Against conversationalists of this kind you cannot be too assiduously on guard. One method of self-protection is this. Every intelligent man has, say twenty opinions about each topic of conversation that may be suggested. In his own mind, each opinion holds its proper relation, and although the two extremes might, detached, appear incongruous, yet, in his own consciousness, they all have sense and sequence. In conversing with the ordinary mortal, it is not necessary to marshal these opinions in solid, continuous columns. Conversation should not be a little, but a spring-day excursion into the country, with agreeable companions, in search of trailing arbutus. Yet there are times when you must advance with your heaviest battalions. If you do not, you will find all your resources drawn upon for the defense at a disadvantage of some point in itself insignificant. In other words, state only your leading thought, the one that represents your reigning mood. This is the course to pursue, unless you are wickedly

given to feints and alarms, and all sorts of tantalizing maneuvers.

BEWARE, also, of another kind of conversationalist—the man of negation, the cynic, the anti-enthusiast. Ten chances to one he is not the terrible fellow he seems. Ninety-nine chances in a hundred he is hiding his own conscious incapacities and ignorances under this shoulder-shrugging acquiescence, this well-bred doubt—well-bred it is, only superficially, for at heart it hides the very essence of ill breeding, the desire to hold always the position of advantage at whatever cost to others—in a word, selfishness. Moreover, you are likely to find this very man deprecatingly given to certain select enthusiasms of his own. It is here that you can bring him to the test, and find him human.

THERE is still another sort of converser, against whom warning is of no avail. There is no conversation possible with a person who talks in paragraphs, the separate sentences nicely balanced and ending with monosyllables only when they are most effective; the thought embodied in these paragraphs—opinions of men and systems, no matter how complex—as finished as the stereotyped paragraphs themselves; and no modifications allowed except in foot-notes, also stereotyped!

WE are inclined to believe it would be better to teach people how *not* to converse. Conversation, or what goes by that name nowadays, is a hot-house growth. Good conversationalists seem to have lost their perfume in the over-development of certain showy parts. When a man begins to be a good conversationalist, he begins to lose ground as a man.

It is not at all silly, however, this Professor's advertisement. The fact that conversation can be taught, shows what an artificial thing it is. You can teach almost any one to make wax flowers. We know of but one man in America who can give you the soul of a water-lily on canvas, and nobody taught him the trick.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Camping Out.

IT is safe to say that every reader of SCRIBNER who lives in town is turning just now with longings, and lungs that prophetically breathe the mists and heat and dust of August, to mountain or beach. The girls bring in to dinner accounts of the Browns' intended campaign to Saratoga, of the Whites' tour to the Lakes. Mamma looks at Jane's sun cheeks, or the baby's pale lips; the father of the family goes down street hopelessly counting the cost of hotel bills at the Branch, or groans at the remembrance of last summer's broiling in a roadside farm-house, with the fare of everlasting bacon and cabbage, and the all-pervading odor of piggery and soap-suds. Now let us suggest again, to bring

rest to these troubled souls, a plan to which we barely adverted last August, but which is rapidly growing in favor with many cultured people who really wish rest in summer, and go out of town to find health and nature, and not fashion and more anxious swarming crowds than those left behind. We mean camping out. A tent, or two if necessary, can be either bought or hired for the summer, and transported with small cost. Excellent portable beds are packed in traveling bags, and sold for five dollars, which will last a lifetime. The tents can be pitched on the beach, in the Virginia or White Mountains; on a Minnesota prairie, within sight of a dozen lakes set like pearls; in the Unaka range, where the bears will sociably visit the camp fire; or on Hudson Bay, where there will be the

zest of a nip of Arctic cold—and all for the cost of transportation. A bag or two of flour, coffee, and sugar, are all the provisions needed. The men of the party can furnish trout, sea-fish, venison, etc., etc., and the women can cook them. We would advise, for a stay of a month or two, that servants be left behind, and the whole family go back as far as possible to natural conditions of life. In cases where easy access to the city is desired, the better plan is to camp on the Jersey beach, near enough the sea to escape mosquitoes, and within a half-hour's walk of a railroad station. An almost absolute solitude is attainable in many portions of the coast, and everywhere, fish, snipe, and crabs, for the taking. People who are above conventionality, and who have a lucky drop of vagabond blood in their veins, will, of course, find the keenest enjoyment in this mode of passing the summer, but everybody will find it healthful and cheap.

Hints in House-cleaning Time.

THESE are the days of the year when, according to all housewives' creeds, the house must be regenerated. Not, of course, the city house; neither the brown-stone palace on Murray Hill, nor even the milder expressions of brick and mortar grandeur on quiet side streets; at this season fashion demands that these shall lapse into brown Holland and dust, and lie torpid until October. But from sea to sea, in all the towns and villages, and farm-places, the innumerable legions of two-story brick houses and wooden villas have just undergone the swashing and drenching of spring cleaning, and their anxious mistresses are eagerly considering how they may be made more comfortable and prettier for the coming year. This is the proper season for such preparation, the winter's stoves and their dust being at an end, and the farm-work, and canning, preserving, and meat-salting, not yet begun. We have a word or two of advice to these housekeepers, with ambitious desires and lean pocket-books, who never saw an "artistic upholsterer," and to whom bric-à-brac, or proofs before letters, are phrases of an unknown tongue.

1st. The principal object of hopeless longing is, nine times in ten, a new carpet. Now, why a carpet at all? It will require at least two-thirds of the money you allot for furnishing—it always does. No doubt the horrible rumor will spread through the village that Mrs. B—"is reduced to bare floors." But you can retaliate and triumph by citing the most costly houses in New York, furnished in the native woods—the very wood which grows at your back door; that is, if you are not strong enough to possess your soul and pretty floor in silence and comfort. The floors of every new house should be finished with well-seasoned chestnut, ash, walnut, or yellow pine, which may be either varnished or oiled. You have then a surface under your feet, with exquisite graining and color, which no loom can equal, and which never needs patch, darn, or renewal. In the living-room, chambers or nursery, a carpet simply becomes a breeding place of dust, impurity of air, and disease. Color and warmth, if neces-

sary, may be given by home-made mats, which can be removed and shaken every day, as are the costly skins, Persian and Egyptian rugs, in city houses.

2d. Having thus saved the price of the carpets, you can afford more to furniture and decoration; and just here we warn you to beware of the "cheap and pretty" system urged in many fashion periodicals. A substantial set of chamber furniture, of good wood and graceful outline, will outlast a dozen flimsy, painted cottage suits, and increase in softness of tone and beauty every year. The economical young housekeeper, too, is apt to cover her walls with chromos, which are given away by tea or life insurance companies, and which hopelessly vulgarize her own taste and that of her children; she pastes gilt paper on wood to make window cornices; she makes barrel-chairs; she spends weeks and months of leisure time in sewing bits of colored cloth on Turkish toweling, or working silk and gold thread on canvas for chair-covers or afghans; the covers and afghans cost twice as much as clear-tinted woolen reps, and are abominations to the eye; her time is wasted; the mock gilding spots will mildew in a month; the staves of the barrel give way, and the visitor collapses inside; the whole house is a palpable fraud, a cheap imitation, and an imitation which soon grows shabby, and requires perpetual renewal. There is no excuse in poverty for sham or flimsiness. The money invested in Turkish toweling, in decalcomanies, or potichomanies, would give to the walls of a room a soft, grateful color; furnish them with good photographs of the best pictures, and excellent casts of two or three of the greatest works of art; would buy strong, artistically made chairs; place a table in the center of the room; cover it with books and work, and fill the windows with living flowers and trailing ivy. In such a room there would be beauty, service, and an education for both mother and children. If our housekeeper will give her leisure time for a year to the study of her children, her photographs and her flowers, she will be first to laugh at her sham gilding and monsters of fancy work.

Some one says we are trenching upon the ground of Mr. Clarence Cook, whose papers all good housekeepers are sure to read. Never mind—it is only digging a hole for a finger-post to point to the "Talks."

About Carpets.

ENGLISH carpets are regarded as the best, and yet any one outside of the trade might be puzzled if called upon to decide between the English and American. The best carpets made here are as durable in material as the foreign, though there is no doubt that the American dyes are inferior, and the colors in our more costly carpets are not so beautiful, and may possibly fade somewhat sooner than those in the imported ones. In buying a carpet the question is not so much whether it is American or English, as whether it is the best of its kind. Tapestry, backed with hemp, will soon wear threadbare, and there has been so much of this in the market that it has created a prejudice against tapes-

y, while, in fact, good English or American tapes-y will wear for a very long time with moderate use. If, on holding Ingrain carpeting before your face, you can see daylight through it, or if, on examining it, you find that it is woven with cotton chain, it will not last long enough to pay for the trouble of making. A carpet should be thick, closely woven, soft and pliable. Wilton and Brussels are the most desirable of all carpet materials, but Three-plys and Ingrains are capable of long service, and have the advantage that they may be turned, while the beauty of the Wilton and Brussels vanishes as soon as the surface is worn. The English Ingrain is the best carpet for "turning." It is usually almost as pretty on the wrong side as on the right.

Velvet carpeting is objectionable on account of the difficulty of sweeping it. It is really hard labor to sweep a large floor covered with a velvet carpet, and it seems, too, as if there were no fabric to which it is so quickly attracted, and to which it adheres pertinaciously as to this.

Wilton and Axminster are the most beautiful of all floor coverings in ordinary use, for the superb Turkish and Persian carpets are very rarely seen, even among the wealthy.

Ingrain carpets are not used for halls and stairways. The heavier Venetian takes their place. Wilton is much used for this purpose, as it outwears any other material. Brussels comes next in durability. It is admissible to put the same grade of carpeting in your halls as in your parlors, or a lower grade, but not a higher one. If Ingrain is used for your parlor floor, then Venetian must clothe the hall; but if Brussels reigns in the parlor it may also extend its kingdom into the hall, or you may still use Venetian there, but not Wilton or velvet.

It is considered better taste to have the same carpet in the entry and stairway (if these are carpeted at all), but there are so many artistic departures from this that it can scarcely be considered a rule. It is good economy to furnish two or three flights alike, though this is, of course, not necessary. If the hall carpets do not extend quite to the wall on either side, it is allowable to have a strip of painted floor border.

On the stairs the carpet should not extend across the steps. A space should be left, which can be painted or grained. But why not paint, stain, or lay your hall staircases, so that they can be washed constantly?

If you desire one of the bordered carpets, now so fashionable, you must be willing to spend money on them. A low-priced carpet of this fashion looks badly, because the coarse threads show obtrusively in the center. These carpets with bright borders are very artistic where the other furnishing is made to correspond, and are economical; still more so if the border is of sufficient size to make the center available for some smaller room when this style becomes fashionable—that is, if you care to be governed by the fashion. Large medallions, baskets of flowers, and detached bunches of roses become wearisome to the eyes after a time. Not so the unobtrusive patterns in rich colors, graver grays, stone colors or browns (without borders), or the mixed

Persian patterns. Besides, a pattern should have reason; only distinguished historical characters are permitted to walk on roses, like General Washington at Assanpink Bridge.

A carpet will last much longer if carpet lining is put under it when it is laid down. This lining is made of fine wool laid between layers of papers, stretched or quilted. It is considered moth-proof. It is a yard wide, and costs but fifteen cents a yard. Pads should be put under stair carpets, as they not only preserve them, but make them softer under the feet, and give them a richer look. These pads are layers of cotton quilted between cotton cloth, and can be bought at from two to three dollars a dozen, according to the width.

In the spring, carpets should be taken up, well shaken and beaten (not *banged*); the dust should be beaten out of the linings, the latter rolled around the carpets, and the whole sewed up in coarse linen and put away in a dry place until autumn.

How to get Curtains.

It is so common to see houses without curtains, and to hear housekeepers say that they cannot afford them, that we wonder sometimes if they have ever had the curiosity to price curtain materials at the large stores. Here, for forty-five cents a yard, or two dollars and seventy cents a window, are corded cottons of rich shades of green, crimson, yellow, and blue, and graver tints of gray and stone color, with Watteau scenes of pastoral life grouped over them, or parroquets and bluebirds, perching airily on trees, or dancing Cupids and flying Mercuries,—all depicted on thick material, not fine, but not by any means coarse, and falling in folds as rich and heavy as woolen reps, half furnishing a room with its rich coloring and quaint pictures. Finer and more closely woven cottons of almost every conceivable shade of color, with swaying vines, or delicate sprays, or clusters of flowers that look as if painted on a texture with the soft gloss and finish of satin, may be purchased for sixty or seventy-five cents per yard, or four dollars and a-half a window. Nottingham lace, as soft and fine and fleecy as real lace, and of much more beautiful and elaborate designs, costs but five dollars a yard. This is for very elegant drapery, and suitable for quite costly furniture. For the ordinary furnishing of the parlors of the "well to do," lace sufficiently fine in texture, and of beautiful finish and design, may be procured for from one and a-quarter to one dollar and a-half a yard, thus costing from seven to nine dollars a window for this most airy, light, and graceful of all curtain materials.

Now, if one really wants hangings to the windows to break up the rigid uniformity of the straight lines of walls, moldings, and shades, and hesitates because of the expense, a very good way is to consider the curtains and carpets *relatively* when furnishing. Take thirty dollars off your English Brussels for the parlor and put it into lace curtains, and buy English tapestry carpeting instead. For your sitting-room or dining-room buy American Ingrain

instead of English Ingrain or tapestry, and put the ten or fifteen dollars thus saved into curtains for the same apartment. Both rooms will look better furnished than with the handsome carpets and only plain shades to the windows. It may be said in objection to this that it is better to get the higher grades of carpeting, since they wear longer. This is very true, and, as we have said when speaking of carpets, a real good English Brussels is one of the very best carpets for wear; but the best grades of English tapestry keep bright and sound for several years, and the Brussels, as well as the tapestry, loses its beauty as soon as the surface is worn. It cannot be "turned." It is certainly bad economy to get a very cheap Ingrain carpet, but there is a misconception on the subject of American Ingrains, for the best grades are as durable as the English, though generally somewhat inferior in coloring. But, if you do not wish to save money for your bedroom curtains out of the carpets, the few dollars they will cost can be worked out of something else by good management. Even the coarser varieties of Nottingham lace—some of them only twenty-five and thirty cents a yard—are woven in beautiful patterns, and look very much better in a bedroom than no window hangings at all.

Woolen hangings we have not considered. The higher grades are very handsome, but are also very costly, and the lower-priced ones are stiff and "wiry," and do not drape well. Even the higher-priced ones are not altogether desirable. They can only be used during the cold season, and in bedrooms are unhealthy at any time; and, if the parlors and dining-rooms are small, they make the rooms too dark.

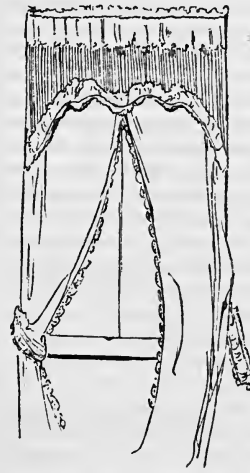
As for the trouble of doing up "washable" curtains, it is not very great. Twice a year generally suffices, except where rooms are constantly used, and in those the hangings will probably need attention about four times a year.

But, it may be said, the curtain material is not all the expense; there are the cornices. Well, the thirty dollars set apart for the parlor curtains will buy a good quality of Nottingham lace, nice gilt, or walnut and gilt, cornices, and cord and tassels for looping for two windows. For other rooms cornices can be made at a small expense, by procuring from a carpenter a suitable pine molding, tacking end pieces to it, and staining it with black walnut stain, which is made by dissolving a quarter of a pound of asphaltum, and half a pound of common beeswax in one gallon of turpentine. If this is found to be too thin, add a little more beeswax, and, if too light in color, add asphaltum; but this must be done with caution, as a very little will make a great difference in the shade.

We have seen pretty Swiss muslin curtains in a bedroom with no cornices at all. Puffings of the material made a very pretty finish across the top; and in another instance a single heavy cord, like the loops, was laid over the gathers; the line of color was a fine artistic effect, and the absence of cornices was not noticeable.

An escape from the cornice may be made by a

lambrequin of the curtain stuff, the trimming of which, ruche or flounce, crosses the top, and is



nailed to a straight pine bar. We have seen also Swiss muslin curtains,—with lambrequins of yellow paper cambric, covered with the Swiss, and stiffened with wrapping paper; a full puff of muslin round the points of the lambrequin; a wider puff to form a cornice; the loops being bands of yellow with muslin. The cheapness of the yellow stuff was entirely disguised. In rooms furnished in crêtonnes, with little wood-work on the furniture, it is better to have a deep

plaiting or shirr of the curtain stuff, instead of an ordinary and probably ugly wooden cornice.

Nothing can ever be in as good taste as the rod and rings of our grandparents; these suggestions are for those who do not wish to go to the expense of a rod. A rod of pine wood can be used, covered with the chintz or muslin of the curtain, and rings may be bought by the dozen. The rod can be held by long hooks screwed to the window moldings, which fit a socket on the rod, or fit into a solid wood socket like a kitchen roller.

The "Fashions" in Spring Flowers.

ONE would suppose that, as nearly all the available florists' flowers of any value are known, there could be no change in the fashion of such things. Nothing is more deceptive. By crossing varieties new varieties are produced, and millions of new flowers are brought out every year. Of these perhaps, one in ten thousand is worth saving, as being better than those already known. This plant becomes the fashion. For the first year of two it is rare and costly. Then it becomes more freely distributed and multiplied, and it goes out of fashion and gives way for something else. Once in a great while a single flower will have such remarkable merits that it holds its own and continues longer in favor, and is in fashion for a number of years. The Bon Silene rose, the carnations, La Purite and Degraw, and Smilax among vines, are instances of this. Even these in time give way, and newer plants become the fashion. Rarity implies value, and the florist, with great worldly wisdom, makes it a point to have ready every spring such novelties as he can import or raise from seed, and the trade calls these "the style." A new rose is worth a small fortune to its grower. Even a new verbena has "money in it," and the largest part of the profits of the plant trade come from the sale of novelties and fashionable plants.

Of the new tea roses suitable for out-door planting may be mentioned "La Nankin," a rose of a peculiar bright yellow, tipped with white; "Marie Sley," carmine touched with white; "Madame Pucine," of a distinct coppery yellow; "Clarie Rnot," of a decidedly new yellow of a bright red-tint, and having a finely formed bud.

Among hardy hybrid roses may be noticed "La France," a free-blooming rose of a pale peach color. In new coleus the "Shah," "Serrata," "Holdi," and "Chameleon" seem to lead. A new white pansy called "White Treasure" is offered. The abutilons are a rank-growing genus and a tiny dwarf variety would be useful. There is a new one, having white flowers, and called "Boule de neige." Among new fuchsias, "Sunray," having variegated foliage, and an erect sturdy look, is worthy notice. Geraniums are a "sportive" family, and one of the new sports are both novel and valuable.

In bronzes, "Black Douglas" and "Marshal Mahon," and in silver leaved, "Avalanche," are good and distinct. Double geraniums have been bred in favor of late years; the novelties include "Line Sisley," a double white; "Asa Gray," salmon; "Admiration," pink, and "La Negre," one of the finest and darkest crimsons ever produced. In zonales, "Master Christine," a dwarf of a good pink; "Jeanney," scarlet; "Anna Pfitzer," deep scarlet; "G. Earl," white; "Louis Veuillot," crimson; "Pioneer," magenta, and "Pride of the West," scarlet. A dwarf hollyhock only eighteen inches high and with fine dark foliage has been imported from Japan. Its flowers nothing can be said, as it is not in bloom at this date. The florists' catalogues are enthusiastic for it but it must be kept in mind that these publications are always tinged with a beautiful spirit of romance. A new salvia of a good pink color and dwarf habit may also be mentioned. A cockscomb of a pleasing in the impressive name of "Celosia Hutchinsiana" and a slender feathery bloom, may be thought worthy by those who like that sort of thing.

Among basket plants the "Tradescantia Aquatica" seems to be useful. It has all the vigorous growth of the more common variety, with the advantage of finer and more delicate foliage. A variegated ice plant, laboring under the title of "Mesembryanthemum Cordifolium Variegatum," is offered; but the grower will need some courage to take it. Among basket begonias, "Foliosa" and "Richardsoni" are the best, free-flowering, and pretty. In ornamental foliage plants of novelty and merit, a Chilean beet, with red and yellow leaves; the "Eulalia Japonica Variegata," a variegated grass with a fine feathery flower and striped leaves; and the "Papyrus Antiquorum," an Egyptian plant of a tall and stately character, are worthy of examination.

Now, it may be that the reader is happily unwise in things fashionable, and knowing her ignorance she maintains. For such it may be useful to know the names of a few unfashionable flowers that are cheap. The following is a list of bedding plants that may be "cut" freely with gratifying results: fuchsias, double geraniums, carnations, petotrope, feverfew, petunias, tea roses, stocks,

verbenas, and tuberoses. They are distressingly commonplace, but they are good and reliable.

The Piazza.

In this country, with its perpetual contradiction of icy winters and brief torrid summers, one can hardly live in the country without a piazza. In hot weather it supplies a shaded out-door resting-place for the family; after storms of wind and drifted snow, which render the roads impassable to delicate walkers, it furnishes a sheltered and easily swept promenade. It is, or should be, wide enough to accommodate a tea party on occasion. It should be sheltered from the wind, and from the sun, so far as to provide a shady corner for all hours of the day. If possible it should look out on something pleasant. Country views, with wide spaces and soft horizons, are not always possible; but almost every country dweller can secure a tree, a few flowers, a reach of sky, perhaps even a glimpse of the sunset, while the less fortunate may at least drape morning-glories, sweetbriar, or flowering vines over the supports and walls. But whether the piazza look out upon Arcadia or the chicken-coop, its best charm and adornment must be the vines with which its pillars are clothed. Vines thus planted play an important part. They adorn the house by which they grow, frame it in, and with leafy arches make it more beautiful for those without and those within.

Marketing.

DURING the last year, with the great majority of families living in cities throughout this country, economy has become not only a necessity, but fashionable. When old dresses are revamped, or the chamber-work of the household has been successfully done by the young ladies, it is rather a matter of pride than mortification. Oddly enough, however, very few housekeepers strike the matter of expense at the foundation, which is, in fact, the purchase of provisions. As a rule, a city family is supplied with marketing, groceries, etc., through provision dealers and retail grocers who call for orders at the house. No matter how specious, or even honest they may be; no matter how anxiously the housekeeper limits the supply to the barest necessities, the cost, brought to her in weekly bills, is likely to be appalling. The middle-man has his rent to pay, and profit to make, and the money for both must, in part, come from her pocket. The only remedy lies in buying groceries by wholesale, and even if this should not be practicable, in going to the market rather than to provision dealers for marketing. It involves, it is true, the loss of an hour of sleep in the morning, and is a business which must be learned like every other; but the hour's nap after sunrise is cheap payment for the large saving in both money and the quality of provisions, and it is quite as fitting that a woman's keen sight and smell should be trained for use on the vegetables and beef on which her husband and children are

to depend for blood and muscle, as upon lace or bouquets.

Philadelphia housekeepers have long been noted for both the profusion and daintiness of their tables, and much of their success is due to the universal habit among ladies of all classes of going to the morning markets in person, and there choosing and sending home their supplies. Vegetables, butter, poultry, and in many cases meat, are thus purchased directly from the farmer, without the intervention of any middle-man, at the first cost and of the first quality. Housekeepers can easily estimate for themselves the enormous difference between a table supplied with dewy fresh vegetables, and prime cuts of meat, at the producer's prices, and one which receives its food after it has passed through the possession of huckster, butcher, green grocer, and possibly restaurateur, growing staler in the hands of each, and certainly heavier as to price. Not only economy, but health, demands reform in this matter which lies wholly in the sphere and power of wives and mothers.

Letters from Correspondents.

THE CONSECRATED, VS. THE SACRIFICIAL, PARLOR.—May Myrtle, who seems to have had an extensive experience of housekeeping, writes us from Minnesota a vigorous letter, taking issue with the writer of "The Sacrificial Parlor" in our April number :

"Play we do," as the children say; throw wide the doors and make it the living-room; let in the children with their bread and butter and playthings; they are an inseparable trio. 'But,' says the writer, 'it is not, like the nursery, a romping ground for the children.' Why not? How are you going to avoid it? Can the little uneasy, impulsive things enjoy themselves anywhere deprived of their happy freedom? If we bring 'our favorite books, our bits of fancy work, our fireside games,' the children must bring theirs; their marbles, dolls, and hobby-horse. They must jump and caper, play 'puss in the corner,' or 'cars' with the chairs. The flies come too, and make themselves merry over the gildings and nicknacks. The faint-tinted walls are soon embroidered with finger-marks, the furniture nicked and scarred, and the springs of the sofa, so painfully stiff before, get limbered up in a way we don't like, a hill here and a hollow there, as if undermined by gophers. The elegantly bound books are defaced by thumb-marks, the costly album has a broken back, the pretty cast of Cupid, 'the tinnin little boy,' the special delight of all the children, gets smashed by little hands, and the carpet, alas! is fearfully soiled and faded. Indeed, our charming little parlor, which every one said was exquisite, is exquisite no longer; it has become, indeed, a sacrificial parlor; an altar whereon we have not only sacrificed our money, but the little womanly pride which we felt in our nice new room, and humiliated our taste and love for the beautiful which guided us in its arrangement and adorning. Then it is almost absolutely necessary to have one room in the house not subject to the disorder, con-

fusion, and dirt incident to the living-room; one place always neat and ready to receive visitors; a peaceful retreat, where we can sit and enjoy our company, without the unpleasant feeling that they are shocked by the confusion, or their good taste offended by the untidiness about them. I would not have it a stiff, gloomy, uninviting place, but cozy, charming, cheerful; like a garden of choicest flowers, not to be rudely plucked, or a book of fine engravings, not to be roughly handled, or a cabinet of rare choice things, to be admired but not abused; and, like our Christmas plum pudding, enjoyed the more because served as a rarity."

WHEN TO DO THE MENDING.—Some years ago I heard the head of a family say she never did her mending until she needed the garment. Indeed, I have often seen children fretted because a button was wanted or a string missing about their clothing, which had been hastily put away without examination. I urge that all other work should be laid aside when the laundry basket arrives, that the housewife may see for herself that each piece is in order as it is sorted; and if not, it should be repaired on the spot, not laid away in the drawer till to-morrow, for, nine chances out of ten, it will then lie there until needed. This system takes seldom more than one hour a week, even for a large family; and it is altogether the most convenient in every way.

INTELLIGENT CHARITY IN CHILDREN.—Your little article, entitled "Children's Pennies," has just attracted my attention. It is sadly true that the usual ways in which children are taught to give their alms have an unhappy, instead of an elevating, influence upon them. The mission-money in the Sunday-schools is given with little or no sense of personal interest or deprivation. My boy says: "I must give so much a Sunday or the other boys will think me mean." He comes to me for it, and in no way is brought to a personal sense of having given something, or done something, to help another. He never sees, or will see, the recipients of that charity, and has but the most vague idea of the whole matter. Indeed, when one thinks of the thousands of the poor and suffering, added to the countless numbers of "benighted heathen," who are, or might be, before one's eyes every day in these two great cities, it is very hard to stretch one's imagination to the "crying needs of the inhabitants of the far islands of the sea." I take my little four-year-old girl down to a place where a few of us have been for some years engaged in a loving work of mercy, in caring for sick and friendless women, and little babies. Her blue eyes open wide at the sight—babies in the crib, babies on the floor, babies in arms, babies everywhere, and all of them little waifs, who cannot know a mother's care, save such as we try to spare them from our own little ones in our more blessed motherhood. The parcel of clothing, or the little toy, is put in her hands to leave with them, and already she feels her little heart swelling with love and sympathy for those she is helping, because she sees them, and sees the use made of her little gifts.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

The Academy of Design.

WE think an unprejudiced observer, on a first cursory glance through the present Academy exhibition, might go away with the impression that it has an unusually refreshing and fortifying one. But we think, also, that on returning to it with more careful scrutiny, he would discover that his impression arose simply from the presence in the galleries of a very few pictures possessing qualities and a force not often seen there, which seized the eye and caused him buoyantly to reject nearly all the rest and to save them from his memory. Such are especially the portrait, "Reverie," by Wyatt Eaton; Mr. La Farge's "Cupid and Psyche;" "The Dowager," by W. M. Chase of St. Louis; Mr. Charles H. Miller's two large and excellent landscapes; an Italian view by Inness; two pieces by Winslow Homer, and a few others, here and there, which exhibit sincerity and skill combined. The reason for this is doubtless to be found in the difficulties with which every exhibition is of its very nature to contend, from the start. The countless embarrassments of mutually contrasting competitors are familiar. A collection of pictures on a large scale is an association far more difficult to organize, control, and bring to success, than any body politic; for the laws and relations which govern it are infinitely more delicate and varied than those affecting the latter. There are two chief means to secure a triumph in this delicate business; and it must frankly be said that it is not often we see either of them fully and freely employed: the first being to marshal a troop of pictures all aided by definite aims and resulting from accurate and industrious discipline, and the second, to secure some one illustrious work, so clearly ahead of all its competitors that it would impart a luster to them from its own abundant light, and, as it were, be reflected in the beholder's memory through a hundred frames of its lesser companions. The first method depends upon *school*, and is obviously the safer—though not always the nobler—to act upon. The present exhibition, however, does not depend upon its effect upon either of these sources of success, and we must look in some other direction to find its chief characteristics. The selection has been made with a fair degree of skill under certain limitations; and if, on the whole, an undertone of mediocrity persists in catching our attention, this is, perhaps, to be attributed in a measure to the character of a great part of the material offered. We mean to say, that the exhibition is a reasonably good representation of the general drift of painting among the New York artists (there being, of course, no well-defined New York "school"); with here a bit from the school of Mr. Hunt's pupils, and here and there some specimens from young Americans now studying abroad. The traditional or obsolescent methods of Bierstadt, Casilear, James Hart, Morgan, Cropsey, J. Brown, Henry Peters Gray, and Huntington, and

others similar to them, receive a very full showing; but we question whether the hanging-committee has given due weight to tendencies of a very different kind now generally asserting themselves among certain younger painters. And, furthermore, their toleration has quite run away with them, in the cases of a number of merely chromo-like pieces which disfigure occasional sections and corners of the galleries. There is a degree of badness below which no degrees should be discriminated; and the authorities have this year been much too rash in descending below it—though their doing so is by no means without precedent. It seems to be time, however, that the aesthetic hygiene of this should be more carefully considered. The traditional and obsolescent styles of which we have spoken have in particular overspread the southern wall of the South Room, converting it into a desert-spot from which only Inness's "Perugia," and Robert C. Minor's "Evening" stand out alive, and in which Miss Ellis's thoughtful little rosebuds are very nearly lost. Elsewhere, their blighting influence is more dispersed. Mr. Bierstadt breaks down entirely under two large and labored California landscapes; and Mr. Sonntag favors us with what might pass for a rude design for an India shawl, but is stated to be a view in Vermont. One thing that has struck us particularly, this spring, is the singular transparency with which some among the older line reflect each other's influence; meaning by the term, those who paint in old conventions, more artificial than the conventions which are now gaining the ascendant. For example, J. G. Brown, Parton, Kruseman Van Elten, McCord, paint as nearly alike as it would be conveniently possible for them to do; though, perhaps, only dimly conscious of their affiliation. A few years ago, Mr. W. T. Richards took to cutting the thinnest waves he could, and laying them on sand-beaches; he has been followed by Bricher, and now by William De Haas, and the point of the contest seems to be to find out who can "sling" the smoothest, widest-circled, and most uninteresting disks of this sort. One cannot but be impressed, also, with the singular inapplicability of particular modes of handling paint, or of conceiving execution, to the subject-matter. If we look with a keen, inquiring eye upon these works, what history do we discern beneath the final surface of pigment? In some of them, none—neither history nor idea. In others, there is a silent narrative of the most laborious operations, scumblings, scrapings, repaintings; but it is entirely irrelevant, and not justified by the issue.

But there is a class above this, in which we come at once to real feeling, and a consequent introduction of technical methods which have something of originality and appropriateness about them. In this, we should rank Winslow Homer and Mr. McEntee. Mr. Homer sends two fair-sized canvases, which are really only enlarged sketches, but full of his healthy

coloring, and frank, fresh way of looking at things. One depicts a piece of open, board fence, with a landscape and cattle seen through the spaces between the three drab boards forming it. A boy in brown trousers and gray-blue shirt is clinging to the fence, and a girl in pink lilac, with milking-stool in hand, stands in front. The other, a scene in husking-time, shows a young man and woman sitting against a heap of straw; but, though the sentiment is good, and the rendering honest, the figures fail quite to convince us of their reality; they want modeling. A similar defect will no doubt have been detected by many in Mr. Eastman Johnson's several figure subjects, and especially in "The Peddler," where the young woman, painted not without tenderness, is a mere shade stuck against the wall. Mr. McEntee has made an attempt at painting the figure, in his "Ginevra," but we prefer to take him on his own undisputed domain, in the large scene of autumnal decline called "Saturday Afternoon," with its old effect of rich browns and chilly grays. Mr. McEntee is somewhat uneven, and at times far from mastering the *technique* of his profession, as it seems to us; but he is invariably sincere, and that in itself is a success. We are very far from demanding that one man shall unite in his own hand a great variety of perfections; but a prime difficulty in this country is, that there are very few men upon whom we can depend with certainty to strike their peculiar note each time. We constantly come upon painters who are themselves one month, and only half themselves the next: in one picture they have an individual touch and tone, in another the key, though pressed, makes no response. Homer and McEntee, however, though uneven, have an abundant individuality that makes their assistance at exhibitions always valuable.

Messrs. C. A. Fiske (of Connecticut), Falconer, and Such, give promise of a sober kind, on several small canvases, and we should add the name of A. C. Howland, were it not that a fatal spottiness in his darks, and a general air of settled mannerism, seem to argue a case of arrested development in him. Edgar M. Ward, now in Paris, shows in his Brittany girls, that he is hard at work in a good school, but he is too conscious as yet, and needs to catch a more rapt quickness and greater imaginative lift. Mr. J. Alden Weir sends from Paris a very clever Brittany interior in quite a different chord of coloring. Mr. Maynard gives us reason to hope that he will go on, in "The Tryst" and "Vespers," which, along with some crudities of the recent English school, give us some of their serious feeling, and also recall the later style of Baron Leys. And we cannot leave the group of young promisers, without calling attention to the two remarkable pictures of horses by Abbot H. Thayer, in the East Room, which, though badly hung, must attract notice by their sturdy, self-reliant and modest originality. The same artist's portrait-head, in the North-west Room, shows him to possess a rich vein of poetic apprehension of human qualities also.

Of landscapes we have mentioned Mr. Miller's "High Bridge" and "Sheep-Washing," both honest,

and painted with considerable skill and firmness. The "Sheep-Washing" is very fine; but the other is somewhat weak in construction, giving the impression of a dome that is rather in danger of falling in suddenly. Mr. Thomas Moran's "Overland Train" reminds us that the painter is continuing his researches with care, in a field that will always present peculiar interests.

Then there is the usual long list of portraits, all of which, save a few, are strongly infected with commonplace. But Mr. Wyatt Eaton's is prominent, by reason of its deep feeling, its excellent pose, rich, subdued coloring, and broad treatment. We have also a strong and excellent portrait of a lady by George B. Butler, and an earnest little brown-glazed feminine saint in a straw hat, from Miss Linda Marquand. We were fairly surprised by W. M. Chase's "Dowager," which is both penetratingly perceived and skillfully carried out; but of David Neal's study of a head we cannot speak so highly. It is too thickly plastered to pass for agreeable flesh, and, in spite of its cleverness (which is of the Piloty kind), the effect of it is meretricious.

The only work in the entire Academy which reaches the high imaginative plane is Mr. La Farge's "Cupid and Psyche;" but—if the distinction can be made—it does so mainly or entirely by its coloring. Certainly, the conception has not that quality of pure, unfettered imagination which appears in the same artist's "Soul of the Water Lily," engraved by Mr. Henry Marsh, and hanging in the Corridor. The group is too solid and matter-of-fact, it seems to us, to consort well with the spirit of the myth of Psyche; and the flesh of the male figure somehow impresses us painfully, obtruding, as it does, the coarser qualities of man's physical fiber into a scene which should be spiritual in the extreme. The attitude of Psyche, however, is rare and graceful, and the whole is saved by the solemn chord of color, which strikes upon our sensibilities much as might a strain of music from Gluck's "Orpheus and Eurydice;" stealing across from the dim, mystical blue of the left side, through the curiously interwoven specks of conflicting yet harmonious color in the two figures, and then passing off in a deep purplish tinge at the right, which fairly seems to vibrate with melody. On the whole, we are grateful for the work, though it does not do its author full justice. But we get glimpses of him in a more elastic mood, through Mr. Marsh's exquisite and really wonderful engraving, which makes the few other etchings and engravings present fade into feebleness; and, in the small oil "Water Lily," we find that Mr. La Farge holds a patent of high nobility in the region of flower-painting.

With this brief review, and with many omissions, we must take leave of the fiftieth annual exhibition of the Academy.

Moran's "Mountain of the Holy Cross."

THE name of Mr. Thomas Moran is already known to our readers as that of the painter of two large and remarkable pictures, "The Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone River," and "The Chasm of the

olorado." A third work by this industrious artist now claims our attention, having recently been on exhibition at the gallery of Schaus & Co. It is a new work of "The Mountain of the Holy Cross," so called because of a peculiarity of the bare rocky wall which springs to the summit from the body of the mountain. In this wall are two comparatively narrow transverse fissures, filled with ice and snow, which mark a very distinct cross on the face of the great height. This, at first sight, might seem a very bizarre matter for successful pictorial treatment; but Mr. Moran, by virtue of his careful study of the rocky structure, and his apparently instinctive sympathy with mountain-nature, has avoided all appearance of sensationalism in his use of it. The astonishing novelty of his subject in the Yellowstone picture laid that work open, perhaps, to some slight reproach of making an appeal to our interest that bordered on the factitious, but it cannot be even suspected in the present case. "The Mountain of the Holy Cross," too, is much in advance of the "Yellowstone" in another particular—that of general composition. There was a massive realism and sturdy directness in the latter which was very attractive; it seemed as if the artist had seized a great rock out of the mountains and flung it before us with something of a giant's strength; but it wanted rounding, nevertheless, and was too abrupt in its presentation. The present effort is more comprehensive. The painter has got farther away from his subject, and so thrown it into a better focus. "The Mountain of the Holy Cross" is an impressive and pleasing picture; and the eye, resting upon the solemn rocks of the foreground, touched here and there with sunlight, the swirling rush of the indigo-tinged river, and following the flood back in its windings through the glen, finds an abundant variety of interest before it reaches the snowy cross on the lofty mountain, walling in the scene. We might, it is true, make some complaint of a certain effect of confusion that struck us as resulting from the crowded presence of the clouds high up in the middle and right of the picture, and of some deficiencies of strong and accurate definition in the heights springing upward in the left background; but we have no intention of dwelling on these points, for Mr. Moran is, in the main, successful; and, good wherever the qualities of his two larger works previously exhibited, he has here gone beyond his own earlier success, in combining those qualities to a more completely satisfying end.

Some Other Pictures.

ABOUT a fortnight after the beginning of the Academy exhibition, a modest collection of pictures was opened at the rooms of Messrs. Cottier & Co., No. 15 Fifth Avenue, of which we wish to speak briefly in a general way, as having been an interesting illustration of the tendencies of some of our younger painters. We should say it was designedly made up in such a way as to represent only a certain style, or several kindred styles, of painting (especially those with which the Academy has little sympathy); and the circumstance suggests that it would

be interesting to have frequent exhibitions on some such plan, in order to keep fully before our eyes what is going on in different directions among the artists. The character of this exhibition was grave, sincere, and soothing; most of the pictures included in it being carried out in a low key of color.

Among these pictures were several by William Hunt of Boston; the most important of which was his well-known "Girl at the Fountain," a painting which has his best qualities of drawing, breadth and sentiment. The single thought of the figure is very delicately carried out in every part. Mr. La Farge was best represented by "The Lady of Shalott," a serene and solemn picture-poem; to our thinking, no less important and individual than the poem with which it is associated. The decorative fish-panel, by the same artist, is so exquisite in its tones, so iridescent, so altogether fascinating to the eye, that one cannot help thinking that the decoration, with eight such panels, of a room in which you were expected calmly to sit down and dine (as was the original intention), might, in the case of those keenly sensitive to color, fail utterly in its purpose—just as the organ music of Handel failed, according to the old story, to play the congregation out of church. M. R. Oakey's full length "Portrait of a Boy," is an interesting and remarkable picture. Though the work of a beginner, it is marked by an elegance rarely found in American portraits. Of Francis Lathrop's work we have spoken lately; he has here several portraits painted with sympathy and force. Mr. A. H. Thayer has a strong head, which, however, appears almost colorless near Mr. La Farge's brilliant panel. J. W. Bolles's landscape really gives you a feeling of nature, in spite of the blue glasses through which the artist forces you to look; his little drawing on wood is certainly more agreeable. Of the other contributions we can only mention here those of Mr. Ryder, which are interesting for certain qualities of color, and Miss Greene's rich and thoughtful flower pieces.

Bartlett's "Wounded Drummer Boy."

MR. TRUMAN H. BARTLETT, a native of Connecticut, and a disciple of Frémiet, of Paris, has exhibited at the bronze salesrooms of Mitchell & Vance, Broadway, a sketch in bronze which certainly deserves praise as an original work of art of very high character. The subject is well known, and has been variously treated in art, song and story. Johnny Clemm, the wounded drummer boy, in one of the battles for the Union, said to his soldier comrades: "Carry me and I'll drum it through." Mr. Bartlett's spirited sketch instantly transports us to the battle-field. The little drummer, penetrated by a sort of fierce enthusiasm, wildly gesticulates with his drumsticks to the soldiers who are supposed to press up behind him. He is no mere a boy, but an inspired patriot. His thin limbs, wounded though he may be, are corded with an intense valor; his childish mouth cries "Come on, boys!" with shrill eagerness, and it requires no stretch of fancy to perceive the scattered but soldierly ranks close up as that little bareheaded figure is lifted in their

van, like an ensign borne by a stalwart infantry man. The soldier is a massive, brawny fellow, with something of the boy's feverish enthusiasm reflected in his face. He is not pretty, but his unkempt hair and beard, and defaced uniform, show him to be a working soldier. The boy is the subject; his bearer is a subordinate character.

It is only necessary to add that the group is admirably massed. The boy sits firmly and naturally on the soldier's shoulder. The man *moves*. From every point of view, the joined figures have symmetry, grace and freedom. The work has about it that indefinable spirit which comes like a sudden note of a martial trumpet into the sense of the onlooker.

Musical Medicine.*

THE true French horror of being tiresome seems to possess Dr. Chomet whenever he approaches anything like an explanation of his theories of musical sound. Under the circumstances, however, it is perhaps as well that he does not waste time on fuller particulars or better reasons for his belief in the theory that sound is the result of a *musical fluid*. His very trivial method of argument from certain analogies of sound with heat and electricity, only proves Dr. Chomet one of the loosest thinkers in a nation which appears to furnish in singular proximity the best and the poorest minds of the century.

But when we get to the anecdotes of actual cures effected, and the very sensible chapters on the influence of music as a promoter of digestion and the circulation, whether by music is meant instrumental or vocal, or merely the sound of the human voice in song or speech, then we are repaid. For the cause in which Dr. Chomet writes is much more than a respectable one—it is of the utmost value, and, as a means to the preservation of health and cure of certain diseases, cannot be too highly prized. If, therefore, the end attained be a good one, it makes little difference whether the agency by which a cure is effected be an impalpable fluid which permeates all things, and, when set in motion, produces sound, or whether there be some other and more reasonable cause to which the phenomena are assigned. The real virtue in Dr. Chomet's work will consist in opening the eyes of some few physicians—there is no hope for the great majority of routine doctors—to the fact that there are many other palliatives of disease besides drugs and lotions, and that the ancients were not so ridiculous as may at first blush appear, when they tried to discover the peculiar music adapted to peculiar ailments. Undoubtedly the Greeks placed too much stress on musical cures, and their want of knowledge of anatomy, and the more recondite processes of brain and nerve function, did not allow precision, and a rational explanation of the observed good effects of musical medicine. It is natural that such empirical treatment, unsupported by a scientific explanation of the why and how of

the cure, should, after a while, fall into ridicule and contempt. In this day, however, when diseases of the nerve-centers are beginning to be better understood, there is nothing ridiculous in a musical treatment of many diseases, and preëminently of diseases of the brain. The enthusiasm of the insane for music has been long recognized, and the want somewhat supplied in the better class of asylums for these unfortunate victims of disordered nerve systems. But the great majority of the insane are outside the walls and mixing in every-day life; to them music ought to be made a way to health by the advice of their family physician. When one sees the vast silent crowds that drink in the harmonies of Bergmann's and Thomas's orchestras, it is pleasant to think that many in that assembly might, without such opportunities, be sitting in desolate moodiness in narrow city apartments, and slowly laying up the seeds of a disordered brain.

Dr. Chomet reminds us of the early myths of Orpheus and Arion, by which the Greeks symbolized the humanizing effects of music, and paralleled them by some curious modern experiments on its power over animals. Thus he has one anecdote of the emotions produced by a small orchestra in a pair of caged elephants, and another, a lizard story vouched for by himself: "Upon my moving, the greenish-gray lizards (so common in Italy) retreated. I thought no more about them, but began to whistle the air I was previously humming. To my great astonishment, I saw my listeners re-assemble around me. * * * Being charmed, perhaps even fascinated, they apparently felt perfect confidence in me and allowed me even to bring my hand so near as to be able to touch them."

The difficulty in the application of musical medicine is acknowledged to lie in the extreme care necessary to the choice of the right kind of melody in each case; thus, persons unused to an intellectual music will not be influenced by that kind, or, to speak less generally, a patient devoured by a secret sorrow, for instance, or one who, from a poor circulation, indulges in causeless melancholy, might perhaps be irritated by many pieces of music before the physician hit upon just the one suited to his case. For it would appear that while the appropriate melody soothes and restores the patient, the wrong one is apt to irritate and exasperate him, to which the legitimate sequence will be that any physician attempting musical cures must be first of all a musician. It may be also doubted whether the general run of a people less educated to music than the Greeks, and by nature less emotional and impressionable than the French, will be apt to feel such good effects from musical cures.

Miss Fraser-Tytler's "Mistress Judith."

IN some particulars Miss Fraser-Tytler's little book reminds us that it may not be too early to look for traces of Thomas Hardy's influence upon other and less uniquely gifted, young English novelists. The idyllic arrangement of the scene is similar to his; that is, a group of quaint country people, in

*The Influence of Music on Health and Life. Translated from the French of Dr. H. Chomet. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1875.

vista of farm-land, which fills up the background with the right colors for showing the chief actors to advantage; and these subordinate persons are not especially distinguished by the manner of treatment, from the foremost characters. They all lie in the same plane; and, accordingly, the perspective is a little confused. This crowding distinctness is a fault quite natural to realistic methods. Then there is a dash of picturesque description, with a few items of farming detail, in the book, that also recalls Mr. Hardy's staple of that sort. But, if we speak of resemblances, we must also confess to suspecting some kinship between "Mistress Judith" and Miss Thackeray's "Elizabeth," and a remoter connection with some of Miss Broughton's work. In fine, several suggestions of this sort have presented themselves, while the suggestion of what is due to Fraser-Tyler herself is by no means so clear or insistent. But these resemblances often arise from a community of aim, and not from imitation or unconscious borrowing. Besides, all such considerations are the result of gradual reflection; and we are bound to state that the first impressions we received from "Mistress Judith" were exceptionally agreeable. And, as the public is apt to go a good deal by first impressions, we believe there is warranty enough for saying to those who have not yet read this prettily told little story, that they will not lose anything by doing so. Of course, in a love-story nowadays we can't tolerate the "green old age," and "ever after lived happily" business, so that few will be disappointed to find that the heroine in this case did *not* come into a second verdancy, but died prematurely, and that the rest of the people apparently lived unhappily afterward. Besides, Judith is so tenderly sketched in life, and we are let down so very considerably at the end, that we shall go on thinking that she lived, and that the novelist only made believe at the end, to suit today's fashion. So, on the whole, we are not sorry to have read so simple and healthy a tale, and believe that, with its pleasant tinge of sadness, it will prove just the sort of novel that many readers will be glad to find blown into their hands by the spring breezes, to begin a summer's intellectual dissipation with.

The French Revolution.*

ANOTHER handy volume of the "Epochs of History" treats, in a thoroughly impartial and common sense way, the eventful struggle of France between 1789 and 1815, which has been more written about and commented on than any other great crisis of the history of the world. Certainly, we can agree with what Mr. Morris says in his preface: "An abridgment cannot be a real history. * * * Still, I am not without hope that I have represented in something like exact outline the great features of that period of trouble and war, * * * and, I trust, I have placed events in their true proportions, and

that the opinions I have expressed are correct and moderate."

In an appendix by President White, of Cornell University, the scholar will find a carefully chosen index of works on the Revolution, which will give him the best examples of the diverse opinions held in regard to it by profound thinkers and clever observers, thus sparing him the tedium and waste of time of wading through inferior authorities. Each reference has a few words of commentary attached, giving the general scope of the author. Colored maps of Europe in 1789 and 1812 assist the memory of general readers.

President White divides the literature of the French Revolution into four broad fields, which follow each other chronologically. The first is that of conviction and clearness of purpose, and includes the eighteenth century philosophers with the year of the fall of the Triumvirate. The second is distinguished for reaction, and dates from that fall in 1794 to the death of Louis in 1824. The third is a wave of counter-reaction in which the Revolution and its men are lauded; while the fourth dates from the Revolution of 1848, and consists of the modern critical school of history.

This volume of the Epochs is very remarkable for its completeness and trustworthiness as a handbook of the French Revolution and First Empire.

"Days near Rome."

It is not easy to persuade Americans and English off the beaten track of travel anywhere, least of all in Italy, where ignorance of the language, apprehensions of fever and banditti, and the certain absence of what are called "comforts," combine to deter them. Of the dwellers in Rome, even, probably not a tithe know by more than name most of the excursions described by Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare in his new volume, "Days near Rome." Yet many of these excursions lie within the limits of a few hours' drive, while the more distant, those into the Abruzzi country, the Volscian and Hernican Hills, and the Maritima, can be enjoyed at the price of a week's ramble on foot or horseback, or in a light carriage, with endurable discomforts in the way of food and lodging.

No one can be said to have seen Italy who has not thus departed from the dusty paths over which couriers lead their Murray-equipped victims. A decade drops away at each roll of the wheels as you climb into the hill fastnesses, and penetrate the beautiful, melancholy Campagna wastes. The color and flavor of the middle ages surround you, each breath of air seems laden with history; you comprehend what is the imperishable dower, which, for so many centuries, has made Italy mistress of the human imagination.

The most southerly of Mr. Hare's excursions takes us to Monte Cassino, a magnificent Benedictine monastery on the Naples road; the most northerly, to Orvieto, and the Etruscan cities of Viterbo, Norchia, and Bieda, with their Cyclopean walls and ruined temple-tombs. Most fascinating of all is that

* The French Revolution and First Empire. By William O'Connor Morris. 16mo. New York, 1875: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

to Ninfa, a town in the Pontine marshes, deserted a century ago, perhaps by reason of its deadly situation, and taken possession of since by the flower-people for their capital and court. No fairy tale ever written is so fantastic as this picture of the dream-like ruins, sunk in marsh, buried in thick ivy, grown over by wild flowers of every scent and hue—marigold, narcissus, mallows, white lilies, clematis, bramble, ferns, brilliant yellow broom, wall-flower, myrtle, mint—ivy everywhere. "One may fling one's self in this sea of blossoms, quite intoxicated by the perfume, and the most charming fairy power enchains the soul."—(Porter & Coates.)

"Harry Blount."*

MR. HAMERTON'S last effort in the literary field takes a new direction in "Harry Blount; Passages in a Boy's Life on Land and Sea," a book which is pretty sure, we should say, to please boys of all ages, from six to sixty. It is a fresh, natural tale of a boy's experiences at school, and afterward in a yacht voyage on the west coast of Scotland, winding up with a really exciting adventure,—where the yacht "Alaria" slips her moorings, and runs off into mid-ocean captainless and crewless, with the exception of Harry and his friend, "Greenfield minor." The incidents are probable and pleasantly told, and everywhere there is a spirit of refinement, rare in stories meant for boys, whose tastes, if we should judge from much of our current literature, lie hopelessly in the direction of slang and coarse mischief.

French and German Books.

A Travers les Etats-Unis. Simonin. Paris, 1875: Charpentier.—Lately M. Simonin has been giving detailed accounts of New York City in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, and at the same time publishes a volume of travels in the United States in 1868, corrected and augmented by notes taken in other visits in 1870 and 1874. So thorough an examination of his subject is not without its legitimate results, and we feel at once that he knows what he is talking about, whether it be Digger Indians or Knickerbockers. Without being profound, nor, it would seem, very hard to please, he presents a favorable and very just picture of the outside features of life and manners in the United States. Emigration and the Indian question are intelligently and carefully considered. "The Times" has pointed out a very grave mistake made by M. Simonin in his recent articles on New York City, where he attributes the starting of the plucky fight against the Ring to the late Mr. Greeley instead of to "The Times." But this is a matter of local politics.—(Christern.)

Littérature Contemporaine en Russie. C. Courrière. Paris, 1875: Charpentier.—The literature of Russia, of which Tourgénéff is the best known, and, to most English-speaking people, the only known representative, is given in this volume in a series of careful

sketches, which evince more of the precision of a teacher than the ardor of an author seeking to interest his reader in the subject. The work is done thoroughly and satisfactorily, and has in method two great advantages over the other variety of literary history, the ardent, in that one gets a greater amount of useful knowledge in the same space, and is spared the obtrusive Individuality of the author. Especially worth reading is the introductory sketch of Russian non-contemporaneous literature, say before 1820. In many respects Russia has held to Europe, with regard to its intellectual and literary life, a position analogous to that of the United States.—(Christern.)

Catalogue Générale de la Librairie Française. 4 vols., large 8vo. Paris: Otto Lorenz.—This is a work of great labor, for which all readers of French should be grateful. Not only are the names of authors publishing, and books published, in France between the years 1840 and 1865 given with exactness, but exhaustive indices of contents are in many cases appended.—(Scribner, Welford & Armstrong.)

Supercheries Littéraires Dévoilées. J. M. Quéard. Paris, 1871: Paul Daffis.—A second edition of the real names and works of anonymous and pseudonymous writers, into which are incorporated other smaller works of a similar character, forming a very complete dictionary for readers curious in this kind of literature.—(S. W. & A.)

Der Bürgerkrieg in den Nord-Amerikanischen Staaten. Scheibert, Major of Prussian Engineers. Berlin: Mittler & Sohn.—Although Major Scheibert cannot help being a partisan of the South, both from the political complexion of his mind, and the fact that he fought on the staff of the Southern General Stuart, and although he disgusts the reader now and then with servile allusions to Prussian magnates, his book is exceedingly valuable as the work of a thoroughly trained soldier writing from the Southern side. Our enemies are our best teachers, and we can afford to smile at reluctant admissions of some few improvements in the way of guns and armaments in the Northern States, as well as some very patent omissions of facts to our credit that are of common notoriety, when our real shortcomings are plainly set before us by a man who knows his craft. Scheibert's experience on Stuart's staff makes his remarks on cavalry especially interesting, not only to the army officer, but to every citizen. In light sketches of the Virginia campaigns he does not fail to accept the numbers given by his friends, both as to the Southern and Northern armies engaged, and, very naturally, his admiration of General Lee is extravagant. Remarkable and wholesome is his reprobation of spoliations of non-combatants, and the stress he lays on the strict spirit of morality, which, toward the last, lent the Southern armies extraordinary powers. He testifies to the inestimable advantage possessed by the Southern leaders in their system of scouts and light cavalry, which gave them perfect news of the position of the opposing armies at every hour of the day. He admires thoroughly the way the artillery was served on both sides, and gives the

* Harry Blount. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

command of Lee and Jackson to their gunners: "Never fire at the enemies' guns when there are any troops in sight." As to the manner of infantry attack, he insists, curiously enough, on the similarity of the American mode to the last elaboration of the Prussian tactics, and makes a shrewd criticism on the inferiority of Northern officers of the lowest ranks (commissioned and non-commissioned), and the consequent untrustworthiness in battle of a company as a unit. To this failing of men without a long and careful soldier's education, he attributes the intrenchment system used on both sides; light breastworks and flanking intrenchments giving the private soldier the same confidence that Prussian tactics strive to build up by careful instruction of the individual in the details of war. No American officer should neglect to read this contribution to a knowledge of our strength and weakness in the event of a war.—(L. W. Schmidt, 24 Barclay.)

Die Sensoriellen und Sensitiven Sinne. Susanna Rubinstein, Dr. Phil. Leipzig: Edelman.—Dr. Rubinstein is a woman who has entered the higher ranks of scientific research. She writes clearly and profoundly on the sensorial nerves—those going direct to the brain; and the sensitive—those passing through the backbone to the brain. Susanna Rubinstein treats of each sense successively, and sketches the latest results of investigations into the functions of the eye and ear, the senses of taste and smell, and of touch in general and particular, ending with broad generalizations, in which she calls the Germans, as a race, exponents of the sense of hearing, while Englishmen exhibit the sixth or muscular sense. In still broader masses the Indo-Germanic division of humanity belongs in the visual camp—those who follow the eye; while the Semitic division adheres to the aural—those who follow the ear.—(Schmidt.)

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Hydraulic Motors.

THE universal introduction of water under pressure into our cities has developed a great variety of machines for creating power out of this convenient pressure. These hydraulic motors are becoming so numerous, that already they make large demands upon the street mains, and the water intended originally for domestic purposes is being consumed for the sake of its power. The free use of the sewing-machine, and the introduction of so much light machinery in both stores and dwellings, has only stimulated the use of these motors, and it will eventually become a question how far they may be allowed to draw upon our water supplies. The most simple water motor now used is a small breast wheel inclosed in a metallic box. It will run one sewing-machine with thirty feet of pressure, and demands a supply of water through an opening only one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter. Other motors are made in the form of pumps, both upright and horizontal, or in the shape of cylinders, both fixed and oscillating. One of this form recently patented uses a pressure of less than twenty feet, and runs a single sewing-machine with ease and speed. The most common water motors are upright, slow-moving pumps. They are now quite generally introduced in churches for blowing pipe organs, where power is more desirable than speed. Reservoirs for storing water are now being placed just under the roofs of some of our larger buildings, and the pressure thus obtained is used for light machinery in the lower stories and for elevator purposes. The chief value of this class of motors lies in their cheapness, lightness, and low powers, the ease with which power is transmitted long distances through pipes, and the very small amount of water

used for the power obtained. It is suggested that a central pump drawing lake or sea water might force the water through pipes laid in the streets and stores and dwellings, and so distribute power to any who cared to purchase it for use in such hydraulic motors.

Fog-Horns and Morse's Alphabet.

It is suggested that the fog-horns now so extensively used upon our coast should pronounce the initial letter of the name of their locality in Morse's alphabet. There then could be no mistake about their identity. The present sounds given at each light-house are arbitrary, difficult to remember, devoid of meaning, and very confusing. In Morse's alphabet there would be less difficulty in understanding the sound, and each horn would have a character of its own that could not be mistaken. There is also much confusion in relation to the lights themselves, and to distinguish the places, expensive and troublesome apparatus is needed to create the varieties of revolving, flashing, colored, and double lights. By flashing the lights in Morse's alphabet, the initial letter of the place, or its full name, could be given, and all possible danger of mistaking the lights would be avoided. This idea has already received some attention, and will, no doubt, be eventually adopted everywhere, as the Morse alphabet is rapidly becoming an international system of writing.

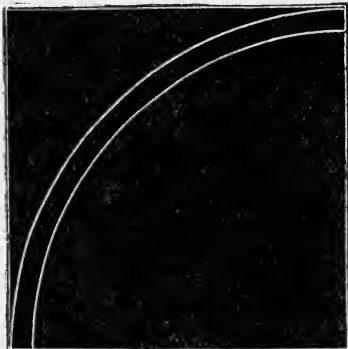
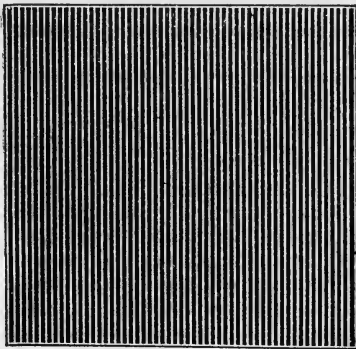
New Book on the Locomotive.

FOR students of applied science, young people who care to know something of the most important motor used in modern civilization, "A Catechism of the Locomotive," by M. N. Forney, just issued by the "Railroad Gazette," New York, will be invaluable.

ble. Its two hundred and fifty pictures, and six hundred pages, and excellent index, make up a book of reference and practical instruction worthy any school or railroad library (some wise railroad companies have free libraries for the use of their men). The Catechism form at first seems unattractive, but the questions are so pertinently and cleverly answered that the reading of the book becomes actually entertaining. The pictures are particularly interesting, and even a casual look at them helps one to understand that most fascinating of machines, the locomotive engine. Every part of the engine is explained clearly and with excellent judgment, and even the most scientific formulas and theories are treated in a manner that is exhaustive, but not exhausting.

Defects of Stripe Work.

THE interior walls of a certain church in New York are decorated in perpendicular stripes. Over the pulpit is a large round arch; a few inches above it the arch is repeated in the ornamental work. The perpendicular stripes show plainly in the semicircular strip between them. To the spectator in front all these short stripes appear bent out of line; and, though it is only an optical illusion, the effect is annoying and unsatisfactory. The only remedy for this is to cover up or efface the stripe work between the arches. The following diagrams, copied on tracing paper and laid one over the other, will quickly show the singular effect of stripe work combined with round or pointed arches:



First copy the parallel lines on one sheet, then copy the curved figures on a folded piece of paper. Open it so as to make a half-circle or round arch. Lay this over the net-work of lines, so that it will show between the two curved lines that are designed to be cut out. By moving the figures about, the proper place will be found, the illusion will be produced, and the defect of the stripes in the church will be shown.

Pneumatic Tubes.

THESE tubes, for conveying messages from the office to the operating-room, are now being rapidly introduced into all the larger telegraph stations. The most approved method of constructing them is to place the motive power, a suction or exhaust blower, in the basement of the building, and to make a single return pipe for all the tubes. The tubes, made of brass (lead is said to be better), extend in as direct a line as possible, and all the turns are made on a large radius. At the bottom of the first upward curve couplings are so arranged that the tube may be opened and a small section taken out. Stoppages usually occur here, and by removing the coupling the carrier may be recovered and the obstruction removed. The receiving-boxes at the top of the tubes are of wood, with glass doors. The return current of air is taken from the top of all the boxes, and descends to the blower through one large sheet-iron pipe. Over the mouth of each tube is fixed a small brass lever or tell-tale, provided with a spring to keep it inclined over the tube. The carrier on arriving pushes the tell-tale aside, and a catch holds it there. This motion closes a small open circuit and rings an electric alarm-bell. The attendant, on removing the carrier from the box, re-adjusts the tell-tale and stops the bell. Besides this the carrier, as it arrives, causes a slight explosion of air, that serves to draw the attention of the attendant.

Manufactured Fuel.

Two distinct methods have been employed in preparing for use the combustible refuse which accumulates in and near our coal mines. In one of these a moderate degree of heat was applied to the particles of coal while they were forced into molds. In the other, an independent cementing material is employed to give strength to the blocks, so that they may be safely handled during transportation or while in use. In the first method, the pitch elements of the coal were slightly softened by the heat, and the pressed blocks, after they had cooled, were hard and strong enough to bear a moderate amount of handling. In the second method, the cementing material is thoroughly mixed with the coal, and whatever strength the molded blocks may possess is due to the bond of the cement itself. A variety of substances have been experimented with for this purpose, but common clay has proved the most useful as anything. In some of the French works, however, a glutinous refuse from the starch manufacture has been employed with good results. It

plain that the bond of the particles in the pressed block should be such as to remain unaffected by the weather, by any ordinary handling, and, as far as practicable, by the heat of the fire upon which the blocks may finally be placed for use. It is also important that the least possible material should be used in making the blocks that could add to the ash already existing in the coal. While the tar that has been somewhat used as a cementing material is itself combustible, and, hence, a useful substance, it was found to leave the blocks brittle when cold, and to be a cause of inconvenience in the use of the blocks, as they would lose their shape in the fire and become fused into a solid mass upon the grate. The starch refuse seems to have proved as useful as any other material, for it is abundant enough, in the places where it can be had at all, to be cheap, and is both free from ash and from any tendency to soften or fuse when heated. It has been proposed to wet the blocks or lumps of coal, when cemented with clay, with a solution of rosin in benzine. This is not expensive, and after drying it protects the lump quite perfectly from the moisture of the atmosphere, which would soften and separate the clay bond. It is true that when lump coal is at all abundant, it is cheaper to use it and to let the refuse lie, even though it may be perfectly combustible. In some European countries, however, coal is scanty and of poor quality, and it becomes important to utilize every particle. The chief difficulty encountered in the use of the refuse as it comes from the mines, is that it is produced almost always as fine dust, which, when it lies upon a grate, forms a mass that is nearly or quite impervious to air. Hence only a sluggish fire can be made with it, unless a very strong draft is induced, and for many purposes it cannot be used at all. If, then, after being molded into blocks or lumps, it can be made to burn as an open clear fire, it answers quite as good a purpose as the best lump coal. In order to utilize the dust from our anthracite mines, it is probable that the admixture of clay will be found one of the best means available. It would be required, too, for the dry bituminous coals which abound in the Western States, and which are also largely worked in France and Germany. In these foreign countries far greater attention has been given to this manufacture than we have yet been called upon to give.

The Use of Pulverized Fuel.

A VERY complete solution of the whole fuel question, so far as the use of fine or dust coal is concerned, is found in the methods that have been urged for their use in the form of a very fine powder. Some of these plans are quite perfect in theory, but the difficulty still remains of reducing them to the hard and nearly inflexible conditions of actual practice in common hands, and with the varying chances of imperfect maintenance of machinery and fixtures. The whole idea of laying the fine coal upon a grate to be burned away slowly is abandoned, and by a strong jet of air a flow of the

powdered fuel is induced, the minute particles being diffused through the air jet into the furnace or chamber in which the heat due to the combustion of the fuel is to be developed or utilized. A fire is first kindled in the heating chamber, and by it the jet of inflammable material is lighted as soon as it is introduced. The jet burns with an intense and a very voluminous flame, which may be maintained indefinitely, as long as the machinery for supplying it continues in motion. Two difficulties have been encountered in the development of this method. One is the somewhat uncertain quality of the jet, so to speak, or the chance of an imperfect mixture of the particles of coal with the current of air. The other is the impossibility of maintaining for any considerable time in proper repair any surface or wall of brick work against which the burning jet of powdered fuel may impinge. The intensity of its wasting action is so great, that, at the point where it strikes, the best refractory materials are of little or no avail, as they all yield to it. When thus concentrated the effect is nearly like that of a blow-pipe on the largest scale. It seems impossible that a method so promising as this, of utilizing what is nearly or quite a waste material, should always remain outside of the conditions of actual useful practice. Some of these conditions, however, know no master, and can be reduced only by the longest and most costly endeavor.

High Temperatures.

ONE of the trying difficulties that has beset our metallurgists has been that of maintaining readily and cheaply, in processes requiring very high temperatures, the few last and highest degrees of heat. This has been the more trying because, upon the continuance of this extreme degree of heat the success of the whole in many cases has depended; and all that may have been done by way of preparation at lower temperatures has repeatedly been found to prove of no avail unless this extreme limit was fully reached and maintained. The most recent and well-approved method of making steel can be carried out only at nearly or quite the highest temperature that is known; and, as steel is really our best material for a great variety of purposes, the question of a cheap means of producing and maintaining a high heat is one of the utmost importance. To melt steel in crucibles which contain two or three hundred pounds has been quite an easy thing for years, so far as the amount and degree of heat are concerned. For years past, too, it has been possible to melt certain kinds of steel in larger quantities, even in three or five-ton charges, though his has been only a bare possibility for want of this last fraction of the great total heat required for the perfect result. The Bessemer process of making steel develops a tremendous heat in its own way, but the time of its duration is very brief, and, in an important sense, it cannot be controlled. The regenerative furnace has proved to be the means needed, not only to give this last fraction of heat, but also to give it in such a way as to put the whole

steel manufacture a long step ahead, and into the possession, almost assured at the present moment, of a limitless field. It may fairly be said, too, that this important result has been achieved by the utilization of one of the waste products of older methods of steel-making, that is, by the employment for a useful purpose of the waste heat that has always been allowed to escape from the crucible melting-hole, or from the older form of furnace in which attempts were made to melt steel, this heat being in every sense a waste product.

The Regenerative Furnace.

THE essential idea of the regenerative furnace is the heating of the gaseous elements, which are to be burned by passing them through cells, or regenerators, before they enter the melting-hearth or chamber of the furnace. These regenerators themselves are first heated by the escape through them to the chimney of the waste products of combustion from the furnace. The regenerators are so placed in pairs beneath the furnace that the waste gases escape through one pair, while the entering gases pass into the heating chamber through the other pair. They are completely filled with a cellular mass of brick, and the waste gases, as they pass through the spaces between the brick, heat the mass to a temperature nearly equal to their own. While the pair of regenerators under one end of the furnace is thus becoming heated, the gaseous fuel, and the air needed to effect its combustion, are led separately into the heating chamber, through the other pair of regenerators. At the first lighting of the furnace, the waste products of combustion flow down through the pair of regenerators at one end until the cellular mass of brick has become heated. Then, by changing the position of a set of reversing valves, through which the waste gases must flow on their way to the chimney, this current from the furnace is reversed and made to pass down through the cold regenerators under the other end of the furnace, and they, in their turn, become heated. By this same reversing of the valves, the air and gas entering the furnace are made to pass separately through the heated regenerators, and are thus themselves separately heated before entering the heating chamber of the furnace. Thus, by frequent reversings of the valves, as the temperature of the furnace increases, the gaseous fuel and the air are heated by the action of the waste products of combustion upon the cellular masses of brick in the regenerators. These entering gases are thus prevented from absorbing more than a trifle of the heat developed in the furnace by the combination of their own combustible elements. It is plain that those parts of the regenerators nearest to the heating chamber will gradually approach more and more nearly to the temperature of this chamber itself. As the entering gases must pass through these most highly heated parts of the regenerators, at the last moment, before entering the heating chamber, they will absorb the least possible amount of the useful heat developed. Thus, the whole heating chamber, with its contents, will approach at

length in temperature to a point as near that due to the combustion of the gaseous fuel as the refractory nature of the brick-work in the furnace roof and walls will allow.

Underground Telegraph Lines.

TELEGRAPH lines upon poles, as in New York, have become troublesome by reason of their multitude. It is proposed to bury them in the street. The plans for doing this may be divided into the pipe and cable systems. In one way No. 18 copper wire is covered with gutta-percha till it fills No. 7 gauge, and this is painted with hot tar. This insulated wire is cut in lengths of 400 feet, and laid with others till bundles of from twenty to one hundred and twenty wires are made, and the whole is then bound together with tapes. Cast-iron pipes are laid down in sections, and the bundle of wires is drawn through them. Each wire is labeled, and when selected, and properly secured to the next section, the joints of the pipe are closed with lead, and covered over. In Paris the wires are hung up inside the larger sewers. The German plan is to lay the insulated wires loosely in brick troughs just below the frost. Another method is to combine a number of wires in a strong insulated cable, and simply to sink it in the ground. A new plan, now being tried in this country, is to sink a square wooden box in the ground. In this a number of naked wires are hung on slats, and asphalt, mixed with sand, is poured over them till they are covered; over this another set of wires is laid, and covered till the box is full. By this plan, the packing acts as an insulator. The expense of sunken wires is said to be greater than the pole lines. The cost of maintenance is less, and the electric value of the wires is diminished. The posts are the chief objection to the present system. Light cables holding a number of wires, and more tasteful styles of post, are proposed. Outside of cities the wooden pole (or, better, an iron one) will always maintain its own. The underground lines are only needed in cities. In Boston the wires run freely over the house-tops, and their distribution over a larger area makes them less troublesome.

Drying Figs in Florida.

THE preparation of figs for market is reported as follows: Sheets are held under the trees (clear of the ground) and the fruit is shaken into them. They are then placed in baskets, and dipped in a bath of strong potash lye for about two minutes, and then dipped in clean water. This is to remove the gum on the outside of the fruit, and to improve the color. They are then placed upon hurdles to dry in the sun, or in a dry-house, and when soft enough to pack closely, are pressed tightly into wooden drums or boxes. The drums hold about fifteen pounds, and must not be made of pine, as it injures the flavor.

Metallized Plasters.

A CURIOUS and valuable addition to the minor arts has just been made by M. Causinus, of Paris, who has invented a process for coating plaster casts

with metal in such a manner as to reproduce, very remarkably, the appearance of the finest bronzes. This process, which we understand differs from that of the electrolyte, brings within the reach of moderate people *fac-similes* of the famous metal work of past centuries. Mr. Rogers Rich, who has purchased the patent for America, exhibits at his rooms, No. 157 Tremont street, Boston, a large collection of examples, comprising the famous armor of Henri II and François I, superb trenchers and plaques by Donatello and Benvenuto Cellini, antique bowls and vases, busts and statues; among which last, in reduced size, are the celebrated *Penseroso* and *Juliano de' Medici* of Michael Angelo from the Medicean Chapel at Florence. *As plasters merely*, the collection is interesting. Every tint of bronze is employed, the gold and copper, the old silver, the deep green, and that vitreous shade which is found in the Pompeian examples; and the fineness and precision with which the most delicate details are given, is extraordinary.

Memoranda.

VARIABLE Tracing Paper.—To make common drawing paper sufficiently transparent for tracing, dissolve castor oil in three volumes of pure spirits of wine and sponge the paper lightly with the compound. As soon as the spirit evaporates, the paper will be ready for use. India ink or a pencil may be used upon it. To restore the opacity of the paper, dip it in a bath of pure spirits of wine. This bath may be saved and used a number of times.

A common squash properly harnessed lifted a weight of 5,000 pounds by its mere expansion in

growing. The experiments were made at Amherst, Mass.

The Acclimatization Society of Paris proposes to attempt the culture of the Syrian sponge in the waters of Southern France. This sponge, through the greed of the divers, seems to be in some danger of extermination, and it is suggested that it might be planted in our own Southern waters. The sponge native here is fine and soft, but is too brittle to have any commercial value.

It is proposed to make magnetic lathe chucks for holding small disks and other light work by transforming the chuck into an electro-magnet by the aid of a battery or a magneto-electric machine. The details of such a lathe chuck will readily suggest themselves to the electrician.

A small half-round bar placed before the mouth and secured to the ears of a "Gamba" organ pipe is said to greatly quicken its speech. The proposed bars may be of wood or metal, and should rest flat side out.

Brown stone face bricks for ornamental purposes have been suggested by the introduction of the diamond saw. Combined with red and black bricks, they might be made very effective.

An international horticultural exhibition and congress is to be held at Amsterdam, Holland, in the summer of 1876, in the Palace of Industry and neighboring grounds. An effort is being made to secure contributions of food and fiber plants, seeds, oils, etc., from all parts of the world, and the congress will be composed of delegates from such countries as desire to be represented.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Reductio ad Absurdum.

BY GEORGE A. BAKER, JR.

I HAD come from the city early
That Saturday afternoon;
I sat with Beatrix under the trees
In the mossy orchard; the golden bees
Buzzed over clover-tops, pink and pearly;
I was at peace, and inclined to spoon.

We were stopping a while with mother,
At the quiet country place
Where first we'd met, one blossomy May,
And fallen in love—so the dreamy day
Brought to my memory many another
In the happy time when I won her grace.

Days in the bright spring weather,
When the twisted, rough old tree
Showered down apple-blooms, dainty and sweet,
That swung in her hair, and blushed at her feet.
Sweet was her face as we lingered together,
And dainty the kisses my love gave me.

"Dear love, are you recalling
The old days too," I said.
Her sweet eyes filled, and with tender grace

She turned and rested her blushing face
Against my shoulder; a sun-beam falling
Through the leaves above us, crowned her head.

And so I held her, trusting
That none was by to see;
A sad mistake—for low, but clear,
This feminine comment reached my ear:
"Married for ages—it's just disgusting—
Such actions—and, Fred, they've got our tree!"

It is not generally known that Theodore Hook's series of "Ramsbottom Papers" were the precursors of all the Mrs. Malaprops and Mrs. Partingtons of a later generation. Let Dorothea Julia Ramsbottom speak for herself in a few sentences from her "Notes on England and France":

"Having often heard travelers lament not having put down what they call the memorybilious of their journies, I was determined while I was on my tower, to keep a dairy (so called, from containing the cream of one's information), and record everything which recurred to me.

"Resolving to take time by the firelock, we left Montague Place at seven o'clock by Mr. Fulmer's pocket thermometer, and proceeded over West-

minster Bridge to explode the European continent. I never pass Whitehall without dropping a tear to the memory of Charles the Second, who was decimated after the rebellion of 1745 opposite the Horse Guards.

"We saw the inn where Alexander, the Autograph of all the Russias, lived when he was here, and, as we were going along, we met twenty or thirty dragons mounted on horses. The ensign who commanded them was a friend of Mr. Fulmer's;



DISCRETION

he looked at Lavinia as if pleased with her *Tooting assembly*. I heard Mr. Fulmer say he was a son of Marr's; he spoke it as if everybody knew his father, so I suppose he must be the son of the poor gentleman who was so barbarously murdered some years ago near Ratcliffe Highway; if he is, he is uncommon genteel.

"Travelers like us, who are mere birds of prey, have no time to waste, so we went to-day to the great church which is called Naughty Dam, where we saw a priest doing something at an altar. Mr. Fulmer begged me to observe the knave of the church, but I thought it too hard to call the man names in his own country."

But Mrs. D. J. R. never stops easily, and we must cut short her "hysterical accounts of her proceedings," lest you may not be grateful for the introduction.

The story of the "Irish Brigade" is one of the most interesting episodes in the history of the Irish people. Driven to the Continent by the law forbidding Catholics to bear arms under the English Crown, they carried abroad their indomitable courage, their unconquerable gayety, and their undying love for their country.

The idol of the Brigade was the celebrated Marshal Saxe, whose great bravery, in union with his jovial, mirthful temperament, gave him a character so engaging, and so kindred to their own.

It was in reference to him originated one of the blunders of poor Pat, that has been so often repeated. The Marshal was wounded in some engagement, and moreover, it was reported, in the *back*. None of the Brigade, however, would believe it.

"When did he ever show his back to 'em?" was the general exclamation. "Wasn't it his face they knew the most of, and wasn't it *their backs* that he knew best?"

At last a solution of the mystery was hit upon.

"He was purshuing 'em, you see, and just to make the villins think that on the contrary he was retrating, *he buttoned his coat behind 'im!*"

"*Voltaire*," said the Rev. Ozias Linley (according to Archdeacon Sinclair, from whom we quote a few paragraphs)—"Voltaire gives the best possible description of our modern pulpit oratory. 'He divided that which required no division; proved that which needed no proof; put himself in a violent passion with perfect composure, and then concluded; upon which his hearers awoke, and swore that they had heard an incomparable discourse.'"

Some one expressed surprise that Sheridan, a proprietor of Drury Lane, should have been seen taking tea and muffins in a coffee-house while the theater was in flames. "And why not?" asked Sheridan. "Is it not allowable to toast a muffin at one's own fire?"

Tom Sheridan once told his father that when he got into Parliament he would not pretend to greater virtue than he possessed, but would at once write upon his forehead "To be let." "That won't do," replied his father, "unless you add *unfurnished*."

Among Linley's favorite anecdotes was one of Handel, which he would thus relate: "Shortly before I became a Minor Canon of Norwich, the organist of the Cathedral received a visit from Handel, and on the following Sunday requested him to 'play out' the congregation at the close of morning service. Handel at once consented, and began in a style wholly different from that to which they had been accustomed. The result was, that instead of going out, they all remained in their seats to enjoy this delightful performance. After some time Handel looked around to see whether they were gone. Observing them still seated, he continued to play, and then looked round a second and a third time, with increasing surprise at their dilatoriness. At last the organist addressed him: 'Mr. Handel, I see you can't "play out" this congregation; let me try what I can do.' Accordingly he took Handel's place, and began to play in his usual style. The congregation immediately perceived the change, and rapidly disappeared!"

Cumberland, jealous of Sheridan's reputation as a dramatist, said he went to hear the "School for Scandal," but could not conceive what it was the world was laughing at. "Did he not laugh?" says Sheridan. "No." "Well, then, that was very ungrateful in Mr. Cumberland, for I laughed at his last tragedy till I was ready to split my sides."

"I'll stake the profits of my last book on that point," says Monk Lewis, at the close of a warm discussion. "No," answered Sheridan, "I can't afford so much, but I am ready to bet the worth of it."

IN making a claim, there's much in a name;
But when the points we reckon,
Who but the Jews could ever refuse
To take the side of Bacon?

FORTH from his grave starts Shakespeare's ghost,
And cries aloud in wrathful tones:
"I now revoke my olden curse,
Leave me my plays, and take my bones!"

Americans who have traveled, not even very much, will acknowledge the justice of the following extract from the correspondence of the "Daily News" from Florence. It could not have been more exact if an American had written it. The scrap has been a good while in our desk, but the annual European push makes it "timely" just now:

"There are very few English travelers here at present. They seldom make their appearance south of the Lake district before October. Of Americans, however, the name is legion. Our transatlantic cousins who pervade Europe may be divided into two classes. The first consists of families, who, as long as they can possibly manage it, make this hemisphere their home. They never lose an opportunity to abuse their own country and its institutions, and so fancy that they will catch a savor of aristocracy by indulging in aristocratic small talk. The head of the family usually remains in New York, keeping a hotel, or making money in some way or other in Wall street. But this stimable trader is ignored. His business in life is to pay the bills of his wife and daughters, who are very grand ladies indeed, keeping open house for innumerable Counts and Barons, and dressing in a style that makes even French damsels of the demi-monde envy them. The other class consists of men who, having made a little money, run over to Europe with their families to see everything that is to be seen in about six weeks. They hurry from place to place; knock off a dozen galleries in the morning; travel all night to save time, and though they go back to the 'great country' without having learnt very much by their trip to this side of the Atlantic, except a knowledge of railroads and hotels, they at least are not ashamed of their own country and its institutions. They make no pretense of being finer than what they are, and they have no snobbish hankering after European aristocrats, believing themselves to be—as indeed they are—in every sense their superiors."

When we add to the above that "the daughters who are very grand ladies," seem to have found the end of life to be to marry some one of the inane and inconceivably small-souled creatures who bear titles in the Italian States—Principi, Conti, and all the rest of the ridiculous homunculi, who make it the end of their existences to marry an Inglesina or Americana with money—we shall have completed the picture of a class, the recollection of which will bring a blush of shame to the cheeks of almost any one who has passed a winter in Rome or Florence. But extremes will meet, and the flakiest and richest upper-crust of the Manhattan plutocracy will find its ambition with the lowest and heaviest residuum of the impoverished and emasculated "aristocracy" of a country in which to be an aristocrat is to all sensible people a doubtful claim to the purest respectability. An English nobleman may be a man worth watching by an intriguing mamma, but an Italian—we once had one to black our boots and wait on our table—a genuine antique, too, a Conte of the Romagna.

The Jack in Office.

BY J. W. DE FOREST.

WHEN Lucifer fled from Salem
He strode a reverend goat,
Who talked like the ass of Balaam
And knew all magic by rote.

No beast had ever such motion,
Or strength or terrible mien;
He vaulted mountain and ocean,
He frightened as soon as seen.

Wherever his footsteps dallied
They withered the blooms and grass;
The comets and stars turned pallid
With horror to see him pass.

The witches welcomed his coming,
The dead arose from their graves,
The fiends burst hustling and humming
From Hell's profoundest of caves.

The goat grew prouder and prouder,
He fancied this power his own;
Each minute he boasted louder
And talked of himself alone.

"Squire Satan, the day is breaking
When earth will know me," he said;
"The astral legions are quaking
Already to hear my tread.

"My force and knowledge of magic
Are surely beyond compare;
I long to do something tragic,
And make the universe stare.

"I long to throw down a quarter,
Or so, of the heavenly host,
And trample the rogues to mortar,
To show them who rules the roast."

Just then the pilgrimage ended,
Beside a portal of Hell;
In silence Satan descended,
Scarce nodding the goat farewell.

That moment his gifts departed,—
Speech, sorcery, speed, and pluck;
No longer creation started,
Whenever he reared to buck.

Quoth Satan: "Call and position
Alone make potencies real;
Goats also must have a mission,
And carry the bright Ideal."

Apropos of the current mania, we have received from William B. Carr, of Petersburg, Virginia, one of the most remarkable pieces of poetry it was ever our privilege to spell. It is called "A Spell of Song, and a Song of Spell," and celebrates the holiday goings-on of A, B, and C, pupils of one Eli Ubi-quitly. We will begin with Part

III.

"As I," says A,
"Am free from fetters
This holiday;
Although as a man
You think you're my betters,
I'll bet that you can't, and I can,
Spell *teapot* with only two letters:
P-o, teapot;
Yes, p-o-t, pot;
And there's a *teapot*."

IV.

"Well done!" says B,
 "But let me C;
 I'll stand a treat,
 If I'll be beat
 At this conceit.
 A moment's hearing give to me,
 And I'll make peasoup out of three:
 S-o-u, peasoup; s-
 O-u-p, soup, yes;
 And there's some *peasoup*, mess."

V.

"Bravo!" says C,
 "Such wondrous knowledge
 Is just from College;
 Now let us B.
 Let's rub our head—
 Yes, yes; 'nough said.
 I'll take but three, just three,
 And *emblem* spell; now see!
 B-l-e, emblem;
 Yes, 'em!
 B-l-e-m, blem;
 And there's your *emblem*."

VI.

"You monsters of iniquity,"
 Cried Master E. Ubiquity;
 For their lessons absurd,
 He had all overheard:
 "Such heterodox-
 Ology ought to be met
 With well applied knocks,
 Upon your bold physiognomies set.
 For such an offense,
 I now shall commence
 To pronounce the sentence."

Master Ubiquity—(with magisterial dignity and solemnity).
 —Immediate amends for this I must demand.

A, B, C, and the rest (laughing, pointing the finger, with an occasional tweedle-dee-dee, and all reciting in concert)—*Demand* with three letters; *m-a-n, demand*.

Master—Retract; or on punishment you may depend.

Boys—*Depend* with three likewise; *p-e-n, depend*.

Master—Let justice your false tongues forever benumb.

Boys—*Benumb* with but three; *so, n-u-m, benumb*.

Master—Let gaping earth yawn, and your bodies embosom.

Boys—*Embosom* with four; *b-o-s-o, embosom*.

Master—I'll send you for sale to the emporium.

Boys—Five: *p-o, i, i, u, emporium*.

The poem does not end here, but that ought to be enough.

When one is so fortunate as to discover a literary treasure, it would be selfish to withhold it for private delectation. Such a treasure we have just found. On the blue cover the ark is seen floating on a serene sea, and the old serpent, very appropriately in *gill*, encircles water and sky, his forked tongue and taper tail entwining at top. Open the volume and you find Eve arrayed, not in traditional costume, but adorned with chignon and frizzes, trail (of the serpent?) *apron* front (that chimes with Scripture), chatelaine, bracelets, and such bewitching high-heeled boots! She has dropped her parasol to reach, with snowy arms uplifted, the one whopping big apple which hangs just above her, while the serpent, dressed simply (with wings and eye-glass), kindly holds down the bough. In the words of the author (who veils his identity under the rather general phrase, "A Descendant of Noah):"

"Nearer the fatal tree they go,
 But then its branches all are high,
 And Eve at first is somewhat shy;
 So Satan, being long and slim,
 Stretched up, and bent her down a limb."*

* Query: Did the phrase, "A Limb of Satan," originate here?

Here is an extract which reminds the reader of Chaucer by its freshness and simplicity of style:

"So wearied nature found repose,
 Till in the morn refreshed they rose,
 Adam to clear a garden patch,
 And Eve new ways and means to hatch.
 Now, the command was very strict
 That they should learn arithmetic;
 So, when a season here they run,
 They 'multiply and carry one,'
 Rejoicing in their figure three,
 Because, as yet, they cannot see
 The vagabond he is to be;
 So Eve sings him lullabys—
 Sings to him of snakes and lies."



CURIOSITY.

Here are the heads of a sermon once preached by a quaint old minister on the text, "Adam, where art thou?" "1st. All men are somewhere. 2dly. Some men are where they ought not to be. 3dly. If they don't take care, they will soon find themselves where they had rather not be."

A noted lawyer visited "Tommy," the learned pig, in Washington, some years ago, and was much impressed. He said to the Chief-Justice, after describing the interview, "I know now why half a pipe is called a hogshead. On account of its great capacity."

"What kind of a man is Squire Simmons, anyway?" "Well, you've seen them snow-storms along early in the winter, when there's a good deal of wind but not much sleighing? That's the sort he is."

Meeting the author of a celebrated poem, after he had been seriously injured by a railroad accident, a friend remarked: "You did not find 'riding on the rail' as pleasant as you pictured it." "Oh, that wasn't riding on the rail, but riding off it. Don't you see?"

Who is the father of all corn? Pop corn.

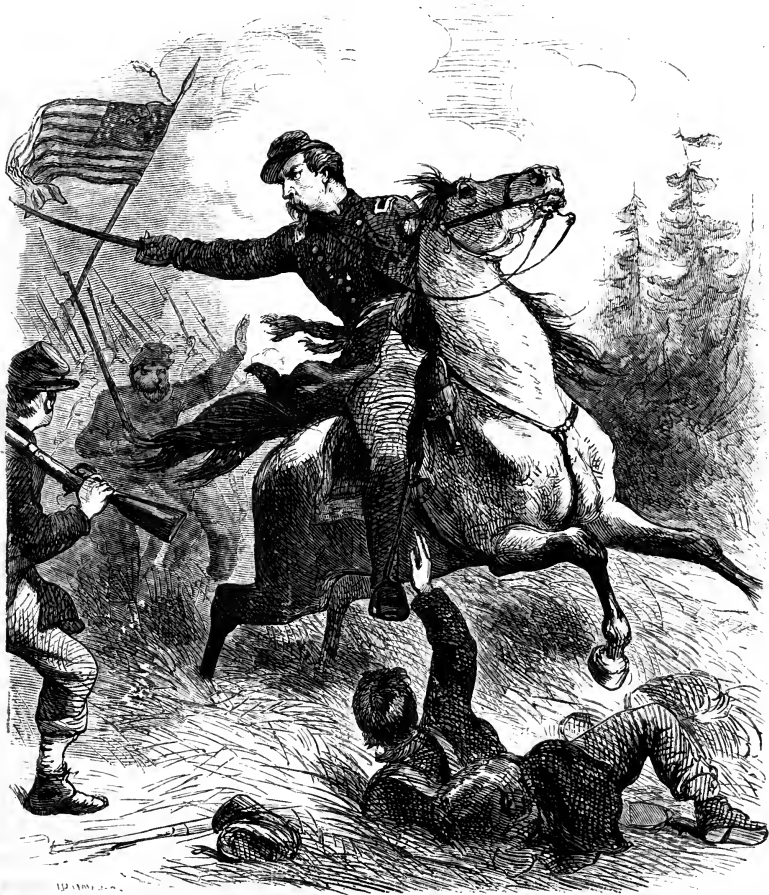
SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. X.

JULY, 1875.

No. 3.

KEARNY AT SEVEN PINES.



So that soldierly legend is still on its journey,—
That story of Kearny who knew not to yield!
'Twas the day when with Jameson, fierce Berry, and Birney,
Against twenty thousand he rallied the field.
Where the red volleys poured, where the clamor rose highest,
Where the dead lay in clumps through the dwarf oak and pine;
Where the aim from the thicket was surest and nighest,—
No charge like Phil Kearny's along the whole line.

When the battle went ill, and the bravest were solemn,
 Near the dark Seven Pines, where we still held our ground,
 He rode down the length of the withering column,
 And his heart at our war-cry leapt up with a bound;
 He snuffed, like his charger, the wind of the powder,—
 His sword waved us on, and we answered the sign:
 Loud our cheer as we rushed, but his laugh rang the louder,
 "There's the devil's own fun, boys, along the whole line!"

How he strode his brown steed! How we saw his blade brighten
 In the one hand still left—and the reins in his teeth!
 He laughed like a boy when the holidays heighten,
 But a soldier's glance shot from his visor beneath.
 Up came the reserves to the mellay infernal,
 Asking where to go in—through the clearing or pine?
 "Oh, anywhere! Forward! 'Tis all the same, Colonel:
 You'll find lovely fighting along the whole line!"

Oh, evil the black shroud of night at Chantilly,
 That hid him from sight of his brave men and tried!
 Foul, foul sped the bullet that clipped the white lily,
 The flower of our knighthood, the whole army's pride!
 Yet we dream that he still,—in that shadowy region,
 Where the dead form their ranks at the wan drummer's sign,—
 Rides on, as of old, down the length of his legion,
 And the word still is Forward! along the whole line.

THE CITY OF THE GOLDEN GATE.

MARVELOUS has been the growth of San Francisco. Its story reads like a chapter from the "Arabian Nights." Yesterday a dreary waste of sand—to-day a city of a quarter of a million souls, with an aggregate wealth of five hundred millions. The men who laid its foundations—who were present at its birth and christening—are hardly past the prime of life.

Never was there a more unsightly spot for a city. A long ragged peninsula, mottled with mammoth sand dunes, over which swept the sharp winds and chilling fogs of summer, and the pitiless storms of winter; isolated from the main land, barren, verdureless, horrid to the eye, with the broad Pacific dashing its waves against it on one side, and a stormy inland sea beating upon it on the other—no wonder the heart of the pioneer sunk within him as he gazed upon the inhospitable wilds for the first time. It was no less uninviting in its social aspect. An old church, and a cluster of adobe huts at the Mission; a lot of wretched rookeries at

the Presidio; a few hide and tallow warehouses on the beach—that was all. The population was made up of Greasers, Digger Indians, a few white traders, deserters from whale ships, and adventurers of no nationality in particular, the whole numbering a few hundred souls. Its very name—"Yerba Buena"—was strange to American ears.

Yet it was manifest to the sharp observer that nature had intended the place for a great city. Nearly twenty years before the first Argonaut had planted his foot upon its site, Captain Bonneville, the famous explorer, predicted that here would rise one of the great marts of commerce and naval stations of the world. The bay of San Francisco is a vast inland sea. It has an extreme length of over seventy miles, a mean width of ten miles, and a circumference—if we include San Pablo and Suisun bays, which are properly its arms—of two hundred and fifty-six miles. Within the circle of its deep water all the navies of the world could safely



SAN FRANCISCO IN 1849.

ride at anchor, for the mighty portals of the Golden Gate protect it against the surf of the Pacific. It is as picturesque as it is grand. A noble amphitheater of hills, Grecian in form and contour, exquisitely varied in play of light and shadow, encircles it. It is dotted with islands and margined with sunny slopes; two vast rivers—the Sacramento and the San Joaquin—bring their tribute of water to it, and innumerable minor streams—children of the valley and the mountain—discharge their crystal treasures into its bosom. It is the home of the sea-gull and the pelican, of the porpoise and the sturgeon. Even the shark, the sea-lion and the devil-fish not infrequently visit its deeper recesses.

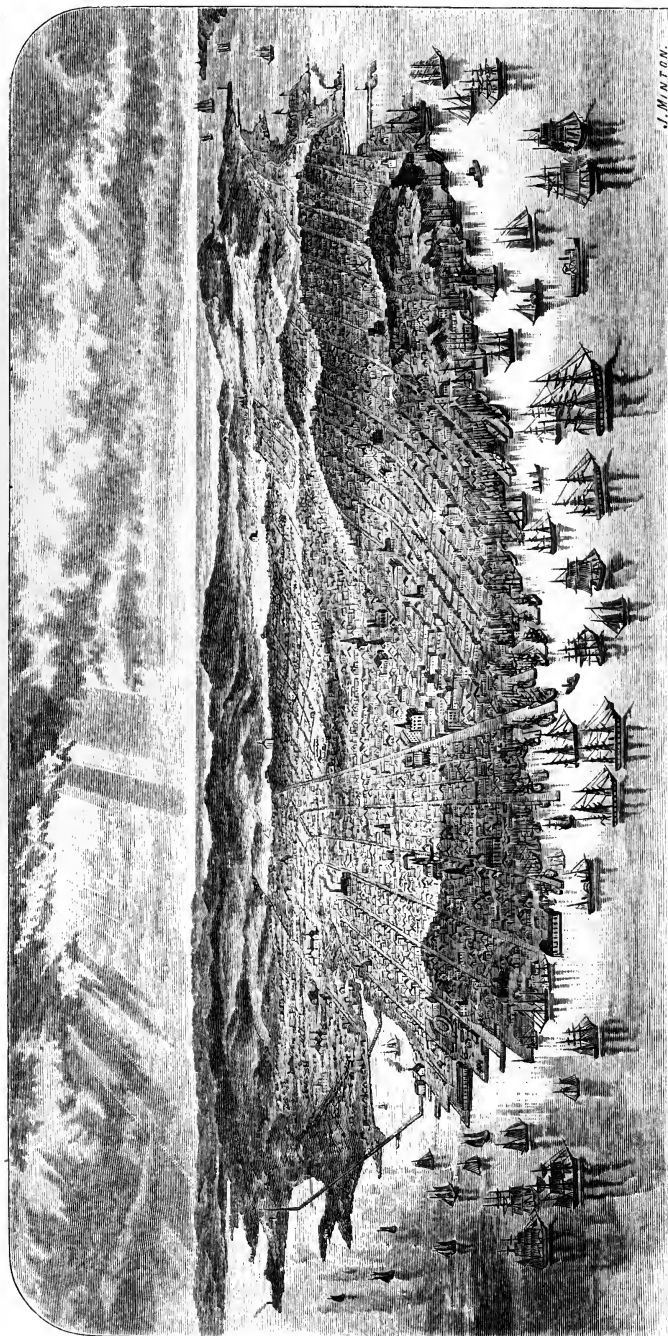
The stranger who landed in San Francisco in 1849 beheld a unique spectacle. He found men living, for the most part, in tents and shanties. There were few adventurers of the baser sort, and they were speedily exterminated or expelled. The refining influence of woman was almost entirely wanting, yet nowhere was true woman held in profounder respect. Life and property were far more secure than in older communities. Locks and bars were unknown. Men trusted their all to those who were strangers but a few hours before. There were virtually no written laws, but a "higher law" of honor and probity controlled the actions of the people. There was not a school; not a

Protestant church; but men who left Christian homes brought their Bibles with them, and the sweet influences of virtuous home example protected them from vicious courses. Never, perhaps, in a community made up of such heterogeneous elements, attracted by love of adventure and the thirst for gold, were there so few bad men.

But this condition of things did not last long. The fame of the gold discovery attracted a horde of adventurers from all parts of the world. Ruffians and cut-throats, thieves and gamblers, from every land poured in, a foul and fetid stream, tainting the air and polluting the soil. Convicts from Australia; the scum of European cities; "bruisers" from New York and "plug uglies" from Philadelphia; desperadoes from Central and South America; pariahs from India and outcasts from the South Sea Islands, swooped down, a hideous brood, upon the infant city. The effect was soon visible. Crime of almost every conceivable grade ran riot. Gambling dens monopolized the heart of the town. Murderers walked about the streets unchallenged in midday. Leading citizens were murdered in cold blood in their places of business, or on their way home at night. No man's life, no man's property, was safe. Then followed the uprising of the people—the punishment of the principal offenders, sharp, quick, terrible—without the formula of legal proceedings—and the dispersion

and flight of more notorious ruffians. A short reign of peace and order—then a repetition in a new and perhaps more danger-

of municipal corruption. The thieves and cut-throats, intrenching themselves within the precincts of the City Hall, made war upon the life of the community. Again the people rose in righteous anger, and applied the heroic treatment to local abuses. Instead of suspending the Tweeds and Connollys of 1856 from office, they suspended them from second story windows. The remedy was harsh, but it was effective; it was extra-judicial, but it brought order out of anarchy. The Vigilance Committee, having fulfilled its mission, dissolved never to re-appear. The power it had so terribly and discreetly wielded, passed peacefully into the People's Party, to be exercised through constitutional channels, to be used for the popular good. Henceforward San Francisco became one of the most quiet law-abiding, well-governed cities in the world. Various efforts to establish corrupt rings have since been made, but thanks to a vigilant Press and a public opinion with which it is still dangerous to trifle, they have failed. Its rulers have been, with few exceptions, able and upright, identified with its best interests, careful of its good name and proud of the distinction of having proved true to their trusts. The machinery of our local government is simple. The power rests almost absolutely in a single body—the Board of Supervisors. The only direct check upon its actions is the veto of the Mayor. A corrupt Board could inflict incalculable injury upon the city; yet



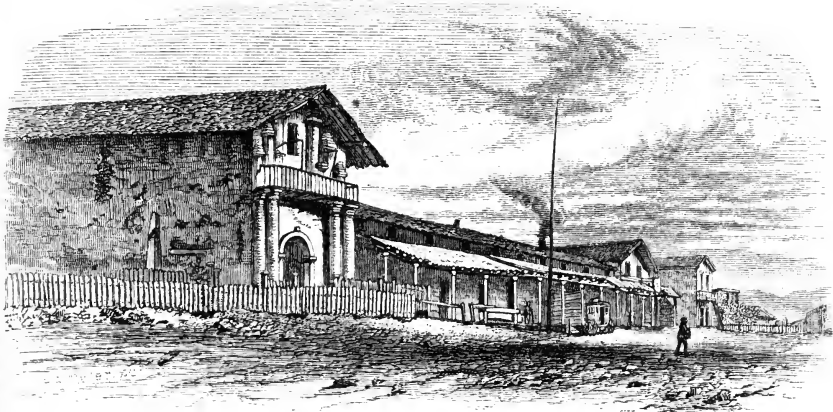
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SAN FRANCISCO—1875.

ous form, of the disorders of 1850 and '51. The era of vulgar ruffianism followed that

veto of the Mayor. A corrupt Board could inflict incalculable injury upon the city; yet

so potent is the corrective force of public opinion, so jealous are these people of their rights, so quick to punish unfaithful public servants, that few iniquitous jobs have ever been consummated.

The old landmarks—pride of the pioneer—have nearly all disappeared. The wooden shanty, the dingy adobe hut, the crazy rookery on piles, have given place to palatial structures; and San Francisco is rapidly



THE OLD MISSION CHURCH ("MISSION DOLORES"), SAN FRANCISCO.

The pioneer loves to dwell on the changes that have taken place in the physical aspect of the city. He will tell you that the greater part of the business portion of the town has been reclaimed from the sea; that where mighty warehouses now stand ships rode at anchor; that where the Babel of commerce roars loudest, the peaceful crab had his home and the festive dolphin disported; that the tide swashed against the sandy shore on the present line of Montgomery street; that where now stands the Cosmopolitan Hotel,

taking rank architecturally with the great cities of the world. Front and Battery and Sanson are already fine business streets; Kearny, Montgomery, California, and the lower part of Market suggest a town a hundred years old. Some of the public and private buildings are among the most elegant and costly in the country.

The new City Hall, on the site of the ancient burial-ground, will, when completed, cost at least five millions of dollars. The new Mint, on the corner of Fifth and Mission, with its splendid front of Corinthian columns, is one of the finest buildings in America, and has cost the Government about two millions of dollars.

The Palace Hotel, to be opened in September, will be the largest establishment of the kind in the world; it will accommodate twelve hundred guests, and cost between three and four million dollars. All its furniture will be not only of California manufacture, but of California material. It will have three immense inner courts, roofed with glass, a marble-tiled promenade, and a tropical garden with exotic plants; it will have a music pavilion and a band in constant attendance. To run this mammoth caravansary will require over three hundred and fifty people.

Among other noticeable buildings are the new Custom-House, the Nevada Block, the Safe and Deposit Block, the Occidental, Lick and Grand Hotels, and the Railroad Block, corner of Fourth and Townsend.



THE OLD MISSION CHURCH (RESTORED).

covered a sand-hill seventy feet high; that the southern limit of the city was Bush street; that all beyond from the junction of Montgomery and Market to the ocean was a howling wilderness.

Many of the private residences are very large, rich and elaborate. The stranger, riding along Bush, Pine, Sutter, Post streets,

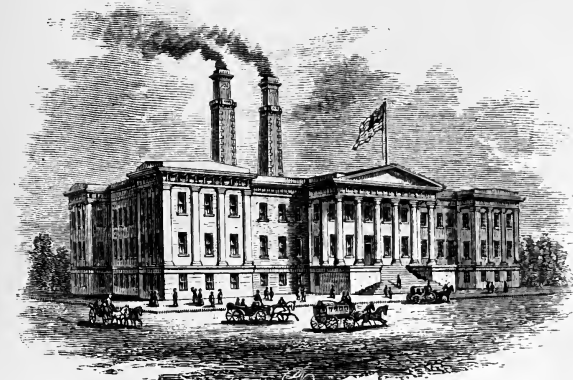
ings—the splendors of the East and West combined. An invited guest, he will find a royal hospitality dispensed, and sit down to dinners that would tempt an anchorite to forget his vows of abstinence; for these people are generous livers.



NEW CITY HALL, SAN FRANCISCO.

and Van Ness Avenue, will find it difficult to realize that he is in a city only a quarter of a century old. But he will also be struck with the absence of architectural unity.

In 1849 its population was 2,000; in 1850 it was 20,000; in 1860 it was 56,000; in 1870 it was 149,000; in 1874 it was 200,000. Now, it is about 230,000, and, at the present ratio of growth, in 1880 it will be 369,000. Never has the growth been as rapid as now. Over two thousand buildings have been erected within the past twelve months, while Oakland, Alameda, San Rafael, and other suburbs have been advancing with unexampled rapidity.



THE NEW UNITED STATES BRANCH MINT, SAN FRANCISCO.

Hardly any two mansions are exactly alike. The "orders" are fearfully and wonderfully mixed. He will find Corinthian, Gothic, Doric, Byzantine huddled together in a chaotic jumble of wood and stone, and brick and iron; yet there is a sort of family likeness running through all—an architectural kinship that is essentially Californian. There is the ubiquitous bay window (the San Franciscan has learned that sunlight makes the doctor's visits rare), and the ambitious Mansard roof, and the elaborate cornices—terror of timid pedestrians in earthquake times—and the somewhat "loud" front entrance. Entering a rich man's house, he will find luxury carried to the utmost limit of the possible; princely halls, and dazzling drawing-rooms; the floors covered with richest carpets; the walls adorned with costly paint-

The growth of commerce has nearly kept pace with the growth of population. San Francisco is to-day the third city in the Union, measured by the aggregate of its importations and exportations. The early records of the Custom-House were destroyed by fire, and we have no data prior to 1854, when the appraised value of imports was only \$5,000,000; in 1864 it was nearly \$11,000,000; in 1869 it was \$16,000,000; in 1874 it was nearly \$29,000,000. A comparison



PALACE HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO.

000; in 1869 it was \$16,000,000; in 1874 it was nearly \$29,000,000. A comparison

of tonnage will perhaps give a better idea of the growth of the business of the port. In 1854 it was only 194,000; in 1874 it was 662,000. A notable feature of the commercial development of the city is the Oriental trade. Until 1869 it was comparatively of little importance—the aggregate tonnage from China and Japan for that year



STARR KING'S CHURCH, GEARY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

being 65,752; but with the inauguration of steamship service it received a sudden impetus, swelling up in 1874 to 124,000 tons. And this trade is only in its infancy. The establishment of steam communication with the Australian provinces promises great results. In fact as "all roads lead to Rome," so all the streams of commerce from the vast countries on the western and eastern shores of the Pacific—from the groups of islands lying between here and Australasia—flow by an inevitable law of gravitation to this Western emporium to fertilize and aggrandize it. It could not escape its magnificent destiny if it would. It has greatness literally thrust upon it. How far the men now on the stage will be able to utilize their opportunities is a problem not yet quite solved.

The accumulation of wealth has been very rapid. The aggregate personal and real estate of the city may be safely estimated at \$500,000,000. The banking capital amounts to \$84,000,000; there are more than sixty millionaires. The United States Branch Mint coined during 1874 over \$27,000,000. The total coinage from 1854 to the close of 1874 was about \$377,329,000, while the aggregate gold product of California, from 1848 to the present time, was about \$990,000,000. This vast volume of the precious

metals has not passed into the general current of the world's circulating medium without leaving its influence on the Golden State. San Francisco is largely—more largely than many of our people are willing to confess—the child of the mines. They gave it its first start; they have generously, though not exclusively, nourished it ever since. They have called into existence a large manufacturing interest, giving employment to tens of thousands of men. They have stimulated every branch of trade and internal commerce, quickened every pulse of industrial life. Nearly all our finest buildings have been erected out of the profits of mining enterprises. Every pound of ore that is taken out of the earth, from Alaska to Arizona, pays tribute here. A man may make his fortune in the desert of Nevada or Idaho, but he is pretty sure to spend it in San Francisco.

California street is the speculator's paradise, or perdition. Here the bulls bellow, and the bears growl their loudest. Here the crowd of stock-jobbers congregate, and the operators put up their "little games." Fortunes are made or lost in a day. A happy turn in stocks makes a millionaire of the man who yesterday could not get trusted for a pair of boots. Nowhere is the temptation to gamble so strong, or the chances of gain or loss so great, as in mines. Nature



BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

herself turns gamester and shuffles the cards to suit herself. A single blow of the pick may reveal millions, where before was seen nothing but barren earth; a "horse," a streak of porphyry, a fire, a flood, a cave, may make the richest mine on the Comstock un-



MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, SAN FRANCISCO.

productive for months. Four years ago the Crown Point and Belcher mines were regarded as worthless. The stock of the former went begging in the market at three dollars a share; the stock of the latter was without buyers at any price. But a great "bonanza" stretching across both mines was discovered, and in a few months Belcher and Crown Point rushed up to \$1,800 a share. Since then these mines have produced nearly \$45,000,000 of bullion and two United States Senators. Two years ago the Consolidated Virginia mine was denounced on the street as a "wild cat;" now its value is modestly estimated at \$150,000,000; and the California Mine, which a few months ago was hardly known, is likely to have even a greater future. With such marvelous revelations of the hidden riches of the earth, it is not surprising that these mercurial people occasionally lose their heads, abandon temporarily the more conservative channels of business, and seek their fortune on the street. The sales of the Stock Board for 1873 aggregated over \$146,000,000, and for 1874, over \$260,000,000; in addition to this, there were sales to the amount of several millions in the "Little Board" and on the street of which no record is kept. A seat in the Board cannot be bought to-day for less than \$25,000. But a bonanza with "millions in it" is not struck every week. Stocks may "boom" to-day, but droop to-morrow, and with the crash come remorse and repentance, heartache, and disgust. Then California street curses its fate, puts on sackcloth and ashes, and resolves to sin no more. The good resolution lasts till the next stock-rise, when the old appetite returns, and

the speculative debauch is renewed. To all this there is one compensating good: without the speculations of the street and the grinding assessments of the managers, the vast explorations in the mysterious caverns of the earth, resulting in the discovery of great ore bodies in mines, abandoned by less energetic or less wealthy prospectors, would not be prosecuted to the extent they have been.

Wealth is being turned to worthier channels—dedicated to nobler uses. The example of James Lick who, in spite of the revocation of the original Trust, emphasizes his intention to give a fortune of several millions to public objects, will not be barren of results. Already there are rumors in the air of embryo bequests to Education, Art, Science; colossal schemes of benefaction are slowly but surely maturing.

San Francisco is probably the most cosmopolitan city of its size in the world. Nowhere else are witnessed the fusing of so many races, the juxtaposition of so many nationalities, the Babel of so many tongues. Every country on the globe, every state and principality, almost every island of the sea, finds here its representative. Your next



"EMPEROR NORTON."

door neighbor may be a native of Central Asia; your vis-à-vis at the restaurant table may have been reared in New Zealand; the man who does your washing may have been

born under the shadow of the great wall of China; the man who waits on you at table may be a lascar from the East Indies. If you go to the theater, you may find sitting next you a lady from the Sandwich Islands; if you go to the Opera, you may hear, in the pauses of the music, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Russian, Swedish, Modern Greek,

San Francisco is a generous patron of education. Its public school buildings compare favorably with those of Eastern cities; its teachers are generally able and efficient, and better paid than in any other place in the world. The average yearly salary is \$1,033, while in Boston it is \$940, and in Chicago and St. Louis, less than \$800. Since the



THE GOLDEN GATE.

spoken by people dressed in the most scrupulous evening costume. If you take a ride in the horse-cars, you may find yourself wedged in between a parson from Massachusetts and a parsee from Hindostan; if you go to the bank, you may be jostled by a gentleman from Damascus, or a prince of the Society Islands. In three minutes' walk from your place of business, you enter an oriental city—are surrounded by the symbols of a civilization older than that of the pharaohs. If you are tired of French or American cookery, you may feast on the royal delicacies of bird's-nest soup, shark's fin, and fricasseed puppies. If you are fond of the drama, you may vary your amusements by witnessing a play spoken in the language of Confucius, performed with all the appointments of the barbaric stage. You will find thousands listening on Sabbath to the Christian Gospel, and thousands listening to the dogmas of Buddha, and kneeling at the shrine of Joss.

organization of our city government, we have spent over \$6,000,000 for school purposes, and between \$200,000 and \$300,000 will be put into new school buildings during the current year. About 21 per cent. of the municipal revenue is devoted to educational purposes; in Chicago only 16 per cent. goes to the schools, and in Boston only 18 per cent. The average attendance at public schools is over 57 per cent. of all the children between six and seventeen, and in Chicago, only 33 per cent.

The condition of the working classes is exceptionally prosperous. Labor is more remunerative here than in any other city of the Union. Strikes are rare. There are over fifty millions of dollars deposited in our Savings Banks—more than twice as much as in Chicago or St. Louis, which have nearly double the population. There were on the 30th of June, 1874, fifty-six thousand depositors in these institutions, over one-fourth the entire population: a larger per-

centage than in any city on the globe. From these vast accumulations of the people's savings over two millions of dollars were paid out in dividends last year. A very large proportion of our mechanics own



THE BUMMER.

their homesteads. The curse of tenement-houses is unknown. The cost of fuel is nominal, for fires, even in the coldest days, are rather a luxury than a necessity. The habits of our people are extravagant, and it costs perhaps quite as much to live here as in most Eastern cities; but the mere necessities of life—bread, fruit, vegetables, are very cheap. Our markets supply almost every conceivable want of hungry humanity. The products of every clime are laid in profusion at our doors. There is not a day in the year when one may not enjoy the luxuries of green peas, fresh tomatoes, celery, and cauliflower. Even strawberries may be a perennial delight.

San Francisco is famed for its restaurants. In no city in America are these establishments so numerous in proportion to the population. They number between two and three hundred, and it is safe to say that at least thirty thousand people take their meals at them. They are of all grades and prices—from the "Poodle Dog," Martin's, and the Maison Dorée, where a meal costs from \$1.50 to \$20—down to the Miners'

Restaurant, where it costs only forty cents. Between these extremes are a large number of French, German, and Italian restaurants, where one may get a royal breakfast for half a dollar, a lunch for twenty-five cents, and a dinner, including claret, for seventy-five cents, *à la carte*. A tenderloin steak (and there is no better beef in the world than here), potatoes, bread and butter, and a cup of coffee will cost fifty cents; a lamb chop, potatoes, bread and butter, and coffee twenty-five cents; salmon, bread and butter, and coffee twenty-five cents; an omelet of eggs boiled, fried or scrambled, with coffee, and bread and butter, thirty-five cents. A grade lower down, but in places cleanly and entirely respectable, one gets three dishes for twenty-five cents, and may find quite a decent meal for twenty to thirty cents.

San Francisco is the elysium of "bummers." Nowhere else can a worthless fellow, too lazy to work, too cowardly to steal, get on so well. The climate befriends him, for he can sleep out of doors four-fifths of the year, and the free lunch opens to him boundless vistas of carnal delights. He can gorge himself daily for a nominal sum; get a dinner that a king might envy for fifty cents. There are two classes of saloons, where these midday repasts are furnished—"two bit" places and "one bit" places. In the first he gets a drink and a meal; in the second a drink and a meal of inferior quality. He pays for the drink (twenty-five or fifteen cents, according to the grade of the place), and gets his meal for nothing. This consists, in the better class of establishments, of soup, boiled salmon, roast beef of the best quality, bread and butter, potatoes, tomatoes, crackers and cheese. Many of these places are fitted-up in a style of almost Oriental grandeur. A stranger, entering one of them casually, might labor under the delusion that he had found his way, by mistake, to the *salon* of a San Francisco millionaire. He would find immense mirrors reflecting from floor to ceiling; carpets of the finest texture and the most exquisite patterns; luxurious lounges, sofas, and arm-chairs; massive tables covered with papers and periodicals; the walls embellished with expensive paintings. A large picture which had adorned a famous drinking and free lunch house was sold the other day for \$12,500. Some of the keepers are men of education and culture. One is an art critic of high local repute, who has written a book, and a very readable one, of San Francisco reminiscences.

San Francisco has rather more than her share of eccentric characters. Foremost among these is the "Emperor Norton," a harmless creature, who firmly believes that he is the legitimate sovereign of the United States and Mexico; issues frequent pronouncements; exacts tribute from such citizens as humor his delusion; spends his days walking about the streets, his evenings at the theater, and his nights at a cheap lodging-house. He has the run of the hotel reading-rooms, appears on public occasions in tattered regalia, visits the different churches to see that heresies dangerous to the peace of the Empire are not promulgated, calls at the newspaper offices to warn the conductor against the consequences of treasonable utterances—in short, is up early and late regulating the affairs of the world in general, and the city and State in particular.

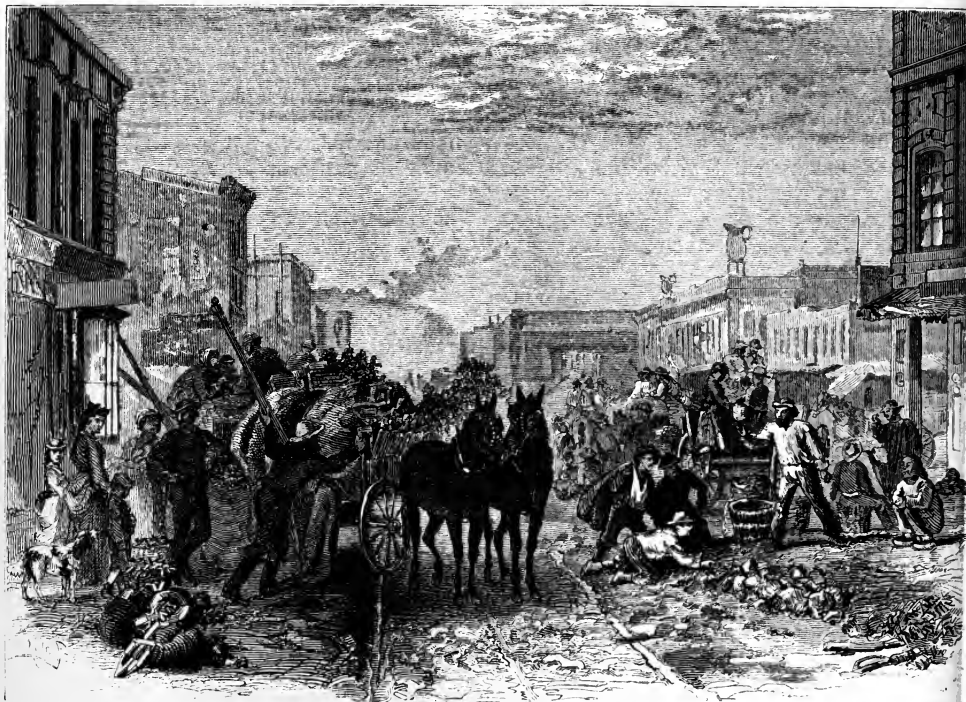
A familiar figure for many years was the "Gutter Snipe." His shoulders were covered all seasons with an old white oil-cloth cape. He went about the streets head down, rummaging among the gutters, picking up bits of vegetables and fruit, wiping the dirt off with his sleeve, and eating them. He never spoke to any one, never looked at any one, would accept no food or money. He slept in a hole in the sand-hills. He was not a slightly object to look at, and one day a fastidious policeman "took him in charge"; a commission of lunacy sat upon him, and he was seen no more. Disappointment in love was his complaint.

Li Po Tai, the Herculean Chinese doctor, deserves a place among our local eccentrics. He is the prince of quacks and high priest of charlatans, who has amassed a large fortune by playing upon the credulity of the public, and has set up a Joss house (heathen temple). His rooms are thronged with visitors of all conditions and nationalities, who come to consult him touching their various ailments. His diagnosis is direct and simple. The seat of all disorder is the liver, and it is to the correction of that rebellious organ that all his energies are directed. His medicines are something dreadful to think of; all the vile drugs of the celestial and Christian pharmacopœia concentrated in potions (measured by the pint) so nauseating, so abhorrent to taste and smell, as to make one pause to consider which of the two evils is the greater, death or Dr. Li Po Tai.

All San Franciscans know "Crisis." He is a sort of American howling dervish with a religious twist in his brain, who holds forth on street corners, warning sinners to flee from the wrath to come, and predicting the speedy collapse of this wicked world of ours. He also peddles tracts written in atrocious English, and filled with most dismal prophecies. He wears a hat that looks as if it might have fallen overboard from the Ark and been drifting about ever since, and his general appearance is that of incorrigible seediness. There are many other odd characters which I have not time to



"HAVE YOUR RAZORS GROUND!"



STREET MARKET SCENE IN SAN FRANCISCO.—FROM A PAINTING BY WM. HAHN.

sketch, among them Krause, the Poet Laureate of the Pavé, who, like Homer, wanders about hawking hexameters, and the old fellow whose "Have your razors ground!" is familiar to the ears of all San Franciscans.

The Hoodlum is a distinctive San Francisco product. Certainly no treatise on the resources of California would be complete that did not include him. He may be somewhat vaguely defined as a ruffian in embryo. Young in years, he is venerable in sin. He knows all the vices by heart. He drinks, gambles, steals, runs after lewd women, sets buildings on fire, rifles the pockets of inebriated citizens going home in the small hours, parades the streets at night singing obscene songs, uttering horrid oaths, and striking terror to the heart of the timid generally. Occasionally he varies the programme of his evil doings by perpetrating a highway robbery, blowing open a safe, or braining an incautious critic of his conduct. One of his chief diversions, when he is in a more pleasant mood and at peace with the world at large, is stoning Chinamen. This he has reduced to a science. He has acquired a dexterity in the use of missiles, a delicacy and firmness of handling, an accuracy of aim and precision of movement, that seldom fail to bring the hated heathen down. Ac-

ording to the Hoodlum ethical code, to stone Chinamen is no sin. It is better than pastime—it is a work of righteousness.

The Hoodlum is of no particular nationality. He must simply be young and depraved. He must have broken most of the commandments before he has got far into his teens. He may be the son of a beggar; he may be the son of a millionaire. There is no aristocracy in this republic of crime. The great mass of recruits are, of course gathered from the lower classes, but "our best society" has bequeathed to the order some of its most brilliant representatives.

This sudden efflorescence of a sharply defined criminal class among boys—for the Hoodlum first appeared only three or four years ago—is somewhat alarming. It shows that there is a screw loose somewhere in our social mechanism. The selfish "Trade Unions," which virtually exclude apprentices from the mechanical pursuits, have been, I think, the principal cause of Hoodlumism. But there are other causes. Nowhere else are the restraints of parental authority so lax as here. A large portion of the people have no homes. They live, or rather they exist in hotels, in boarding-houses, in lodging-houses, eat at restaurants, spend their day at their places of business, and their evening

at resorts of amusement. Their children are allowed to run wild, learn slang at their mother's breast, swear in pinafores, and prattle in the jargon of the street. The distracted parents, failing to govern them, give up the fight, allow them to go out nights and have their own way in everything. From this point the road to ruin is so short and direct that it needs no guide-board to point the way. Hoodlumism is a disease so virulent, so rapid in its spread, that moral physicians are at their wit's end how to treat it. All sorts of remedies are proposed, but the most practical was that adopted by Mr. Ralston, the great banker, who, confronted by a combination of workmen who put up a "corner" on lathing for the Palace Hotel, cut the controversy short by setting several hundred boys to work to learn the business. This is the key to the whole case. Give the boys work, and Hoodlumism will disappear like a hateful excrescence.

The popular speech of San Francisco is strongly flavored with localisms. You hear on every side the jargon of the mining camp, the *patois* of the frontier. If a man fails in business he is "gone up a flume;" if he makes a lucky speculation he "has struck it rich;" if he dies he has "passed in his checks." Of a man of sound sense it is said "his head is level;" a good business is said to "pan out well." The genuine Californian never says he has made a fortunate investment, but he has "struck a lead;" never says he has got rich, but he has "made his pile." A good dinner he calls a "square meal;" a cheat is always a "bilk;" getting at the real character of a man is "coming down to the bed rock." "Clean out," "freeze out," are synonyms for rascally operations in business. When stocks are active they are said to be "booming;" a panic in the market is expressed by the term "more mud;" a man who is hurt in a mining transaction is "cinched;" a weak man is said to have "no sand in him;" a lying excuse is denounced as "too thin." In the slang vernacular, an eating-place is a "hash-house," a "pretty waiter girl" is a beer-slinger, and a newspaper reporter an ink-slinger.

For a young city, San Francisco is very much wedded to petty traditions. It clings to the "bit" with a death-like tenacity; clings to it against all reason and against its own interests. The bit is a mythical quantity. It is neither twelve and a-half cents, nor half of twenty-five; it is neither fifteen cents nor ten cents. If you buy a "bit's"

worth and throw down twenty-five cents, you get ten cents back; if you offer the same ten cents in lieu of a "bit," you are looked upon as a mild sort of a swindler. And yet the "bit" is the standard of mini-



THE DEAD BEAT.

mum monetary value. Of no fixed value itself, it is the measure of the value of a large share of what the people buy and sell. Until within the past few years five-cent pieces were nearly unknown, and are even yet looked upon with disdain by the more conservative residents. Some time ago the leading Bank tried the dangerous experiment of introducing pennies, and imported several hundred dollars' worth. They were scornfully rejected as unworthy the notice of broad-brained Californians, and speedily disappeared.

San Franciscans are remorseless critics. They pride themselves on their ability to form independent judgments, and their contempt for the opinions of the rest of mankind. This is shown in their treatment of distinguished dramatic and musical artists. They condemned Edwin Forrest after a single hearing, gave Madame Celeste the cold shoulder, and declined to go into raptures over Edwin Booth. But they gave Charles Kean a glorious welcome, took Boucicault to their bosoms, and went wild over "Dundreary." They opened their

purses and their hearts to Parepa-Rosa, gave an ovation to Ole Bull, but permitted Wieniawski to discourse his divine harmonies to empty benches. Gough drew, but Josh Billings cracked his awful jokes on unsympathetic ears. Rev. Dr. Lord's historical lectures were crowded, but Charles Kingsley was generally voted a bore. They flocked to hear Hepworth Dixon the first night, declared that he would not do, and left him so severely alone, that he declined to make his appearance after the second attempt, and left in disgust.

The pioneers must not go unnoticed. Death has been cruelly busy among them of late, but they still constitute a large and perhaps dominant element of our population. Taken as a whole, the world has seldom known such brave and hardy spirits. They were the picked men of the age—the flower of the adventurous chivalry of the time. They found the country a wilderness, and made it blossom like the rose. They founded a great city, and added a rich, powerful, and vigorous member to the commonwealth of States.

There is another, and, fortunately, smaller class of pioneer of whom little that is good can be spoken. So far as his influence is felt at all, it is obstructive. He is the Bourbon of California. Intellectually, he has no recognized status; morally, you must date him somewhere down in the Silurian age. He has no visible means of support. He is above the vulgar plane of labor. He lives wholly in the past. He dates the Creation of the world from the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mills, the Deluge from the great flood at Sacramento. He went to sleep immediately after the collapse of the Vigilance Committee, and has been asleep ever since. The world has moved on; the city has increased in population sixfold; a new race of men has come upon the stage, but he knows it not. He sighs for the halcyon days when a man could get a dollar an hour for work; when the dulcet voice of the deringer was heard in the land at all hours; when one could settle his little disputes with his neighbor in Judge Lynch's Court of Last Resort. I asked a friend the other day where one of these incorrigibles could be found, as I wished to deliver a message to him.

"You will find him in the — Saloon, in the midst of a lot of bummers, drinking out of the same old bottle that he drank from eighteen years ago."

"But how does he live?"

"Sponges on his friends and 'strikes' new-comers."

An amusing illustration of the conservatism of these case-hardened Argonauts occurred the other day. The recently elected officers of the Pioneer Society—men of progressive ideas, who have fully kept abreast of the times—ventured on a dangerous innovation. They removed the bar. This was an outrage on "vested rights" not to be endured. The bibulous fossils rose in their wrath, held an indignation meeting, and threatened to depose the offending officials.

"But," said the acting President, "the Pioneer Hall ought to be something more than a whisky shop. The Society ought to do something for the future."

"You don't understand the thing at all," replied the thirsty veteran; "the Society was organized over a bar, and a bar it must and shall have."

San Franciscans make a hobby of the climate. They roll it as a sweet morsel under their tongue. It is their *piece de résistance* in the catalogue of blessings. "The derved place seems shaky on her pins," said a citizen just after the great earthquake of 1868; "but there's one consolation, anyhow, we've got the best climate in the world." It is a climate of strong contrasts. It is eccentric; it is tantalizing; it is seductive. We are piqued at its capriciousness, yet it unfits us for living anywhere else. Summer hardens into winter; winter is glorified into summer. Roses and sunny skies in January, verdureless waste, cold winds, and chilling fogs in July.

"Did you ever see such a summer as this?" said one Irishman to another.

"No, be jabers, not since the middle of last winter."

We cry for thick blankets while you are sweltering in the dog-day heats; we throw open our doors and windows while you are cowering beneath the sharp stings of winter. Not that all days in summer are cold, and all days in winter warm; but the general rule is, that June, July, and August are detestable, and the rest of the year unequalled for loveliness of weather. There are not only days, but weeks, when the skies are indescribably glorious. The Nile Valley is not so sweetly balmy, Southern Italy not so rich in mellow splendor. The golden sunshine permeates every pore, quickens every pulse of life. The air has an indefinable softness and sweetness—a tonic quality that braces the nerves to a joyous tension, making the

very sense of existence a delight. The contrast of temperature between summer and winter is less apparent than real. The remarkable equability of the climate will appear from the following: In June, 1874, the highest thermometer was 67°, the lowest, 58°; in January of the same year, the highest was 59°, the lowest, 54°. In December, the range was between 60° and 52°; in August it was between 68° and 60°.

cottages, and picnic grounds. The city has been fortunate in its Park Commissioners and Engineer. They are intelligent, unselfish, and public-spirited—the former serving without pay. No taint of jobbery, no suspicion of political management attaches to their administration.

Society has greatly changed for the better within the past few years, but is still somewhat "mixed." The lines of class and caste



HOODLUMS AT THE STREET CORNER, SAN FRANCISCO.

San Francisco begins to talk of its Park. It is a crude affair as yet, but promises great things. It comprises about 1,100 acres, and extends from the western limit of the city to the sea. It commands a series of magnificent views, taking in a vast panorama of ocean, bay, mountain and plain. Like everything in this country, it is a thing of rapid growth. Three years ago it was a bowling waste of sand; to-day it has several miles of drives, lovely plateaus covered with grass, flowers, and young trees; sheltered nooks, where the weary citizen may enjoy bracing air, and delicious sunshine; labyrinthine meandering roads and by-paths, rustic

are often vague and shadowy. Your coachman of yesterday may be your landlord to-day. The man who supplied you with vegetables a few years ago may now rank with you socially. The woman who did your washing in the early days may look down with pitying eyes upon you to-morrow. Bridget, who was your maid-of-all-work when you first came to the country, lives in a grand house, rejoices in a coachman in livery, and goes to all the great parties. Don't feel hurt if she cuts you, for she is "in society," and cannot afford to be too promiscuous in her acquaintances. It is natural that in a community so largely made up of

fortune-hunters wealth should be a controlling social power; but it would be unjust to say that wealth is the sole standard of social position. Occupation, how one lives, and



JAMES LICK.

where one lives have something to do with it. There is a story of a rich man—I will not vouch for its truth—who some years ago gave a famous party. He had a large circle of acquaintances, but he could not invite everybody. "We must draw the line somewhere, you know," he said, and he drew it bravely between wholesale and retail. The man who sold soap and candles by the box was decreed to be within the "sacred pale" of society's most elect. The man who sold soap and candles by the pound was voted a social Philistine. A rich lady was about to give a large party, and called in a friend to talk over the question of invitations. After reading the list the latter said:

"But I don't see the Bierstadts! Surely you will invite the Bierstadts?"

"Bierstadt! who's Bierstadt?"

"Why, the great painter!"

"Is he one of them ar' California painters? because, if he is, I won't have him."

Living at a first-class hotel is a strong presumption of social availability, but living in a boarding-house, excepting two or three which society has indorsed as fashionable, is to incur grave suspicions that you are a mere nobody. But even in a boarding-house the lines may be drawn between those who have a single room and those who have a suite. Said a lady to a little woman recently arrived:

"I see, my dear, you have but one room. This will not do; you will never get into society until you have a suite."

"But, my husband can't afford it."

"He must afford it."

But all rich people are not shoddies, and all poor people are not socially outcast. There are many—and the number is rapidly multiplying—whom wealth has not spoiled—has not made proud and insolent; to whose houses good men and women with clean antecedents, and small bank accounts, are welcome and honored guests; to whose homes successful rascals and purse-proud boobies are never admitted; who make riches ministers of beneficence, and in conferring pleasures upon their less prosperous fellows, confer happiness upon themselves. I see many signs of healthful social growth.

Our rich men are beginning to learn that there are nobler investments than stocks and bonds; that life has something grander and sweeter than the pursuit of sordid gain; that he who would leave an honored name behind him must do something for the future as well as for the past, for the public as well as for self.

What manner of person the "Coming Man" of San Francisco is to be is not so clear; but some things may be pretty safely predicted of him.

He will be a fine man physically, clear-brained, if not broad-brained; bold, speculative, dashing—a man of great projects, if not great fulfillments. He will be iconoclastic, unconventional, a hater of shams.

He will have little reverence for the past, little respect, for traditions little pa-



CHINESE THIEF.

tience with precedents, little regard for the opinions of his elder brothers. He will strike out into new paths of progress, dash-

ward with striding step, rudely jostle more slow-going travelers, as if he were monarch of the road, and born for conquest. He will have boundless faith in himself, will be fertile in resources, quick to see his advantage, prompt to act, possibly careless in the use of means by which to attain ends. In a word, he will typify in his character the dry, clear, intensely electric air of this land of the Setting Sun.

A sketch of San Francisco would be very incomplete that omitted the Chinaman. He is ubiquitous and all-pervading. For good or for evil, he is firmly rooted in our soil. You can no more expel him than you can the rats. He came here early and evidently means to stay late. He does not mind persecution; I am not sure that he does not agree with it. His skull is reasonably thick, and can stand a vast amount of stone. It does not seem to make him feel very much to be called hard names. Even taxing does not vitally hurt him, or he would have been driven long ago. He is patient, docile, slow to anger, seldom strikes back, and is never vindictive. He is free from most of the grosser Christian vices. He does not drink; he does not blaspheme; he does not engage in duels; he does not go prowling about the streets at night, insulting peaceable citizens, garrotting wary pedestrians or pissing on policemen. He is the most industrious creature in the world. You will find him at work when you get up in the morn-

ing, and when you retire at night. And his tireless industry, this apparent love of work for work's sake, this irrepressible desire to be doing something and earning something, is what fills the souls of his enemies with despair. If he would only be diligent and lazy—squander his substance in riotous living—he might be endured. But

this heathenish thrift of his is something inexpressibly hard to bear. It cannot be fought against; it cannot be put down by bludgeons, legislative statutes, or resolutions of Labor Leagues.

But John has his little vices too. He will gamble; he will drug himself with opium; he will lie to get himself out of a scrape; he will steal on the sly. His morals are of the negative order, and his religion anything but Christ-like. His conscience—I sometimes doubt if he have one—is elastic,



ALLEY IN CHINESE QUARTER, SAN FRANCISCO.

and permits him to do pretty much as he pleases. He will unblushingly tamper with the virtue of a guileless revenue inspector or license collector. He will even bribe his god Joss, in order to obtain celestial favors. John is not a humorist, but is occasionally given to sharp sayings and biting repartees. One day he was twitted about his heathen

practices and proclivities by a Jew. John retorted: "You worse than Chinaman, you kill Melican man's Joss."

As a domestic servant, John is occasionally trying to the housewife. He is capri-

of the streets—dirty rivulets flowing into the great stream of life. Often they have no exit—terminating in a foul court, a dead wall, a gambling or opium den. They literally swarm with life; for this human hive



CHINESE OPIUM DEN, SAN FRANCISCO.

icious, sometimes moody, and if things go wrong, will indulge in a mild sort of impudence that is very exasperating. He takes curious freaks; will stop in the midst of his work, pack up his duds, demand his pay and walk off. If you ask for an explanation, he will tersely reply: "Me no likee; too muchee work." Persuasion, appeals to his moral sense, even an offer of better pay, have no effect. Then he may take a sudden notion that he wants to go back to China. You say to him: "John, I am very sorry you are going; who can we get to take your place?" He replies: "My cousin (he always has a cousin—indefinite relays of cousins for all emergencies), him belly good Chinaman, all same as me." The "cousin," three times out of four, proves a snare and a delusion—not infrequently a blockhead or a thief.

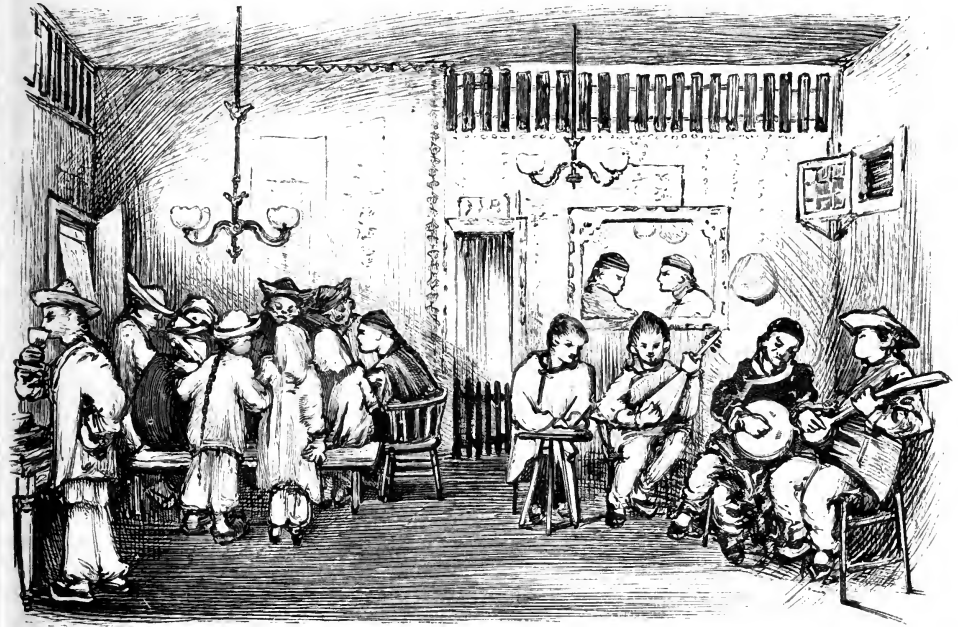
The Chinese quarter is a system of alleys and passages, labyrinthian in their sinuosities, into which the sunlight never enters; where it is dark and dismal, even at noon-day. A stranger attempting to explore them, would be speedily and hopelessly lost. Many of them seem mere slits in the flanks

is never at rest. Every dent and angle—every nook and cranny in the wall—even every foot of surface on the ground is animated. The ultimate problem of Mongolian existence seems to be, how to get the greatest number of human beings into the least possible space. They herd together like cattle in their workshops, eating-houses, and places of social resort. A lodging-house represents an almost solid mass of human anatomy. The authorities, some time since found it necessary, for sanitary reasons, to pass an ordinance, prescribing five hundred cubic feet of air (equal to a space eight feet square) to each person in Chinese tenement; but such contempt have these creatures for oxygen, that they constantly evade or ignore it. You might suppose these slums would be breeding-places of pestilence, but such does not seem to be the fact. No epidemic has violently raged in the Chinese quarter. When, some years ago, the small-pox was carrying off the Caucasian at the rate of nearly one hundred a week, the Mongolian passed unharmed. This remarkable exemption is due partly to the fact that all Chinese men are inoculated in childhood, and the

they pay more strict regard to certain essential sanitary laws. The bath is a part of their religion; so is the tooth-brush, both of which are daily used under all circumstances.

Not altogether uninteresting is an opium den. Under the escort of a police officer, we grope our way through a dismal court, pass throngs of Chinese of both sexes—the men mostly gamblers, the women all prostitutes; stumble over heaps of rubbish, cooking utensils, etc.; squeeze through a narrow entry, open a door, and are in the den. The reek of the place is horrible. The air is thick with the fumes of the deadly drug. At first, all is nebulous and indistinct,

and offers us his pipe with, "You smokee? Him belly fine." We decline and pass on. Another stares at us with glazed eyes, looking the picture of hopeless imbecility. Our guide says, "John, you smokee too much opium; by'm bye you go to Mission" (you die). "Me no care," responded the wretch; "me likee he," pointing to his little opium box, "me smokee all same." Many of these creatures live in these dens. They have their bunks, for which they pay so much rent, and in which they keep their worldly possessions. They do their cooking in a little court outside, pass the few waking hours of their existence in listless misery, seldom go out on the street, and long for



CHINESE GAMBLING DEN, SAN FRANCISCO.

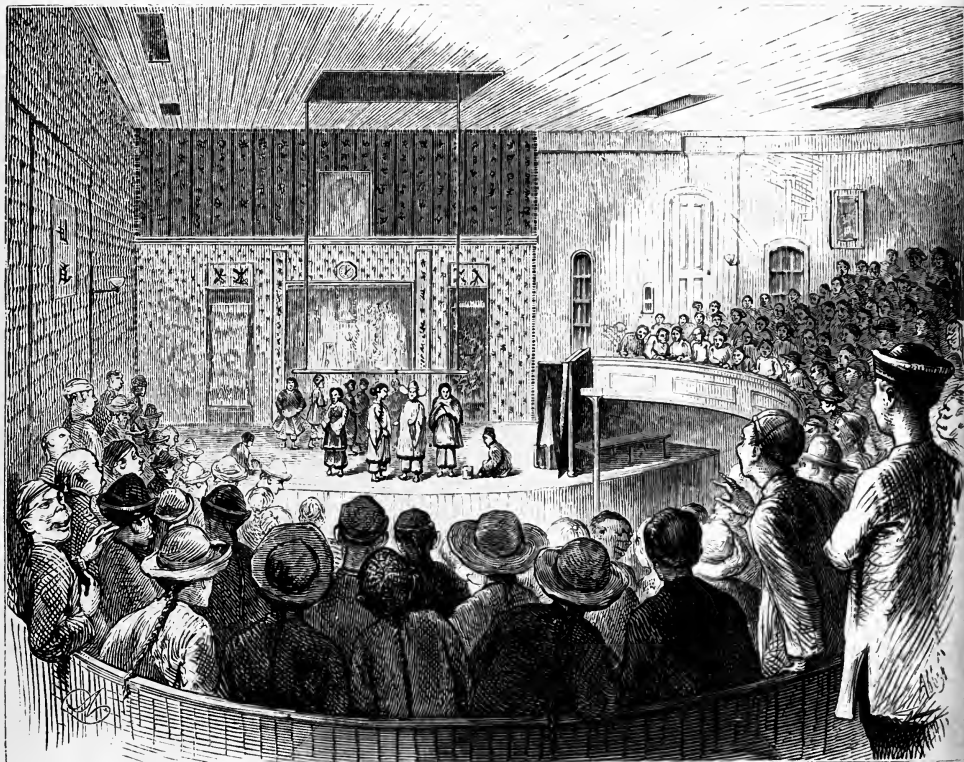
but in a few moments the eye takes in the outlines of the room. It is filled with men, all lying down on mats, on benches, on the floor; some on their sides; some on their backs. They are in every stage of narcotism from the dreamy languor induced by the first few whiffs of the opium pipe to soggy insensibility. Some are hilarious; some are sullen and scowl viciously at us; some are given to the most seductive reveries; some are murmuring incoherent words in their dreams; one or two are sleeping the heavy death-like sleep of souls utterly subjugated by the insidious poison. One old fellow raises himself up on his haunches, extends a withered hand in token of friendly greeting,

the night, when they may repeat the Lethean debauch. Others work a part of the day and repair to the opium den at night, where they spend all their earnings. The amount consumed varies from a few grains to an ounce a night. The opium is not furnished by the keeper, but is brought in by the consumer.

The opium pipe consists of a straight, or slightly curved stem, about eighteen inches long, with a bowl three inches round, in the center of which is a small circular hole. This leads to a smaller reservoir in the center of the bowl, and a channel runs from this to the end of the pipe, which the smoker places in his mouth. He takes a bit of wire and

dips the end into prepared opium, which is about the consistency of mucilage. The drop of the drug that adheres to the wire is held in the flame of a lamp, and, under the influence of the heat, it bubbles and changes

blers will stand a siege, and the only way to capture them is to batter down the door with sledge hammers, or cut a passage through the roof. The principal game of chance is very simple, and is called "Tan."



CHINESE THEATER, SAN FRANCISCO.

color like boiling molasses. It is now smoking hot, and upon being placed in the hole of the bowl, will yield the smoker several whiffs. He easily draws the smoke from the stem, sends it into his lungs, and finally discharges it through his nostrils.

The gambling dens are a characteristic feature of the Chinese quarter. There are, or were until recently—for the police have been remorselessly swooping down upon them—no less than three hundred of these establishments. Many of them are petty fortresses, approached by a series of narrow passages, with doors of thick Oregon pine, securely barred and bolted. Sentinels are on the look-out, who, on the approach of danger, give warning; the lights are instantly extinguished; the door shut, and the inmates scamper off like rats through secret rear exits, or over the roofs of the adjoining houses. The retreat being cut off, the gam-

A square, or oblong table, covered with matting, stands in the middle of the room. The dealer takes a handful of beans, or small coin, and throws them on the board. He then divides the pile into four parts with a hooked stick. The gamblers stake their wagers on what the remainder will be after the pile has been divided by four, whether one, two, three, or nought. Those who have money on the lucky chance receive double the amount of their wager, and the remainder of the coin goes to the bank. The game is very exciting, the players frequently staking their all on a single venture. There are various other games with dice and dominoes, and cards, while the lottery is a favorite form of gambling.

The theater is one of the show places of Chinatown. It will seat nearly a thousand people, and has a pit, gallery, and boxes. The men sit on one side of the house, the

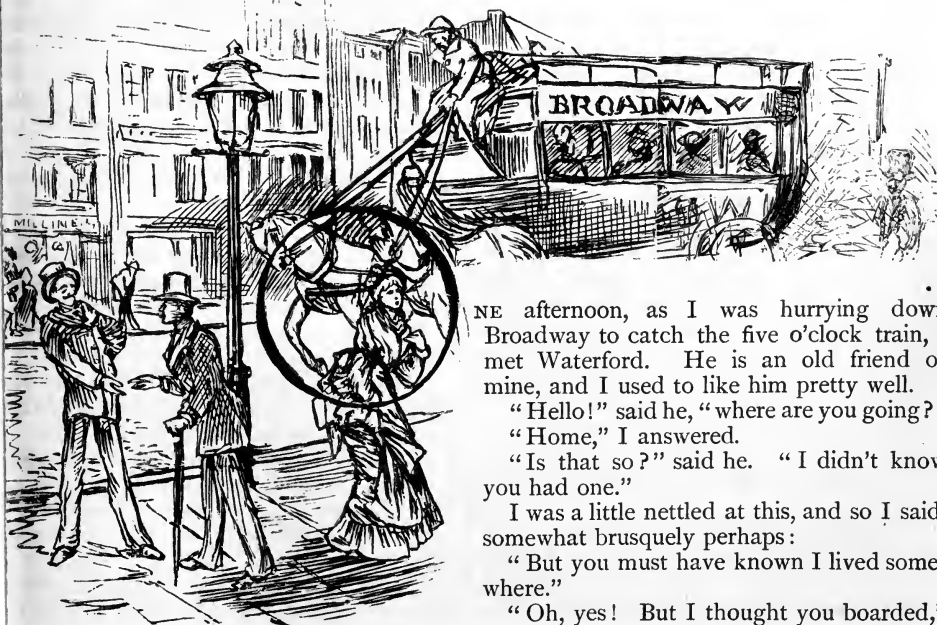
women on the other—the former with their hats on. All are smoking; the men, cigars and pipes; the women, cigarettes. The performance usually begins at seven in the evening, and closes at two in the morning; but on festive occasions it begins at two in the afternoon, and closes at four in the morning. An historical play is usually about six months long, being continued from night to night until the end. If one dies before it is finished, I suppose his heirs get the benefit of what is left. The stage is a cold and barren affair, with no scenery or appointments to speak of. There is no curtain even. When the hero dramatically dies, and the heroine faints, after lying still, a reasonable time they get up and walk off. The orchestra sit in the back part of the stage with their hats on, puffing away at villainous cigars. There are no female performers, feminine parts being assumed by men or ads. The text of the piece is spoken in a lawling, sing-song tone; the gestures apparently absurd and meaningless. The music is inexpressibly ear-splitting and nerve-

shattering—all the discords blended into one.

There are eight heathen temples, or Joss houses, in San Francisco. Some of them are fitted up with considerable splendor. The divine Joss sits on a throne, with an assisting deity on each side. He is a hideous-looking fellow, fierce and brutal of countenance, dressed in showy costume, and decked with a profusion of ornaments. In one corner is a sort of furnace in which is burnt every morning the effigies of those who slew the god. The women have a special female Joss in a separate apartment, whom they worship, and to whom they present offerings. A visit to one of these temples does not give us an exalted idea of Mongolian devotion.

There is apparently very little sentiment of reverence. To all appearances, John is sadly wanting in respect for his divinity. He walks into the Joss house in a shambling, indifferent sort of way, makes his offering, and walks out. He has even been seen to laugh and crack jokes in the sacred presence.

THE GIRL AT RUDDER GRANGE.



NE afternoon, as I was hurrying down Broadway to catch the five o'clock train, I met Waterford. He is an old friend of mine, and I used to like him pretty well.

"Hello!" said he, "where are you going?"

"Home," I answered.

"Is that so?" said he. "I didn't know you had one."

I was a little nettled at this, and so I said, somewhat brusquely perhaps:

"But you must have known I lived somewhere."

"Oh, yes! But I thought you boarded,"

said he. "I had no idea that you had a home."

"But I have one, and a very pleasant home, too. You must excuse me for not stopping longer, as I must catch my train."

"Oh! I'll walk along with you," said Waterford, and so we went down the street together.

"Where is your little house?" he asked.

Why in the world he thought it was a little house I could not at the time imagine, unless he supposed that two people would not require a large one. But I know, now, that he lived in a very little house himself.

But it was of no use getting angry with Waterford, especially as I saw he intended walking all the way down to the ferry with me, so I told him I didn't live in any house at all.

"Why, where *do* you live?" he exclaimed, stopping short.

"I live in a boat," said I.

"A boat! A sort of 'Rob Roy' arrangement, I suppose. Well, I would not have thought that of you. And your wife, I suppose, has gone home to her people?"

"She has done nothing of the kind," I answered. "She lives with me, and she likes it very much. We are extremely comfortable, and our boat is not a canoe, or any such nonsensical affair. It is a large, commodious canal-boat."

Waterford turned around and looked at me.

"Are you a deck-hand?" he asked.

"Deck-grandmother!" I exclaimed.

"Well, you needn't get mad about it," he said. "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings; but I couldn't see what else you could be on a canal-boat. I don't suppose, for instance, that you're captain."

"But I am," said I.

"Look here!" said Waterford; "this is coming to me rather strong, isn't it?"

As I saw he was getting angry, I told him all about it,—told him how we had hired a stranded canal-boat and had fitted it up as a house, and how we lived so cosily in it, and had called it "Rudder Grange," and how we had taken a boarder.

"Well!" said he, "this is certainly surprising. I'm coming out to see you some day. It will be better than going to Barnum's."

I told him—it is the way of society—that we would be glad to see him, and we parted. Waterford never did come to see us, and I merely mention this incident to show how

our friends talked about Rudder Grange, when they first heard that we lived there.

After dinner that evening, when I went up on deck with Euphemia to have my smoke, we saw the boarder sitting on the bulwarks near the garden, with his legs dangling down outside.

"Look here!" said he.

I looked, but there was nothing unusual to see.

"What is it?" I asked.

He turned around and seeing Euphemia, said:

"Nothing."

It would be a very stupid person who could not take such a hint as that, and so, after a walk around the garden, Euphemia took occasion to go below to look at the kitchen fire.

As soon as she had gone, the boarder turned to me and said:

"I'll tell what it is. She's working herself sick."

"Sick?" said I. "Nonsense!"

"No nonsense about it," he replied.

The truth was, that the boarder was right and I was wrong. We had spent several months at Rudder Grange, and during this time Euphemia had been working very hard, and she really did begin to look pale and thin. Indeed, it would be very wearying for any woman of culture and refinement, unused to house-work, to cook and care for two men, and to do all the work of a canal-boat besides.

But I saw Euphemia so constantly, and thought so much of her, and had her image so continually in my heart, that I did not notice this until our boarder now called my attention to it. I was sorry that he had to do it.

"If I were in your place," said he, "I would get her a servant."

"If you were in my place," I replied, somewhat cuttingly, "you would probably suggest a lot of little things which would make everything very easy for her."

"I'd try to," he answered, without getting in the least angry.

Although I felt annoyed that he had suggested it, still I made up my mind that Euphemia must have a servant.

She agreed quite readily when I proposed the plan, and she urged me to go and see the carpenter that very day, and get him to come and partition off a little room for the girl.

It was some time, of course, before the room was made (for who ever heard of a

carpenter coming at the very time he was wanted?) and, when it was finished, Euphemia occupied all her spare moments in getting it in nice order for the servant when he should come. I thought she was taking too much trouble, but she had her own ideas about such things.

"If a girl is lodged like a pig, you must expect her to behave like a pig, and I don't want that kind."

So she put up pretty curtains at the girl's window, and, with a box that she stood on end, and some old muslin and a lot of tacks, she made a toilet-table so neat and convenient, that I thought she ought to take it into our room, and give the servant our wash-stand.

But all this time we had no girl, and as I had made up my mind about the matter, I naturally grew impatient, and at last I determined to go and get a girl myself.

So, one day at lunch-time, I went to an intelligence office in the city. There I found a large room on the second floor, and some ladies, and one or two men, sitting about, and a small room, back of it, crowded with girls from eighteen to sixty-eight years old. There were also girls upon the stairs, and girls in the hall below, besides some girls standing on the sidewalk before the door.

When I made known my business and had paid my fee, one of the several proprietors who were wandering about the front room went into the back apartment and soon returned with a tall Irishwoman with a bony weather-beaten face and a large weather-beaten shawl. This woman was old to take a chair by my side. Down sat the huge creature and stared at me. I did not feel very easy under her scrutinizing gaze, but I bore it as best I could, and immediately began to ask her all the appropriate questions that I could think of. Some she answered satisfactorily, and some she didn't answer at all; but as soon as I made a pause, she began to put questions herself.

"How many servants do you kape?" she asked.

I answered that we intended to get along with one, and if she understood her business, I thought she would find her work very easy, and the place a good one.

She then turned sharp upon me and said; "Have ye stationary wash-tubs?"

I hesitated. I knew our wash-tubs were not stationary, for I had helped to carry them about. But they might be screwed fast and made stationary if that was an important object. But, before making this answer,

I thought of the great conveniences for washing presented by our residence, surrounded as it was, at high tide, by water.

"Why, we live in a stationary wash-tub," I said, smiling.



"MRS. BLAINE!"

The woman looked at me steadfastly for a minute, and then she rose to her feet. Then she called out, as if she were crying fish or strawberries:

"Mrs. Blaine!"

The female keeper of the intelligence office, and the male keeper, and a thin clerk, and all the women in the back-room, and all the patrons in the front-room, jumped up and gathered around us.

Astonished, and somewhat disconcerted, I rose to my feet and confronted the tall Irishwoman, and stood smiling in an uncertain sort of a way, as if it were all very funny; but I couldn't see the point. I think I must have impressed the people with the idea that I wished I hadn't come.

"He says," exclaimed the woman, as if some other huckster were crying fish on the other side of the street—"he says he lives in a wash-toob."

"He's crazy!" ejaculated Mrs. Blaine, with an air that indicated "policeman" as plainly as if she had put her thought into words.

A low murmur ran through the crowd of women, while the thin clerk edged toward the door.

I saw there was no time to lose. I stepped

back a little from the tall savage, who was breathing like a hot-air engine in front of me, and made my explanations to the company. I told the tale of "Rudder-Grange," and showed them how it was like to a stationary wash-tub—at certain stages of the tide.

I was listened to with great attention. When I had finished, the tall woman turned around and faced the assemblage.

"An' he wants a cook to make soup! In a canal-boat!" said she, and off she marched into the back-room, followed closely by all the other women.

"I don't think we have any one here who would suit you," said Mrs. Blaine.

I didn't think so either. What on earth would Euphemia have done with that volcanic Irishwoman in her little kitchen! I took up my hat and bade Mrs. Blaine good morning.

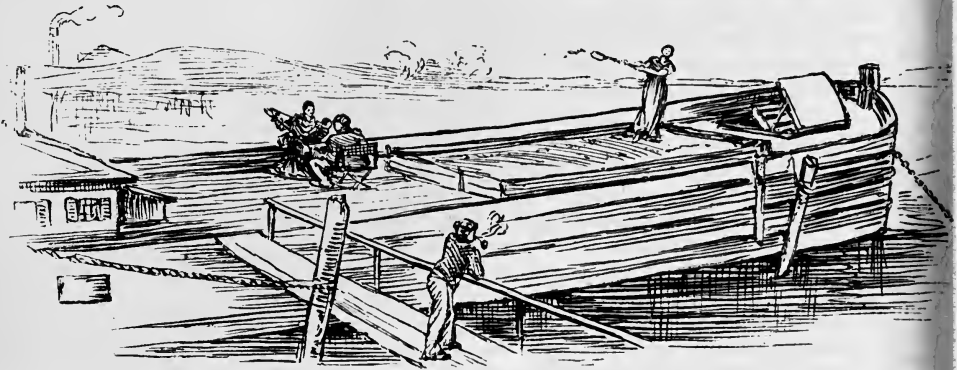
who was always correct, called her Pomona. I did the same whenever I could think not to say Bologna—which seemed to come very pat for some reason or other.

As for the boarder, he always called her Altoona, connecting her in some way with the process of stopping for refreshments, in which she was an adept.

She was an earnest, hearty girl. She was always in a good humor, and when I asked her to do anything, she assented in a bright, cheerful way, and in a loud tone full of good-fellowship, as though she would say:

"Certainly, my high old cock! To be sure I will. Don't worry about it—give your mind no more uneasiness on *that* subject. I'll bring the hot water."

She did not know very much, but she was delighted to learn, and she was very strong. Whatever Euphemia told her to do, she did instantly, with a bang. What pleased her



THE PALMY DAYS OF RUDDER GRANGE.

"Good morning," said she, with a distressing smile.

She had one of those mouths that look exactly like a gash in the face.

I went home without a girl. In a day or two Euphemia came to town and got one. Apparently she got her without any trouble, but I am not sure.

She went to a "Home"—Saint Somebody's Home—a place where they keep orphans to let, so to speak. Here Euphemia selected a light-haired, medium-sized orphan, and brought her home.

The girl's name was Pomona. Whether or not her parents gave her this name is doubtful. At any rate, she did not seem quite decided in her mind about it herself, for she had not been with us more than two weeks before she expressed a desire to be called Clare. This longing of her heart, however, was denied her. So Euphemia,

better than anything else was to run up and down the gang-plank, carrying buckets of water to water the garden. She delighted in out-door work, and sometimes dug so vigorously in our garden that she brought up pieces of the deck-planking with every shovelful.

Our boarder took the greatest interest in her, and sometimes watched her movements so intently, that he let his pipe go out.

"What a whacking girl that would be to tread out grapes in the vineyards of Italy! She'd make wine cheap," he once remarked.

"Then I'm glad she isn't there," said Euphemia, "for wine oughtn't to be cheap."

Euphemia was a thorough little temperance woman.

The one thing about Pomona that troubled me more than anything else was her taste for literature. It was not literature to which I objected, but her very peculiar taste. She

would read in the kitchen every night after he had washed the dishes, but if she had not read aloud, it would not have made so much difference to me. But I am naturally very sensitive to external impressions, and I do not like the company of people who, like our girl, cannot read without pronouncing in a measured and distinct voice every word of what they are reading. And when the matter thus read appeals to one's very sentiment of aversion, and there is no way of escaping it, the case is hard indeed.

From the first, I felt inclined to order Pomona, if she could not attain the power of silent perusal, to cease from reading altogether; but Euphemia would not hear to this.

"Poor thing!" said she; "it would be cruel to take from her her only recreation. And she says she can't read any other way. You needn't listen if you don't want to."

That was all very well in an abstract point of view; but the fact was, that in practice, the more I didn't want to listen, the more I heard.

As the evenings were often cool, we sat in our dining-room, and the partition between this room and the kitchen seemed to have no influence whatever in arresting sound. So that when I was trying to read or to reflect, it was by no means exhilarating to my mind to hear from the next room that:

"The lady ce sel i a now si zed the weep and all though the boor ly vil ly an re in ed his vy gor ous hold she drew the ade through his fin gers and hoor led it r be hind her dryp ping with jore."

This sort of thing, kept up for an hour or so at a time, used to drive me nearly wild. But Euphemia didn't mind it. I believe that she had so delicate a sense of what was proper, that she did not hear Pomona's private readings.

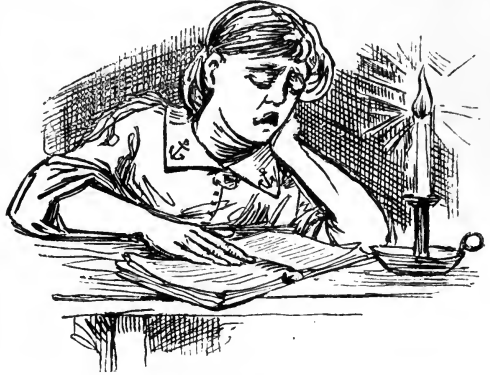
On one occasion, even Euphemia's influence could scarcely restrain me from violent interference.

It was our boarder's night out (when he was detained in town by his business), and Pomona was sitting up to let him in. This, as necessary, for our front-door (or main-atchway) had no night-latch, but was fastened by means of a bolt. Euphemia and I used to sit up for him, but that was earlier in the season, when it was pleasant to be out on deck until quite a late hour. But Pomona never objected to sitting (or getting) so late, and so we allowed this weekly duty to devolve on her.

On this particular night I was very tired

and sleepy, and soon after I got into bed I dropped into a delightful slumber. But it was not long before I was awakened by the fact that:

"Sa rah did not fi inch but gras ped the heat ed i ron in her un in jur ed hand and



"HA, HA! LORD MAR MONT THUN DER ED!"

when the ra bid an i mal a proach ed she thr ust the lur id po ker in his ——"

"My conscience!" said I to Euphemia, "can't that girl be stopped?"

"You wouldn't have her sit there and do nothing, would you?" said she.

"No; but she needn't read out that way."

"She can't read any other way," said Euphemia, drowsily.

"Yell af ter yell res oun ded as he wil dly sprang ——"

"I can't stand that, and I won't," said I. "Why don't she go into the kitchen?—the dining-room's no place for her."

"She can't sit there," said Euphemia. "There's a window-pane out. Can't you cover up your head?"

"I can't breathe if I do; but I suppose that's no matter," I replied.

The reading continued.

"Ha, ha! Lord Mar mont thun der ed thou too shalt suf fer all that this poor——"

I sprang out of bed.

Euphemia thought I was going for my pistol, and she gave one bound and stuck her head out of the door.

"Pomona, fly!" she cried.

"Yes, sma'am," said Pomona; and she got up and flew—not very fast, I imagine. Where she flew to I don't know, but she took the lamp with her, and I could hear distant syllables of agony and blood, until the boarder came home and Pomona went to bed.

I think that this made an impression upon

Euphemia, for, although she did not speak to me upon the subject (or any other) that night, the next time I heard Pomona reading, the words ran somewhat thus:

"The astonishing cheapness of land is accounted for by the want of homesteads, of good roads and cheap means of transportation in many sections of the State."

I have spoken of my pistol. During the early part of our residence at Rudder Grange I never thought of such a thing as owning a pistol.

But it was different now. I kept a Colt's revolver loaded in the bureau drawer in our bedroom.

The cause of this change was burglars. Not that any of these unpleasant persons had visited us, but we much feared they would. Several houses in the vicinity had been entered during the past month, and we could never tell when our turn would come.

To be sure, our boarder suggested that if we were to anchor out a little further at night, no burglar would risk catching his death of cold by swimming out to us; but Euphemia having replied that it would be rather difficult to move a canal-boat every night without paddle-wheels, or sails, or mules, especially if it were aground, this plan was considered to be effectually disposed of.

So we made up our minds that we must fasten up everything very securely, and I bought a pistol and two burglar-alarms. One of these I affixed to the most exposed window, and the other to the door which opened on the deck. These alarms were very simple affairs, but they were good enough. When they were properly attached to a window or door, and it was opened, a little gong sounded like a violently deranged clock, striking all the minutes of the day at once.

The window did not trouble us much, but it was rather irksome to have to make the attachment to the door every night and to take it off every morning. However, as Euphemia said, it was better to take a little trouble than to have the house full of burglars, which was true enough.

We made all the necessary arrangements in case burglars should make an inroad upon us. At the first sound of the alarm, Euphemia and the girl were to lie flat on the floor or get under their beds. Then the boarder and I were to stand up, back to back, each with pistol in hand, and fire

away, revolving on a common center the while. In this way, by aiming horizontally at about four feet from the floor, we could rake the premises, and run no risk of shooting each other or the women of the family.

To be sure, there were some slight objections to this plan. The boarder's room was at some distance from ours, and he would probably not hear the alarm, and the burglars might not be willing to wait while I



"THE BOARDER AND I WERE TO STAND UP, BACK TO BACK, EACH WITH PISTOL IN HAND!"

went forward and roused him up, and brought him to our part of the house. But this was a minor difficulty. I had no doubt but that, if it should be necessary, I could manage to get our boarder into position in plenty of time.

It was not very long before there was an opportunity of testing the plan.

About twelve o'clock one night one of the alarms (that on the kitchen window) went off with a whirl and a wild succession of clangs. For a moment I thought the morning train had arrived, and then I woke up. Euphemia was already under the bed.

I hurried on a few clothes, and then I tried to find the bureau in the dark. This was not easy, as I lost my bearings entirely. But I found it at last, got the top drawer open and took out my pistol. Then I slipped out of the room, hurried up the stairs, opened the door (setting off the alarm there,

by the way), and ran along the deck (there was a cold night wind), and hastily descended the steep steps that led into the boarder's room. The door that was at the bottom of the steps was not fastened, and, as I opened it, a little stray moonlight illumined the room. I hastily stepped to the bed and shook the boarder by the shoulder. He kept *his* pistol under his pillow.

In an instant he was on his feet, his hand grasped my throat, and the cold muzzle of his Derringer pistol was at my forehead. It was an awfully big muzzle, like the mouth of a bottle.

I don't know when I lived so long as during the first minute that he held me thus.

"Rascal!" he said. "Do as much as breathe, and I'll pull the trigger."

I didn't breathe.

I had an accident insurance on my life. Would it hold good in a case like this? Or would Euphemia have to go back to her father?

He pushed me back into the little patch of moonlight.

"Oh! is it you?" he said, relaxing his grasp. "What do you want? A mustard plaster?"

He had a package of patent plasters in his room. You took one and dipped it in hot water, and it was all ready.

"No," said I, gasping a little. "Burglars."

"Oh!" he said, and he put down his pistol and put on his clothes.

"Come along," he said, and away we went over the deck.

When we reached the stairs all was dark and quiet below.

It was a matter of hesitancy as to going down.

I started to go down first, but the boarder held me back.

"Let me go down," he said.

"No," said I, "my wife is there."

"That's the very reason you should not go," he said. "She is safe enough yet, and they would fire only at a man. It would be a bad job for her if you were killed. I'll go down."

So he went down, slowly and cautiously, his pistol in one hand, and his life in the other, as it were.

When he reached the bottom of the steps changed my mind. I could not remain above while the burglar and Euphemia were below, so I followed.

The boarder was standing in the middle of the dining-room, into which the stairs

led. I could not see him, but I put my hand against him as I was feeling my way across the floor.

I whispered to him:

"Shall we put our backs together and revolve and fire?"

"No," he whispered back, "not now; he may be on a shelf by this time, or under a table. Let's look him up."

I confess that I was not very anxious to look him up, but I followed the boarder, as he slowly made his way toward the kitchen door. As we opened the door we instinctively stopped.

The window was open, and by the light of the moon that shone in, we saw the rascal standing on a chair, leaning out of the window, evidently just ready to escape. Fortunately, we were unheard.

"Let's pull him in," whispered the boarder.

"No," I whispered in reply. "We don't want him in. Let's hoist him out."

"All right," returned the boarder.

We laid our pistols on the floor, and softly approached the window. Being barefooted, our steps were noiseless.

"Hoist when I count three," breathed the boarder into my ear.

We reached the chair. Each of us took hold of two of its legs.

"One—two—three!" said the boarder, and together we gave a tremendous lift and shot the wretch out of the window.

The tide was high, and there was a good deal of water around the boat. We heard a rousing splash outside.

Now there was no need of silence.

"Shall we run on deck and shoot him as he swims?" I cried.

"No," said the boarder, "we'll get the boat-hook, and jab him if he tries to climb up."

We rushed on deck. I seized the boat-hook and looked over the side. But I saw no one.

"He's gone to the bottom!" I exclaimed.

"He didn't go very far then," said the boarder, "for it's not more than two feet deep there."

Just then our attention was attracted by a voice from the shore.

"Will you please let down the gang-plank?"

We looked ashore and there stood Pomona, dripping from every pore.

We spoke no words, but lowered the gang-plank.

She came aboard.

"Good night!" said the boarder, and he went to bed.

"Pomona!" said I, "what have you been doing?"



"ONE—TWO—THREE!" SAID THE BOARDER.

"I was a lookin' at the moon, sir, when pop! the chair bounced, and out I went."

"You shouldn't do that," I said, sternly. "Some day you'll be drowned. Take off your wet things and go to bed."

"Yes, sma'am—sir, I mean," said she, and she went down-stairs.

When I reached my room I lighted the lamp, and found Euphemia still under the bed.

"Is it all right?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered. "There was no burglar. Pomona fell out of the window."

"Did you get her a plaster?" asked Euphemia, drowsily.

"No, she did not need one. She's all right now. Were you worried about me, dear?"

"No, I trusted in you entirely, and I think I dozed a little under the bed."

In one minute she was asleep.

The boarder and I did not make this matter a subject of conversation afterward, but Euphemia gave the girl a lecture on her careless ways, and made her take several Dover's powders the next day.

An important fact in domestic economy was discovered about this time by Euphemia and myself. Perhaps we were not the first to discover it, but we certainly did find it out,—and this fact was, that housekeeping

cost money. At the end of every week I counted up our expenditures—it was no trouble at all to count up our receipts—and every week the result was more unsatisfactory.

"If we could only get rid of the disagreeable balance that has to be taken along the time, and which gets bigger and bigger like a snow-ball, I think we would find the accounts more satisfactory," said Euphemia.

This was on a Saturday night. We always got out our pencils and paper and money at the end of the week.

"Yes," said I, with an attempt to appear facetious and unconcerned, "but it would all be well enough if we could take the snow-ball to the fire and melt it down."

"But there never is any fire where there are snow-balls," said Euphemia.

"No," said I, "and that's just the trouble."

It was on the following Thursday, when I came home in the evening, that Euphemia met me with a glowing face. It rather surprised me to see her look so happy, for she had been very quiet and preoccupied the first part of the week. So much so, indeed, that I had thought of ordering small roasts for a week or two, and taking her to a Thomas Concert with the money saved. But this evening she looked as if she did not need Thomas's orchestra.

"What makes you so bright, my dear?" said I, when I had greeted her. "Has anything jolly happened?"

"No," said she; "nothing yet, but I am going to make a fire to melt snow-balls."

Of course I was very anxious to know how she was going to do it, but she would not tell me. It was a plan that she intended to keep to herself until she saw how it worked. I did not press her, because she had so few secrets, and I did not hear anything about this plan until it had been carried out.

Her scheme was as follows: After thinking over our financial condition and puzzling her brain to find out some way of bettering it, she had come to the conclusion that she would make some money by her own exertions, to help defray our household expenses. She never had made any money, but that was no reason why she should not begin. It was too bad that I should have to toil and toil and not make nearly enough money after all. So she would go to work and earn money with her own hands.

She had heard of an establishment in the city, where ladies of limited means, or transiently impecunious, could, in a very quiet and private way, get sewing to do. They

could thus provide for their needs without any one but the officers of the institution knowing anything about it.

So Euphemia went to this place, and she got some work. It was not a very large bundle, but it was larger than she had been accustomed to carry, and, what was perfectly dreadful, it was wrapped up in a newspaper! When Euphemia told me the story, she said that this was too much for her courage. She could not go on the cars, and perhaps meet people belonging to our church, with a newspaper bundle under her arm.

But her genius for expedients saved her from this humiliation. She had to purchase some sewing-cotton, and some other little things, and when she had bought them, she handed her bundle to the woman behind the counter, and asked her if she would not be so good as to have that wrapped up with the other things. It was a good deal to ask, she knew, and the woman smiled, for the articles she had bought would not make a package as large as her hand. However, her request was complied with, and she took away a very decent package, with the card of the store stamped on the outside. I suppose that there are not more than half a dozen people in this country who would refuse Euphemia anything that she would be willing to ask for.

So she took the work home, and she labored faithfully at it for about a week. She did not suppose it would take her so long; but she was not used to such very plain sewing, and was very much afraid that she would not do it neatly enough. Besides this, she could only work on it in the daytime—when I was away—and was, of course, interrupted a great deal by her ordinary household duties, and the necessity of a careful oversight of Pomona's somewhat erratic methods of doing her work.

But at last she finished the job and took it into the city. She did not want to spend any more money on the trip than was absolutely necessary, and so was very glad to find that she had a remnant of pocket-money sufficient to pay her fare both ways.

When she reached the city, she walked up to the place where her work was to be delivered, and found it much farther when she went on foot than it had seemed to her riding in the street cars. She handed over her bundle to the proper person, and, as it was soon examined and approved, she received her pay therefor.

It amounted to sixty cents. She had made no bargain, but she was a little aston-

ished. However, she said nothing, but left the place without asking for any more work. In fact she forgot all about it. She had an idea that everything was all wrong, and that idea engrossed her mind entirely. There was no mistake about the sum paid, for the lady clerk had referred to the printed table of prices when she calculated the amount due. But something was wrong, and, at the moment, Euphemia could not tell what it was. She left the place, and started to walk back to the ferry. But she was so tired and weak, and hungry—it was now an hour or two past her regular lunch time—that she thought she should faint if she did not go somewhere and get some refreshments.

So, like a sensible little woman as she was, she went into a restaurant. She sat down at a table, and a waiter came to her to see what she would have. She was not accustomed to eating-houses, and perhaps this was the first time that she had ever visited one alone. What she wanted was something simple—just a lunch. So she ordered a cup of tea and some rolls, and a piece of chicken. The lunch was a very good one, and Euphemia enjoyed it. When she had finished, she went up to the counter to settle. Her bill was just sixty cents. She paid the money that she had just received, and walked down to the ferry—all in a daze, she said. When she got home she thought it over, and then she cried.

After a while she dried her eyes, and when I came home she told me all about it.

"I give it up," she said. "I don't believe I can help you any."

Poor little thing! I took her in my arms and comforted her, and before bed-time I had convinced her that she was fully able to help me better than any one else on earth, and that without puzzling her brains about business, or wearing herself out by sewing for pay.

So we went on in our old way, and by keeping our attention on our weekly balance, we prevented it from growing very rapidly.

We fell back on our philosophy (it was all the capital we had), and became as calm and contented as circumstances allowed.

Euphemia began to take a great deal of comfort in her girl. Every evening she had some new instance to relate of Pomona's inventive abilities and aptness in adapting herself to the peculiarities of our method of housekeeping.

"Only to think!" said she, one afternoon, "Pomona has just done another *very smart*

thing. You know what a trouble it has always been for us to carry all our waste water upstairs, and throw it over the bulwarks. Well, that girl has remedied all that. She has cut a nice little low window in the side of the kitchen, and has made a shutter of the piece she cut out, with leather hinges to it, and now she can just open this window, throw the water out, shut it again, and there it is! I tell you she's smart."

"Yes; there is no doubt of that," I said; "but I think that there is danger of her taking more interest in such extraordinary and novel duties than in the regular work of the house."

"Now, don't discourage the girl, my dear," she said, "for she is of the greatest use to me, and I don't want you to be throwing cold water about like some people."

"Not even if I throw it out of Pomona's little door, I suppose."

"No. Don't throw it at all. Encourage people. What would the world be if everybody chilled our aspirations and extraordinary efforts? Like Fulton's steamboat."

"All right," I said; "I'll not discourage her."

It was now getting late in the season. It was quite too cool to sit out on deck in the evening, and our garden began to look desolate.

Our boarder had wheeled up a lot of fresh earth, and had prepared a large bed, in which he had planted turnips. They were an excellent fall crop, he assured us.

From being simply cool it began to be rainy, and the weather grew decidedly unpleasant. But our boarder bade us take courage. This was probably the "equinoctial," and when it was over there would be a delightful Indian summer, and the turnips would grow nicely.

This sounded very well, but the wind blew up very cold at night, and there was a great deal of unpleasant rain.

One night it blew what Pomona called a "whirligane," and we went to bed very early to keep warm. We heard our boarder on deck in the garden after we were in bed, and Euphemia said she could not imagine what he was about, unless he was anchoring his turnips to keep them from blowing away.

During the night I had a dream. I thought I was a boy again, and was trying to stand upon my head, a feat for which I had been famous. But instead of throwing myself forward on my hands, and then raising my heels backward over my head, in the

orthodox manner, I was on my back, and trying to get on my head from that position. I awoke suddenly, and found that the foot-board of the bedstead was much higher than our heads. We were lying on a very much inclined plane, with our heads downward. I roused Euphemia, and we both got out of bed, when, at almost the same moment, we slipped down the floor into even so much water.

Euphemia was scarcely awake, and she fell down gurgling. It was dark, but I heard her fall, and I jumped over the bedstead to her assistance. I had scarcely raised her up, when I heard a pounding at the front-door or main-hatchway, and our boarder shouted:

"Get up! Come out of that! Open the door! The old boat's turning over!"

My heart fell within me, but I clutched Euphemia. I said no word, and she simply screamed. I dragged her over the floor, sometimes in the water and sometimes out of it. I got the dining-room door open and set her on the stairs. They were in a topsy-turvy condition, but they were dry. I found a lantern which hung on a nail with a match-box under it, and I struck a light. Then I scrambled back and brought her some clothes.

All this time the boarder was yelling and pounding at the door. When Euphemia was ready I opened the door and took her out.

"You go dress yourself," said the boarder, "I'll hold her here until you come back."

I left her and found my clothes (which I had taken to the deck) had tumbled against the foot-board of the bed and so had not gone into the water, and soon re-appeared on deck. The wind was blowing strongly, but it did not now seem to be very cold. The deck reminded me of the gang-plank of a Harler steamboat at low tide. It was inclined at an angle of more than forty-five degrees, and I am sure. There was light enough for us to see about us, but the scene and all the dreadful circumstances made me feel the most intense desire to wake up and find it all a dream. There was no doubt, however, about the boarder being wide awake.

"Now then," said he, "take hold of her on that side and we'll help her over here. You scramble down on that side; it's a dry just there. The boat's turned over toward the water, and I'll lower her down to you. I've let a rope over the sides. You can hold on to that as you go down."

I got over the bulwarks and let myself

down to the ground. Then the boarder got Euphemia up and slipped her over the side, holding to her hands, and letting her gently down until I could reach her. She said never a word, but screamed at times. I carried her a little way up the shore and set her down. I wanted to take her up to a house near by, where we bought our milk, but she declined to go until we had saved Pomona.

So I went back to the boat, having carefully wrapped up Euphemia, to endeavor to save the girl. I found that the boarder had so arranged the gang-plank that it was possible, without a very great exercise of agility, to pass from the shore to the boat. When I first saw him, on reaching the shelving deck, he was staggering up the stairs with a lining-room chair and a large framed engraving of Raphael's Dante—an ugly picture, but full of true feeling; at least so Euphemia always declared, though I am not quite sure that I know what she meant.

"Where is Pomona?" I said, endeavoring to stand on the hill-side of the deck.

"I don't know," said he, "but we must get the things out. The tide's rising and the wind's getting up. The boat will go over before we know it."

"But we must find the girl," I said. "She can't be left to drown."

"I don't think it would matter much," said he, getting over the side of the boat with his awkward load. "She would be of about as much use drowned as any other way. If it hadn't been for that hole she cut in the side of the boat, this would never have happened."

"You don't think it was that!" I said, holding the picture and the chair while he set himself down to the gang-plank.

"Yes, it was," he replied. "The tide's very high, and the water got over that hole and rushed in. The water and the wind will finish this old craft before very long."

And then he took his load from me and dashed down the gang-plank. I went below to look for Pomona. The lantern still hung on the nail, and I took it down and went into the kitchen. There was Pomona, dressed, and with her hat on, quietly packing some things in a basket.

"Come, hurry out of this," I cried. "Don't you know that this house—this boat, mean, is a wreck?"

"Yes, sma'am—sir, I mean—I know it, and I suppose we shall soon be at the mercy of the waves."

"Well, then, go as quickly as you can. What are you putting in that basket?"

"Food," she said. "We may need it."

I took her by the shoulder and hurried her on deck, over the bulwark, down the gang-plank, and so on to the place where I had left Euphemia.

I found the dear girl there, quiet and collected, all up in a little bunch, to shield herself from the wind. I wasted no time, but hurried the two women over to the house of our milk-merchant. There, with some difficulty, I roused the good woman, and after seeing Euphemia and Pomona safely in the house, I left them to tell the tale, and hurried back to the boat.

The boarder was working like a Trojan. He had already a pile of our furniture on the beach.

I set about helping him, and for an hour we labored at this hasty and toilsome moving. It was indeed a toilsome business. The floors were shelving, the stairs leaned over sideways, ever so far, and the gang-plank was desperately short and steep.

Still, we saved quite a number of household articles. Some things we broke and some we forgot, and some things were too big to move in this way; but we did very well, considering the circumstances.

The wind roared, the tide rose, and the boat groaned and creaked. We were in the kitchen, trying to take the stove apart (the boarder was sure we could carry it up, if we could get the pipe out and the legs and doors off), when we heard a crash. We rushed on deck and found that the garden had fallen in! Making our way as well as we could toward the gaping rent in the deck, we saw that the turnip-bed had gone down bodily into the boarder's room. He did not hesitate, but scrambled down his narrow stairs. I followed him. He struck a match that he had in his pocket, and lighted a little lantern that hung under the stairs. His room was a perfect rubbish heap. The floor, bed, chairs, pitcher, basin—everything was covered or filled with garden mold and turnips. Never did I behold such a scene. He stood in the midst of it, holding his lantern high above his head. At length he spoke.

"If we had time," he said, "we might come down here and pick out a lot of turnips."

"But, how about your furniture?" I exclaimed.

"Oh, that's ruined!" he replied.

So we did not attempt to save any of it, but we got hold of his trunk and carried that on shore.

When we returned, we found that the

water was pouring through his partition, making the room a lake of mud. And, as the water was rising rapidly below, and the boat was keeling over more and more, we thought it was time to leave, and we left.

It would not do to go far away from our possessions, which were piled up in a sad-looking heap on the shore; and so, after I had gone over to the milk-woman's to assure Euphemia of our safety, the boarder and I passed the rest of the night—there was not much of it left—in walking up and down the beach smoking some cigars which he fortunately had in his pocket.

In the morning I took Euphemia to the hotel, about a mile away—and arranged for the storage of our furniture there, until we could find another habitation. This habitation, we determined, was to be in a substantial house, or part of a house, which should not be affected by the tides.

During the morning the removal of our effects was successfully accomplished, and our boarder went to town to look for a furnished room. He had nothing but his trunk to take to it.

In the afternoon I left Euphemia at the hotel, where she was taking a nap (she certainly needed it, for she had spent the night in a wooden rocking-chair at the milk-woman's), and I strolled down to the river to take a last look at the remains of old Rudder Grange.

I felt sadly enough as I walked along the well-worn path to the canal-boat, and thought how it had been worn by my feet more than any other's, and how gladly I

had walked that way, so often during that delightful summer. I forgot all that had been disagreeable, and thought only of the happy times we had had.

It was a beautiful autumn afternoon, and the wind had entirely died away. When I came within sight of our old home, it presented a doleful appearance. The bow had drifted out into the river, and was almost entirely under water. The stern stuck up in a mournful and ridiculous manner, with its keel, instead of its broadside, presented to the view of persons on the shore. As I neared the boat I heard a voice. I stopped and listened. There was no one in sight. Could the sounds come from the boat? I concluded that it must be so, and I walked up closer. Then I heard distinctly the words:

"He grasp ed her by the thro at and yell ed, swear to me thou nev er wilt re ve al my se cret, or thy hot heart's blood shall stain this mar bel flo or; she gave one gry vy ous gasp and ——"

It was Pomona!

Doubtless she had climbed up the stern of the boat and had descended into the depths of the wreck to rescue her beloved book, the reading of which had so long been interrupted by my harsh decrees. Could I break in on this one hour of rapture? I had not the heart to do it, and as I slowly moved away, there came to me the last words that I ever heard from Rudder Grange:

"And with one wild shry ik to heav en her heart's blo od spat ter ed that prynce ly home of woe ——"



RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES SUMNER.

FOURTH PAPER.

SUMNER NOT A POLITICIAN.

MR. SUMNER was a statesman rather than politician. He was always ready, when able, to work for the success of party when party and principle coincided, except when party work would bring to him personal referment. In such cases he would do nothing, and less than nothing. When the long struggle was in progress, which finally ended in making him Senator, he was besought to utter some statement as to his future course, which was in harmony with his past course, and would hamper him little if any. He refused emphatically, and when rather indignantly asked if he would do nothing to advance his own election, he replied: "If by turning my hand over I could make myself Senator to-morrow, I could not turn it over—I would not even do it out." After that he was let alone,—but he was elected.

Something of the feeling with which he went about his new duties, may be gathered from his letter to his sister, now his only remaining near relative, written while on his way to take his seat in the Senate:

NEW YORK, November 26th, 1851.
 Delmonico's, Thanksgiving Day. }

MY VERY DEAR JULIA: Your parting benediction and God-speed, mingling with mother's, made my heart overflow. I thank you both. They will cheer, comfort, and strengthen me in duties where there are many difficulties and great responsibilities. For myself I do not desire public life; I have neither taste nor ambition for it; but Providence has marked out my career, and I follow. Many will criticise and malign, but I shall persevere. * * Good-bye. With constant love to mother and myself,
 CHARLES.

When, in the winter of 1856-57, the time of electing Senator again came round in Massachusetts, there was much difference of opinion as to the proper course under the circumstances. It was rumored that Mr. Sumner was permanently disabled. By some it was said that he had no desire to be returned to the Senate. The time had come when a decision as to who should be Senator must be reached, and Mr. Sumner made no sign. A gentleman who did not agree with the Senator in politics, but who had become quite intimate with him through

their mutual love for literature—Dr. James C. Welling, LL. D., then one of the editors of the "National Intelligencer," now President of the Columbian University in Washington—had visited Boston, and came away with a feeling that he might lose his friend's presence in Washington unless he would put himself in such a position that others could work for him, even if he would not work for himself. So Dr. Welling wrote Mr. Sumner, in as delicate a manner as possible, pointing out the dilemma in which those were placed who had his interests at heart, and besought him not to allow his sensitiveness to prevent him from doing that which was usual and proper under the circumstances. This would have been a bold step in one of his political friends, but it was done so felicitously by Dr. Welling, that it brought back from the Senator this reply, which came from his heart:

BOSTON, 22d December, 1856.

—just seven months since my disability.

MY DEAR WELLING: When chosen to my present place, I had never held office of any kind. I was brought forward against my often-declared wishes, and, during the long contest that ensued, constantly refused to furnish any pledge or explanation, or to do anything, even to the extent of walking across my room; determined that the office should absolutely and in every respect seek me, and that I would in no respect seek the office. This was six years ago. I see no occasion—nor if there were occasion, should I be willing—now to depart from the rule of independence which I then prescribed to myself. I make no inquiries with regard to the course of the Legislature, as, of course, I make no suggestion; nor shall I do anything, directly or indirectly, to affect its action. If I am chosen again, it will be as I was before, without any act, or word, or hint from me. This is a long preamble, but it seemed necessary to explain my indifference to the suggestion which you so kindly make. On the present occasion, in my movements I shall be governed by considerations of health, and forced, also, by the still pending suspense with regard to the fate of three members of my family, which must, however, soon settle into the assurance of calamity or of safety—long before, according to my physicians, I can hope to be well; but I trust, before long, to have the pleasure of seeing you. Meanwhile, with many thanks for your kind interest in my affairs,

Ever sincerely yours,
 CHARLES SUMNER.

He was chosen again, and without any act or word, or hint from him; and, as has been said by another, "when the vote

or study, in which he generally sat. What particularly struck me on entering this room was four portraits on the four walls, one of which was of Washington, and another of Hamilton. Of course I could not help exclaiming. When De Tocqueville found that I had recognized them, he seemed much pleased. I, of course, expressed my great pleasure at so high a compliment to our country. We soon were engaged in discussing the character of General Hamilton. De Tocqueville compared him to William Pitt, and I must confess that there is a great similarity between their cases.

Mr. Welling: I have thought of that myself, and what first suggested the parallel was the similarity in the contour of their features.

Mr. Sumner: I have noticed that myself. I once mistook a bust of Pitt for Hamilton's. There is a resemblance of one to the other, but it is only a general resemblance. By the way, Lord Brougham showed me, while I was at Brougham Castle, a very great curiosity. It was one of the two masks of plaster which were taken from the face of William Pitt after his death. There I had a good view of his thin nostrils, his deep-set eye, his protruding nose, and the lines of his mouth, and of the way his head was set upon his neck, or rather upon his shoulders. It brought me nearer to Pitt than anything else ever did.

Mr. Welling: Did you see much of Macaulay?

Mr. Sumner: Yes. I saw Macaulay very often. I met him in society frequently, and then I spent a week with him at the country-seat of Lord Stanhope.

Mr. Welling: How does he appear? Is he bookish?

Mr. Sumner: Oh, very well, very well, indeed. You know he is a man of the world. He can adapt himself to all societies, but when his society is literary he talks a great deal. He is not a pedant, but still he talks too well—at least, it would be too well for any one but him. His memory, you know, is monstrous, and he quotes continually, but always appositely and well. I have frequently, in common conversation, heard him quote a whole strophe from a Greek tragedy. It is said that, were Milton lost, it could be wholly restored from his memory alone! and, truly, I think it to be the case.

Mr. Welling: How could he acquire so much?

Mr. Sumner: Well, you see, he has con-

stant good health, and is blest with a most indefatigable industry, which, together with his prodigious memory and his singular faculty of getting at the gist of the matter in a glance, has enabled him to surpass almost everybody.

Mr. Welling: Was it true that Macaulay wrote that article on Lord Bacon on his way home from India?

Mr. Sumner: I asked him about that, and he told me that the article was written at Bombay and printed there, and was sent in the sheets to Edinburgh. During the three years he spent in India in the public service, he told me that he read all the Greek prose and poetic classics! Just think of that in connection with the public duties he had to perform and with his writing of that time! While we were together at Lord Stanhope's I saw a great deal of Macaulay. We spent one forenoon in the library together browsing among the books, pulling them down and talking them over. That library, by the way, contains over fifteen thousand volumes! In speaking of literature I used the word "cento," giving it the Italian pronunciation *chento*. Macaulay did not take immediate notice of it, but after a little he said: "chento, chento, can that be chento?" "Yes," said I, "certainly," but then immediately remarked that I had never verified it as such. "Well," said Macaulay, "you may be right, but let us be sure;" and with that he pulled down a big Latin lexicon and soon pointed out the word to me as good Latin. Of course I gave in. While at home last month one evening I met Prescott, Bancroft, Felton, Longfellow, Emerson, Childs, and Whipple at dinner and spoke of this, and they all said that, without looking, they should have agreed with me in supposing the word to have been Italian. So you see how tenacious Macaulay's memory is, even of the most trivial things.

ABOUT CORPORATIONS.

General Caleb Cushing called one day in 1857. In the course of conversation upon the pecuniary embarrassment of the day, and, especially, upon the troubles in Massachusetts, he said that the public was now convinced of two things: first, to avoid the error, so lately fatal, of allowing one man to be agent for several factories, so that, in the fall of one, all were involved, though they had no common interest; and, second, allowing no connection between the buying

agent and the treasurer, and the selling agent. He also thought it would do much toward doing away with corporation treachery.

Mr. Sumner said that he had long thought corporations worse than useless in many cases. When he was in Lancashire, stopping at the house of a large manufacturer, a man of great intelligence, he had asked his entertainer to give him, in a few words, the difference between the English and American mode of conducting factories. The difference, he was told, was, that in America large corporations did their work by a throng of high-salaried officers and commissioners, who had no interest in the works beyond the earning of their salaries; while in England, as a general thing, the factories were owned by one, two or three men, together with their families. The gentleman speaking, who employed eight hundred hands, was his own treasurer, buying agent and selling agent, and, consequently, saved the heavy salaries which in America are paid to these officers. His sons carried on the work.

General Cushing thought that the Legislature ought to refuse to incorporate much oftener than they do. "Why," he asked, "should not one of Lawrence's East India ships be incorporated, which often are worth a million of dollars, as well as a mill with a stock of but one hundred thousand dollars?"

MISS THACKERAY.

I had returned one night from the theater where Agnes Robertson had taken the part of Smike, and speaking of the play to the senator, I asked if it were true that Thackeray had placed so high a value on Dickens's "Nicholas Nickleby" as was reported. Mr. Sumner replied that he did not know as to Thackeray himself, but that one of his daughters, after having read that book through once, on finishing the last page, turned back to the first page and read it through again, and said to him: "Pa, why don't you write such books as this?" and that Thackeray was himself responsible for the story. Then he went on to say: "That reminds me that, when last in London, I attended a party given by Mr. Procter (Barry Cornwall), and, as I was coming out of the crowded rooms in the second story, I met on the broad stairs a couple cozily ensconced in the niche on the first landing of the staircase. The gentleman was Sir Edward Macpherson, late Governor of Cey-

lon, and, in shaking hands with him, I caught sight of the face of his companion, and the face of the girl was so fresh and fair, and such a sweet, sunny, laughing expression beamed over it, that I couldn't help addressing her without a word of presentation, and of conversing in a gossiping way for full five minutes. Then I continued on my way, sorry that I could not stay longer. On reaching the door I met Thackeray, with whom I gossiped a moment; and, on his informing me that his daughters were present, I immediately proposed making their acquaintance. Some one standing near said, 'Why, you have been talking with one of them for the last five minutes.' Of course I was charmed to learn that this sunny creature was my friend's daughter. Then I said: 'I must now be regularly presented to her, and you, Thackeray, must introduce me.' So we went upstairs again, and Thackeray presented me in this way: laying his hand on his breast and bowing, he said: 'Anne—my friend—know each other,' and then passed on without mentioning my name. We had a charming little chat."

ANECDOTES.

Mr. Sumner had large acquaintance with trees and plants—larger perhaps than with flowers. He could recognize most trees by their shape as well as by their leaves. He could readily distinguish the different kinds of woods by their grain. His knowledge of trees was not confined to those of his own country. He once had a dispute with an Englishman as to whose country produced the most and the best trees; and he was not only victorious, but he was magnanimous, for he helped his antagonist out in his list of the English trees, before overwhelming him with an enumeration of those of America.

Mr. Sumner took a leading part in the debate which resulted in ordering that the grounds on the east front of the Capitol be lowered. It was alleged that if the measure passed, it would sacrifice many trees. To this he replied that most of the trees referred to were of a soft fiber, and would soon die of themselves, but there was one tree there, a broad, spreading, and symmetrical beech, which should be preserved in any event. Such was his affection for the tree, he could not support the measure, unless he were assured the beech would remain unhurt. He never, he said, went down the east front of the Capitol without looking at it, and he

was among the foremost to say, "Woodman, spare *that* tree." What he said on that occasion attracted attention, and many visitors now inquire for "Mr. Sumner's tree." It is protected by an inclosing fence, and considerable expense is being incurred in lowering it to the position for which it is ultimately destined.

Returning from his drives north of the city, the Senator had to pass Columbian University buildings, among which was the residence of President Welling. Here he would often stop and chat with his old friend, his charming daughter, and such of the faculty as happened to be on the broad piazza which overlooked the city. Here conversation always ran on travel, art, or literature, rather than on politics.

One evening the talk turned on the Man in the Iron Mask, and the Senator recounted a chat on the subject had with Chevalier Bunsen during a visit made to him immediately after his (the Senator's) return from the Isle Ste. Marguerite, when he had made a careful inspection of the room in which the illustrious prisoner had been confined. When he had described to the Chevalier the peculiar cornices and the double-grated windows, Bunsen exclaimed. "Mr. Sumner, what you tell me about the room confirms me in the belief that the Man in the Iron Mask was a man of important position, possibly royal." Continuing the subject, Mr. Sumner said that when he spoke of Bunsen's remark to General Cass, the General related the following:

When he was Minister to France, he became somewhat intimate with the then King of the French, Louis Philippe. One evening when they were alone, the General requested permission to ask a question.

"Ask what you please," the King replied.

"Then," queried the Minister, "can your Majesty tell me anything of the Man in the Iron Mask?"

"Ah," replied Louis, somewhat amazed, "yes, and I will tell you all I know about it. When I returned from America, immediately upon seeing my cousin, Count d'Artois, I, evincing this same curiosity, asked him whether he could tell me anything about the mystery. 'Only this,' replied the Count: 'Once, in rambling through the Tuileries, I found myself in the apartments of the Queen, Marie Antoinette. Parting the curtains which concealed me from her eyes, I saw her on her knees before the King. "In mercy's name," she said, "Sire, tell me! who *was* the Man in

the Iron Mask?" "I cannot tell you," answered Louis XVI., sternly. "I learned it from my predecessor, and can tell it only to my successor. But this I will tell you: if you knew who he was, you would be greatly disappointed at the curiosity which he has excited."'"

Mr. Sumner ended by saying that there was no doubt in his own mind that the prisoner was a natural son of Anne of Austria.

The Senator was faithful to his exact recollection of a conversation, and in recounting it usually detailed it in dialogue form, and often vividly and with spirit. Once at his own dinner-table, when entertaining some young Englishmen, among them a son of John Bright, the talk turned on parliamentary eloquence. The Senator spoke of several whom he had heard in the House of Commons during his first visit to Europe, comparing their style and manner with that of those he had heard when last abroad; and as he warmed with the subject he recited passages from well-known speeches, rising from the table, and speaking from behind his chair, imitating voice, gesture, and manner, especially the curious hesitation and drawl which marks and mars the eloquence of so many Englishmen. He did not descend to mimicry, nor yet to burlesque. It was a reproduction of what was in his recollection, and presented so faithfully, that the picture was recognized as true to nature. We sat long at table, and when the company separated, they thanked him for one of the pleasantest evenings they had spent; and one gentleman said he should carry away with him an idea of the orators of his own country, such as he had never gained elsewhere.

But to return to the piazza conversations: Conversation had turned on the progress of the age. Mr. Sumner said: "We live in a transition period. The time will come when science, religion, and art will have made such progress, that this time of ours will be classed with the dark ages."

Speaking of the achievements of the other sex, and the appreciation they had met, Mr. Sumner said he greatly admired the writings of Sainte-Beuve, and that he was the only Frenchman who had ever done woman justice. Sainte-Beuve's review of the writings of Madame Roland, Mr. Sumner thought peculiarly appreciative and beautiful.

Mr. Sumner commented with some severity on the lax sentiment of the day relative

to gift-taking by office-holders from office-seekers, and remarked that he had never received a present of any kind from any one for whom he had obtained or asked a position—but once. We asked about the exception, when he said that Mr. Gustavus V. Fox, for whom he, among others, had asked the position of Assistant Secretary of the Navy, which place Mr. Fox had filled with great acceptability, had, on his return from Russia, sent him several pounds of Mandarin tea. This tea, by the way, played a conspicuous part at Mr. Sumner's somewhat celebrated dinner to the High Joint Commissioners.

The table was spread with the rarest dishes that Wormley, of Washington, and Smith, of Boston, could provide; and as the work with them was a labor of love, the markets of the country from Maine to Florida had been called into requisition. Their professional pride was fully satisfied by the comments of the guests. But when this Mandarin tea was served to them in Sèvres china, after dinner in the Library, it produced more sensation than did any dish, however rare, at table. The Countess de Grey was the first to recognize it, though she had met it before only at Buckingham Palace, and then only when the Queen entertained other royal personages. Mandarin tea, like Tokay wine, was so rare that it was a fit present between princes. How the Senator came by it, was a question in which the other guests joined the Countess, and its history was one of the pleasant points in the conversation of the evening.

One evening, when the poetry of Vittoria Colonna came under discussion, Mr. Sumner said her sonnets were the most beautiful productions of woman's pen, and he spoke of her as the Italian nightingale with the thorn in her breast, "who learned in suffering what she taught in song." He said Mrs. Browning was crude compared with Vittoria Colonna. The sonnets of Michael Angelo were, he thought, too architectural in their structure, and that of all the great sonneteers, Milton was the leader. The sonnet was evidently the Senator's favorite form of versification.

Mr. Sumner greatly admired the paintings of Ary Scheffer, Paul Delaroche, and other artists of that school. He spoke highly of the wife and daughter of Scheffer, with the latter of whom he was acquainted. The former often sat to her husband as a model, and assisted him in other ways. Delaroche's painting of "The Death of the Duke of Guise at Blois" was his favorite picture of

that school; he made a point of seeing it each time he visited France.

From his youth he had an abiding admiration for Mücke's "Marriage of St. Catharine." A copy of this picture hung in his room at college, and in referring to it he said: "The tender grace of the angels, and the calm repose of the Saint," rested him when he looked at it. Another picture which hung in his room at Harvard was of the head of the young Augustus. This head made a great impression on him. He had copies of it in various forms. The most valuable was in marble, and was left by will to Longfellow. He liked to trace in it the resemblance to the busts of the First Napoleon, and to suggest the points which had been copied by the sculptors from the ancient Emperor, rather than the modern, and to show wherein the head of Napoleon had been idealized in this way.

His "Psyche" was also willed to Longfellow. The affection he manifested for this marble has often been noted. One reason of it perhaps was the suggestion in its features of the face of his twin sister, whose early death he still mourned.

One evening the conversation turned upon the question of what class of men had left the broadest mark on the page of history. The Senator sat silent for a while, but when his opinion was asked, he utterly ignored the warriors, as might have been expected; but what excited surprise, he gave the palm to the realists rather than the idealists; to Aristotle, Bacon, Descartes, and Newton, rather than to Plato, Socrates, Shakespeare, and Rousseau. When surprise was expressed, he placated the speaker, who was of the transcendental school, by admitting that, while Aristotle undoubtedly had the more massive mind, Plato's intellect was perhaps of the finer quality; but as to the effect on the world of the work they did, he spoke of the most noted scientists, from Aristotle down to Tyndall and Henry, comparing them from time to time with those of the contemplative school, showing the peculiar work of each, and the effect it produced, not on his own time, but on succeeding generations, and giving the palm to the realist, while not detracting from the value of the work of those of the other school.

Mr. Sumner's course as to the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution caused much criticism as well as inquiry, and even now it is misunderstood. This provided that "the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged * * *

on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude." His opposition to the amendment seemed at variance with his life-work. His ground, however, as I understand it, was, that the Constitution unamended provided all that was proposed in the amendment, and that to amend was to admit that the feature required did not already exist. It had been his belief that it did exist, and it was this belief which separated him from those who announced that the Constitution was a covenant with Death and a league with Hell.

In this connection there came to pass a strange occurrence, the impression produced by which is almost indescribable.

One Sunday there came to him a friend who had the success of the movement much at heart, and wished to gain for it the Senator's support. When he urged its necessity, Mr. Sumner replied by reading from the Constitution as it was. Then his friend waived the question as to whether the amendment should have been presented in the first place, but begged the Senator, now that it had been introduced, and had been, as a measure, adopted by the party which had saved the country, to drop his opposition to it if he could not support it. If it was not, as many believed, now in the Constitution, they both thought it should be; and if it was there, as Mr. Sumner believed, it would do no hurt to country or Constitution to intensify the idea by repetition.

As his friend concluded this appeal, the Senator straightened up and looked him full in the face. Then, after a pause, he leaned forward, rested his elbows on his knees, and though he still held the Constitution in his hands, fixed his eyes on the floor, and reading without book, in that curious sonorous, intoning voice so habitual to him, recited these words:

"And when they came to Nachon's threshing-floor, Uzzah put forth his hand to the Ark of God, and took hold of it; for the oxen shook it.

"And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzzah, and God smote him there for his error; and there he died by the Ark of God."

After a short pause he again recited:

"For I testify unto every man * * * the words * * * of this book. If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book.

"And if any man shall take away from the words of the book * * * God shall take away his part out of the book of life."

The effect was singular. The visitor blanched, and his manner was that of one who had seen a ghost; he rose without a word, and, with a solemn face, backed slowly and noiselessly to the door, bowed, and without a word departed. Mr. Sumner remained for a space with lowered head, as if in deep thought, and then, with a heavy sigh, resumed the book he had been reading.

A FARMER'S VACATION: IV.

THE BIGHT OF LA MANCHE.

WE had rested for some weeks (if one can rest in Paris) in a snug little old-fashioned hotel, where the ancient Parisian traditions of cheapness and honesty, comfort and cleanliness, have escaped the demoralization of the war; a hotel too modest and obscure in its little back street to have been swept by the besom of American and Russian extravagance. We had rested and had considered our route. Between us and the Channel Islands, whither we were to go, lay such a wealth of invitation, that it became less a question of what we should see than what we could forego seeing.

Mont Saint Michel, the marvelous, car-

ried the day, and we took the early train down the valley of the Seine for Rouen. Once away from Paris—whose influence ends abruptly at Versailles—we plunged directly into the heart of agricultural France. Manufacturing France is fast encroaching upon it, and the route takes us past many growing towns filled with the signs of busy industry, where tall factory chimneys contrast rudely with odd-looking old church towers; but the whole country side is as old-fashioned and as foreign as though the only factories known were the village shops, where they make plows that look like wagons, and wagons that look like arks.

The country people wear a dress that we rarely see, except near the emigrant landing-station at Castle Garden in New York; many women are working in the fields, and splendid gray Percheron horses, clad in broad collars mounted with blue sheepskins, are slowly and stoutly turning a soil that has grown its yearly round of grass and grain to feed unnumbered generations of just such men and women and horses as now ply their peaceful art upon it, undisturbed by the harsh cry of progress, and almost unmindful of the ravages of the war which handled them so rudely, and of which they are now weating to pay the cost.

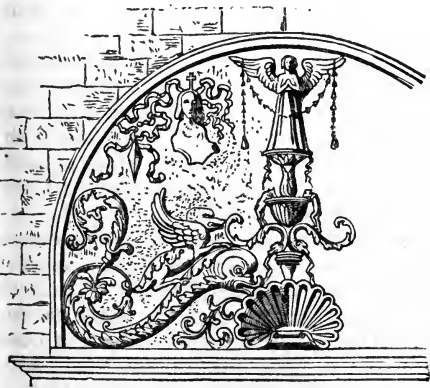
No doubt "improved agriculture" has many a foothold in this fertile valley, but these instances are not conspicuous, and the impression on the rapid traveler by rail is simply that of a quiet and unspoiled farming country, adhering to the traditions of the olden time, and filled with a strange picturesque-ness. It was on a day of bright sun and flying cloud-shadows that we saw it, and as its well-kept fields lay guarded among the wooded hill-tops, and separated by the slow and sinuous Seine, with its freight of odd-shaped boats, it breathed to us the very essence of the novelty of a quaint old age.

Rouen, big and busy, sadly disappoints the arriving eye of the traveler. Ten chimney stacks to one church tower (fine though they be), and broad, handsomely built, Paris-like streets leading to the hotel on the quay, in front of which are the steamers and barges, and cotton bales and drays of commerce, shock, with their nineteenth century

Gothic architecture, and the memory of the martyred Jeanne d'Arc. But picturesque Rouen is not all destroyed, it is only hidden.



Many of the tumble-down old streets have been straightened and rebuilt; the light of day has been let in upon their pestilential recesses, and the regret of the hunter after the picturesque must be modified by his knowledge that his loss of temporary pleasure is offset by the permanent gain of the people in healthful and wholesome living. Still, many of the old streets remain, and enough of the storied beauty of the town is yet to be seen to make Rouen one of the sights of the Old World. Near the river, passing through an antique and angular street, past the curious "Fontaine de Liesieux,"—built against the corner of an old house, in representation of the sculptor's crude idea of Mount Parnassus, and which has been flowing for three hundred and fifty-years,—we enter the "Place de la Basse Vieille Tour," a staircase and tribune attached to the Cloth Market. From here one has a fine view of the towers and south front of the Cathedral of Nôtre-Dame, on which is being built a hideous modern cast-iron steeple, in strange contrast with the beautiful



ORNAMENTATION AT ROUEN.

er, a mind prepared only for narrowness and crookedness and beetling top stories, and the richness of the most florid of all

time-worn sculpture for which this church is remarkable—sculpture that approaches, as nearly as stone-work can, the delicacy of lace.



A CLOD-MASHER IN NORMANDY.

This church is of enormous size—of which figures convey no adequate idea—and its interior is worthy of the superb Gothic arches through which we enter it to gain a view of its harmonious proportions, and its decorations of sculpture, gilding, and colored glass. A highly unreverential sacristan, in cocked hat and gay uniform, marches us around the walls, drawing off his nasal yarn about the heroes and saints whose monuments it is his office to show, thumping his unwieldy mace on the stone floor as he walks, and intimating, in the broadest way, that all this interference with our quiet enjoyment of the holy place is to be “remembered” as we leave.

In spite of this nuisance, the Cathedral appeals strongly to all Cisatlantic Englishmen—and most of us are English in the early training of our nursery rhymes and school histories—for at the side of the sanctuary railing lies the recumbent tumularly statue of Richard I. of England, his lion heart, shut in a casket of silver, being encased in the stone. Here, too, lie the remains of his brother Henry. Throughout all this province one constantly realizes, as in the presence of these tombs, that the wave of our associations, which runs through English history, breaks at last on the hill-sides of fair old Normandy, and the feeling comes that we are in the land of our own kith and kin.

In this church, however, as elsewhere in Catholic countries, there comes another element with which our Puritan-born nature is never in harmony: against one of the walls is the gorgeous monument of the Cardinals of Amboise, uncle and nephew, whose remains lie beneath, and whose fusty old broad-brimmed hats hang among the dust and spiders' webs high against the ceiling above. The monument—marble above and alabaster

below—is rich to the last degree with symbolic sculpture. Behind the kneeling prelates, St. George transfixes the down-trodden dragon, and under the shelf on which they pose stand six exquisite statues of Faith, Charity, Prudence, Force, Justice, and Temperance, beautifully cut little cowled monks filling niches in the columns between them.

If the Cathedral is fine, the interior of St. Ouen is almost finer, and the reflected view of its long, unimpeded, Gothic-arched aisle, with beautiful restored glass windows, as seen in the brimming holy-water stoup, is like a dream of an enchanted cathedral; and St. Maclou, with its beautiful organ staircase, is equally remarkable in a way of its own. Another old church in the city (now used as a livery-stable) has a wealth of chiseled stone lace-work, and the Tour St. André, which has lost its church, recalls the Tour St. Jacques in Paris. And, besides these, there are churches and churches, until one wonders at the profusion of ecclesiastical richness. Nor is it by its ecclesiastical richness only that Rouen enforces admiration; the old Hotel du Bourgheroulde, built in the fifteenth century and used as a banking-house in the nineteenth, and overlooking the Place de la Pucelle, where Jeanne d'Arc was burned, is almost the most beautiful of medieval buildings. The Tour de la Grosse Horloge, from which the curfew has rung for nearly five hundred years, with an arch over the adjoining street and a fountain of the thirteenth century, has no rival in Europe. The donjon tower—in which Jeanne d'Arc, in her military apparel and loaded with irons, was interrogated by the prelates, who condemned her to be burned alive—still stands, in suggestive proximity to the railway station.

As an example of the old wooden-fronted houses characteristic of the domestic architecture of the city, the Maison St. Amand is worthy of notice; and in contrast with it stands the Palais de Justice, which is, within and without, the very perfection of Gothic and Renaissance building.

In hunting out these old historic buildings, one sees the best of what remains to the town of its medieval character, and this was all that our hurried trip gave us time for. After a halt of only twenty-four hours, we took the circuitous rail for Caen, a trip not especially noticeable or interesting but for the foreign look of the villages and the people, and especially of our fellow-passengers. At Caen, too, we had barely time to drive to the citadel, and to the beautiful, pure-

Norman Church of St. Stephen, founded by William the Conqueror and holding his remains, which were brought here for interment after his death in the Priory of St. Gervais at Rouen, whither he was carried after his curious injury. He was watching the conflagration of Mantes, when the wind blew a burning ember upon his horse's rump, making him plunge violently, throwing his rider against the high pommel of his saddle with such force as to cause his lingering death.

His queen, Matilda, lies in the same Church of the Trinity, founded by her in 1066, together with an adjoining convent for the exclusive religious retirement of ladies of the bluest blood of the Norman aristocracy. Caen has been as crooked, and as tumble-down, and as filthy, as the fondest admirer of the antique could wish; but the railway has linked it to Paris, and a ship canal has opened it to the sea, and here, as in all modernized towns, one must hunt for the traces of its old picturesqueness.

As the train leaves the station, it passes a grand level field in the valley of the Orne, which is used for the annual races, and which still serves to illustrate the way in which, in feudal times, the lords of the land took the best of the earth's goods, and left the least for their poor retainers. The meadow is, in the latter season, a common pasturage for the townspeople's cows—but only after the lord of the manor has cut and moved the hay crop. Near the race-course are the world-renowned quarries of Caen stone.

One of the charms of European travel is to be found in the human nature with which one gets shut up in the small compartments of the railway carriages. We had for companions on this trip an avocat from Fécamp, and a cotton-broker from Flers. The avocat was a robust and enthusiastic Frenchman of forty, full of intelligence, but with a Victor Hugo-like way of cutting his remarks into short paragraphs, and emphasizing his speech with capital letters. It was he who told us the race-course grass crop.

Belle Prairie!

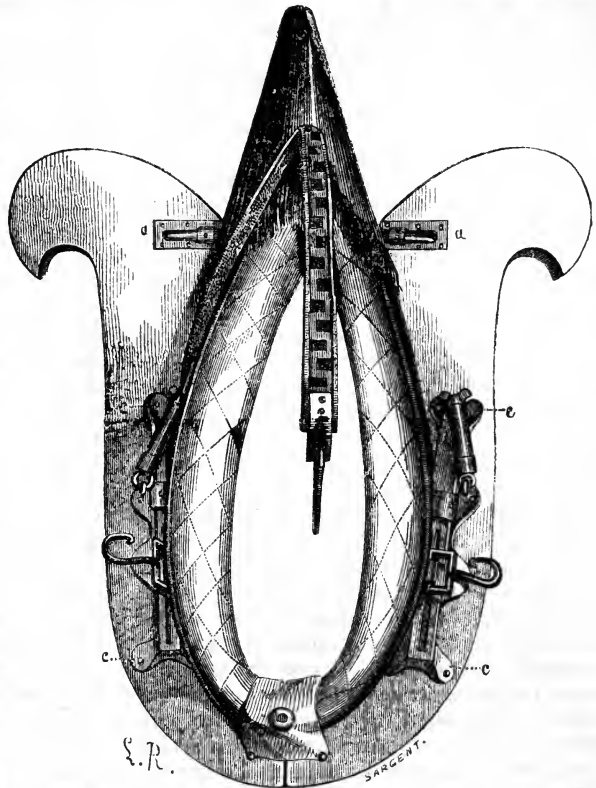
Propriété particulière, pour le Foin

Propriété commun pour le Regain

Un richard prend l'abondance!

Grand nombre de Pauvres prennent ce qu'il laisse!

In this way he jerked out much interesting information, especially about the agriculture of Normandy, and the character of its peasantry and country families. His speech was purely suggestive; he impelled one's thought in a certain direction, and then kept it in its course by a little pat on one side or the other, as he saw a chance for it to swerve



A PERCHERON HORSE COLLAR.

away from his purpose, giving it a fresh impulse now and then by a vigorous new suggestion. He rode with us less than an hour, and he left an impression which will always remain as a pleasant feature of the memory of our few weeks in France, of a thoroughly French, but thoroughly original and intelligent observer.

The cotton-broker was of the owly sort. An air of mystery clad all he said. In telling us about the connection of the trains at Flers, he said we could depend on him, and he furtively intimated for our assurance, "Je suis de la localité," drawing himself back with an inquiring and important air to see the effect of the statement on our minds.

Perhaps the reader has never heard of Flers; we knew little of it ourselves—the little the guide-books tell of an entirely modern cotton-weaving town of ten thousand inhabitants, with a fine church of the last decade. Our traveling companion knew little else, and cared for little else. Paris was his model, of course, for he was a Frenchman; but the degree to which Flers rivaled Paris in all the elegancies and conveniences of living, and in its sanitary arrangements,—none of the details of which did he spare our ladies,—it was remarkable to hear. The individuality he gave to this insignificant town, as we traveled toward it in the dark, did much to fill with interest a part of our journey, which would otherwise have been reeled off with the listlessness with which travelers are too apt to smother the way-sides of the railway intervals of their wanderings.

We arrived after dark, and had to wait for the corresponding train from Paris. We could see nothing of Flers, but it will not suffer by being left in our recollections with the unverified glow our companion gave it, and with the charming impression we got from its station restaurant. Why, oh! why can we not have such civilized food, such service, and such surroundings, at least at the stations of our largest towns?

Our further journey was short, and we reached Villedieu-les-Poêles late in the evening. "Hôtel de la Poste," said the guide-books, and to the Hôtel de la Poste we went. At last Paris and its influence were behind us, and we were in the heart of old, old, unspoiled Normandy. A cheerful landlady came clattering in her sabots to welcome us into the old stone-floored kitchen, ceiled with blackened oak and heavy beams, from which hung strings of garlic, hams, and other imperishable stores. At the farther end, in a generous old fire-place, the "pot au feu" hung from the crane over a handful of blazing wood. On the walls were shining coppers; in one corner was the curtained bed of host and hostess, and in another, a similar retreat for the two blooming handmaidens; a tall clock ticked against the wall, and old mahogany dressers, and chests of drawers, clean, and with polished brass, shone in the light of the fire. At the side of the fire-place was a clock-work jack (moved by a ponderous stone weight at the opposite side of the room) to turn the roasting-spit, and in the window-seat was built a many-holed stove of tiles for cooking with charcoal when the company becomes too numerous for the capacity of the hearth. Everything was old and

clean, bright, warm, and thoroughly home-like; and the people were cheery and kind. It was a pity to go to bed—but it was also amusing. Two little narrow beds, with clean, crash-like linen sheets; a table, with one diminutive bowl and pitcher, and two chairs, were the furniture of the small double room, which was pervaded with a fragrant odor of fresh hay. Opening the door of what seemed a closet in the wall, we came directly upon the hay-loft of the stable part of the house.

Our sleep was frequently interrupted by the bells of the incoming and outgoing diligence horses, and the clatter and gabble that forms so large a part of a Frenchman's idea of driving. In the early morning, I went out to look at the town. It was entirely foreign, of course, but it was also entirely *triste*, and we found all the villages on our route to have this character. Gray stone houses, with black roofs, an entire absence of front gardens, and of all color and brightness, and a very dead-and-alive air over the stolid faces of the people, impressed us at every turn of this part of the journey with a feeling we least of all expected to see in France.

But what the villages lack, the country makes up for, and as the rickety old diligence (diligent as a tinker's ass-cart) crawled slowly out of "la riante Vallée de la Siègne"—bells jingling, whip cracking, driver whistling, yelling, stamping his feet, doing all that one man could do to frighten two horses—and as sunshine and shower chased each other over hedge and apple-orchard field and wooded hill-top, we sat in dreamy delight in the snug old calèche-topped banquette, almost questioning whether we were really we, and whether there really was any America; whether all the world was not a land of sabots, white cotton nightcaps, green hedges, greener ivy, floor-like roads, and noisy, lazy diligences.

We climbed to the tops of long, high hills and rolled to the bottoms of far-away fertile valleys, and everywhere the life and the still-life of the country were redolent of a familiar novelty; all was strange, but so harmonious, and so exactly as it should be, that it seemed only strange we had not known it before. It was plain to see how a Norman peasant finds, in the dull content of his native land, a home-like, happy stolidity, that no emigration could improve and why he holds as he does to the old house of his fathers.

Midway of the route, our horses, having

grown callous to the boisterous demonstrations of their driver, were freed of the knotted clothes-lines and scant leather of which Norman harness is made up; and another pair, whose nerves had had a night's recuperation, were tied in. The old driver, hoarse with ten kilo of yelling, was replaced by one whose voice was fresh from his morning's bouillon and thin cider; and we rolled noisily on our way again.

Toward noon, we came out on the high bluff overlooking the richly cultivated Valley of the Sée, across which, at the seaward end of another like it, stood the high-perched town of Avranches. To the right, and far away, in the very focus of a gleam of sunshine, Mont St. Michel, rising from the golden sands, and backed by a fringe of the rolling surf, broke upon us for a moment in its full glory, and then faded into the shadow of the gathering clouds, losing itself entirely as we dropped into the lowland, and rumbled on past the little farms and overloaded cider-orchards which lined the well-kept way. The country of La Manche is a land of moss-grown thatch; every house, every cottage, every hut, snug under its thick mat of straw, is bronzed and gilded, and made green with every variety of moss that rotting straw, a genial sun, and frequent fog, can grow—all blending so well with field and hill-side, that the buildings almost seem to have taken root, and to have drawn from the soil itself their harmony with its other growth, and to justify the motive for the conspicuous assertion cut deeply into their door lintels. "Built in 1672, by order of André Le Brun, and Jeanne Vittré, his wife," was the longest we saw.

As the zigzag road turned for a second pull up the steep hill-side, we saw coming toward us, through the light rain, a little procession, headed by a priest in black robes, bearing a cross, and others chanting a requiem; acolytes, in scarlet gowns, one swinging a censer, walked at the sides of the road, and in the center was carried the pier of a young girl—maidens in white bearing the pall, and one following with a cushion, on which lay a wreath of flowers. After these came the few mourning relatives and friends. Sadly and slowly they wound round the turn of the road, and the dull refrain continued the impression of the touching scene after they had gone from our sight.

At the top of the hill, we turned clattering into Avranches, and into the dirty stable-yard of the Hôtel de France, at a little side office in which presides probably the most

mendacious and tricky of all diligence agents. By dint of shrewd negotiation with him, we ingeniously arranged the most expensive and uncomfortable way possible to get ourselves to Pontorson, and our heavy baggage to Dol; but even this was not accomplished without an amount of mutual invective that rankles in our memories to this day. The agents of these lines must have begun life as diligence-drivers. In no other school could they have been so trained to senseless, noisy gabble. Having an hour to wait, we went out to see the town.

Avranches is not much to see, but it is a superb place to see from. Perched high on the point of a commanding hill, it overlooks a beautiful foreground of Norman fields and farms, and has Mont St. Michel and the Tombelaine in full view. Behind these stretch the waters of La Manche, and to the left is the far away blue coast of Brittany. It is considered one of the healthiest and pleasantest towns of France, and has many economical English residents. Aside from its view, it has only one small lion—the stone on which Henry II. knelt to receive from the Pope's legate absolution for the murder of Thomas à Becket.

Two hours, through a charming country and a pouring rain, brought us to Pontorson, and we were dropped at the Hôtel de la Poste, where the rascal at Avranches had told us we should find a "correspondence" for Mont St. Michel. Whatever may be the natural disposition of "Veuve Le Roy et Fils," they had found seven hundred pilgrims, who had gone that morning to the island, in addition to the regular travel, too much for their nerves. They scouted the Avranches man's suggestion of "correspondence." They would, perhaps, let us go for one night if we would take return tickets for the early morning voiture. We wanted to stay until the afternoon. At this both *mère et fils* grew pale with rage, clutched at the air, and swore round oaths. Would we go now and return in the morning, yes or no? Did we own the horses and vehicles, that we should say how we should go? Would we go, or would we stay? It is nothing to us; come, now, yes or no—and done with it.

Fearing an apoplexy, we suggested delay, and that we would see what could be done at the "Hôtel de l'Ouest" over the way. Fils followed us into the street with loud imprecations—now, or not at all. If we dared set foot in the "Ouest," we might walk to Mont St. Michel and back again, voila!

The "Ouest" could do nothing for us—not a horse was left in the stables; everything had gone with "les Pèlerins." In despair we sought the apothecary of the village; was there no way to get to the island, and was there a good hotel if we must stay here? Oh, yes; chez Madame Le Roy you will find good vehicles and an excellent hotel. Evidently humble pie was our only safe diet, and back we trudged, to find other travelers, come by a later diligence, in violent row with the crazed Le Roys. Madame divided her attention between this contest and the management of her crowded table, where men with their hats on, and women in wet water-proofs—English, French, Italians, and Spaniards—were bolting her unwholesome food, and washing it down with sour, watery cider. Fils ironically advised us if we were hungry to go to the "Ouest" for lunch (I wish we had), and he filled the intervals of his struggle with the traveling public with special revilings of ourselves as we sat at the unsavory meal. Lunch over, we gently asked for tickets to go now and return in the morning, and we would take our chance of coming later. Another storm of passion; there would be no chance! Sacre!! So we took our places, and soothed la mère's anger by the payment of the fare into her skinny old hand, and were at peace. It was with grim satisfaction that we looked on as others were assailed with the same voluble French abuse, and finally dropped into the line of duly billeted penitents, until a wagon-load had accumulated.

At last we were off—over twenty persons in a long black-curtained wagon, with seats at the sides. Two of us had places with the driver; and what a driver he was! Those we had thus far seen became models of quiet by comparison. He was a jolly dog of a long, lank, seafaring Frenchman, all nerve and noise. His devices to startle his three thin horses were the work of genius. Yelling, hooting, whistling, whipping, whip-cracking, screaming, these are the ordinary weapons of provincial French Jehus, and he used them in their entirety; but he added evidences of much thought as to the possibilities of driving. "Pélagie" was his raw-boned, sorrel leader, and this was her fifth trip since morning over those seven miles of heavy sand. When the team grew callous to his demonstrations, he would lull them into a deceitful tranquillity by humming a low tune, then suddenly break out at the top of his hoarse voice with, "Houp, Pé-la-

zheee!! Crack, Crack, Thump, Pound, Kick, Hi! Hi! Pé-la-zheeee!" and off they would go for a fresh burst. When things were very bad I "spelled" him at the whip, and left him free to reinforce his calls by some fresh device with the reins. It was a favorite trick to stamp with both feet on the foot-board, as though the whole wagon were coming down about their ears. Now and then I drove, while he ran from one side to the other of the team seeking fresh spots for his lash. If we met another vehicle, he would call out in his broad Norman patois for its driver to lay in wait for Pélagie, and give her the sensation of a fresh thong. One smote so wisely and so well that Pélagie gave an unwonted plunge, and bang went a trace. "Ça ne fait rien—je ne m'embarque jamais sans bisquit," said the hearty man, as he whipped a new trace-ropé out of his box, and soon made ready for a fresh start. For every one we met he had a hoarse, but cheery salutation, and, at every auberge, he drew up for a friendly gossip, and a friendly glass—which, as it rained hard, he called a "caoutchouc."

Such rain, such sands, such plunging of wheels into the mire, such revelation by fellow-travelers of the fact that the politeness of the French nation is but skin-deep; such tediousness and such discomfort, no one can know who does not follow seven hundred pilgrims, in a driving rain, from Pontorson to Mont St. Michel. The road was heavy and deeply rutted by dozens of huge carts loaded with the fruitful sea-washed silt of the Couesnon (called *tangué*), which is hauled for miles into the country for manure.

At last, we neared the low dunes of the coast, and through the mist there loomed the silhouette of one of the coast guard of the Douane, slowly pacing up and down, wondering whether a smuggler will ever come into the canal which conducts the Couesnon to the deep water beyond the bay. At the shore there was a conference with the bare-legged guide who precedes every vehicle over the mile and a-half of treacherous sands, which shift at every tide and are often unsafe to pass.

Gradually, as we neared it, the marvelous Fortress and Abbey came slowly out of the misty distance, and towered above the plain, larger and far more majestic and beautiful than the distant view from Avranches had led us to expect.

Standing isolated in the sands at low water, and rising out of the sea when the

high tides are in, its granite mass flanked with the houses of an ancient fishing village and with a massive wall, and surmounted with the ponderous masonry and the graceful pinnacles of the "Abbaye-Château," Mont St. Michel holds its belfry over four hundred feet above the beach.

The west front is even more bold and impressive than the east, the rock being so steep that no fortification at the base was deemed necessary.

It is entirely unique, and not to be compared with any other sight the world has to show. One constantly wonders that there should be in this remote bend of La Manche an island so filled with historic and architectural interest, about which so little is generally known.

The history of Mont St. Michel reaches back to the eighth century, when, in obedience to the indications of the Archangel Michael, St. Aubert, Bishop of Avranches, founded here a Benedictine monastery. It grew in importance and richness during the succeeding four hundred years, accumulating valuable manuscripts, and its monks becoming noted chroniclers and students of medicine. In 1154, Robert de Thorigny (surnamed Robert du Mont) became its abbot, and for more than thirty years he devoted himself to its aggrandizement. He increased the number of monks to sixty. With an equal genius for learning and for architecture, he earned for his island the name of the city of books," and he built much of the finest part of the monastery. Honors were showered upon him from all sides, and so agreeable was he personally, that when the Archbishop of Rouen called on him with the Bishops of Bayeux, Coutances, and Avranches, they passed four days with him, sans pouvoir le quitter tant sa conversation estoit sainte et agréable." Kings were his visitors, and he was the godfather of a child of Henry II. and Queen Eleanor.

During the next century, Guy de Thouars sacked and burned the town, and put the whole population to the sword. He could not gain entrance to the fortress, but the flames reached it, and they did great damage. In the reconstruction, the Abbot Raoul de Milledieu built the beautiful cloisters called "The Palace of the Angels," which, perched three hundred feet above the sands, remain to this day among the most exquisite in Europe,—"*une fantasie moresque, éclosée au milieu des granits sévères.*"

There are over two hundred columns,—those against the wall more simple in form,

and those of the double row surrounding the court, light, graceful, and with a rich frieze carved after designs in the illuminated missals of the convent.

The buildings have been many times on fire, usually the work of the lightning which they so well invite. In 1427, Lord Scales attacked the fortifications with twenty thousand English. It was defended by one hundred and twenty noblemen, and the enemy were repulsed with the loss of two thousand men, and the two enormous cannon, "les Michelettes," which now stand at the entrance of the village. About the time of the discovery of America, the beautiful church-tower was destroyed by a stroke of lightning, which caused the ninth conflagration in the monastery. At this time, too, the great cistern was built which is shown as one of the marvels of the place.

The Abbaye-Château continued under the government of the Church until the outbreak of the French Revolution. The last of the forty-six abbots was De Montmorency, appointed in 1788.

The Revolution suppressed the monastery, and changed the name of the island to "Mont Libre." It was then made a prison for the non-juring priests of Normandy and Brittany, who were afterward liberated by the Vendéens when they went to lay siege to Granville. From this time, until very recently, it remained a State prison; but it is now returned to its ecclesiastical uses, and is a favorite object of pilgrimage.

At sunset, the rain had ceased, and we came under the massive South wall, entered the first of the triple gates and alighted in the narrow and dingy vestibule of the town. A little beyond we walked through the second gate, which is flanked by "les Michelettes," the great Flemish-made, hooped iron guns (fifteen and nineteen inch caliber), still loaded with the stones Lord Scales's men charged them with before Columbus was born,—and when of all Normandy, only Mont St. Michel continued to fly the French flag.

Most of the victims of the widow Le Roy's volatile son were dropped at the Lion d'Or,—but we found a "correspondence" with the concern at Pontorson, and went on, through the third gate, to the Hotel St. Michel, where we entered a long, narrow kitchen,—a broad fire-place at the left, the glass door of the narrow dining-room at the right, and the staircase at the far end which was cut into the rock.

It seemed especially odd to find a really comfortable modernly furnished room in such a queer old town, and such a queer old house. For the moment, we only wanted to secure some provision for the night, and we went immediately out to make what use we might of the waning twilight.

The town, clinging to the steep hill-side, and surnamed "pendula villa," consists of a single narrow street winding up the rapid rise from the outer gate at the south-west shore to the entrance of the monastery on the north-east slope—most of it too steep for vehicles, and the latter part broken by frequent steps. Narrow alley-stairways between the houses lead to other houses perched on the crags above; and steps up or down, to the right, lead to the ramparts, with their fine, projecting terrace-like towers. Seen at this hour, the frowning walls of the convent seemed a chiseled cliff against the sky. We returned by the walk on the outer wall to a stairway near the hotel. From a house whose top story overlooked our path, there came a well-trained, mumbling wail: "Par-pitié-et-pour-l'amour-de-Dieu-bon-étranger-donnez-quelque-sous-à-une-pauvre-malheureuse-ah-ah,-merci-que-la-Sainte-Vierge-vous-benisse." A neat placard begged for charity for a poor woman whose recollection of the use of her limbs dated back some thirty years.

She lay on a clean and comfortable bed in front of the open door, enjoying a beautiful view of the Normandy hills. She held us her tin cup with the air of one whom long custom had given absolute command over the charity of her passing public. No doubt she has all that a person of luxurious tastes in her station of life could ask, and we could only trust that there remained to her a paralyzed daughter to inherit the good-will of the establishment, which must be the most profitable on the island.

As we came again into the little street, it was filled with the busy sights and sounds of early lamp-light. The seven hundred had gone, and there was much clearing away of the débris of their entertainment; the two hotel-fuls had come, and there was much preparation for theirs. There was activity on every side, and the clatter of the universal sabot played a running refrain to it all. Our kitchen was taxed to its utmost, and our pretty little landlady looked weary and content. She had already fed eighty-five voyageurs since morning, the "table d'hôte" was now going on, and our own later re-

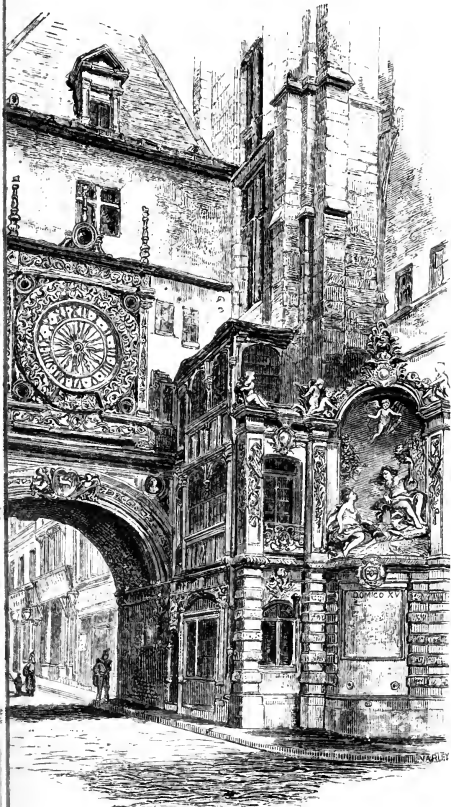
past was being prepared at the fire. From our window we saw a nimble lass in a niche of the rock opposite, washing dishes by the light of a hanging lamp. It suggested a shrine with its virgin awakened to useful work, and shedding melon-rinds and fish-scrapings into the narrow street, where scavenging ducks quacked and gobbled. Long after we went to bed, we heard the servants and the stable-men at table underneath us, and our coffee was ready at six in the morning. When do these people sleep? "Oh, in winter; all Mont St. Michel can sleep then. Voyageurs (and pilgrims) come only in the summer time."

We rose at the first peep of day, for the convent is open to the public at six in the morning; took our coffee, and—a useless precaution—a guide, who led us by the only route to the "Deux Tours du Donjon," under which is the entrance to the fortress, and where he could only hand us over to the regular practitioners of the establishment. We bought our tickets at a franc a head, and bought a few holy gimcracks from the seductive monk who presided at the well-filled stand. Then we started out on a round of such sight-seeing as had nowhere else been offered us. Even in an Italian town, Mont St. Michel would be a huge lion—here, in an obscure corner of France, approached only by side routes, it is more marvelous than words can express; and its entrance, popularly called "Le Gouffre," is worthy of it.

From the vestibule (the old guard-room of the fortress) we passed through a hall to "La Merveille"—so named by Vauban—the grandest combination of size, solidity and art, in the whole structure. Its first story, cut out of the solid rock, is a fine crypt, over two hundred feet long, called "Les Montgommeries," from an attempt made on the place by the Calvinist Montgomery, who succeeded, with the aid of a captured soldier of the garrison, whom he trusted too well, in having ninety-eight of his men hauled up the inclined plain, one by one, to be put to the sword when they reached the crypt. By this time he began to suspect something, and sent up his page, who discovered the treason, all too late.

Next above this is the refectory, and the "Salle des Chevaliers," devoted to the Knights of St. Michel, which is not only the finest part of the Abbaye, but is said to be the largest and the finest Gothic chamber in the world. Three rows of pillars divide it into four aisles. The capitals are carved

with different designs, and the whole effect one of consummate strength and elegance.



TOUR DE LA GROSSE HORLOGE, ROUEN.

Two huge fire-places, of more recent date, seem large enough for comfortable cottages.

The adjoining refectory is hard-ly less admirable, in spite of its various mutilations by the prisoners, and of its thick coats of whitewash.

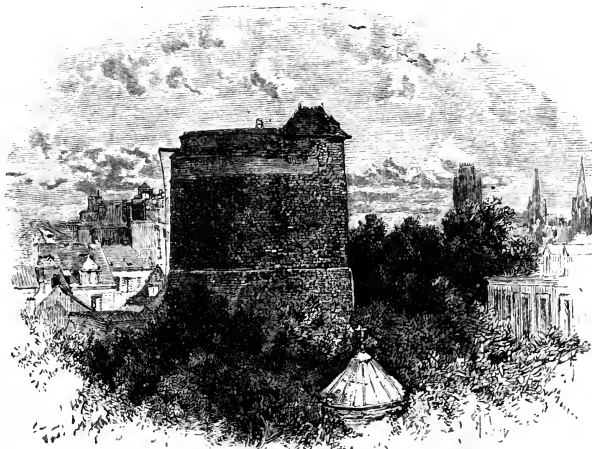
Over the refectory is the dormitory, formerly beautiful, but now the most mutilated part of the work. Next, over the Salle des Chevaliers, are the exquisite sisters. One of the angles of the "La Merveille" carries a superb painted staircase tower—"La Tour des Corbins"—which is seen near the right of the buildings in the east view of Mont St. Michel.

One of the oldest parts of the works is the Crypt de l'Aquilon, built in the twelfth century by Robert du Mont. It is remarkable
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for its Roman ogives, vaults without moldings, and voluted capitals, and it carries us back to the period when Christian architecture first began to develop.

If the Salle des Chevaliers is the richest fruit of the labors of the old occupants of Mont St. Michel, the Basilica, especially in its exterior, is their fairest flower. Its former appropriate spire was destroyed by lightning, and the present bell-tower is entirely out of harmony; but in spite of this, the visitor will readily agree with Le Héricher, who says: "It has neither the unity of the Cathedral of Coutances, nor the statuary richness of that of Chartres, nor the grandeur of that of Cologne, nor the fine carving of that of St. Ouen at Rouen. It has, so to speak, no portal, no towers, and now no spires; it has only small lateral naves. Nevertheless, with its center placed on the point of a mountain, and its two extremities on superposed constructions, *insanæ substructiones*, its flanks, resting against other edifices, like a ship in her stocks, a pyramid of architecture on a pyramid of mountain, held aloft in mid-air, isolated above a desert of sand, or a plain of water, it impresses us more than any other with a sentiment of poetry and religion. 'The picturesque aspect of this edifice,' says Cotman, 'would render it worthy of a long pilgrimage, if religion, history, poetry, painting, had not all united to give celebrity to Mont St. Michel.'"

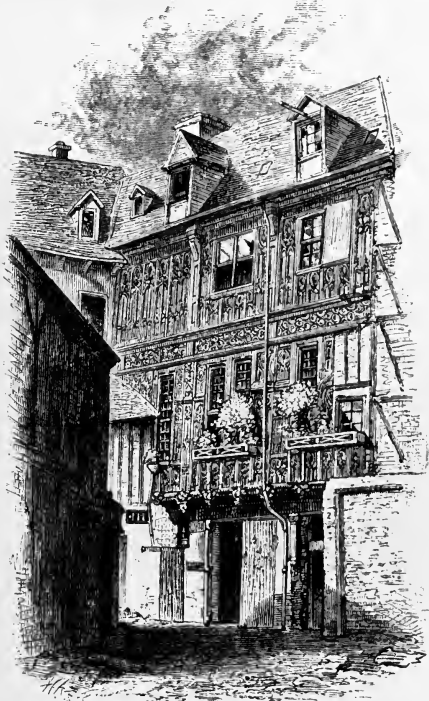
The exterior of the apsis is in fine granite, carved with extreme purity, and is exquisitely delicate. The stairway from this to



TOUR JEANNE D'ARC, ROUEN.

the roof is called "L'Escalier de Dentelle," and really lace-like it is. The inside of this church is fine, but not especially interesting.

As we passed through it, mass was being said, and there was a little throng of fishing-



HOTEL ST. AMAND, ROUEN.

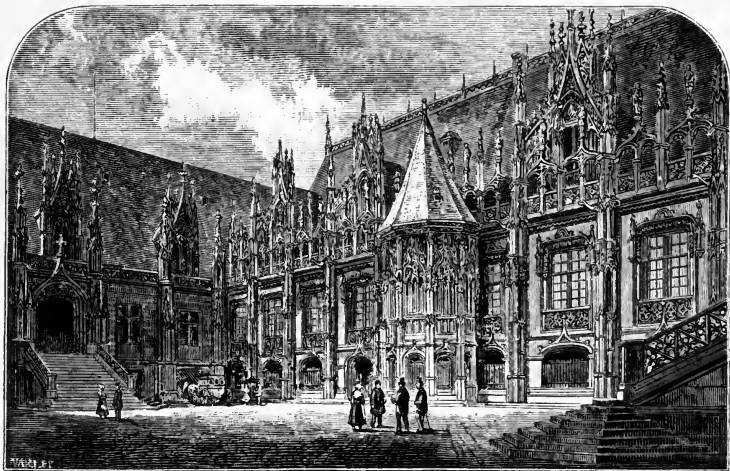
men and women, and an occasional "pèlerin" at their devotions.

If this were a guide-book, it would be pardonable to tell of our further ramble through the Vestibule of the Vaults, with its "Cachot du Diable," the Crypt of the

Chapter-house, the dark underground promenade of the monks, the Crypt of the Great Pillars (with nineteen pillars, seventeen feet in circumference, and twenty-five feet high), which supports the apsis of the church, and is surrounded by five somber chapels, which were lighted only by the perpetual lamps before their shrines, and one of which is the Chapel of "Nôtre Dame sous Terre,"—who is, appropriately, a black virgin; the dungeons; the passage to the charnel-house; the funeral stairs; the great wheel-like (dog-churn-like) tread-mill, where sinful monks at once expiated their venial crimes, and hoisted the provision-car up the incline; the Chapel of Nôtre Dame of the Thirty Candles,—and all the other wonders of this really wonderful place; but our trip was shortened by the exactions of Fils Le Roy, and our tale must be shortened by the exactions of space. With this slight sketch, we can only try to hint to the reader a small part of the lasting interest that our hurried visit awakened.

We trudged down the steep path, paid our modest bill, and regained our seats with the long mariner, whose "Houp-la! Crack, Crack, Sacre! Pé-la-zheeee!!" got us over the sands just ahead of the incoming tide, and took us back to Veuve Le Roy and her hard cider and harder breakfast.

At half-past ten, after another dispute with the agent of the overtaxed and ill-appointed diligence line, we set out in a cramped "voiture particulière" for Dol and the rail. Our sympathies are not with those who mourn the departing days of diligence travel—a little of it is pleasant, but more than a little is too much. The country was a shade



PALAIS DE JUSTICE, ROUEN.

less interesting—perhaps because a shade less novel—than from Villedieu to Avranches; but it was filled with the same quaint air, the same black-roofed and gray-fronted villages, and the same thatched country cabins, gay

in this land. Nothing could be more coquettish than the tasseled “white cotton nightcap” of the country girls of Normandy, celebrated by Miss Thackeray. Among the more curious of the common dresses



PLOWING IN THE VALLEY OF THE SEINE.

with their many-colored vegetation. We were now in Brittany, and in the land settled in 523 by the savage tribes driven from Great Britain by the Saxon conquest, and in which are still seen monuments of their early occupation.

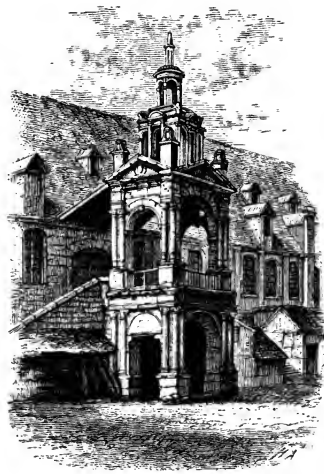
The people of the whole region of Normandy and Brittany have been slow to give up the customs and traditions of their ancestors; but the march of the railway and the factory is fast driving them to the wall. The traveler gets more comfort and more honest treatment at the hands of the railway officials than is to be hoped for from their rascally predecessors of the diligence lines; but—and here again our sympathies *are* with those who mourn the change—though one travels farther and faster, one gets less of the local coloring of provincial life.

It is only on fête days that the peculiar costumes are seen in their glory. Ordinarily we had to content ourselves with the short petticoats, sabots, and work-a-day caps of the country women; but on one grand occasion, in Brittany, we saw a trace of the white muslin magnificence which used to prevail. At such times, the women came out in an effulgence of starched head-gear, each village having its own style.

After all, it is the marvelous rather than the picturesque that one misses in daily travel

one still sees are those of Cancale and Oëssant.

Dol is a very old town (King Nominœ was crowned here in 843), and it has over four thousand inhabitants—*et voilà tout*. It is dreary to the last degree. Its cathedral—which reads very well in the guide-books—



LA BASSE VIEILLE TOUR, ROUEN.

is heavy and mournful, seen after Rouen, though it has an exquisite tomb of 1507; its streets are curious, it is true, but the gray stone and the black slate hang like a pall

over the fancy of the traveler who has known the charm of fluted red tiling. Dol can never be otherwise than sad; and under a leaden sky, as we saw it, with the cold rain dripping from its eaves, it was infinitely dismal.

Like the Channel Islands, Brittany has many Druidical or Celtic remains. In a corn-field near Dol stands a Menhir (from the Breton *moen*, stone, and *hir*, long) thirty feet above the ground, and said to be half as long below it, on the top of which the early teachers of Christianity shrewdly planted a crucifix.

We were glad when our last snarl with

St. Malo is *triste*, too, but only as a background to the most bustling activity, for it is a busy sea-port, and its beetling walls are bright with French uniforms, and, in the season, with pleasure-seekers from Paris drawn here by well-appointed Bains de Mer. The road from the station overlooks the bathing-beach, well fitted with summer appliances, and leads to the Grande Port with its ponderous round towers, one of the five gates of the heavily walled town. It is an old town, very old, and a part of its wall dates back to the thirteenth century while it has well-preserved houses of :



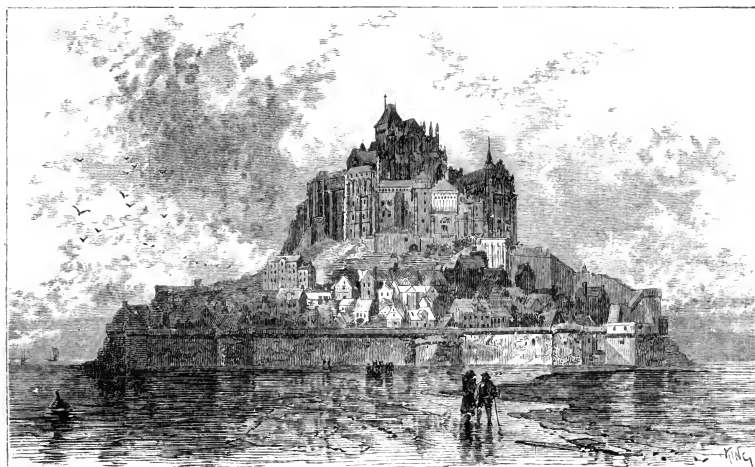
A HARVEST-FIELD IN NORMANDY.

the agent of the Avranches diligence (about an overcharge on baggage) had been fought out and we took our seats in the train for St. Malo, where we arrived toward the middle of the afternoon, in a breaking sky, which let now and then a ray of sunshine into our tired and fretted souls. Here we found the long-forgotten comfort of a really good and modest French hotel, whose name, "Franklin," attracted our patriotic impulses, and whose white-capped peasant waiting women brought the rural air into the somber walls of gray St. Malo.

sixteenth, and a cathedral of the twelfth—built on the foundations of one destroyed by Charlemagne in 811. In spite of this it is not an old-looking town. There must be some influence in the air of this coast that is congenial to the preservation of masonry; there is an absence of the climbing vegetation and moss which in other places have so much to do with the marking of time on the faces of old buildings. Vauban's work at St. Malo might apparently have been done under the last Empire. The "Tour de l'Idole" at St. Servan, which adjoins St. Malo

on the land side—a turreted high castle of three round towers, built five hundred years ago, bears in its texture absolutely no impress of age.

Bey, has a fine and imposing look when the waves reach the feet of the black rocks on which it stands (like a flattened Mont St. Michel); when the tide is out—and it goes



MONT ST. MICHEL, FROM THE EAST.

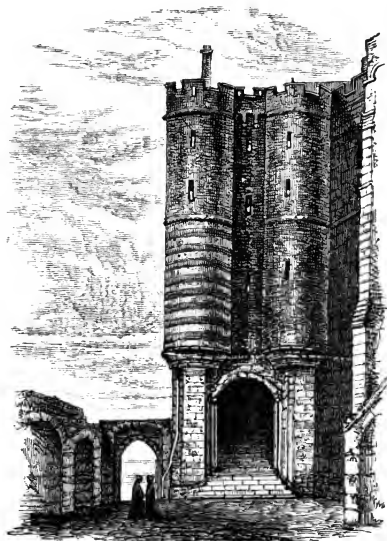
The walls of St. Malo inclose a population which has some of the characteristics of insular people. They do not call themselves French, nor Bretons, but "Malouins." They are descendants of a race who in time of war have played the rôle of vulture with much success. Their nest was well defended by art, and still better by nature. The Duke of Marlborough attacked it in vain; the English and Dutch fleets bombarded it day after day without doing much harm. When the occasion offered, the Malouins fitted out their own vessels, and either preyed upon the commerce of the enemy or did a stroke of business in his ports. In a single war they captured over fifteen hundred ships, some of them loaded with treasure. In this way St. Malo became the most opulent city of the kingdom. In time of peace they cultivated the taste which has placed them among the foremost cod-fishers of the world, and has caused them to break their bonds, and, during the century, to cover the pleasant hills of St. Servan with a population larger than their own, and likewise engaged in the industry of the Banks of Newfoundland.

The town has an interest for Americans as being the birthplace of Jacques Cartier, who discovered Canada. Here, too, Châteaubriand was born—in a room of the present quaint and uncomfortable Hôtel de France—and on the little island of Grand Bey across the beach he lies buried.

St. Malo, as seen from the tomb on Grand

out very far—it looks like a stranded town among high-lying rocks.

A new watering-place town, Dinard, lies across the harbor, and thither we went on the afternoon of our arrival to visit friends from Newport who were passing the summer



LE GOUFFRE, MONT ST. MICHEL.

there; here also we found a Philadelphia family, who have a fine house on the eastern cliff.

Early the next morning we went down



A VILLAGE FAIR IN NORMANDY.

the interminable stairs that led from the edge of the quay to the deck of a little steamer lying in the gulf of mud below. The tide was coming in, and by the time we passed the Tou de Solid or the mud and the sands were all covered, and the strong current helped us on our way up the beautiful Rance—a river lined with more varied loveliness of hill-side woods, fruit-laden orchards, old mills, old chaumières, old châteaux and fertile fields—all overhung with the charming air of Breton quaintness and oldness—than we had thus far found. It was a charming sail, first up the broad bay of the embouchure, and then (through a lock) into the narrow canalized river, and, finally, at the end of two hours, into the deep gorge, at the crest of which stands the old ducal city of Dinan, with its superb

modern viaduct a hundred and fifty feet above the river.

There is a new zigzag road up the hill by which the ascent is easy, but he who comes to see old Dinan should shun this and climb the steep cleft between the overhanging sixteenth century houses of the "Rue de Jerzual," and through the Porte de Jerzual, which for so many hundred years defended this main entrance to the town.

It is a little-used street now, and the old tumble-down buildings have escaped the desecrating hand of restoration, which is playing such havoc with the medieval side of European towns. The frowning edges of the hill on which Dinan stands are still rich with the ponderous remains of its old defensive wall, which is a wonder of ancient masonry, built when "men worked in stone

for three sous a day"; and most of it is in the picturesque and ivy-grown condition of the "Porte St. Malo."

Starting from the Hotel de Bretagne we enter the beautiful walk on the ramparts (which nearly surround the town), with charming views of the lower-lying country on one hand, and of the massive round towers and walls on the other. The interior of the town is dingy and dull, though with much curious old architecture; but its *enceinte* is unsurpassed for beauty and interest of its sort.

About a mile up the Rance is the little village of Lehon, which is reached by a path from the Porte St. Louis, the last hundred yards of which is down a steep narrow cleft in the rock, where steps have been hewn out of the solid granite. The village is overlooked by a high conical hill topped with the ivy-clad ruins of the Château de Beaumanoir. This, as well as the Priory of Lehon, founded in 850, have long been given over to decay and a wilderness of vegetation.

In the Museum of Dinan there are a number of tumular slabs taken from the Beaumanoir chapel attached to the Priory; among them one of Jean de Beaumanoir, who was murdered by his steward.

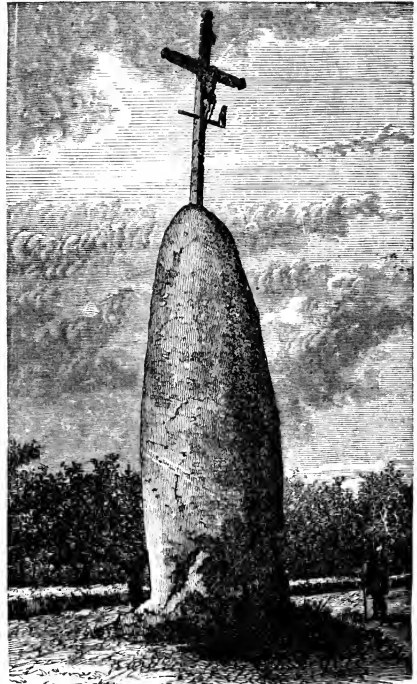
The day after our arrival was Sunday, and we hurried to stout Josephine Santier, "Loueur d'ânes," and got a couple of odd little three-wheeled donkey-carts for a sweet will wander into the country: And a jolly trip we made. We scorned the high road, and the by-roads led us a merry stroll over almost impassable woodland paths. Now and then we could ride, but much of the time it took the combined efforts of the party to keep the vehicles right side up on the rough paths. When we were on

good roads our small boy devoted his entire time and strength to judging "Vigilante," who drew the foremost trap, into the semblance of a slow trot. Josephine had told us that "il n'existe pas de bête plus jaluox q'un âne," and, true to her asinine nature, where Vigilante led Penelope followed closely; but by changing their order we found that they were no more jealous to follow than they were not to lead, and before we got home Mr. Pickwick, with his "great horrid horse," had been

in no worse plight than were we with our more concentrated forms of stubbornness.

At one point of our journey we came

across the ill-kept fields and through a superb disused avenue, upon the ruins of the Châ-



MENHIR NEAR DOL.

teau de La Garaye, the home of Mrs. Norton's "Lady of La Garaye," hallowed by the deeds of charity of the Count of the name and his charming wife. Now all is overgrown and unhindered decay.

"The walls, where hung the warriors' shining casques,
Are green with moss and mold;
The blindworm coils where queens have slept,
nor asks
For shelter from the cold."



A SMALL FARM-YARD.

The true-hearted people, whose charity has made this spot memorable, smothered a great grief with the activity of good deeds.



COSTUME OF COUTANCES.



COSTUME OF BAYEUX.



COSTUME OF VALOGNES.

The Count studied medicine and surgery in Paris, and the lady became a skillful oculist. Then they returned to their old home, banished worldly amusement, and threw open their doors to all suffering humanity.

“Her home is made their home; her wealth their dole;

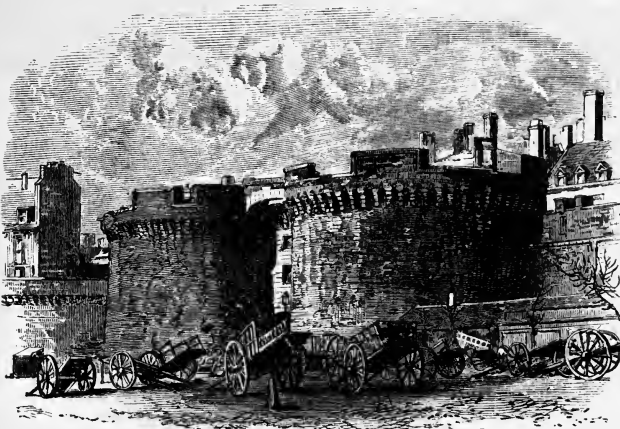
Her busy court-yard hears no more the roll
Of gilded vehicles or pawing steeds,
But feeble steps of those whose bitter needs
Are their sole passport. Through that gate-way
press

All varying forms of sickness and distress,
And many a poor worn face that hath not
smiled

From La Garaye we came out upon the high road, and started in search of a country luncheon. We were told that a kilo further on we should find a “jolie petite auberge,” and we urged our unwilling brutes that much farther away from home, until we came upon a low stone hut with moss-grown thatch, over the door of which there hung the bush that was needed by the wine of such an establishment. Evidently the same thatch covers man and beast, and the approach to the single door was over an untidy mass of manure, which made it necessary for us to drive so close that the ladies could step directly into the house.

At one end of the room was a small fire on the large hearth, and near this, built up like the berths of a ship, and half closed by sliding doors of carved oak, were two narrow bunks, well filled with comfortable bedding. In front of these a capital old carved chest served for the storage of clothing, for a seat, and as a help to climbing into bed. Two plain tables, with benches for seats, ran lengthwise of the room, which had a floor of beaten and well-swept earth. A cupboard of smaller beds at the

other side of the chimney suggested children. From the ceiling hung a basket for bread and a rack for spoons—which are the only utensils



GRANDE PORTE, ST. MALO.

For years, and many a feeble, crippled child,
Blesses the tall white portal where they stand,
And the dear Lady of the liberal hand.”

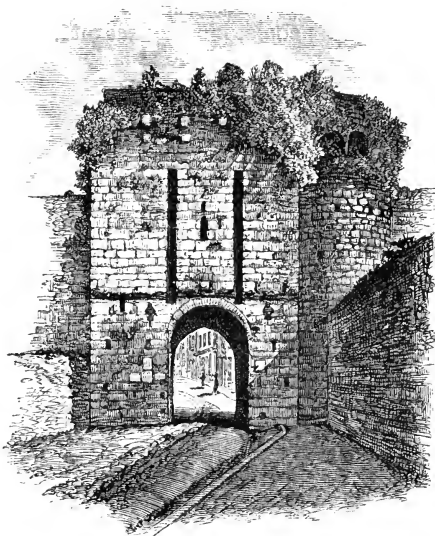
for conveying food to the mouth that the house is expected to furnish—the older institution of fingers being still respected, to the exclusion of forks. The smoke-blackened beams of the ceiling were festooned with sausages, and hung with hams, bacon, bladders of lard, garlicks, onions, harness, whips, norseshoes, and all else that the family possessed of a hangable character.

Grandmamma sat at the side of the fire, in a queer, wide-winged Breton cap of starched linen, with a relay of knitting-needles stuck under the front,—awaiting their turn at the fast growing blue stocking which occupied her nimble fingers. Her daughter, the hostess, similarly attired and occupied, sat at the other side watching a Sunday game of cards that four men were playing at the table opposite ours, and gossiping with some freshly arrived customers.

Little direct attention was paid to us, but we were evidently being discussed in the undefinable patois of the country. One of our party expressing curiosity as to the contents of a covered box in front of the fire (which might have held a batch of bread yet to rise), the landlady produced from it a swaddled week-old baby, which was duly cuddled and admired, then nursed, and put back in its nest.

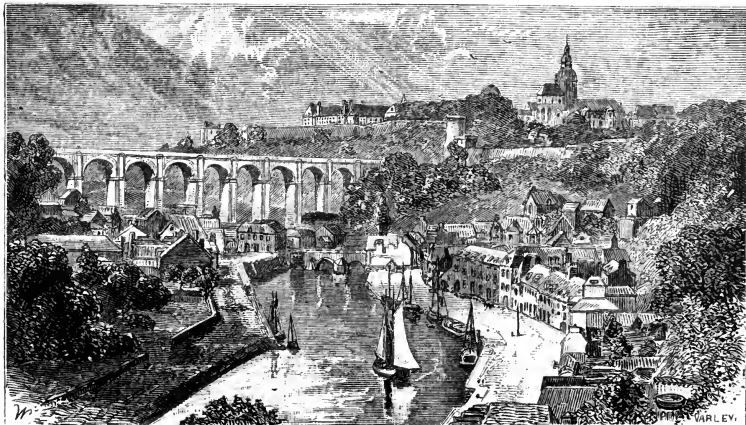
There was no disposition to force us to buy anything, and we were treated rather as morning callers. Finally, in reply to our "What can we have?" "Cider" was suggested. "And bread and butter?" "But certainly," and there was produced a "pot" of cider (almost two quarts), with glasses; a huge half loaf was laid on the bare table, and butter was brought on a plate. "Can we have knives?"—then a queer look at each

other, and, "What! haven't you got your knives?" and the four card players, in the most courteous manner, took their big clasp



PORTE ST. MALO, DINAN.

knives from their pockets, wiped them carefully on their trousers, and offered them to us. The cider was thin and sour, but the bread and butter were good, and the place and people were tidy and cheery. We made a comfortable luncheon after all. "How much is to pay?" "Four sous for the cider; we put no price on bread; it is the Bon Dieu who gives it." No hint could be more delicate, and the modest bit of silver we gave "for the baby," was taken with cheerful dignity, as they all rose to bid us good day, and saw our little wagons get



DINAN, FROM THE RANCE.

safely over the mire and out on the hard roadway.

When we had arrived at Dinan, and given over our wearying asses, we heard rumors of "the procession," "the Bishop;" and hundreds of people, mostly peasant women in holiday costume, were chatting gayly under the shade of the trees, and about the grand old ruin of the gate-way at the other side of the little square.

tendants, clad in gorgeous raiment, and topped with a shining miter. He passed under the canopy and followed at the rear of the troop.

Stepping to a corner of his cage he laid his fingers, in benison, on the forehead of an infant. All at once, the throng brought forth dozens of children in arms; it fairly bristled with babies who were brought, one after another, to be blessed with the sign of

the cross, to be touched by the hallowed finger of the Father of the Diocese. It was a charming sight, but the delay it caused did not charm the long-waiting priests who had to halt again and again, with the risk of only a dull twilight for the anticipated ceremonial at the church. The last we saw of them, the rest of the babies were being blessed in the slanting sunlight under the green-vined archway, and the procession passed from our sight.

Our return to St. Malo was in an open carriage over the well-kept road, and through the beautiful country by way of Dinan. Leaving the rest of the party to find what interest they might in St. Malo,

I set out alone on an agricultural trip to Rennes, seeking the mysteries of the making of "Camambert" cheese, and "Prévalaye" butter.

Camambert is perhaps the mildest and most delicate of the many fine cheeses of France, its strength, however, escaping the palate only to attack the nose. It is, indeed, a curiosity of strong odor; and a package of the little disks, though wrapped in oiled silk and taken in a trunk to Jersey, gave to all its contents a suggestion of *mus decumanus defunctus*, which quite reconciled me to the refusal of M. Lehagre, its maker, to allow me to see his processes; and to make me content with his assurance that, with a good market for my butter, I could



ST. MALO, FROM GRAND BEY.

We watched the picturesque crowd from our windows, and, finally, there came through the archway a long procession of priests and nuns, and acolytes, and maidens in white, and school children, with four men bearing a gorgeous canopy, which was set on the ground when the procession halted. Here the priests fell to reading their breviaries with downcast eyes—now and then turned up and shaded by the hand to peer toward the setting sun, in an expectation which lasted long, and finally became anxious and—so far as in them lay—annoyed. At last there was a slight murmur and bustle, and a carriage drove up from which descended three priests and one portly, empurpled bishop. The latter was beset by the at-

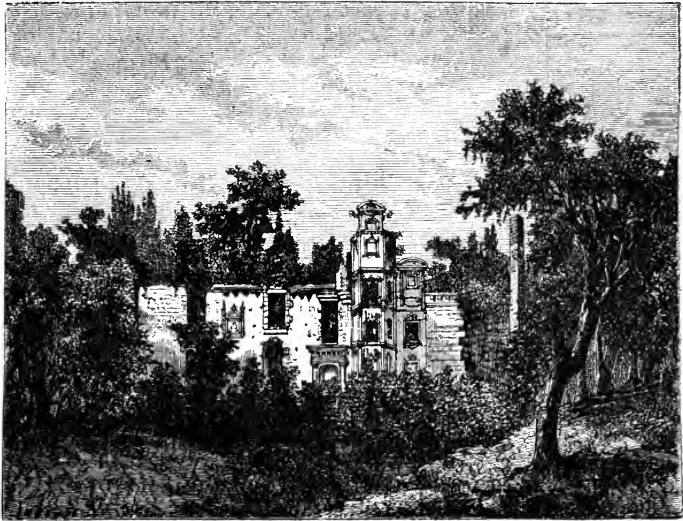
afford to use the cream needed for its manufacture.

Neither was my day well selected for Prévaille. There was no butter-making going on, and my agricultural trip would have been a failure but for the "Ferme des Trois Croix," within a short drive of the city. This institution is the property of M. E. Bodin, who is a large manufacturer of improved agricultural implements, which are beginning to make their way among the better farmers of Western France. His shops are extensive, and their product seemed, in general, very good, but not equal to those of England and America.

The school, which is a Government institution, was interesting, allowing for the difference of customs, and I have some good suggestions for our own feeble institutions of similar character. Twelve apprentices, who must be at least fifteen years old, are received each year; the course is for two years; the object is to train competent farmers, farm-superintendents, gardeners, and nurserymen; the apprentices work like farm laborers for the benefit of the proprietor (who is also the Director of the School). In addition to the Director, there are a gardener and nurseryman, an instructor in mathematics and farm book-keeping, a teacher of practical agriculture, and a veterinarian; the pupils (or apprentices) are under constant supervision, and are allowed to leave the farm only for a certain time on a day; the hours are from four to nine in summer, and from five to nine in winter, which time is almost entirely occupied by work and study; the regimen is very simple, but nourishing and sufficient.

The candidates are nominated by the Prefect of the Department, after an examination prescribed by law, by a committee consisting of the Director of the farm, and four members nominated by the Prefect, and appointed by the Minister of Agriculture. The demand for admission must be accompanied by the certificate of birth, and of vaccination, and an engagement to "conduct myself honorably, to obey the rules, and to work with

all my power in order to profit by the favor that you will have the goodness to grant me." At the end of the course, the graduates



THE CHÂTEAU OF LA GARAYE.

are examined by the committee. The best receive from the State three hundred francs



PEASANT GIRL OF OËSSANT.

and a certificate. Those who are not found worthy of a certificate receive, nevertheless,

two hundred francs. In case of special excellence, the committee is authorized to award silver and bronze medals in addition.

The result of the arrangement is, that Mr. Bodin gets the services of twenty-four capital young men for the work of his farm, and



PEASANT GIRL OF CANCALE.

twelve first-rate young farmers and gardeners are sent out every year with a good practical education, with a thorough training in their art, and with a little money for their start in life.

The young man who showed me over the well-kept farm, and through the well-filled stables (and who was the first Frenchman of his class whom I ever found to decline a fee), gave ample evidence of the good degree to which a peasant boy may be developed by such influences as those of *Les Trois Croix*.

I saw, here and elsewhere, less than I had expected to find of the little Brittany cows. They are a capital race for butter-making; but the passion of the times seems to be for large animals, and these cows are fast being "improved" out of existence by crossing with beefy shorthorns from England.

Generally speaking, the agriculture of Brittany is in a very backward condition. The peasantry of some of the Departments

cling to their old Armorican traditions, speak only their ancestral Celtic, and live in an exceedingly meager way. The influence of the annual agricultural exhibitions, and of the six *Ferme-écoles*, together with a national school of agriculture under excellent management on a farm of twelve hundred acres at Grand-Jouan, and (near Quimper) a school of practical irrigation and drainage is being felt, and the general awakening of the human mind is at last manifesting itself in the darker regions of the old peninsula. The communes are now tolerably supplied with primary schools, and many of the younger men among the peasantry are improving their systems of work.

At the same time, there is no sympathy between the proprietors and their tenants; and country life in the region has so few attractions, that absenteeism is the rule with those who can afford to live in Paris and the larger towns—where they use their money in other enterprises, and leave their estates to the grinding management of agents. O



PEASANT WOMAN OF CHÂTEAULIN.

the other hand, the recruits taken into the French army from Western Brittany have acquired a taste for better living, and a knowledge of better pay, and they have deserted their native land whenever opportunity has offered. And, indeed, the li

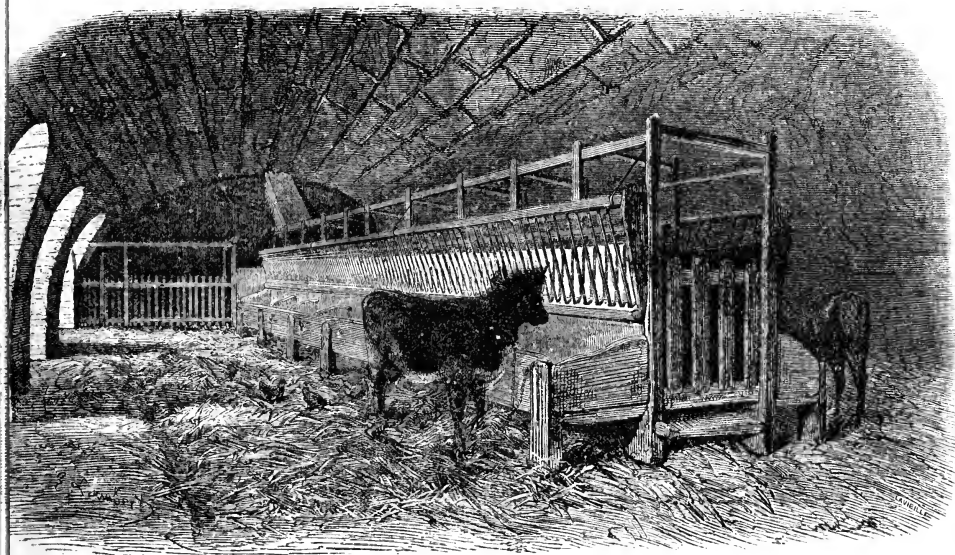
and the living of Brittany are not attractive to one who has known the easier and better fed condition of the army. To such an extent has this influenced the population, that wages have more than doubled within a few years.

The average family consists of man and wife, three children, and two aged persons. Of these, only the man and wife are able to earn more than their own subsistence, and most of the others earn nothing. Their income (in whatever rural position) is small, and it is impossible to accumulate savings. They have a hard and hopeless life, and of course they look forward with delight to any means of escape.

In the farm-house, the whole family rises

bread, or fried cakes, with milk or butter. From seven to eight is the supper, the principal meal of the day. It consists of soup and bacon, except on "jours maigres," when the bacon is replaced by fish or potatoes. At the supper they drink cider when they have it; but they rarely have it in winter; there is often only enough for the harvest work. As wages advance, the use of meat is increasing.

This is the regimen of the farmer's family, and of his regular laborers. Those who live in their own houses, while boarding themselves, live much more poorly, using neither meat, cider (except on Sunday at the auberge), nor butter, and they are much more feeble and indolent. They were paid a few years



A PEASANT'S COW-BYRE.

in summer at four o'clock. The women go to milk the cows and attend to the calves and pigs, and the men to feed and harness their teams. At half-past four they breakfast—always on soup, often on milk soup. From five to ten the men and teams are at work. At ten they dine—on milk and buckwheat porridge, or buckwheat pancakes. In winter the milk often fails, and the porridge is then made with fermented oats. It is very nutritious and much esteemed in the *mistère* and *Morbihan*. In the other departments they usually dine on buckwheat cakes. After the first of May, they sleep from dinner-time until noon, when work begins again. At three they lunch—on

ago from \$32 to \$38 a year with board while at work; but they are idle about one-third of the time, and then they must support themselves. Of course the women and the children of a useful age (which is an early age in France) must also work to the utmost of their capacity.

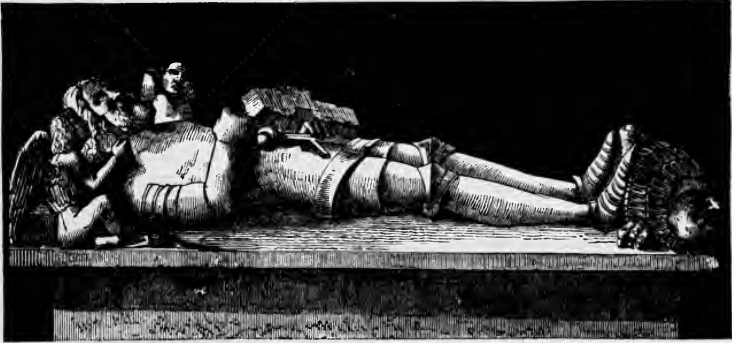
Such seems to be the common farming of this benighted and picturesque land. Of course there are many instances of better work and better living, and these are happily increasing from year to year, and their influence is benefiting the agriculture of the country generally.

When I returned to St. Malo, the wind was blowing great guns and in the office of

the steamer company was posted the following telegram:

“ Jersey, Sept. 15.
 “ Forte tempête ! Le ‘ Wonder ’ partira demain
 à dix heures. “ Le Couteur, Capitaine.”

So we were storm-bound in St. Malo, and rained in, and bored as one can only be in a gloomy, dripping, foreign walled town.



TOMB OF JEAN DE BEAUMANOIR.

MAHARAJAH DHULEEP-SINGH.

RECENTLY, while traveling by the Eastern Counties Railway from London to Norwich, I found myself alone in the carriage with a short-statured, gentlemanly man, whose dark complexion and general cast of feature proclaimed him an Asiatic. His dress, with the exception of a profusely embroidered maroon-colored velvet fez, was that of an Englishman, worn, too, with the air of one habituated to it.

It was not the first time I had seen that lemon-tinged brown countenance, in which the listless, haughty-expressed eyes, straight, long eyebrows, shapely nose and rather voluptuously lipped mouth combined to hint a sort of suppressed legend of barbaric antecedents, of Oriental pomp and despotism, which, however veneered over with the gloss of European mannerism, yet lingered in the mental fibers with the irresistible sway of a first faith. Something suggested Shem in the tents of Japheth; not in subversion of the Scriptural prescription, but by virtue of hospitality's toleration.

Only when the train stopped at Colchester, and my fellow-traveler, waking out of a doze, leaned forward to ask me abruptly the name of the station, did a flash of memory guide me to his identity, and then what a phantasmagoria of mind-pictures crowded up out of the past! Nearly a quarter of a century had elapsed since that rather corpulent little Asiatic and I had met under circumstances so widely different that our

companionship there, in a carriage of the Eastern Counties Railway, appeared the hypersatire of fate. What earthly connection was there between the soft cushions of the great Bishopsgate Street Corporation and the torn and ragged slopes of Sobraon—between the iron highway of the steam-horse and that primeval highway of the Sutlej? Recollection leveled a road for fancy to march along, and paved it with faces—dead faces of friends and comrades, along which thought paced slowly up to that dozing Asiatic.

“ When I cross the Sutlej the foundations of Government House at Calcutta will rock,” said that veritable Old Lion of the Punjab, Shere Singh; and, swift to execute as audacious to plan, after flinging this defiance in our teeth, he led his Sikhs into British territory, and unsettled in one month what it had taken us ten years to establish.

Could that quiescent in an Oxford gray suit and pale geranium red silk tie be actually the descendant and only living representative of the implacable Old Lion whose answer to an English Viceroy's proposal for a conference was, “ Hindostan is not large enough for me and you ”?

Four-and-twenty years before, I had seen that man, then a mere stripling, wearing a white camel's hair *jameh*, sitting his gray Arab horse in the midst of a magnificent staff, looking down from the Sikh batteries at our perpetually renewed and as perpetually frustrated efforts to effect a lodgment

on the west bank of the river. Had he quite forgotten the mighty stakes played for at Chillianwallah, Moodkee, Ferozeshah, and Sobraon? Were the ambitions that had opened at Aliwal, and the bubble of those ambitions that had burst at Mooltan, actually crowded out of his memory by the liberality and the amenity of his conquerors? Suddenly opening his eyes as a train whirled by on the other track, he began to draw up the window on his side, when, glancing at me, he asked courteously:

"Have you any objection to have this window closed?"

"None whatever, your Highness."

My reply, designed to provoke conversation, achieved its object, and the ensuing ten minutes or so were expended upon a brief review of our mutual recollections. But little prompting was needed to lead the Maharajah to speak of himself, for, upon my remarking that he had revisited his own country more than once since 1860, he said:

"England is my country; India was my birthplace, and it was only when I revisited it after living here for ten years, that I realized how great a triumph my father achieved when he surrendered Mooltan to Sir Henry Hardinge. Possibly as a born Englishman you will not accept my view as complimentary, but I foresee a time when the island of Great Britain will be the insignificant appendage of a gigantic Anglo-Indian empire, and only prized and preserved by virtue of its title of cradle of your race. The Normans conquered you, and you absorbed them; you conquered us, and we shall absorb you."

"The climatic characteristics of Normandy and Britain were not so opposed as those of Britain and Hindostan, and the dividing sea was narrow, your Highness."

"Every generation of man brings in its climate with it; progress wipes out the isothermal lines. Civilization brings hygiene by teaching men the meaning of profit. You born Englishmen appear to me to forget that your power, renown, and resources were in yourselves, not in your little island, and that with a continent for your sphere of action, power, renown, and resources would swell proportionately. *Now* you govern India from England. Surely the process of governing England from India would be simpler. You will say there are ties of association too indissolubly woven with the English nature to permit of a new hegira in the nineteenth century; but a Mahomet produces a hegira, and Britain

will yet produce her Mahomet. The Straits of Dover were wider in 1066 than all the sea space between Southampton and Scutari in 1870. A Euphrates Valley railway will bring Peshawar and London within a fortnight of each other. Our Gracious Sovereign [the prince bowed his head in a half-Oriental salaam] is already titular Empress of India. When her descendants sit on the ivory throne at Delhi, and bury their dead at the Taj-Mahal, England will be advancing along the high road of her destiny. Englishmen will consent to see the lesson contained in the fact that the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland has much outlet and little capacity. You cannot *receive*—you are to *give*. The West has bolted its gates to you—the East swings them wide open. Europe gives up Asia to England."

"But how about Russia, your Highness?"

"You will not fight Russia again during this century; perhaps not during the next; perhaps, even, never again. St. Petersburg will not try to creep too close to the Hindoo-Koosh, when she knows that four millions of British bayonets are to be met with behind it. The Czar may have a summer-palace on the Bosphorus, and what will England care when she will have solved the Eastern question by giving it a different interpretation?"

The train began to slacken speed and soon stopped at the Framlingham station. Several native servitors of the Maharajah bustled up to the door of the carriage, and the latter prepared to descend.

"Your Highness believes, then, that the peoples of India would fuse into an acquiescent nationality with their conquerors? How do you overcome the objections of caste, religion, and color?"

"I was brought up to believe myself heir to the throne of the Five Rivers; I was transferred to England and I am an Englishman, a Christian, and have an English wife. England will be transferred into Asia, and I have faith in England and Christianity."

We shook hands and parted. I watched him walk off, followed by a train of servants, prominent among whom was his falconer, carrying a square wooden frame, on which were perched a dozen or more hawks of all sizes and colors, "hooded and jessed."

Fanciful as were the Oriental's generalities of history, the future may yet prove that the Hostage of Mooltan could read political indices with more shrewdness than a Dalhousie, a Hardinge, an Elphinstone or a Canning.

THE STORY OF SEVENOAKS.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.



"HARRY, YOU MUST FORGIVE ME."

CHAPTER XVI.

IN WHICH JIM CONSTRUCTS TWO HAPPY DAVIDS, RAISES HIS HOTEL, AND DISMISSES SAM YATES.

WHEN the boat touched the bank, Jim, still with his rifle pointed at the breast of Sam Yates, said :

"Now, git out, an' take a bee line for the shanty, an' see how many paces ye make on't."

Yates was badly blown by his row of ten miles on the river, and could hardly stir from his seat ; but Mr. Benedict helped him up the bank, and then Jim followed him on shore.

Benedict looked from one to the other with mingled surprise and consternation, and then said :

"Jim, what does this mean?"

"It means," replied Jim, "that Number 'leven, an' his name is Williams, forgot to 'tend to his feelin's over old Tilden's grave"

an' I've axed 'im to come back an' use up his clean handkerchers. He was took with a fit o' knowin' somethin', too, an' I'm goin' to see if I can cure 'im. It's a new sort o' sickness for him, an' it may floor 'im."

"I suppose there is no use in carrying on his farce any longer," said Yates. "I knew you, Mr. Benedict, soon after arriving here, and it seems that you recognized me; and now, here is my hand. I never meant you ill, and I did not expect to find you alive. I have tried my best to make you out a lead man, and so to report you; but Jim has compelled me to come back and make sure that you are alive."

"No, I didn't," responded Jim. "I wanted to let ye know that I'm alive, and that I don't 'low no hired cusses to come snoopin' round my camp, an' goin' off with a haw-kaw buttoned up in their jackets, without thrashin'."

Benedict, of course, stood thunderstruck and irresolute. He was discovered by the very man whom his old persecutor had sent for the purpose. He had felt that the discovery would be made, sooner or later—intended, indeed, that it should be made—but he was not ready.

They all walked to the cabin in moody silence. Jim felt that he had been hasty, and was very strongly inclined to believe in the sincerity of Yates; but he knew it was safe to be on his guard with any man who was in the employ of Mr. Belcher. Turk saw there was trouble, and whined around his master, as if inquiring whether there was anything that he could do to bring matters to an adjustment.

"No, Turk; he's my game," said Jim. "Ye couldn't eat 'im no more nor ye could muss-rat."

There were just three seats in the cabin—two camp-stools and a chest.

"That's the seat for you," said Jim to Yates, pointing to the chest. "You jest want yerself thar. Thar's somethin' in that chest as'll make ye tell the truth."

Yates looked at the chest and hesitated. "It ain't powder," said Jim, "but it'll blow ye worse nor powder, if ye don't tell the truth."

Yates sat down. He had not appreciated the anxiety of Benedict to escape discovery, for he would not have been so silly as to trust his knowledge until he had left the woods. He felt ashamed of his indiscretion, but, as he knew that his motives were good, he could not but feel that he had been outraged.

"Jim, you have abused me," said he. "You have misunderstood me, and that is the only apology that you can make for your discourtesy. I was a fool to tell you what I knew, but you had no right to serve me as you have served me."

"P'raps I hadn't," responded Jim, doubtfully.

Yates went on:

"I have never intended to play you a trick. It may be a base thing for me to do, but I intended to deceive Mr. Belcher. He is a man to whom I owe no good will. He has always treated me like a dog, and he will continue the treatment so long as I have anything to do with him; but he found me when I was very low, and he has furnished me with the money that has made it possible for me to redeem myself. Believe me, the finding of Mr. Benedict was the most unwelcome discovery I ever made."

"Ye talk reasomble," said Jim; "but how be I goin' to know that ye're tellin' the truth?"

"You cannot know," replied Yates. "The circumstances are all against me, but you will be obliged to trust me. You are not going to kill me; you are not going to harm me; for you would gain nothing by getting my ill will. I forgive your indignities, for it was natural for you to be provoked, and I provoked you needlessly—childishly, in fact; but after what I have said, anything further in that line will not be borne."

"I've a good mind to lick ye now," said Jim, on hearing himself defied.

"You would be a fool to undertake it," said Yates.

"Well, what be ye goin' to tell old Belcher, anyway?" inquired Jim.

"I doubt whether I shall tell him anything. I have no intention of telling him that Mr. Benedict is here, and I do not wish to tell him a lie. I have intended to tell him that in all my journey to Sevenoaks I did not find the object of my search, and that Jim Fenton declared that but one pauper had ever come into the woods and died there."

"That's the truth," said Jim. "Benedict ain't no pauper, nor hain't been since he left the poor-house."

"If he knows about old Tilden," said Yates, "and I'm afraid he does, he'll know that I'm on the wrong scent. If he doesn't know about him, he'll naturally conclude that the dead man was Mr. Benedict. That will answer his purpose."

"Old Belcher ain't no fool," said Jim.

"Well," said Yates, "why doesn't Mr. Benedict come out like a man and claim his rights? That would relieve me, and settle all the difficulties of the case."

Benedict had nothing to say to this, for there was what he felt to be a just reproach in it.

"It's the way he's made," replied Jim—"leastways, partly. When a man's ben hauled through hell by the har, it takes 'im a few days to git over bein' dizzy an' find his legs ag'in; an' when a man sells himself to old Belcher, he musn't squawk an' try to git another feller to help 'im out of 'is bargain. Ye got into't, an' ye must git out on't the best way ye can."

"What would you have me do?" inquired Yates.

"I want to have ye sw'ar an' sign a Happy David."

"A what?"

"A Happy David. Ye ain't no lawyer if ye don't know what a Happy David is, and can't make one."

Yates recognized, with a smile, the nature of the instrument disguised in Jim's pronunciation and conception, and inquired:

"What would you have me swear to?"

"To what I tell ye."

"Very well. I have pen and paper with me, and am ready to write. Whether I will sign the paper will depend upon its contents."

"Be ye ready?"

"Yes."

"Here ye have it, then. 'I solem-ny sw'ar, s'welp me! that I hain't seen no pauper, in no woods, with his name as Benedict.'"

Jim paused, and Yates, having completed the sentence, waited. Then Jim muttered to himself:

"With his name *as* Benedict—with his name *is* Benedict—with his name *was* Benedict."

Then, with a puzzled look, he said:

"Yates, can't ye doctor that a little?"

"Whose name was Benedict," suggested Yates.

"Whose name was Benedict," continued Jim. "Now read it over, as fur as ye've got."

"I solemnly swear that I have seen no pauper in the woods whose name was Benedict."

"Now look a here, Sam Yates! That sort o' thing won't do. Stop them tricks. Ye don't know me, an' ye don't know whar ye're settin' if you think that'll go down."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"I telled-ye that Benedict was no pauper an' ye say that ye've seen no pauper whose name was Benedict. That's jest tellin' that he's here. Oh, ye can't come that game! Now begin agin, an' write jest as I give it to ye. 'I solem-ny sw'ar, s'welp me! that I hain't seen no pauper, in no woods, whose name was Benedict.'"

"Done," said Yates, "but it isn't grammar."

"Hang the grammar!" responded Jim. "what I want is sense. Now jine this on. 'An' I solem-ny sw'ar, s'welp me! that I won't blow on Benedict, as isn't a pauper—no more nor Jim Fenton is—an' if so be I do blow on Benedict—I give Jim Fenton free liberty, out and out—to lick me—without goin' to lor—but takin' the privilage of self-defense.'"

Jim thought a moment. He had wrought out a large phrase.

"I guess," said he "that covers the thing. Ye understand, don't ye, Yates, about the privilage of self-defense?"

"You mean that I may defend myself if I can, don't you?"

"Yes. With the privilage of self-defense. That's fair, an' I'd give it to a painter. No read it all over."

Jim put his head down between his knees the better to measure every word, while Yates read the complete document. Then Jim took the paper, and, handing it to Benedict, requested him to see if it had been read correctly. Assured that it was all right, Jim turned his eyes severely on Yates, and said:

"Sam Yates, do ye s'pose ye've any idea what it is to be licked by Jim Fenton? Do ye know what ye're sw'arin' to? Do ye realize that I wouldn't leave enough on ye to pay for havin' a funeral?"

Yates laughed, and said that he believed he understood the nature of an oath.

"Then sign yer Happy David," said Jim.

Yates wrote his name, and passed the paper into Jim's hands.

"Now," said Jim, with an expression of triumph on his face, "I s'pose ye don't know that you've be'n settin' on a Bible; but it's right under ye, in that chest, an' it's here and seen the whole thing. If ye don't stop by yer Happy David, there'll be somethin' worse nor Jim Fenton arter ye, an' whar that comes, ye can jest shet yer eyes, an' gi'en it up."

This was too much for both Yates and Benedict. They looked into each other's

eyes, and burst into a laugh. But Jim was in earnest, and not a smile crossed his rough face.

"Now," said he, "I want to do a little swarin' myself, and I want ye to write it."

Yates resumed his pen, and declared himself to be in readiness.

"I solem-ny sw'ar," Jim began, "s'welp me! that I will lick Sam Yates—as is a lawyer—with the privlidge of self-defense— if he ever blows on Benedict—as is not a pauper—no more nor Jim Fenton is—an' I solem-ny sw'ar, s'welp me! that I'll foller 'im till I find 'im, an' lick 'im—with the privlidge of self-defense."

Jim would have been glad to work in the past phrase again, but he seemed to have covered the whole ground, and so inquired whether Yates had got it all down.

Yates replied that he had.

"I'm a goin' to sign that, an' ye can take along with ye. Swap seats."

Yates rose, and Jim seated himself upon the chest.

"I'm a goin' to sign this, settin' over the Bible. I ain't goin' to take no advantage in ye. Now we're squar'," said he, as he lazoned the document with his coarse and clumsy sign-manual. "Put that in yer pocket, an' keep it for five year."

"Is the business all settled?" inquired Yates.

"Clean," replied Jim.

"When am I to have the liberty to go out of the woods?"

"Ye ain't goin' out o' the woods for a fortnight. Ye're a goin' to stay here, an' have the best fishin' ye ever had in yer life. I'll do ye good, an' ye can go out when yer man comes arter ye. Ye can stay to the risin', an' gi'en us a little lift with the other fellers that's comin'. Ye'll be as strong as a boss when ye go out."

An announcement more welcome than his could not have been made to Sam Yates; and now that there was no secrecy between them, and confidence was restored, he looked forward to a fortnight of enjoyment. He laid aside his coat, and, as far as possible, reduced his dress to the requirements of camp life. Jim and Mr. Benedict were very busy, so that he was obliged to find his way alone, but Jim lent him his shing-tackle, and taught him how to use it; and, as he was an apt pupil, he was soon able to furnish more fish to the camp than could be used.

Yates had many a long talk with Benedict, and the two men found many points

of sympathy, around which they cemented a lasting friendship. Both, though in different ways, had been very low down in the valley of helpless misfortune; both had been the subjects of Mr. Belcher's brutal will; and both had the promise of a better life before them, which it would be necessary to achieve in opposition to that will. Benedict was strengthened by this sympathy, and became able to entertain plans for the assertion and maintenance of his rights.

When Yates had been at the camp for a week, and had taken on the color and the manner of a woodsman, there came one night to Number Nine a dozen men, to assist in the raising of Jim's hotel. They were from the mill where he had purchased his lumber, and numbered several neighbors besides, including Mike Conlin. They came up the old "tote-road" by the river side, and a herd of buffaloes on a stampede could hardly have made more noise. They were a rough, merry set, and Jim had all he could do to feed them. Luckily, trout were in abundant supply, and they supped like kings, and slept on the ground. The following day was one of the severest labor, but when it closed, the heaviest part of the timber had been brought and put up, and when the second day ended, all the timbers were in their place, including those which defined the outlines of Jim's "cupalo."

When the frame was at last complete, the weary men retired to a convenient distance to look it over, and then they emphasized their approval of the structure by three rousing cheers.

"Begorry, Jim, ye must make us a spache," said Mike Conlin. "Ye've plenty iv blarney; now out wid it."

But Jim was sober. He was awed by the magnitude of his enterprise. There was the building in open outline. There was no going back. For better or for worse, it held his destiny, and not only his, but that of one other—perhaps of others still.

"A speech! a speech!" came from a dozen other tongues.

"Boys," said Jim, "there's no more talk in me now nor there is in one o' them chips. I don't seem to have no vent. I'm full, but it don't run. If I could stick a gimblet in somewhere, as if I was a cider-barrel, I could gi'en ye enough; but I ain't no barrel, an' a gimblet ain't no use. There's a man here as can talk. That's his trade, an' if he'll say what I ought to say, I shall be obleeged to 'im. Yates is a lawyer, an'

it's his business to talk for other folks, an' I hope he'll talk for me."

"Yates! Yates!" arose on all sides.

Yates was at home in any performance of this kind, and, mounting a low stump, said:

"Boys, Jim wants me to thank you for the great service you've rendered him. You have come a long distance to do a neighborly deed, and that deed has been generously completed. Here, in these forest shades, you have reared a monument to human civilization. In these old woods you have built a temple to the American household gods. The savage beasts of the wilderness will fly from it, and the birds will gather around it. The winter will be the warmer for the fire that will burn within it, and the spring will come earlier in prospect of a better welcome. The river that washes its feet will be more musical in its flow, because finer ears will be listening. The denizens of the great city will come here, year after year, to renew their wasted strength, and carry back with them the sweetest memories of these pure solitudes.

"To build a human home, where woman lives and little children open their eyes upon life, and grow up and marry and die—a home full of love and toil, of pleasure and hope and hospitality, is to do the finest thing that a man can do. I congratulate you on what you have done for Jim, and what so nobly you have done for yourselves. Your whole life will be sweeter for this service, and when you think of a lovely woman presiding over this house, and of all the comfort it will be to the gentle folk that will fill it full, you will be glad that you have had a hand in it."

Yates made his bow and stepped down. His auditors all stood for a moment, under an impression that they were in church and had heard a sermon. Their work had been so idealized for them—it had been endowed with so much meaning; it seemed so different from an ordinary "raising"—that they lost, momentarily, the consciousness of their own roughness and the homeliness of their surroundings.

"Be gorry!" exclaimed Mike, who was the first to break the silence, "I'd 'a' gi'en a dollar if me owld woman could 'a' heard that. Divil a bit does she know what I've done for her. I didn't know mesilf what a purty thing it was whin I built me house. It's betther nor goin' to the church, be-dad."

Three cheers were then given to Yates and three to Jim, and, the spell once dis-

solved, they went noisily back to the cabin and their supper.

That evening Jim was very silent. When they were about lying down for the night, he took his blankets, reached into the chest, and withdrew something that he found there and immediately hid from sight, and said that he was going to sleep in his house. The moon was rising from behind the trees when he emerged from his cabin. He looked up at the tall skeleton of his future home, then approached it, and swinging himself from beam to beam, did not pause until he had reached the cupola. Boards had been placed across it for the convenience of the framers, and on these Jim threw his blankets. Under the little package that was to serve as his pillow he laid his Bible, and then, with his eyes upon the stars, his heart tender with the thoughts of the woman for whom he was rearing a home, and his mind oppressed with the greatness of his enterprise, he lay a long time in a waking dream. "If so be He cares," said Jim to himself—"if so be He cares for a little buildin' as don't make no show 'longside of his doin's up thar an' down here, I hope He sees that I've got this Bible under my head, an' knows what I mean by it. I hope the thing 'll strike 'im favorable, an' that He knows, if He cares, that I'm obleeged to 'im."

At last, slumber came to Jim—the slumber of the toiler, and early the next morning he was busy in feeding his helpers, who had a long day's walk before them. When, at last, they were all ferried over the river, and had started on their homeward way, Jim ascended to the cupola again, and waved his bandanna in farewell.

Two days afterward, Sam Yates left his host, and rowed himself down to the landing in the same canoe by which he had reached Number Nine. He found his conveyance waiting, according to arrangement, and before night was housed among his friends at Sevenoaks.

While he had been absent in the woods there had been a conference among his relatives and the principal men of the town, which had resulted in the determination to keep him in Sevenoaks, if possible, in the practice of his profession.

To Yates, the proposition was the opening of a door into safety and peace. To be among those who loved him, and had a certain pride in him; to be released from his service to Mr. Belcher, which he felt could go no farther without involving him in crime

and dishonor; to be sustained in his good resolutions by the sympathy of friends, and the absence of his city companions and temptations, gave him the promise of perfect reformation, and a life of modest prosperity and genuine self-respect.

He took but little time in coming to his conclusion, and his first business was to report to Mr. Belcher by letter. He informed that gentleman that he had concluded to remain in Sevenoaks; reported all his investigations on his way thither from New York; inclosed Jim's statement concerning the oath of a pauper in the woods; gave an account of the disinterment of the pauper's bones in his presence; inclosed the money used in expenses and wages, and, with thanks for what Mr. Belcher had done in helping him to a reform, closed his missive in such a manner as to give the impression that he expected and desired no further communication.

Great was Mr. Belcher's indignation when he received this letter. He had not finished with Yates. He had anticipated exactly his result from the investigations. He knew about old Tilden, for Buffum had told him; and he did not doubt that Jim had exhibited to Yates the old man's bones. He believed that Benedict was dead, but he did not know. It would be necessary, therefore, to prepare a document that would be good in any event.

If the reader remembers the opening chapter of this story, he will recall the statement of Miss Butterworth, that Mr. Belcher had allowed Benedict to the asylum to procure his signature to a paper. This paper, drawn up in legal form, had been preserved, for Mr. Belcher was a methodical, business man; and when he had finished reading Yates's letter, and had exhausted his expletives after his usual manner, he opened a drawer, and, extracting the paper, read it through. It was more than six years old, and bore its date, and the marks of its age. All it needed was the proper signatures.

He knew that he could trust Yates no longer. He knew that he could not forward his own ends by appearing to be displeased. The reply which Yates received was one that astonished him by its mildness, its expression of satisfaction with his faithful labor, and its record of good wishes. Now that he was upon the spot, Mr. Yates could still serve him, both in a friendly and in a professional way. The first service he could render him was to forward to him autograph letters from the hands of two men deceased. He wished

to verify the signatures of these men, he said, but as they were both dead, he, of course, could not apply to them.

Yates did not doubt that there was mischief in this request. He guessed what it was, and he kept the letter; but after a few days he secured the desired autographs, and forwarded them to Mr. Belcher, who filed them away with the document above referred to. After that, the great proprietor, as a relief from the severe pursuits of his life, amused himself by experiments with inks and pens, and pencils, and with writing in a hand not his own, the names of "Nicholas Johnson" and "James Ramsey."

CHAPTER XVII.

IN WHICH MRS. DILLINGHAM MAKES SOME IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES, BUT FAILS TO REVEAL THEM TO THE READER.

MRS. DILLINGHAM was walking back and forth alone through her long drawing-room. She was revolving in her mind a compliment, breathed into her ear by her friend Mrs. Talbot that day. Mrs. Talbot had heard from the mouth of one of Mrs. Dillingham's admirers the statement, confirmed with a hearty, good-natured oath, that he considered the fascinating widow "the best groomed woman in New York."

The compliment conveyed a certain intimation which was not pleasant for her to entertain. She was indebted to her skill in self-"grooming" for the preservation of her youthful appearance. She had been conscious of this, but it was not pleasant to have the fact detected by her friends. Neither was it pleasant to have it bruited in society, and reported to her by one who rejoiced in the delicacy of the arrow which, feathered by friendship, she had been able to plant in the widow's breast.

She walked to her mirror and looked at herself. There were the fine, familiar outlines of face and figure; there were the same splendid eyes; but a certain charm, beyond the power of "grooming" to restore, was gone. An incipient, almost invisible, brood of wrinkles was gathering about her eyes; there was a loss of freshness of complexion, and an expression of weariness and age, which, in the repose of reflection and inquisition, almost startled her.

Her youth was gone, and, with it, the most potent charms of her person. She was hated and suspected by her own sex, and sought by men for no reason honorable

either to her or to them. She saw that it was all, at no distant day, to have an end, and that when the end should come, her life would practically be closed. When the means by which she had held so many men in her power were exhausted, her power would cease. Into the blackness of that coming night she could not bear to look. It was full of hate, and disappointment, and despair. She knew that there was a taint upon her—the taint that comes to every woman, as certainly as death, who patently and purposely addresses, through her person, the sensuous element in men. It was not enough for her to remember that she despised the passion she excited, and condemned the men whom she fascinated. She knew it was better to lead even a swine by a golden chain than by the ears.

She reviewed her relations to Mr. Belcher. That strong, harsh, brutal man, lost alike to conscience and honor, was in her hands. What should she do with him? He was becoming troublesome. He was not so easily managed as the most of her victims. She knew that, in his heart, he was carrying the hope that some time in the future, in some way, she would become his; that she had but to lift her finger to make the Palsgrave mansion so horrible a hell that the wife and mother would fly from it in indignant despair. She had no intention of doing this. She wished for no more intimate relation with her victim than she had already established.

There was one thing in which Mr. Belcher had offended and humiliated her. He had treated her as if he had fascinated her. In his stupid vanity, he had fancied that his own personal attractions had won her heart and her allegiance, and that she, and not himself, was the victim. He had tried to use her in the accomplishment of outside purposes; to make a tool of her in carrying forward his mercenary or knavish ends. Other men had striven to hide their unlovely affairs from her, but the new lover had exposed his, and claimed her assistance in carrying them forward. This was a degradation that she could not submit to. It did not flatter her, or minister to her self-respect.

Again and again had Mr. Belcher urged her to get the little Sevenoaks pauper into her confidence, and to ascertain whether his father were still living. She did not doubt that his fear of a man so poor and powerless as the child's father must be, was based in conscious knavery; and to be put to the

use of deceiving a lad whose smile of affectionate admiration was one of the sweetest visions of her daily life, disgusted and angered her. The thought, in any man's mind that she could be so base, in consideration of a guilty affection for him, as to betray the confidence of an innocent child on his behalf disgraced and degraded her.

And still she walked back and forth in her drawing-room. Her thoughts were uneasy and unhappy; there was no love in her life. That life was leading to no satisfactory consummation. How could it be changed? What could she do?

She raised her eyes, looked across the street, and there saw, loitering along and casting furtive glances at her window, the very lad of whom she had been thinking. He had sought and waited for her recognition, and instead of receiving it in the usual way, saw a beckoning finger. He waited a moment, to be sure that he had not misunderstood the sign, and then, when it was repeated, crossed over, and stood at the door. Mrs. Dillingham admitted the boy then called the servant, and told him that while the lad remained, she would not be at home to any one. As soon as the pair were in the drawing-room she stooped and kissed the lad, warming his heart with a smile so sweet, and a manner so cordial and gracious that he could not have told whether his soul was his own or hers.

She led him to her seat, giving him no rest but sitting with her arm around him, as he stood at her side.

"You are my little lover, aren't you?" she said, with an embrace.

"Not so very little!" responded Harry with a flush.

"Well, you love me, don't you?"

"Perhaps I do," replied he, looking smilingly into her eyes.

"You are a rogue, sir."

"I'm not a bad rogue."

"Kiss me."

Harry put his arms around Mrs. Dillingham's neck and kissed her, and received in return, a long, passionate embrace in which her starved heart expressed the best of her powerful nature.

Nor clouds nor low-born vapors drop the dew. It only gathers under a pure heaven and the tender eyes of stars. Mrs. Dillingham had always held a heart that could respond to the touch of a child. It was dark, its ways were crooked, it was not a happy heart, but for the moment her whole nature was flooded with a tender passion.

A flash of lightning from heaven makes the darkest night its own, and gilds with glory the uncouth shapes that grope and crawl beneath its cover.

"And your name is Harry?" she said.

"Yes."

"Do you mind telling me about yourself?"

Harry hesitated. He knew that he ought not to do it. He had received imperative commands not to tell anybody about himself; but his temptation to yield to the beautiful lady's wishes was great, for he was heart-starved like herself. Mrs. Balfour was kind, even affectionate, but he knew he had never filled the place in her heart of the boy she had lost. She did not take him into her embrace, and lavish caresses upon him. He had hungered for just this, and the impulse to show the whole of his heart and life to Mrs. Dillingham was irresistible.

"If you'll never tell."

"I will never tell, Harry."

"Never, never tell?"

"Never."

"You are Mr. Belcher's friend, aren't you?"

"I know Mr. Belcher."

"If Mr. Belcher should tell you that he would kill you if you didn't tell, what would you do?"

"I should call the police," responded Mrs. Dillingham, with a smile.

Then Harry, in a simple, graphic way, told her all about the hard, wretched life in Sevenoaks, the death of his mother, the insanity of his father, the life in the poor-house, the escape, the recovery of his father's health, his present home, and the occasion of his own removal to New York. The narrative was so wonderful, so full of pathos, so tragic, so out of all proportion in its revelation of wretchedness to the little life at her side, that the lady was dumb. Unconsciously to herself—almost unconsciously to the boy—her arms closed around him, and she lifted him into her lap. There, with his head against her breast, he concluded his story; and there were tears upon his hair, rained from the eyes that bent above him. They sat for a long minute in silence. Then the lady, to keep herself from bursting into hysterical tears, kissed Harry again and again, exclaiming:

"My poor, dear boy! My dear, dear child! And Mr. Belcher could have helped it all! Curse him!"

The lad jumped from her arms as if he had received the thrust of a dagger, and looked at her with great, startled, wonder-

ing eyes. She recognized in an instant the awful indiscretion into which she had been betrayed by her fierce and sudden anger, and threw herself upon her knees before the boy, exclaiming:

"Harry, you must forgive me. I was beside myself with anger. I did not know what I was saying. Indeed, I did not. Come to my lap again, and kiss me, or I shall be wretched."

Harry still maintained his attitude and his silence. A furious word from an angel would not have surprised or pained him more than this expression of her anger, that had flashed upon him like a fire from hell.

Still the lady knelt, and pleaded for his forgiveness.

"No one loves me, Harry. If you leave me, and do not forgive me, I shall wish I were dead. You cannot be so cruel."

"I didn't know that ladies ever said such words," said Harry.

"Ladies who have little boys to love them never do," responded Mrs. Dillingham.

"If I love you, shall you ever speak so again?" inquired Harry.

"Never, with you and God to help me," she responded.

She rose to her feet, led the boy to her chair, and once more held him in her embrace.

"You can do me a great deal of good, Harry—a great deal more good than you know, or can understand. Men and women make me worse. There is nobody who can protect me like a child that trusts me. You can trust me."

Then they sat a long time in a silence broken only by Harry's sobs, for the excitement and the reaction had shaken his nerves as if he had suffered a terrible fright.

"You have never told me your whole name, Harry," she said tenderly, with the design of leading him away from the subject of his grief.

"Harry Benedict."

He felt the thrill that ran through her frame, as if it had been a shock of electricity. The arms that held him trembled, and half relaxed their hold upon him. Her heart struggled, intermitted its beat; then throbbed against his reclining head as if it were a hammer. He raised himself, and looked up at her face. It was pale and ghastly; and her eyes were dimly looking far off, as if unconscious of anything near.

"Are you ill?"

There was no answer.

"Are you ill?" with a voice of alarm.

The blood mounted to her face again.

"It was a bad turn," she said. "Don't mind it. I'm better now."

"Isn't it better for me to sit in a chair?" he inquired, trying to rise.

She tightened her grasp upon him.

"No, no. I am better with you here. I wish you were never to leave me."

Again they sat a long time in silence. Then she said:

"Harry, can you write?"

"Yes."

"Well, there is a pencil on the table, and paper. Go and write your father's name. Then come and give me a kiss, and then go home. I shall see you again, perhaps to-night. I suppose I ought to apologize to Mrs. Balfour for keeping you so long."

Harry did her bidding. She did not look at him, but turned her eyes to the window. There she saw Mr. Belcher, who had just been sent away from the door. He bowed, and she returned the bow, but the smile she summoned to her face by force of habit, faded quickly, for her heart had learned to despise him.

Harry wrote the name, left it upon the table, and then came to get his kiss. The caress was calmer and tenderer than any she had given him. His instinct detected the change; and, when he bade her a good night, it seemed as if she had grown motherly,—as if a new life had been developed in her that subordinated the old,—as if, in her life, the sun had set, and the moon had risen.

She had no doubt that as Harry left the door Mr. Belcher would see him, and seek admission at once on his hateful business, for, strong as his passion was for Mrs. Dillingham, he never forgot his knavish affairs, in which he sought to use her as a tool. So when she summoned the servant to let Harry out, she told him that if Mr. Belcher should call, she was too ill to see him.

Mr. Belcher did call within three minutes after the door closed on the lad. He had a triumphant smile on his face, as if he did not doubt that Mrs. Dillingham had been engaged in forwarding his own dirty work. His face blackened as he received her message, and he went wondering home with ill-natured curses on his lips that will not bear repeating.

Mrs. Dillingham closed the doors of her drawing-room, took the paper on which Harry had written, and resumed her seat. For the hour that lay between her and her

dinner, she held the paper in her cold, white hand. She knew the name she should find there, and she determined that before her eye should verify the prophecy of her heart she would achieve perfect self-control.

Excited by the interview with the lad, and the prescience of its waiting *dénouement*, his mind went back into his and his father's history. Mr. Belcher could have alleviated that history; nay, prevented it altogether. What had been her own responsibility in the case? She could not have foreseen all the horrors of that history; but she, too, could have prevented it. The consciousness of this filled her with self-condemnation; yet she could not acknowledge herself to be on a level with Mr. Belcher. She was ready and anxious to right all the wrongs she had inflicted; he was bent on increasing and confirming them. She cursed him in her heart for his injustice and cruelty, and almost cursed herself.

But she dwelt most upon the future which the discoveries of the hour had rendered possible to her. She had found a way out of her hateful life. She had found a lad who admired, loved, and trusted her, upon whom she could lavish her hungry affections—on whom, indeed, upon whom she had a right to lavish them. The life which she had led from girlhood was like one of those deep cañons in the far West, down which her beautiful boat had been gliding between impassable walls that gave her only here and there glimpses of the heaven above. The uncertain stream had its fascinations. There were beautiful shallows over which she had glided smoothly and safely, rocks and rapids over which she had shot swiftly amid attractive dangers, crooked courses that led she could not know whither, landing-places where she could enjoy an hour of the kindly sun. But all the time she knew she was descending. The song of the waterfalls was a farewell song to scenes that could never be witnessed again. Far away perhaps, perhaps near, waited the waters of the gulf that would drink the sparkling stream into its sultry depths, and steep it in its own bitterness. It was beautiful all the way, but it was going down, down, down. It was seeking the level of its death; and the little boat that rode so buoyantly over the crests which betrayed the hidden rocks would be but a chrysalis among the waves of the broad, wild sea that waited at the end.

Out of the fascinating roar that filled her ears; out of the sparkling rapids and shallow reaches, and misty cataracts that enchanted

her eyes; and out of the relentless drift toward the bottomless sea, she could be lifted! The sun shone overhead. There were rocks to climb where her hands would bleed; there were weary heights to scale; but she knew that on the top there were green pastures and broad skies, and the music of birds—places where she could rest, and from which she could slowly find her way back in loving companionship to the mountains of purity from which she had come.

She revolved the possibilities of the future; and, provided the little paper in her hand should verify her expectations, she resolved to realize them. During the long hour in which she sat thinking, she discounted the emotion which the little paper in her hand held for her, so that, when she unfolded it and read it, she only kissed it, and placed it in her bosom.

After dinner, she ordered her carriage. Then, thinking that it might be recognized by Mr. Belcher, she changed her order, and went to a public stable for one that was not identified with herself; and so disguising her person that in the evening she would not be known, she ordered the driver to take her to Mr. Balfour's.

Mrs. Dillingham had met Mr. Balfour many times, but she had never, though on speaking terms with her, cultivated Mrs. Balfour's acquaintance, and that lady did not fail to show the surprise she felt when her visitor was announced.

"I have made the acquaintance of your little ward," said Mrs. Dillingham, "and we have become good friends. I enticed him into my house to-day, and as I kept him a long time, I thought I would come over and apologize for his absence."

"I did not know that he had been with you," said Mrs. Balfour, coolly.

"He could do no less than come to me when I asked him to do so," said Mrs. Dillingham; "and I was entirely to blame for his remaining with me so long. You ladies who have children cannot know how sweet their society sometimes is to those who have none."

Mrs. Balfour was surprised. She saw in her visitor's eyes the evidence of recent tears, and there was a moisture in them then, and a subdued and tender tone to her voice which did not harmonize at all with her conception of Mrs. Dillingham's nature and character. Was she trying her arts upon her? She knew of her intimacy with Mr. Belcher, and naturally connected the visit with that unscrupulous person's schemes.

Mrs. Balfour was soon relieved by the entrance of her husband, who greeted Mrs. Dillingham in the old, stereotyped, gallant way in which gentlemen were accustomed to address her. How did she manage to keep herself so young? Would she be kind enough to give Mrs. Balfour the name of her hair-dresser? What waters had she bathed in, what airs had she breathed, that youth should clothe her in such immortal fashion?

Quite to his surprise, Mrs. Dillingham had nothing to say to this badinage. She seemed either not to hear it at all, or to hear it with impatience. She talked in a listless way, and appeared to be thinking of anything but what was said.

At last, she asked Mr. Balfour if she could have the liberty to obtrude a matter of business upon him. She did not like to interfere with his home enjoyments, but he would oblige her much by giving her half an hour of private conversation. Mr. Balfour looked at his wife, received a significant glance, and invited the lady into his library.

It was a long interview. Nine o'clock, ten o'clock, eleven o'clock sounded, and then Mrs. Balfour went upstairs. It was nearly midnight when Mrs. Dillingham emerged from the door. She handed a bank-note to the impatient coachman, and ordered him to drive her home. As she passed Mr. Belcher's corner of the street, she saw Phipps helping his master to mount the steps. He had had an evening of carousal among some of his new acquaintances. "Brute!" she said to herself, and withdrew her head from the window.

Admitted at her door, she went to her room in her unusual wrappings, threw herself upon her knees, and buried her face in her bed. She did not pray; she hardly lifted her thoughts. She was excessively weary. Why she knelt she did not know; but on her knees she thought over the occurrences of the evening. Her hungry soul was full—full of hopes, plans, purposes. She had found something to love.

What is that angel's name who, shut away from ten thousand selfish, sinful lives, stands always ready, when the bearers of those lives are tired of them, and are longing for something better, to open the door into a new realm? What patience and persistence are his! Always waiting, always prepared, cherishing no resentments, willing to lead, anxious to welcome, who is he, and whence came he? If Mrs. Dillingham did not pray, she had a vision of this heavenly visitant, and kissed the hem of his garments.

She rose and walked to her dressing-table. There she found a note in Mrs. Belcher's handwriting, inviting her to a drive in the Park with her and Mr. Belcher on the following afternoon. Whether the invitation was self-moved, or the result of a suggestion from Mr. Belcher, she did not know. In truth, she did not care. She had wronged Mrs. Belcher in many ways, and she would go.

Why was it that when the new and magnificent carriage rolled up to her door the next afternoon, with its wonderful horses and showy equipage, and appointments calculated to attract attention, her heart was smitten with disgust? She was to be stared at; and, during all the drive, she was to sit face to face with a man who believed that he had fascinated her, and who was trying to use her for all the base purposes in which it was possible for her to serve his will. What could she do with him? How, in the new relations of her life to him, should she carry herself?

The drive was a quiet one. Mr. Belcher sat and feasted his greedy, exultant eyes on the woman before him, and marveled at the adroitness with which, to use his own coarse phrase, she "pulled the wool" over the eyes of his wife. In what a lovely way did she hide her passion for him! How sweetly did she draw out the sympathy of the deceived woman at her side! Ah! he could trust her! Her changed, amiable, almost pathetic demeanor was attributed by him to the effect of his power upon her, and her own subtle ingenuity in shielding from the eyes of Mrs. Belcher a love that she deemed hopeless. In his own mind it was not hopeless. In his own determination, it should not be!

As for Mrs. Belcher, she had never so much enjoyed Mrs. Dillingham's society before. She blamed herself for not having understood her better; and when she parted with her for the day, she expressed in hearty terms her wish that she might see more of her in the future.

Mrs. Dillingham, on the return, was dropped at her own door first. Mr. Belcher alighted, and led her up the steps. Then, in a quiet voice, he said:

"Did you find out anything of the boy?"

"Yes, some things, but none that it would be of advantage to you to know."

"Well, stick to him, now that you have got hold of him."

"I intend to."

"Good for you!"

"I imagine that he has been pretty well

drilled," said Mrs. Dillingham, "and told just what he may and must not say to any one."

"You can work it out of him. I'll risk you."

Mrs. Dillingham could hardly restrain her impatience, but said quietly:

"I fancy I have discovered all the secrets I shall ever discover in him. I like the boy, and shall cultivate his acquaintance; but, really, it will not pay you to rely upon me for anything. He is under Mr. Balfour's directions, and very loyal."

Mr. Belcher remembered his own interview with the lad, and recognized the truth of the statement. Then he bade her good-bye, rejoined his wife, and rode home.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN WHICH MR. BELCHER BECOMES PRESIDENT OF THE CROOKED VALLEY RAILROAD, WITH LARGE "TERMINAL FACILITIES," AND MAKES AN ADVENTURE INTO A LONG-MEDITATED CRIME.

MR. BELCHER had never made money so rapidly as during the summer following his removal to New York. The tides of wealth rolled in faster than he could compute them. Twenty regiments in the field had been armed with the Belcher rifle, and the reports of its execution and its popularity among officers and men, gave promise of future golden harvests to the proprietor. Ten thousand of them had been ordered by the Prussian Government. His agents in France, Russia, Austria, and Italy, all reported encouragingly concerning their attempts to introduce the new arm into the military service of those countries. The civil war had advanced the price of, and the demand for, the products of his mills at Sevenoaks. The people of that village had never before received so good wages, or been so fully employed. It seemed as if there were work for every man, woman and child, who had hands willing to work. Mr. Belcher bought stocks upon a rising market and unloaded again and again, sweeping into his capacious coffers his crops of profits. Bonds that early in the war could be bought for a song, rose steadily up to par. Stocks that had been kicked about the market for years, took on value from day to day, and asserted themselves as fair investments. From these, again and again, he harvested the percentage of advance, until his greed was gorged.

That he enjoyed his winnings, is true; but the great trouble with him was that, beyond a certain point, he could show nothing for them. He lived in a palace, surrounded by every appointment of luxury that his wealth could buy. His stables held the choicest horse-flesh that could be picked out of the whole country, from Maine to Kentucky. His diamond shirt-studs were worth thousands. His clothes were of the most expensive fabrics, made at the top of the style. His wife and children had money lavished upon them without stint. In the direction of show, he could do no more. It was his glory to drive in the Park alone, with his servants in livery and his four horses, fancying that he was the observed of all observers, and the envied of all men.

Having money still to spend, it must find a market in other directions. He gave lavish entertainments at his club, at which wine flowed like water, and at which young and idle men were gathered in and debauched, night after night. He was surrounded by a group of flatterers who laughed at his jokes, repeated them to the public, humored his caprices, and lived upon his hospitalities. The plain "Colonel Belcher" of his first few months in New York, grew into "the General," so that Wall street knew him, at last, by that title, without the speaking of his name. All made way for "the General" whenever he appeared. "The General" was "bulling" this stock, and "bearing" that. All this was honey to his palate, and he was enabled to forget something of his desire for show in his love of glory. Power was sweet, as well as display.

Of course, "the General" had forsaken, somewhat, his orderly habits of life—those which had kept him sound and strong in his old country home. He spent few evenings with his family. There was so genuine a passion in his heart for Mrs. Dillingham, that he went into few excesses that compromised a fair degree of truthfulness to her; but he was in the theaters, in the resorts of fast men, among the clubs, and always late in his bed. Phipps had a hard time in looking after and waiting upon him, but had a kind of sympathetic enjoyment in it all, because he knew there was more or less of wickedness connected with it.

Mr. Belcher's nights began to tell upon his days. It became hard for him to rise at his old hours; so, after a while, he received the calls of his brokers in bed. From nine to ten, Mr. Belcher, in his embroidered

dressing-gown, with his breakfast at his side, gave his orders for the operations of the day. The bedroom became the General's head-quarters, and there his staff gathered around him. Half a dozen cabs and carriages at his door in the morning became a daily recurring vision to residents and habitual passengers.

Mr. Talbot, not a regular visitor at this hour, sometimes mingled with the brokers, though he usually came late for the purpose of a private interview. He had managed to retain the General's favor, and to be of such use to him that that gentleman, in his remarkable prosperity, had given up the idea of reducing his profits.

One morning, after the brokers and the General's lawyer were gone, Talbot entered, and found his principal still in bed.

"Toll, it's a big thing," said Mr. Belcher.

"I believe you."

"Toll, what did I tell you? I've always worked to a programme, and exactly this was my programme when I came here. How's your wife?"

"Quite well."

"Why don't we see more of her?"

"Well, Mrs. Talbot is a quiet woman, and knows her place. She isn't quite at home in such splendors as yours, you know, and she naturally recognizes my relations to you."

"Oh, nonsense, nonsense, Toll! She mustn't feel that way. I like her. She's a devilish handsome woman."

"I shall tell her that you say so," said the obsequious Mr. Talbot.

"Toll, my boy, I've got an idea."

"Cherish it, General; you may never have another."

"Good for you. I owe you one."

"Not at all, General. I'm only paying off old debts."

"Toll, how are you doing now? Getting a living?"

"Thanks to you, General, I am thriving in a modest way. I don't aspire to any such profits as you seem to win so easily, so I have no fault to find."

"The General has been a godsend to you, hasn't he, eh? Happy day when you made his acquaintance, eh? Well, go ahead; it's all right. Pile it up while you can."

"But you haven't told me about your idea," Mr. Talbot suggested.

"Well, Toll, I'm pining for a railroad. I'm crying nights for a railroad. A fellow must have amusements, you know. Health

must be taken care of, eh? All the fellows have railroads. It's well enough to keep horses and go to the theater. A steamship line isn't bad, but the trouble is, a man can't be captain of his own vessels. No, Toll; I need a railroad. I'm yearning for engines, and double tracks, and running over my own line."

"You might buy up a European kingdom or two, at a pinch, General."

"Yes; but, Toll, you don't know what terminal facilities I've got for a railroad."

"Your pocket will answer for one end," said Talbot, laughing.

"Right, the first time," responded the General, "and glory will answer for the other. Toll, do you know what I see at the other end?"

"No."

"I see a man of about the size of Robert Belcher in the chair of an Alderman. I see him seated on a horse, riding down Broadway at the head of a regiment. I see him Mayor of the City of New York. I see him Governor of the State. I see him President of the United States. I see no reason why he cannot hold any one, or all these offices. All doors yield to a golden key. Toll, I haven't got to go as far as I have come, to reach the top. Do you know it? Big thing! Yes, Toll, I must have a railroad."

"Have you selected the toy you propose to purchase?" inquired Talbot.

"Well, I've looked about some; but the trouble is, that all the best of 'em are in hands that can hold them. I must buy a poor one and build it up, or make it build me up."

"That's a pity."

"I don't know about that. The big ones are hard to handle, and I'm not quite big enough for them yet. What do you say to the Crooked Valley?"

"Poor road, and wants connections."

"Those are exactly the points. I can buy it for a song, issue bonds, and build the connections—issue plenty of bonds, and build plenty of connections. Terminal facilities large—do you understand? Eh, Toll?"

Mr. Talbot laughed.

"I don't think you need any suggestions from me," he said.

"No; the General can manage this thing without help. He only wanted to open your eyes a little, and get you ready for your day's work. You fellows who fiddle around with a few goods need waking up occasionally. Now, Toll, go off and let the General get up.

"I must have a railroad before night or I shall not be able to sleep a wink. Bye-bye!"

Talbot turned to leave the room, when Mr. Belcher arrested him with the question:

"Toll, would you like an office in the Crooked Valley corporation?"

Talbot knew that the corporation would have a disgraceful history, and a disastrous end—that it would be used by the General for the purposes of stealing, and that the head of it would not be content to share the plunder with others. He had no wish to be his principal's cat's-paw, or to be identified with an enterprise in which, deprived of both will and voice, he should win neither profit nor credit. So he said:

"No, I thank you; I have all I can do to take care of your goods, and I am not ambitious."

"There'll be nothing for you to do, you know. I shall gun the whole thing."

"I can serve you better, General, where I am."

"Well, bye-bye; I won't urge you."

After Talbot left, Mr. Belcher rose and carefully dressed himself. Phipps was already at the door with his carriage, and, half an hour afterward, the great proprietor, full of his vain and knavish projects, took his seat in it, and was whirled off down to Wall street. His brokers had already been charged with his plans, and, before he reached the ground, every office where the Crooked Valley stock was held had been visited, and every considerable deposit of it ascertained, so that, before night, by one grand swoop, the General had absorbed a controlling interest in the corporation.

A few days afterward, the annual meeting was held, Mr. Belcher was elected President, and every other office was filled by his creatures and tools. His plans for the future of the road gradually became known, and the stock began to assume a better position on the list. Weak and inefficient corporations were already in existence for completing the various connections of the road, and of these he immediately, and for moderate sums, bought the franchises. Within two months bonds were issued for building the roads, and the roads themselves were put under contract. The "terminal facilities" of one end of every contract were faithfully attended to by Mr. Belcher. His pockets were still capacious and absorbent. He parted with so much of his appreciated stock as he could spare without impairing his control, and so at the end of a few months, found himself in the possession of still another harvest. No

only this, but he found his power increased. Men watched him, and followed him into other speculations. They hung around him, anxious to get indications of his next movement. They flattered him; they fawned upon him; and to those whom he could in any way use for his own purposes, he breathed little secrets of the market from which they won their rewards. People talked about what "the General" was doing, and proposed to do, as if he were a well-recognized factor in the financial situation.

Whenever he ran over his line, which he often did for information and amusement, and for the pleasure of exercising his power, he went in a special car, at break-neck speed, by telegraph, always accompanied by a body of friends and toadies, whom he feasted on the way. Everybody wanted to see him. He was as much a lion as if he had been an Emperor or a murderer. To emerge upon a platform at a way-station, where there were hundreds of country people who had locked in to witness the exhibition, was his great delight. He spoke to them familiarly and good-naturedly; transacted his business with a rush; threw the whole village into tumult; waved his hand; and vanished in a cloud of dust. Such enterprise, such confidence, such strength, such interest in the local prosperities of the line, found their natural result in the absorption of the new bonds. They were purchased by individuals and municipal corporations. Freight was diverted from its legitimate channels, and drawn over the road at a loss; but it looked like business. Passes were scattered in every direction, and the passenger traffic seemed to double at once. All was bustle, drive, business. Under a single will, backed by a strong and orderly executive capacity, the lying road seemed to leap into life. It had not an employé who did not know and take off his hat to the General. He was a kind of god, to whom they all bowed down; and to be addressed or chaffed by him was an honor, to be reported to friends, and borne home with self-congratulations to wives and children.

The General, of course, had moments of superlative happiness. He never had enjoyed anything more than he enjoyed his railroad. His notoriety with the common people along the line—the idea which they cherished that he could do anything he wished to do; that he had only to lift his hand and to win gold to himself or to bear it to them—these were pleasant in themselves; but to have their obeisance witnessed by his

city friends and associates, while they discussed his champagne and boned turkey from the abounding hamper which always furnished "the President's car"—this was the crown of his pleasure. He had a pleasure, too, in business. He never had enough to do, and the railroad which would have loaded down an ordinary man with an ordinary conscience, was only a pleasant diversion to him. Indeed, he was wont to reiterate, when rallied, upon his new enterprise: "The fact was, I had to do something for my health, you know."

Still, the General was not what could be called a happy man. He knew the risks he ran on 'Change. He had been reminded, by two or three mortifying losses, that the sun did not always shine on Wall street. He knew that his railroad was a bubble, and that sooner or later it would burst. Times would change, and, after all, there was nothing that would last like his manufactures. With a long foresight, he had ordered the funds received from the Prussian sales of the Belcher rifle to be deposited with a European banking house at interest, to be drawn against in his foreign purchases of material; yet he never drew against this deposit. Self-confident as he was, glutted with success as he was, he had in his heart a premonition that some time he might want that money just where it was placed. So there it lay, accumulating interest. It was an anchor to windward, that would hold him if ever his bark should drift into shallow or dangerous waters.

The grand trouble was, that he did not own a single patent by which he was thriving in both branches of his manufactures. He had calculated upon worrying the inventor into a sale, and had brought his designs very nearly to realization, when he found, to his surprise and discomfiture, that he had driven him into a mad-house. Rich as he was, therefore, there was something very unsubstantial in his wealth, even to his own apprehension. Sometimes it all seemed like a bubble, which a sudden breath would wreck. Out of momentary dependencies, originating in visions like these, he always rose with determinations that nothing should come between him and his possessions and prosperities which his hand, by fair means or foul, could crush.

Mr. Balfour, a lawyer of faultless character and undoubted courage, held his secret. He could not bend him or buy him. He was the one man in all the world whom he was afraid of. He was the one man in New

York who knew whether Benedict was alive or not. He had Benedict's heir in his house, and he knew that by him the law would lay its hand on him and his possessions. He only wondered that the action was delayed. Why was it delayed? Was he, Mr. Belcher, ready for it? He knew he was not, and he saw but one way by which he could become so. Over this he hesitated, hoping that some event would occur which would render his projected crime unnecessary.

Evening after evening, when every member of his family was in bed, he shut himself in his room, looked behind every article of furniture to make himself sure that he was alone, and then drew from its drawer the long unexecuted contract with Mr. Benedict, with the accompanying autograph letters, forwarded to him by Sam Yates. Whole quires of paper he traced with the names of "Nicholas Johnson" and "James Ramsey." After he had mastered the peculiarities of their signs manual, he took up that of Mr. Benedict. Then he wrote the three names in the relations in which he wished them to appear on the document. Then he not only burned all the paper he had used, in the grate, but pulverized its ashes.

Not being able to ascertain whether Benedict were alive or dead, it would be necessary to produce a document which would answer his purpose in either case. Of course, it would be requisite that its date should anticipate the inventor's insanity. He would make one more effort to ascertain a fact that had so direct a relation to his future security.

Accordingly, one evening, after his railroad scheme was fairly inaugurated, he called on Mrs. Dillingham, determined to obtain from her what she knew. He had witnessed for months her fondness for Harry Benedict. The boy had, apparently with the consent of the Balfours, been frequently in her house. They had taken long drives together in the Park. Mr. Belcher felt that there was a peculiar intimacy between the two, yet not one satisfactory word had he ever heard from the lady about her new pet. He had become conscious, too, of a certain change in her. She had been less in society, was more quiet than formerly, and more reticent in his presence, though she had never repulsed him. He had caught fewer glimpses of that side of her nature and character which he had once believed was sympathetic with his own. Misled by his own vanity into the constant belief that she

was seriously in love with himself, he was determined to utilize her passion for his own purposes. If she would not give kisses, she should give confidence.

"Mrs. Dillingham," he said, "I have been waiting to hear something about your pau-*per protégé*, and I have come to-night to find out what you know about him and his father."

"If I knew of anything that would be of real advantage to you, I would tell you, but I do not," she replied.

"Well, that's an old story. Tell that to the marines. I'm sick of it."

Mrs. Dillingham's face flushed.

"I prefer to judge for myself, if it's all the same to you," pursued the proprietor. "You've had the boy in your hands for months, and you know him, through and through, or else you are not the woman I have taken you for."

"You have taken me for, Mr. Belcher?"

"Nothing offensive. Don't roll up your pretty eyes in that way."

Mrs. Dillingham was getting angry.

"Please don't address me in that way again," she said.

"Well, what the devil have you to do with the boy any way, if you are not at work for me? That's what I'd like to know."

"I like him, and he is fond of me."

"I don't see how that helps me," responded Mr. Belcher.

"It is enough for me that I enjoy it."

"Oh, it is!"

"Yes, it is," with an emphatic nod of the head.

"Perhaps you think that will go down with me. Perhaps you are not acquainted with my way of doing business."

"Are you doing business with me, Mr. Belcher? Am I a partner of yours? If I am, perhaps you will be kind enough to tell me—business-like enough to tell me—what you wish me to worm secrets out of the boy."

It was Mr. Belcher's turn to color.

"No, I will not. I trust no woman with my affairs. I keep my own councils."

"Then do your own business," snappishly.

"Mrs. Dillingham, you and I are friends—destined, I trust, to be better friends—closer friends than we have ever been. The boy is of no consequence to you, and you cannot afford to sacrifice a man who can serve you more than you seem to know, for him."

"Well," said the lady, "there is no use

acting under a mask any longer. I would not betray the confidence of a child to serve any man I ever saw. You have been kind to me, but you have not trusted me. The old man loves me, and trusts me, and I will never betray him. What I tell you is true. I have learned nothing from him that can be of any genuine advantage to you. That is all the answer you will ever get from me. If you choose to throw away our friendship, you can take the responsibility," and Mrs. Dillingham hid her face in her handkerchief.

Mr. Belcher had been trying an experiment, and he had not succeeded—could not succeed; and there sat the beautiful, magnanimous woman before him, her heart torn as he believed with love for him, yet loyal to her ideas of honor as they related to a condescending child! How beautiful she was! He knew he certainly was, but there was a calm for his vexation in these charming revelations of her character.

"Well," he said rising, and in his old good-natured tone, "there's no accounting for a woman. I'm not going to bother you." He seized her unresisting hand, pressed it to his lips, and went away. He did not hear the musical giggle that followed him into the street, but, absorbed by his purpose, went home and mounted to his room. Locking the door, and peering about among the furniture, according to his custom, he sat down at his desk, drew out the old contract, and started at his usual practice. "Sign it," he said to himself, "and then you can use it if you want—not—just as you please. It's not the signing that will trouble you; it's the using."

He tried the names all over again, and then, his heart beating heavily against the desk, he spread the document and essayed his task. His heart jarred him. His hand trembled. What could he do to calm himself? He rose and walked to his mirror, and found that he was pale. "Are you afraid?" he said to himself. "Are you cowardly? Ha! ha! ha! ha! Did I laugh? Oh my God! how it sounded! Aren't you a pretty King of Wall Street! Aren't you a lovely President of the Crooked Valley Railroad! Aren't you a sweet sort of a nabob! You *must* do it! Do you hear? You *must* do it! Eh? do you hear? Sit down, sir! Sit down with you, sir! and don't you rise again until the thing is done."

The heart-thumping passed away. The action, under the strong spur and steady push of will, brought his nerves up to steadiness, and he sat down, took his pencils and pens that had been selected for the service,

and wrote first the name of Paul Benedict, and then, as witnesses, the names of Nicholas Johnson and James Ramsey.

So the document was signed, and witnessed by men whom he believed to be dead. The witnesses whose names he had forged he knew to be dead. With this document he believed he could defend his possession of all the patent rights on which the permanence of his fortune depended. He permitted the ink to dry, then folded the paper, and put it back in its place. Then he shut and opened the drawer, and took it out again. It had a genuine look.

Then he rang his bell and called for Phipps. When Phipps appeared he said:

"Well, Phipps, what do you want?"

"Nothing, sir," and Phipps smiled.

"Very well; help yourself."

"Thank you, sir," and Phipps rubbed his hands.

"How are you getting along in New York, Phipps?"

"Very well, sir."

"Big thing to be round with the General, isn't it? It's a touch above Sevenoaks, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Get enough to eat down-stairs?"

"Plenty."

"Good clothes to wear?"

"Very good," and Phipps looked down upon his toilet with great satisfaction.

"Stolen mostly from the General, eh?"

Phipps giggled.

"That's all; you can go. I only wanted to see if you were in the house, and well taken care of."

Phipps started to go. "By the way, Phipps, have you a good memory?—first-rate memory?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you remember everything that happened, a—say, six years ago?"

"I can try," said Phipps, with an intelligent glance into Mr. Belcher's eyes.

"Do you remember a day, about six years ago, when Paul Benedict came into my house at Sevenoaks, with Nicholas Johnson and James Ramsey, and they all signed a paper together?"

"Very well," replied Phipps.

"And do you remember that I said to you, after they were gone, that that paper gave me all of Benedict's patent rights?"

Phipps looked up at the ceiling, and then said:

"Yes, sir, and I remember that I said, 'It will make you very rich, won't it, Mr. Belcher?'"

"And what did I reply to you?"
 "You said, 'That remains to be seen.'"
 "All right. Do you suppose you should know that paper if you were to see it?"
 "I think I should—after I'd seen it once."
 "Well, there it is—suppose you take a look at it."
 "I remember it by the two blots in the corner, and the red lines down the side."
 "You didn't write your own name, did you?"
 "It seems to me I did."
 "Suppose you examine the paper, under James Ramsey's name, and see whether yours is there."
 Mr. Belcher walked to his glass, turning his back on Phipps. The latter sat down, and wrote his name upon the spot thus blindly suggested.
 "It is here, sir."
 "Ah! So you have found it! You distinctly remember writing it on that occasion, and can swear to it, and to the signatures of the others?"
 "Oh yes, sir."
 "And all this was done in my library, wasn't it?"
 "Yes, sir."

"How did you happen to be there when these other men were there?"

"You called me in, sir."
 "All right! You never smoke, Phipps?"
 "Never in the stable, sir."
 "Well, lay these cigars away where you have laid the rest of 'em, and go to bed."

Phipps took the costly bundle of cigars that was handed to him, carried them by habit to his nose, said "Thank you, sir," and went off down the stairs, felicitating himself on the ease with which he had won so choice a treasure.

The effect of Phipps's signature on Mr. Belcher's mind was a curious illustration of the self-deceptions in which a human heart may indulge. Companionship in crime, the sharing of responsibility, the fact that the paper was to have been signed at the time it was drawn, and would have been signed but for the accident of Benedict's insanity, the fact that he had paid moneys with the expectation of securing a title to the inventions he was using—all these gave to the paper an air of genuineness which surprised even Mr. Belcher himself.

When known evil seems absolutely good to a man, and conscious falsehood takes on the semblance and the authority of truth, the Devil has him fast.

(To be continued.)

THE WELCOME.

Blow, summer winds, from Orient isles;
 Through summer days prolong
 Your incense-breathing choruses
 In fullest tide of song,
 For Love has come.

Bloom, summer flowers in summer fields;
 Empty each perfumed cup
 Upon the bosom of the winds;
 Let glad hearts drink it up,
 For Love has come.

Gleam, eastern skies, with rosy light;
 Flash out your golden beams
 Across the zenith, to where dips
 The western isle of dreams,
 For Love has come.

Shine bright upon us, stars of night,
 From azure fields afar;
 Build up to heaven a shining track
 For life's triumphal car,
 For Love has come.

THE MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN.

CHOOSE any artist that you know—the one with the kindest nature and the finest perceptions—and ask him to give you his idea of the genius of the commonplace, and my word for it, he paints you a middle-aged woman. The thing, he will say, proves itself. Here is a creature jogging on leisurely at midday in the sight of all men along a well-tramped road. The mists of dawn are far behind her; she has not yet reached the shadows of evening. The softness and flushes, and shy, sparkling glances of the girl she was, have long been absorbed into muddy thick skin, sodden outlines, rational eyes. There are crows' feet at either temple, and yellowish blotches on the flesh below the soggy under-jaw. Her chestnut-brown hair used to warm and glitter in the sun, and after a few years it will make a white crown upon her head, a sacred halo to her children; but just now it is stiff with a greasy hair dye, and is of an unclean and undecipherable hue.

Young girls, with that misty dawn about them, may lack both beauty and wit; but there is a charm in their fresh untainted homeliness, in the ardor of their foolishness. They pour forth their thoughts in silly school essays, and they seem to run no deeper than roses and moonlight and eternal friendships. They talk all day long about their lovers and pretty finery, and we listen with delight to it all, and do not ask for common sense any more than we would in the chatter of the swallows building their nests. It is the fresh morning air which blows about them and revives us. It is because they "bear white shields of expectation."

But the middle-aged woman expects nothing; she has proved, gauged it all. She does not carry a white shield, that we all can see, but a basket of undarned stockings. Her talk is of butter and cures for catarrh, and if she adverts to roses, it is to tell you the secret of her success in raising them and the manure which they prefer.

What can any artist, with either pen or pencil, make of this bare ordinary shape? Shakespeare himself, driven to the limning of her, can only

"Let husbands know
their wives have sense like them; they see, and
smell,
and have their palates, both for sweet and sour."

The average American husband does not lack such practical knowledge of his wife. There may have been an uncertain glamour about her in the days when she stood, half child, half woman, trying to unbar with her soft pink-tinted hand certain doors of life. It may gather around her again in old age, when the dreadful prophetic shadow begins to fall upon her gray head. But in middle-age she is the unromantic center of an unromantic world of daily dinners, anxieties about children, and worries about cooks and chambermaid. Underneath all this the husband may have a dateless love, even passion for his wife, just as he has a stone foundation for the house he lives in. But he does not drag his friends down to the cellar every day to examine his foundation; and he does not pose at his wife's feet in public, or write verses in her honor. When his affection takes that form of chills and fever there is a strong probability that poses and verses will some day be tested in a divorce suit.

It is certain, however, that this woman, just at the age when the poet and novelist will have none of her, is the fittest subject for the student of human nature. After thirty her whims have hardened into prejudices, her foibles into character. There she is unmistakably, domestic machine, fool, saint. The features of the landscape are surely best seen at high noon. If the misty romance is gone from her it is because she grapples now with the real pain and joy and devils that beset life. Dolly at sixteen finds herself neglected at a ball, and writes in her diary of relentless destiny, of intolerable loneliness. At forty she finds herself a widow, penniless, with half a dozen children, and goes out bravely to get machine-sewing to do. At sixteen she weeps poetic tears over the fate of the lost Pleiad; some day she will lay her little baby in the grave and go on with her work, carrying a cheerful face through the house "for the sake of father and the boys;" only at night, when she misses the little hand fumbling at her breast, daring to cry her bitter tears out upon her pillow, when none but God can see or hear.

Whoever would gain a clear idea of the condition of American society, too, must take the middle-aged woman as the index. The generation of gray-headed grandmothers are carrying out of the world its old-fashioned

prejudices; the young woman is in an uneasy transition stage, not quite sure whether she would rather next week write a book, be married, or perform a capital operation in surgery.

But take a woman of forty anywhere in the States, and you have an embodied history and prophecy of the social condition of the country, practical and minute as you can find nowhere else except in a daily newspaper.

If you have a curiosity, for example, to inspect the development of woman from the fifteenth century until now, there is no need of materialized spirits to make up the panorama. For the beginning, take a horse or mule, and penetrate for a hundred miles or two the mountains of North Carolina, making friends as you go with the farmers' wives. There is her biography written, page after page, clearer than type. If you want white villanage, go into the hovels in the Nantahela range, where your hostess shall give you corn-cakes and fried opossum (which you eat with your fingers), and rye coffee poured into a gourd. This matron has, therefore, no dishes to wash and no beds to make, as by an ingenious contrivance the boards of the floor are lifted at night, disclosing a trench filled with straw, in which the whole family kennel. Life is reduced for her to the simple elements of child-bearing and eating as necessities, and the luxury of wearing a hoop-skirt (which invariably hangs on the wall) under the calico rag-clept a dress.

Down in the gorges cut by the Okonalufta you will find a house made of a dozen log huts squatted together with open passages ways between, through which a cart could be driven. Pigs and chickens run riot through these passages in summer, and bears in winter come down at night and peer curiously into them. My friend, Mistress Pitloe, is the head of this household. Her loom, heavy and home-made, with logs for beams, stands in one of the passages. The indigo-dyed cloth, which she, her husband and sons, all wear, was sheared in the wool, carded, spun, woven, and sewed by herself. She is a tall, raw-boned woman of fifty, scrupulously clean, with grizzled hair drawn back from the dark, clear-cut face, which betrays her French Huguenot descent. Squire Pitloe (Colonel in the war) is the wealthiest farmer in the country, a knowing politician, as politics go there. His son edits "The Haywood County Times." In Pennsylvania his wife would drive her old horses

and family carriage into town, and in her seeded black silk preside as chairman of committees on jelly or pianos at the State fair. But Mistress Pitloe, as she is called, has not left the farm for five years; her chances for reading consists of the Bible and a yellow pile of Baptist tracts which lie on the chest of drawers. They belonged to her father, she tells you, but she never has had time to read them.

Her house has not a glass window in it; the walls inside show the bare logs with the mud chunking; empty boxes serve for chairs; but she has hung white homespun netting from ceiling to floor; the delicate cleanliness everywhere, the very smell of the drying herbs overhead, somehow convince you that you are in the house of a chaste wife and careful mother.

She goes afield every day with the Squire and the farm-hands (both white and black) to plow or hoe corn, and hurries back to help the negro cook with the dinner. When it is served, she sits down with her husband and sons, but only to wait on them; she eats with the servants, and is held in effect their social companion and equal. Yet, if you talk with her for an hour, you find her more keen-witted and just than any man of the household; she will give you shrewd hints of the real condition of the freed slaves or polygamous Cherokees about her—a condition her husband has hardly yet suspected to exist. But it has not yet occurred to her that emancipation waits for her. She is no more inclined to question the limitations which make a beast of burden of her, than she is to quarrel with the monotonous hill-ranges, clad in the funereal black of the balsam, that have shut her in since her birth.

I tremble to think of the consequences should Mrs. Fanning, or any other emancipated Bostonian, be tempted next summer to penetrate this prison-house of nature, and share the fried chicken and corn bread of Squire Pitloe at his boarding rate of one dollar per week. How her freed soul would yearn to carry back Mistress Pitloe, and produce her in the parlors of the Radical Club as she might a bone of the Megalosaurus, or any other relic of an extinct era!

But I am tolerably sure that grave, slow-spoken Mistress Pitloe would put this lady, or any other reformer, outside of her gates in two days' time. To her, and to her like, an unusual idea of any sort has always something in it of indecent and devilish.

Could any contrast be stronger in Mrs. Fanning's eyes than that of this obscure, gray-

headed drudge, and brilliant little Mrs. Pettit, whose thoughts and opinions everybody has heard, but who is only known in the flesh to a small coterie in New York? She is too diffident to appear in public as lecturer or even reader, and too unconventional to tolerate the fashionable mobs of society. People who have been stirred by her trenchant editorials, or have felt the tears rise and their hearts soften at the pathos of her poems, manage with difficulty to penetrate to her home, and are amazed to find a little polypoly, rose-tinted, merry dot of a woman, busied with orphan asylums, or crèches for babies, or any other business which will bring children about her. Her husband is Professor J. Pettit, well known to the scientific world; he confesses that for much of the research in German libraries, and all the statistics of his great work on "The Political History of European Peoples," we are indebted to his wife, who felt it her duty to be his helpmate in that work as much as in preparing the delicious game suppers in which his soul delights.

During the last two years, as all the writing world knows, Mrs. Pettit has had charge of one of the leading monthly periodicals of the country, the popular author whose name weighs it as editor being only a figure-head to the public eye. She has a little closet of an office in the publishing house, where she sits for five hours each day in close-fitting gown of brown serge, grappling with the heap of manuscripts that grows with every mail. There is probably no subject or fact known to modern thought with which she is not thus brought in contact in the course of the year. At 4 P. M. she locks her office door, and goes home, and there is not a more picturesque, or better-dressed woman, or quieter dinner in New York, than those which welcome her husband, and her boys an hour later. Her sons are very proud of their little mother; there is nothing which she does not know, they will tell you, though perhaps babies and pottery are her strong points. She is infallible in questions of cooking, and doles out the most advanced theories of hygiene to young mothers. Collectors of rare china, or Japanese bronzes, like their specimens to her for a final verdict; indeed, one can hardly tell whether her touch is more affectionate and tender when handling a new-born baby or an old cracked tea-pot.

But, after all, Mrs. Pettit, pen in hand in her office, and Mistress Pitloe holding the plow, have only taken different handles of the same electric battery. As far as each is able, she is making life healthfuller and cheerfuller, and nearer to God for her husband and children and neighbors, whether these last mean a few half-breed Indians or the hundred thousand readers of a magazine. It is precisely the same work as that of countless other unpicturesque, middle-aged women, from Maine woods to Pennsylvania villages, or California ranches—the great, decent, religious, unknown majority, never to be interviewed, or published in any shape, out of whose daily lives grow the modesties, the strength, the virtue of American homes, the safety of our future.

Such women, whether they be wives of millionaires or laborers, always make real again in the world the one poetic ideal of a middle-aged woman—Bunyan's Christiana, who set out with her little ones along the weary way from the City of Destruction to the dark flood which barred heaven from them. It is worth while for wives and mothers, even now in 1875, to read of her daily work—how she urged her boys, and carried her babies in her arms, and did not fall into the Slough of Despond, as her husband had done, and never forgot to take Mercy along with her. How one day her task was to face Apollyon, and the next, to "cure Matthew of stomach-gripes from eating green apples." How there gathered about her, in the course of the long, painful journey, children's children and friends, and the poor, the lame, and the blind, and walked with her, and were a joyous, happy company, until the end came. There is nothing to me more pathetic in any history than the words which tell of how one day the messenger came to this gray-haired woman to say that her work as wife and mother at last was done. Then she called her children about her, and was gladdened in that last hour to see that they had kept their garments so white; and after she had put them in the care of her old friends, she went down with a beckon of farewell into the dark river, beyond which the gate stood open where her Lord waited for her, and the husband of her youth, and was seen no more.

"And at her departure her children wept. But Greatheart played upon the well-tuned cymbal and the harp for joy."

DARWINISM.

THE experience of the past half-century has prepared the public for the overthrow of long-credited and traditionally received opinions.

The gigantic strides of free principles in Governments, the rewriting of history on new canons of criticism, and the establishment of new positions along well-nigh the whole line of the sciences, have produced not merely a toleration, but a ready acceptance, of that which is revolutionary; have secured for every new speculation in the domain of thought, not only a candid hearing, but a bias in its favor in the very fact of its novelty. It has become more difficult to be a conservative than a radical in politics, an orthodox than a liberal in religion, a holder to the old theory than a convert to the new in science; just as fifty years ago it was the reverse, because novelty now gives a favorable presumption, as it gave an adverse presumption in the days of our fathers.

The truth is more in danger in our day from the prejudice that accepts without question the new, than from that which unreasonably holds to the old.

This fact, it seems to us, needs to be remembered in estimating the claims of that scientific or philosophical opinion, named, from its chief propounder and advocate, Darwinism; especially as it is possible that very much of its popularity and acceptance among the rising generation of writers and thinkers may be due to this tendency.

The welcome which the public have extended to Darwin's writings, the avidity with which his speculations have been accepted as probable, and their rapid attainment of prominence in current thought and literature, are surely among the notable features of the times, and seem at first glance to warrant the presumption that what he has advanced rests upon well-nigh irrefragable proofs.

This would seem to be the inference of Darwin himself, and of many of his followers. In his later works, Darwin claims for his newly propounded law a potency, embracing not only of man but of his moral and spiritual endowments, and an authority, such as belongs to an established verity of science, rather than a probable hypothesis,—while many of his followers conclude that it scarcely need be longer debated whether Darwin's theory is or can be true,

but, its truth assumed as beyond question it should be made the starting-point a basis in all further study and speculation.

If there were not a possibility that much of the favor with which Darwin's views have been received is due to other reasons than the conclusiveness of his arguments, the inferences might go unchallenged, and might without further inquiry accept the theory as presumably correct. But in view of the tendency above noted, and the possible imperfect acquaintance of many with the precise character of Darwin's postulates and arguments, it seems only fair to regard the case as yet open, and only to be decided by an impartial weighing of the evidence.

We ask the reader, therefore, to lay aside prejudice either for or against Darwin and his hypothesis, and accompany us in an examination of the questions raised for solution.

These respect the origin, not, indeed, regards Darwin, of life itself, but of its different forms of life.

According to well-nigh universal opinion any thorough classification of animate organisms leads ultimately to certain limits in the variations observable in different individuals and successive generations; so that of certain types and forms of life it may be asserted that they have existed in succession from the beginning; and to account for their introduction on the earth the intervention of a Creator, and a direct act of creation, must be supposed.

Naturalists have differed widely as to the number of such fixed types of being, or species, as they have in what is necessary to constitute a species; but with here and there an exception, all have agreed that in order to the origination of a species, when once determined, there must have been the exercise of creative might. The question raised by Darwinism is, whether this opinion is longer defensible; whether the different forms and types of life have, as has been generally maintained, been introduced on our earth by the direct interposition of the Creator; or have been evolved or developed through forces inherent in themselves or their surroundings, from one, or at least a very few, primordial germs.

From the time of the Greek philosophers this latter view has existed as a speculative hypothesis, and, within the last fifty years,

repeated attempts have been made, as by Lamarck, Saint-Hilaire, and others, to provide it with a scientific basis.

But previous to Darwin, it is almost universally conceded that the evolutionists had failed to make out their case, or show by what agencies or laws species could have arisen.

Darwin modestly claims "that he has contributed somewhat to the overthrow of the dogma of special creations," but he readily might claim much more, for to him and his theory the development hypothesis owes nearly all of scientific basis that it possesses.

To him belongs the credit of formulating a law, the working of which, it can plausibly be maintained, will account for the various and advanced forms about us, and explain many of the facts fatal to all previous theories of evolution.

One feature of Darwin's theory has greatly served to commend it and secure acceptance: it is the apparent simplicity and almost axiomatic truthfulness of the principles from which it is deduced, and of which it is only the wider application.

At the basis of it lies the law of heredity, the operation of which is observable everywhere about us, and the power of which, within certain limits, no one will dispute. In accordance with this law, like produces like with the utmost certainty; though not, as every observer has to confess, with absolute entireness. A general likeness ever exists with a degree of diversity. The offspring resembles its parents, and yet may vary in one or many peculiarities of form or function.

It is through the operation of this law that the many profitable variations among domesticated plants and animals have arisen. Human intelligence has cumulated minute variations of different kinds and in well-nigh every direction, and has thus produced the myriad varieties of flowers and fruits that bedeck our gardens or please our palates, and the widely diversified varieties of animals that for utility or companionship have been domesticated.

Beside this law stands one equally susceptible of demonstration; viz., that plants and animals increase in a geometrical ratio.

One pair of Aphides in a single season will multiply into one thousand quadrillions; and at the lowest rate of increase known in the vegetable or animal kingdom, a simple computation will show that only a few thousand years would be required for

the earth to be filled with the progeny of a single pair.

Linnæus calculated that if an annual plant produced only two seeds, and their seedlings the next year produced two, and so on, then, in twenty years, there would be a million plants. And Darwin has computed the living progeny of a single pair of elephants—they being taken as the slowest breeders of all known animals—at nineteen million at the end of seven hundred and fifty years.

In view of this high rate of increase there arises a struggle for existence throughout the whole domain of organic life. But for the destruction at one period of life or another of a large proportion of this increase, earth could not sustain its inhabitants. By predation of one species on another, by epidemics, by extremes of climatic changes, by insufficiency of food, this excessive increase is held in check, and the totality of living plants and animals on the earth is kept well-nigh stationary.

In view of this struggle for life, and the perpetuation of only a part of these multitudinous organisms, Darwin has deduced a third principle, the basis of his theory of evolution; and yet within certain limits, and in one form of its presentation, so clearly legitimate, that it is scarcely more than a formulated truism. This third principle or law he terms "Natural Selection; or, Survival of the Fittest."

In view of the severity of the struggle for existence, those individuals of each species best fitted to maintain the struggle—*i. e.*, the strongest; those having the best means of defense against enemies or sudden changes of climate; those best endowed to secure their needful food, live and leave offspring to perpetuate their advantageous peculiarities; while the weaker, the less endowed, the less defensive, perish. No one, we imagine, would dispute the operation of such a law as this any more than the previous ones, since it arises, well-nigh necessarily, from the nature of things. The whole question turns on the *extent* of its application.

Is its operation confined within fixed boundaries, within the limits of each species, governing the development of varieties, restraining the growth of monstrosities, and regulating the numbers and persistence of each particular order or being; or is its potency universal and unlimited?

Darwin and his followers claim for it the widest efficiency, and seek, on the sup-

position of almost unlimited time, and the creation of one or very few lowly organized germs, to account, through its potency, for all the diversity of form and function at present existing.

It accounts, according to the Darwinist, not only for the production of different forms of one type, but for the differentiation of the most complex organizations from the simplest. The history of life on our globe is, according to this school, a slow and gradual ascent through well-nigh infinite time from the most simple and embryotic structures. The advance is by slight and almost insensible gradations; it is "only by the preservation and accumulation of small inherited modifications, each profitable to the preserved being."

In naming his law "Natural Selection," he would seem to imply a power in nature to select and preserve peculiar forms and functions as profitable; but this is not his idea. The individual has no power to adapt himself to his surroundings, and the surroundings have no power to mold the individual; but the action of destructive forces cuts down all not adapted to win their way and maintain the struggle; those that are left are left because adapted to their surroundings, and they will leave descendants, some as well adapted as themselves, some less so; some with peculiarities better adjusted than their own; these last will be the ones most certain to survive. The same operation will be repeated with each succeeding generation; and, as the profitable peculiarities will be growingly diverse, the preserved individuals will differ more and more, until, in time, common descent can scarcely be recognized.

A fact in respect to the insects found on the island of Madeira furnishes an apt illustration of the working of this law.

It is observed that insects found on this island, though of the same orders as elsewhere, are peculiar in being either wingless—*i. e.*, to such an extent as to unfit them for long flights—or else with abnormally developed and powerful wings.

Darwin explains this on his hypothesis from the prevalence of a very strong and persistent seaward wind; so powerful as to carry out to sea and drown insects of only ordinary powers of flight; so that, in successive generations, the only individuals preserved were those with exceptional power of wing, or those exceptionally destitute.

The peculiar form of the giraffe has been adduced as another illustrative example.

Some occasion, it is supposed, arose, in which the possession of a lengthened neck by which to browse on trees, became a necessity in order to sustenance; those less favored perished. The result was a perceptible lengthening of the neck in the preserved members of the next generation, and the same process went on until the peculiar form of the giraffe was reached through the persistent preservation of that profitable characteristic.

This is the key that unlocks all the diversities and myriad peculiarities of the present organic world. To assert that nothing has been adduced to render the theory probable; to say that it does not deserve serious consideration and demand an unprejudiced investigation, would be to proclaim an unwillingness to accept even the truth should it not agree with current opinions.

The hypothesis presents itself as a deduction from ascertained facts; as being a legitimate scientific generalization. It commended by the recognized ability and manifest candor of its author, and the indorsement of many deservedly esteemed for scientific attainments. It claims to find numerous corroborations, and to explain very plausibly many seeming anomalies in the phenomena of nature. It cannot, therefore be dogmatically dismissed or rejected as manifestly absurd. It deserves and must receive candid examination from a scientific point of view. In thus considering it, the direct argument in its favor we may briefly observe, that the only indisputable proofs are drawn from the domain in respect to which there is no dispute—variation within the bounds of species; that the argument to extend the principle more widely is one almost purely of analogy, and only aims to show possibility; and that the facts adduced for this purpose, with only here and there an exception, like the existence of rudimentary organs, are quite as well explicable on the old theory as the new. For gradations of structure and homologies of organization agree quite as well with creation directed by intelligence and an orderly method, as with community derivation.

But, in weighing the evidence for the theory, it is not, we need to remember, the facts which fit into it, and which it serves to illustrate and explain, that need to be mainly considered. There is scarcely a theory, however false, but will serve to explain some of the phenomena it contemplates. Astronomers, by the Ptolemaic the-

of the heavens, could map the movements of the planets, and calculate with great precision the return of eclipses and other astronomical phenomena, and yet be altogether in error as to the plan of the solar system. It was not what it could explain, but what it could not, that forced it to give way before the truer Copernican theory; and it is the same with the hypothesis of Natural Selection; it stands or falls, not by its success in accounting for many facts in nature, but in accounting for *all* the facts. It can only be regarded as established when it satisfactorily explains those facts which seemingly oppose themselves to it. A key may fit many wards in a lock, but, unless it fits all, no one will contend it is the right key.

The difficulties of the Darwinian theory are, hence, what principally concern the inquirer; and this Darwin himself recognizes, by devoting full nine-tenths of his "Origin of Species" to the consideration of objections that will have suggested themselves, of which he says: "Many of them are so serious, that to this day I can hardly reflect on them without being staggered."

In endeavoring to meet them, he draws largely, it will be seen, on two postulates.

One is, that the objections to his theory are less formidable than to the old. To this it may be briefly answered, the difficulties are of an entirely different kind. To his theory the objection is, its inability to show a sufficient cause for the effects that are produced. To the old this cannot be objected. An Omnipotent and Omniscient Personal Deity working out purposes of His own in creation and providence through the ages, is confessedly an adequate cause of the divers, yet harmonious, phenomena of animate and inanimate nature. The objection to this theory is largely the *a priori* one, that it is unscientific to conceive of God as interfering directly, either to introduce new elements or modify old ones, in the chain of second causes. God acted immediately, Darwin and all theistic Darwinians hold, in the creation of the rudimentary, the one or few, progenitors of life; but, that He should ever have created anything since in the same way, is to them an insuperable difficulty. The case simply resolves itself into the proposition, that anything is more credible to the Darwinist, than that God, after one act of immediate creation, will ever repeat it.

The other postulate relied on to meet objections, is our partial acquaintance with the data that must decide the question. His plea is that our ignorance of the facts and

operations of nature so far exceeds our knowledge, that no one can logically affirm from the facts that seem to controvert his position, that it may not after all be true. To make this answer valid, he would need to show that what is known is not only partial but incorrect. It would seem his duty to make what knowledge we have, even if incomplete, to fit into his theory; or else confess its inadequacy.

The objections to which Darwin accords special prominence, and which he feels to be of most force, are four; and, as he concedes that any one of them unanswered would be fatal to his views, it will be only fair to test his theory by his success in conquering these difficulties.

The *first* of these objections is the absence of transitional forms. If species have descended by almost insensibly fine gradations, as he claims, we would naturally, and, it would seem, necessarily, expect to see on every side innumerable transitional forms. Now, it is an admitted fact that species are, *now*, if not fixed in their boundaries, yet remarkably well-defined; and there is an almost entire, if not complete absence of intermediate forms. Darwin does not claim that it is otherwise, or offer to present a single probable case of actual transition. Facing the fact of the constancy of form and habit during well-nigh the whole human period, on the part of present species, he concedes the present fixity of species; and remands the transitional forms back to the long past of the geological ages.

The immense lapse of time demanded for Natural Selection to develop an ape, to say nothing of a man, from his ancestral polyps, in view of the fact that for three thousand years there has been no perceptible change, or advance, in the forms of life under its persistent operation, might well be accounted a serious difficulty. But laying that aside for the present, it would certainly seem an easy matter to settle the whole question by an appeal to the record of the rocks. Surely there we must find some of these well-nigh innumerable transitional forms, if they ever existed. That this is necessarily so the Darwinian admits, but in lieu of presenting the evidence, he concedes the want of it, and only saves his theory by impugning the credibility of the witness. The record is so imperfect, that no reliable evidence can be deduced from it, says Darwin and his followers. If one cannot bring himself to believe that the geological record is so imperfect as to furnish no consecutive period of

sufficient length to afford a view of transitional forms, says Darwin, he will rightly reject the whole theory. Now, any geologist will admit the fragmentariness of the record of the rocks. But, however fragmentary, many of the geological formations extend over very wide portions of the earth, and represent a lapse of time reaching into millions of years. Surely fossil remains, covering so immense a lapse of time, and such wide portions of the earth's surface, must afford some specimens of these transitional forms, which, on any calculation of probabilities, must have been even more numerous than the ultimate species into which they developed.

But fossil remains are as capable of as sharp a classification into fixed species, as the living organisms of to-day. Birds, bats, and other winged creatures are found ever with their organs of flight perfectly developed. Had they been developed by Natural Selection during any conceivable lapse of time, the rocks must, we cannot but think, have preserved a few specimens of their progenitors, with organs of flight rudimentary and imperfect.

Surely the failure of fossil remains to show such transitional forms as on this theory must have existed, must be counted a serious, if not a fatal objection to its truthfulness; and the plea of the imperfection of the record can be counted as little better than an evasion of the issue.

The *second* objection, discussed by Mr. Darwin, equally fails to be satisfactorily met.

It is, that it is well-nigh inconceivable that the highest organisms have arisen through the successive modification, by Natural Selection, of some widely different and infinitely lower form; that the nerveless pulp of the infusoria and the highest mammal, even man himself, are the common and lineal descendants of a remote progenitor,—one no higher, if as high, in the scale of being, as the very lowest of the protozoa: and equally inconceivable, that organs of trifling importance, and organs of such wonderful structure as the eye, of which we hardly as yet fully understand the inimitable perfection, have been produced by the operation of this law.

The mere statement of the difficulty almost carries conviction that before it the hypothesis must yield. Yet the Darwinian is not staggered by even this. To quote the words of Darwin: "Reason tells me that if numerous gradations from an imperfect and simple

eye, to one perfect and complex, each grade being useful to its possessor, can be shown to exist, as is certainly the case; if, further, the eye ever slightly varies, and the variations be inherited, as is likewise certainly the case; and if such variations should ever be useful to any animal under changed conditions of life, then the difficulty of believing that a perfect and complex eye could be formed by Natural Selection, though insuperable by our imagination, cannot be considered real." And all that Darwin and his advocates have to advance in reply to this objection in both its forms, as relating to organisms and organs, is really summed up in this sentence.

In other words, their argument is: If Natural Selection be as efficient as we claim, it can, and does, accomplish all these effects, however inconceivable to the imagination. It would certainly seem as if in this case the Darwinian begs the question; and to the request for proof of its efficiency, replies in substance, that the truth of the theory proves its potency in cases where it is asserted, and facts seem to prove, it could not be an adequate cause for the effect.

Since the whole question turns upon the point whether there are limits or not to the variation and modification of structures and organs,—to cite gradations and inheritance of variations as presumptive proof that all organisms and organs are hereditarily derived from a protozoic germ, is, we submit, to do nothing else than *assert* what the objector denies, the unlimited extent of variability; and if this is not dogmatism, surely the asserters of a fixed limit of variability must not be branded as dogmatists.

It can properly be demanded of the Darwinian, in meeting this objection, that he should show, in respect to organisms, some of the steps of the gradual modifications necessary on his theory, especially as the rocks have preserved specimens of earth's inhabitants covering on his own estimate a period of probably sixty millions of years.

His objection to the record as imperfect and fragmentary, in this case as in the former, can only partially avail him; since, imperfect as it may be, it shows a continuity in certain types of structure and organisms reaching from the earliest formations to the present time; and imperfect and fragmentary as it is, he draws from it his strongest argument in favor of his theory, viz.: that the general order of the introduction of living forms on the earth is from the lower to the higher—the lower orders and classes of living organisms appearing first in

point of time, and the higher ones last, and man, the highest, last of all. If the record so far complete as to show this, in one part or another it must be supposably perfect enough to furnish evidence one way or another, whether one form of life has passed into another by gradual modifications, and whether organs have developed in the way their theory necessitates. Now, in asserting that variability is confined within fixed limits; that species are immutable; there is this to be adduced in its favor: that the Silurian fishes—those found in the lowest and oldest geological deposits—are of as high an order of perfection of structure and function, in size of brain and correlation of parts, as any living species of fish; and the same is true of each organism preserved in the rocks.

While there has been a progressive advance in the successive *kinds* of animate life, fish, reptiles, mammals, and man, coming on the stage at successive periods in the order named, *within* each division no such progress can be traced.

On the contrary, in the words of an eminent geologist: "Each dynasty seems to have been introduced, not in its lower, but in its higher forms."

Of course, what constitutes elevation in the scale of being may be disputed, but any criteria that can be devised fail to prove, in the earliest fishes, reptiles, or mammals, such superiority in structure or organs to later forms, as must be supposed were the Darwinian hypothesis true. Equally competent paleontologists with the Darwinian advocates, choosing their standard of elevation without having in mind the substantiation of a theory, claim to find within each great order of life successively appearing, evidence, not of gradual elevation, but of gradual degradation, and if their testimony be accepted, the case is decided.

In any case, according to the theory of Natural Selection, a degree of perfection in a particular organ must be counted evidence of a long series of antecedent profitable modifications, and this leads necessarily to the supposition that life began on the earth at an inconceivably remote time.

For example, no collection of fossils fails to afford a specimen of a trilobite, a crustacean, found not merely in the more recent geological formations, but in the very oldest; the first that affords any evidence of life. Now the eye of the trilobite exhibits the same complexity and wondrous perfection as the eye of the bee or butterfly of to-day; is more akin, in other words, to the organ of

sight in the higher order of insects than to the same organ in existing species of its own class. In all the million of ages, since the deposition of the Cambrian rocks, Natural Selection has made no improvement—nay, has hardly maintained the perfection, in the structure and function of the eye of the first crustacean. How many millions of ages must it have taken Natural Selection to evolve the eye of the trilobite from the nerveless infusoria? It has been asserted, on good authority, that nothing less than something like two thousand five hundred millions of years at the least are needed for Natural Selection to have produced existing forms of life.

The demand for such a period of time practically overthrows the whole hypothesis. Sir William Thomson has lately advanced arguments which have not been refuted, and presumably cannot be, which, from data drawn from (1) the action of the tides on the earth's rotation, (2) the probable length of time in which the sun has illumined this planet, and (3) the temperature of the interior of the earth, show that all geological history exhibiting continuity of life must be limited to some such period of past time as one hundred million years. If these arguments be substantiated, Darwinism must be adjudged not to have made out its case. At all events, as a theory it fails to explain facts which relate to the very essentials of the issue it has raised, and only excuses its failure by a supposition which is, if not impossible, at least more incredible than anything in the theory it seeks to supersede.

A *third* objection arises from the phenomena of instinct. Can the wonderful instincts of the bee and the ant, to say nothing of those of higher orders of being, have arisen through the operation of Natural Selection?

Darwin says: "The construction of the comb of the hive bee will have presented itself to the reader as a difficulty sufficient to overthrow the whole theory." And when we regard the wide variety of instincts; the different classification of the animal kingdom necessitated if they, rather than structure, were made the criteria of elevation; and the possession of special instincts by certain neuter and sterile instincts, we can rightfully demand of the Darwinian some explanation of the difficulties that arise from this source.

The author of the theory discusses the subject with great candor, and, at the outset, robs the objection of some of its weight, "by premising that he has nothing to do

with the origin of primary mental powers, any more than he has with life itself." His theory has only to account for successive advances and improvements in instinct and intelligence.

And yet this concession scarcely helps his theory, unless he would predicate the germs of intelligence as inherent in the primary forms of life, present long before they are discernible to human observation or reason, present in forms of life to which to attribute instinct would necessitate the attribution of it to the forms of vegetable life, and this would seem to lead to what Darwin disclaims, pure materialism, or the oneness of matter and mind. If intelligence is not coincident in its origin with life, then a special interference of the Creator subsequent to the original, and by Darwinians assumed to be the one act of creation, must be supposed for its origination. And if the perfect self-evolving mechanism needed, long after its origination, the interposition of its Maker, wherein is it unscientific, illogical, and unworthy the Creator, to suppose many interferences? What is the introduction of the primary mental powers into an already long-existent living organism other than a *special creation*, the existence of which it is the chosen province of Darwinism to disprove, or, at least, render unnecessary?

But, leaving this apparent inconsistency, how does Darwinism account for the facts of diverse and complex instincts; the phenomena not of habit, but, as they affirm, of mind—intelligence?

It is done by a gigantic assumption, in which, as before, the whole question at issue is taken for granted. Instincts, it is said, vary even as structures and organs; and as, of necessity, the most profitable variations survive in the struggle for existence, it can be conceived that the most special and complex instincts have grown up by this process of improvement, in each generation the most profitable instincts being preserved. It is seen at once that this amounts, at best, to nothing more than a may-be, and, to reach even that, it has to be assumed that all instincts are of an advantageous character to the possessor, which is by no means proven; and, what is the very question at issue, that the variation of instinct is not confined within certain limits.

It avails nothing to show that with certain changes of surroundings the instinctive acts of individual species become somewhat modified; for there is a wide difference

between the *acquisition* of a special and peculiar instinct, and its *modification* after it is acquired. The real point is, for the Darwinist to show such a relationship between the instincts of different species, families and orders, as will give some presumption that at some period in the past the germ from whence they have been evolved was centered in some common ancestor. This has not even been attempted; and yet, if homologues of structure are a main dependence to give probability to the theory as respects form, we have, it would seem, a right to ask for homologues in features of intelligence, and to have them shown to be coincident with those of structure.

Another point in the adverse presumption to modification by Natural Selection, is the fact that the most remarkable instances of instinct are furnished by species not only of a zoologically low order, as the bees and ants, but the most remarkable manifestations of instinct and seeming intelligence are found among the neuter or sterile members of each community—those members who are incapable of transmitting to offspring their special and peculiar instincts. The workers among both bees and ants have instincts unshared by either the perfect male or female, and it certainly seems as if here were a fatal break in the graduated chain of inherited modifications; and Darwin candidly says "that for a long time it seemed actually fatal to the whole theory."

But he has finally overcome the difficulty—to his own satisfaction, at least—by supposing the principle of Natural Selection, in these cases, operates through the family or community, rather than through the individual.

He cites as illustrative, the case of double flowers, which, when perfect, are absolutely destitute of seed, but are yet propagated by the florist through recourse to the fertile plants of the same stock; and equally the case of ever improving beef-cattle through attention by the breeder to the stock, though the choicest specimens are ever without descendants. We submit that Mr. Darwin is here deceived by a delusive analogy, or rather has presented as an analogy what is really none. What the intelligence and skill of the florist and breeder have accomplished could never occur in a state of nature, for the very sterility of the gardener's prize flower and the drover's short-horned steer would, by the law of Natural Selection, speedily cause to disappear, never to return.

ose peculiarities which, however excellent, are associated with so fatal a characteristic.

The case of the neuters among the ants and bees differs too widely from these to be at all analogous. Among them we find entire sterility an invariable feature in the majority of the members of each community; they differ from the other members alike in structure, function, and instinct; on the whole the community depends for its home, food, and defense; to make the case still more anomalous, to some communities of ants, these sterile members are divided into several distinct castes, differing alike in form, instinct, and work. In all the communities the sterile members regulate the number of males and females allowed to survive; and, by this control, provide alike for the perpetuation of the species, and the continued dominance of the efficient working members; in other words, they center in themselves the most advantageous of the instincts. In the hypothesis of Natural Selection, we admit, it is inconceivable how such communities should originate; even as it is, how sterility has arisen, or how the wonderful instincts associated with it—wanting alike in the immediate or remoter progenitors—should have been produced.

If the neuter bees or ants, in habits, structure, or instinct, merely reproduced with some slight difference the features of their parents, supposing the communities once originated, might be, as Darwin says, that communities survived and improved in accordance with the profitable organization of each; and when the whole community are dependent on certain of its members, and these do not resemble their parents, have distinct special instincts, and cannot in turn produce offspring, the device proposed seems scarcely more adequate to meet the difficulty, than the theory upon which it is supplemented.

It certainly seems that Natural Selection has failed to satisfactorily explain the phenomena of instinct; and, if the mental and moral powers in man are only a higher development of instinct, as Darwin claims, its failure must be adjudged all the more conspicuous.

Certainly, thus far, in considering the phenomena about us; the testimony of the rocks, as to the succession of species; the facts connected with structure and instinct, it must be conceded they are all much more easily explained on the old hypothesis than the new. And surely these facts are among the

very ones by which the theory's adequacy must and ought to be tested.

The *fourth* difficulty Darwin has to meet, and which he has sought to overcome, refers to what has always been held to mark quite decisively the difference between species and varieties, the phenomena of *hybridism*. It has long been held to be established, that when species are crossed, sterility results; whereas, when varieties are crossed, their fertility is unimpaired. In consequence of this, the ability to leave fertile offspring has ever been made a chief point of difference between species and varieties.

If species cannot be crossed and the offspring be perpetuated, while varieties can, then we have a difference in kind between them; and Darwin's postulate, that there is no essential difference between species and varieties, falls to the ground, and, with it, his whole system. Without disputing the fact that any attempt to intercross species results, if not in the first generation, certainly within a very few, in absolute sterility, Darwin seeks to prove that "it is not a specially acquired or endowed quality," and concludes that, while he cannot tell why species should have been so modified as to have reached mutual infertility, he is still persuaded that the facts "do not seem opposed to the belief that varieties and species are not fundamentally different."

A conclusion with which few, save the defenders of a theory, we imagine, will be able to agree. Especially, when a more perfect knowledge and generalization shall have more certainly marked the boundaries between species and varieties. For Darwin, in his reply, avails himself of the imperfections of existing classifications, rather than invalidates the principles on which they are based.

We have dwelt thus fully upon the difficulties of which the author of the theory feels the force, because if, on these points, he has failed, after careful weighing of them, to make out his case, it may well be questioned if it can be substantiated. For few men are more conversant with all the several departments of Natural History, than Mr. Darwin; and none of his disciples and followers have brought to the task of maintaining and defending the new theory, anything like his fullness of knowledge, or his clearness and astuteness of statement and reasoning.

After a candid examination and consideration of all he has advanced, and conceding that his theory accords with very many

facts, we are forced to the conclusion that there are many others with which it does not accord, some of them of the most essential character; and his failure to satisfactorily explain them must decide the case adversely to his theory.

Allowing, then, that the principle of "the survival of the fittest" may have been operative in nature; that it doubtless is of worth in accounting for the divers races of men, and the origination of varieties within the limits of species; according full weight to every argument of a positive character; conceding that it avails to account with simplicity for rudimentary organs, for the similarity of embryological forms, and for many homologous structures, we yet fail to see that its explanation of these phenomena is the only possible one, or indeed any simpler or more rational than the old one of creation, controlled by intelligence, and working out in accordance with an ideal plan harmonious and beneficent results.

With scarcely an exception, the arguments in favor of Natural Selection aim to prove only possibility, and that, too, while claiming that the question is not what *may be*, but what *has been*; for all theistic Darwinians concede that God might have created fixed forms, as the old theory maintains, and the question turns on the fact whether He did so or not. Now, in ascertaining this fact, a showing of possibilities can only be a proof of a corroborative character, and before it can be introduced as of weight, the evidence as to actuality ought to be tolerably conclusive.

In the case before us, the present condition of organic forms, their history during the human period, and the remains of past forms preserved in the rocks, surely ought to afford something positive as to whether variation operates within fixed boundaries, or whether it is unlimited and pervasive throughout nature.

As to the evidence of the rocks, we have seen they give not only no evidence of such a state of things as must have preceded present living organisms on the theory of Darwin, but give proof of such fixity of species as can only be overcome by impugning, not only the extent, but the accuracy of geological knowledge, and by supposing the existence of formations having the evidence of life infinitely older than those now known.

The evidence of living forms—conceded to have changed little, if any, during the thousands of years of human history—is all to the same purport of fixity.

The Darwinists have failed to adduce a single probable transitional form, and, to account for present forms by slow and gradual modifications in structure, functions, and instinct, are compelled to assert an age for life on the earth, expressly contradicted alike by physics, astronomy, and the evolutionist's own theory of the nebulous origin of our planet.

The phenomena of instinct afford difficulties absolutely inexplicable, as we have seen, without supplemental suppositions, unsupported by either fact or reason.

The sterility of hybrids, furnishing, as it does, a boundary line, fixed and definite between species and varieties, is an objection to the theory of Natural Selection, which can only, it would seem, be overcome by disproving its existence; when conceded, as it substantially is, it covers, it seems to us, the whole question at issue.

But beyond these objections and difficulties, other weighty ones have been adduced alike by evolutionists and anti-evolutionists, which with these combine to make a case against Darwinism practically impregnable.

His co-laborer in the development of his theory, Alfred Wallace, has pointed out and demonstrated its inability to account for the origination of the human body or the human mind. Man's hairless back, the size of the smallest human brain, the complete development of the human foot and hand, even in the lowest type of men, especially the structure of the human larynx, giving the power of speech and of producing musical sounds, are all inexplicable, he declares, by either survival of the fittest, or its supplement of sexual selection. And still more inexplicable are the phenomena of mind, the power of abstract thought and reasoning, and the presence in man of a moral sense—the phenomena of conscience.

Another evolutionist, St. George Mivart, favorably disposed toward Darwin's theory, has confessed that after long endeavors to reconcile it with the facts of nature, he has been constrained to reject it, as having more than a limited potency in the production of the diversity of organic forms.

He argues: That it utterly fails to account for the incipient stages of useful structures. Many organs can only be useful when fully developed. In their incipient stages they must have been not only useless, but positively disadvantageous, and hence could not have been developed through survival of the fittest;

That it does not harmonize with the co-existence of closely similar structures of diverse origin;

That there are grounds for thinking that specific differences may be developed suddenly instead of gradually;

That the opinion that species have definite, though very different limits to their variability, is still tenable;

That certain fossil transitional forms are absent which might have been expected to be present;

That some facts of geographical distribution supplement other difficulties;

That the objection drawn from the physiological difference between "species" and "races" still exists unrefuted;

That there are many remarkable phenomena in organic forms upon which "Natural Selection" throws no light whatever; but the explanations of which, if they could be attained, might throw light upon specific origination.

We have space only for this bare enumeration of Mivart's propositions; those who would see them fully discussed and illustrated we refer to his book on "The Genesis of species."

There is a further point in the argument, fully presented, and argued with a competent knowledge of facts by the Duke of Argyle, in his "Reign of Law," which must not be passed unnoticed. If it be established, it is confessedly fatal; and so far as probability is in its favor, so far it is a presumption against a theory with which it is inconsistent. I refer to the postulate, that certain forms, colors and features, in the vegetable and animal kingdoms, have beauty and variety as their final cause. This is natural and supposable if an intelligent First Cause as originated, either directly or mediately, the coordination everywhere observable. But it is necessarily denied, as it is by Darwin, on the theory that things have attained their present forms by the preservation of purely useful features. Such a theory allows of no modifications for beauty's or variety's sake. This, surely, is opposed to very much that is more easily explicable on a theory which finds purpose and design in the varied uses of a luxuriant vegetation, or the gay plumage of the feathered races.

Even evolutionists, much as they welcome Darwin's hypothesis, are compelled to supplement it at many different points by unknown and unformulated agencies in order to make it consistent with the facts of nature.

No one who has looked into the matter can doubt but that it will eventually be condemned as unscientific unless it can adduce stronger arguments than any yet brought forward—unless it can better answer the many fatal objections brought against it. Indeed, by leading scientists it is already condemned.

The lamented Agassiz, than whom no one was a better authority on living or extinct forms of life, scouted it as a mere assumption. In his course of lectures before the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Cambridge on "The Natural Foundations of Zoölogical Affinity," he affirmed, in direct antagonism to Darwin and his school, that "the law of inheritance seems intended to *preserve*, not to *diversify* types; is active only so far as to produce freshness, but never so as to impair original patterns or norms." Resenting the attempts of transmutationists to use his name and labors to support their theory, he branded their views as based on a *fancied* identity of phenomena, which, so far as we know, have not, and, in the nature of things, cannot have, any material connection; and upon only a *partial* presentation of the facts. The correspondences between the different aspects of animal life, on which Darwinists build their theory, he viewed as the correspondence of connected plan, and not of mechanical evolution. Hence he held that "this world of ours is not the result of the action of unconscious organic forces, but the work of an intelligent, conscious power;"—a conclusion diametrically opposite to Darwin's, and from as competent an observer and student of nature. Equally have the French savants of the Academy pronounced Darwinism unscientific, and refused to Darwin membership in the Academy of Sciences by a vote of 26 to 6.

And if we take from the Darwinists those who thoughtlessly adopt it because it is new; those who adopt it from its supposed inconsistency with a theology they hate; those who are prejudiced in its favor by its falling in with unestablished dogmas of Philosophy or Science, as Herbert Spencer among Philosophers, and Charles Lyell among Geologists, we will have left a very small remnant of cultured thinkers.

Considered as an hypothesis of science, and tried by scientific tests, what, therefore, are we to conclude in respect to this popular theory? Simply this:

That among the principles or laws operative in nature to produce some of the variety visible in organic forms, Natural Selection,

or Survival of the Fittest, doubtless has had a place. We would concede that, in effecting modifications and variations within certain limits, it has been necessarily and widely efficient.

That it has been as widely and pervasively potent as Darwinists claim, we do not believe, and can confidently affirm that it has not been proven. On the contrary, the facts give a presumption, amounting well-nigh to certainty, that it has never originated a single species, and has never transcended in its operation definite bounds. It may make necessary some modification of our present classification of species, compel some enlargement of specific limits; but when it has done that, the permanent influence of Darwinism on science will, we believe, be exhausted.

As explaining the "Origin of Species," and still more, "The Descent of Man," we can safely affirm that Natural Selection has not shown itself sufficient; its efficiency is yet unproven, and, we might add, does not seem likely to be substantiated.

Thus far we have had to do with Darwinism merely as a scientific theory, to be tried by scientific data, and we have found it unproven, and here we might dismiss the subject. But its advocates press upon us a consideration of it in another light by accusing those who reject it as being animated by an unscientific and dogmatic spirit, coming to the question biased by an *odium theologicum*.

Doubtless, some have discussed the subject in this spirit, but they are not more numerous, I imagine, than those who have hastened to adopt and use the theory, as believed to be adverse to revelation, and permissive of the elimination from the universe, if not of God, yet of an authoritative religion.

That the majority of religious teachers and thoughtful Christians have been actuated by so prejudiced a spirit as to prevent them from according to the new theory a fair hearing and examination, I do not believe; neither do I believe that, were it to be established, they would fail to candidly acknowledge its truth, and adjust their religious dogmas to its conclusions.

Believers in the God of revelation and the Bible do wait, and have very properly waited, until science has substantiated its theories, before accepting them as incontestable; and, in the case before us, when a theory is presented which assaults fundamental beliefs, and, if applied to man, revolutionizes his relationship to other creatures and to God Himself, surely it can only be expected

that strong proof of its truth should be demanded. The more especially, as the new theory, resting confessedly on data drawn entirely from the natural sciences, is expected to supersede a theory corroborated not solely by the observed sequences and laws of Natural Science, but even more markedly by the intuitions and deliverances of our moral consciousness; by the phenomena of mind and will; by the course of history and the broad generalizations of social and political science. Surely the believer in a living God, present and efficient in the universe, can rightly ask, before he renounces his former views, that those he is asked to adopt be proved as consistent with the facts of every department of knowledge, as what he holds. An assault from the side of Natural Science alone, must be irresistible if it is to be successful.

Were the scientific data equal as between the opposing theories, we claim that an impartial mind would, on the nearer conformity of the old theory to the facts of Moral, Mental, and Social Science, be compelled to award to it the stronger probability of correctness. How much the more, when even the evidence of nature preponderates on the same side.

It has been claimed that the Darwinian hypothesis is necessarily Atheistic, or at least Materialistic. This is, perhaps, an unjust inference. There may be Atheistic Darwinians, though we know of none. There are, doubtless, Materialistic Darwinians, but there may be also Theistic Darwinians, to which latter class, without a doubt, Darwin himself belongs. He expressly disclaims to account for either the origin of life or intelligence. He only essays to account by Natural Selection for the varied forms and types of life and intelligence; the necessity of a creator to originate life and the primary mental powers he leaves unquestioned.

He says in the "Origin," "I see no good reason why the views given in this volume should shock the religious feelings of any one," and quotes approvingly the declaration of a celebrated author and divine, "that he has gradually learned to see that it is just as noble a conception of the Deity to believe that He created a few original forms, capable of self-development into other and needful forms, as to believe that He required a fresh act of creation to supply the void caused by the action of His own laws." To which we may answer, it may be "just as noble a conception of Deity" and of creation, but that, we submit, is altogether

de from the question. It is not in what way *could* God create, but in what way *did* He. And to those who hold to a revelation, and believe that it is attested by as good evidence of its kind as the theories of science, it seems only reasonable that the scriptural account of the origin of life and living forms, and specifically of man, should weigh something in the solution of the question. That the record of Genesis, so far as vegetable and animal forms are concerned—and even the human body—is irreconcilable with the hypothesis of evolution in every form, I think no careful student would be ready to affirm; but that the hypothesis of Darwin, or any hypothesis, has as yet become so probable that there is need to modify present interpretations, we equally fail to see; and until the proof is somewhat conclusive, it certainly would seem wisdom to abide by traditional views.

That there is nothing in Darwinism, even when presented by Darwin himself, "to shock the religious feelings of any one" we are not altogether free to confess. Presented in its least objectionable form, as a method of "creation by law," it assumes positions necessarily abhorrent to the cherished convictions and fundamental beliefs of the Christian.

To some of these necessary corollaries of Darwinism, as respects the domain of morals and theology, allow me briefly to refer.

It requires only a little reflection to see that the *God it offers is not the God of the Christian's reverence and love*. The Darwinist seems to think he has conceded everything that can be asked, when he begins at the beginning of his chain of necessary sequences an originator of life, intelligence, and possibly matter.

But the creator he offers is scarcely more than a logical supposition, accepted out of the necessity of the case, brought in like the hypotheses of science, to account for that which would else be left causeless.

On the Darwinist's view, he interposed once, or a few times, away back in the dim vista of countless ages, to inaugurate that which has evolved into the present variety and harmony of the universe. Since then, he has been a mere spectator of the unfolding of what was potential in the primal germ: all things have become what they are by a necessary process; and the originator of it cannot be supposed to have ever since interposed to have worked any result implying beneficence or design. It is scarcely necessary to point out how illy this accords

with the Bible doctrine of the Creator, with "God, the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth," of the Christian's creed and worship. The God of the Bible—the Creator of the Christian's faith—is no mere First Cause, near akin to an abstraction, but an Omnipotent Father, creating with a beneficent purpose, and counseling in all His works for the well-being and happiness of His creatures. He is a personal, living, ever-present, intelligent, and loving Deity, who has stamped upon His works His own impress; and who, when He had created, sent not off His handiwork to be independent of His supervision or control—a self-evolving machine—but has rather ever reserved to Himself "all power in heaven and in earth," and has presided over and directed the issues of all subordinate activities. While He may and does work his purposes through secondary causes, through so-called natural laws, He ever intelligently and consciously co-ordinates them to the producing the ends He has in His wisdom and love determined.

It seems clear, that unless we may arrogate to ourselves the knowledge of all possible efficient agents—spiritual as well as natural forces—he cannot be other than a mere dogmatist, who affirms that all results must have been brought about by the operation of laws and forces at present known to be operative in nature. And, yet, this is what the denier of special creations, and of the possibility of miracles, would seem to affirm. This is what the Darwinist, and most evolutionists, do affirm.

To account for all the present order of nature through the operation of laws they have formulated, they necessarily assume that their induction is exhaustive, and take from the Omniscient and Omnipotent One the power to use agencies of which the scientist is ignorant. If to escape this absurdity, the scientist says, he does nothing more than affirm that he knows no results which show evidence of other agencies than those known to him, he reasons in a circle and manifests equal dogmatism, for he, in that case, asserts the very fact he is required to prove. Nature, as well as history, presents facts which seem to imply the intervention of forces, other than those known to be operative at present. He that denies such interventions is bound to show how known laws and forces can account for the facts. If he fails to show this, as we have seen the Darwinist does, if he will not concede the insufficiency of his theory, he is driven to the resource

of the dogmatist, to unscientifically assert what he is asked to prove.

As we have seen, necessarily included in the Christian's conception of God, is the idea of Providence, as well as Creation. The Deity that controls is one with the Deity that creates; and if the Darwinist left the Christian his Creator—though he does not even that—there is no pretense that the Orderer of events—a Providence is left. As all things occur, on his theory, through the necessary operation of laws or forces inherent in things themselves, such a thing as God's control of events unto the accomplishment of purposes of mercy or justice, is inconceivable, and we see not how the strict Darwinist can be a believer in either Providence or its correlative doctrine of prayer.

Yet further, Darwinism leaves no room for what is still dearer to the Christian's heart—the *work of redemption*. "Natural Selection," applied to man, necessitates the denial of the fall, of man's downward tendency through sin, and the need and fact of Divine intervention, by the incarnation of the Savior, and the gift of the Holy Spirit, unto his becoming morally better, rather than worse—unto his rising higher, rather than sinking lower in the scale of being. Surely, we find, in this, full enough to shock our religious feelings.

But more than this; if it leaves no room for providence, prayer, or redemption, then, even suppose Genesis can be reconciled with Creation by Natural Selection, *the Bible is no longer a God-given revelation*; the life it presents as alone acceptable to God, based as it is on a changed heart, on faith cleaving to a Father in heaven, and going out in prayer for the things it needs, is without sanction; and the hopes built upon it are entirely delusive.

But Darwinism not only robs us of revelation, but *removes the very foundation from under the whole structure of natural religion*. According to the law of Natural Selection, there are and can be no *final causes* in nature, or the universe.

What seem the evidences of design or purpose—the wise and merciful adaptations of an intelligent originator and ruler—are only the necessary outcome of slow and gradual modifications in accordance with unyielding and unvarying laws. There is, therefore, nothing in the world about us that can tell us aught of the nature or attributes of God.

Though the world may prove that He exists, if there be no final causes traceable in its phenomena, then the position of the

Positivist, that it is hopeless to attain a certain knowledge of God, is the strict logical one; and he does right to rule God out of the domain of thought, and drive theology from the circle of the sciences.

But Darwinism established would do more than this, it would not only overthrow the foundations of revealed and natural religion, but *revolutionize the Ethics of Modern Society*. These are confessedly Christian and they could not, in any case, long withstand the overthrow of the foundation which they rest. But Darwinism in deriving man from the brute, making him an improved ape, rather than a fallen spirit, one blow robs morality of its sanctions, restoration to fellowship with God—changes its character to pure utilitarianism.

According to Natural Selection, the right is nothing other than the useful. What is advantageous to the individual wins the race; and might, and cunning, and what ever tends to advance self-interest, will more and more tell in the struggle for existence, and be the goal of human progress. The Christian virtues of self-denial, thoughtfulness for others, care for the infirm, the dutiful, and the aged; of meekness, and patience, and forbearance, must, under such evolution be soon eliminated.

But we must here pause. The moral deficiencies of the Darwinian theory are, at least, we imagine, among the proofs of its incorrectness. Its failure to accord with the fact of a whole creation groaning and trailing in pain together, awaiting redemption; its failure to meet the most profound needs and aspirations of the human heart burdened with the sense of sin, and in bondage to death, will be to many all-sufficient—and who will venture to say, not rightful—proof of its inadequacy to solve the problem essayed.

Even, therefore, if it accounted for all the facts in the natural world—which we have seen it does not—yet it could not be deemed proven, unless brought more in accordance with the moral intuitions and the religious consciousness of man's higher nature.

That no theory of evolution may be presented free from the objections which, from a religious stand-point, lie against the Darwinian hypothesis, we are very far from asserting; that the future may bring no proof of creation by evolution we do not affirm; but that any theory yet promulgated and commended itself by proofs at all adequate, and, specially, that the Darwinian hypothesis rests upon sufficient evidence, we fully believe must be denied.

A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

RALPH GRIM was born a gentleman. He had the misfortune of coming into the world some ten years later than might reasonably have been expected. Colonel Grim and his lady had celebrated twelve anniversaries of their wedding day, and had given up all hopes of ever having a son and heir, when his late-comer startled them by his unexpected appearance. The only previous addition to the family had been a daughter, and she was then ten summers old.

Ralph was a very feeble child, and could only with great difficulty be persuaded to retain his hold of the slender thread which bound him to existence. He was rubbed with whisky, and wrapped in cotton, and given mare's milk to drink, and God knows what not, and the Colonel swore a round oath of paternal delight when at last the infant stopped gasping in that distressing way and began to breathe like other human beings. The mother, who, in spite of her anxiety for the child's life, had found time to plot for him a career of future magnificence, now suddenly set him apart for literature, because that was the easiest road to fame, and disposed of him in marriage to one of the most distinguished families of the land. She cautiously suggested this to her husband when he came to take his seat at her bedside; but to her utter astonishment she found that he had been indulging a similar train of thought, and had already destined the infant prodigy for the army. She, however, could not give up her predilection for literature, and the Colonel, who could not bear to be contradicted in his own house, as he used to say, was getting every minute louder and more flushed, when, happily, the doctor's arrival interrupted the dispute.

As Ralph grew up from infancy to childhood, he began to give decided promise of future distinction. He was fond of sitting down in a corner and sucking his thumb, which his mother interpreted as the sign of that brooding disposition peculiar to poets and men of lofty genius. At the age of five, he had become sole master in the house. He slapped his sister Hilda in the face, or pulled her hair, when she hesitated to obey him, tyrannized over his nurse, and sternly refused to go to bed in spite of his mother's entreaties. On such occasions, the Colonel could hide his face behind his newspaper,

and chuckle with delight; it was evident that nature had intended his son for a great military commander. As soon as Ralph himself was old enough to have any thoughts about his future destiny, he made up his mind that he would like to be a robber. A few months later, having contracted an immoderate taste for candy, he contented himself with the comparatively humble position of a baker; but when he had read "Robinson Crusoe," he manifested a strong desire to go to sea in the hope of being wrecked on some desolate island. The parents spent long evenings gravely discussing these indications of uncommon genius, and each interpreted them in his or her own way.

"He is not like any other child I ever knew," said the mother.

"To be sure," responded the father, earnestly. "He is a most extraordinary child. I was myself a very remarkable child, even if I do say it myself; but, as far as I remember, I never aspired to being wrecked on an uninhabited island."

The Colonel probably spoke the truth; but he forgot to take into account that he had never read "Robinson Crusoe."

Of Ralph's school-days there is but little to report, for, to tell the truth, he did not fancy going to school, as the discipline annoyed him. The day after his having entered the gymnasium, which was to prepare him for the Military Academy, the principal saw him waiting at the gate after his class had been dismissed. He approached him, and asked why he did not go home with the rest.

"I am waiting for the servant to carry my books," was the boy's answer.

"Give me your books," said the teacher.

Ralph reluctantly obeyed. That day the Colonel was not a little surprised to see his son marching up the street, and every now and then glancing behind him with a look of discomfort at the principal, who was following quietly in his train, carrying a parcel of school-books. Colonel Grim and his wife, divining the teacher's intention, agreed that it was a great outrage, but they did not mention the matter to Ralph. Henceforth, however, the boy refused to be accompanied by his servant. A week later he was impudent to the teacher of gymnastics, who whipped him in return. The Colonel's rage knew no bounds; he rode in great haste to

the gymnasium, reviled the teacher for presuming to chastise *his* son, and committed the boy to the care of a private tutor.

At the age of sixteen, Ralph went to the capital with the intention of entering the Military Academy. He was a tall, handsome youth, slender of stature, and carried himself as erect as a candle. He had a light, clear complexion of almost feminine delicacy; blonde, curly hair, which he always kept carefully brushed; a low forehead, and a straight, finely modeled nose. There was an expression of extreme sensitiveness about the nostrils, and a look of indolence in the dark blue eyes. But the *ensemble* of his features was pleasing, his dress irreproachable, and his manners bore no trace of the awkward self-consciousness peculiar to his age. Immediately on his arrival in the capital he hired a suite of rooms in the aristocratic part of the city, and furnished them rather expensively, but in excellent taste. From a bosom friend, whom he met by accident in the restaurant's pavilion in the park, he learned that a pair of antlers, a stuffed eagle, or falcon, and a couple of swords, were indispensable to a well-appointed apartment. He accordingly bought these articles at a curiosity-shop. During the first weeks of his residence in the city he made some feeble efforts to perfect himself in mathematics, of which he suspected he was somewhat deficient. But when the same officious friend laughed at him, and called him "green," he determined to trust to fortune, and henceforth devoted himself the more assiduously to the French ballet, where he had already made some interesting acquaintances.

The time for the examination came; the French ballet did not prove a good preparation; Ralph failed. It quite shook him for the time, and he felt humiliated. He had not the courage to tell his father; so he lingered on from day to day, sat vacantly gazing out of his window, and tried vainly to interest himself in the busy bustle down on the street. It provoked him that everybody else should be so light-hearted, when he was in, or at least fancied himself in, trouble. The parlor grew intolerable; he sought refuge in his bedroom. There he sat one evening (it was the third day after the examination), and stared out upon the gray stone wall which on all sides enclosed the narrow court-yard. The round stupid face of the moon stood tranquilly dozing like a great Limburger cheese suspended under the sky.

Ralph, at least, could think of a no more fitting simile. But the bright-eyed young girl in the window hard by sent a longing look up to the same moon, and thought of her distant home on the fjords, where the glaciers stood like hoary giants, and caught the yellow moonbeams on their glittering shields of snow. She had been reading "Ivanhoe" all the afternoon, until the twilight had overtaken her quite unaware, and now she suddenly remembered that she had forgotten to write her German exercise. She lifted her face and saw a pair of sad, vacant eyes, gazing at her from the next window in the angle of the court. She was a little startled at first, but in the next moment she thought of her German exercise and took heart.

"Do you know German?" she said; then immediately repented that she had said it.

"I do," was the answer.

She took up her apron and began to twist it with an air of embarrassment.

"I didn't mean anything," she whispered at last. "I only wanted to know."

"You are very kind."

That answer roused her; he was evidently making sport of her.

"Well, then, if you do, you may write my exercise for me. I have marked the place in the book."

And she flung her book over to his window, and he caught it on the edge of the sill, just as it was falling.

"You are a very strange girl," he remarked, turning over the leaves of the book, although it was too dark to read. "How old are you?"

"I shall be fourteen six weeks before Christmas," answered she, frankly.

"Then I excuse you."

"No, indeed," cried she, vehemently. "You needn't excuse me at all. If you don't want to write my exercise, you may send the book back again. I am very sorry I spoke to you, and I shall never do it again."

"But you will not get the book back again without the exercise," replied he, quietly. "Good-night."

The girl stood long looking after him, hoping that he would return. Then, with a great burst of repentance, she hid her face in her lap, and began to cry.

"Oh, dear, I didn't mean to be rude," she sobbed. "But it was Ivanhoe and Rebecca who upset me."

The next morning she was up before daylight, and waited for two long hours in great suspense before the curtain of his window

as raised. He greeted her politely; threw a hasty glance around the court to see if he was observed, and then tossed her book carelessly over into her hands.

"I have pinned the written exercise to the leaf," he said. "You will probably have time to copy it before breakfast."

"I am ever so much obliged to you," she managed to stammer.

He looked so tall and handsome, and down-up, and her remorse stuck in her throat, and threatened to choke her. She had taken him for a boy as he sat there in the window the evening before.

"By the way, what is your name?" he asked, carelessly, as he turned to go.

"Bertha."

"Well, my dear Bertha, I am happy to have made your acquaintance."

And he again made her a polite bow, and entered his parlor.

"How provokingly familiar he is," thought she; "but no one can deny that he is handsome."

That bright roguish face of the young girl haunted Ralph during the whole next week.

He had been in love at least ten times before, of course; but, as most boys, with young ladies far older than himself. He found himself frequently glancing over to her window in the hope of catching another glimpse of her face; but the curtain was always drawn down, and Bertha remained invisible.

During the second week, however, she rested, and they had many a pleasant chat together. He now volunteered to write all the exercises, and she made no objections.

He learned that she was the daughter of a merchant in the sea-districts of Norway (and he gave him quite a shock to hear it), and that she was going to school in the city, and boarded with an old lady who kept a *pen-sion* in the house adjoining the one in which he lived.

One day in the autumn Ralph was surprised by the sudden arrival of his father, and the fact of his failure in the examination could no longer be kept a secret. The old Colonel flared up at once when Ralph made his confession; the large veins upon his forehead swelled; he grew coppery red in his face, and stormed up and down the floor, until his son became seriously alarmed; but, to his great relief, he was soon made aware that his father's wrath was not turned against him personally, but against the officials of the Military Academy who had neglected him. The Colonel took it as an insult to his own good name and irreproach-

able standing as an officer; he promptly refused any other explanation, and vainly racked his brain to remember if any youthful folly of his could possibly have made him enemies among the teachers of the Academy. He at last felt satisfied that it was envy of his own greatness and rapid advancement which had induced the rascals to take vengeance on his son. Ralph reluctantly followed his father back to the country town where the latter was stationed, and the fair-haired Bertha vanished from his horizon. His mother's wish now prevailed, and he began, in his own easy way, to prepare himself for the University. He had little taste for Cicero, and still less for Virgil, but with the use of a "pony" he soon gained sufficient knowledge of these authors to be able to talk in a sort of patronizing way about them, to the great delight of his fond parents. He took quite a fancy, however, to the ode in Horace ending with the lines:

*Dulce ridentem,
Dulce loquentem,
Lalagen amabo.*

And in his thought he substituted for Lalage the fair-haired Bertha, quite regardless of the requirements of the meter.

To make a long story short, three years later Ralph returned to the capital, and, after having worn out numerous tutors, actually succeeded in entering the University.

The first year of college life is a happy time to every young man, and Ralph enjoyed its processions, its parliamentary gatherings, and its leisure, as well as the rest. He was certainly not the man to be sentimental over the loss of a young girl whom, moreover, he had only known for a few weeks. Nevertheless, he thought of her at odd times, but not enough to disturb his pleasure. The standing of his family, his own handsome appearance, and his immaculate linen opened to him the best houses of the city, and he became a great favorite in society. At lectures he was seldom seen, but more frequently in the theaters, where he used to come in during the middle of the first act, take his station in front of the orchestra box, and eye, through his lorgnettes, by turns, the actresses and the ladies of the parquet.

II.

Two months passed, and then came the great annual ball which the students give at the opening of the second semester. Ralph was a man of importance that

evening; first, because he belonged to a great family; secondly, because he was the handsomest man of his year. He wore a large golden star on his breast (for his fellow-students had made him a Knight of the Golden Boar), and a badge of colored ribbons in his button-hole.

The ball was a brilliant affair, and everybody was in excellent spirits, especially the ladies. Ralph danced incessantly, twirled his soft mustache, and uttered amiable platitudes. It was toward midnight, just as the company was moving out to supper, that he caught the glance of a pair of dark-blue eyes, which suddenly drove the blood to his cheeks and hastened the beating of his heart. But when he looked once more the dark-blue eyes were gone, and his unruly heart went on hammering against his side. He laid his hand on his breast and glanced furtively at his fair neighbor, but she looked happy and unconcerned, for the flavor of the ice-cream was delicious. It seemed an endless meal, but, when it was done, Ralph rose, led his partner back to the ball-room, and hastily excused himself. His glance wandered round the wide hall, seeking the well-remembered eyes once more, and, at length, finding them in a remote corner, half hid behind a moving wall of promenaders. In another moment he was at Bertha's side.

"You must have been purposely hiding yourself, Miss Bertha," said he, when the usual greetings were exchanged. "I have not caught a glimpse of you all this evening, until a few moments ago."

"But I have seen you all the while," answered the girl frankly. "I knew you at once as I entered the hall."

"If I had but known that you were here," resumed Ralph, as it were, invisibly expanding with an agreeable sense of dignity, "I assure you, you would have been the very first one I should have sought."

She raised her large grave eyes to his, as if questioning his sincerity; but she made no answer.

"Good gracious!" thought Ralph. "She takes things terribly in earnest."

"You look so serious, Miss Bertha," said he, after a moment's pause. "I remember you as a bright-eyed, flaxen-haired little girl, who threw her German exercise-book to me across the yard, and whose merry laughter still rings pleasantly in my memory. I confess I don't find it quite easy to identify this grave young lady with my merry friend of three years ago."

"In other words, you are disappointed

at not finding me the same as I used to be."

"No, not exactly that; but—"

Ralph paused and looked puzzled. There was something in the earnestness of her manner which made a facetious compliment seem grossly inappropriate, and in the moment no other escape suggested itself.

"But what?" demanded Bertha merely.

"Have you ever lost an old friend?" asked he abruptly.

"Yes; how so?"

"Then," answered he, while his features lighted up with a happy inspiration—"the you will appreciate my situation. I fondly cherished my old picture of you in my memory. Now I have lost it, and I cannot help regretting the loss. I do not mean, however, to imply that this new acquaintance—this second edition of yourself, so to speak—will prove less interesting."

She again sent him a grave, questioning look, and began to gaze intently upon the stone in her bracelet.

"I suppose you will laugh at me," began she, while a sudden blush flitted over her countenance. "But this is my first ball, and I feel as if I had rushed into a whirlpool, from which I have, since the first plunge was made, been vainly trying to escape. I feel so dreadfully forlorn. I hardly know anybody here except my cousin, who invited me, and I hardly think I know him either."

"Well, since you are irredeemably committed," replied Ralph, as the music, after some prefatory flourishes, broke into the delicious rhythm of a Strauss waltz, "that it is no use struggling against fate. Come, let us make the plunge together. Miss Bertha loves company."

He offered her his arm, and she accepted, somewhat hesitatingly, and followed.

"I am afraid," she whispered, as they fell into line with the procession that was moving down the long hall, "that you have asked me to dance merely because I said I felt forlorn. If that is the case, I should prefer to be led back to my seat."

"What a base imputation!" cried Ralph.

There was something so charmingly naive in this self-depreciation—something so altogether novel in his experience, and he could not help adding, just a little bit comforted. His spirits rose; he began to reek keenly his position as an experienced man of the world, and, in the agreeable glow of patronage and conscious superiority, chafed

with hearty *abandon* with his little rustic beauty.

"If your dancing is as perfect as your German exercises were," said she, laughing, as they swung out upon the floor, "then I promise myself a good deal of pleasure from our meeting."

"Never fear," answered he, quickly reversing his step, and whirling with many a capricious turn away among the thronging couples.

When Ralph drove home in his carriage toward morning he briefly summed up his impressions of Bertha in the following adjectives: intelligent, delightfully unsophisticated, a little bit verdant, but devilish pretty.

Some weeks later Colonel Grim received an appointment at the fortress of Aggershuus, and immediately took up his residence in the capital. He saw that his son cut a fine figure in the highest circles of society, and expressed his gratification in the most emphatic terms. If he had known, however, that Ralph was in the habit of visiting, with alarming regularity, at the house of a plebeian merchant in a somewhat obscure street, he would, no doubt, have been more chary of his praise. But the Colonel suspected nothing, and it was well for the peace of the family that he did not. It may have been towardice in Ralph that he never mentioned Bertha's name to his family or to his aristocratic acquaintances; for, to be candid, he himself felt ashamed of the power she exerted over him, and by turns pitied and ridiculed himself for pursuing so inglorious a conquest. Nevertheless it wounded his egotism that he never showed any surprise at seeing him, that she received him with a certain frank unceremoniousness, which, however, was very becoming to her; that she invariably went on with her work heedless of his presence, and in everything treated him as if she had been his equal. She persisted in talking with him in a half sisterly fashion about his studies and his future career, warned him with great solicitude against some of his probrate friends, of whose merry adventures he had told her; and if he ventured to compliment her on her beauty or her accomplishments, she would look up gravely from her sewing, or answer him in a way which seemed to banish the idea of love-making into the land of the impossible. He was constantly tormented by the suspicion that she secretly disapproved of him, and that from a mere moral interest in his welfare he was conscientiously laboring to make

him a better man. Day after day he parted from her feeling humiliated, faint-hearted, and secretly indignant both at himself and her, and day after day he returned only to renew the same experience. At last it became too intolerable, he could endure it no longer. Let it make or break, certainty, at all risks, was at least preferable to this sickening suspense. That he loved her, he could no longer doubt; let his parents foam and fret as much as they pleased; for once he was going to stand on his own legs. And in the end, he thought, they would have to yield, for they had no son but him.

Bertha was going to return to her home on the sea-coast in a week. Ralph stood in the little low-ceiled parlor, as she imagined, to bid her good-bye. They had been speaking of her father, her brothers, and the farm, and she had expressed the wish that if he ever should come to that part of the country he might pay them a visit. Her words had kindled a vague hope in his breast, but in their very frankness and friendly regard there was something which slew the hope they had begotten. He held her hand in his, and her large confiding eyes shone with an emotion which was beautiful, but was yet not love.

"If you were but a peasant born like myself," said she, in a voice which sounded almost tender, "then I should like to talk to you as I would to my own brother; but—"

"No, not brother, Bertha," cried he, with sudden vehemence; "I love you better than I ever loved any earthly being, and if you knew how firmly this love has clutched at the roots of my heart, you would perhaps—you would at least not look so reproachfully at me."

She dropped his hand, and stood for a moment silent.

"I am sorry that it should have come to this, Mr. Grim," said she, visibly struggling for calmness. "And I am perhaps more to blame than you."

"Blame," muttered he, "why are you to blame?"

"Because I do not love you; although I sometimes feared that this might come. But then again I persuaded myself that it could not be so."

He took a step toward the door, laid his hand on the knob, and gazed down before him.

"Bertha," began he, slowly, raising his head, "you have always disapproved of me, you have despised me in your heart, but you thought you would be doing a good work if you succeeded in making a man of me."

"You use strong language," answered she, hesitatingly; "but there is truth in what you say."

Again there was a long pause, in which the ticking of the old parlor clock grew louder and louder.

"Then," he broke out at last, "tell me before we part if I can do nothing to gain—I will not say your love—but only your regard? What would you yourself do if you were in my place?"

"My advice you will hardly heed, and I do not even know that it would be well if you did. But if I were a man in your position, I should break with my whole past, start out into the world where nobody knew me, and where I should be dependent only upon my own strength, and there I would conquer a place for myself, if it were only for the satisfaction of knowing that I was really a man. Here cushions are sewed under your arms, a hundred invisible threads bind you to a life of idleness and vanity, everybody is ready to carry you on his hands, the road is smoothed for you, every stone carefully moved out of your path, and you will probably go to your grave without having ever harbored one earnest thought, without having done one manly deed."

Ralph stood transfixed, gazing at her with open mouth; he felt a kind of stupid fright, as if some one had suddenly seized him by the shoulders and shaken him violently. He tried vainly to remove his eyes from Bertha. She held him as by a powerful spell. He saw that her face was lighted with an altogether new beauty; he noticed the deep glow upon her cheek, the brilliancy of her eye, the slight quiver of her lip. But he saw all this as one sees things in a half-trance, without attempting to account for them; the door between his soul and his senses was closed.

"I know that I have been bold in speaking to you in this way," she said at last, seating herself in a chair at the window. "But it was yourself who asked me. And I have felt all the time that I should have to tell you this before we parted."

"And," answered he, making a strong effort to appear calm, "if I follow your advice, will you allow me to see you once more before you go?"

"I shall remain here another week, and shall, during that time, always be ready to receive you."

"Thank you. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

Ralph carefully avoided all the fashionable thoroughfares; he felt degraded before

himself, and he had an idea that every man could read his humiliation in his countenance. Now he walked on quickly, striking the sidewalks with his heels; now, again, he fell into an uneasy, reckless saunter, according as the changing moods inspired defiance of his sentence, or a qualified surrender. And, as he walked on, the bitterness grew within him, and he pitilessly reviled himself for having allowed himself to be made a fool of by "that little country goose," when he was well aware that there were hundreds of women of the best families of the land who would feel honored at receiving his attentions. But this sort of reasoning he knew to be both weak and contemptible, and his own better self soon rose in loud rebellion.

"After all," he muttered, "in the main thing she was right. I am a miserable good-for-nothing, a hot-house plant, a poor stick, and if I were a woman myself, I don't think I should waste my affections on a man of that caliber."

Then he unconsciously fell to analyzing Bertha's character, wondering vaguely that a person who moved so timidly in social life, appearing so diffident, from an ever-present fear of blundering against the established forms of etiquette, could judge so quickly, and with such a merciless certainty, whenever a moral question, a question of right and wrong, was at issue. And, pursuing the same train of thought, he contrasted her with himself, who moved in the highest spheres of society as in his native element, heedless of moral scruples, and conscious of no loftier motive for his actions than the immediate pleasure of the moment.

As Ralph turned the corner of a street, he heard himself hailed from the other sidewalk by a chorus of merry voices.

"Ah, my dear Baroness," cried a young man, springing across the street and grasping Ralph's hand (all his student friends called him the Baroness), "in the name of this illustrious company, allow me to salute you. But why the deuce—what is the matter with you? If you have the *Katsenjammer*,* soda water is the thing. Come along,—it's my treat!"

The students instantly thronged around Ralph, who stood distractedly swinging his cane and smiling idiotically.

"I am not quite well," said he; "leave me alone."

"No, to be sure, you don't look well," cried a jolly youth, against whom Bertha

* *Katsenjammer* is the sensation a man has the morning after a carousal.

had frequently warned him; "but a glass of sherry will soon restore you. It would be highly immoral to leave you in this condition without taking care of you."

Ralph again vainly tried to remonstrate; but the end was, that he reluctantly followed.

He had always been a conspicuous figure in the student world; but that night he astonished his friends by his eloquence, his reckless humor, and his capacity for drinking. He made a speech for "Woman," which bristled with wit, cynicism, and sarcastic epigrams. One young man, named Winter, who was engaged, undertook to protest against his sweeping condemnation, and declared that Ralph, who was a universal favorite among the ladies, ought to be the last to revile them.

"If," he went on, "the Baroness should propose to six well-known ladies here in this city whom I could mention, I would wager six Johannisbergers, and an equal amount of champagne, that every one of them would accept him."

The others loudly applauded this proposal, and Ralph accepted the wager. The letters were written on the spot, and immediately despatched. Toward morning, the merry arousal broke up, and Ralph was conducted in triumph to his home.

III.

Two days later, Ralph again knocked on Bertha's door. He looked paler than usual, almost haggard; his immaculate linen was little crumpled, and he carried no cane; his lips were tightly compressed, and his face bore an air of desperate resolution.

"It is done," he said, as he seated himself opposite her. "I am going."

"Going!" cried she, startled at his unusual appearance. "How, where?"

"To America. I sail to-night. I have followed your advice, you see. I have cut off the last bridge behind me."

"But, Ralph," she exclaimed, in a voice of alarm. "Something dreadful must have happened. Tell me, quick; I must know it."

"No; nothing dreadful," muttered he, smiling bitterly. "I have made a little scandal, that is all. My father told me to-day to go to the devil, if I chose, and my mother gave me five hundred dollars to help me along on the way. If you wish to know, here is the explanation."

And he pulled from his pocket six per-
muted and carefully folded notes, and threw them into her lap.

"Do you wish me to read them?" she asked, with growing surprise.

"Certainly. Why not?"

She hastily opened one note after the other, and read.

"But, Ralph," she cried, springing up from her seat, while her eyes flamed with indignation, "what does this mean? What have you done?"

"I didn't think it needed any explanation," replied he, with feigned indifference. "I proposed to them all, and, you see, they all accepted me. I received all these letters to-day. I only wished to know whether the whole world regarded me as such a worthless scamp as you told me I was."

She did not answer, but sat mutely staring at him, fiercely crumpling a rose-colored note in her hand. He began to feel uncomfortable under her gaze, and threw himself about uneasily in his chair.

"Well," said he at length, rising, "I suppose there is nothing more. Good-bye."

"One moment, Mr. Grim," demanded she sternly. "Since I have already said so much, and you have obligingly revealed to me a new side of your character, I claim the right to correct the opinion I expressed of you at our last meeting."

"I am all attention."

"I did think, Mr. Grim," began she, breathing hard, and steadying herself against the table at which she stood, "that you were a very selfish man—an embodiment of selfishness, absolute and supreme, but I did not believe that you were wicked."

"And what convinced you that I was selfish, if I may ask?"

"What convinced me?" repeated she, in a tone of inexpressible contempt. "When did you ever act from any generous regard for others? What good did you ever do to anybody?"

"You might ask, with equal justice, what good I ever did to myself."

"In a certain sense, yes; because to gratify a mere momentary wish is hardly doing one's self good."

"Then I have, at all events, followed the Biblical precept, and treated my neighbor very much as I treat myself."

"I did think," continued Bertha, without heeding the remark, "that you were at bottom kind-hearted, but too hopelessly well-bred ever to commit an act of any decided complexion, either good or bad. Now I see that I have misjudged you, and that you are capable of outraging the most sacred feelings of a woman's heart in mere

wantonness; or for the sake of satisfying a base curiosity; which never could have entered the mind of an upright and generous man."

The hard, benumbed look in Ralph's face thawed in the warmth of her presence, and her words, though stern, touched a secret spring of his heart. He made two or three vain attempts to speak, then suddenly broke down, and cried:

"Bertha, Bertha, even if you scorn me, have patience with me, and listen."

And he told her, in rapid, broken sentences, how his love for her had grown from day to day, until he could no longer master it; and how, in an unguarded moment, when his pride rose in fierce conflict against his love, he had done this reckless deed of which he was now heartily ashamed. The fervor of his words touched her, for she felt that they were sincere. Large mute tears trembled in her eyelashes as she sat gazing tenderly at him, and in the depth of her soul the wish awoke that she might have been able to return this great and strong love of his; for she felt that in this love lay the germ of a new, of a stronger and better man. She noticed, with a half-regretful pleasure, his handsome figure, his delicately shaped hands, and the noble cast of his features; an overwhelming pity for him rose within her, and she began to reproach herself for having spoken so harshly, and, as she now thought, so unjustly. Perhaps he read in her eyes the unspoken wish. He seized her hand, and his words fell with a warm and alluring cadence upon her ear.

"I shall not see you for a long time to come, Bertha," said he, "but if, at the end of five or six years your hand is still free, and I return another man—a man to whom you could safely intrust your happiness—would you then listen to what I may have to say to you? For I promise, by all that we both hold sacred—"

"No, no," interrupted she hastily. "Promise nothing. It would be unjust to yourself, and perhaps also to me; for a sacred promise is a terrible thing, Ralph. Let us both remain free; and, if you return and still love me, then come, and I shall receive you and listen to you. And even if you have outgrown your love, which is, indeed, more probable, come still to visit me wherever I may be, and we shall meet as friends and rejoice in the meeting."

"You know best," he murmured. "Let it be as you have said."

He arose, took her face between his

hands, gazed long and tenderly into her eyes, pressed a kiss upon her forehead, and hastened away.

That night Ralph boarded the steamer for Hull, and three weeks later landed in New York.

IV.

THE first three months of Ralph's sojourn in America were spent in vain attempts to obtain a situation. Day after day he walked down Broadway, calling at various places of business, and night after night he returned to his cheerless room with a faint heart and declining spirits. It was, after all, a more serious thing than he had imagined, to cut the cable which binds one to the land of one's birth. There a hundred subtle influences, the existence of which no one suspects until the moment they are withdrawn, unite to keep one in the straight path of rectitude, or at least of external respectability, and Ralph's life had been all in society; the opinion of his fellow-men had been the force to which he implicitly deferred, and the conscience by which he had been wont to test his actions, had been nothing but the aggregate judgment of his friends. To such a man, the isolation and the utter irresponsibility of a life among strangers was tenfold more dangerous; and Ralph found, to his horror, that his character contained innumerable latent possibilities which the easy-going life in his home probably never would have revealed to him. It often cut him to the quick, when, on entering an office in his daily search for employment, he was met by hostile or suspicious glances, or when, as occasionally happened, the door was slammed in his face, as if he were a vagabond and an impostor. Then the wolf was often round within him, and he felt a momentary wish to desire to become what the people here evidently believed him to be. Many a night he sauntered irresolutely about the gambling places in obscure streets, and the glare of light, the rude shouts and clamors in the same moment repulsed and attracted him by a potent fascination. If he went to the devil, who would care? His father had himself pointed out the way to him; and nobody could blame him if he followed the advice. But then again a memory emerged from that chamber of his soul which still he held sacred; and Bertha's deep blue eyes gazed upon him with their earnest look of tender warning and regret.

When the summer was half gone, Ralph had gained many a hard victory over his

self, and learned many a useful lesson; and at length he swallowed his pride, divested himself of his fine clothes, and accepted a position as assistant gardener at a villa on the Hudson. And as he stood perspiring with a spade in his hand, and a cheap broad-brimmed straw hat on his head, he often took a grim pleasure in picturing to himself how his aristocratic friends at home would receive him, if he should introduce himself to them in this new costume.

"After all, it was only my position they cared for," he reflected bitterly; "without my father's name what would I be to them?"

Then, again, there was a certain satisfaction in knowing that, for his present situation, humble as it was, he was indebted to nobody but himself; and the thought that Bertha's eyes, if they could have seen him now would have dwelt upon him with pleasure and approbation, went far to console him for his aching back, his sun-burnt face, and his swollen and blistered hands.

One day, as Ralph was raking the gravel-walks in the garden, his employer's daughter, a young lady of seventeen, came out and spoke to him. His culture and refinement of manner struck her with wonder, and he asked him to tell her his history; but when he suddenly grew very grave, and she rebore pressing him. From that time she attached a kind of romantic interest to him, and finally induced her father to obtain him a situation that would be more to his taste. And, before the winter came, Ralph saw the lawn of a new future glimmering before him. He had wrestled bravely with fate, and had once more gained a victory. He began the career in which success and distinction awaited him, as proof-reader on a newspaper in the city. He had fortunately been familiar with the English language before he left home, and by the strength of his will he conquered all difficulties. At the end of two years he became attached to the editorial staff; new ambitious hopes, hitherto foreign to his mind, awoke within him; and with joyous tumult of heart he saw life opening its wide vistas before him, and he labored on manfully to repair the losses of the past, and to prepare himself for greater usefulness in times to come. He felt in himself a stronger and fuller manhood, as if the great arteries of the vast universal world-life pulsed in his own being. The drowsy, indolent existence at home appeared like a dull remote dream from which he had awakened, and he blessed his destiny which, by its very sternness, had mercifully saved him; he blessed her, too,

who, from the very want of love for him, had, perhaps, made him worthier of love.

The years flew rapidly. Society had flung its doors open to him, and what was more, he had found some warm friends, in whose houses he could come and go at pleasure. He enjoyed keenly the privilege of daily association with high-minded and refined women; their eager activity of intellect stimulated him, their exquisite ethereal grace and their delicately chiseled beauty satisfied his æsthetic cravings, and the responsive vivacity of their nature prepared him ever new surprises. He felt a strange fascination in the presence of these women, and the conviction grew upon him that their type of womanhood was superior to any he had hitherto known. And by way of refuting his own argument, he would draw from his pocket-book the photograph of Bertha, which had a secret compartment there all to itself, and, gazing tenderly at it, would eagerly defend her against the disparaging reflections which the involuntary comparison had provoked. And still, how could he help seeing that her features, though well molded, lacked animation; that her eye, with its deep, trustful glance, was not brilliant, and that the calm earnestness of her face, when compared with the bright, intellectual beauty of his present friends, appeared pale and simple, like a violet in a bouquet of vividly colored roses? It gave him a quick pang, when, at times, he was forced to admit this; nevertheless, it was the truth.

After six years of residence in America, Ralph had gained a very high reputation as a journalist of rare culture and ability, and, in 1867 he was sent to the World's Exhibition in Paris, as correspondent of the paper on which he had during all these years been employed. What wonder, then, that he started for Europe a few weeks before his presence was needed in the imperial city, and that he steered his course directly toward the fjord valley where Bertha had her home? It was she who had bidden him God-speed when he fled from the land of his birth, and, she, too, should receive his first greeting on his return.

v.

THE sun had fortified itself behind a citadel of flaming clouds, and the upper forest region shone with a strange ethereal glow, while the lower plains were wrapped in shadow; but the shadow itself had a strong

suffusion of color. The mountain peaks rose cold and blue in the distance.

Ralph, having inquired his way of the boatman who had landed him at the pier, walked rapidly along the beach, with a small valise in his hand, and a light summer overcoat flung over his shoulder. Many half-thoughts grazed his mind, and ere the first had taken shape, the second, and the third came and chased it away. And still they all in some fashion had reference to Bertha; for in a misty, abstract way, she filled his whole mind; but for some indefinable reason, he was afraid to give free rein to the sentiment which lurked in the remoter corners of his soul.

Onward he hastened, while his heart throbbed with the quickening tempo of mingled expectation and fear. Now and then one of those chill gusts of air which seem to be careering about aimlessly in the atmosphere during early summer, would strike into his face, and recall him to a keener self-consciousness.

Ralph concluded, from his increasing agitation, that he must be very near Bertha's home. He stopped and looked around him. He saw a large maple at the roadside, some thirty steps from where he was standing, and the girl who was sitting under it, resting her head in her hand and gazing out over the sea, he recognized in an instant to be Bertha. He sprang up on the road, not crossing, however, her line of vision, and approached her noiselessly from behind.

"Bertha," he whispered.

She gave a little joyous cry, sprang up, and made a gesture as if to throw herself into his arms; then suddenly checked herself, blushed crimson, and moved a step backward.

"You came so suddenly," she murmured.

"But, Bertha," cried he (and the full bass of his voice rang through her very soul), "have I gone into exile and waited these many years for so cold a welcome?"

"You have changed so much, Ralph," answered she, with that old grave smile which he knew so well, and stretched out both her hands toward him. "And I have thought of you so much since you went away, and blamed myself because I had judged you so harshly, and wondered that you could listen to me so patiently, and never bear me malice for what I said."

"If you had said a word less," declared Ralph, seating himself at her side on the greensward, "or if you had varnished it over with politeness, then you would proba-

bly have failed to produce any effect, and I should not have been burdened with that heavy debt of gratitude which I now owe you. I was a pretty thick-skinned animal in those days, Bertha. You said the right word at the right moment; you gave me a bold and good piece of advice, which my own ingenuity would never have suggested to me. I will not thank you, because, in so grave a case as this, spoken thanks sound like a mere mockery. Whatever I am, Bertha, and whatever I may hope to be, I owe it all to that hour."

She listened with rapture to the manly assurance of his voice; her eyes dwelt with unspeakable joy upon his strong bronzed features, his full thick blonde beard, and the vigorous proportions of his frame. Many and many a time during his absence had she wondered how he would look if he ever came back, and with that minute conscientiousness which, as it were, pervaded her whole character, she had held herself responsible before God for his fate, prayed for him, and trembled lest evil powers should gain the ascendancy over his soul.

On their way to the house they talked together of many things, but in a guarded cautious fashion, and without the cheerful abandonment of former years. They both, as it were, groped their way carefully in each other's minds, and each vaguely felt that there was something in the other's thought which it was not well to touch unbidden. Bertha saw that all her fears for him had been groundless, and his very appearance lifted the whole weight of responsibility from her breast; and still, did she rejoice at her deliverance from her burden. Ah, no; in this moment she knew that the which she had foolishly cherished as the best and noblest part of herself, had been but a selfish need of her own heart. She feared that she had only taken that interest in him which one feels for a thing of one's own making; and now, when she saw that he had risen quite above her; that he was firm and strong, and could have no more need of her, she had, instead of generous pleasure at his success, but a painful sense of emptiness, as if something very dear had been taken from her.

Ralph, too, was loath to analyze the impression his old love made upon him. His feelings were of so complex a nature that he was anxious to keep his more magnanimous impulses active, and he strove hard to convince himself that she was still the same to him as she had been before they had

ever parted. But, alas! though the heart be warm and generous, the eye is a merciless critic. And the man who had moved on the wide arena of the world, whose mind had housed the large thoughts of this century, and expanded with its invigorating breath,—was he to blame because he had unconsciously outgrown his old provincial self, and could no more judge by its standards?

Bertha's father was a peasant, but he had, by his lumber trade, acquired what in Norway was called a very handsome fortune. He received his guest with dignified reserve, and Ralph thought he detected in his eyes a lurking look of distrust. "I know your errand," that look seemed to say, "but you had better give it up at once. It will be of no use for you to try."

And after supper, as Ralph and Bertha sat talking confidingly with each other at the window, he sent his daughter a quick, sharp glance, and then, without ceremony, commanded her to go to bed. Ralph's heart gave a great thump within him; not because he feared the old man, but because his words, as well as his glances, revealed to him the sad history of these long, patient years. He doubted no longer that the love which he had once so ardently desired was his at last; and he made a silent vow that, come what might, he would remain faithful.

As he came down to breakfast the next morning, he found Bertha sitting at the window, engaged in hemming what appeared to be a rough kitchen towel. She bent eagerly over her work, and only a vivid flush upon her cheek told him that she had noticed his coming. He took a chair, seated himself opposite her, and bade her "good-morning." She raised her head, and showed him a sweet, troubled countenance, which the early sunlight illumined with a high spiritual beauty. It reminded him forcibly of those pale, sweet-faced saints of Fra Angelico, with whom the frail flesh seems never on the point of yielding to the ardent aspirations of the spirit. And still, even in his moment he could not prevent his eyes from observing that one side of her forefinger was rough from sewing, and that the whiteness of her arm, which the loose sleeves displayed, contrasted strongly with the browned and sun-burnt complexion of her hands.

After breakfast they again walked together on the beach, and Ralph, having once formed his resolution, now talked freely of the New World—of his sphere of activity

there; of his friends and of his plans for the future; and she listened to him with a mild, perplexed look in her eyes, as if trying vainly to follow the flight of his thoughts. And he wondered, with secret dismay, whether she was still the same strong, brave-hearted girl whom he had once accounted almost bold; whether the life in this narrow valley, amid a hundred petty and depressing cares, had not cramped her spiritual growth, and narrowed the sphere of her thought. Or was she still the same, and was it only he who had changed? At last he gave utterance to his wonder, and she answered him in those grave, earnest tones which seemed in themselves to be half a refutation of his doubts.

"It was easy for me to give you a daring advice, then, Ralph," she said. "Like most school-girls, I thought that life was a great and glorious thing, and that happiness was a fruit which hung within reach of every hand. Now I have lived for six years trying single-handed to relieve the want and suffering of the needy people with whom I come in contact, and their squalor and wretchedness have sickened me, and, what is still worse, I feel that all I can do is as a drop in the ocean, and, after all, amounts to nothing. I know I am no longer the same reckless girl, who, with the very best intention, sent you wandering through the wide world; and I thank God that it proved to be for your good, although the whole now appears quite incredible to me. My thoughts have moved so long within the narrow circle of these mountains that they have lost their youthful elasticity, and can no more rise above them."

Ralph detected, in the midst of her despondency, a spark of her former fire, and grew eloquent in his endeavors to persuade her that she was unjust to herself, and that there was but a wider sphere of life needed to develop all the latent powers of her rich nature.

At the dinner-table, her father again sat eyeing his guest with that same cold look of distrust and suspicion. And when the meal was at an end, he rose abruptly and called his daughter into another room. Presently Ralph heard his angry voice resounding through the house, interrupted now and then by a woman's sobs, and a subdued, passionate pleading. When Bertha again entered the room, her eyes were very red, and he saw that she had been weeping. She threw a shawl over her shoulders, beckoned to him with her hand, and he arose and followed

her. She led the way silently until they reached a thick copse of birch and alder near the strand. She dropped down upon a bench between two trees, and he took his seat at her side.

"Ralph," began she, with a visible effort, "I hardly know what to say to you; but there is something which I must tell you—my father wishes you to leave us at once."

"And you, Bertha?"

"Well—yes—I wish it too."

She saw the painful shock which her words gave him, and she strove hard to speak. Her lips trembled, her eyes became suffused with tears, which grew and grew, but never fell; she could not utter a word.

"Well, Bertha," answered he, with a little quiver in his voice, "if you, too, wish me to go, I shall not tarry. Good-bye."

He rose quickly, and, with averted face, held out his hand to her; but as she made no motion to grasp the hand, he began distractedly to button his coat, and moved slowly away.

"Ralph."

He turned sharply, and, before he knew it, she lay sobbing upon his breast.

"Ralph," she murmured, while the tears almost choked her words, "I could not have you leave me thus. It is hard enough—it is hard enough—"

"What is hard, beloved?"

She raised her head abruptly, and turned upon him a gaze full of hope and doubt, and sweet perplexity.

"Ah, no, you do not love me," she whispered, sadly.

"Why should I come to seek you, after these many years, dearest, if I did not wish to make you my wife before God and men? Why should I——"

"Ah, yes, I know," she interrupted him with a fresh fit of weeping, "you are too good and honest to wish to throw me away, now when you have seen how my soul has hungered for the sight of you these many years, how even now I cling to you with a despairing clutch. But you cannot disguise yourself, Ralph, and I saw it from the first moment that you loved me no more."

"Do not be such an unreasonable child," he remonstrated, feebly. "I do not love you with the wild, irrational passion of former years; but I have the tenderest regard for you, and my heart warms at the sight of your sweet face, and I shall do all in my power to make you as happy as any man can make you who——"

"Who does not love me," she finished.

A sudden shudder seemed to shake her whole frame, and she drew herself more tightly up to him.

"Ah, no," she continued, after a while sinking back upon her seat. "It is a hopeless thing to compel a reluctant heart. I will accept no sacrifice from you. You owe me nothing, for you have acted toward me honestly and uprightly, and I shall be a stronger, or—at least—a better woman for what you gave me—and—for what you could not give me, even though you would."

"But, Bertha," exclaimed he, looking mournfully at her, "it is not true when you say that I owe you nothing. Six years ago when first I wooed you, you could not return my love, and you sent me out into the world and even refused to accept any pledge or promise for the future."

"And you returned," she responded, "a man, such as my hope had pictured you, but, while I had almost been standing still, you had outgrown me, and outgrown your old self, and, with your old self, outgrown your love for me, for your love was not of your new self, but of the old. Alas! it is a sad tale, but it is true."

She spoke gravely now, and with a steadier voice, but her eyes hung upon his face with an eager look of expectation, as if yearning to detect there some gleam of hope, some contradiction of the dismal truth. He read that look aright, and it pierced him like a sharp sword. He made a brave effort to respond to its appeal, but his features seemed hard as stone, and he could only cry out against his destiny, and bewail his misfortune and hers.

Toward evening, Ralph was sitting in an open boat, listening to the measured oar-strokes of the boatmen who were rowing him out to the nearest stopping-place of the steamer. The mountains lifted their grand placid heads up among the sun-bathed clouds, and the fjord opened its cool depths as if to make room for their vast reflections. Ralph felt as if he were floating in the midst of a blue infinite space, and, with the strength which this feeling inspired, he tried to follow boldly the thought from which he had but a moment ago shrunk as from something hopelessly sad and perplexing.

And in that hour he looked fearlessly into the gulf which separates the New World from the Old. He had hoped to bridge it, but, alas! it cannot be bridged.

NATURE'S CHILD.

I AM the Child of Nature,
 And she is my mother dear,
 And all of my wisest lessons
 I patiently glean from her.
 Heartsick of the world and its plaudits,
 Its follies wherever I turn ;
 Weary of sin and its gilding,
 I sit at her feet and learn.

Her home is the depth of the forest,
 Her mirror the rivulet bright ;
 Her voice is the breeze's burden,
 Her eyes are the stars of night.
 Her robes are the green of Spring-time,
 Or the Autumn's crimson and gold ;
 In the Winter the spotless snow-drift—
 Like Hebe, she never is old.

Sometimes—for my spirit is wayward—
 Her lessons are hard to meet,
 And the truths that her grand lips tell me,
 Are as often bitter as sweet.
 But when I grow silent and listless,
 And my eyes from her pages stray,
 She closes the leaves of her volume
 And motions me out to play.

Then I wander forth in the sunshine,
 When Summer is Queen of the Earth,
 And study the hearts of the roses,
 Or flowers of humbler birth.
 And all through the hours of gladness,
 With a spirit that nothing can daunt,
 I beg of the sweet-lipped blossoms
 To tell me the butterfly's haunt.

I steep my lips in the dewdrops,
 And sing with the warbling bird,
 Till the heart of the woodland echoes
 The melody it has heard.
 I dabble my feet in the streamlet
 That flows where the pebbles are fair ;
 And stoop like a child o'er the water,
 With the wild-flowers in my hair.

Then the water smiles as it ripples,
 And sings on its way to the sea ;
 Bearing the crested ocean
 The picture it stole of me.
 Oft in the purple twilight
 I lie in the cool, sweet grass,
 Watching the shapes of the shadows
 That silently by me pass.

I have no fear when I linger—
 What is there to do me harm ?—
 While I nestle deep in the grasses
 My cheek on my round, white arm.

My canopy blue above me,
 I see in the bending skies ;
 And the tender stars look on me,
 As soft as a lover's eyes.

Though the night-dews fall upon me,
 They come from the eyes of Heaven ;
 And I think, in my heart's deep musing,
 For sympathy they are given.
 Shall I shiver at touch of the dew-drops
 When my life has been full of tears ?—
 When no loving fingers have lightened
 The weight of my spring-time years ?

Why should I say I am lonely ?
 My kindred are everywhere ;
 The bronze-brown leaves of Autumn
 Bear the tints of my gold-flecked hair.
 My cheek has the pink of the primrose,
 My forehead the daisy's white ;
 And my soul in the arms of Nature
 Is full of a calm delight.

She shows me her bright wild berries,
 And tells me my lips are as red,
 While I gather their scarlet clusters
 And wind them about my head.
 She says that the forest shadows
 Sleep soft in my hazel eyes ;
 Then I pour in her kindly bosom
 My young heart's mysteries.

When I wander forth like a wood-nymph,
 In the morn or the evening air,
 The wind that I name my lover
 Plays wild with my unbound hair.
 I cannot loosen his fingers,
 Nor flee from his tightening hold ;
 So he tosses my curls about me
 Like a sun-kissed shower of gold.

Asleep by the babbling brooklet,
 That mirrors my every glance,
 As it murmurs a plaintive music,
 In time to the wild-flowers' dance ;
 Or nestled by mossy hillock,
 And fanned by the evening air,—
 Still Nature keeps watch beside me,
 Her presence is everywhere.

What though the great world holdeth
 No treasure for which I pine ?
 What though its love be sordid ?
 The heart of the wood is mine !
 So I lock up my heart yet closer,
 Lest its beating be lightly heard,
 My lovers, the wind and the brooklet—
 My playmates, flower and bird.

AN APPENDIX TO THE "NEW SOLUTION."

It is the object of this addendum to the articles on Spiritualism, published in the January and February numbers of SCRIBNER, to respond briefly to the call for more explicit explanation on certain points, expressed by medical men and inquirers in letters so numerous as to render it impossible to answer them *seriatim*; and, also, to present some additional investigations specially sustaining the views there laid down. In what I have to say, I shall make no allusion to published criticisms, either favorable or adverse, except to explain more explicitly what is meant by nerve-aura, and to exhibit the experimental evidences upon which it rests.

By nerve-aura is to be understood the specific molecular influence of nervous tissue. Under ordinary circumstances, the excitor property of nervous tissue expends itself in the vital and motor activities, and in the sensory phenomena observed in the general business of life. On the other hand, in all morbid processes in which, as in those of the epileptic type, there is a gradual degeneration and breaking down of the nervous tissue, the phenomenon of rapid demissions of nervous force from the center toward the circumference is presented. In epileptic degeneration of the gray axis of the spinal column, periodical convulsions present themselves as the exponents of the disorder, and the liberated force terminates in concussions communicated to the muscles, and in painfully excessive sensibility of the skin; while, on the contrary, in degeneration of the gray matter of the brain, extraordinary sensory and motor phenomena are exhibited. It is to the peculiar nervous influence that periodically radiates from individuals in whom this cerebral degeneration is going on that physiologists have given the designation of nerve-aura.

A very simple experiment is sufficient to demonstrate that the dissolution of the gray tissue of the brain is accompanied by the demission of an extraordinary volume of nervous influence. If a cat—an animal susceptible of epileptic paroxysms—be subjected to the action of an anæsthetic, and an anterior section of the skull removed, exposing the anterior portion of the brain, this statement can be verified with exceeding precision, by first connecting nervous filaments at the base of the cerebrum with an instrument employed for measuring elec-

tricity, and then applying ammonia to the uncovered cerebral surface, when the instrument will indicate the presence of an augmented volume of electricity in the filaments thus connected, consequently upon the action of the ammonia on the distant portion of the cortex. Now, it is experimentally known from tests with the electrometer, at the hands of Du Bois-Reymond and others, that the transmission of nervous influence along a filament may be indicated by that instrument—that is to say, the nerve is electrically excited. I have repeated this experiment with mice, with the same general result; but the reader must not imagine from this fact that there is any identity between nervous influence and electricity; for the latter seems to be merely the exponent of nervous action, and not its cause. This is demonstrated by the fact, that if the electrometer be immediately connected with the gray tissue, and not with the filaments proceeding from it, it exhibits no evidence of augmented electrical action, while, were electricity the actual agent engendered by the ammonia, its presence in the nerve centers, where the influence originates, would be more perceptible than in the filaments that merely transmit it. This test is experimentally conclusive as to the accuracy of Professor Ferrier's conclusions stated in a note to page 486 in SCRIBNER for February,—namely, that lesion of the cerebral centers is accompanied with a violent demission of nervous force in the direction of the peripheral nerves.

Regarding this point as settled to the satisfaction of men of science, I will remark that one of the main points that seem to puzzle correspondents, who have given some attention to nervous physiology, consists in an extension of the term *clairvoyance*, which etymologically describes an exaltation of the sensory function only, so as to cover the motor phenomena associated with Spiritualism, from simple table-tipping to so-called spirit-materialization. Properly employed the term has no application to the motor aspects of the subject; but as it has been appropriated to designate that state of the nervous system under which sensory exaltation occurs, and as the state is identical with that under which the motor phenomena occur, I have preferred to avoid confusion by using a popularly accepted word. Scientifically considered, exaltation of the sensor-

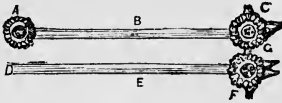
nerves is styled hyperæsthesia, while similar exaltation of the motor function is known as hypercinesia; but, as both are associated with the same nervous state, some term must be used to designate the condition from which they spring, the one predominating in persons of delicate cerebral temperament, and the other in those of strong vital temperament. It has been sufficiently demonstrated by the more extended observations, recently issued in book-form,* that this state of nervous organism, whether it eventuates in simple somnambulism, in trance visions, in clairvoyance as generally described, or in motor phenomena, is invariably heralded by a slight nervous paroxysm, and (in a manner more or less pronounced) by all the usual symptoms of the typical epileptic fit. To test this point, I recently submitted myself to the experiments of a professional Mesmerist, and although he was on each occasion unsuccessful, so far as concerned producing unconsciousness, a fact which he attributed to the intense analytic scrutiny with which I followed the sensations and nervous phenomena of the process, I was unable to repress a singular somnolent tendency, interrupted with an occasional pleasurable nervous thrill, and finally succeeded by a shock very similar to that of a galvanic battery; after which, for a few moments, I had to exert the utmost energy of positive resistance to prevent myself from dropping to sleep, and, also, to keep my head from following the motion of the operator's hands, which attracted it to and held it with a force that taxed my resistance almost unendurably. I have no doubt whatever that consciousness would have given way at this stage of the experiments, had it not been that I was intent on taking and recording exact memoranda of the process. At the curious part of the observations was, that I distinctly detected the occurrence of a perceptible nervous shock in the person of the operator some minutes before it supervened in my own person, and that his Mesmeric influence was not at all perceptible to me until after the supervention of the slight paroxysm. This occurred at each of the six repetitions of the experiment, and appeared to be the necessary precursor of any nervous influence which he was able to exert upon me and I may add that, although the shock supervened a little more rapidly at each repetition, it was, on my part, preceded by the same series of sensations. Now, the same

fixed law runs through the practices of Mesmerism and those of professed spiritual mediums. The operator must possess a strong vital and motive temperament, and the subject operated upon must be of comparatively cerebral temperament. I have traced out the antecedents and hereditary tendencies of only five professional Mesmerists. In the ancestry of four of them, the existence of epileptic disturbances was unquestionable, and the fifth, whose hereditary tendencies were doubtful, frankly confessed that he was subject to nervous paroxysms for years before he became a traveling lecturer on Mesmeric phenomena. It is thus evident, so far as the facts bear upon the question, that, physiologically speaking, Mesmerist and spiritual medium are convertible terms. It would not be proper to say, in the absence of exact statistics, that only epileptics, or persons in whom the epileptic neurosis is present, are susceptible of Mesmeric influences; but it is experimentally certain that persons of this class are more susceptible than others, and yield more readily and rapidly to the manipulations of the operator.

The general reader, who has never actually dissected a nervous organism, and knows nothing of the beautiful simplicity that underlies its apparently complex structure, stands appalled when the discussion of a question trends upon that domain. To understand the physiology of clairvoyance and trance, it is, however, essential to be possessed of a few leading facts. The essential ingredient of the nervous organism is a peculiar animal tissue known as neurine, and consisting of two very distinct types, distinguished by their color, relative situation, and function; the one being gray, and generally designated as cineritious (ashen), always disposed in masses or layers, and composed of minute cells, proximately globular in form, and varying in diameter from one-sixth to one-sixtieth of a millimeter; the other, of the color of milk, consisting of innumerable minute tubes, filled with a milky fluid, which, however they may be gathered into bundles, invariably run as separate tubes from their origin to their termination, and, when followed from the periphery to the brain or spinal column, may invariably be traced to their respective nerve-cells. The difference between a motor and a sensory filament is purely conventional. Both invariably originate in single nerve-cells, but the former finally terminate on contracting surfaces, and the latter in nerve-cells, on sensory surfaces. In other and more comprehensive terms,

* Ten Years with Spiritual Mediums. New York: Appleton & Company.

a sensory nerve commences in a central cell, and ends in a peripheral one, having thus a minute brain at each extremity, while a motor nerve commences in a central cell, and finally merges into the tissue to which it is distributed, thus penetrating it with a nervous influence. In the brain and spinal column these cells are united by processes, and now and then by flattened commissures. The simplest conception of a nervous system is, therefore, that of a single gray nerve-cell, in which the nervous influence is elaborated, and a white filament by which it is transmitted. The simplest conception of reflex action is presented in the following diagram, which is innumera-ly repeated in the nervous system of man :



A sensory impression received in the peripheral excitor-cell A, which may be situated at the end of the finger, is transmitted by the filament B, received in the brain or spinal marrow by the cell C, communicated by way of the commissure G to the cell F, thence transmitted by the filament E to a muscular surface at D. The diagram presents cells and filaments magnified 300 diameters, and complex as seems the nervous structure of a man, it is resolvable into myriad repetitions of this fundamental conception. The difficulty that stands in the way of comprehending how, as in trances induced by sulphuric ether, the nerve-cells of the cortex of the brain may be susceptible of receiving sensory impressions, without the intervention of the ordinary process of sensation, is purely conventional. When I pass my fingers across velvet, the sensory corpuscles no more come in contact with the fabric, than the cells of the brain in which the sensation is received and recorded. The nerve-cells have no actual contact under any circumstances with the objects on which they report. Thus, when the subject is pursued to its extremity, the simplest sensation of tact presents itself as a problem of nervous influence, as inexplicable in its way as the more extraordinary phenomena of the clairvoyant state. The experimental data upon which the existence of a nervous atmosphere rests are many and conclusive. Tests detect its existence and action at small distances around living nerves and muscles, and between the ends of nerves that have been divided.

In the torpedo, the benumbing shock, which may be communicated without actual contact, is purely a nervous phenomenon, and has appropriated for its elaboration certain nervous masses known as the electric lobes, which, at 300 diameters, are observed to consist of ordinary nerve-cells, presenting no peculiarities, except, possibly, a trifling enlargement of the connective or polar processes. In like manner, if in the higher animals the pneumogastric nerves be severed and the ends leading to the lungs and digestive organs be supplied with a galvanic current, the processes of respiration, circulation and digestion, continue, notwithstanding the fact that the excitor agent is no longer transmitted from its appropriate nerve center, but is actually elaborated in a galvanic battery. These and other facts led M. Béclard, the celebrated anatomist, to the conclusion that the gray tissue of the nervous system is the elaborator of an imponderable agent having some affinity with electricity and magnetism, which impregnates all the tissues of the body with a nervous influence, and to which the blood is indebted for the vital properties that distinguish it during life. It is with disorders involving the gradual breaking down of the gray tissue, and consequent rapid transformations in its molecular constitution, that the phenomenon of clairvoyance is constantly associated, and that the most palpable and decided general evidences of a nervous atmosphere acting at distances about the human body occur.

I now come to the practical question which has been so often repeated in the letters lying before me—How can a medium exert both intelligence and volition, and be unconscious that it is he who produces the phenomena? To answer this question, it is necessary to distinguish most decidedly between the excitor property of nervous tissue (which is the essential basis of motor and sensory phenomena) and consciousness. As an experimentally demonstrated fact, consciousness pertains only to the convolutions of the anterior lobes of the brain. If from a cat or dog, without other lesion of the brain, I dissect away the gray external portion of the anterior quarter of the cerebrum, performing my work carefully, the animal may live for weeks or months. It sees and hears. The cat will purr if its back is stroked gently. But, so far as having any consciousness is concerned, the animal is absolutely devoid of it. It will swallow if I put a piece of meat in its mouth; but put the same piece of meat fairly in contact with

aws, and it would starve to death before it could appropriate it. If you place the cat on the table's edge and push it off, it will jump and land on its feet; and if you hold it up by the four legs, back down, and let it drop, it will turn in the descent and land in the same manner, with all the agility of a cat really comprehending the situation. So, if a man, excision of the thin gray external layer of the anterior lobes of the brain could absolutely extinguish all consciousness. The centers of consciousness and conscious volition having been extirpated, the man would still see and hear, the sensory and motor organism with this exception remaining wholly unimpaired. Observe that, from the cradle to the grave, manifested as man's nervous function is, his whole conscious thinking and volition is the work of a thin section of nervous tissue on the surface of the frontal portion of the brain. Madmen, whose movements often exhibit the most penetrating intelligence and the most abnormal cunning, the whole life appears to be unconscious; and it is here, perhaps, that the most comprehensible evidence is offered of the difference between conscious thinking, which involves the integrity of this tract, and that unconscious intelligence which springs directly from the excitatory property of the nerve-cell, and is common to all the gray tissue of the brain and spinal cord. I will point out one important feature, and, as it has hitherto escaped observation, will ask microscopists to verify it. If the reader will carefully prepare sections of the retina of an eye, and of the thin gray lamina that form the exterior surface of one of the anterior convolutions, he will find that both consist of layers of nerve-cells, with a delicate intertexture of fibers, and are essentially identical in their structure,—an evidence of that beautiful simplicity that exhibits itself everywhere in the organic activities of life. In point of structure, the gray tissue of an anterior convolution of the human brain is a very enlarged and complex retina, the whole surface of the frontal lobes presenting a series of such; and this coincides with and explains the testimony of an eminent specialist, who tells me that cases of congenital blindness it is not uncommon that a kind of visual perception of external things accompanies the ordinary function of these lobes. Although the unaided eye can discern no difference between the structure of an anterior and posterior convolution of the brain, yet in the slope and disposition of the cells, as well as

in the manner of their connection, the most remarkable differences exist; and although it is at present impossible to explain in detail how this occurs, physiologists are, nevertheless, perfectly aware that the form of the cells, and the manner of their arrangement into masses in any given nerve center, is indicative of the function of that center.

It is the study of the different kinds of nervous influence, elaborated in the different centers, that offers a practical explanation of the several groups of phenomena associated with Spiritualism, and leads to the inevitable conclusion that the vital centers are principally instrumental in table-tipping, rappings, levitation of bodies, materializing, and so on, while morbid function of the anterior convolutions is responsible for the apparently visual phenomena of the deeper orders of trance. That the nervous influence elaborated in the vital centers is formative, facts demonstrate beyond a doubt. If I cut off the leg of a newt, it will be regenerated under ordinary circumstances—that is to say, another leg will grow in its place. So with many of the lizard tribe. But if, after cutting off a leg, I extirpate all traces of nervous structure in the stump, that nervous structure must be regenerated before the structural influence of the vital center can exhibit itself in the production of a new limb. There are other very decisive evidences, both experimental and observational, as to the formative energy of nervous influence; and the student of the phenomena of nerve-aura must, consequently, in analyzing them, dismiss from his mind the ordinary theories of electricity and magnetism, and their ordinary laws of action, and consider himself in the presence of an agent possessing extraordinary properties. I claim, therefore, that morbid function of the gray tissue of the cerebro-spinal axis offers an ample explanation of all the phenomena associated with Spiritualism, whether psychic or dynamic, and that there is no more occasion for attributing the phenomena to the intervention of departed spirits, than there is for supposing that departed spirits cause the sun to shine.

Of all who have favored me with their views by letter, not one has dissented from the general positions taken. On the other hand, medical observers from all quarters have volunteered cases additional to those I have discussed, demonstrating the constant association of the phenomena with epileptic disturbances. After describing an important case a Western gentleman writes;

"In the light of this view of the subject, circumstances in my own personal experience and observation, hitherto mysterious and inexplicable, are clear as noonday, and to the mind lost in mazes of conjecture it is a positive relief to feel that at last it holds the clew that, if followed up, will unravel, not one set alone, but all the phenomena of Spiritualism."

But why not call nerve influence spiritual or psychic? Because it is not such, but is, on the other hand, a material or molecular phenomenon—the last link between matter and soul.

I have now, I think, responded to the really important questions elicited by the investigations as originally published. It has been my aim to avoid all argument on general issues, and to lay before inquirer the physical facts and experiments upon which my science of Spiritualism rests. In conclusion, I must be permitted to add that of the two, it is hard to say whether they are the more absurd who persist in discrediting the facts, or they who refer them to the agency of departed spirits.

DANGER.

WITH what a childish and short-sighted sense
Fear seeks for safety; reckons up the days
Of danger and escape, the hours and ways
Of death; it breathless flies the pestilence;
It walls itself in towers of defense;

By land, by sea, against the storm it lays
Down barriers; then, comforted, it says:

"This spot, this hour is safe." Oh, vain pretense!
Man born of man knows nothing when he goes;
The winds blow where they list, and will disclose
To no man, which brings safety, which brings risk.
The mighty are brought low by many a thing
Too small to name. Beneath the daisy's disk
Lies hid the pebble for the fatal sling!

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

To "Old and New" Friends.

WHEN a man has watched during a month for the coming of a friend, and, at last, a stranger has presented himself at the door, with the statement that he has come in that friend's place and on his behalf, the welcome is not apt to be very cordial. But if the stranger bears the news of the friend's death, and brings his last messages, with mementos and legacies, the door is thrown open, and he receives a hospitable welcome.

Well, "OLD AND NEW" is dead, and SCRIBNER comes to you in its place. We do not expect you to find in the new magazine just what you have lost, but you will find the best that our friendship to you and to it has to give. "OLD AND NEW" was a good magazine. It was as pure as snow. It was strong in its discussion of vital questions, brave in its utterances, piquant in its stories, fresh in its verse, healthy and benevolent in its purposes, wise in its counsels, and elevating in its influences. It

had a flavor of its own, derived mainly from editor, and precisely this flavor we bring to you in its legacy. Mr. Hale, whose vitalities have made what it has been, will be a contributor to SCRIBNER. We have already arranged with him for a serial novel for the Centennial—not strictly historical, perhaps, but a story of our olden time—which will be read next year with special zest. You will meet these pages with others of your old friends, and will find yourselves at home. You will at least be in communication with the wisest, brightest, and best minds now tributary to our periodical literature, and have a magazine in your hands that has none beneath perfection.

International Copyright.

THE question of international copyright seems to be taking a rest. Those who are interested in establishing justice between England and the United States, with regard to this matter, evidently

espair of their object, for the present. The three parties who desire international copyright are the English publishers, the English authors, and the American authors, while there are two strong parties against it, viz., the American publishers and the American paper-makers. The latter have succeeded in fighting off a just decision and arrangement, and are so strong in money and influence, that they promise for a long time to carry their point. The American authors, as a class, have little money, little political influence, and no organization. They have never made themselves felt at Washington, and for a long time they are not likely to do so.

Exactly what is the reason of the American opposition? So far as the publishers are concerned, an international copyright would make it practically impossible for them to republish English books. The books would be printed and published in England, and sent here for sale, possibly and probably by English houses established for the purpose. The result is, of course, that thus the entire trade in English copyright books would be taken out of American hands, while all the paper entering into the manufacture of the books would be made in England. Naturally, a measure which would be so much against the interests of American publishers and paper-makers would be a favorite of the corresponding classes on the other side of the water. Hence the English publisher is the most strenuous advocate of international copyright. The average English author cares far less about the matter than the publisher, because, as a rule, he sells his manuscript outright, for a round sum, and is then done with it. A novelist writes his novel and sells it, a painter finishes his picture and disposes of it, a dealer. The fight, then, is practically between English and American publishers.

Now, what is the result of this state of things on American authorship? It is depressing to the highest degree, in two obvious ways. The English book published in America, and paying no copyright at all, or only an insignificant royalty, fixes the price of American books. The book of every native author comes directly into competition with books of equal interest and value, on which the American publisher pays little or no copyright. Consequently, his copyright must be small, no matter how valuable his book may be, or how much he, the money and labor it may have cost him. It is absolutely impossible for the most popular American author to obtain a copyright which shall make him independent. The one class on which America depends for building up her literature, and endowing it with those treasures that give her character and consideration among the nations of the world, is compelled to remain poor, and to work at a constant disadvantage. Again, the American author, almost never selling his book for a sum outright, is cut off from all profit on English republication. Reputation is rapidly increasing. Indeed, there are few popular authors in America whose books are not republished in England, and by so slight a tenure does the English publisher of an American book hold his

right to publish, that he has only to make his venture popular, to invite the pirates among his own set to rob him of his book, and of all profits to him and the author to whom he has agreed to pay copyright. The English pirate cuts the American author off in England, and the republished English book, either stolen or bought for an inconsiderable sum, depresses him at home.

Thus, we believe, we have stated the case, and presented the whole matter in a nut-shell. How long is this state of things to last, and what is the remedy? We believe we are justified in saying that there is no immediate remedy. The same heavy interests that are arrayed against a just arrangement to-day, will continue for many years. Not until the American publisher and paper-maker find it as much for their interest as against it, will they consent to international copyright. With the growth of American culture will American books grow more valuable, and the time will come when the value of the literary product of the two countries will be more evenly balanced than it is now. When the American publisher can do the same with, and realize the same from, his copyright books in England, that the English publisher can in America, he will consent to an international copyright, and not before. The remedy lies, then, with the literary class, who have an up-hill task before them. The magazines can help them, by cutting off, so far as possible, all foreign serials, and making their issues truly American. They can thus assist in the development of a class of writers of which we have in this country, at present, few representatives. The people can assist them by ceasing to look to England for their literary food, and by believing the simple fact that literary gifts are monopolized by no nation, and that the literature which is the outgrowth of their own life, country, and institutions, is the best for them. When American literature shall become as desirable and valuable to England as English literature is to us, we shall have an international copyright. May the day be hastened!

The Parochial Schools.

AT some future time, we presume, the public will learn the reason of the recent attempt on the part of the Catholic parochial schools in this city and elsewhere to secure a portion of the public moneys for the sustentation of those institutions. This attempt could not have been made with any expectation of success. If a man, wearing a sober and friendly face, should approach his neighbor in the street, with a polite request that that neighbor should accommodate him by committing suicide, he would hardly do it with the expectation of hearing an immediate report of a pistol in execution of his demand. The neighbor might possibly maintain a show of politeness, but he would go off wondering what the request was made for, and what was to come of it. He certainly would not suppose that the man who made it expected it to be granted. He would judge that this request was the preliminary of some other request, or of some movement, to which he intended to bring it into relation.

This is precisely the request that the parochial schools have made of the public schools. "Will you be kind enough, for our accommodation, to commit suicide?" The specific request of the Catholic authorities is not in this form, of course, but it just as distinctly involves the question as if the question were distinctly stated. The moment the public authorities recognize the right of a sect to public money, for the special purpose of holding its children together for sectarian instruction, they destroy the public schools, so far as any action of theirs can accomplish that end. One sect has no more rights in America than another, and the result of consent would be the abandonment of the public schools, and the transformation of our Board of Education into a Board of Apportionment. We have no State religion. We never ought to have, and we never shall have one. Of course, no exclusive rights can be granted to any sect, and the concession of public moneys to Catholic schools would be the practical recognition of the right of every sect to educate its own children, in its own way, at the public expense. The logical and practical results of such a concession are so plain, that it is mere waste of type and paper to argue the matter at any point. It is one of those things which cannot be done, and can only be considered for the sake of courtesy or form.

But would the Catholics be gainers, supposing their request were granted? Here we touch the motive of the whole matter. The Catholic Church as a power, and the Catholic people as a portion of the free American nationality, are not the same. Indeed, to speak the simple truth, their interests are not the same. It is no slander, because it is freely confessed, that the Church lays its controlling hand on every conscience and every life within its power. It can hardly claim that those within its fold are better citizens, finer members of society, purer patriots, or more intelligent men and women than those who belong to the different Protestant communions, and have been bred in the public schools without sectarian hands to shape their opinions. It would not be pleasant to appeal to facts, as they stand in this or other countries, and we do not appeal to them, further than to declare that in no point of advantage to pupils has it ever been shown that a Catholic parochial school is superior to the American public school. It has never made purer men and women, better and more loyal citizens, more independent thinkers, sweeter communities.

In a nation like ours, whose welfare depends in a large degree upon homogeneity of material, common sympathy where sympathy is possible, and cordial toleration where it is not possible, it is most important that all means should be used for breaking down sectarian and party prejudices among the young. To train children into bigots, to make them believe that they and only those born or gathered into the fold where they happen to stand, are the elect of God, while all outside are heretics or worse, is to make poor patriots of them and poorer Christians. It matters not whether they are Catholic or Protestant—a training like this is simply abominable. There is not a church in America acknowledging its allegi-

ance to the tenets of a sect, and interested in the maintenance and spread of those tenets, that is fit to be intrusted with the education of any portion of the American youth. We are ashamed to say it but it is true, and just as true of the Protestant as the Catholic.

Let us, as Americans, hold one institution particularly sacred—that one in which the children are youth of all communions, all classes, all parties, all conditions, are brought together, and trained to respect for each other, sympathy with each other, and a common love of freedom and free institutions. To constitute and maintain this institution is the business of the State, and it is the duty of the State to say to all political parties and religious sects: "Hands off! You can take your children from the public schools if you will, but I will not be a party to the proceeding. You can foster a partisan spirit among them and bind them to your opinions, but not with my approval. You would train subjects for yourselves and not for me, and you shall have no money of mine for your purposes."

The Protestant, like the Catholic, is anxious for the moral well-being and the religious culture of his child. He takes care of these, at his church and in his home. The Catholic can be treated in the matter no differently from the Protestant, and, certainly, any Protestant sect which would build a wall of prejudice around its children for the sake of retaining its power, would deserve and receive the contempt of all just men. To do this is to acknowledge the fear of defeat in an open conflict of opinion upon a free field. The Catholic people are not ready for this acknowledgment, and cannot afford, for many reasons, to make it, whatever the interest of the priesthood may be.

About an American School of Art.

IN all art centers, in different ages, there has grown up what are historically regarded as "Schools of Art." They have been formed by a variety of cooperating influences. The political, social, and religious life of the times in which they grew, were recorded by them. The special knowledge and peculiar ignorance, the methods and the mannerisms of the artists, and the reactions upon them of the popular taste of their times, combined to produce certain characteristics which distinguish them from the others. Rome, Venice, Florence, Bologna have had their schools of art, each with its own characteristics. We talk to-day familiarly of the French School, the English School, the Dutch School, and, to the mind of the artist, these phrases convey certain very definite ideas of subject, quality, mode of expression. It is impossible to measure all the influences that go to the formation of "Schools;" but the fact that they exist in a form so definite that they can be apprehended, talked about, criticised and imitated, admits of no question.

An American, an Englishman, a Dutchman, an Italian, and a Frenchman, called upon to plant an umbrella, one after another, in the same spot, and paint the same scene, will produce pictures so different from each other, in handling and effect,

warrant their being presented and preserved in a group upon the same wall. Each man has seen the same things, and each man has told more or less truth and more or less falsehood about them; and his respective measure of truth and falsehood distinguishes his work. One man exaggerates in drawing, another in color. One drives at general effects, another renders everything literally; and over all, each man throws certain effects that come from his peculiar methods of manipulation—the results of the influences that have entered into his education. A genuine school of art has its natural birth, its growth, and, in the subversion of the influences which produce it, its death, and so becomes historically enthroned as an entity and an influence in the world of art. It arises out of every form of civilization, and every historic period. Indeed, it may be regarded as the consummate flower of every historic period which embraces any measure of æsthetic culture. To its leading ideas every artist is loyal, consciously or unconsciously, and so he leaves his life into it.

In America, art is chaotic. There is nothing that we can talk of yet as an American School of Art. Some of our best artists go abroad and remain there, because they can live cheaper there, and make more money. There is but a faint degree of cohesion and sympathy among those who remain at home. Art is characterized as painting in the French style, or as painting in the English style, and still others as adherents and imitators of certain strong individualities among themselves. Wherever there is not a strong and broad sweep of influence in a certain direction, there are, naturally, a thousand tendencies. Where a School is not in process of formation, every young artist and every feeble artist becomes easily colored and influenced by the strong man with whom they come in contact. It does not matter whether the strongmen are strong in a healthy way, or strong in an unhealthy way. They only need to be powerful to work a thousand mischiefs all around us. It needs only some Turner to rise among us to give some Ruskin to glorify him, to give him a faithful following.

The danger to all our young artists, of course, is that of being fascinated by unique individualities, and thus led away from nature and themselves. To

see things as the demigod sees them, to represent them by his methods, to be led by him, magnetized by him, fooled by him who has the misfortune to see things exquisitely wrong, and the power to represent them outrageously beautiful, is to be artistically ruined. What nature says to him, his admirers cannot hear, save through him. What he sees in nature, they can never know, save by his interpretation. There is no safety in following anybody, in any field of art. What God and nature say to the artist, that, precisely, he is to speak, and he ought to speak it in his own language. To choose another's words, to look at nature from another's window, is a sad confession of artistic incapacity and untruthfulness. Schools of art are no more built up around a man than a house is built up around a window. Turner could never produce a school, although he might injure one very materially—possibly benefit it, in some respects. Pre-Raphaelite theories can never produce a school, although they may contribute ideas to one. What our young artists need is absolute disenchantment from the influence of strong individualities in art, and a determination to see things for themselves. They must yield themselves to the influences of their time and their home, look into the life and nature around them for themselves, and report exactly what they see in the language natural to their own individualities. They must be led away from their duty by no man's idiosyncrasies, no man's mannerisms, no man's theories.

It is only in this way that a great school of art can grow up in America. The broad culture that comes of tolerant and respectful study of all who labor in the realm of art, the discarding of partisanship, the renunciation of bondage to theories and methods—these must precede the formation of a school, if we are ever to have one which shall be worthy of the name. Nature, as she speaks in America to those who listen with their own ears, and report with their own ingenuities; life as it is embodied in our political, social, and religious institutions; life as it is lived upon our own soil, and in our own homes—these are the basis of an American school of art. Such a school must be a natural growth, or it will hold no principle of vitality, no law of development, no present or historic value.

THE OLD CABINET.

In literature the different grades of authorship are roughly but pretty well understood by the public. As a rule, a penny-a-liner is not called an author at all. When the celebrated publishers, Messrs. E. F. Johnson & Co., give one of their grand literary banquets, the authors and invited guests of other arts and professions are very easily distinguished by the people who read the reports next morning from the persons who write these same reports with such skill and accuracy. The names of the reporters are not even reported, and only a reflective mind recalls the fact

of their existence. This reflective mind may remember that famous authors have arisen from the reportorial ranks; but before the reporter has arisen, he is a reporter, and not an author. A good reporter, while his literary labors are confined to the proper work of his craft, himself makes no pretension to a higher rank than the one he worthily occupies.

It is in art that confusion reigns. A man with a note-book, and a man with a sketch-book, are sent to report a horse-race. The first is called a reporter;

the second is called by the same name that we call Michael Angelo. The penny-a-liners and reporters in painting are all alike called artists, received as artists, criticised as artists, and gradually become imbued with the astounding heresy that they actually are artists! Now, in a young and good-natured country like ours, nothing could be more disastrous than this last. For, on the whole, people here get to be accepted at their own appraisal of themselves. A man with a shallow trick of putting paint on canvas, so as to deceive people into thinking that it looks like this or that, not only sends out pictures which are a libel on nature, and a fraud upon confiding humanity, but after a while is elevated to the position of a social and academical oracle and becomes a stumbling-block in the way of genuine art—a stumbling-block damaging and harassing out of all proportion to his individual force of any kind.

WE deplore the absence of thought in the mass of pictures shown at our Academy exhibitions, and we scold our "artists" in the newspapers for not giving us something more substantial intellectually; but are we not a little unreasonable? How can the painters give us thought when they have none; not only have none, but don't know what it is. There is no mistake more common among painters and their public than to suppose that thought in art means allegory, literature, or what not. How few there are among the public or the painters who recognize the thought that goes to the right portrayal of a simple flower; who know the analysis, the mental mastery, the intense, refined application, the brooding imagination, the realization of character, that bring about the living presentment of some graceful, sturdy, wayside growth.

We wonder whether the too ready sense of humor, distributed through the community, in connection with the modern self-consciousness, and the modern commonplace and practical suspicion of whatever savors of enthusiasm or idealism, has not its effect upon our painters. If a man resolutely and purely

pursues the art idea, he knows he will be laughed at; and there is a certain nineteenth century taint in his blood which makes him not only ashamed to be laughed at by others, but just a little inclined to laugh at himself.

Sometimes we wish we might see among our artists something of the long-haired, crack-brained ardor of the old days. He is such a dapper and thrifty fellow, the New York artist of this year of grace, 1875.

WE cannot all be Michael Angelos, one says—there are humble places in the ranks where we can fill our part no less worthily, if less conspicuously; we can make some lives for a little while more pleasant; we can bring a ray of sunshine into at least one dark corner of the world; we can—Yes, good friends, but no one repines at humble conscientious work in art, or in anything else. If the so-called art against which we protest were sincerely humble, no lover of art would object—he would, on the contrary, commend its spirit, and hope confidently for the days of more powerful accomplishment. The trouble with a large part of our American art is, that it is not only false, but aggressive; not only bad, but bumptious. Without the amusing cleverness, the spring and spontaneity of the foreign contemporary conventional painters, we have men who paint with the same showy thoughtlessness, finding in this New World neither a new spirit of man or nature, nor any place for deep and genuine living, whose artistic fruit should be individual, and full of charm and suggestion.

ONE of the great errors of the modern artist is that he has to live. This is his excuse for all his insincere, happy-go-lucky, pot-boiling work. If he could be once convinced that the world did not owe him a living, and might be better off if his pot stopped boiling altogether, it would be much better for him, and for humanity at large. Shame upon such a thieves' plea as that!

HOME AND SOCIETY.

How the Money was made for her Summer's Journey.

WHEN Miss Eliot went last summer from New York to Boston by sea, and from there to Prince Edward's Island, her friends said that it was evident that the lessons she had given in drawing had paid her, or she could not have afforded the trip. When they heard her glowing stories of what she had seen, and had looked over her sketches, they all wished they could take the same trip; but to travel they must have money. They were partly right about the drawing lessons, for they certainly helped her to be independent; but this trip was rather the result of discrimination in outlay than any increase

in income, as her father had given her the money for the journey. The family had always been in the habit of going away in the summer, so Miss Eliot knew most popular resorts and many pleasant farm-houses by heart, but she had never traveled. This summer, however, she was tired; she longed for a sea voyage, and for freer, more active life than she would have if she went with her mother and sister to Long Branch. So she thought about it. She had some faith in the possibility of good things, and she was experienced enough to know that the real cost of a summer campaign is more often in the preparation for it than in the campaign itself. The Eliot girls could not afford expensive clothes, but

would not have thought of going to Long Branch without some special preparation, and so Miss Eliot did a little rough sum for herself:

Summer silk dress, about.....	\$25.00
Black Grenadine ".....	22.00
Blue overdress ".....	7.00
White dress ".....	4.25
".....	5.00
".....	7.50
	<hr/>
	70.75

This did not include the making up of her dresses, altering of some old ones, possibly one more new one, and all the numerous items that go to make up a outfit. Of course these expenditures were regarded as an investment for the future, but on the whole she determined to go to Prince Edward's for her father was willing. When she talked to her mother about it, Margery preferred Long Branch and her clothes, but she did not object to keeping an account of what she spent in getting the clothes, and so it ended in her going to the sea-shore with \$6.72 worth of new dresses, etc., while Miss Eliot left off on her trip with a gift from her father of the same amount in her red pocket-book, and some necessary, but not new, clothing in her small trunk. On this trunk, and her general outfit, Miss Eliot expended no little thought in the direction of condensation. For her traveling dress she wore a brown *de beige*, but thinking that it might get soiled, she packed a last summer's linen. Her brown hat she retrimmed; her winter boots, heavy for Long Branch, were just right for traveling; her castor gloves she bought, and so, with an umbrella fastened to her side, and a soft blanketawl, and a gossamer waterproof in her shawl-bag, she was equipped for active service. In her valise she had a few necessary articles of clothing, including a chintz wrapper to wear at night on the sea, her brown Holland toilet-case, books, etc. In her trunk she put plenty of underwear, including flannels, a black silk dress for hotel dinners if the weather should prove cool, and a French muslin dress to wear with the skirt if it should be warm. She had pretty laces and ribbons, and some jewelry, and a pair of Newport ties.

They went out to sea, and saw sunsets out of sight of land; they sailed up the Bay of Fundy, and saw its rough and picturesque shores in the early morning light. She spent a day up the lovely river to St. John's. She sailed and sketched on the coast of St. Lawrence; and coming home, she skirted the coast of Maine, and then bounced and rolled over its "smoothest road" as she spent a day in the stage-coach, going through its woods from Lubec to Machiasport. She saw Mount Desert, which brought home memories of its fine entrance, and saw a storm among the Isles of Shoals.

At the hotels she had displayed no fine clothes, but she had appeared the more lady-like, and had certainly looked pretty in her silk and soft laces; and in traveling, her own enjoyment had heightened the pleasure of her companions. When she counted up

her expenses from her little note-book, where descriptions, statistics, sketches, and figures were all pleasantly mixed together, she found she had spent \$178.33, so her scholars had helped her to \$21.61 of the money.

Margery was at home when her sister came back, and full of stories about the Madison girls and Bradley boys, and of drives and walks by the sea; but her stories grew commonplace by the side of those that the traveler had to tell. So next summer Margery and her sister intend to make a trip together, and Miss Eliot thinks they can spend less money, and have even more fun. Such expeditions, it is true, do not replenish their wardrobes if the money has to be saved out of pretty dresses, but they argue that these pleasures endure in fashion for a lifetime, and that is more than can be said for Margery's pretty gray and black silk, which cost as much as the trip as far as St. John's, and already shows that it was made last year.

Luncheon.

THE two most common subjects of complaint with wives and mothers of limited income in this and other large cities are, first, that they are debarred from society by the expense of the ordinary methods of hospitality; and, secondly, that the habits of city life separate them from the companionship of their children. The wife of a man in moderate circumstances tells you that she cannot afford to give balls, kettle-drums, or even dinners to her friends; that her boys and girls scurry off to school after a hurried breakfast, and dine at noon alone; for, being a woman of sense, she will not allow them to eat the heaviest meal of the day at 6 or 7 P. M., the hour when their father comes home to dinner. The family dinner at midday, and the evening tea of inland towns, at which parents and children gather about the table and learn to know one another through the interests and feelings of every day, are almost unknown in the same grade of social city life. Now we suggest that luncheon is a meal of undeveloped opportunities to the housekeeper and mother. We do not by any means refer to the elaborate state lunches given by leaders of fashion during the last two or three years, where the floral decorations alone cost a liberal annual income. But there is no reason why any housekeeper should not, with a little personal trouble, convert her children's dinner into a delicately served savory meal to which she could invite informally two or three of her lady friends. It is emphatically a woman's meal; and husbands need not hint cynically that the chief dish will be gossip. There is no better talk than that of three or four cultured, clever women, alone together; none which would be more civilizing and effective on children. How is a child to acquire good breeding if it is not brought socially into contact with well-bred people? American children in cities are crammed with all kinds of knowledge, but they are left to the companionship of servants and of one another; who can blame them if they too often betray the ideas and manners of the kitchen and the ball ground?

The dishes on the lunch-table should be light—but prettily served. A meal of cold meats, pickles, creams, fruit, thick chocolate, with dry toast, etc., can be more easily made attractive, as every experienced housekeeper knows, than the heavy courses of a dinner. It is advisable, too, for this noonday meal, to color the table warmly. The majority of economical housewives buy the plain white china for every-day use, but it has, to us, a chilly and meager air in conjunction with the ordinary snowy napery. There are equally cheap sets of both English and French china of delicate and rich colors, which, under skillful handling, convert an ordinary meal into a picture. The most beautiful and (where there is any garden room) the cheapest table-decoration is, of course, flowers. A little care and trouble will provide these without expense. Morning-glory vines, Cobea, wild ivy, and Learii will grow each in a foot square of the back-yard, and bestow themselves skyward thereafter, and with a few boxes of Coleus in an attic window, will crown your board with splendor like jewels, until the snow comes. This daily lunch requires, perhaps, time and care; but our reader will find her reward at the end of the year, if she have established the custom in her house of a wholesome, unhurried, dainty meal, where she can meet her children and friends cheerfully and with little cost.

The School-Girls' Meals.

THE physical education of school-girls is now receiving so much attention that it seems in place to ask the attention of mothers to the bad habits in eating into which a girl who attends a daily school is very apt to be driven. A girl who is growing, who studies hard, and who has all sorts of demands made upon her time, brain, and health, certainly needs sound sleep and plenty of nourishing food. The sleep she may get, for nature is likely to have some influence in this connection, but the majority of these girls get as little comfort from their meals as is possible. They are not apt to rise early unless it is to gain time for study or practice, and they hurry through their breakfasts, nervous for fear they will be late, and perhaps anxious about their lessons. Before the rest of the family has come to the second cup of coffee, the girls have finished their meal and probably are off to school.

They carry with them a lunch that is rarely tempting, but still more seldom nourishing, and this scanty, ill-digested breakfast, supplemented by the luncheon of bread and cake, must support them through all the morning hours of constant work. If the family has dined in the middle of the day, the girl's dinner has been saved in the oven, and is put down before her on a corner of the dining-table, where it looks anything but inviting. She is probably tired or excited,—for the average school-girl alternates between these conditions,—and she is not tempted to do more than hungrily satisfy her appetite, or wearily turn from the half-dried meal. If the dinner hour comes later in the day, she possibly studies her next day's lesson while waiting for her meal, and finds it hard to fix her mind upon her book. If dinner were

ready, she fancies the lessons would not seem so complex, and as fasting rarely clears the mind of any one less saintly than a monk, she is right. After dinner, however, matters are not much mended, for then she finds herself growing sleepy, and the bed is the object of desire. That she is undergoing a slow process of starvation does not occur to the mother, who watches her with anxiety, and who prohibits parties and long walks, and late hours. The doctor orders iron to give tone and appetite, when he had better order time and tempting, nourishing food.

The boarding-school girl, in spite of the grumbling about the table, is often better off, in this respect, than the daughter at home, for eating, at school, is regarded as one of the duties of the day, and it is attended to with some degree of order and leisure. We commend this subject to mothers for attention, and it might be suggested to doctors who are asked to help the daughter to better health, that they sometimes should prescribe plenty of good food and plenty of time for eating and digesting it.

The Curse of Sewing-Machines.

"A MOTHER," replying to some strictures in a daily paper upon the bold, even immodest conduct of "the beautifully dressed young girls, who, out of school hours, parade Fifth Avenue, Chestnut, and Beacon streets," remarks, that "the censure probably would not be so severe if it were known how many of these beautiful dresses were cut out and made on the machine by the wearers. Innocence and ignorance are the true apologies for their unseemly behavior." She lays her finger on the mainspring of all the trouble. What but vanity and grossly vulgar subservience to fashion, could induce any mother to devote her child's few leisure hours to the construction of elaborate costumes, marvels of shirring, knife-plaiting, etc., etc.? The real martyrs to fashion are, after all, the shabby-genteel, whose souls and bodies must be worn out in toiling after her whims and changes. But, leaving the moral view out of the question, there are physical reasons which should forbid the use of the sewing-machine to any but adult women. Even to them it is doubtful whether it has as yet proved more of a curse than a blessing. On an average, quite as much time is now devoted in a family to the more elaborate garments which its use has brought into fashion, as formerly was given to the needle; and the appalling increase of debility and certain diseases among women, is proved to be largely due to its use. It will be of real benefit only when garments can be made by it with steam power, of a quality and finish which will supersede its use in the family altogether. Until then, this "benignant domestic fairy," as it is poetically called, is one to be handled with caution: it has, too, its malignant errand. At least, let young girls keep clear of it; and give their leisure time to higher studies than the mysteries of stylish costumes, and they will not long remain "ignorant" of the bad taste shown in heaping shirrs and frills on their delicate young bodies, or in the "unseemly behavior" which no gaudy costumes can excuse.

Letters from Correspondents.

A SUGGESTION ABOUT VENTILATION.—“It might be well to consider whether the cavity in the chimney, from which the stove-pipe is removed, cannot be utilized as a ventilator. It would be easy to devise some ornamental covering of wire; or, a picture might be so hung as to hide the hole, without obstructing the passage of the air. As an outlet for heat, and for the poisonous gases exhaled from the lungs, the open stove-pipe hole is invaluable. So, too, is an open fire-place. How these cheap ventilators sweeten the air in a room, bringing refreshing sleep to the child, or to the invalid; and that, too, without an uncomfortable draught of air.”

CURRENT JELLY.—A correspondent sends us the following recipe, which, she says, has three advantages to commend it:

“First, it never fails, as the old plan is sure to do five times out of eight; secondly, it requires but half the usual quantity of sugar, and so retains the grateful acidity and peculiar flavor of the fruit; thirdly, it is by far less troublesome than the usual method. Weigh the currants without taking the trouble to remove the stems—do not wash them, but carefully remove leaves and whatever may adhere to them. To each pound of fruit allow half the weight of granulated, or pure loaf sugar. Put a few currants in a porcelain-lined kettle and press them with a potato-masher or anything convenient, in order to secure sufficient liquid to prevent burning; then add the remainder of the fruit and boil freely for twenty minutes, stirring occasionally to prevent burning. Take out and strain carefully through a three-cornered bag of strong, close texture, putting the liquid in either earthen or wooden vessels—never tin, as the action of the acid on tin materially affects both color and flavor. When strained, return the liquid to the kettle without the trouble of measuring, and let it boil thoroughly for a moment or so, and then add the sugar. The moment the sugar is entirely dissolved the jelly is done, and must be immediately dished, or placed in glasses. It will jelly on the side of the cup as it is taken up, leaving no doubt as to the result. Gather the fruit early, as soon as fully ripe, since the pulp softens and the juice is less rich if allowed to remain long after ripening. In our climate, the first week in July is usually considered the time to make currant jelly. Never gather currants, or other soft or small seed fruit, immediately after a rain for preserving purposes, as they are greatly impoverished by the moisture absorbed. In preserving all fruits of this class, if they are boiled until tender or transparent in a small quantity of water, and the sugar is added afterward, the hardness of the seeds, so objectionable in small fruits, will be thus avoided. A delicious jam may be made of blackberries, currants, and raspberries, or of currants with a few raspberries to flavor, by observing the above suggestion, and adding sugar, a pound for pound, and boiling about twenty minutes.”

BOILED MEATS AND SOUP.—“In boiling, inattention to the temperature of the water, and too early application of salt, are the causes of great waste.

Since cold water extracts all the juices of the meat,—therefore, to make soup, put the meat in cold water; to obtain rich and nutritious boiled meat, it must be placed in boiling water; as soon, however, as the water commences to boil, the kettle should be pushed aside, so that it may slowly simmer. The hot water hardens the fibrine on the outside, encasing the meat and retaining the juices. If salt be added too soon, it also will extract the juice of the meat, drawing the nutrition into the water; it, therefore, should not be added until the meat is nearly done, as by the aid of the heat the salt penetrates and flavors it readily. On these principles, Professor Liebig, in a recipe for beef tea, directs that the meat be covered with cold water and salt, and left to draw out the juices before heating. Rapid boiling hardens the entire fibrine, and, unless great care be given to this, the meat will be hard, tasteless, and scarcely more nutritious than so much leather.”

BEEF-STEAK.—“First, care should be taken that the meat be not punctured or broken, certainly not bruised or pounded, as a good, judiciously chosen steak is always tender without that. English cooks are so particular on this point, that they never allow a fork to be used, but have steak-tongs for turning. Now that we have these nice broilers of galvanized wire, that shut like the covers of a book, the steak can easily be turned, without the use of any other utensils. The steak should be placed over a clear, bright fire, not too hot, and frequently turned, in order to cook it evenly and thoroughly; but it should not be overcooked, as much is thus lost in flavor. No salt should be put upon the steak while on the fire; but the moment it is withdrawn, it should be placed upon a hot dish: then butter and salt on both sides, pressing a little with the point of the knife as you do so, and you will have a delicious, juicy steak, with little, if any waste.”

RUGS.—Having seen the appeal for a substitute for carpets in winter kitchens, a Springfield lady makes the following suggestions:

“Use rugs. ‘What kind?’ Well, rag rugs, if you please. I once knew a lady who used to braid them, and warm and nice they were. The manufacture of them required time, patience, and strength, but they last for years. This is the way she did. She took old woolens, perhaps pantaloons (new, just as good), cut into strips about three-quarters of an inch in width, and made a three-strand braid. This finished, or even commenced, she sewed together flat, forming a round or an oblong mat, large or small, as the case might require. Bright dress braids work in nicely, and, if care is taken in arranging colors, it is not difficult to make a handsome rug. Of course, these can be shaken every day. A number of small mats are easily shaken, will nearly cover a floor, and, as the edges do not ruff up and turn over easily, they are not in the way. In order to make them very flat, they should be pressed with a tailor’s goose or some heavy iron.”

COFFEE AGAIN.—“B.” writes us from Easton, Pennsylvania:

“The article published in your magazine for May

comes very near the root of the 'good coffee' subject. Its directions for preparing the berry and making French coffee are explicit and correct. The chief difficulty with French coffee is—from carelessness—that the water in pouring is apt to fall a few degrees below the boiling point, and does not fully extract the aroma; hence boiled coffee—if prepared properly—is richer in aroma, and is preferred by most epicures. The error in your correspondent's recipe for boiling coffee is, that it directs it to be boiled for *ten minutes*. This is just nine, or nine and a-half minutes too long,—a half minute, or one minute at furthest, is all that is desirable; more than this dissipates the aroma. Coffee roasted a little more than the commercial article, ground finely, and prepared according to your correspondent's instructions, with the abatement of the extra minutes in boiling, will be nearer perfection than 999-1000 of the article met with in daily life."

A NEW KIND OF GOSSIP.—"There is a sort of gossip which belongs to modern culture—has grown out of it, indeed, as fungus from a healthy tree—which is as lowering in its way as personal scandal. It is a kind of dialect or lingo which prevails in many of the inner circles of literary or artistic society in this country, as different from the sincere grip of their subjects and simple wording of them which characterize the masters of the order, as the scapegrace jargon of "Romany Rye" would be to pure English. Some retired scholar comes up to Boston or New York, eager to meet the journalist, poet, or essayist, whose words have long seemed to him oracles. He finds this high-priest of truth muffling and smothering his ideas in a shoppy talk of 'material,' 'backgrounds,' 'effects,' just as your carpenters might discuss their saws and adzes. Are saws and adzes, then, the building? This subordination of the real meanings and objects of art, to chatter about its tools and technicalities, is, no doubt, a species of modesty in the beginning. The

young author or artist is so sure of his divine message, that he will not degrade it by ordinary talk about it. Unfortunately he forgets it altogether sometimes in the incessant twaddle about the means of its expression, which becomes at last so dominant in his talk as to be intolerable. Especially is this true of musicians. One wonders what sort of an end surly Thomas Carlyle, whom true 'music carried to the edge of the Infinite and bade look down upon that,' would have made of this cackle of 'majestic C's,' and 'high golden registers,' and 'impertinent harmonies,' if he had but dropped into the critics' boxes at the opening night of a grand opera. Many of our painters, too, have adopted an odd modification of the same shop talk. One or two of them in a boat on a calm summer evening are quite enough to destroy all the meaning of the landscape, and to resolve it all in ten minutes into a 'nice line there' or a 'good tone here.' If there be any inscrutable message in the solemn silence of earth and sky, which day unto day hath uttered since Time began, it is soon dulled and dumb and vanished. Nothing is left but a new effect of the sail, yellow against the bank, or certain chrome or umber tints. Charity, at my elbow, insists that certain artists use this slang who have an intense appreciation of Nature as she is; who recognize and are recognized by her in her mystery, personality and holiness. We have no doubt of it. The worse their guilt, therefore, by this carelessness, to degrade her before those who do not know her into a big palette, or so much matter which they can put into a square of canvas. The technical artists look on her face precisely as a child does on the pretty colors and lines of an illuminated page which he cannot read. We do not blame them for talking according to their knowledge; but these other men who have the true seer's vision ought to consider whether vulgar gossip will not make nature, art, or authorship unclean, as well as human lives."

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

"The Native Races of the Pacific Coast." *

It is safe to say that there has not occurred in the literary history of the United States a more piquant surprise than when Mr. Hubert Bancroft made his appearance last autumn among the literary men of the Atlantic cities, bearing in his hand the first volume of his great work. That California was to be counted upon to yield wit and poetry was known by all; but the deliberate result of scholarly labor was just the product not reasonably to be expected

from a community thirty years old. That kind of toil seemed to belong rather to a society a little more mature, to a region of public libraries and universities. Even the older States had as yet yielded it but sparingly; and was it to be expected from San Francisco? Had Mr. Bancroft presented himself wearing a specimen of the *sequoia gigantea* for a button-hole bouquet, it would hardly have seemed more surprising.

A more careful examination of the book did not diminish the wonder. Even if the text failed to attract the attention of any trained student, he could not evade the evidence of careful work given by the

* The Native Races of the Pacific Coast. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. San Francisco.

foot-notes—an evidence as unmistakable as the O of Giotto. For every systematic student knows the difference between real and superficial labor of this kind, and it needs but a glance at "The Native Races of the Pacific Coast" to put it on the same grade with Gibbon and with Buckle in regard to the ample and accurate citation of authorities. Both these great writers undoubtedly deal with subjects where the mere marshaling of knowledge implies greater powers of mind than the work undertaken by Mr. Bancroft; but the principles of thorough workmanship are in each case the same. On page 501 of the second volume there is a foot-note—if that can be called foot-note which goes up to the head—occupying all the page but two lines, citing with precision seventy-one authors, in six different languages, and giving from one to seventeen references, with volume and page stated, for each author. This is the longest note we have found; but notes with forty or fifty references are not uncommon, and in a great many cases the original words of the passage are quoted. When it is remembered that the books thus cited are often rare or unique, and sometimes exist only in manuscript, the importance of this part of the work may be imagined. Nothing yet published in America has equaled it in this respect.

In the text of the book the same accurate and thorough execution prevails. The style is clear, quiet, and sober; not marked by anything peculiarly graphic or original, but free, on the other hand, from flippancy or pomposity. The writer claims that he has endeavored to "avoid speculation," and he has certainly achieved impartiality. The second volume is, however, preceded by an essay on "Savagism and Civilization," where he gives more fully than elsewhere his views upon that standing conundrum; and, though he solves the puzzle as well as most others, the chapter does not seem the most important part of the book. It is when he wields facts—or wields those who wield facts, for one man could no more prepare a book of this sort than a general could personally maneuver every part of his army—that he is strongest.

Indeed there seems to have been something akin to strategic ability at the very beginning of Mr. Bancroft's labors, in the method by which he fortified himself, as it were, with a great library for a base of operations. Fifteen years ago, it seems, he formed the plan of an extensive collection of books and manuscripts relating to the Western half of North America, including the British possessions, Central America, and Mexico. Having been himself a bookseller, he had precisely the experience necessary for forming such a collection, and he employed liberally upon it the resources of an ample fortune. "Every book, pamphlet, map, or manuscript, printed or written within the limits of this broad territory, or whose contents, if produced elsewhere, related in any way to the Pacific States, was sought out and purchased, with no reference to its importance or worthlessness, and very little to its cost." In this quest Mr. Bancroft has twice visited Europe, spending two years in all; and he has, of

course, constantly employed agents. His most important single purchase was the library of the Emperor Maximilian, the *Biblioteca Imperial de Méjico*, collected during a period of forty years by Don José Maria Andrade, of the city of Mexico. This remarkable collection consisted of three thousand volumes, was sent to Leipsic for sale, and was fortunately restored to this continent. Add to this the result of personal explorations among the old Spanish Missions and *presidios* made by Mr. Bancroft in connection with Mr. Henry L. Oak, his librarian, and we have the method by which this unique library has been brought together.

It now comprises, all told, more than sixteen thousand bound volumes, with files of five hundred newspapers, and "thousands" of maps. Besides the well-known printed collections of antiquities and travels, from De Bry to Kingsborough, the library contains many special treasures, unique or peculiar, such as books printed in Spanish on this continent a hundred years before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth; autograph letters of King Philip II., Bishop Zumárraga, and the civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries of the early period; the Vallejo collection of manuscript documents, in twenty volumes; the Hayes collection, in fifty; documents from the archives of old Spanish families; manuscript records of Spanish governors and generals; manuscript reminiscences of early pioneers; in short, a mass of material such as must have taxed the courage of "a lonely and athletic student"—in Emerson's phrase—to reduce to order.

All these books were collected and catalogued, and a list of the twelve hundred used for the present work is prefixed to the first volume. But this proved a small part of the apparatus necessary. The author says:

"I soon found that, like Tantalus, while up to my neck in water, I was dying of thirst. The facts which I required were so copiously diluted with trash, that to follow different subjects through this trackless sea of erudition, in the exhaustive manner I had proposed, with but one lifetime to devote to the work, was simply impracticable."

But, with the aid of an accomplished librarian, a system of thorough indexing was devised, which is described by the author as "sufficiently general to be practicable, and sufficiently particular to direct me to all my authorities on any given point." This was effected through a system of cards, by which all the main information contained in each volume was arranged under forty or fifty selected headings, each card giving its proper item, duly classified, and accurately credited to the proper volume and page. The cards were then arranged alphabetically, and "kept in shallow wooden cases standing against the wall, each case divided by wooden partitions into 250 compartments." Further information concerning the library and the index may be found in the "Overland Monthly" for March, June and December, 1874.

With this preparation, Mr. Bancroft began his composition. Retiring wholly from business in

1869, he planned for himself three volumes, which have now expanded to five, on "The Native Races of the Pacific Coast." The first volume relates to "Wild Tribes;" the second to "Civilized Nations." Of these, the one is published, the other printed. Three more are rapidly to follow, whose titles are respectively "Mythology and Languages," "Antiquities and Architectural Remains," and "Aboriginal History." This final volume will also include an exhaustive index to the whole, the separate volumes having no index.

The first volume has already received extended notice from the press. The second volume, leaving the wild tribes apart, treats of the civilized nations of the Pacific slope, including, and indeed mainly comprising, those of Mexico and Central America. These are classified as the Nahua (or Aztec) nations of the North, and the Maya nations of the South. With an affluence of detail that makes Prescott seem superficial, Mr. Bancroft displays before us the gorgeous and ghastly civilization of these races, a civilization whose "almost simultaneous discovery and disappearance"—in the condensed phrase of our author—is a source of wonder almost unique in the records of the world. Whether we agree or disagree with Dr. Draper in maintaining that the Spanish conquerors crushed on this soil a civilization superior to their own, its picturesqueness is infinitely enhanced by the fact that it was crushed, and that so easily. Picturesqueness is not, however, what Mr. Bancroft can be exactly said to give us; but as we have had something too much of the picturesque, of late, in the florid delineations of General Wallace's "Fair God," it is rather a satisfaction to turn to the careful and encyclopedic thoroughness of our San Francisco scholar. To him a fact is a fact; he dwells with equal minuteness on the delicate skill of the Nahua artist, who spent a day in choosing and adjusting a single feather for his feather-mosaic, and on the solemn fidelity with which the Nahua priest offered up for sacrifice, literally, and not metaphorically, the human heart. All these, in Mr. Bancroft's hands, become, not poetry, but the material of poetry; or, at least, the material in which the historian of the human race may find aspects of human nature else unknown.

It is understood that this noble book is but one among the great works for which Mr. Bancroft's library is to furnish the resources. No scholar in the Atlantic States can hear such an announcement without an increased sense of national self-respect, and of personal stimulus to effort. Like the labors and publications of Mr. W. T. Harris and his circle of friends at St. Louis, this book suggests the vast results that may come when culture is so far advanced in America, that there shall not be merely one or two centers of literary production, but many; and the seed, so long scattered over so wide a field, shall all at once begin to blossom for harvest. But whenever, and wherever, this possible result may come, it can hardly include a piece of literary work more careful and satisfactory, on its own prescribed plan, than this book by Mr. Bancroft. He modestly classes himself, in the preface, among the artisans,

rather than among the artists of literature. It is rarely given to one man to excel in both these functions; but certainly artisanship, conducted in such a method as his, takes rank with art.

Morris's "Defense of Guenevere."*

WE suppose it is not very generally known to admirers of William Morris—even to those who have walked the ways of "The Earthly Paradise" with step as unflagging as that of their long-paced guide—that the poet began by being a painter. The history of his first poetic venture in 1858, his subsequent relapse into the quiet paths of painting, and his ultimate extremely brilliant success in poetry, is suggestive of the many possible deviations of the path to fame, and calls up once more the whole bewildering question as to what are the sources of popularity in literature. Whether this reprint of "The Defense of Guenevere" will throw light on the genesis of Morris's success or not, is, we think, doubtful. These phenomena of early effort, silence following, and triumph long in coming, are too subtle for complete analysis. We must accept them as we do those rivers of Greece which, flowing underground, spout forth into the light again at last, obeying the law of their existence. Twenty-eight years before the first appearance of Mr. Morris's first volume, Tennyson made his *début* (omitting the previous publications jointly with his brother); and it is to be noticed that neither of these poets, both famous afterward, gained particular attention by his initial volume. Another thing which associates their names together in a peculiar manner is the fact that both have been attracted by the Arthurian group of legends, and that each has treated the themes derived from this source in a very distinct and characteristic way. Mr. Morris's pictures are, probably, more truthful, speaking historically; but they are truthful with a certain antiquarian accent which will make them wholly unintelligible to many readers, and will deny them any very wide and general acceptance. Even in truth of passion we think Mr. Morris will be found ahead of Tennyson on this field. The "Idyls" are cold beside this rendering of Guenevere's mood: Mr. Morris's dramatic seizure of the character and his impassioned utterance are simply wonderful. But Tennyson has in some way shaped these legends with an accurate balancing of qualities due to his happy poetic instinct, which will secure to his presentation of them lasting praise, as it has won contemporary appreciation. We think Mr. Morris's singular archaic mode may easily be traced to his studies as a painter. So far as the visible features of the scene are concerned, they are given to us in pictorial glimpses of a peculiar quality—quaint vignettes or marginal illustrations, as it were, and so full of color as to impart a singular sensation of having an illuminated text before us:

* The Defense of Guenevere and Other Poems. By William Morris. (Reprinted, without alteration, from the edition of 1858.) London, 1875. Imported by Roberts Brothers.

"Thy wasted fingers twine
 Within the tresses of her hair
 That shineth gloriously,
 Thinly outspread in the clear air
 Against the jasper sea."

These pictures are all in a quaint, hard, medieval vein, that vibrates, undoubtedly, from the surfaces of certain old canvases and panels which the poet must have studied while yet a painter. His mind is full of the details of costume, architecture, landscape characteristic of the time of which he writes, and so intent is he upon achieving a literal resemblance in his imaginative portrayal, that he frequently impresses us with the curious dullness which he flows over his subject, and which was very likely necessary to it in the deed—though that is no good reason for infusing it into the poem. The range of subjects is very limited. Everywhere throughout the book recur the themes of fierce, dogged, knightly prowess, and the suffering of women by war, and the simplest, most primitive cases of jealousy or appointed love. The peculiar aim of the poet, naturally subjects him to a certain amount of what is little more than imitation of early balladry. "The Tune of Seven Towers," "The Little Tower," "The Sir Giles' War Song," have, in themselves, intelligible *raison d'être*; they are like scraps of antique song whose drift is only dimly discernible. Sometimes, too, mysticism enters into the chant to a changing extent, rendering poems like "The Red" and "The Blue Closet" utterly vacant—at least to our perception, though we have looked the book through in a mood of active sympathy.

The truth seems to be, that Mr. Morris is not inimitable as a modern man at all, but has nurtured his genius in a dim medieval atmosphere, abounding in influences many of them widely different from those most familiar to the life of the present. Tennyson, on the other hand, rests a complete spell on "the modern touches here and there," which enchants the readers of to-day. He sums up medieval doings in a form convenient for our generalizing hand-book of mind, and we accept his results complacently. On the other hand, too, it is plain that a great source of Morris's charm in his later poetry is his curious *naïveté* which clothes him as with the life of a nation's morning, and which has caused him to be likened to Chaucer. It is interesting, at least, to observe that he has succeeded by following the early bent of his genius. In his maturer works he has stepped farther into the arena of daily life, become less technical and more general, more human, and so, to a certain extent, has compromised. It has been the compromise of genius, which is rare, and therein differs greatly from the compromise of talent. He never could have succeeded by attempting to win people as Tennyson (also in his present line genial and sincere) was winning them; but he came to the front by being true to himself. The best thing in this volume is the "Powerful, though hard and crude closing scene of Peter Harpdon's End;" and whoever wishes to see the clew uniting Morris's earlier and later poetry must not omit that fine passage. But the whole

volume will well repay the lover and student of modern poetry in one of its most singular phases.

"Point Lace and Diamonds."*

To readers of SCRIBNER Mr. George A. Baker, Jr. needs no introduction. Those readers, however closely they may have followed our advice about burning their magazines, we have no sort of hope of converting when it comes to the point of sacrificing the dainty little poems now in question. For these are of the sort which inevitably get into secret drawers of one's fancy, or in their bodily shape become crumpled but cherished inmates of the feminine work-basket, or the more reticent masculine pocket-book. So far as we know, Mr. Baker is now our only professed writer of *vers de société*, and there certainly is in many of these poems a distinct flavor, caught from the volatile elements with which their author has to deal, that no one before him has had the knack of securing in rhyme. "Les Enfants Perdus" and "Up the Aisle" are perhaps as characteristic as any in this way. It is true, one almost shudders at the irreverent reality of this lyric-dramatic sketch of Nell Latine's wedding, and wonders whether it is not a dangerous sort of teaching to thrust the unpleasant fact so unreproved upon the reader. Even those who appreciate the writer's stand-point must feel a twinge at his mordant satire, his almost skeptically despondent sagacity, both here and elsewhere. But, after all, is there any other way of treating such themes so that one shall get a hearing? And then it is only necessary to turn a page or two, to come upon quite a different stratum of feeling, and to be assured that there are resting-places even amid the superficial whirl of the social phases here treated—points on which the heart may repose as sea-birds do upon the crest of the just-breaking wave; for Mr. Baker's range includes an agreeable variety of notes. The tenderness and the dainty conceit in "Thoughts on the Commandments" is completely soothing and agreeable. This and "Chivalrie" have a finish worthy of Præd and Locker. "Jack and Me," "Ten Hours a Day," and "A Romance of the Sawdust," on the other hand, attempt a sympathetic revelation of experiences in quite other quarters of "society" from those which chiefly inspire Mr. Baker. Though not altogether so successful in these, he shows his feeling to be genuine and upward bent; so that, on the whole, we are willing to confide in Mr. Baker's cynicism, and have faith in his flings at folly—more especially since he comes up on his cleverest tack in the verses which we printed in last number's "Bric-à-Brac."

"Transatlantic Sketches."**

WE suppose it must be allowed that there is such a thing as a distinct genius for letter-writing, and the man or woman who possesses this genius

* Point Lace and Diamonds. By Geo. A. Baker, Jr. New York: F. B. Patterson.

** Transatlantic Sketches. By Henry James, Jr. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

rejoices in a gift by no means insignificant. If "correspondence is the burden of our modern civilization," as Guizot, we believe, has said, it is nevertheless a burden which many of us are singularly ready to seek; and any one who writes a distinctly superior epistolary style is sure of a wide hearing and an eager public. Such a person, to our thinking, is Mr. Henry James, Jr., who lavishes upon these sketches of European scenery and cities the same rich verbiage and splendidly colored style that give character to his fiction. Since the appearance of Hawthorne's "Our Old Home," probably nothing in the way of foreign travel has issued from the press with such strong marks of high literary finish upon it as the volume before us. But Mr. James must pardon our saying, in this connection, that here and there in his pages we are strongly reminded of this by other means than that of contrast. For example, when, at Exeter, he says of the "little broken-visaged effigies of saints and kings and bishops" that "you fancy that somehow they are consciously historical * * * * that they feel the loss of their noses, their toes, and their crowns; and that, when the long June twilight turns at last to a deeper gray, and the quiet of the close to a deeper stillness, they begin to peer sideways out of their narrow recesses, and to converse in some form of early English, as rigid, yet as candid as their features and postures, moaning like a company of ancient paupers over their aches and infirmities and losses, and the sadness of being so terribly old," we are forcibly reminded of Hawthorne's way of touching similar notes. The fancy is delicate, and the phrasing happy, however; and it is well to bear in mind that no common degree of skill and perception is requisite to the picking of a route in the footsteps of the great romantic genius of whom we speak. But Mr. James is quite himself in many other places; and, though seldom rousing himself to the work of searching interior observation and deeper analysis (in which, nevertheless, he is proficient enough at moments), he succeeds to an eminent degree in imparting the local charm of the different spots near which he loiters.

On the whole, we know of no writer who conveys so completely as Mr. James just the luxurious, leisured, and easily refined mood of contemplation that travelers of the best culture abroad indulge. It is to be noted—and, perhaps, with some surprise, considering the author in his character of novelist—that the human interest is almost wholly left out of the scene in these letters; and, as a consequence, one grows weary now and then of accompanying a search directed so almost exclusively by a desire to detect picturesque "effects." But this and a certain tantalizing slightness in the treatment of some of the themes touched upon, as, for instance, that of the Parisian stage, may be in great measure accounted for by the fact that these sketches originally appeared for the most part in periodicals, which would, to some extent, restrict their range. Our solitary extract does not do the book justice, but we must refer readers directly to its pages, where they will find a fascination and a

legendary light that will not soon permit them to relinquish the volume.

A New Hymn and Tune Book.

OF the making of many hymn-books there is no end. So many and so good are the collections now in use that a new one should have a valid apology for its appearance, based upon a genuine, special want. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. have just issued a new collection, prepared by Rev. W. T. Eustis, of the Memorial Church, Springfield, entitled "Service of Praise;" and, as the book is an outgrowth of a new movement in the Protestant Church, it deserves more than an ordinary notice. For the last ten years, a growing necessity has been felt among all Protestants outside of the Episcopal Church for a more active participation in public worship on the part of the lay element. To meet this necessity, in some degree, the "praise meeting" has been devised, and in many churches it has been steadily held, with the most gratifying results. It is specially to give form and practical usefulness to this new institution that Mr. Eustis, who has brought a thorough knowledge of hymnology to his work, has prepared the present volume. He gives us fifty-six groups of hymns, with tunes for congregational singing, so that for any service a subject is prepared for remark, and all the necessary conditions of unity and congruity are provided for. "The Advent of Christ," "The Death of Christ," "Adoration of Christ," "Second Coming of Christ," "Christian Joy," "Resignation," "Heaven,"—these, and all the other topics presented, not only have hymns enough grouped around them for a long service of song, but have associated with them chants and Scripture readings. The service is mapped out, the topic is furnished for what the pastor chooses to say, and the whole matter is reduced to order, by one who has had the most satisfactory personal experience in this new religious enterprise.

Beyond this special purpose of the book, it is quite competent to supply the wants of any church for a general hymn-book. For social worship it is admirable, as it directs the layman into the choice of congruous hymns, and gives unity and definite trend to meetings that are prone to be desultory and unfruitful. As a book for the conference-room, we cannot imagine it superior, and as a supplemental book for the church, or, indeed, as its principal or only hymn-book, we know of nothing preferable. Its adaptiveness to such a large circle of general and special wants, united with its modest price and its elegant typography, cannot fail to make it a great favorite in thousands of churches, all over the land.

"Scepters and Crowns."*

WE hope those of our readers who may be supposed to know something of what real Christianity means will not think we wish it ill, when we say that we have seldom been so stirred to wrath as

* Scepters and Crowns. By the author of "The Wide World." New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

reading a little book by the author of "The Wide, Wide World," called by the unmeaning title "Scepters and Crowns." The book is meant to help the cause of religion, and it is published by a religious house; yet we say frankly that we believe its only influence will be to make people bad, and that between the religion taught in it and the original religion of the Sandwich Islanders, we should be puzzled to choose. We have always had a certain respect for the author of "The Wide, Wide World;" we at least gave her credit for writing correct English, and for putting some life and human nature into her stories. Yet we soon tired, as we read along in "Scepters and Crowns," of marking incorrect expressions and vulgarisms; and, as for human nature, right glad we are that if there be such people as are depicted in this book, they never came into our world.

On the first page we have "the rich and straightened quarters," etc. "*Just across the square* was the girls' school, *only a little way off.*" "Do you know your lesson?" "I will, papa. I have time enough." "Mr. Candlish pulled a reference Bible to *him*, and threw the great news sheet (Qu. the newspaper?) on the floor." And "got," the incorrect use of which ought to be confined to ignorant persons, but, unhappily, isn't, flourishes here unchecked. "What book have you *got* there?" "He who has *got* fond of it can hardly give it up." "If he had *got* the thing, whatever it were, I could understand it." These are instances. But it is not the occasional bad grammar, nor the frequent bad English of the book, that makes our grievance. It is the travesty of Christianity, the direct (though of course unintended) inculcation of bad principles, the setting of bad examples, the holding up of a morbid conscientiousness as a thing to be admired—in a word, the unhealthy, anti-religious tone of the book, that makes us indignant with it. The characters are a Mr. and Mrs. Candlish, their three children, Esther, Maggie, and Fenton, and Mr. Candlish's brother, Eden. There is also a street Arab, Dusty Nan, a weak, impossible parody of Topsy. The father is a so-called "religious" man, and his brother is much more so; but Mrs. Candlish is a woman of the world, and only as religious as is proper. Esther is a disagreeable girl of the period—vain, selfish, and sure to turn out bad, if she were allowed to turn out at all; but the story has no end, and even Maggie, the "good little girl," the asker of troublesome questions, with a sickly conscience distracted by her father's teasing propounding of questions too deep for himself to answer, and which yet the poor victim of his pedantry and vanity feels she must answer,—this child, who always dies in every "religious" story book, does not die in this one, though once or twice the author holds out delusive hopes that she may die. Then there is a boy who, thanks to the home education he receives, becomes an accomplished scamp before he is out of his teens, and shows every disagreeable trait that is possible in a rich man's son in America,—his ruin is to be directly traced to the way in which he is brought up,—and Mr. Candlish, the religious man, who says:

"Turn to Luke viii., and read from verse 4 to 15;" "Read I John, iii., 10;" and "Next, see the 27th verse, Maggie;" and, "See here, turning to 2 Cor., iv., 4;" and, "Look at the words just before," etc., etc., quoting chapter and verse from the book or out of his head in the most unnatural manner in season and out of season,—this gentleman sneers at his wife before her children, turns up his spiritual nose at her to the children, and considers her as little in the bringing up of his and her children as if she were one of the servants. He does all the authoress can make him do, to show that a man may quote Scripture to his purpose and yet be a man of bad manners, a bad husband, and a bad father. The mother, on the other hand, is an ignorant, undisciplined woman, who rebels against her husband's religious priggishness, but has not sense to see that she is ruining her son by her way of rebelling. Altogether, the family is such a one as we should choose to show to an honest heathen if we wanted to terrify him into holding fast to his own religion. We should say to him: "Be a Christian, and this is what you will come to." When the mother finds that she has "put her foot into it," speaking in a figure, when the father has set Maggie to asking more questions than he can ever hope to answer, no matter how many reference Bibles "he pulls to him;" when his son has revealed the aptitude for lying and cheating that even the sons of Christian merchants will reveal when they grow up unwatched, unintended; when the eldest daughter is become the helpless prey of idleness, vanity, love of dress and all selfish desires, she, too, neglected by this religious father and by this respectable mother,—then, in the very nick of time, the necessity of rushing off to the South of France to see Mrs. Candlish's dying sister—a highly probable incident—saves them from the task of bothering themselves any longer about the welfare of their children, and turns them over to the care and discipline of Mr. Candlish's brother, who does the best that a man of straw, living in an ideal Sunday-school world, can do to bring these poor, diseased children back to health again. If this book were an exponent of Christianity, we should say: We want no Christianity. But it is because the principles it inculcates have nothing to do with the principles Christ taught, and because it is wholly antagonistic to Christ's teachings, that we have thought it worth while to speak our mind about it.

Mrs. Field's Memorial.

THE tasteful volume presented to the public by Dr. Henry M. Field, as a memorial of his deceased wife, and published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, has more than the usual significance of such books; first, in the character of the personage commemorated; and, secondly, in the nature of the materials of which the memorial is composed. Mrs. Field was not only a remarkable woman, but she was very widely known. Very few women have lived in America who have been able, in so marked a degree as she, to impress society with the simple power of

their personality. With the exception of a few personal and public tributes in the opening part of the volume, Dr. Field has wisely given us in these memorial pages a reflection of the woman's mind. "Home Sketches in France" give her a congenial field, and friends will like to remember her among themes native to her genius and her sympathies, while strangers will learn to admire her more from her own pen than from the eulogies of associates. The sketches are thoughtful, wise, catholic, clever, and exceedingly readable. They are better than marble for a monument, sweeter than flowers for a keepsake, and give us as fair a look into the writer's spirit as the frontispiece affords of her attractive face.

"Our New Crusade."

IF things only happened in real life as naturally and satisfactorily as they happen in Mr. Edward Everett Hale's clever stories, what a very different kind of a world this would be, to be sure! But we cannot repress the misgiving that, if the ladies of an average village, like the one in which the scene of the "New Crusade" is laid, were to undertake a similar good work, they would find some unexpected obstacles to their success, and some discouragements for which the facile narrative of this delightful writer, with its uncommon verisimilitude, and its shrewd recognition of some sides of human nature, had not prepared them. To say this, however, is to make no very severe criticism; and probably the story would more than compensate for any over-confident expectations which it might encourage, by the honest and healthful inspirations which it would impart. No one can read it without being moved to wish, at least, for a "Deritend Club" in every village. And, probably, many of the suggestions offered would be found, if not immediately practical themselves, to lead to something practical on a smaller scale, and in a more humble way.

French and German Books.

Les Hommes de l'Exil. Charles Hugo; opening with *Mes Fils*, by Victor Hugo. Lemerre, Paris, 1875.—The short chapters that introduce this volume are in the best style of Victor Hugo, and cannot fail to strike those not prejudiced against him. The long exile of Hugo on the islands he has so fervently described in the "Toilers of the Sea" was in itself enough for one man, but how pathetic was the after history when, returning at last to his beloved France, he was not only witness to her disasters, but lost, one after the other, the two sons he had carefully trained to follow more humbly, but perhaps more usefully, in their father's footsteps! The vein of genius shows out well in this subdued sketch of his and his sons' life in exile, and never better than toward the last, when he treats of France, and breaks out in the prophetic style: "History will say who were our judges in 1871. At this hour they rule; they are princes, and think themselves masters; they imagine themselves to be invulnerable; they

are harnessed in with all power and nothingness; they think themselves good killers, and believe that they have succeeded. Also believe they that Metz and Strassburg shall become shadows; that the head nation shall become the serving nation; that we have no arms or hands, no brain, nor entrails, nor heart, nor spirit, nor sword by our side, nor blood in our veins, nor spittle in our mouths, that we are idiots and corrupt, and that France, who gave America to America, Italy to Italy, and Greece to Greece, shall not know the way to give back France to France. They believe that, oh thought whereat to shiver! And yet the cloud doth rise; it rises like to the mysterious pillar that led the way, black on the blue sky, red against the darkness. Slowly it fills the horizon. No chance to escape. The future is full of fatal events. Æschylus, if he were a Frenchman, and Jeremiah, were he a Teuton, would lament." *Les Hommes de l'Exil*—Courmet Berru, Ribeyrolles, Schoelcher, Lamoricière, Girardin, are chatted about pleasantly by Charles Hugo the son, and, to the person curious in the minute history of the early days of the Empire, instructively. The Emperor is shown up in his character of unscrupulous policeman, and the truckling policy of England, whenever she comes in contact with this great adventurer, is temperately made evident. There is much gossip about noted journalists, and a chapter on the expulsion of the exiles from British territory in 1855, which affords uncomfortable reading for lovers of constitutional monarchies. (Christern, 77 University Place.)

Ingo und Ingraban. G. Freytag. Leipzig, 1874.—Gustav Freytag is an author who believes in the historical novel, and strives to put his readers in contact with the past as it really existed, while the story runs its course of war or love. "Ingo und Ingraban" is one of a series in which he proposes to "relate the fortunes of a single family. It begins with the early ancestors and will be carried on to the latest descendant, a hearty youth, who is now living and moving under the sun of Germany, without much care for the deeds or troubles of his forefathers." The present volume dips into the German woods at the time of the overthrow of the Alaman by the Romans on the Rhine, an overthrow which is carefully, and possibly truly, attributed to the valor of Germanic tribes in the pay of the Cæsar. The daily life of the early Thuringians is sketched, and the incessant intertribal quarrels fomented by the wily Roman are cleverly managed gradually heroism and love are worked into the canvas, and we find ourselves in a full-blown romance, with plenty of hard hits, hard drinking, trusty friendship, and savage treachery, such as we befits the scene. A good deal of heathen religion and superstition are interwoven, curious questions of archæology are boldly settled. Thus the followers of the young Vandal chief Ingo use a weapon whose existence has been denied; it has the property of the Australian boomerang; it strikes its enemy and returns to the hand of the thrower.

It will be seen by this that Freytag has set his

elf a task, but it is one in which he has acquitted himself well. Although it is plain that he is thoroughly read in everything belonging to his subject, he is never pedantic. His characters are natural, even a little heroic, and the spirit of his work clear and pure. His style is elegant; too elegant at times, or it frequently reads like metrical composition, specially when his heroes address each other. If this be meant, we cannot but think it a mistake. A liberal reading of the old Germanic songs is apt to put one in the vein of such rhythmical conversation, but should not lead one to suppose it ever existed in common talk. Only at the most solemn festival meetings can the old Germans have used a poetical cadence in their speech, and then scarcely the rhythm in which Freytag's warriors indulge. But this is a minor point; the chief impression is pleasing, and, owing to the sustained interest, the thoroughly German character of the work and the purity of its style, "Ingo und Ingraban" will be very available to readers of German who have graduated from "Madame de Mande," especially if they have a wholesome taste for romance and adventure.—(L. W. Schmidt; 4 Barclay street.)

L'Oncle Sam. Comédie, par V. Sardou. Paris, 1875. Lévy.—The comedy, refused a license some years ago by the theatrical censor in Paris, because it feared the feelings of the American Government could be hurt, is now to be had in book form. It will be remembered how much amusement the prudish prohibition created here, and also how flat the play fell both in Paris and New York, although why it should not be popular in France it is hard to see. There is plenty of cleverness in it; plenty of good hits at certain extremes found here and there among extreme Americans. Then there is a good deal of the impossibly grotesque, for which the morant Parisian has a special taste, and, above all, full measure of indelicacy. All that Sardou has seen or heard of "rapid" American girls in Europe, of politicians and revivalists, advertising ergymen and free-lovers in America, shoddy hotel habitants of the East and free shooters of the South-west, is heaped together into four acts, which could be much more malignant if they were less so. The freedom of intercourse between the sexes forms a string on which he who knows his audience well cannot fail to harp successfully. Most

Frenchmen either cannot, or will not take the trouble to put themselves in sympathy with people of temperament and education other than their own, and the easiest way to solve the question of national morality is from one's own stand-point; therefore it is that Sardou makes a national trait of "flirtation," and hints darkly of the abysses of immorality beneath it. What a field for the elaborate naughtiness of the French actor!

But, in spite of its wild exaggeration, "L'Oncle Sam" might be put to a use. It might be, for instance, not out of place as a pleasant recreation on board each great steamer sailing in spring from the port of New York for Havre, for it would teach the fresh American girl, with a shocking frankness, what she must avoid in order not to outrage the feelings of foreigners, and, often, not to expose herself to ever-ready insult; it may also open the eyes of some father or brother of the same young lady to his own shortcomings in small matters of comity and good-breeding. But the American is a wonderfully quick pupil; perhaps the day for "L'Oncle Sam" as a harsh corrective is already past.—(Christern, 77 University Place.)

A Note from Yung Wing.

CHINESE EDUCATIONAL MISSION HEAD-QUARTERS. }
Hartford, Conn., 28th April, 1875. }

To the Editor of *Scribner's Magazine*—SIR: An article in your last issue, entitled "Yung Wing and His Work," the good intent of which I do not doubt, contains a variety of errors, some of which are of sufficient importance to require correction. For example, the article gives the number of commissioners appointed over the Educational Mission by the Chinese Government as *three*, and names Mr. Chan Laisun among them, whereas the number of the commissioners is not three, but two, of whom Mr. Laisun is not one. Mr. Laisun holds the office of translator and interpreter to the Mission, but he is not a commissioner.

Again, the article speaks of a Chinese student in Springfield named Chin Lung, and of a Chinese student who is the son of a Sandwich Island merchant, seeming to imply that they are different persons, and also that they are pupils of the Mission. Now, Chin Lung—a young man of excellent promise, as the article truly states—is himself the son of a Sandwich Island merchant, and there is not, that I know of, any other son of a Chinese Sandwich Island merchant now being educated in this country—certainly not in this vicinity; but Chin Lung is not a pupil of the Mission at all. All the pupils of the Mission are from China.

Yours truly,

YUNG WING,

Commissioner of the Chinese Educational Mission.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Thermo-Electric Alarm.

THIS apparatus was originally designed to indicate the rise of temperature in bearings for shafts. It is equally applicable to any kind of machinery or any branch of manufacture or business where a fixed temperature is desirable. It may be adjusted to any temperature recorded on an ordinary thermometer, and may be placed in any position. It resembles a common thermometer, except that it

has a wire secured at top and bottom. The wire at the bottom passes through the bulb and touches the mercury. The other wire enters the glass at the top and extends part way down the inside. Each of these wires is connected with a small open circuit having a battery and an electric bell. When this connection is made and the battery in order, the glass may register (say) 40°. The upper wire hangs down in the glass (say) to 85°. It is easy to

see that the circuit is now broken, by the space between the top of the column of mercury and the bottom of the wire. Place the hand on the bulb and the mercury rises. The instant it touches 85° it melts the wire, and the bell indicates that the circuit is closed. Take the hand away and the column of mercury sinks, the circuit is broken and the bell stops. It is easy to see that when the thermometer is made, the upper wire may be adjusted to any figure on the scale. For refrigerators, the end of the wire might touch the freezing point; for chambers, school-rooms or other places, it could be set at 70° or thereabout; to indicate the presence of fire, it could be set at 100° or upward. In the case of hotels, a glass in every room, each with its wire circuit, might ring an alarm-bell in the office the instant the temperature rose above a fixed height. To indicate the particular room, a common electric annunciator might be attached to the system of circuits, and the clerk or watchman would be instantly informed of the exact position of the danger. By fixing the glasses at a comparatively low figure (say 90°), they would serve a double purpose, show if the room was too warm from over-heating or in danger from fire. The original design of this invention was to indicate the want of oil or other lubricant on bearings for car wheels, shafts, and the like. A hot journal would quickly raise the mercury and, by closing the circuit, start the alarm-bell, and it would continue to ring till the shaft was stopped or cooled. For this purpose a hole was drilled in the bearings, and the thermometer sunk in it till the bulb rested on the shaft. The annunciator in this case was also used to point out the particular journal that was heating for want of oil. This device could also be used to indicate any required temperature in boiling drugs, dye-stuffs, or other liquids.

Home-Made Photometer.

THE light given by one candle is called a unit of photometric value. Gas and other lamps are measured at so much per candle power. The following is a cheap, simple, and tolerably accurate method of testing the photometric value of any given lamp: Roll up a sheet of writing or other paper so as to make a tube an inch in diameter and about a foot long. Take a sheet of stiff white note paper folded once. Open it partly and stand it on end near the lamp to be measured. Light a common wax candle, and place lamp, paper, and candle in a line, in this way:



Here A represents the candle, B the sheet of note paper, C the gas or other lamp to be measured. When these are in line close one eye, and look

through the tube with the other at the point or projecting edge of the sheet of paper. The two parts of the sheet will appear unequally illuminated, and the projection of the paper toward the tube will be readily seen. By moving the candle to the right or left, a point will be found where both sides of the sheet will be equally lighted, and then the sense of projection will disappear, and the note paper will appear flat when examined through the tube. Next carefully measure the distance from A to B and from B to C. Divide the larger sum by the smaller and the result will express the candle power of the lamp at C. For instance, if it is three inches from A to B, and nine inches from B to C, the lamp at C has a photometric value of three candles.

Mechanical Stoker.

FIRING APPARATUS, fuel feeders, or mechanical stokers have been experimented upon for some time. A new one, recently tried with success upon a battery of marine boilers, presents some features of interest. It consists of a flat hopper placed above the fire-door and before the boiler, and a mechanical device for grinding and injecting the coal. The hopper may be of any desired size. For stationary boilers, it might hold a ton, or more. For marine boilers, this would depend on the available room. The hopper ends below in an adjustable box that may be enlarged or diminished in size as the nature of the fuel demands. In this box is a feed and crushing roller that breaks up the coal into dust, slack, and drops it below into a flat iron box holding two horizontal disks turning in opposite directions. The stream of slack or dust coal falling between these disks is shot forward through an opening in the fire-box. By the use of this stoker, a fine show of broken coal is continually spread over the entire surface of the grate bars, and, by governing the speed of the apparatus, the supply of fuel is regulated to suit the demand for steam. To prevent the fire from caking into a mass of clinkers on the fire, every alternate grate bar is given an up and down, and a fro motion, that gradually breaks up the clinkers and forces them forward upon a balanced plunger that may be upset by the fireman, and the water dropped into the ash-pit. The top of each bar is notched so as to cause the clinkers to catch and travel in one direction. All parts of the apparatus are outside the fire-box, and there is no injury from heating and burning. The valuable points claimed for this machine are freedom from cold currents over the fire, as there are no doors to be opened; freedom from smoke, as the combustion is made perfect; and the use of small, inferior and slack coal—with the same steam results. Another result claimed is the increased comfort of the fire-room at any point of temperature, as the fire-door is kept constantly closed. On one steamship, where this stoker was tried, the saving in cost of fuel was marked. The first voyage with hand stoking lasted fifty-three days thirteen hours under steam, with a consumption of 624 tons of coals, valued at $\$3$ 12s. The second voyage lasted fifty-two (s

seven hours, and the consumption of fuel by the use of the mechanical stoker was 619 tons of slack and eighty-seven tons of coal, at a total expense of \$578 6s. The machine is being rapidly applied to a number of ocean steamers.

Electric Switches.

AMONG interesting electric improvements may be noticed a system of switches, whereby any desired amount of battery power may be applied to one or more circuits by simply inserting metallic pegs in a graduated scale. Every new position in which the peg is placed changes the number of cups brought into connection with that particular line. The same apparatus is also arranged with spring catches to enable the chief operator to make a connecting loop with any line, or to join two or more lines together by inserting metallic clips connected with the loop lines into the catches. Each line has two catches, and each will hold four clips, so that eight messages may be taken from one line at once. By joining other circuits with these, a still larger number of copies may be made of any one message. This system of switches enables the chief operator to place himself in connection with any wire, and to study the work of the operator without his knowledge. The apparatus is so simple and compact that the wires for several hundred lines may be brought within easy reach of one operator.

Gun-Metal.

FRÉMY, a distinguished writer on chemistry and practical investigator, has published a pamphlet giving his discovery of a gun-metal which unites the flexibility of bronze with the good qualities of steel. He says the distinction between iron-mines and steel-mines is imaginary; any good iron ore gives steel if rightly treated; the only question is how to get pure steel. The only iron of commerce which is at all pure is the Catalan, owing to the primitive manner of separation of the ore by bruising, and not melting, because, once melted, impurities cannot be removed. Equal to the Catalan, but even more expensive, is iron made by refining with wood charcoal in the open air, and the result of the further refining of either of these irons is fine steel, which is nothing but iron in the purest form. He advises the War Department to lay in a good stock of iron pigs, made exactly as in a laboratory, that is, in crucibles, because the pureness of the steel for guns is the first necessity. His gun metal lies between iron and finely tempered steel, and can be made by steelifying iron completely, but is better if produced synthetically by careful mixture of three parts of iron to one of steel in a gas furnace. It is said to be elastic, returning immediately to its exact shape, and if it bursts, tears rather than breaks in pieces.

Simple Fire Detector.

A DEVICE for indicating fire in any one of a series of rooms has been made by drawing a long wire through all the rooms near the ceiling.

One end is fixed to the wall and the other is secured to a common house bell hung on a spring. In each room the wire is broken and the gap is closed by a small strip of gutta-percha. Under each piece of gutta-percha is a short, slack piece of chain, so that when it melts, the ends of the wire will still be held secure. In case of a fire in any room the gutta-percha melts (at 100 Fahr.), and the wire is drawn apart by a weight at the end where the bell is placed. This frees the spring and the bell rings. The bit of chain prevents the weight from falling, and, as each room is provided with a different length of chain, the distance the weight has fallen records the room where the wire parted. This is a very cheap and simple device, but the thermo-electric alarm described above admits of more general application, and is more certain and definite in its results.

Linen Sheathing for Boats.

THE boats built for the English Arctic Expedition present some features of interest to boat-builders. The planking is painted heavily with marine glue, and over this is spread stout linen cloth. When in place, it is ironed with hot flat irons, and the glue melts and soaks through the cloth, and when cold, the cloth is firmly glued down. The outside planking is then laid over all. The built-up boats, now becoming so popular among boating people and fishermen, having a smooth surface outside and in, and having no ribs, might be advantageously covered in this way, and when painted, the boat would have a smooth, elastic, and water-tight skin.

Compensating Cylinder.

A BESSEMER blowing engine recently erected at Pittsburg exhibits an interesting feature in a compensating cylinder designed to balance the thrust and pull of the engine. A small cylinder, standing next the steam cylinder, has its piston-rod connected with the cross-head so as to move with it. A pipe from the boiler opens into this cylinder below the piston, and as there are no valves or slides, the steam flows freely in and out as it moves up and down. The result is, that the down stroke pushes against the elastic cushion of the steam, and the up stroke is aided by its pressure, and the thrust and pull of the engine is in a measure compensated and relieved.

The Slag Question.

THE utilization of the slag from furnaces, after long discussion, has passed the experimental, and reached the profitable, practical stage. Its reduction to a granulated substance has opened a wide field for its use in various arts. As a vitreous sand, it is made into bricks by mixing with a suitable cement, and, mingled with lime, it makes a good mortar. The bricks are pressed and sun-dried at a cost twenty-five per cent. less than common bricks, and as they are white, they are quite popular with builders. The sand, scattered on unburned clay bricks, gives them an enameled face when burned, and, by mixing with fire-clay, an exceedingly refractory fire-

brick is produced. By various other processes, this useful sandy product is made into cement, shingle for road-beds, brick-dust for flooring, and for bedding in which to run hot metal in making pig-iron. It has been also used for ballasting railroads, and for ships' ballast; but the demand for slag bricks is so good that it is thought these two markets will soon be denied. The most common way of treating the slag is to run it from the furnace into a powerful stream of water that falls into a tank. The velocity of the water carries the sand into the tank, and the water flowing under the molten metal is partly converted into steam that materially aids in shattering and disintegrating it. From the tank, the sand is raised by means of an elevator, and the whole apparatus only demands the attendance of two boys to keep it stirred in the tank, and power to move the elevator.

Hydraulic Riveting Machine.

AN English riveting machine of recent construction shows some features of mechanical interest. It consists of two iron girders, each twelve feet long, and hinged together in the center as they stand upright. One is fixed firmly, and the other moves slightly on its pivot. Built into the base of the fixed girder are two hydraulic cylinders, and by short arms their pistons are connected with the end of the other girder. The first turn of the starting-wheel applies the power of the smaller of these cylinders. It has sufficient force to move the lever into place against the rivet in the plate that is standing between the two girders at the top. The next turn brings in the power of the larger cylinder, and a squeezing pressure of sixty tons drives the rivet home. A reversal of the hand-wheel allows both cylinders to empty themselves, and the pressure is removed. The same motion also gives the water to the smaller cylinder, and its reverse motion draws the girder back into place. By the use of sliding jaws, this machine is also used in bending plates and beams, and may be worked up to a power of 120 tons. The hydraulic works, being below the floor, are safe from dust and frost, and conveniently out of the way.

Summer Pruning.

At the fall of the leaf in the autumn, the twig and outermost stems of all deciduous trees and shrubs are found to be lined with leaf-buds. When the growth begins in the spring, the terminal bud, and a few others in its immediate neighborhood, start into life, and each produces a new twig. The buds below these, robbed of sap, become stunted, die, or fail to grow. This is not wholly a loss, as a part eventually become fruit-buds, and the excess is nature's insurance against accident. While the tree is young and forming its head, this loss of the lower buds is an injury, as it involves a waste of room, and leaves bare spaces on the stem, and weakens it by making a long lever of it. The tendency of the sap is to the end of the twig, and there the growth is always most active. It is upon these facts that the art of pruning has been founded. By cutting off a portion of the twig, its point is placed lower down,

and as only the buds round the end grow, the distance between the natural end and the new one made by the knife is saved. The new growth is the most compact, and the shape of the tree greatly improved. In doing this, the piece of twig removed is a total loss. A small piece, indeed, but it cost the tree time and labor to produce it. It represents so much vital energy expended. A tree can produce only so many pounds or ounces of wood in a season. Every ounce cut away is a loss. This fact has led to the practice of pinching or pruning in summer during the active growth of the tree. If the point of any growing twig be bruised or pinched between the fingers, its growth is checked in that direction. At once the energy the tree seeks outlet in new directions, and new twigs break out on all sides of the checked bud. It is easy to see that by this means the head of branches and stems may be placed farther back, nearer the old wood, or in any position selected, and that there will be no waste of vital force, no loss of wood, nor unnecessary expenditure of time. This is the theory of summer pruning, and it is claimed that, by its practice, compact and sturdy shape may be given to the tree or shrub with no loss of time or energy, and with much less care and labor than by the usual pruning with the knife.

Hamburgs without a House.

SMALL span-roof sashes, two feet high in the center, three feet wide at the base, and of any desired length, are now used with success in the culture of the Black Hamburg grape. The vines are planted in the open garden, and the stem is bent down and trained to supports six inches above the ground, and usually with the end pointing toward the north. The sashes, supported on loose bricks to keep them clear of the soil, and to allow for a narrow air-space all round, are laid over the vines, usually with one sash to each vine, and with the ends closed by sashes at the southern end, and boarding at the northern end. As the stem grows, the sash may be extended, and until it will flourish and bear fruit precisely as in a glass graperly. In winter the sashes are removed, and the vines covered secure from frost and mice. Hamburg vines cultivated in this way, at little expenditure of time, money or trouble, have produced the crops of good color and flavor. For ventilation, one sash is generally made loose, but it is commonly found that the opening round the bottom is sufficient. The site for such a plantation should be well protected from northerly and westerly winds.

Novel Marine Engine.

A NEW marine engine, designed to economize space, and to do away with all slides, eccentric link motions, and other reversing gear, has recently been tried in a small steam-yacht in England. It consists of three cylinders placed side by side, and connected by a peculiar system of steam-ports that open and close by movements from the three pistons that are made to act as slides. A three-throw crank joins the pistons to the shaft and the three pistons, three connecting-rods and the crank make the working parts. The ports all meet in a three-way

and by its movement the engine starts, stops, and reverses at will and instantly. The cylinders and stroke are each 7 inches, and under 90 lbs. pressure, and 380 revolutions; the engine indicated 40-horse power, and the yacht made 13 miles against a slack tide in 75 minutes. The engine is attracting much attention among engineers and boat-owners. An engine having three cylinders grouped together has also been recently patented in this country, but, from the drawings published, it seems to be more complicated than the English engine.

Apparitime.

A NEW product called "apparitime," and useful as a glaze or finish for papers and fabrics, and doubtless to be applied in time to many other uses, has just been brought out in France. It is made by stirring 20 parts of potato starch into 100 parts of water, and then adding 10 parts of potash, or soda lye of 25 degrees. The whole is stirred vigorously till the milky mixture becomes transparent, viscous, and stiff. Poured out and dried, it gives thin sheets of a colorless, odorless, transparent substance, resembling horn, but more pliable and tenacious. As a stiffening and surfacing material, it is said to possess many valuable properties.

An English Invention.

"PRIMING," or the carrying of water in the steam from the boiler into the cylinder, often causes trouble and damage to the engine. To prevent this, and obtain a dry steam, a dome is fixed to the top of the boiler from which the steam is taken. A recent English invention aids this by fixing an upright pipe next the dome, having suitable connections with it and the bottom of the boiler. In this pipe is secured a circular winged deflector, or propeller-shaped helix. The steam in passing this is given a whirling motion, and the water it holds is thrown out by the centrifugal force, and falls back into the pipe that leads to the bottom of the boiler. A stop-valve prevents its return, and the apparatus is said to be a practical success.

A New Idea in Telegraphy.

TELEGRAMS, by a device founded on the idea of the Jacquard loom, may now be committed to a roll of paper, punched with holes instead of letters, and despatched automatically. The punched roll delivers its message to the instrument without attendance, and the message is printed at the other end of the line at the same time. The advantage claimed for this system is a gain of time, and the liberty to send messages when the line is in the most favorable condition without the assistance of the operator.

Memoranda.

PLATES or bars of soft metal, when electroplated, are now rolled out into sheets, and a novel marbled, or frosted surface, is obtained by the breaking of the skin of plating into flakes and blotches. The

process is patented, and designed to be applied to domestic ware.

Manufactures of all kinds exhibit a decided improvement in the artistic decoration of the goods produced, whether they be stoves, machinery, furniture, tools, or carriages. Hereafter it may be laid down as a rule that the most highly finished and the most beautiful goods in every trade will command the best market and the highest price, and that, other things being equal, the measure of their artistic value will be the measure of their commercial value.

A wire for fencing, consisting of two wires twisted together, and armed at intervals with sharp barbs or points, is attracting some attention. The barbs keep away cattle, and the twisting of the wires acts as a spring that compensates for the contraction and expansion that sometimes prove so disastrous to the life of such fences.

The horticultural journals recommend dilute alcohol in spraying plants, as being deadly to insects, and convenient to use, as it quickly evaporates, leaving no trace on the plants, leaves, or flowers. Ordinary atomizers are now freely used for spraying house-plants, and are found to be very convenient.

A small industry for women and children has sprung up in Edinburgh in the making of "fire-lighters" from sawdust. The refuse is collected, molded together into little cakes with clay, or some resinous substance, and, packed in paper boxes, is hawked about the streets by the manufacturers.

Rifling a steam-jet to give it a spiral motion is now performed by inserting three small pipes into the closed head of a delivery-pipe. These pipes are then given half a turn each, and the ends brought together. In cleaning flues, this triple nozzle gives three jets, each having a spiral or twisting motion that causes them to strike the walls of the flue, and effectually sweep them clean.

Thin sheets of copper, secured to the inside of a locomotive boiler, and forming an internal skin next the water, have been tried with success in Austria. The engine ran 14,000 miles, and was then examined. The copper was found to be only slightly incrustated, and the iron plates under it were perfectly bright and clean. It is estimated by the builder that the life of the boiler may, by this means, be extended to more than double its usual limit.

Iron wire, tinned by a galvanic process, and having the appearance of bright silver, is being introduced. The wire is first placed in a bath of hydrochloric acid, in which a piece of zinc is suspended. It is then placed in contact with a piece of zinc in a bath of 100 parts water, 2 parts tartaric acid, 3 parts tin salt, and 3 parts soda. In about two hours it may be taken out and made bright by drawing through a polishing-iron.

Calcined granite is being used as a substitute for clay in earthen-ware and pipe-making. The natural color of the stone is very nearly reproduced, and the material is said to be very refractory when exposed to high temperatures.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Southey, in 1800, writes to a friend: "Books are now so dear that they are becoming articles of fashionable furniture more than anything else; they who buy them do not read, and they who read them do not buy them. I have seen a Wiltshire clothier who gives his bookseller no other instructions than the dimensions of his shelves; and have just heard of a Liverpool merchant who is fitting up a library, and has told his bibliopole to send him Shakespeare, Milton and Pope, and if any of those fellows should publish anything *new*, to let him have it immediately."

At the time when Byron was most calumniated, Murray's soul was comforted by the present of a Bible, a gift from the illustrious poet. "Could this man," he asked, "be a Deist, an Atheist, or worse, when he sent Bibles about to his publishers?" Turning it over in wonderment, however, some inquisitive member of his four o'clock clique found a marginal correction. "Now Barabbas was a robber," altered into "Now Barabbas was a *publisher*." A palpable hit, may be, at some publishers, but, as regards Murray, an uproarious joke to be gleefully repeated to every new-comer.

TWO TRIFLES IN VERSE: BY PROFESSOR PORSON.

MY *first*, from the thief though your house it defends,

Like a slave, or a cheat, you abuse or despise;
My *second*, though brief, yet alas! comprehends
All the good, all the great, all the learned, all the wise;

Of my *third*, I have little or nothing to say,
Except that it marks the departure of day.

Cur-few.

My *first* is the lot that is destined by fate
For my *second* to meet with in every state;
My *third* is by many philosophers reckon'd
To bring very often my first to my second.

Wo-man.

Fielding, hearing that a friend of his was dejected because he was so deeply in debt, said to his informant: "Is that all? How happy I should be, if I could only get £500 deeper in debt than I am already."

A certain Dean of Chester, driving in company with the celebrated Father O'Leary, said to him, when they were getting merry over their wine: "Mr. O'Leary, how can a man of your good sense believe in that damnable doctrine of a half-way house to Heaven?" "Mr. Dane," replied O'Leary, "'twould be lucky for you to believe it also, for, between ourselves, a man might go farther and fare worse!"

The story is told that Mr. Greeley once became disgusted with the blunders of one of the "Tribune" composers, and sent a note up to the foreman,

saying that the said compositor was inefficient, and requesting him to dismiss him at once, and never again to employ him on the "Tribune." The foreman obeyed instructions, and the compositor put his coat on. Before leaving, however, he managed to get possession of Greeley's note to the foreman, and immediately went to a rival office and applied for work, showing the note as a recommendation. The foreman to whom he applied "read" the note, and said: "O, I see—'good and efficient compositor—employed a long time on the "Tribune"—Horace Greeley,'" and incidentally asked: "What made you leave the 'Tribune'?" "I've been away for some time" (meaning ten minutes). So the compositor was at once set to work in a rival office, on the strength of Greeley's certification of his inefficiency, having been "out of a job" about fifteen minutes.

On board of a steamer running between San Francisco and Panama, several passengers were discussing the probable nationality of a very tall and slim foreign lady who put on unusual airs, and who, it was said, represented herself as belonging to a titled family, "I think she is a Swede," said one. "A Russian, more likely," ventured another. "I should say," remarked another member of the group, "that she looks more like a Pole."

A country editor, rigorously accurate, thus quoted two lines of a hymn sung at a funeral:

"Ten thousand thousand (10,000,000) are their tongues,
But all their joys are one (1)."

"I suppose they'll be wanting us to change our language as well as our habits. Our years will have to be dated A. C., in the year of cremation; and 'from creation to cremation,' will serve instead of 'from the cradle to the grave.' We may also expect some lovely elegies in the future—something in the following style, perhaps, for, of course, when grave-diggers are succeeded by pyre-lighters, the grave laments of yore will be replaced by lighter melodies:

"Above yon mantel, in the new screen's shade,
Where smokes the coal in one dull smoldering heap,
Each in his patent urn forever laid,
The baked residua of our fathers sleep.

"The wheezy call of muffins in the morn,
The milkman tottering from his rusty sled,
The help's shrill clarion, or the fish-man's horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lofty bed.

"For them no more the blazing fire-grate burns,
Or busy housewife fries her savory soles,
Though children run to clasp their sires' red urns,
And roll them in a family game of bowls.

"Perhaps in this deserted pot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with terrestrial fire,
Hands that the rod paternal may have swayed,
And waked to ecstasy the living liar."
From "The Bewildered Querists."

A bright little girl sitting on her uncle's knee,
stroked his hair down on his forehead in the meek-

at, sleekest way, and then looking admiringly at the effect, exclaimed: "Why, Uncle Charles, you look—look like—just like a—what is the *male* of *padonna*?" Uncle Charles was thoughtful, and pressed for a moment. But he got the better of the conundrum, and answered: "Well—*Padonna*, suppose."

Origin of the term "Humbug."—This expression is a corruption of the word Hamburg, and originated in the following manner: During a period when war prevailed on the Continent, so many false reports and lying bulletins were fabricated at *Hamburg*, that, at length, when any one would signify his disbelief of a statement, he would say, "You had it from *Hamburg*." And thus, "That is *Humbug*," or *Humbug*, became a common expression of incredulity. Some authorities, however, think the word is made up of the combination in Ben Jonson's "Alchemist":

"Sir, against one o'clock prepare yourself,
Till when you must be fasting; only take
Three drops of vinegar in at your nose,
Two at your mouth, and one at either ear,
To sharpen your fine senses, and cry *hum*
Thrice and then *buz* as often."

Singular Specimen of Orthography in the Sixteenth Century.—The following letter was written by the Duchess of Norfolk to Cromwell, Earl of Essex. It exhibits a curious instance of the anomalies of our orthography in the infancy of our literature, when a spelling-book was yet a precious thing:

"My Ffary gode Lord,—here I sand you in tokyn hoff the eweyer a glasse hoff Seytel set in Sellaer gyld. I pra you take in worth. An hy wer habel het showlde be bater. I woll war wort a M. crone."

Thus, translated:

"My very good Lord: Here I send you in token of the ew year, a glass of setyll set in silver gilt. I pray you take in worth. An I were able it should be better. I would it were worth a thousand crowns."

The world deals good-naturedly with good-natured people, and I never knew a sulky misanthropist who quarrelled with it, but it was he, and not it, who was in the wrong.—*Thackeray*.

Nothing is more common, said Voltaire, than people who advise; nothing more rare than those who assist.

Two clerks were boasting of the amount of business done in their respective establishments. One said their pens alone cost \$6,000. The other replied that they saved more than that in *ink* by not dotting their *i*'s.

South preached to the merchant tailors from the text, "A remnant shall be saved."

We beg leave to take the following from "John Paul's Book: Moral and Instructive; Consisting of Travels, Tales, Poetry and like Fabrications; by John Paul, author of 'Liffith Lank,' 'St. Twel'mo,' and other works, too humorous to mention, with several portraits of the author, and other spirited engravings":

THE ABSURDITY OF IT.

It is all very well, for the poets to tell,
By way of their song adorning,
Of milkmaids who rouse, to manipulate cows,
At Five o'clock in the morning.
And of moony young mowers who bundle out-doors—
The charms of their straw-beds scorning—
Before break of day, to make love and hay,
At Five o'clock in the morning!

But, between me and you, it is all untrue—
Believe not a word they utter;
To no milkmaid alive does the finger of Five
Bring beaux—or even bring butter.
The poor sleepy cows, if told to arouse,
Would do so, perhaps, in a horn-ing;
But the sweet country girls, would they show their curls,
At Five o'clock in the morning?

It may not be wrong for the man in the song—
Or the moon—if anxious to settle,
To kneel in wet grass, and pop, but, alas!
What if he popped down on a nettle?
For how could he see what was under his knee,
If, in spite of my friendly warning,
He went out of bed and his house and his head,
At Five o'clock in the morning?

It is all very well, such stories to tell,
But if I were a maid, all forlorn-ing,
And a lover should drop, in the clover, to pop,
At Five o'clock in the morning;
If I liked him, you see, I'd say, "Please call at Three;"
If not, I'd turn on him with scorning:
"Don't come here, you Flat, with conundrums like that,
At Five o'clock in the morning!"

After more than a century and a-half, Bayle's Dictionary is still the same favorite with the lovers of books that it was upon its first publication. The esteem in which it was held by Johnson, Gibbon, and Disraeli, is well known. In Moore's *Diary*, its various merits are pleasantly set forth by Lord Holland.

"September 2d, 1837: Received a note from Lord Holland announcing that his present of Bayle was on its way down by the wagon. The note was accompanied by an amusing string of rhymes, full of fun and pun, à la Swift:

'MY DEAR MOORE:

Neither poet nor scholar can fail
To be pleased with the critic I send you—'tis
Bayle.

At leisure or working, in sickness or hale,
One can ever find something to suit one in Bayle.
Would you argue with fools, who your verses assail,
Why, here's logic and learning supplied you by
Bayle.

Indeed, as a merchant would speak of a sale,
Of the articles asked for, I forward a Bayle.
But should you, in your turn, have a fancy to rail,
Let me tell you there's store of good blackguard in
Bayle.

And although they for life might throw you in jail,
Pray what would release you so quickly as Bayle?
Your muse has a knack at an amorous tale.
Do you want one to versify? turn to your Bayle—
Nay, more, when at sea, in a boisterous gale,
I'll make you acknowledge there's service in Bayle;
For if water be filling the boat when you sail,
I'll be bound you'll cry "bail, my lads," Bayle!
A mere correspondent may trust to the mail,
But your true man of letters relies on his Bayle.
So much knowledge in wholesale, and wit in retail,
(Tho' you've plenty already) greet kindly in Bayle."

There is a singular instance of Lord Chesterfield's political zeal. Lord R., with many good qualities, and even learning and parts, had a strong desire of being thought skillful in physic, and was very expert in bleeding. Lord Chesterfield, who knew his foible, and on a particular occasion wished to have his vote, came to him one morning, and, after having conversed on indifferent matters, complained of headache, and desired his lordship to feel his pulse. It was found to beat high, and a hint of losing blood given. "I have no objection, and, as I hear your Lordship has a masterly hand, will you favor me with trying your lancet upon me?" "Apropos," said Lord Chesterfield, after the operation was over, "Do you go to the House to-day?" Lord R. answered: "I did not intend to go, not being sufficiently informed of the question which is to be debated; but you have considered it, which side will you be of?" The Earl, having gained his confidence, easily directed his judgment. He carried him to the House, and got him to vote as he pleased. He used afterward to say that none of his friends had done so much as he, having literally bled for the good of his country.

On another occasion he was chosen to obtain the King's assent to an appointment of which His Majesty was known to disapprove. He produced the commission, and, on mentioning the name, was angrily refused. "I would rather have the devil," said the King. "With all my heart," said the Earl. "I only beg leave to put your Majesty in mind that the commission is to be addressed to our right trusty and well-beloved cousin." The King laughed, and said: "My Lord, do as you please."

Willis says that at whichever end of the horn a young man goes in, the large end rich, or the little end poor, his coming out at the other is, in this country, the greater probability.

Some persons think to make their way through the difficulties of life, as Hannibal is said to have done across the Alps, by pouring vinegar upon them.

A dancer, saying to a Spartan, "You cannot stand so long on one leg as I can," "True," answered the Spartan; "but any goose can."

It is said to be a fact that some very learned gentlemen, well known in the literary and scientific world, made a visit last year to Cape Cod to gain the opin-

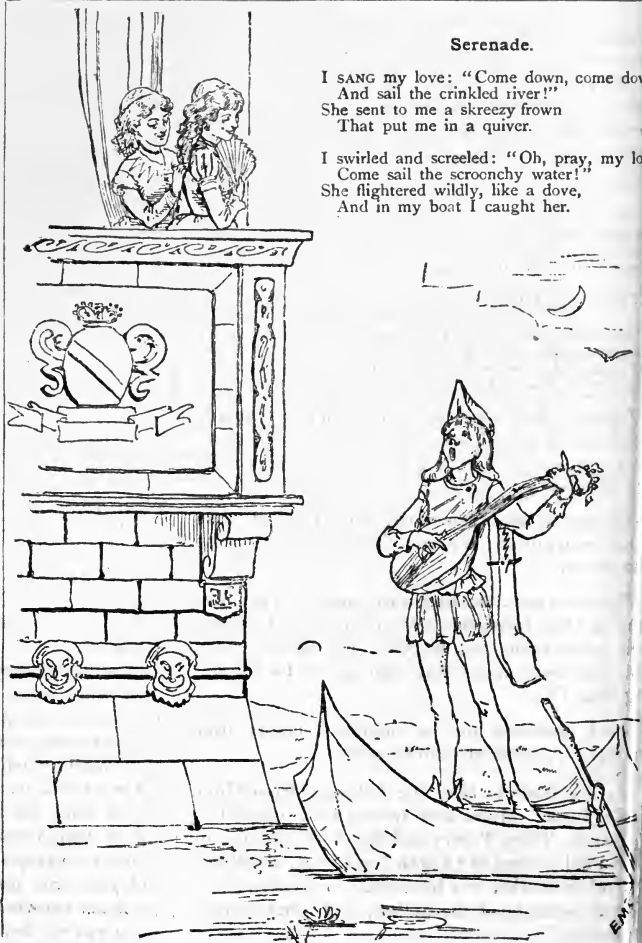
ion of an old sea captain there about some peculiarity of the tides on its coasts. He had studied the subject all his life, and was considered an oracle. They found him peacefully smoking at the door of his cottage, and stated their errand. "Well, gentlemen," said he, "I have thought a deal on this curious pint, and I've come to the conclusion that it's the moon, and one darned thing or another."

A Highlander was one day examining a picture by one of the old masters, in which angels were represented blowing trumpets. He inquired if the angels really ever played on trumpets, and being answered in the affirmative, made the following remark: "Hech, sirs, but they maun be easy pleased wi' music! I wonder they didna borrow a pair o' bagpipes."

At a camp-meeting last summer, a venerable sister began the hymn—

"My soul be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise."

She began in shrill quavers, but it was pitched too high: "Ten thousand—Ten thousand," she screeched, and stopped. "Start her at 5000!" cried a converted stock-broker present.



Serenade.

I SANG my love: "Come down, come down
And sail the crinkled river!"
She sent to me a skreezy frown
That put me in a quiver.

I swirled and screeled: "Oh, pray, my love
Come sail the scroonchy water!"
She flightered wildly, like a dove,
And in my boat I caught her.

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A FARMER'S VACATION: V.

OLD JERSEY.



FARM-HOUSE IN ST. PETER'S VALLEY.

NOTHING in the whole experience of travel produces such genuine emotion as discovery. To come upon an interesting and important old town, of which we had hitherto known next to nothing, and of which we are sure that most of our countrymen are equally ignorant, awakens an introverted enthusiasm that proves us akin to Columbus. "Where Treves, exactly? I don't think I quite know." Such a question as this, from one who is otherwise our equal, always emphasizes the secret satisfaction with which we contemplate our individual merit of good fortune.

Discovery is not the least of the great pleasures that finally reward those who climb down from the high quay at St. Malo and embark on the side-wheeler "Pinta," bound for the untried waters of La Manche, which we found still so lashed by the tail of the *forte tempête*, that even the barbarous passage from Dover to Calais faded from our recollection. After four hours of almost mortal agony, we ran past the great mole at

St. Helier's, and were in still water. In due time we were in the old "Hôtel de la Pomme d'Or," and were at rest, amid such wholesome old-fashioned hospitality and cordial attention as only a combination of French and English customs can give. Think of Southdown mutton and "Suprême de Volaille," of English tea and French coffee under the same roof!

The rain, which had so much interfered with our pleasure in France, had rained itself out, and our two weeks in Jersey were blessed with the most superb autumn weather. We were in a land rarely visited by Americans, and so little known to our literature of travel, that at each turn of its beautiful lanes we found a fresh delight. So much as is generally known of the island relates—just as our popular notions of Siam center around its twins—to the cattle for which it has long been famous. The cattle are still there in all their beauty, but they are but one element of a beauty that is almost universal.

Our own interest in Jersey was largely an agricultural one, but we found much else that cannot fail to engage the attention of all who care for the picturesqueness of history, of society, and of nature. The island lies sixteen miles west of the coast of Normandy, forty miles north of Brittany, and about one hundred miles south of England. It is about as large as our own Staten Island, containing nearly forty thousand acres of land, about twenty-five thousand of which are under cultivation. The population is over fifty-six thousand, or about two and one-fourth for each acre of cultivated land. More than one-half of the population is in St. Helier's, which is the only town of considerable size.

More even than most islands, Jersey is a little world by itself, with its own history and local peculiarities, very different from any that we find in other countries. Its agriculture is as unlike that of England or France, as are the people themselves unlike their French cousins, or their English compatriots.

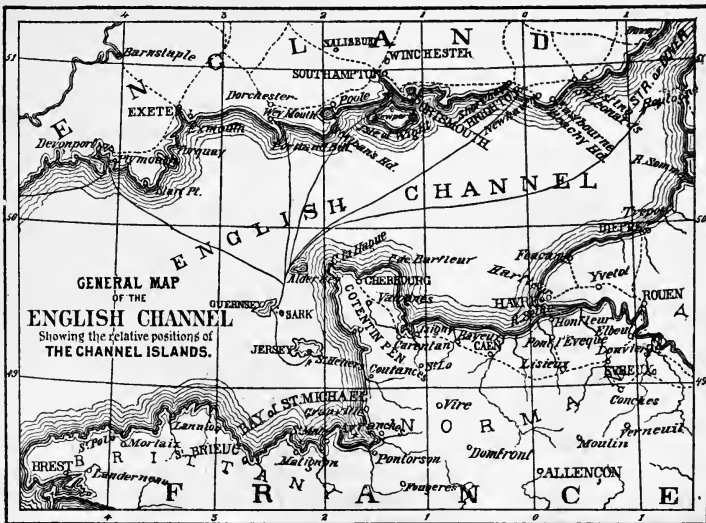
If one feature of the scenery is more peculiar to the island than any other (and almost more charming than anything of its kind elsewhere), it is the embowered lanes which intersect it in every direction, like a net-work of lovers' walks. They are always of about the same character, yet always varying; a narrow, capitolly made road—as hard and smooth as those of Central Park—often only wide enough for a single vehicle, but with frequent bays for passing; high earthen banks at the sides for fences, which make the lane seem a trench cut into

the soil; trees growing from the tops of these banks, sending their snake-like roots down under the grass and clustering ferns to the firm ground beneath, and overarching the way with their branches; and, to crown all, the greenest and most luxuriant ivy starting at the roadside gutters, and, claiming its share of the bank, winding itself closely around the trunks of the trees, and draping their interlocked branches overhead or enfolding the end of a dead limb with a mass of sturdy blossom or fruit. New trees are springing up to replace those which the ivy has reduced to mere stumps or trunks of solid verdure, and so the form and combination of the row is varied at every step. Frequent gate-ways open glimpses into the fields. Here and there a bit of stone-work replaces or supports the earthen wall. There are many cool-looking, stone-arched, natural fountains sunk in the verdure, and sometimes the land slopes away from the road into an overgrown ravine, from which there comes the sound of running water. The winding lane at Rozel, and the old main road at Vinchelez (with an ancient Norman gate-way), are good examples; but there are miles and miles of lanes in every direction all of the same general character, and constantly changing in detail.

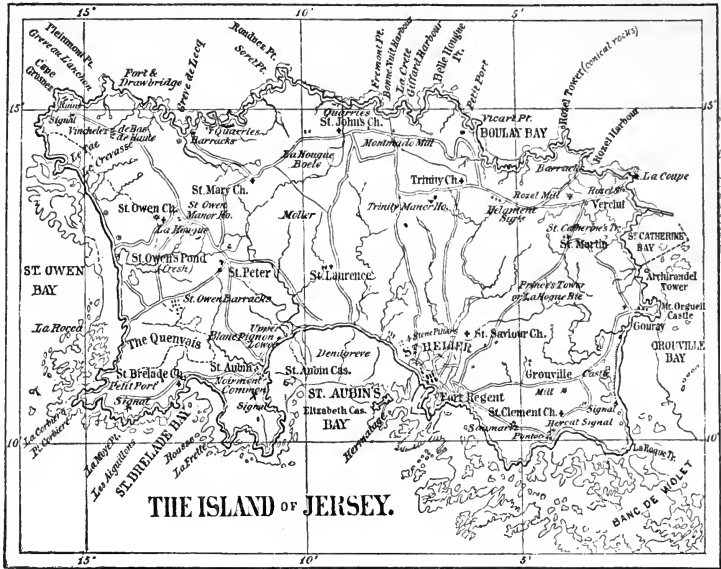
It is through such secluded ways as these and past comfortable farm-houses, and thatched cottages and sheds, that one drives to get an impression of the agriculture and the life of Jersey. It soon becomes evident, however, that no traveler's casual impression will do justice to this compact little

country. It is so different from what we find elsewhere and needs study to be understood.

Outside of the towns, the island is mostly divided into very small holdings. Inherited lands cannot be devised but will, but must follow the law of succession. Purchased property may be devised, there are no direct heirs to inherit. The eldest son has the house and about two acres of land (fervergées); he has,



In addition to this, one-ninth of the landed state and rents. What remains is then divided, two-thirds between the sons, and one-third between the daughters. This law has effected a very minute subdivision, and even the consolidation of estates by purchase is much obstructed by a law that makes the heirs liable for the debts of the former owner, even those contracted after he has sold it. One must know in buying property, or in taking it on long lease, not only that



the person selling or easing, and his predecessors also, are solvent at the time, but that they are likely to remain so. With all its inconveniences, this law has had the effect of fixing the people to the land more completely than is usual elsewhere. The soil owns the man, rather than the man the soil. The surplus population is taken up by the professions and by commerce, and very largely by the Newfoundland cod-fisheries. Many small estates are rented, and the rents are high, often fifty dollars per acre for entire farms.

There are very few farms of over fifty acres—not more than six or eight in the whole island. From fifteen to twenty acres is the usual size of the larger holdings, but the majority of families make a comfortable support from very much less—often from two or three acres. Nearly every one living

in the country cultivates some land, no matter how little; if only a small garden plot, he still raises vegetables for market. He has two or three vergées, keeps a cow and some poultry, and swine. Consequently, his wanderings in any direction outside of the towns are among an almost purely agricultural people. The "gentry" invariably cultivate their own estates, and indeed one is at a loss to learn where the gentry ends and the peasantry begins.

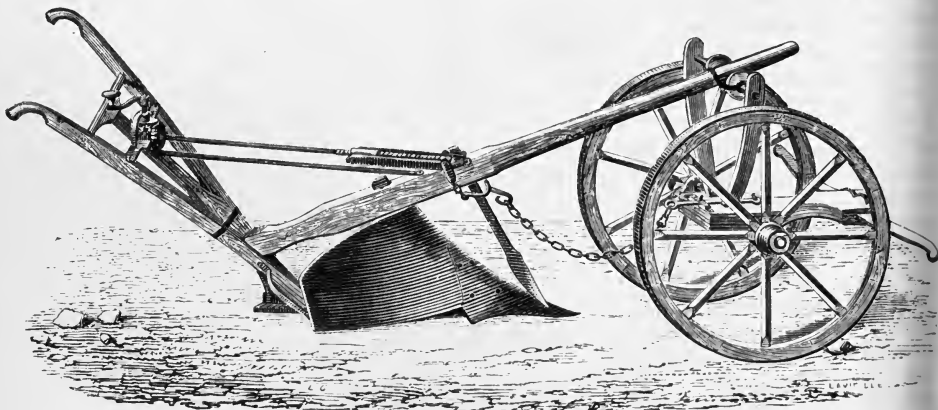
The best names in the island are borne by the smaller landholders as well as by the larger, and cousinship links the population into a very compact community. One result is a much higher grade of intelligence among the very small farmers than would be expected; *noblesse oblige*,—to the extent that all feel themselves to belong in a higher social plane than their possessions would indicate, and that they strive to maintain their rightful dignity. The island directory, which contains the names of many who, from the smallness of their holdings, would be called peasants in other parts of Europe, is headed "List of the names and addresses of the Resident Gentry." The ambition of this people to maintain a good position is furthered by their situation and natural circumstances. Their soil is fertile; the sea-weed is abundant, and is a capital manure; the



LANE AT VINCHELEZ, WITH NORMAN ARCH.

climate is absolutely a perfect one; and they have the best market in the world (Covent Garden) almost at their doors, to say nothing of their own town, which of itself should be able to consume all their staple products.

resource, and there results a thoroughly good agriculture, which has important lessons for us all. "High farming," in a small way, is as well exemplified here as in Belgium. Indeed, when we consider how much greater



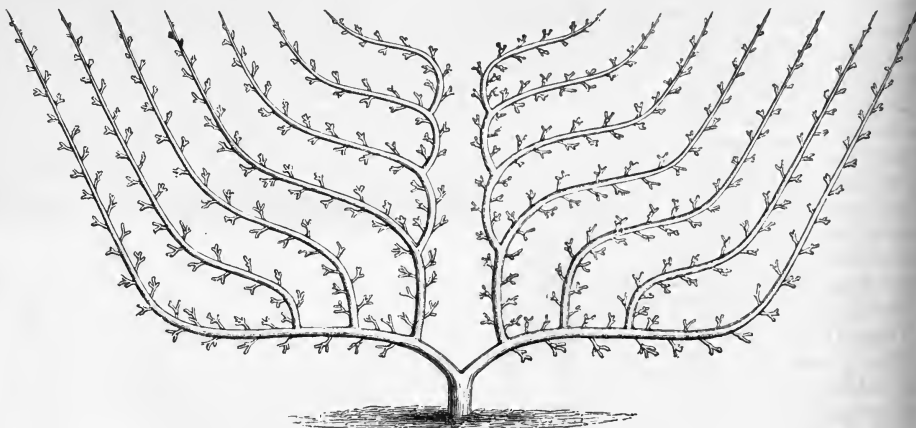
A JERSEY "GRANDE CHARRUE."

Add to all this the possession of a race of cattle popular throughout the world, and of which the surplus is eagerly bought at high prices, and we shall understand why the position of the Jersey farmer is exceptionally favorable.

Provincial pride always reaches its most stalwart growth in islands, and in Jersey it attains proportions which are perhaps justified by a peculiarly isolated position, and by the tenacity with which old traditions and

are the requirements of these farmers than are those of the Belgian peasants, and how comfortably they are supplied, we must confess that *petite culture* here reaches its best development. Le Cornu says: "A farm of twenty acres will, with few exceptions (where meadow-land or orchards predominate), be distributed as follows:

Hay and pasture.....	10	ac
Turnips.....	2	"
Mangolds.....	1	"



A JERSEY FRUIT TRÉE.

customs are still preserved. This incentive seconds that of family pride in stimulating the farmer, large or small, to the gathering of worldly gear, for which the soil is his only

Parsnips.....	1	acre.
Carrots.....	3/4	"
Potatoes.....	2	"
Wheat.....	3 1/4	"

The stock usually kept will consist of:

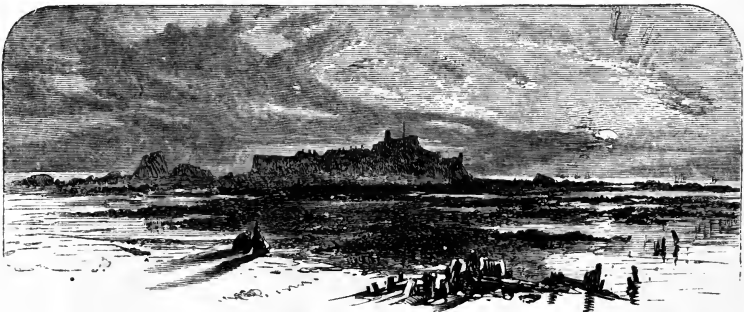
Horses.....	2
Cows.....	6
Heifers.....	6
Pigs.....	3

To manage the above, and keep the whole in proper order, will require the constant attendance of four persons, two men and two women. In most cases the farmer has not recourse to assistance beyond that of his own immediate household. It is a rare occurrence for a tenant-farmer to hold a farm of this extent unless he can rely on his own family for assistance." As before stated, twenty acres is a large farm. "Ten Acres Enough" would have been a very commonplace title if the book had been published in Jersey. The high farming is not of the sort practiced in England, where a large capital is employed, and where everything is done on an extensive scale, but rather that of garden cultivation, where every acre is made to do its very best, and where deep plowing, heavy manuring, and careful attention produce their best effect. It is not to be understood that the farms are always neat and tidy, and kept polished as if for show. On the contrary, they are very often untidy, and have an ill-kept look about the fence corners, the tumble-down old thatch-covered stone barns; but, as everywhere in this climate, the ivy creeps over all neglected ruin, and makes even the end of an abandoned pig-sty look like such masses of enchanting green and brown, so that one is glad that the business of the fields and stables has left the farmer no time to improve away this wealth of roadside beauty. In our ruder climate, decay is more or less hideous, but under these softer influences, when man abandons his works, nature takes them into her tenderest clasp and surrounds them with grass and tree until they become a part of her own handiwork.

There are generally clusters of houses about the parish churches, and at no point does one often out-look the sight of habitations. Frequently several houses are grouped together, and the whole of the cultivated part of the island more like a ragged village, than like the most thickly settled of farming neighborhoods.

The country houses are almost invariably built of stone, and the older ones are roofed with thatch or red tiles—often with a combination of the two—that thatch on the upper part of the roof, and tiles near the eaves, as shown on the larger house in the St. Peter's Valley view. Each place is well provided with outbuildings, such as bake-house, stable, cow-house, sties, sheds, barns, cider-house, store-houses, etc., conveniently arranged, and proportioned to the size of the farm. The fields contain usually from less than one to three acres of land, and are divided by huge banks of earth, often studded with trees. As land increases in value these are in some cases being leveled, and their place supplied by hedges. Orchards abound, and well they may, for cider forms the chief beverage of the poorer classes, and its importation is forbidden by law. This accounts, too, for the prevalence of the cider-house.

Some of the agricultural customs are peculiar, especially the *Vraic Harvest* and "*La Grande Fouerie*." *Vraic* is sea-weed, and the supply is almost unlimited. Probably more than thirty thousand loads are secured every year. The "*vraic venant*"—that which is washed ashore by the storms—is free to be taken at all times between sunrise and sunset. The "*vraic scié*" is that which is cut from the rocks, and the harvest is regulated by law or by a hallowed custom. There are two cuttings each year, the first beginning with the first new or full moon after the first day of February, and lasting five weeks; and the second beginning in the middle of June, and terminating absolutely on the last day of August. For the first month of the summer cutting, the privilege is confined to the poor, who, however, may take only what they can carry in their arms beyond the line of the spring tides. The first day of the cutting is a general holiday. Crowds collect about the rocks and cut all they can (using a kind of sickle), throwing



ELIZABETH CASTLE, FROM OUR WINDOWS.

it in heaps until the tide turns. It is then, as rapidly as possible, carried beyond the reach of the advancing waters. When the day's work is done, the different groups meet at some house of refreshment and have a dance and a frolic. Some of the *vraic* is applied directly to the fields and plowed in, and some is dried for fuel, the abundant ashes remaining being sold at about fourteen cents per bushel for manure.

"La Grande Fouerie," or the *great digging*, is a custom peculiar to the Channel Islands. It is an application in field culture of

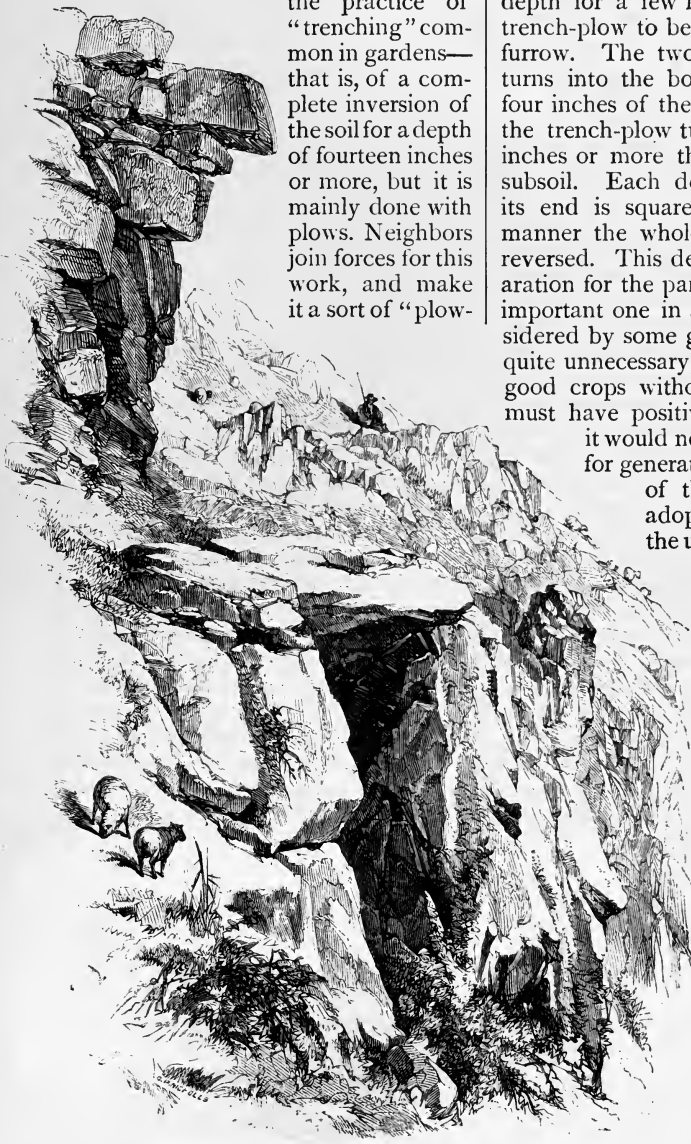
the practice of "trenching" common in gardens—that is, of a complete inversion of the soil for a depth of fourteen inches or more, but it is mainly done with plows. Neighbors join forces for this work, and make it a sort of "plow-

ing-bee." The plow used for the deeper part of the work is shown in the cut on page 404. It is drawn by four, six, or eight horses, according to the depth desired. The operation is as follows:

The trench-plow is preceded by a two-horse plow, which casts off a furrow up and down the middle of the field, and is followed by men with spades, who open a trench of the desired depth, neatly squared to a width of two feet, the earth being scattered at each side. After the small plow has begun its next turn the bottom is dug out to the full depth for a few feet by hand, to allow the trench-plow to begin at the bottom of the furrow. The two-horse plow cuts off and turns into the bottom of the trench about four inches of the freshly manured turf, and the trench-plow turns upon it the whole of the subsoil. Each deep furrow is begun, and its end is squared up, by hand. In this manner the whole field has its soil deep reversed. This deep cultivation is the preparation for the parsnip crop, which is a very important one in all the islands. It is considered by some good farmers in Jersey quite unnecessary, and they claim to raise good crops without it as with it; but it must have positive merit in many cases.

It would not have prevailed, as it has for generations. When the character of the subsoil admits of its adoption, it must, at least, have the ultimate result of deepening the staple, and so greatly improving the soil. It would be fair to assume that it has had much influence in producing the fertility which the land is noted

Wishing to get the full impression of *living* Jersey, we made but a short stay at the "Pomme d'Or," for the blessed English institution "lodgings" prevails—an institution whose adoption in America would add much to the comfort of the nomadic part of our population. Driving about in the neighborhood of the town, we decided on a cottage on the shore of St. Aubert's



ROCK AT BEAU PORT.

Bay (about a mile from St. Helier's), kept by a widow and her daughter, who, with the help of a small handmaiden, did all the work of the establishment. We had a pleasant parlor and dining-room *en suite*, three chambers, and sufficient closets. For this, with service, fires, gas, and all extras, the charge was three guineas per week (about seventeen dollars currency). We did our own marketing in person, and had passbooks with the butcher, grocer, and baker, and were soon as much at home, and in as regular relations with our base of supply in the town, as though we had no other home in the world. In the house the hours, the customs, and the diet were quite under our control, and we were fast growing into Jerseymen, which seemed a very pleasant thing to do. Our rooms occupied the whole sea-front of the house, and commanded a superb view (toward the afternoon sun, and the crescent moon) over the bay and past Noirmont Point. The view to the left was bounded by the town and harbor, and before us stood the storied pile of Elizabeth Castle, like Mont Saint Michel, an island at high tide, and accessible over the dry sands at low water. Our sunset view, when the sands were bare, is that shown in the cut of the castle.

Even Jersey has not been exempt from the invasion of the railroad, and every half hour there rattled along the shore in front of us the odd little train that runs from St. Helier's to St. Aubin's, four miles. It was drawn by a little pony of a locomotive, and consisted of two cars, like those of England, but with a covered and well-railed balcony running along each side, and usually occupied by the passengers, who at this season generally avoided the closer compartments within. This arrangement gives an unusual width to the cars, but there seems to be no objection to it for roads where there are no cuttings; it is, certainly, most agreeable in pleasant weather, and admits of the opening of windows during rain.

Being much favored in the matter of weather, we passed a good part of every day in driving about the country; sometimes lingering over the majestic rocks of the north coast, which rises about three hundred feet above the sea, and is especially abrupt and grand; but more often haunting the quieter lanes and drinking our fill of a sen-



STONE ANCHOR AND MARTELLO TOWER.

sation not to be repeated in our different rural surroundings at home. Jersey is pre-eminently a country for idling. It is large enough for varied excursions, but small enough for any point to be reached easily, and it has a never-ending charm of coast and land, of which one does not tire.

It boasts of being, with its sister islands, the oldest possession of the present ruling house of Great Britain. Normandy, to which it then belonged, was given by Charles the Simple to Duke Rollo in 912, and it passed to the English crown with William the Conqueror. When Normandy was regained by France the islands remained with England, and, although Jersey has been frequently attacked and sometimes invaded by the French, they have never had possession of more than a portion of the island, and never succeeded in conquering the loyal spirit of its people, though they committed wide devastation. So much was Norman or French invasion feared, that there were inserted in the litany the words, "and from the fury of the Normans, good Lord, deliver us!"

When King John lost Normandy, he looked upon these islands "as the last Plank left of so great a Shipwreck," and resolved to keep them at whatever cost. He was twice in Jersey in person, and became a sort of vicarious father of the country, to which he gave "many excellent Laws and Priviledges."

During the reign of Edward III., the famous Du Guesclin, with an army that included the flower of French chivalry, effected a landing, held possession of the eastern parishes, and besieged for some months Mont Orgueil Castle, to which the chief persons of the island had retired. The castle held out, and the invaders withdrew into France.

Henry VI., during his contest for the throne, solicited French aid against Edward IV., and his Queen contracted with the Count de Maulevrier that, in consideration for his services, the Channel Islands should be made over to him. He seized Mont Orgueil Castle by surprise, and employed every device of kindness to induce the people of Jersey to renounce their allegiance to England and to acknowledge him. "He could never prevail on the inclinations of a people who were enraged to see themselves sold to the French, a nation which they hated; insomuch that, in about six years' time, he could never make himself master of above half the island." During this period there were frequent skirmishes between the French and the troops of the loyal Seigneur of St. Ouen, who held the western parishes.

Finally, under Edward IV., the castle was reduced by famine, and the French were driven quite out of the island.

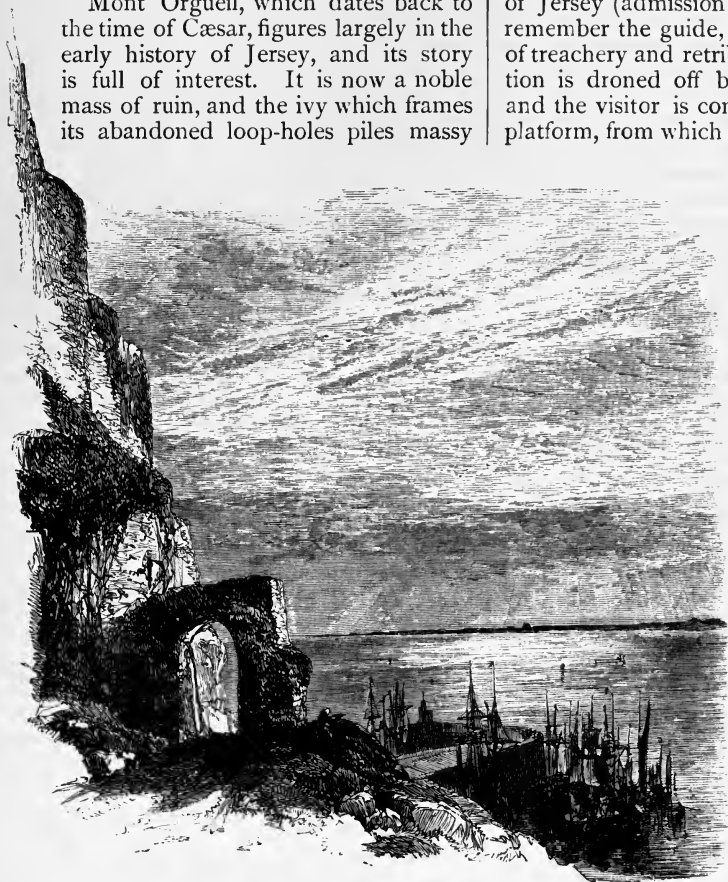
Mont Orgueil, which dates back to the time of Cæsar, figures largely in the early history of Jersey, and its story is full of interest. It is now a noble mass of ruin, and the ivy which frames its abandoned loop-holes piles massy

green upon its crumbling parapet, and drapes its ponderous sides with living verdure; the ivy and the salt sea-winds have claimed it for their own; it is only a dreamy old crag of solid walls, whispering its tale of the by-gone times in the idle and gladly credulous ear of the traveler. At its feet breaks the summer spray of La Manche, and from its crest one sees, across the smoky distance, the phantom spires of Coutances. There is a snug inn in the little village of Gouray beneath the castle. In front of this, vessels lie heeled over on their sides on the harbor mud, waiting idly for the rising tide. There are charming walks near at hand, when the single visit has been paid to the prosaic cromlech on the hill, where the old Druids celebrated their now forgotten rites.

Between the castle and St. Helier's is La Hougue Bie, a tumular mound, overgrown with rhododendron, on which stands an ancient tower with several furnished rooms and a little chapel. This is one of the lions of Jersey (admission sixpence, and "please remember the guide, sir"). A quaint legend of treachery and retribution and wifely devotion is droned off by the small showman, and the visitor is conducted to the elevated platform, from which the charming freshness

and beauty of the south-eastern parishes are realized as from no other point, and where the best idea is gained of the insular character of Jersey, and of its nearness to the French coast.

It is not, after all, for its lions that one should visit Jersey, but rather for the great enjoyment of its lanes and home-like little farms. Any mile of its smaller roads is worth all else that it has to offer to those who are only in pursuit of pleasure; and, indeed, one who enjoys simple country things, and an air of foreign and unmodern quaintness, need seek no further to find these

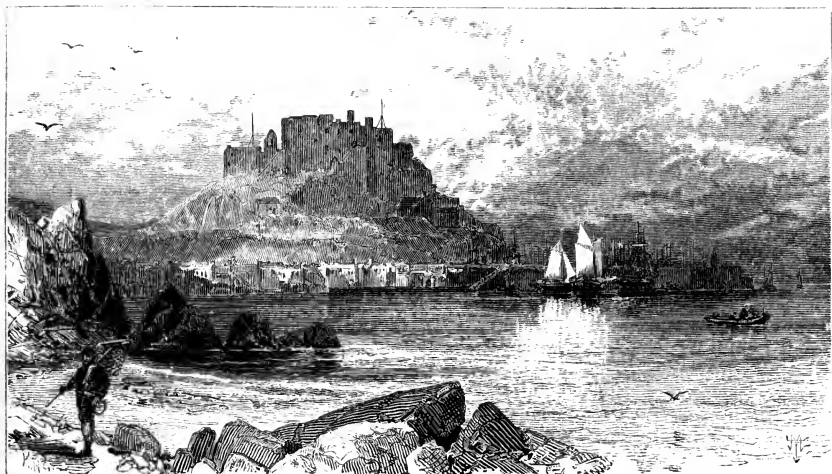


GATE-WAY TO MT. ORGUEIL CASTLE.

their most engaging and unspoiled form.

Naturally, one who visits this island will have much of his attention taken up by the

The port of Jersey is absolutely free (save for a slight impost on spirits); and wages and the cost of living are so low, that shopping is exceptionally cheap. Some of the shops are a surprise for their size and com-



MT. ORGUEIL CASTLE.

own, and the people, and their institutions. It is not an attractive town, nor especially attractive. Falle wrote, in 1693: "The chief Town is St. Helier, a neat, well-built town, seated near the Sea, containing about 1,000 Inhabitants, who are for the most part Merchants, Traders, and Artificers; the Gentry and People of the best Fashion living generally in the Country. 'Tis the ordinary Seat of Justice; and here is kept a Market, in the Nature of a Fair, every Saturday, where Gentlemen meet for Conversation as well as for Business." It is closely built, and has a busy air, and its population includes a large element of English families, who have been attracted here by a combination of climate, cheapness, and good schools; and, in the summer time, a more conspicuous element of cheap tourists. These are known as "Five Pounders," many of them being clerks spending their holiday weeks and their five-pound notes in noisy and unlovely pastimes. Happily, they fill the great open excursion cars and spend the whole day in the country. These cars, drawn by four horses, are of such width that they must needs keep to the broad roads, and their routes are easily avoided. In all our wanderings, we very rarely fell in with them.

This incursion of tourists and the large floating population have built up certain branches of trade to unexpected proportions.

pleteness. One establishment has every conceivable article of useful and ornamental furniture, including rare china and glass. Another shop, De Gruchy's, is larger and more complete than any that I know in America, except two or three in New York, especially in its supply and variety of useful goods; it includes a capital tailoring establishment, and ladies' dresses and men's hats seem to be important branches. We found the prices of certain goods much lower than in corresponding shops in London, and could very well understand that, to a family man in need of an outfit, the æsthetic inducement is not the only one that Jersey holds out.

The native population of the town are English of the English—in their dress and in their sentiment of nationality; but there lurk under the surface some qualities that betray the unmixed Norman blood that still fills their veins—modified by eight hundred years of English nationality, but lacking the admixture of the Saxon and old Briton elements. In the presence of the world at large, the Jerseyman is an Englishman; but in the presence of the English he asserts himself (at least to himself) a Jerseyman. He is proud of his allegiance to England, but prouder still that he is of this choicest and oldest part of the English possessions.

The odd thing about this island, and the one that seems most incongruous, is, that

the language of the people, especially in the country, but also very largely in the town, is French. We often met women and children on the farms who spoke no English, and in one very attractive photograph shop in St. Helier's we were asked if we did not speak French. Many of the market-women seem to be only sufficiently acquainted with English for the purposes of their traffic. The regular service in all the parish churches is in French, but there is in St. Helier's Church an afternoon service in English for the benefit of the garrison. The official language of the courts is French, but English suitors may examine witnesses and address the court in their own tongue. Official notices are posted in the two languages. The reading part of the population is more largely English, if we may judge from the fact that there are six English newspapers and only three French ones; this, however, may result from the fact that the newspaper is much more fully developed in England than in France.

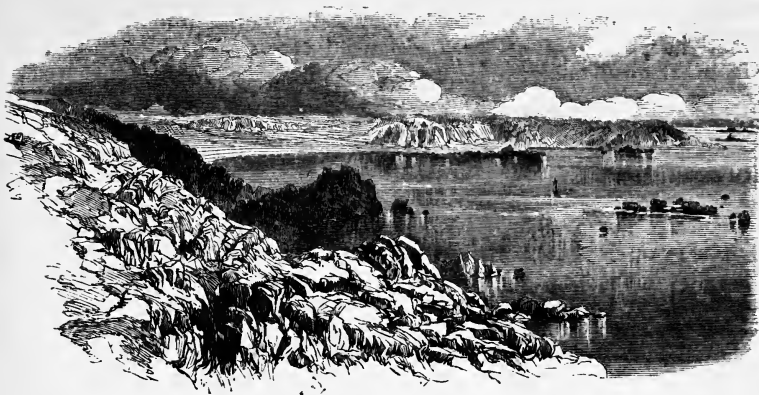
One might pass some time in the town, in the usual way of tourists, without discovering that he was not in an English community, but a trip to the country would soon inform him. The men and the younger women and the larger children speak modern French as their language of law and devotion, and English (usually less readily and perfectly) as their language of trade and business intercourse; but both tongues are in a measure foreign to them, while to the younger children and the older women, they seemed to be sometimes but little known,

of the days of the old Dukes of Normandy that which was carried by the Conqueror into England, and may be better described as the Anglo-Norman. It is essentially the same language as that of the present country population of Normandy, save that it has some engraftings of modern French as that of Jersey has of English.

The modern language of Jersey (we have hardly the right to call this cradle of our own tongue a *patois*) is illustrated by the following specimen: "J'ai bain des fais paslait mes ammins à l'endrait d'esl'ver un moueusment à s'nhonneu, mais chest comm si j'm'capuchais la teste contre la pathé, ont poeux desmonaizir quicq' herpins,—el Mon Gui, il en laissont drièthe ieux d'ch fréluques, nou n'les mettra pou à lus serv d'ouothilli quand nou les pliache 'cha d' lues dernièthe grande naithe casaque et nou il'z'envietha à s'er' poser dans l'ba grand Gardin à nour' ammin le Ministre Filleu."

In modern French this would be: "J'ai bien des fois parlé à mes amis au sujet d'élever un monument à son honneur, mais c'est comme si je me cognais la tête contre un mur, ils ont peur de dépenser quelque chose,—eh! Mon Dieu, ils en laisseront derrière eux de ces fréluques, on ne les mettra point à leur servir d'oreiller, quand nous les placerons dans leur dernier grand habit noir et qu'on les enverra se reposer dans le beau grand jardin de notre ami le Révérend Filleul."

A knowledge of French helps hardly all to an understanding of Jersey French when spoken. It is a rude language, and seems not to be of place among the poorer people, but it is often to hear it familiarly used by educated persons; yet in the most aristocratic families it is the language of the household. We once asked



ST BRELADE'S BAY.

except for the routine of the church service. The language of the Jersey hearthstone—the "mother tongue" of the country people—is French, it is true, but it is the French

our way of an old woman who was working in her garden. Pointing to the left, she told us to go "too gowshe" (tout gauche). We addressed very few who could not speak

modern French, but the knowledge of English is much less common than would seem possible in an island so small that no house is more than about ten miles from a large town, where it is so generally used that it seems at first the language of the place.

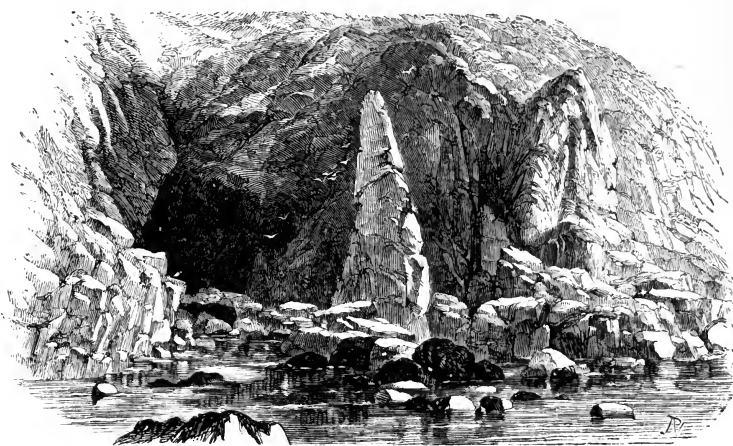
Jersey is an out-post of England rather than an integral part of the Empire. It is under the protection, rather than under the control of the Crown, which appoints (and supports at its own cost) a Lieutenant-Governor, who is a military officer of high rank, and

commander of the considerable garrison, which is maintained without charge to the population. Acts of Parliament are not binding unless they have been specially sent by order of Council to be registered in the island. For most purposes, the Local Legislature ("The States of Jersey") is an independent authority, but their acts are passed subject to the sanction of Her Most Excellent Majesty in Council." If not approved, they lapse three years after their enactment, but may be renewed from time to time.

The chief local officer is called the Bailiff. He, with twelve Jurats (one from each parish), constitute the Royal Court, and these, with the twelve rectors, twelve constables, and the fourteen deputies, elected, one from each parish, and two additional from St. Helier's, form "The States of Jersey." The Bailiff presides, and he has the casting vote; but the States cannot be convened without the consent of the Governor, who has the right of veto,—rarely exercised; for this official, if he be wise, confines himself mainly to the affairs of the garrison, to the management of the militia, to the employment of his beautifully placed country-seat on the hill back of the town, and to systematic entertainments.

The bailiff, the jurats, and the rectors hold office for life; the bailiff and the rectors are appointed by the Crown, and the jurats are elected by the rate-payers. They are not required to have legal qualifications, but cer-

tain occupations disqualify, such as butcher, baker, and inn-keeper. When sitting in the Royal Court, the bailiff and the jurats wear robes of red cloth, which are more or less



CAVERN AT GRÈVE AU LANÇON.

suggestive of bathing-dresses. In this snug little republic, the *vox populi* is not so much expressed at the ballot-box as in the close intercourse of all classes, which must make the will of the people clear to their rulers,—who are born Jerseymen themselves and who, probably, value the approval of their fellow-islanders beyond all other worldly incentive to right doing.

Even-handed justice, according to the laws, seems to prevail, if we may judge from the fact that on the occasion of our visit a former jurat was in prison, and awaiting trial before the body of which he had lately been a member. So far as I could understand the case, his crime was that of having declared a dividend when the bank of which he was a director was in an insolvent condition, though in a fair way to pull through if a good dividend should have the effect of putting up the price of its shares and attracting depositors. How would such a test of crime apply in our republic?

I was one day talking with a Jersey gentleman about this case, and asked him how in such a community so large a failure was possible, suggesting that the affairs of the bank could hardly be kept from the knowledge, nor, in a measure, from the control of many of the best people. He replied, sadly, and without enlightening me:

"Ah! You see, it was a Dissenting Bank."

Among the more peculiar laws is one affecting debtors. When a man is unable to



ST. CATHERINE'S BAY.

pay his debts, he may be forced to "make cession:" that is, he gives up his entire assets to his creditors. The one whose claim is the most recent has the option of taking the property on paying the other creditors. If he refuses, his claim is annulled, and the next in order of time has the opportunity, which he must accept, or forfeit his claim—and so on, until, from the extinction of a portion of the debts, a creditor is found who will pay what remains and take the estate. By the operation of a recent law, a debtor may be released by consent of the majority of his creditors.

Jersey is much sought, especially by invalids, by reason of its equable climate. Much of its natural beauty, too, as well as the character of its ornamental planting, is due to its soft skies and mild winters. Changes of temperature are not often sudden or severe. The summer weather is rarely hot, and the winter is never cold. The fuchsia is a hardy shrub, and grows to a great size; it is much used as a hedge plant; pampas grass is conspicuous in every lawn, and grows to dimensions which in our climate are quite unknown; the *Araucaria* grows in the open air, and reaches a fine size; maiden-hair and Hart's-Tongue fern grow wild on the fence banks; the oleander, the agave, the yucca, and the azalea flourish in private grounds beside the rich vegetation of New Zealand and the Norfolk Islands. In the grounds of Mr. Gibaut, in St. Laurence valley, there are dozens of large trees of *Camelia Japonica*, which bloom throughout the winter in the most magnificent profusion, and these are everywhere successful in the open air. Against south walls, the orange ripens its fruit. The geranium is perfectly hardy, and, indeed, very many plants which

can be grown only under glass in England, and only with fire heat here, succeed perfectly in the open air in Jersey. The grass is green all winter, and many sorts of trees hold their leaves very late. I have seen the *Laurestinus* bursting its flower-buds early in December, and the whole air of the island, except on the exposed northern and western coasts, is that of a country where one may have a perpetual conservatory at one's door, roofed only by the kindly sky.

There is no miasma, and the air is not depressing, as might be suspected. On the contrary, it is a perfectly satisfactory climate for walking, quite as much so, and even more constantly so than that of England. Consumption in its early stages is said to be checked by a residence here, and many chronic diseases yield to the effect of the wholesome air and the out-of-door life. Rheumatism, however, is said to be aggravated. Ansted, in his work on the Channel Islands, says: "It may safely be assumed that all the islands are admirably adapted to restore the health, and strengthen, both mentally and bodily, the overtaxed energies of the inhabitants of great cities. They afford a pure, clear atmosphere, containing a large quantity of saline matter and iodine, and the frequent high winds insure a constant freshness, preventing the depressing effect sometimes accompanying humidity."

Falle, the historian of Jersey (Rector of St. Saviour's), after descanting on the advantage to the island of having its slope all in one direction, so that the rivulets gain sufficient size to turn "betwixt 30 and 40 mills that supply the whole country," says: "The second Benefit we receive from this Situation is that by this Declivity of the Land from N to S, the beams of the Sun fall more directly and perpendicularly

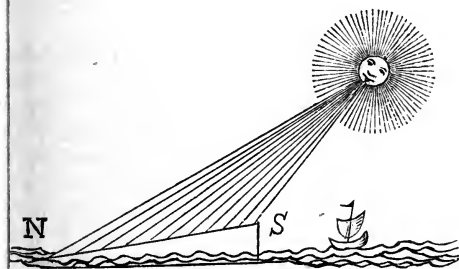
hereon than if either the Surface was level and Parallel to the Sea, or which is worse, declined from S to N, as it doth in Guernezey.

J E R S E Y .



For there, by an odd opposition to Jersey, the land is high on the S, and low on the N, which causes, if I may so speak, a double obliquity; the one from the Position of the

G U E R N E Z E Y .



land itself, especially in time of the Winter solstice; the other from the Situation of the land; and is probably the Reason of the great Difference observed in the Qualities of Soil and Air in both Islands." He illustrates his meaning by two wood-cuts, which are here reproduced.

The quaintness of Falle's style only adds to his interest in the estimation of the student of Jersey. The roads lose nothing from his account of them. They were of three kinds: 1. "Le Chemin du Roy," twelve feet wide; 2. "Le Chemin de huit pieds," eight feet wide; and 3. "Le Chemin de quatre pieds," four feet wide, "serving only for Carriages on Horseback." "And yearly about Midsummer, there is a Perambulation of the Magistrates in one or more of the Parishes to inquire in what Repair these ways are kept, which is performed very Solemnly. The Constable of the Parish where the Peram-

bulation is to be, takes with him 12 of the Principal Men of his Parish, and meets the Judge attended by 3 or more of the Jurats on Horseback: Before whom rideth the Viscount or Sheriff, with his Staff of Office erected, one End thereof on the Pommel of his Saddle. In ancient times it was *Cum Lanceâ*, with a Launce. He keeps the middle of the way, the Constable and his 12 Men walking on foot by his side; and when his Staff encountereth with a Bough or Branch hanging on the way, the Owner of the hedge is fined: But if the fault be in the bottom of the way, not the Party bordering but the Over-seers of that Tything are amerced.

"We had anciently another way, and of very different Use, called *Perquage* from the word *Pertica* because it was exactly 24 Foot broad, which is the measure of a Perch. There were but XII of them in the whole Island beginning one at every Church, and from thence leading straight to the Sea. The Use of them was to conduct those who for some Capital offense had taken Sanctuary in any of the Churches and had been forced to abjure the Island according to an ancient custom practiced among Us in those days. Having abjured, they were conducted by the Church-men along those *Perquages* to the Sea, which *Perquages* were still a Sanctuary to them; for if they strayed never so little, they lost the benefit of the Sanctuary and were liable to the Law."

Some of these Sanctuary roads are still the lines of the main roads leading to the churches.

Deploring the excessive use of "cidar," of which he estimates that there were made in good years twenty-four thousand hogsheads, all of which was consumed in the island "beyond use and necessity, even to Excess and Debauchery," he says: "Could Men be satisfied with the common Drink of Nature, Water I mean, no People in the World are more liberally stored with that than we of this Island: 'Tis in my Opinion the great Wonder of this Island, that whereas it is as it were but a great Rock, standing in the midst of the Salt Sea, it abounds beyond what is seen in any other Country under Heaven, with fresh and excellent Springs, which gush out of the hard Rock, and bubble up everywhere, running in a thousand pretty Brooks and Streams among the Dales, till they lose themselves in that great Receptacle of waters, the Ocean. There is hardly a house that has not such a Spring or Brook near it."

Near the south-west corner of the island

there is a high-lying, barren-looking stretch of sandy country, called the Quenvais, which is in strange contrast to the rest of Jersey. Of this, the devout Rector, who never neglects a chance to point a moral, says: "We must except a large Tract of once excellent Lands in the West of the Island, which within these 200 Years have been so overrun with Sands, that the Island on that side beareth the Image of a Desert. This is said to have happened by Divine Vengeance on the Owners of those Lands, for detaining the Goods of Strangers that had been Shipwrackt on that Coast, though enjoyed by the highest Censure of the Church to restore them. There must be from time to time such publick Example of Divine Justice among Men, that *the inhabitants of the Earth may learn Righteousness.*" Then, his spirit of fair play asserting itself, he goes on: "And yet I confess it may't be also the Effect of a Cause not Preternatural: I mean of those high Westerly winds that blow here almost at all Seasons of the Year, and which on this side of the Island, are daily seen to drive the Sands from the Bottom to the Top of the highest Cliffs."

An impression of Jersey, gained only from the extreme western and northern coasts, would be an impression of a high, rocky, and almost treeless land, with little to invite the visitor, save the noble bluffs and rocks; but almost immediately on leaving the coast one drops into the characteristic rural scenes which greet him at every turn until he reaches the low-lying shores of Grouville and St. Clements. Little dells near the north side of the island, their rivulets combining to form the growing brooks, unite in deeper and broadening valleys which spread into the plains at the south—plains into which the hills project here and there, giving admirable variety to even these lower lands, and affording the most charming sites for country houses that overlook the St. Clements coast, fringed at low tide with far-reaching, mellow-colored rocks. Among these the spring tides rise to the height of forty feet, leaving them bare for miles as they recede.

Looking to the right, toward Noirmont Point, the view lies across St. Aubin's Bay, with the cluster of rocks on which St. Aubin's castle stands.

A good object in driving is to see the old parish churches; going from one to the other, with the aid of a map, through the cross lanes, which are much more picturesque than the main highways (the old Sanctuary roads), and which often drop down into



HERMITAGE OF ST. HELERIUS.

charming valleys, past old-time mills, and among old, thatched farm-houses.

The churches themselves are interesting from without, but the interiors that we see are dull and cold, and colorless. They stand in ancient church-yards, thickly strewed with tombstones, whose inscriptions are French. These churches are all old, and there has never been an elaborate restoration of any of them. They seem to have been merely kept in suitable condition for use, and the necessary additions have generally been made in the style of the original structure. The most recent is that of St. Helier's, which was consecrated in 1348. Eight of the twelve were consecrated in the twelfth century—the oldest, St. Brelade (which was the earliest Christian church in the Channel Islands), in 1111. St. Saviour's Church, which stands just beyond the edge of the town, and St. Martin's, four miles off, are perhaps the finest examples of the type. Immediately back of the town the land rises very rapidly, and affords especially fine sites for residences. Here, too, stands "Victor's College," an admirable school for boys, the grounds of which are a frequent resort for pleasure walking, especially in its more temperate phase.

Charming though this little island is in every respect, and however engaging to the general tourist, it is only the farmer who ca

ally appreciate its most celebrated attraction—the one which has made it noted throughout the agricultural world. I refer to the beautiful and excellent Jersey cow (miscalled the “Alderney”). It was for the sake of its cattle that I made my first visit to Jersey, as it was for the sake of the rural beauty and historical and social interest which the first visit had revealed that I made a second and longer one. This gave opportunity for gaining a better knowledge and a fairer estimate of the real merits of these animals, and confirming a belief that no better service can be rendered in an important department of American agriculture than by making still more widely known the benefit which would result to our butter-making farmers from the general adoption of this breed. The ultimate origin of the race is quite unknown. There is a report of a Jersey calf having been born in this country with the tail of a deer, and certainly nothing could be more deer-like than the characteristic eyes and facial expression of these animals. Many of them are of a tawny brown color, and they sometimes have a prominent tuft of coarse hair at the base of the horns. This has been believed by some to indicate a remote cross of the buffalo of Southern Europe. The gray color and black-switched tails so frequently seen among the cattle of Southern Germany and France, and of Northern Italy, point clearly to one element of their parentage. Whatever may have been its earlier history, this breed obviously came to Jersey from the adjacent country of Normandy, where one still sees, in almost universal use among the peasantry, cattle of an entirely similar character;—similar, yet not at all the same, for the Jersey cow, as we know her, has long been jealously guarded by the Jerseyman as the best in the world for his purpose, and to be improved rather by careful selection within the race itself than by crosses of any foreign blood. There still exists in force an old enactment of the States of Jersey of nearly one hundred years standing, by which the importation into Jersey of a cow, heifer, calf, or bull,” was prohibited under the penalty of two hundred livres, with the forfeiture of boat and tackle, besides a fine of fifty livres to every sailor on board who did not inform of the attempt at importation, the animal being decreed to be immediately slaughtered and its flesh given to the poor. Later laws are equally stringent; no foreign cattle are allowed to come to the island except as butcher’s meat. The quite different cattle of Guernsey are not

deemed foreign under these laws, but Sir John Le Couteur says that there are scarcely ever a dozen of that breed in the island, and that they and their progeny are discarded at the Cattle Shows.

The secret of the great development of these cattle for the production of cream and butter, lies in the fact that for a very long time no other characteristic was considered in their selection. The old Jersey cow was an exceedingly ungainly, raw-boned creature, with nothing to recommend her but her beautiful head, which no neglect has been able to spoil, and the all-important one of rich productiveness. They had the disadvantage of not fattening well when their milking days were over.

About forty years ago a few gentlemen interested in the improvement of the breed selected two beautiful cows with the best qualities as models. One of these was held to be perfect in her barrel and fore-quarters, and the other in her hind-quarters. From these there was laid down a “Scale of Points” for the use of the judges in all cattle shows. This accords so well with the opinion of the farmers of the island, that it has remained unchanged to this day.

SCALE OF POINTS.

ARTICLE.	COWS AND HEIFERS	POINTS.
1.	Head, small, fine, and tapering,	1
2.	Cheek, small,	1
3.	Throat, clean,	1
4.	Muzzle, fine, and encircled by a light color,	1
5.	Nostrils, high and open,	1
6.	Horns, smooth, crumpled, not too thick at the base, and tapering,	1
7.	Ears, small and thin,	1
8.	Ears, of a deep orange color within,	1
9.	Eye, full and placid,	1
10.	Neck, straight, fine, and placed lightly on the shoulders,	1
11.	Chest, broad and deep,	1
12.	Barrel-hooped, broad and deep,	1
13.	Well-ribbed home, having but little space between the last rib and the hip,	1
14.	Back, straight, from the withers to the top of the hip,	1
15.	Back, straight from the top of the hip to the setting-on of the tail, and the tail at right angles with the back,	1
16.	Tail, fine,	1
17.	Tail, hanging down to the hocks,	1
18.	Hide, thin and movable, but not too loose,	1
19.	Hide, covered with fine soft hair,	1
20.	Hide, of good color,	1
21.	Fore-legs, short, straight, and fine,	1
22.	Fore-arm, swelling and full above the knee,	1
23.	Hind-quarters, from the hock to the point of the rump, long and well filled up,	1
24.	Hind-legs, short and straight (below the hocks), and bones rather fine,	1
25.	Hind-legs, squarely placed, not too close together when viewed from behind,	1
26.	Hind-legs, not too close in walking,	1
27.	Hoofs, small,	1
28.	Udder, full in form, <i>i. e.</i> , well in line with the belly,	1
29.	Udder, well up behind,	1
30.	Tufts, large and squarely placed, behind wide apart,	1
31.	Milk-veins, very prominent,	1
32.	Growth,	1
33.	General appearance,	1
34.	Condition,	1

Perfection, 34
 No prize shall be awarded to cows having less than 2 points.

No prize shall be awarded to heifers having less than 26 points.

Cows having obtained 27 points, and heifers 24 points, shall be allowed to be branded, but cannot take a prize.

Three points, viz., Nos. 28, 29, and 31, shall be deducted from the number required for perfection in heifers, as their udder and milk-veins cannot be fully developed; a heifer will, therefore, be considered perfect at 31 points.

A similar scale is used for the examination of bulls.

It should be with diffidence that one criticises a course which has led to such an unquestionably good result as the present cow of the Island of Jersey, yet an opinion prevails among Jersey breeders of this country that the foregoing scale of points is, in some respects, faulty. That it has improved the form of the animal there can be no doubt; but that a rigid adherence to it has not resulted in marked injury in the item of productiveness may very well be due to the fact that this, which was for so long a time the sole object with breeders, gained thereby a permanence as one of the types of the breed which has thus far withstood the deleterious influences of neglect. I was shown many of the prize animals of recent years, and, viewed simply as milkers, they seemed to me decidedly inferior to others which, from their form, would have had no chance of a prize under the scale of points. The fault seems to rest partly with the scale itself, and partly with the judgment with which it is used. Its great defect is, that it gives to each article an equal value. A cow defective in articles 4, 5, 7, 9, 17, and 34 (which, in these later days, seems to be taken to mean *fat*), must relinquish the prize to one entirely deficient in the all-important articles 28, 29, 30, and 31. No doubt the discre-

Then, too, a greater and more palpable injury is being done by deference to fashion. The argument with which the farmers of Jersey defend their course is difficult to answer. They say that the high price of their cattle is mainly paid by men who buy for "fancy" purposes, and that they may breed for their market. This is unanswerable, perhaps; but the necessity is a great one, for what are considered "fancy" points have no reference to the only qualities which can permanently maintain the value of the breed. England is the great market, and in England the first great requisite for a cow is that it shall approach the Shorthorn type—that is, that it shall be smooth, and round, and fat. Consequently, fat in the carcass is sought after, with too much disregard of the fact that the tendency to convert the forming elements of the food into adipose tissue, and the tendency to convert the same elements into cream, cannot exist in perfection in the same animal. The present inclination in England is to make the Jersey compete with the Shorthorn, whom she can never hope to rival for beef, and to neglect the very valuable characteristic in which she can rival her. In this regard I believe the American breeding is wiser than that of the present day in Jersey.

Another "fancy" point, which looks harmless at first, cannot, if persisted in, fail to work great injury.

Some of the animals of Jersey are of a uniform grayish color, with an entire absence of white, and with black tufts at the ends of their tails. Some of these have also black tongues. It seems to be the fashion in England—and an effort has been made to introduce it into this country—to have herds of Jersey cows of these colors only. This appears, at first blush, an entirely innocent aim; but the practical result is the higher prices being paid for animals of the desired color to



ST. BRELADE'S CHURCH.

tion of the judges would prevent so extreme a case as this, but it would be better to have a scale under which it would be impossible.*

* Within the past few months a new scale has been adopted, which avoids these objections.

for others, farmers themselves are getting to attach great value to calves of the favored hue. Consequently, no bull calf had recently a ghost of a chance for his life, no matter if his dam were the best dairy cow that Jersey ever saw, if he had a fleck of white anywhere about

im; while the calf of a cow quite worthless for practical purposes was sure to escape the herited knife, if only he were of solid color and had "black points." Upon the effect of a few generations of such reeding as this, it is, of course, unnecessary to desant. So long as the Jersey cow retains her present value for the dairy, she is sure of a good market. When her only merit shall become that of gray coats and black patches, she will come in competition with the similar-colored animals of the whole south of Europe. Wiser counsels are now prevailing, and the officers of the Royal Agricultural Society of Jersey have denounced the practice as suicidal.

Thus far this fancy has only begun to prevail. While one sees in the Saturday market at St. Helier's a large preponderance of the fancy-colored animals offered for sale, and while these constitute the bulk of the numerous cargoes sent to Southampton, the older cows of the island maintain their old standard of excellence and varied beauty. Very many of them are deficient in the matter of form, and are inclined to sway backs or dipping rumps; but more uniform excellence for the dairy, combined with almost universal beauty, can nowhere else be found than in the fields and gnarled orchards, into which every opening in the beautiful fence-rows of Jersey gives a glimpse.

The useful characteristics of the Jersey cow are the result of continued breeding for a useful result, but her other characteristics of gentleness and docility are due to the effect of long generations of kind personal care and of the constant presence of man,—rather of woman, for in Jersey the women take almost exclusive charge of the cattle. From their earliest calthood they are never at liberty, but are always tethered to iron pins driven into the ground, being moved several times a day to fresh grass.

Owing to the mildness of the climate they are kept out during a much larger portion of the year than would be possible with us, and in some seasons they are but little housed except at night. Their grass food is supplemented with parsnips and other roots, which are raised very largely. The custom

of tethering compels them to eat more closely than they would do in open pasture, and enables a much larger number to be kept on a limited area. Doubtless their product is



THE JERSEY COW AT HOME.

somewhat less than it would be if they had the free range of large good pastures, selecting only the choicest bits of grass.

Bearing in mind the fact that Jersey is only about as large as Staten Island, and that it has over two thousand land-owners, one may well be surprised to learn that the census of 1872 returned 10,941 horned cattle (all of the one breed) as being kept there. Not far from two thousand of these animals are annually exported. Most of these are young heifers, and they return to the farmers an average of about one hundred dollars each. The highest price of which I have knowledge was one hundred guineas (about six hundred dollars), paid by an American.

The dairies of Jersey are rather curious than instructive. They are usually small, and their product is generally much inferior to that of American dairies where the same cows are kept. One Jersey practice might, however, with advantage be adopted here—that is, the manner of milking. They milk, not into a pail, but into a narrow-necked, jug-shaped can, the mouth of which is closed with muslin, tied on so loosely that it sags down some inches into the opening. In the bottom of this is laid a clean sea-shell, to receive the stream of milk and prevent its wearing the cloth. The milk flows over the edge of the shell, and, as it passes through the cloth, is perfectly strained of any impurity that may fall from the cow's udder. When

the milking is done in the stable, this cloth has the additional effect of excluding foul odors.

Our two weeks were all too short for more than a glance at the island, with its peculiar manners and customs; "fresh fields and

pastures new" invited us to Guernsey, and with real regret we gave up our little house with its charming view, transferred our daily drives to our unending memory, sailed on a glassy sea, and saw this charming island fade into a dreamy blue cloud behind us.

A MIDDY IN MANILA.

To sail from winter into summer is very pleasant for those whose home is a man-of-war; and so we found it as we stood down the coast of Formosa, every day bringing us nearer to the Philippines.

We came to anchor one day at Tam-Fui, near the southern end of Formosa. The English had just bombarded the place, but we were too late for the fun. We went on shore and visited the ruins of an old Dutch fort, built in sixteen hundred-and-something, and made of about 500,000,000 bricks; the Chinamen had built up a whole town from the bricks of one wall. We threw stones at the pigs who reside with the

native, ate some bananas, and returned to the ship disgusted with Formosa. The morning we got under way again, and after two days' delightful sailing over a summer sea, stood into the charming circular bay of Manila, and came to anchor near the city.



MAKING CALLS IN MANILA.

to Italian sea and sky are more beautiful than we found here, and the bright Spanish sun nestles cozily at the head of the bay where the little river Pasig empties itself into the sea.

A happy party we were that day going ashore in our white jackets and straw hats; but days' before, we had shivered in flannels and overcoats. We pulled up the river to the landing, and there took carriages,—for nobody ever walks here who can ride,—and drove all through the towns, old and new. Manila was nearly destroyed by an earthquake in 1863, but it has since been all rebuilt. The ruins of the large cathedral are preserved, and when we visited it, the bell-ringer took us up to the tower, where we had a fine view of the town; and there he told us the story of the earthquake. He was standing where we now were, beside the bell, and saw the earthquake and the houses fall; the terrified inhabitants—looking to him at this distance like frightened ants—fled from place to place; then the roof of the cathedral fell upon the worshippers below, and buried many in the

ruins. And he alone seemed to be left above the scene of destruction.

No foreigners are allowed to live inside the wall of this fine town; it is purely Spanish, with its convents, cathedrals, and its two-storied houses with overhanging verandas and latticed windows.

We called at a gentleman's house one day; we drove through the front door and stopped at the foot of the stairs; an Indian boy took up our cards; we alighted, and while waiting for the boy I remarked that the horses, cows, etc., resided on the ground floor, which is of stone, and that the carriages were also kept there; we then walked up a flight of broad stone steps, and, passing through an opening without doors, found ourselves in the large "sala," a spacious saloon with a dark wood floor polished like a piano-top. On entering the room, one must offer his hand to every lady and gentleman without exception; this we did, and repeated some appropriate Spanish sentences (from the tenth lesson in Ollendorf, I think). There were the señor, his accomplished señora, and two flirtatious señoritas; the conversation soon became very brilliant, in one or two cases going as high as the twenty-ninth lesson, and some good things were gotten off from



"GUE-R-R-RA!"

Ahn's Spanish Reader; midshipman Veer, who knew nothing whatever in Spanish except that romantic account, familiar to

Gradually the carriages start off and drive up and down for an hour, then the band begins to play, and all stop at the Paseo or



CHOOSING PARTNERS.

all students, commencing with, "The Island of Cuba is the most beautiful of all the Antilles," went through it with much eloquence, deftly inserting Luzon for Cuba, and Philippines for Antilles; but he brought confusion upon himself, for the subsequent conversation, all addressed to him, was so deep that he arose in despair, remarking that he was off soundings, and we took our leave, shaking hands all around as before. On arriving at the foot of the steps we turned around, *comme de coutume*, and said "*Buenos días*," to the ladies, who had, also *comme de coutume*, followed us to the head of the stairs.

At five o'clock we started for the Calzada or public drive; hundreds of carriages were going in the same direction; in nearly every one were two or three ladies in evening dress, without cloaks or hats. There were a great many pretty black-eyed señoritas who glanced at us from under their long lashes in such a bewitching way as to give me a sort of electric tingle.

The drive is along the shore of the beautiful bay, and the scene one of life, beauty, and enchantment. On reaching the end of the drive, all the carriages haul off into an open space and stop, and the people gaze at each other and nod in recognition; little naked Philippina-presents dance around, and offer you a light; the sun goes down in a blaze of green and gold across the bay, the full moon beams forth, silence reigns, and there you sit gazing at the people. Nothing pleases a Spanish girl more, and you can offer her no better compliment, than to stare at her; I tried several determined stares on pretty girls, and they endured it with perfect serenity.

walk, a broad mall with trees on either side, and lamps, which make it very light even when there is no moon; and moonlight and lamps in the foliage together form a pretty combination. Here all alight and flâner back and forth; you watch the graceful undulating step of the Spanish girls, listen to the music, and take your only exercise for the day. Little girls skipped around us and asked us in Spanish to kiss them; it sounded very pretty, and we kissed a few.

The carriages used here are small barouches and Victorias, drawn by native ponies. When tired of walking we took to ours again, leaned back, put our feet up, and drove to the city by the light of the moon; the barouches jingle along, the ladies go by in their white gauzy dresses, and the natives pass in their brilliant costumes. We all fell in love with Manila at first sight.

In the evening we went to the native theater; the play was in Indian, so the Spaniards understood nothing that was said, but applauded, cracked jokes in Spanish, and kept the house in a roar; one comical duke pushed the native orchestra leader down the prompter's-trap and led the band himself with his cane. The acting was all high tragedy; whenever the audience wished the performers to fight they would sing out "Gue-r-r-ra!" (War), and they would at once set-to. The native Indians are all fond of music, and play by ear entirely; there are nearly forty bands in this place; they play on European instruments, and give you any air you like. The girls play well on the harp; passing along the streets of the native town you may hear the familiar strains of some opera coming out of the windows of

poor little hovel. The native houses are mostly elevated in a queer way on bamboo posts; the English basement is therefore an open space, in the cool shade of which, pigs,



THE HABANERA.

fighting-cocks, and cats congregate to enjoy their siesta.

The dress of the Indians in Manila is a sort of modern trowsers, a straw hat, and a coat worn outside; some very wealthy natives wear beautifully worked piña shirts with gold studs, collar, etc., worth hundreds of dollars; but always with the flaps outside. What bliss in summer! One could almost say to be an Indian.

I have only spoken of old Manila inside the wall, with the more exclusive Spanish population. The greater population is outside, in the new town, where reside Europeans other than Spanish, a few Spaniards, a vast concourse of half and half, Spaniards-Chinese, and Indian, as it were,—quadrangos, octoroons, etc. These are called Mestizos; some are very rich, and move in the highest Spanish society, and there are also the first and second classes of Mestizo society.

On our second day in Manila we were all invited to a first-class Mestizo ball at the house of the widow Mogeze, given by some gentlemen of the American merchant houses. Promptly at 8 o'clock we drove into the widow's basement; we ascended the wooden stairway, and a scene of splendor, brilliant colors, and black eyes, burst upon our view. The Mestiza girls were sitting in rows on one side of the room, about forty in all; some decked in gay plumage, yellow, pink, and green being prominent colors, others dressed in somber hues; they were not only very pretty, with lithe graceful figures, but their eyes as black as coal. The gentlemen were seated near the doors of the grand sala,

like hawks eying chickens; at the first note of the music they all made a pounce for partners,—as I saw that pouncing was the go, I made a dive for a pretty yellow-and-green, rattled off a sentence from the fifteenth lesson in Ollendorf, "Will you do me the favor to *bailar conmigo?*" and started off on a dance I had never seen before, but which was easy to learn; it was the *Habanera*, a sort of walking embrace to slow music; you make a step to the right, rise on your toes, step to the left, rise, swing round, step to the right, rise and so on; then, when you wish to balance, you wink at some fellow, stop in front of him and go through the ladies'-chain, then clasp your partner's waist and take the other lady's right hand; the other fellow does the same, and now with the music you sway up to the center, sway back, and revolve in an ecliptic at the same time after the manner of the planets. After swaying six times you drop the other lady's hand and gradually sail off again with the step and turn. The girls cling quite closely, and gaze up occasionally, Spanish fashion.

After the dance, we refreshed our partners and ourselves with claret-punch or beef-tea, and I then took up my position among the hawks, who began to circle as the band tuned up their instruments. It was a prin-



"NOT GOING FAR!"

ciple not to engage dances ahead, but to keep off for an even start when the music strikes up. I spotted a bright little girl in white gauze, and, at the first toot, I made a

dash for her, neck and neck with four rivals, but beat them, and off we flew to a quick polka, in which they give a lively step, making it faster than the galop. I had never enjoyed a dance as I did that dash over the polished floor. The Mestiza girls understood no English, and it was fun to hear the remarks of the fellows; one flew past me, and called out: "Stand clear of this planetary system!" another cried: "Port your helm, Tommy; don't you see her starry top-lights?" and another fellow came dashing down the room, saying: "Clear the decks! Gangway for silver-heels!" I passed our skipper with a shout, burst off a vest button, carried away my collar-band, and, as the music stopped, sank exhausted in a chair, and called for bouillon for two. So we kept it up, dance after dance, and the hall resounded with shouts of laughter.

Whenever the couples ran against each other, the girls sang out with a sharp little "Hi!" which was very amusing. They have a great way of kissing each other all the evening, and the fanciest kisses I ever saw; first, both kiss to starboard, and then both to port. The first time I noticed it, a young damsel kissed my partner good-bye as she started to dance with me. I was astonished, and said we were not going far, which made them laugh. I found that the girls in contiguous seats kissed good-bye before every dance, as if to say: "You will elope this time, sure." When the time for supper came, I fell into the line, and escorted a blooming Philippina to the table. I asked a resident American what I should help her to, and he said, emphatically:

"Ham and turkey! Give her plenty of ham and turkey!"

I gave her a full plate, which she soon dispatched, and called for more. Everybody ate ham and turkey. The gentlemen acted as waiters, and afterward sat down together. Spaniards are terrible eaters. And no wonder, on this occasion,—for they came to the ball at 8 o'clock, and danced until 5 A. M. We held ourselves in dancing trim by refreshments, and the ladies kept even with us, and deserved great praise.

Next evening, on the Calzada and Paseo, we had a new pleasure in meeting and talking to our black-eyed friends of the ball, and practicing our last Spanish lesson with them. When on board ship, we studied Spanish furiously; but as the ship was undergoing repairs, we had a great deal of time on shore.

The following day we gave a ball on

board; the spar-deck was curtained in, and decorated with flags, lanterns, and designs. A gentleman on shore issued the invitation to the Hidalgos and Americans; no Mestizas were invited; we were sorry, but, it could not be helped. At nine o'clock a small steamer laden with precious freight came alongside and all of our officers stood at the gangway to receive the ladies; first came on board the wife of an American gentleman to receive with our skipper, and then the other ladies came over the side one by one; we filed them off, presented them, and ranged them in chairs along the water-ways.

Suddenly there appeared in the gangway a face of such marvelous beauty, and a form of such exquisite proportions, that ten souls had but a single thought, which was to be the first to grasp her hand, and nine hearts beat, as one, quicker than the rest, helped the fair being down the little ladder. To the nearest when this vision appeared, and wasteful fortunate one who thus proudly convoyed her aft. I did not return to the reception committee that evening, but employed experimental Spanish until I succeeded in engaging her for four dances, and in assuring her of my sudden and violent capture. I attributed my success to the manner in which I wrote her name on the engagement card; we had asked the ladies for dances they came on board, and had put them down as "Pink tulle puffed, with white mantilla and very low neck and green slippers," "Purple with diagonal yellow-and-green overskirt," etc.; but I wrote the beauty down as "The most bonita de todas" (The prettiest of all) which so pleased her, that she at once gave me three more dances. Flattery will tell!

After all the ladies were safely landed on deck, the gentlemen came aboard; a national band struck up the music, and the scene became one of animation and brilliancy. The graceful Spanish girls, the navy uniforms, and the chandeliers of bayonets lighting the many-colored flags, made it seem like a fairy-land. During the evening I bestowed the united effort of forty lessons in Ollendick on "La Bonita," which was as far as I had gone. Oh! but she had "dark, flashing eyes," and lashes that swept her peaceful cheek when she would look down. She was born in the province where roses bloom forever. Dancing with her was like floating away on clouds of mist, wafted by the breath of music over undulating prairies of spring flowers!

The ball was an immense success upon

about one o'clock. I had danced many times with La Bonita. The ladies had just finished supper, and the gentlemen had sat down, when, to our consternation, it began to rain. It never rains here in the winter; it had not rained for two months, and did not for a month afterward; but down it came now, pouring through the flat awning, and all along the edges, and slowly and surely moving inboard. The music flickered, and went out with a mournful discord; the merry laughter gasped and expired, and the ladies clustered within the wet boundary which narrowed and narrowed, and drew them together in a little bunch; finally, so small became the dry spot, and so tight was the squeeze, that the silence was broken by shouts of laughter and little screams; the water spattered up, the ladies pressed their petticoats in, and stood on the little toes of their little Spanish slippers. It was a moment of peril. The crisis having now arrived when it was sink or swim, we took the ladies by their hands, and made a rush for the cabin and poop, which were soon towed chock a' block with Spanish beauty; even the bath-tub and vegetable box were full of Castilian loveliness. We had no other shelter, as the ward-room was in use as a butler's pantry *pro tem*.

"These are hard lines," I whispered to La Bonita in Spanish down the cabin hatch.



WILL THERE BE NO LET UP?

"Will there be no let-up?" she sorrowfully asked, in the liquid language of Castile.

"Small chance" (*chico show*), I mournfully responded.

Suffocation began to set in among them, so we signaled for the small steamer, which soon came alongside; and then up came the dark-eyed beauties from the submarine cabin; out they crawled from the bath-tub and bin. The deck was afloat, so we rigged sedans with arm-chairs and squillgee handles, and thus carried them in state to the gangway to save their satin slippers and silk open-work.

"Until to-morrow!" whispered La Bonita, as I pressed her hand.

Next day the Manila paper spoke of the ball in glowing terms, and skipped the rainy part.

The next event was the arrival of the English Admiral, to whom the Governor-General gave a review of the troops. There are eleven thousand troops quartered here, and they all turned out. Most of them are Indians, who have an eye for everything military. They were uniformed in white, and marched with a quick, short step, and in excellent line; there were lancers, also, and cavalry, and flying artillery. The officers are Spanish; as they passed the Admiral and Governor-General, they saluted by thrusting the sword quickly to the front, and then sweeping the air as if cutting off a daisy-top.

The Captain-General is the big man here; he drives out in style with four horses and postilions. No one else is allowed to drive four horses; as he passes, all raise their hats, as of course did we. In the procession, the bands jingled away at short intervals, and the crowds of Mestizos and Indians assembled, beat time involuntarily with their feet. They are born with music in their soles.

We were in the season of the fêtes, Christmas holidays, and the New Year. At dusk, a large procession of the church began; first came a large golden image of the Virgin, borne on a gorgeously trimmed and illuminated platform, and drawn by little Indians carrying torches. There were other images equally rich, and as each passed, the people knelt and removed their hats.

The procession chanted as it moved along; there were little bits of Indian boys, dressed like priests with little false cowls, who toddled along, and looked very funny; then little mites of monks, with long dresses, who also toddled. Then girls with veils walked hand in hand, and little girls with little veils carrying tapers. The houses along the route were illuminated in a simple and effective way, by tumblers half filled with oil, colored red, blue, and green, and having floating

tapers in them. Later in the evening, the music and dancing began in the largest houses of that part of the city. As we walked along the bright little streets, señoritas stood in the light of the lanterns to be looked at, and laughed and flirted; they threw at us bits of cotton with flash-powder on it, as they do at carnivals; it would nearly reach us, and make us jump, and then go out, greatly to the amusement of



A MESTIZA.

the girls. The most brilliant balcony was that presided over by "La Bonita;" they all clapped their hands with glee when they saw us coming; threw their entire stock of flash-cotton at us, scattering us, and then invited us to come up. We gladly accepted, and at once plunged into the dimly lighted stable on the ground floor, found the stone staircase, which we ascended, slid across the slippery floor of the sala, and joined the gay party on the balcony. It was a curious scene; the street below us, thronged with Spaniards and Indians in their fantastic, remarkable costumes; the profusion of shirt on the men, and the confusion of colors on the women; the scores of lights on every house; and the lovely girls on the balconies, with their ever-moving fans. The young ladies of our veranda, proud of the capture they had made of foreign middies, glanced triumphantly at their neighbors, and fanned themselves with renewed energy.

It is fascinating to make love in Spanish; so I found it that evening as I sat in a quiet corner of the balcony with Nita; she looked

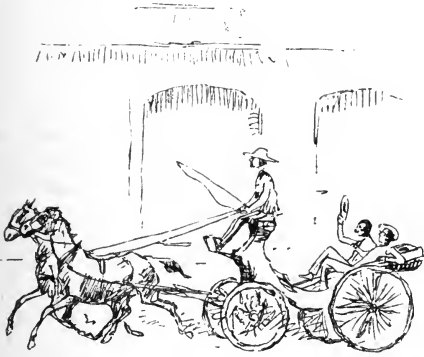
so bewitching in the pink glow of the tapers. Then the tapers died out and the full moon rose, and I thought she was more lovely still. She told me how she had been once to Spain, to Castile, where her uncle lived; but that she drooped and sighed ever since she came to Manila, where the happy days of her girlhood had been passed. So they brought her back, and now she said she would quit the islands no more. Transplanting was worse than death.

A shade of melancholy stole over me at this, and I told her in earnest but detached Spanish of the beauty of America, the soft southern clime in winter, and the clear, balmy air of summer on the northern hills, and, warming with my subject, or encouraged by the gentle pressure of a soft little hand that had accidentally gotten into mine, I went on to state the many charms of that home upon the Hudson, and it was welcome that would be given to a handsome Spanish bride. With drooping lashes and a quickly moving fan, Nita softly drew her hand from mine. I glanced idly at the old clock tower of Manila which stood upon the adjacent corner, and observed that it was time for me to return on board ship, which I accordingly did, and without a superfluous conversation.

Every evening some one section of the city took its turn at the illumination, dancing, and festivity, and thither went all the youth, beauty, and pleasure-seekers of the town and suburbs. The most curious of the entertainments was a ball at the house of a rich Chinaman; there was a peculiar blending of barbarism and civilization in the furniture, table service, and appointments. There were present a large number of Chinese Mestiza ladies, with more or less of the almond-shaped eye, but some of them rather pretty and very fond of dancing to Habanera, and of looking with a sort of Hispano-Chinese tenderness out of the corners of their eyes. Their dresses displayed an Indian repugnance to superfluity, a Spanish love of bright colors, and a Chinese peculiarity of "cut bias." The wealth of Celestial received us very graciously, and presented us in Spanish to most of the ladies present. About fourteen languages were being spoken at the same time in the saloon, producing a most remarkable jumble of sounds; and, combined with the inspiring strains of a native band, the view of gaily Chinese banners and carvings, and the varied costumes of the mixed races, made a very weird scene.

I was dancing with a young Mestiza, when her mother and three sisters beckoned us from the staircase to come to them, which we obediently did, and I was asked

that of the previous evening. I dragged the convoy across the street without signal from the rear, and tried to creep along in the shadow of the wall. Horrors! There



ON SHORE.



ABOARD SHIP.

escort the party to another ball. Finding myself captured, I surrendered at discretion, and replied that I was in for anything; so, taking Miss Blackeyes on my arm, I went to the van of the convoy, and obeyed signals given from time to time by the Dama who occupied the position of flag-ship in the rear. We crossed the plaza and passed the clock-tower, and I suddenly became aware of the fact that we were about to pass the house of my fair charmer, Nita. "Good Heavens!" thought I. "If Nita sees me with this

sat Nita in her favorite corner of the balcony bathed by the gentle moonlight, leaning on her perfect arm, and looking directly across the street. I kept my eye on her sideways, and, as we came within the sweep of her bright black eye, she started a little, saw my confusion and the fair Mestiza on my arm, and bowed coldly, sending a yet colder chill through my trembling frame. My partner looked at me as if to say, "Who is your friend?" but I assured her it was of no consequence, and we soon after arrived



"ADIEU! 'TIS LOVE'S LAST GREETING!"

pretty girl I am forever dashed from her good graces, and will be the laughing-stock of the mess," for, of course, I was not discouraged by such a slight *contretemps* as

at a very handsome house, through the windows of which came sounds of music, laughter, and soprano voices. We entered the basement, went up the broad stone steps,

and met the host at the top. He waved his hand toward the row of forty pretty girls, to whom I gave one general bow, which was supposed to introduce me to every one. They asked me if I would dance a "Beerhenia." I replied that I was sure I could not dance such a thing as that. What was my surprise, then, to see them commencing a regular Virginia reel, "Beerhenia" being simply their pronunciation of Virginia.

The dancing continued, but I could not blot from my mind the vision of Nita leaning on her arm in the corner of that fatal balcony, and I determined to hasten from these scenes of gayety and seek forgiveness at the hands of the fair Philippina. I therefore left my convoy to the chance of wind and weather, and, heading for the familiar clock-tower, soon found myself again under Nita's balconies. While hesitating at the portal to prepare myself, I was startled at meeting all the family and cousins about to sally forth without hats or wraps into the soft evening air. They had two guitars, a violin, and a flute with them, and invited me to join them in a moonlight canoe trip up the Pasig. I glanced eagerly at Nita, who gave the slightest nod of approval; so I gladly accepted, and together we all went down toward the river, the ladies humming in chorus a little Spanish air, while one of them picked an accompaniment on her guitar, which was slung from her neck by a ribbon. When we reached the river bank I hovered near Nita, to lay for a contiguous seat in one of the two long dug-out canoes waiting for us. We were soon distributed, and the Indians at either end shoved off with their paddles, and then headed up the river, keeping abreast in order mutually to enjoy the music. My seat was in the bottom of the boat at Nita's feet, which I considered rather *bien réussi*.

The night was warm and still, the river up which we paddled narrow, and bordered by the luxurious vegetation of the tropics. Sometimes the palm and banana-trees on either side arched the stream, and through them came the rich moonlight, shining upon the graceful forms of the Spanish girls in our canoes, completing a fascinating scene. Then, to one of those bewitching accompaniments, Nita sang an Andalusian song, aiding its expression by her hand and fan, as only Spanish girls can do. At its close, had she requested me, I would have plunged to the bottom of that silent river. With all the eloquence of my soul (that is, all that my Spanish would allow), I whispered in

her listening ear that night, as she, leaning over the boat's side with me, trailed her snowy hand through the phosphorescent water, or looked up at me with her haunting eyes. It was past midnight when I returned from that delicious trip, the memory of which is like some happy dream of impossible delight. As I pressed Nita's wretched little hand good-night there was a slight responsive squeeze.

The following day the mail steamer from Hong Kong arrived, bringing us orders from the Admiral to join him there at once. This was a bitter disappointment to us. Had we been girls, we would have wept each other's bosoms. Not one but was disappointed about some lovely Castilian, and to be away thus suddenly was torture. We soon prepared our P. P. C's in the Spanish style by writing "A. O. P. Hong Kong," in the corner of our cards, which means "Algunos órdenes para Hong Kong," or, "Any orders for Hong Kong," conveying much more meaning than "Pour prendre congé." We went ashore for the last time on the hostess table island of Luzon, and drove through the streets in all directions saying farewell. After leaving the houses, the young ladies would run to the front windows as we drove off, open the lattice a moment, wave their hands, and shout "Adios!" or, "Hasta la vista!" and then close the Venetian with a snap. I put off calling on Nita till the last, and, when finally I drove past the clock-tower to her house, my sorrow was doubled at finding her, with all her family, in a street of Jersey wagon, just starting for some place out of town. Of course all opportunities for a tender exchange of sentiment were knocked by this untoward circumstance. They bade me a cordial good-bye, and I was about leaving them in sadness, when I made a sudden determination to have a more affectionate one with Nita, who was sitting in the back seat; so I jumped behind the wagon, pulled open the curtain, and threw my arms around her. At this supreme moment she met me half way, and placed her lovely face near mine, when I naturally began kissing her with all the fervor of a midshipman's soul. Brevet papa-in-law, horrified, started up the team to shake me off, brevet mamma-in-law fainted away, and the sisters clasped their hands in hysterical sympathy. At the same time one of our fellows was hanging to me by my foot, vainly endeavoring to drag me away, but I had the pleasure of kissing her half a block before I was torn forever from the fairest daughter of Spain.

I suppose I might introduce a little fiction at this point, and say "my own darling Nita looking over my shoulder as I write,

reminding me of those blissful Manila days," but she isn't, and I have never heard of her since.

THE STONE PERIOD OF THE ANTILLES.

THE recent acquisition by the American Museum at Central Park of a collection of ancient stone implements, places some remarkable forms in view not hitherto known to science, and others that are considered of great rarity and interest. These objects are all from the island of Porto Rico, and belong to what is known as the *Stone Period* of the West Indies. Many of the implements of this period, made by the ancient Carib race, then predominant in the Lesser Antilles and the mainland toward the South Atlantic sea-board, differ essentially from those made by other stone-age races, being particularly noticeable in the extreme finish and artistic workmanship of their cutting tools and weapons.

Of some of these singular objects nothing is known; they have no recorded history, and extremely meager is the account of those that have previously passed under scientific examination.

We propose to present herewith figures and descriptions of those that are late and unique contributions, and notices of other and more familiar, though rare, forms, in the order in which they have been presented to science.

Among the first important contributions from the regions of the Antilles were those sent to the Paris Exposition in 1867 by Dr. Charminier and M. Guesde, from Guadalupe. Some of these objects were quite peculiar in form: a hollow oval basin had an elegantly carved handle of exquisite workmanship and finish; a stone weapon had a scimiter-like curve, executed with mathematical exactness; several were of such beautiful shapes that it would seem that they required the operation of a lathe: some pear-shaped and mushroom-like in appearance, yet of the hardest stone material. These all vary considerably from any that have been found in other portions of America.

The late Sir Robert Schonbergh collected some specimens in the Island of St. Domingo. He speaks of the Caribs of the region as follows: "The last remnant of them, amounting to three or four hundred, retired

under Enrique, the last of the Caciques of the island, to Boya, a village about thirty miles to the north-north-east of the city. This wretched fragment of a once powerful nation soon vanished from the earth, and in 1851 there did not exist a single pure descendant of the millions who, at the discovery, peopled St. Domingo. Their language lives only in the names of places, rivers, trees, and plants; but everything combines to show that the people who bestowed these names were identical with the Carib and Arawak tribes of Guiana."

The figures and implements of this race, carved of stone and worked without iron tools, denote, if not civilization, a quick conception, and an inexhaustible patience to give to these hard substances the desired forms.

There is no tradition concerning this age or epoch, but it is noticeable that the sculptured stones are only found where there is sure evidence that the Caribs inhabited or visited.

In "Flint Chips," a descriptive catalogue of the Blackmore Museum at Saulsbury, England, there is a diagram of a sculptured stone collar measuring ten inches and a-half in its lesser, and fifteen inches in its greater diameter. This is the only engraved figure I have seen that bears a close likeness to those in the American Museum. It is quite like the smaller of the number herein described.

A stone collar, of a similar character and dimensions, was exhibited to the Society of Antiquaries of England in 1869 by Mr. Josiah Cate, who made the following observations upon the object:

"The ancient stone ring, which I have the honor to exhibit to the Society of Antiquaries this evening, is an object of extreme rarity in English collections, and of quite unknown use. It was brought to this country in December, 1865, by my friend, Mr. E. B. Webb, from the Island of Porto Rico, where it was found. It is formed from a boulder of light-colored volcanic stone, is seventeen inches and a-half in its greater diameter, and fourteen in its lesser. The-

elliptical perforation has a major axis of twelve and one-eighth, and a minor axis of eight and a-quarter inches. Its weight is twenty-five and a-half pounds. Externally it has two distinct ornaments; one at the end of the ellipse and thickest part of the ring is *chevronné*, with nine incised *chevronels*. The other, on the side of the ellipse, may, perhaps, be intended to represent the ends of a hoop which have been laid together and bound by a ligature. This second ornament appears on other specimens found on the same island, but the *chevronels* are replaced by other designs. I am not aware that the human figure is in any case represented. The example before the Society was exhumed from a considerable depth from the surface, near the top, and on the southern side of the sierra, or range of hills, which runs from east to west nearly throughout the length of the island. It is supposed to be the only specimen from this southern slope, but Mr. Webb saw several which had been found on the northern side, anciently the most populous end of the island. They included about five entire rings, and fragments of about as many more. They were all in the possession of one person, who would not part with them, and they were all which were known to have been found."

There is an engraving of a stone ring, of the characters of the above mentioned, in the *Mémoires de la Société Royal des Anti-*

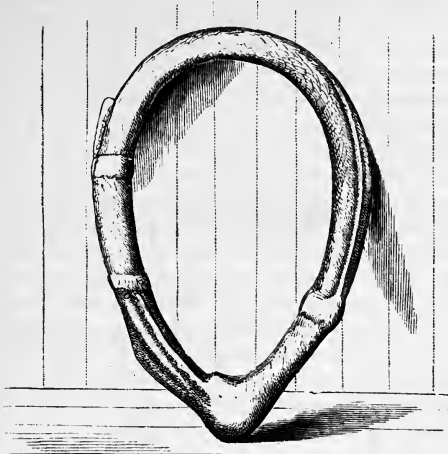


FIG. 1.

quaires du Nord, accompanying a Report by M. C. C. Rafu, on the *Cabinet d'Antiquités Américaines à Copenhague*, 1858. This is said to be from Porto Rico.

Another of the same class is in the mag-

nificent collection formed by the late Mr. Christy, of England, and was sent to him from the island of St. Thomas.

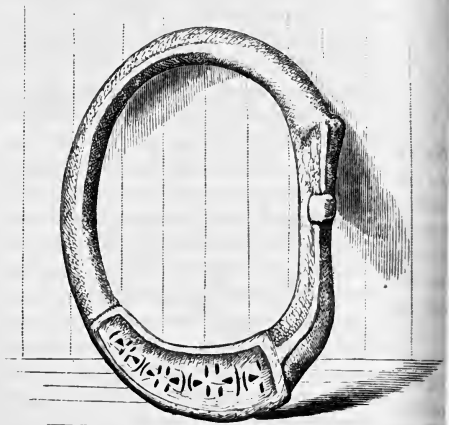


FIG. 2.

Dr. Weim, in his "Prehistoric Annals of Scotland," Vol. 1st, page 222, presents engravings of two stone collars, which are somewhat like those in the Blackmore Museum.

Mr. Cate, in closing his remarks concerning these stones, says:

"With regard to the probable use or purpose of these rings I can give no information, but shall be very much obliged for any suggestions, or for hints as to any works likely to contain such an account of the customs of the nations at the time of the Spanish invasion as may afford a clue to the mystery. Such elaborate pieces of work in hard stone could not have been intended to serve either a temporary or trifling purpose. They are all far too heavy for ordinary use, but yet not heavy enough to kill, or even to greatly torture the wearer, if we regard them as collars of punishment."

We now come to consider the specimens that have lately come to light, the stranger ones being here engraved.

In the spring of 1873, Señor Jose Ortiz y Tapia, of Porto Rico, brought to New York, and sold to the American Museum in Central Park, a collection of stone implements and pottery. Several of the former were like those above mentioned, exceedingly rare, yet known to archæological science. Four others were much larger and differently shaped and sculptured, and were found to be wholly strange and unique. With these, found in the same localities, were numerous fragments of pottery, consisting mostly of ornamental portions of jars

or cups, representing the human and brute faces. A small and very choice collection of stone celts and hatchets came with them, and also several singular forms of stone, more strange, even, than the collars, as they have never before been seen in historic times.

Señor Ortez furnished the following account, all that he could gather of their history, which, it will be seen, adds but little to the meager sum already recorded:

"The collars were found at a depth of eight or ten feet, very near the sea-shore, at Adhuantos, Penuelas, Huetuado, and Santa Isabel de Cuamo, on the sea-shore of Ponce, near the hacienda of Signor Cabassa. They were, I suppose, used for punishment, the weight and size being proportioned to the extent of crime, and were worn about the neck."

Señor Ortez adds that the specimens were procured "with great labor and difficulty, and that the approach to the region where they were found is over mountains as rugged and dangerous as the Cordilleras of South America, the roads being at the sides of precipices hundreds of feet high, and so narrow that man and horse had scarcely space to advance in a single file."

This collection is now placed in the Ethnological Cabinets of the American Museum.

The specimen represented by Fig. 1 is similar in form and size to that in the Blackmore Museum. It is very handsomely finished in hard, gray, volcanic stone.

Another, of like size, is plainer, and has no carved projection.

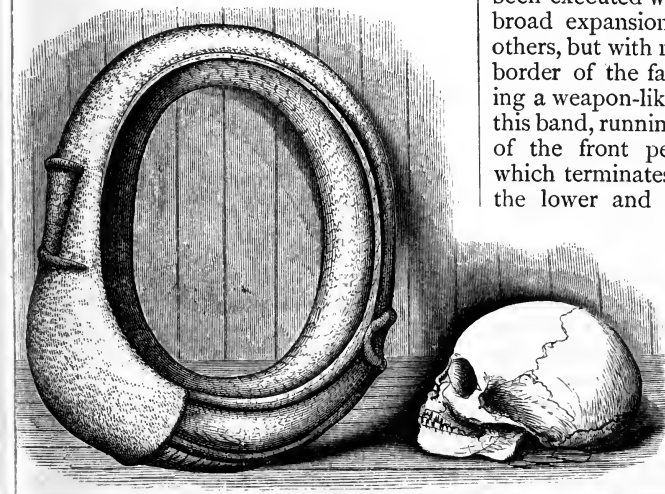


FIG. 4.

A third specimen, similar in shape to the preceding, is heavier, and very finely finished. The *chevronets* are in this case replaced by an oval depression on the broader and flattened face.

Figure 2 has a handsome finish, and differs somewhat in contour and ornamentation. It has on its left side or arm a small belt-like ridge, from which protrude parts of a spike-shaped object, altogether resembling a weap-

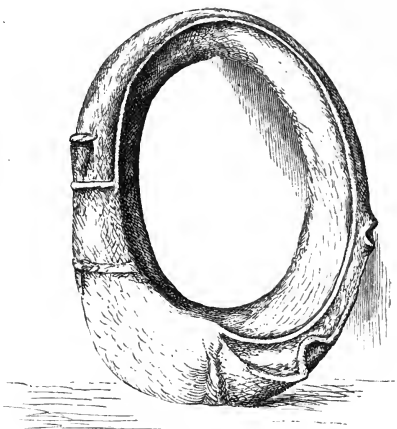


FIG. 3.

on sheathed within a belt. A handsome bordered face is shown on the lower right limb, on which is a series of carvings that have, unless closely examined, an appearance of character writing; they are, however, rude representations of the human face.

Figure 3 is much heavier; its shape is exceedingly graceful, and the design has been executed with much artistic taste. The broad expansion or face is seen here, as in others, but with no ornament. On the upper border of the face is a broad band supporting a weapon-like form in high relief. From this band, running along about three-quarters of the front periphery, is a welt or keel, which terminates at and forms the border of the lower and larger end of the face. A

third keel is represented running back upon the side of the left limb, and is here bent at two points so as to resemble the clasps of a belt or garter. The inner surface of the ring flares obliquely outward on the left limb, and somewhat abruptly inward on the right. The figure is represented in

a front view exactly; the obliquity of the perforation is seen to be very marked.

Figure 4 is the largest and heaviest, and has the general characteristics of the latter. This is so much more ponderous than any

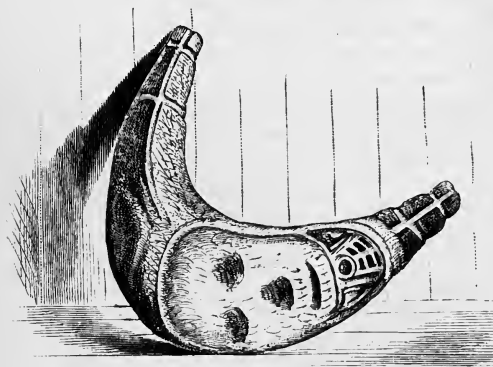


FIG. 5.

yet discovered, an examination only serves to deepen the mystery concerning its uses. Its weight is eighty pounds, and, like the others, it is cut from a block of a dense, fine-grained syenite. The face of this specimen is produced on its outer side in just proportion to the requirements of a weapon blade, assuming that the neatly carved and boldly relieved object above it is intended to represent the handle of a sheathed knife.

A figure of a skull of an ancient Peruvian, of the Aymara race, taken from the original in the American Museum, is placed by this most remarkable of the stone collars to give some idea of the relative size, all the others figured being in due proportion.

The figures 5 and 6 represent two of the more interesting forms of other granite objects in the collection. They are entirely unique, and no one has yet been able to divine their history or use. The same might almost be said of several stone implements also belonging to this collection, but not described here, though their resemblance to some forms of corn *mullers* would seem to throw a little light on the subject.

Figs. 5 and 6 are drawn on the same scale as the collars, the limbs being nearly a foot in length. Their shape is peculiar, and were they not so carefully carved, one would unhesitatingly judge them to be intended for anchors or grapples. It is well, however, to remember that the most common and insignificant objects were just as elaborately finished.

This I believe to be all that is known of the subject, after diligent search and inquiry

of foreign authority, and personal consultation with our own most eminent archaeologists. We may appreciate the utter poverty of the subject when we know that our most prominent archaeologists readily agree with the Hon. E. G. Squiers, who said: "I can form no *conception* of their design or uses." Principal Dawson, of Montreal, was impressed with the belt-like aspect of the rings. He regarded them as well displaying a design to show a belt with its buckle and tongue, and a sheathed knife within. In this view, he thought they might be considered to have been objects of ceremony, as there is no doubt many of the celts and axes were so used.

It is particularly strange that no connecting testimony remains to indicate the purposes of this people in expending so much labor on such hard material. Generally there is a clue of some kind, however slight, that leads to a sort of apprehension of the subject; here a long line has dropped out, and has so far escaped observation.

The lighter collars, weighing twenty pounds, were regarded, as we have seen, by authors quoted, as too insignificant for particular uses. And now that we have them weighing eighty pounds, there seems no good reason to suppose they were used as a means of punishment.

As the collars are all about the same dimension in the perforation, that is, sufficient to admit the head and shoulders of a man, they were, seemingly, used or worn upon

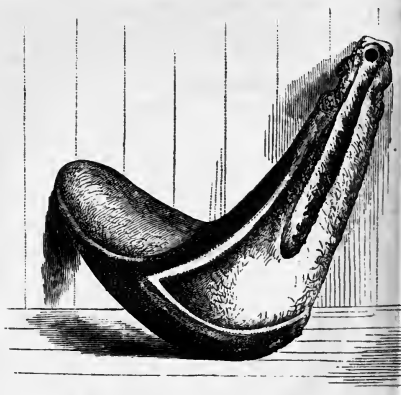


FIG. 6.

the neck or hips; and the fact that they all seem to represent a girdle or belt in their shape and sculpture would point reasonably to their use as objects on ceremonious occasions. It has been suggested that they were

sed upon certain human prisoners, and sufficed to restrain the arms while the sacrificial rites of this people were being executed, such as cutting the heart from the living victim. There are numerous and detailed accounts of this ceremony in Spanish historical literature, but no evidence of the use of any appliances of this character.

The most nearly allied forms of stone implements known to science are several horse-shoe-shaped objects in the Smithsonian Institution, which are from the same region.

Judging from the experience of our age and time, we should certainly attribute to the excessive manual labor required in the execution of these implements a motive far removed from the simple one of producing them for ordinary use; but we fail to gain any help when we observe that nearly all of the stone objects from this region exhibit the same wonderfully fine finish, and exactness and beauty of outline. Not only are the axes, axes, and hammers of most exquisite shape and polish, but the pestles and other stone implements, which are manifestly intended for the most trivial domestic uses, are

wrought and embellished with the same care and attention to artistic detail. There is in this Porto Rico collection a stone pestle, showing as a handle the head of a ram; this head is so made as to furnish the best possible *grip* for the hand, and, in its execution, is remarkable for what artists call *feeling*, exhibiting most wonderfully the characteristics of an ovine face, which is more remarkable, of course, in view of the extreme hardness of the material, and of its probable antiquity. The latter implement is represented in various forms among the productions of the Aztecs and Zoltecs, and is found even in the shell heaps of the Southern States of North America; but the recent ones are not so highly finished. They were used to pound their tortillas, corn, etc.

There is little more to add but to extend the invitation of Mr. Blackmore to students interested in this branch of science, and to repeat the hope expressed by Mr. Cate, "that those persons who may be able to throw light upon the probable uses of these interesting objects will give us the benefit of their reading and knowledge."

A MUSSEL SHELL.

WHY art thou colored like the evening sky
Sorrowing for sunset? Lovely dost thou lie,
Bared by the washing of the eager brine,
At the snow's motionless and wind-carved line.

Cold stretch the snows, cold through the waves, the wind
Stings sharp,—an icy fire, a touch unkind,—
And sighs as if with passion of regret
The while I mark thy tints of violet.

O beauty strange! O shape of perfect grace,
Whereon the lovely waves of color trace
The history of the years that passed thee by,
And touched thee with the pathos of the sky!

The sea shall crush thee, yea, the ponderous wave
Up the loose beach shall grind, and scoop thy grave,
Thou thought of God! What more than thou am I?
Both transient as the sad wind's passing sigh.

THE STORY OF SEVENOAKS.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.



" 'NOW GIT THIS IN AFORE IT RAINS.' "

CHAPTER XIX.

IN WHICH "THE LITTLE WOMAN" ANNOUNCES HER ENGAGEMENT TO JIM FENTON AND RECEIVES THE CONGRATULATIONS OF HER FRIENDS.

AFTER the frame of Jim's hotel was up, at Number Nine, and those who had assisted in its erection were out of the woods, he and his architect entered with great industry upon the task of covering it. Under Mr. Benedict's direction, Jim became an expert in the work, and the sound of two busy hammers kept the echoes of the forest awake from dawn until sunset, every day. The masons came at last and put up the chimneys; and more and more, as the days went on, the building assumed the look of a dwelling. The grand object was to get their enterprise forwarded to a point that would enable them to finish everything during the following winter, with such assistance as it might be necessary to import from Sevenoaks. The house needed to be made

habitable for workmen while their work was progressing, and to this end Mr. Benedict and Jim pushed their efforts without assistance.

Occasionally, Jim found himself obliged to go to Sevenoaks for supplies, and for articles and tools whose necessity had not been anticipated. On these occasions, he always called Mike Conlin to his aid, and always managed to see "the little woman" of his hopes. She was busy with her preparations, carried on in secret; and he always left her with his head full of new plans and his heart brimming with new satisfactions. It was arranged that they should be married in the following spring, so as to be ready for city boarders; and all his efforts were bent upon completing the house for occupation.

During the autumn, Jim took from the Sevenoaks Post-Office a letter for Paul Benedict, bearing the New York post-mark and addressed in the handwriting of a lady. The letter was a great puzzle to Jim, and

watched its effect upon his companion with much curiosity. Benedict wept over and went away where he could weep alone. When he came back, he was a transformed man. A new light was in his eyes, a new elasticity in all his movements. "I cannot tell you about it, Jim," he said; "at least, I cannot tell you now; but a great burden has been lifted from my life. I have never spoken of this to you, or to anybody; but the first cruel wound that the world ever gave me has been healed by a woman."

"It takes a woman to do them things," said Jim. "I knowed when ye gin up the world, a woman, as was free from what happened about an hour arter, that ye was a low an' savin' yer waddin'. Oh, ye don't fool me, not much!"

"What do you think of that, Jim?" said Benedict, smiling, and handing him a check for five hundred dollars that the letter had enclosed.

Jim looked it over and read it through undisguised astonishment.

"Did she gin it to ye?" he inquired. "Yes."

"An' be ye a goin' to keep it?"

"Yes, I'm going to keep it."

Jim was evidently doubtful touching the intimacy both of tendering and receiving a gift.

"If that thing had come to me from the woman," said he, "I should think she was gettin' oneasy, an' a little dubersome at my comin' to time. It don't seem the thing for a woman to shell out money to a man. My natur' goes agin it. I feel a deal over me, an' I vow, I b'lieve that if the woman had did that thing to me, I'd rub out my reckonin' an' start new."

"It's all right, though, Jim," responded Benedict, good-naturedly—"right for the man to give it, and right for me to receive it. Don't trouble yourself at all about it."

Benedict's assurance did little to relieve Jim's bewilderment, who still thought it a very improper thing to receive money from a woman. He did not examine himself far enough to learn that Benedict's independence of his own care and provision was really the cause of his pain. Five hundred dollars in the woods was a great deal of money. To Jim's apprehension, the man was to become a capitalist. Some one beside himself—some one richer and more powerful than himself—had taken the position of benefactor toward his friend. He was glad to see Benedict happy, but sorry that he

could not have been the agent in making him so.

"Well, I can't keep ye forever 'n' ever, but I was a hopin' ye'd hang by till I git hold of the little woman," said Jim.

"Do you suppose I would leave you now, Jim?"

"Well, I knowed a yoke o' cattle couldn't start ye, with a hoss ahead on 'em; but a woman, Mr. Benedict"—and Jim's voice sunk to a solemn and impressive key—"a woman with the right kind of an eye, an' a takin' way, is stronger nor a steam Injun. She can snake ye 'round anywhere; an' the queerest thing about it is that a feller's willin' to go, an' thinks it's purty. She tells ye to come, an' ye come smilin'; and then she tells ye to go, an' ye go smilin'; and then she winds ye 'round her finger, and ye feel as limber an' as willin' as if ye was a whip-lash, an' hadn't nothin' else to do."

"Nevertheless, I shall stay with you, Jim."

"Well, I hope ye will; but don't ye be too sartin'; not that I'm goin' to stan' atween ye an' good luck, but if ye callate that a woman's goin' to let ye do jest as ye think ye will—leastways a woman as has five hundred dollars in yer pocket—yer eddication hasn't been well took care on. If I was sitooated like you, I'd jest walk up to the pastur'-bars like a hoss, an' whinner to git in, an' expect to be called with a corn-cob when she got ready to use me."

"Still, I shall stay with you, Jim."

"All right; here's hopin', an' here's my hand."

Benedict's letter, besides the check, held still another inclosure—a note from Mr. Balfour. This he had slipped into his pocket, and, in the absorption of his attention produced by the principal communication, forgotten. At the close of his conversation with Jim, he remembered it, and took it out and read it. It conveyed the intelligence that the lawyer found it impossible to leave the city according to his promise, for an autumn vacation in the woods. Still, he would find some means to send up Harry if Mr. Benedict should insist upon it. The boy was well, and progressing satisfactorily in his studies. He was happy, and found a new reason for happiness in his intimacy with Mrs. Dillingham, with whom he was spending a good deal of his leisure time. If Mr. Benedict would consent to a change of plans, it was his wish to keep the lad through the winter, and then, with all his family, to go up to Number Nine in the spring, be present at Jim's wedding, and

assist in the inauguration of the new hotel.

Mr. Benedict was more easily reconciled to this change of plan than he would have believed possible an hour previously. The letter, whose contents had so mystified and disturbed Jim, had changed the whole aspect of his life. He replied to this letter during the day, and wrote another to Mr. Balfour, consenting to his wishes, and acquiescing in his plans. For the first time in many years, he could see through all his trials, into the calm daylight. Harry was safe and happy in a new association with a woman who, more than any other, held his life in her hands. He was getting a new basis for life in friendship and love. Shored up by affection and sympathy, and with a modest competence in his hands for all present and immediately prospective needs, his dependent nature could once more stand erect.

Henceforward he dropped his idle dreaming and became interested in his work, and doubly efficient in its execution. Jim once more had in possession the old friend whose cheerfulness and good nature had originally won his affection; and the late autumn and winter which lay before them seemed full of hopeful and happy enterprise.

Miss Butterworth, hearing occasionally through Jim of the progress of affairs at Number Nine, began to think it about time to make known her secret among her friends. Already they had begun to suspect that the little tailoress had a secret, out of which would grow a change in her life. She had made some astonishing purchases at the village shops, which had been faithfully reported. She was working early and late in her little room. She was, in the new prosperity of the villagers, collecting her trifling dues. She had given notice of the recall of her modest loans. There were many indications that she was preparing to leave the town.

"Now, really," said Mrs. Snow to her one evening, when Miss Butterworth was illuminating the parsonage by her presence—"now, really, you must tell us all about it. I'm dying to know."

"Oh, it's too ridiculous for anything," said Miss Butterworth, laughing herself almost into hysterics.

"Now, what, Keziah? What's too ridiculous? You *are* the most provoking person!"

"The idea of my getting married!"

Mrs. Snow jumped up and seized Miss Butterworth's hands, and said:

"Why, Keziah Butterworth! You don't tell me! You wicked, deceitful creature!"

The three Misses Snow all jumped up with their mother, and pressed around the merry object of their earnest congratulations.

"So unexpected and strange, you know!" said the oldest.

"So very unexpected!" said the second.

"And so very strange, too!" echoed Number Three.

"Well, it *is* too ridiculous for anything," Miss Butterworth repeated. "The idea of my living to be an old maid, and, what's more, making up my mind to it, and then"—and then Miss Butterworth plunged into a new fit of merriment.

"Well, Keziah, I hope you'll be very happy. Indeed I do," said Mrs. Snow, becoming motherly.

"Happy all your life," said Miss Snow.

"Very happy," said Number Two.

"All your life long," rounded up the compliment of good wishes from the lips of the youngest of the trio.

"Well, I'm very much obliged to you—to you all," said Miss Butterworth, wiping her eyes; "but it certainly is the most ridiculous thing. I say to myself sometimes, 'Keziah Butterworth! You little old fool! What *are* you going to do with that man? How *are* you going to live with him? Goodness knows that I've racked my brain over it until I'm just about crazy. Don't mention it, but I believe I'll use him for watch-dog—tie him up daytimes, and let him out nights, you know!"

"Why, isn't he nice?" inquired Mrs. Snow.

"Nice! He's as rough as a hemlock tree."

"What do you marry him for?" inquired Mrs. Snow in astonishment.

"I'm sure I don't know. I've asked myself the question a thousand times."

"Don't you want to marry him?"

"I don't know. I guess I do."

"My dear!" said Mrs. Snow, soberly—"this is a very solemn thing."

"I don't see it in that light," said Miss Butterworth, indulging in a new fit of laughter. "I wish I could, but it's the funniest thing. I wake up laughing over it, and go to sleep laughing over it, and I say to myself, 'What are you laughing at, you ridiculous creature?'"

"Well, I believe you are a ridiculous creature," said Mrs. Snow.

"I know I am, and if anybody had to

a year ago that I should ever marry Jim Fenton, I——"

"Jim Fenton!" exclaimed the whole Snow family.

"Well, what is there so strange about my marrying Jim Fenton?" and the little waitress straightened in her chair, her eyes flash- ing, and the color mounting to her face.

"Oh, nothing; but you know—it's such surprise—he's so—he's so—well he's a— cultivated—never has seen much society, you know; and lives almost out of the world, it were."

"Oh, no! He isn't cultivated! He ought to have been brought up in Sevenoaks and finished! He ought to have been subjected to the civilizing and refining influences of Mr. Belcher!"

"Now, you musn't be offended, Keziah. We are all your friends, and anxious for your welfare."

"But you think Jim Fenton is a brute."

"I have said nothing of the kind."

"But you think so."

"I think you ought to know him better than I do."

"Well, I do, and he is just the loveliest, noblest, noblest, splendidest old fellow that ever lived. I don't care if he does live out of the world. I'd go with him, and live with him, if he used the North Pole for a park log. Fah! I hate a slick man. Jim spoiled me for anything but a true man, and he's rough. There's more pluck in his old bones than you can find in all the men of Sevenoaks put together. And he's as tender—Oh, Mrs. Snow! Oh, girls! He's as tender as a baby—just as tender as a baby! He has said to me the most wonderful things! I wish I could remember them. I never can, and I couldn't say them as he does if I could. Since I became acquainted with him, it seems as if the world had been made all over new. I'd got kind o' tired of my human nature, you know. It seemed sometimes as if it was just as well to be a cow as a woman; but I've become so much to him, that he has become so much to me, that all the men and women around me have grown beautiful. And he loves me in a way that is so strong—and so protecting—and so sweet and careful—that—now don't you laugh, or you'll make me angry—I'd feel safer in his arms than I would in a church."

"Well, I'm sure!" exclaimed Mrs. Snow. "Isn't it remarkable!" said Miss Snow.

"Quite delightful!" exclaimed the second sister, whose enthusiasm could not be cramped into Miss Snow's expression.

"Really charming!" added Number Three.

"You are quite sure you don't know what you want to marry him for?" said Mrs. Snow, with a roguish twinkle in her eye. "You are quite sure you don't love him?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Miss Butterworth. "It's something. I wish you could hear him talk. His grammar would kill you. It would just kill you. You'd never breathe after it. Such awful nominative cases as that man has! And you can't beat him out of them. And such a pronunciation! His words are just as rough as he is, and just like him. They seem to have a great deal more meaning in them than they do when they have good clothes on. You don't know how I enjoy hearing him talk."

"I'm inclined to think you love him," said Mrs. Snow, smiling.

"I don't know. Isn't it the most ridiculous thing, now?"

"No; it isn't ridiculous at all," said Mrs. Snow, soberly.

Miss Butterworth's moon was sailing high that evening. There were but few clouds in her heaven, but occasionally a tender vapor passed across the silver disk, and one passed at this moment. Her eyes were loaded with tears as she looked up in Mrs. Snow's face and said:

"I was very lonely, you know. Life had become very tame, and I saw nothing before me different from my daily experience, which had grown to be wearisome. Jim came and opened a new life to me, offered me companionship, new circumstances, new surroundings. It was like being born again. And, do you know, I don't think it is natural for a woman to carry her own life. I got very tired of mine, and when this strong man came, and was willing to take it up, and bear it for me as the greatest pleasure I could bestow upon him, what could I do—now, what could I do? I don't think I'm proud of him, but I belong to him, and I'm glad; and that's all there is about it;" and Miss Butterworth sprang to her feet as if she were about to leave the house.

"You are not going," said Mrs. Snow, catching her by both shoulders, "so sit down."

"I've told you the whole: there's nothing more. I suppose it will be a great wonder to the Sevenoaks people, and that they'll think I'm throwing myself away, but I do hope they will let me alone."

"When are you to be married?"

"In the spring."

"Where?"

"Oh! anywhere. No matter where. I haven't thought about that part of it."

"Then you'll be married right here, in this house. You shall have a nice little wedding."

"Oh! and orange-blossoms!" exclaimed Miss Snow, clapping her hands.

"And a veil!" added Number Two.

"And a——" Number Three was not so familiar with such occasions as to be able to supply another article, so she clapped her hands.

They were all in a delicious flutter. It would be so nice to have a wedding in the house! It was a good sign. Did the young ladies think that it might break a sort of electric spell that hung over the parsonage, and result in a shower which would float them all off? Perhaps so. They were, at least, very happy about it.

Then they all sat down again, to talk over the matter of clothes. Miss Butterworth did not wish to make herself ridiculous.

"I've said a thousand times, if I ever said it once," she remarked, "that there's no fool like an old fool. Now, I don't want to hear any nonsense about orange-blossoms, or about a veil. If there's anything that I do despise above board, it's a bridal veil on an old maid. And I'm not going to have a lot of things made up that I can't use. I'm just going to have a snug, serviceable set of clothes, and in three days I'm going to look as if I'd been married ten years."

"It seems to me," said Miss Snow, "that you ought to do something. I'm sure, if I were in your place, that I should want to do something."

The other girls giggled.

"Not that I ever expect to be in your place, or anything like it," she went on, "but it does seem to me as if something extra ought to be done—white kid gloves or something."

"And white satin gaiters," suggested the youngest sister.

"I guess you'd think Jim Fenton was extra enough if you knew him," said Miss Butterworth, laughing. "There's plenty that's extra, goodness knows! without buying anything."

"Well," persisted the youngest Miss Snow, "I'd have open-worked stockings, and have my hair frizzed, any way."

"Oh, I speak to do your hair," put in the second daughter.

"You're just a lot of chickens, the whole of you," said the tailoress.

Miss Snow, whose age was hovering about

the confines of mature maidenhood, smiled a deprecating smile, and said that she thought she was about what they sold for chickens sometimes, and intimated that she was anything but tender.

"Well, don't be discouraged; that's all I have to say," remarked Miss Butterworth. "If I can get married, anybody can. Anybody had told me that—well isn't it ridiculous for anything! Now, isn't it! And the little tailoress went off into another fit of laughter. Then she jumped up and said she really must go.

The report that Jim Fenton was soon to lead to the hymeneal altar the popular village tailoress, spread with great rapidity, and as it started from the minister's family it had a good send-off, and was accompanied by information that very pleasantly modified its effect upon the public mind. The men of the village who knew Jim Fenton great deal better than the women, and who in various ways, had become familiar with his plans for a hotel, and recognized the fact that his enterprise would make Sevenoaks a kind of thoroughfare for his prospective city boarders, decided that she had "done well." Jim was enterprising, and, as they termed it, "forehanded." His habits were good, his industry indefatigable, his common sense and good nature unexampled. Everybody liked Jim. To be sure, he was rough and uneducated, but he was honorable and true. He would make a good "provider." Miss Butterworth might have gone further and fared worse. On the whole, it was a good thing; and they were glad for Jim's sake and for Miss Butterworth's that it had happened.

The women took their cue from the minister. They thought, however, that Miss Butterworth would be very lonesome, and found various pegs on which to hang out their projects for a public airing. Still, the little tailoress was surprised at the heartiness of their congratulations, and often melted to tears at the presents she received from the great number of families for whom, every year she had worked. No engagement had occurred in Sevenoaks for a long time that created so much interest, and enlisted so many sympathies. They hoped she would be very happy. They would be exceedingly sorry to lose her. Nobody could ever take her place. She had always been one whom they could have in their families "without making any difference," and she never tired.

So Miss Butterworth found herself quiet

eroinc, but whenever Jim showed himself the women all looked out of the windows, and made their own comments. After all, they couldn't see exactly what Miss Butterworth could find to like in him. They saw a tall, strong, rough, good-natured-looking man, whom all the men and all the boys greeted with genuine heartiness. They saw him pushing about his business with the air of one who owned the whole village; but his clothes were rough, and his boots over his trowsers. They hoped it would all turn out well. There was no doubt that he needed a woman badly enough.

Not only Miss Butterworth but Jim became the subject of congratulation. The first time he entered Sevenoaks after the announcement of his engagement, he was hailed from every shop, and button-holed at every corner. The good-natured chaffing to which he was subjected he met with his old mile.

"Much obleeged to ye for leavin' her for man as knows a genuine creatur' when he sees her," he said, to one and another, who allied him upon his matrimonial intentions. "Isn't she rather old?" inquired one whose manners were not learned of Lord Chesterfield.

"I dunno," he replied; "she's hearn it under enough not to be skeered, an' she's had the measles an' the whoopin' cough, an' the chicken pox, an' the mumps, an' got through with her nonsense."

CHAPTER XX.

IN WHICH JIM GETS THE FURNITURE INTO HIS HOUSE AND MIKE CONLIN GETS ANOTHER INSTALLMENT OF ADVICE INTO JIM.

JIM had a weary winter. He was obliged to hire and to board a number of workmen, whom it was necessary to bring in from Sevenoaks, to effect the finishing of his house. His money ran low at last, and Benedict was called upon to write a letter to Mr. Balfour on his behalf, accepting that gentleman's offer of pecuniary assistance. This was a humiliating trial to Jim, for he had hoped to enter upon his new life free from the burden of debt; but Mr. Balfour assured him that he did not regard his contribution to the building-fund as a loan—it was only the payment for his board in advance.

Jim was astonished to learn the extent of Miss Butterworth's resources. She proposed to furnish the house from the savings of her years of active industry. She had studied

it so thoroughly during its progress, though she had never seen it, that she could have found every door and gone through every apartment of it in the dark. She had received from Mr. Benedict the plan and dimensions of every room. Carpets were made, matting was purchased, sets of furniture were procured, crockery, glass, linen, mirrors, curtains, kitchen-utensils, everything necessary to housekeeping, were bought and placed in store, so that, when the spring came, all that remained necessary was to give her order to forward them, and write her directions for their bestowal in the house.

The long looked-for time came at last. The freshets of spring had passed away; the woods were filling with birds; the shad-blossoms were reaching their flat sprays out over the river, and looking at themselves in the sunny waters; and the thrush, standing on the deck of the New Year, had piped all hands from below, and sent them into the rigging to spread the sails.

Jim's heart was glad. His house was finished, and nothing remained but to fill it with the means and appliances of life, and with that precious life to which they were to be devoted. The enterprise by which it was to be supported lay before him, and was a burden upon him; but he believed in himself, and was not afraid.

One morning, after he had gone over his house for the thousandth time, and mounted to the cupola for a final survey, he started for Sevenoaks to make his arrangements for the transportation of the furniture. Two new boats had been placed on the river by men who proposed to act as guides to the summer visitors, and these he engaged to aid in the water transportation of the articles that had been provided by "the little woman."

After his arrival in Sevenoaks he was in consultation with her every day, and every day he was more impressed by the method which she had pursued in the work of furnishing his little hotel.

"I knowed you was smarter nor lightnin'," he said to her; "but I didn't know you was smarter nor a man."

In his journeys Jim was necessarily thrown into the company of Mike Conlin, who was officiously desirous to place at his disposal the wisdom which had been acquired by long years of intimate association with the feminine element of domestic life, and the duties and practices of housekeeping. When the last load of furniture was on its way to Number Nine, and Jim had stopped at Mike's house to refresh his weary team,

Mike saw that his last opportunity for giving advice had come, and he determined to avail himself of it.

"Jim," he said, "ye're jist nothing but a babby, an' ye must ax me some quitions. I'm an owld housekaper, an' I kin tell ye everything, Jim."

Jim was tired with his work, and tired of Mike. The great event of his life stood so closely before him, and he was so much absorbed by it, that Mike's talk had a harsher effect upon his sensibilities than the grating of a saw-mill.

"Ah! Mike! shut up, shut up!" he said. "Ye mean well, but ye're the ignorantest ramus I ever seen. Ye know how to run a shanty an' a pig-pen, but what do ye know about keepin' a hotel?"

"Bedad, if that's where ye are, what do ye know about kapin' a hotel yersilf? Ye'll see the time, Jim, when ye'll be sorry ye turned the cold shoulder to the honest tongue o' Mike Conlin."

"Well, Mike, ye understand a pig-pen better nor I do. I gi'en it up," said Jim, with a sigh that showed how painfully Mike was boring him.

"Yes, Jim, an' ye think a pig-pen is be-nathe ye, forgittin' a pig is the purtiest thing in life. Ah, Jim! whin ye git up in the marnin', a falin' shtewed, an' niver a bit o' breakfast in ye, an' go out in the djew bare-fut, as ye was bornn, lavin' yer coat kapin' company wid yer ugly owld hat, waitin' for yer pork and pertaties, an' see yer pig wid his two paws an' his dirty nose rachin' oover the pin, and sayin' 'good marnin' to ye,' an' squalin' away wid his big v'ice for his por-ridge, ye'll remimber what I say. An', Jim, whin ye fade 'im, ah! whin ye fade 'im! an' he jist lays down continted, wid his belly full, an' ye laugh to hear 'im a groontin' an' a shwearin' to 'imsilf to think he can't ate inny more, an' yer owld woman calls ye to breakfast, ye'll go in jist happy—jist happy, now. Ah, ye can't tell me! I'm an owld housekaper, Jim."

"Ye're an old pig-keeper; that's what you be," said Jim. "Ye're a reg'lar Paddy, Mike. Ye're a good fellow, but I'd sooner hearn a loon nor a pig."

"Divil a bit o' raison have ye got in ye, Jim. Ye can't ate a loon no more nor ye can ate a boot."

Mike was getting impatient with the incorrigible character of Jim's prejudices, and Jim saw that he was grieving him.

"Well, I presume I sh'll have to keep pigs, Mike," he said, in a compromising

tone; "but I shan't dress 'em in calliker, nor larn 'em to sing Old Hundred. I sh'll jest let 'em rampage around the woods, an' when I want one on 'em, I'll shoot 'im."

"Yis, bedad, an' thin ye'll shkin 'im, an' throw the rist of 'im intil the river," responded Mike, contemptuously.

"No, Mike; I'll send for ye to cut 'im up an' pack 'im."

"Now ye talk," said Mike; and this little overture of friendly confidence became a door through which he could enter into a subject more profoundly interesting to him than that which related to his favorite quadruped.

"What kind of an owld woman have ye got, Jim? Jist open yer heart like a box o' tobacky, Jim, an' lit me hilp ye. There's no man as knows more about a woman nor Mike Conlin. Ah, Jim! ye ought to 'ave seed me wid the girls in the owld country. They jist rin affther me as if I'd been stalin' their little heartts. There was a twelwe-month whin they tore the very coat-tails of me back. Be gorry I could 'ave married me whole neighborhood, an' I jist had to marry the first one I could lay me honest hands on, an' take mesilf away wid her to Ameriky."

This was too much for Jim. His face broadened into his old smile.

"Mike," said he, "ye haven't got an old towel or a hoss-blanket about ye, have ye? I feel as if I was a goin' to cry."

"An' what the divil be ye goin' to cry for?"

"Well, Mike, this is a world o' sorrer, an' when a feller comes to think of a lot o' women as is so hard pushed that they hanker arter Mike Conlin, it fetches me. It's worse nor bein' without victuals, an' beats the cholery out o' sight."

"Oh, ye blaggard! Can't ye talk sinse whin yer betthers is thryin' to hilp ye? What kind of an owld woman have ye got now?"

"Mike," said Jim, solemnly, "ye don't know what ye're talkin' about. If ye did, ye wouldn't call her an old woman. She's a lady, Mike. She isn't one o' your kind, an' I ain't one o' your kind, Mike. Can't ye see there's the difference of a pig atween us? Don't ye know that if I was to go hazin' round in the mornin without no clothes to speak on, an' takin' comfort in a howlin' pig, that I shouldn't be up to keepin' a hotel? Don't be unreasomble; and, Mike, don't ye never speak to me about my old woman. That's a sort o' thing that won't set on her."

Mike shook his head in lofty pity.
 "Ah, Jim, I can see what ye're comin' "

Then, as if afraid that his "owld woman" might overhear his confession, he bent toward Jim, and half whispered:

"The women is all smarter nor the men, an'; but ye musn't let 'em know that ye think it. Ye've got to call 'em yer owld women, or ye can't keep 'em where ye want 'em. Be gorry! I wouldn't let me owld man know what I think of 'er fur fifty dollars. I couldn't kape me house oover my head inny time at all at all if I should whisper it. She's jist as much of a leddy as there is in Sivenoaks, bedad, an' I have to run on me big airs, an' thrash around wid my two hands in me breeches pockets, an' stick out me lips like a lorr'd, an' promise to raise the divil wid her whiniver she gits a word 'o' high flyin'; an' ye'll have to do the same, Jim, or jist lay down an' let 'er shtep on ye. Git a good shtart, Jim. Don't ye let 'er the bit for five minutes. She'll rin away wid ye. Ye can't till me anything about women."

"No, nor I don't want to. Now you jest shut up, Mike. I'm tired a hearin' ye. This talk about women is one as has half the value of it in larnin' it as ye go along. Ye can't do as well enough, Mike, but yer eddication is a poor spoor; an' if it's all the same to ye, I'll take my pudden straight an' leave yer sause to them as likes it."

Jim's utter rejection of the further good offices of Mike, in the endeavor to instruct him in the management of his future relations with the little woman, did not sink very deep into the Irishman's sensibilities. Indeed, it could not have done so, for their waters were shallow, and, as at this moment Mike's "owld woman" called both to dinner, the difference was forgotten in the sympathy of hunger and the satisfactions of the meal.

Jim felt that he was undergoing a change which had undergone one in fact. It had never revealed itself to him so fully as it did during his conversation with Mike. The building of the hotel, the study of the wants of another grade of civilization than that to which he had been accustomed, the frequent conversations with Miss Butterworth, the responsibilities he had assumed, all had tended to lift him; and he felt that Mike Conlin was no longer a tolerable companion. The shallowness of the Irishman's mind and the disgusted him, and he knew that the time would soon come when, by a process

as natural as the falling of the leaves in autumn, he should drop a whole class of associations, and stand where he could look down upon them—where they would look up to him. The position of principal, the command of men, the conduct of, and the personal responsibility for, a great enterprise, had given him conscious growth. His old life and his old associations were insufficient to contain him.

After dinner they started on, for the first time accompanied by Mike's wife. Before her marriage she had lived the life common to her class—that of cook and housemaid in the families of gentlemen. She knew the duties connected with the opening of a house, and could bring its machinery into working order. She could do a thousand things that a man either could not do, or would not think of doing; and Jim had arranged that she should be housekeeper until the mistress of the establishment should be installed in her office.

The sun had set before they arrived at the river, and the boats of the two guides, with Jim's, which had been brought down by Mr. Benedict, were speedily loaded with the furniture, and Mike, picketing his horses for the night, embarked with the rest, and all slept at Number Nine.

In three days Jim was to be married, and his cage was ready for his bird. The stoop with its "settle," the ladder for posies, at the foot of which the morning-glories were already planted, and the "cupalo," had ceased to be dreams and become realities. Still, it all seemed a dream to Jim. He waked in the morning in his own room, and wondered whether he were not dreaming. He went out upon his piazza, and saw the cabin in which he had spent so many nights in his old simple life, then went off and looked up at his house or ranged through the rooms, and experienced the emotion of regret so common to those in similar circumstances, that he could never again be what he had been, or be contented with what he had been—that he had crossed a point in his life which his retiring feet could never re-pass. It was the natural reaction of the long strain of expectation which he had experienced, and would pass away; but while it was upon him he mourned over the death of his old self, and the hopeless obliteration of his old circumstances.

Mr. Balfour had been written to, and would keep his promise to be present at the wedding, with Mrs. Balfour and the boys. Sam Yates, at Jim's request, had agreed to

see to the preparation of an appropriate outfit for the bridegroom. Such invitations had been given out as Miss Butterworth dictated, and the Snow family was in a flutter of expectation. Presents of a humble and useful kind had been pouring in upon Miss Butterworth for days, until, indeed, she was quite overwhelmed. It seemed as if the whole village were in a conspiracy of beneficence.

In a final conference with Mrs. Snow, Miss Butterworth said:

"I don't know at all how he is going to behave, and I'm not going to trouble myself about it; he shall do just as he pleases. He has made his way with me, and if he is good enough for me, he is good enough for other people. I'm not going to badger him into nice manners, and I'm going to be just as much amused with him as anybody is. He isn't like other people, and if he tries to act like other people, it will just spoil him. If there's anything that I do despise above board, it's a woman trying to train a man who loves her. If I were the man, I should hate her."

CHAPTER XXI.

IN WHICH JIM GETS MARRIED, THE NEW HOTEL RECEIVES ITS MISTRESS, AND BENEDICT CONFERS A POWER OF ATTORNEY.

THERE was great commotion in the little Sevenoaks tavern. It was Jim's wedding morning, and on the previous evening there had been a sufficient number of arrivals to fill every room. Mr. and Mrs. Balfour, with the two boys, had come in in the evening stage; Jim and Mr. Benedict had arrived from Number Nine. Friends of Miss Butterworth from adjoining towns had come, so as to be ready for the ceremony of the morning. Villagers had thronged the noisy bar-room until midnight, scanning and discussing the strangers, and speculating upon the event which had called them together. Jim had moved among them, smiling, and returning their good-natured badinage with imperturbable coolness, so far as appearances went, though he acknowledged to Mr. Balfour that he felt very much as he did about his first moose.

"I took a good aim," said he, "restin' acrost a stump, but the stump was oneasy like; an' then I blazed away, an' when I observed the moose sprawlin', I was twenty feet up a tree, with my gun in the snow; an' if they don't find me settin' on the parson's chimbley about nine o'clock to-morrer

mornin', it won't be on account o' my not bein' skeered."

But the wedding morning had arrived. Jim had had an uneasy night, with imperfect sleep and preposterous dreams. He had been pursuing game. Sometimes it was a bear that attracted his chase, sometimes it was a deer, sometimes it was a moose, but all the time it was Miss Butterworth, flying and looking back, with robes and ribbons vanishing among the distant trees, until he shot and killed her, and then he woke in a great convulsion of despair, to hear the singing of the early birds, and to the realization of the fact that his days of bachelor life were counted.

Mr. Benedict, with his restored boy in his arms, occupied the room next to his, a door opening between them. Both were awake, and were busy with their whispered confidences, when they became aware that Jim was roused and on his feet. In a huge bundle on the table lay Jim's wedding garments, which he eyed from time to time as he busied himself at his bath.

"Won't ye be a purty bird with them feathers on! This makin' crows into bobolinks'll do for oncet, but, my! won't them things spin when I git into the woods agin'?"

Benedict and Harry knew Jim's habit and the measure of excitement that was upon him, and lay still, expecting to be amused by his soliloquies. Soon they heard him say:

"Oh, lay down, lay down, lay down, ye miserable old mop!"

It was an expression of impatience and disgust.

"What's the matter, Jim?" Mr. Benedict called.

"Here's my ha'r," responded Jim, "actin' as if it was a piece o' woods or a hay lot, an' there ain't no lodgin' it with nothin' short of a harricane. I've a good mind to git it shingled and san'-papered."

Then, shifting his address to the object of his care and anxiety, he went on:

"Oh, stick up, stick up, if you want to! Don't lay down on my 'count. P'rhaps ye want to see what's goin' on. P'rhaps ye're a goin' to stand up with me. P'rhaps ye want to skeer somebody's hosses. If I didn't look no better nor you, I sh'd want to lay low; an', if I'd 'a slep as poor as ye did last night, I'd lop down in the fust bed o' bear's grease I could find. *Hain't* ye got no manners?"

This was too much for Harry, who, in his happy mood, burst into the merriest laughter.

This furnished Jim with just the apology wanted for a frolic, and rushing into the adjoining bedroom, he pulled Harry from bed, seated him on the top of his head, and marched with him struggling and laughing about the room. After he had performed a dandy acrobatic feat with him, he carried him back to his bed. Then he returned to the room, and entered seriously upon the task of arraying himself in his wedding attire. To get on his collar and neck-tie properly, he was obliged to call for Mr. Benedict's assistance.

Jim was already getting red in the face. "What on 'arth folks want to tie their selves up in this way for in hot weather, is more nor I know," he said. "How do ye lose them Mormons live, as is doin' this thing every three days?"

Jim asked this question with his nose in the air, patiently waiting the result of Mr. Benedict's manipulations at his throat. When he could speak again, he added:

"I vow, if I was doin' a big business in this line, I'd git some tin things, an' have 'em soldered on, an' sleep in 'em."

This sent Harry into another giggle, and, with many soliloquies and much merriment, the dressing in both rooms went on, until Jim's room, all became still. When Benedict and his boy had completed their toilet, they looked in upon Jim, and found him dressed and seated on his trunk.

"Good morning, Mr. Fenton," said Benedict, cheerfully.

Jim, who had been in deep thought, looked up, and said:

"Do ye know that that don't seem so queer to me as it used to? It seems all right fur pertickler friends to call me Jim, but clo'es is what puts the Mister into a man. I felt it comin' when I looked into the glass. Says I to myself: 'Jim, that's Mr. Fenton is now afore ye. Look at 'im sharp, so that, if so be ye ever seen 'im agin, ye'll know 'im.' I never knowed exactly where the Mister came from afore. Ye have to be measured for't. A pair o' shears, an' a needle an' thread, an' a hot goose is what changes a man into a Mister. It's a nice thing to find out, but it's uncomf'table. It ain't so bad as it would be if ye couldn't slip it off when ye git tired on't, an' it's a good thing to know."

"Do clothes make Belcher a gentleman?" inquired Mr. Benedict.

"Well, it's what makes him a Mister, any way. When ye git his clo'es off thar ain't nothin' left of 'im. Dress 'im up in my old

clo'es, as has got tar enough on 'em to paint a boat, an' there wouldn't be enough man in 'im to speak to."

How long Jim would have indulged in his philosophy of the power of dress had he not been disturbed will never be known, for at this moment Mr. Balfour knocked at his door, and was admitted. Sam Yates followed, and both looked Jim over and pronounced him perfect. Even these familiar friends felt the power of dress, and treated Jim in a way to which he had been unaccustomed. The stalwart figure, developed in every muscle, and becomingly draped, was well calculated to excite their admiration. The refractory hair which had given its possessor so much trouble, simply made his head impressive and picturesque. There was a man before them—human, brave, bright, original. All he wanted was culture. Physical and mental endowments were in excess, and the two men, trained in the schools, had learned to love—almost to revere him. Until he spoke, they did not feel at home with him in his new disguise.

They all descended to breakfast together. Jim was quiet under the feeling that his clothes were an unnatural expression of himself, and that his words would make them a mockery. He was awed, too, by the presence of Mrs. Balfour, who met him at the table for the first time in her life. The sharp-eyed, smiling Yankee girls who waited at the meal, were very much devoted to Jim, who was ashamed to receive so much attention. On the whole, it was the most uncomfortable breakfast he had ever eaten, but his eyes were quick to see all that was done, for he was about to open a hotel, and wished particularly to learn the details of the table service.

There was great excitement, too, at the parsonage that morning. The Misses Snow were stirred by the romance of the occasion. They had little enough of this element in their lives, and were disposed to make the most of it when it came. The eldest had been invited to accompany the bride to Number Nine, and spend a few weeks with her there. As this was accounted a great privilege by the two younger sisters, they quietly shelved her, and told her that they were to have their own way at home; so Miss Snow became ornamental and critical. Miss Butterworth had spent the night with her, and they had talked like a pair of school-girls until the small hours of the morning. The two younger girls had slept together, and discussed at length the duties

of their respective offices. One was to do the bride's hair and act as the general supervisor of her dress, the other was to arrange the flowers and take care of the guests. Miss Butterworth's hair was not beautiful, and how it was to be made the most of was the great question that agitated the hair-dresser. All the possibilities of braid and plait and curl were canvassed. If she only had a switch, a great triumph could be achieved, but she had none, and, what was worse, would have none. A neighbor had sent in a potted white rose, full of buds and bloom, and over this the sisters quarreled. The hair would not be complete without the roses, and the table would look "shameful" if the pot did not stand upon it, unshorn of a charm. The hair-dresser proposed that the stems which she was bent on despoiling should have some artificial roses tied to them, but the disgraceful project was rejected with scorn. They wrangled over the dear little rose-bush and its burden until they went to sleep—the one to dream that Miss Butterworth had risen in the morning with a new head of hair that reached to her knee, in whose luxuriance she could revel with interminable delight, and the other that the house was filled with roses; that they sprouted out of the walls, fluttered with beads of dew against the windows, strewed the floor, and filled the air with odor.

Miss Butterworth was not to step out of the room—not be seen by any mortal eye—until she should come forth as a bride. Miss Snow was summarily expelled from the apartment, and only permitted to bring in Miss Butterworth's breakfast, while her self-appointed lady's maid did her hair, and draped her in her new gray silk.

"Make just as big a fool of me, my dear, as you choose," said the prospective bride to the fussy little girl who fluttered about her. "It's only for a day, and I don't care."

Such patient manipulation, such sudden retrings for the study of effects, such delicious little experiments with a curl, such shifting of hair-pins, such dainty adjustments of ruffles and frills as were indulged in in that little room can only be imagined by the sex familiar with them. And then, in the midst of it all, came a scream of delight that stopped everything. Mrs. Balfour had sent in a great box full of the most exquisite flowers, which she had brought all the way from the city. The youngest Miss Snow was wild with her new wealth, and there were roses for Miss Butterworth's hair, and her throat,

and a bouquet for her hand. And after this came wonderful accessions to the refreshment table. Cake, with Miss Butterworth's initials; tarts, marked "Number Nine," and Charlotte-Russe, with a "B" and an "F" hopelessly twisted together in a monogram. The most excited exclamations reached Miss Butterworth's ears in her imprisonment:

"Goodness, gracious me!"

"If there isn't another cake as big as a flour barrel!"

"Tell your mother she's an angel. She's coming down to help us eat it, I hope."

"Just look at this basket of little cakes! I was saying to mother this minute that that was all we wanted."

So the good things came, and the cheerful givers went, and Miss Butterworth took an occasional sip at her coffee, with a huge napkin at her throat, and tears in her eyes, not drawn forth by the delicate tortures in progress upon her person. She thought of her weary years of service, her watchings by sick-beds, her ministry to the poor, her long loneliness, and acknowledged to herself that her reward had come. To be so loved and petted, and cared for, and waited upon, was payment for every sacrifice and every service, and she felt that she and the world were at quits.

Before the finishing touches to her toilet were given, there was a tumult at the door. She could hear new voices. The guests were arriving. She heard laughter and merry greetings; and still they poured in, as if they had come in a procession. Then there was a hush, followed by the sound of a carriage, the letting down of steps, and a universal murmur. Jim had arrived with Mr. and Mrs. Balfour, and the boys. They had had great difficulty in getting him into the one hackney coach which the village possessed, on account of his wish to ride with the driver, "a feller as he knowed;" but he was overruled by Mrs. Balfour, who, on alighting, took his arm. He came up the garden walk, smiling in the faces and eyes of those gathered around the door and clustered at the windows. In his wedding dress, he was the best figure in the crowd, and many were the exclamations of feminine admiration.

On entering the door, he looked about him, saw the well-dressed and expectant company, the dainty baskets of flowers, the beautifully loaded table in the little dining-room, all the preparations for his day of happiness, but he saw nowhere the person

gave to him the significance of the occasion.

Mr. Snow greeted him cordially, and introduced him to those who stood near.

"Well, parson, where's the little woman?" said, at last, in a voice so loud that all heard the startling question. Miss Butterworth heard him, and laughed.

"Just hear him!" she exclaimed to the young girl, whose work was now hurrying to close. "If he doesn't astonish them before he gets through, I shall be mistaken. I think it's the most ridiculous thing. Now get it! The idea!"

Miss Snow, in the general character of a side manager and future companion of the bride, hurried to Jim's side at once, and said:

"Oh, Mr. Fenton!"

"Jest call me Jim."

"No, no, I won't. Now, Mr. Fenton, why! you can't see her until she is ready!"

"Oh, can't I!" and Jim smiled.

Miss Snow had the impression, prevalent among women, that a bridegroom has no rights so long as they can keep him out of the room, and that it is their privilege to fight him up to the last moment.

"Now, really, Mr. Fenton, you *must* be content," she said, in a whisper. "She is so delicate this morning, and she's going to look so pretty that you'll hardly know

"Well," said Jim, "if you've got a ticket for the place whar she's stoppin', tell her kingdom-come is here an' waitin'."

A ripple of laughter went around the table, and Jim, finding the room getting a little close, beckoned Mr. Snow out of the room. Taking him aside, and removing his hat, he said:

"Parson, do ye see my ha'r?"

"I do," responded the minister, good-naturedly.

"That riz last night," said Jim, solemnly. "Is it possible?" and Mr. Snow looked at the intractable pile with genuine concern. "Yes, riz in a dream. I thought I'd shot

"I was follerin' 'er all night. Sometimes there was one thing, an' sometimes she was another, but I drew a bead on 'er, an' down she went, an' up come my ha'r quicker nor I can gettin' it. I don't s'pose it looks very purty, but I can't help it."

"Have you tried anything on it?" inquired Mr. Snow, with a puzzled look.

"Yes, everything but a hot flat iron, an' I'm a little afraid o' that. If wust comes wust, it'll have be did, though. It may

warm up my old brains a little, but if my ha'r is well sprinkled, and the thing is handled lively, it'll pay for tryin'."

The perfect candor and coolness of Jim's manner were too much for the unsuspecting spirit of the minister, who thought it all very strange. He had heard of such things, but this was the first instance he had ever seen.

"Parson," said Jim, changing the topic, "what's the damage for the sort o' thing ye're drivin' at this mornin'?"

"The what?"

"The damage—what's the—well—damage? What do ye consider a fa'r price?"

"Do you mean the marriage fee?"

"Yes; I guess that's what ye call it."

"The law allows us two dollars, but you will permit me to perform the ceremony for nothing. It's a labor of love, Mr. Fenton. We are all very much interested in Miss Butterworth, as you see."

"Well, I'm a little interested in 'er myself, an' I'm a goin' to pay for the splice. Jest tuck that X into yer jacket, an' tell yer neighbors as ye've seen a man as was five times better nor the law."

"You are very generous."

"No; I know what business is, though. Ye have to get somethin' to square the buryins an' baptizins with. When a man has a weddin', he'd better pay the whole thing in a lump. Parsons have to live, but how the devil they do it in Sevenoaks is more nor I know."

"Mr. Fenton! excuse me!" said Mr. Snow, coloring, "but I am not accustomed to hearing language of that kind."

"No, I s'pose not," said Jim, who saw too late that he had made a mistake. "Your sort o' folks knuckle to the devil more nor I do. A good bein' I take to, but a bad bein' I'm car'less with; an' I don't make no more o' slingin' his name round nor I do kickin' an old boot."

Mr. Snow was obliged to laugh, and half a dozen others, who had gathered about them, joined in a merry chorus.

Then Miss Snow came out and whispered to her father, and gave a roguish glance at Jim. At this time the house was full, the little yard was full, and there was a crowd of boys at the gate. Mr. Snow took Jim by the arm and led him in. They pressed through the crowd at the door, Miss Snow making way for them, and so, in a sort of triumphal progress, they went through the room, and disappeared in the apartment where "the little woman," flushed and expectant, waited their arrival.

It would be hard to tell which was the more surprised as they were confronted by the meeting. Dress had wrought its miracle upon both of them, and they hardly knew each other.

"Well, little woman, how fare ye?" said Jim, and he advanced, and took her cheeks tenderly between his rough hands, and kissed her.

"Oh, don't! Mr. Fenton! You'll muss her hair!" exclaimed the nervous little lady's maid of the morning, dancing about the object of her delightful toils and anxieties, and re-adjusting a rose, and pulling out the fold of a ruffle.

"A purty job ye've made on't! The little woman 'll never look so nice again," said Jim.

"Perhaps I shall—when I'm married again," said Miss Butterworth, looking up into Jim's eyes, and laughing.

"Now, ain't that sassy!" exclaimed Jim, in a burst of admiration. "That's what took me the first time I seen 'er."

Then Miss Snow Number Two came in, and said it really was time for the ceremony to begin. Such a job as she had had in seating people!

Oh, the mysteries of that little room! How the people outside wondered what was going on there! How the girls inside rejoiced in their official privileges!

Miss Snow took Jim by the button-hole:

"Mr. Fenton, you must take Miss Butterworth on your arm, you know, and lead her in front of the sofa, and turn around, and face father, and then do just what he tells you, and remember that there's nothing for you to say."

The truth was, that they were all afraid that Jim would not be able to hold his tongue.

"Are we all ready?" inquired Mr. Snow, in a pleasant, official tone.

All were ready, and then Mr. Snow, going out with a book in his hand, was followed by Jim and his bride, the little procession being completed by the three Misses Snow, who, with a great deal of care upon their faces, slipped out of the door, one after another, like three white doves from a window. Mr. Snow took his position, the pair wheeled and faced him, and the three Misses Snow supported Miss Butterworth as impromptu bridesmaids. It was an impressive tableau, and when the good pastor said: "Let us pray," and raised his thin, white hands, a painter in search of a subject could have asked for nothing better.

When, at the close of his prayer, the pastor inquired if there were any known obstacles to the union of the pair before him in the bonds of holy matrimony, and bade all the objectors to speak then, or forever after for their peace, Jim looked around with a dejected air, as if he would like to see the man who dared to respond to the call. No one did respond, and the ceremony proceeded.

"James," said Mr. Snow.

"Jest call me——"

Miss Butterworth pinched Jim's arm, and he recalled Miss Snow's injunction in time to arrest his sentence in mid-passage.

"James," the pastor repeated, and then went on to ask him, in accordance with the simple form of his sect, whether he took the woman whom he was holding by the hand to be his lawful and wedded wife, to be loved and cherished in sickness and health, in prosperity and adversity, cleaving to her and to her only.

"Parson," said Jim, "that's jest what I here for."

There would have been a titter if any other man had said it, but it was so strong and earnest, and so much in character, that hardly a smile crossed a face that fronted him.

Then "Keziah" was questioned in the usual form, and bowed her response, and Jim and the little woman were declared to be one. "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

And then Mr. Snow raised his white hand again, and pronounced a formal benediction. There was a moment of awkwardness, but soon the pastor advanced with his congratulations, and Mrs. Snow came up, and the three Misses Snow, and the Balfours, and the neighbors; and there were kisses and hand-shakings, and good wishes. Jim beamed around upon the fluttering and cowering groups like a great, good-natured mastiff upon a playful collection of silver spaniels and smart terriers. It was the proudest moment of his life. Even when standing on the cupola of his hotel, surveying his achievements, and counting his possessions, he had never felt the thrill which moved him then. The little woman was his, and his forever. His manhood had received the highest public recognition, and he was as happy as if it had been the imposition of a crown.

"Ye made purty solemn business o' Parson," said Jim.

"It's a very important step, Mr. Fenton," responded the clergyman.

"Step!" exclaimed Jim. "That's no game for't; it's a whole trip. But I sh'll do. When I said it I meant it. I sh'll take care o' the little woman, and atween you an' I, Parson, it's about the best thing as a man can do. Takin' care of a woman is the nateral thing for a man, an' no man in't much as doesn't do it, and glad o' the job."

The capacity of a country assembly for cakes, pies, and lemonade, is something quite unique, especially at a morning festival. If the table groaned at the beginning, sighed at the close. The abundance that asserted itself in piles of dainties was left a wreck. It faded away like a bank of snow before a drift of southern vapor. Jim, forging among the solids, found a mince pie, to which he devoted himself.

"This is the sort o' thing as will stan' be man in trouble," said he, with a huge piece in his hand.

Then, with a basket of cake, he vanished from the house, and distributed his burden among the boys at the gate.

"Boys, I know ye're hungry, 'cause ye've left yer breakfast on yer faces. Now git this afore it rains."

The boys did not stand on the order of the service, but helped themselves greedily, and left his basket empty in a twinkling.

"It beats all natur'," said Jim, looking at them sympathetically, "how much boys can put down when they try. If the facks could be knowed, without cuttin' into 'em, 'd be willin' to bet somethin' that their legs is holler."

While Jim was absent, the bride's health was drunk in a glass of lemonade, and when he returned, his own health was proposed, and Jim seemed to feel that something was expected of him.

"My good frens," said he, "I'm much obleeged to ye. Ye couldn't 'a' treated me better if I'd 'a' been the pres'dent of this country. I ain't used to yer ways, but I know when I'm treated well, an' when the little woman is treated well. I'm obleeged to ye on her 'count. I'm a goin' to take 'er into the woods, an' take care on 'er. We're goin' to keep a hotel—me and the little woman—an' if so be as any of ye is took sick by overloadin' with cookies 'arly in the day, or bein' thinned out with lemonade, ye can come into the woods, an' I'll send ye back happy."

There was a clapping of hands and a flutter of handkerchiefs, and a merry chorus of laughter, and then two vehicles drove up

to the door. The bride bade a tearful farewell to her multitude of friends and poured out her thanks to the minister's family, and in twenty minutes thereafter, two happy loads of passengers went pounding over the bridge, and off up the hill on the way to Number Nine. The horses were strong, the morning was perfect, and Jim was in possession of his bride. They, with Miss Snow, occupied one carriage, while Mr. Benedict and the Balfours filled the other. Not a member of the company started homeward until the bridal party was seen climbing the hill in the distance, but waited, commenting upon the great event of the morning, and speculating upon the future of the pair whose marriage they had witnessed. There was not a woman in the crowd who did not believe in Jim, and all were glad that the little tailoress had reached so pleasant and stimulating a change in her life.

When the voyagers had passed beyond the scattered farm-houses into the lonely country, Jim, with his wife's help, released himself from the collar and cravat that tormented him, and once more breathed freely. On they sped, shouting to one another from carriage to carriage, and Mike Conlin's humble house was reached in a two hours' drive. There was chaffing at the door and romping among the trees while the horses were refreshed, and then they pushed on again with such speed as was possible with poorer roads and soberer horses; and two hours before sunset they were at the river. The little woman had enjoyed the drive. When she found that she had cut loose from her old life, and was entering upon one unknown and untried, in pleasant companionship, she was thoroughly happy. It was all like a fairy story; and there before her rolled the beautiful river, and, waiting on the shore, were the trunks and remnants of baggage that had been started for their destination before daylight, and the guides with their boats, and with wild flowers in their hatbands.

The carriages were dismissed to find their way back to Mike Conlin's that night, while Jim, throwing off his coat, assisted in loading the three boats. Mr. Balfour had brought along with him, not only a large flag for the hotel, but half a dozen smaller ones for the little fleet. The flags were soon mounted upon little rods, and set up at either end of each boat, and when the luggage was all loaded, and the passengers were all in their places, Jim taking his wife

and Miss Snow in his own familiar craft, they pushed out into the stream, and started for a race. Jim was the most powerful man of the three, and was aching for work. It was a race all the way, but the broader chest and the harder muscles won. It was a regatta without spectators, but as full of excitement as if the shores had been fringed with a cheering crowd.

The two women chatted together in the stern of Jim's boat, or sat in silence, as if they were enchanted, watching the changing shores, while the great shadows of the woods deepened upon them. They had never seen anything like it. It was a new world—God's world, which man had not marred.

At last they heard the barking of a dog, and, looking far up among the woods, they caught the vision of a new building. The boys in the boats behind yelled with delight. Ample in its dimensions and fair in its outlines, there stood the little woman's home. Her eyes filled with tears, and she hid them on Miss Snow's shoulder.

"Be ye disap'inted, little woman?" inquired Jim, tenderly.

"Oh, no."

"Feelin's a little too many for ye?"

The little woman nodded, while Miss Snow put her arm around her neck, and whispered.

"A woman is a curi's bein'," said Jim. "She cries when she's tickled, an' she laughs when she's mad."

"I'm not mad," said the little woman bursting into a laugh, and lifting her tear-burdened eyes to Jim.

"An' then," said Jim, "she cries and laughs all to oncet, an' a feller don't know whether to take off his jacket or put up his umberell."

This quite restored the "little woman," and her eyes were dry and merry as the boat touched the bank, and the two women were helped on shore. Before the other boats came up, they were in the house, with the delighted Turk at their heels, and Mike Conlin's wife courtseying before them.

It was a merry night at Number Nine.

Jim's wife became the mistress at once. She knew where everything was to be found, as well as if she had been there for a year, and played the hostess to Mr. and Mrs. Balfour as agreeably as if her life had been devoted to the duties of her establishment.

Mr. Balfour could not make a long stay in the woods, but had determined to leave his wife there with the boys. His business was pressing at home, and he had heard something while at Sevenoaks that made him uneasy on Mr. Benedict's account. The latter had kept himself very quiet while at the wedding, but his intimacy with one of Mr. Balfour's boys had been observed, and there were those who detected the likeness of this boy, though much changed by growth and better conditions, to the little Harry Benedict of other days. Mr. Balfour had overheard the speculations of the villagers on the strange Mr. Williams who had for so long a time been housed with Jim Fenton, and the utterance of suspicions that he was no other than their old friend, Paul Benedict. He knew that this suspicion would be reported by Mr. Belcher's agent at once, and that Mr. Belcher would take desperate steps to secure himself in his possessions. What form these measures would take—whether of fraud or personal violence—he could not tell.

He advised Mr. Benedict to give him a power of attorney to prosecute Mr. Belcher for the sum due him on the use of his inventions, and to procure an injunction on his further use of them, unless he should enter into an agreement to pay such a royalty as should be deemed equitable by all the parties concerned. Mr. Benedict accepted the advice, and the papers were executed at once.

Armed with this document, Mr. Balfour bade good-bye to Number Nine and its pleasant company, and hastened back to the city, where he took the first opportunity to report to his friends the readiness of Jim to receive them for the summer.

It would be pleasant to follow them into their forest pastimes, but more stirring and important matters will hold us to the city.

(To be continued.)

COMPENSATION.

O THOU, my dearer self! If it be so,—
 As somewhere I have read,—when lovers part,
 Who takes the journey bears a lighter heart
 Than that which bides at home,—then well I know
 Thy grief is passing great. Well, as I go
 With many a sigh along my weary way,
 I think, with less'ning pain, how each new day
 Gives swifter wings to these our weeks of woe;
 And, for thy sharper sorrow, thou wilt greet
 The end with keener joy; and cry, "Indeed!"
 (Mending the maxim to the moment's need)
 Indeed, I truly think when lovers *meet*,
 The happier is she—forgive the boast?—
 Who in the days of absence sorrowed most!

A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT FOR TIMID LINGUISTS.

PLAUSIBLE and ingenious plea for the deficiency of printed translations and the consciousness of acquaintance with originals that the reader must, at any rate, make his own translation, and that, unless he be a prior scholar, it cannot be so good as that of a competent master of the language. On the contrary, it is our opinion that the least skillful reader, with a dictionary, will get a better notion of a work of art in a strange language than can be acquired from the most skillful translation. Even if it be granted that the unskillful reader does not at all think in the original, and therefore translate every word, it is a mistake to suppose that he sees only what English words, when written out, appear to express. He has a notion of the physiognomy and rhythm of the thought in the author's mind, which his own poor English words do not at all represent. But the merest beginner in French *partially* thinks in French. He translates the idioms; but many nouns, adjectives, and whole clauses soon get to repeat and suggest ideas as quickly as their English synonyms. *Mollesse*, for instance, suggests softness as well as its English equivalent. *Larmes amères* looks as much like "bitter tears" as the expression "bitter" looks like itself. The sentence, then, as it moves through the mind, is a queer mixture of such and loose nebulous pleonasm in

English. Reduced to writing, it would appear the baldest and weakest stuff conceivable; and yet even such reading of the great literature in a strange language is greatly to be preferred to the work of the most accomplished translator.

The business of a writer of translations is to produce upon the mind of the reader the impression which he himself receives from the original. We will take it for granted that that impression is the right one, which, of course, it frequently is not. But witness his insuperable obstacles. If the expression of the author's thought in the original is imperfect, of course the translation is imperfect. Often the thought is transmitted from the author's mind to the original, hidden in the words, rather than expressed by them. At just what point the spark is communicated, neither the writer nor the reader is often conscious. It is in some musical synthesis; it is in some intensity of emphasis, often undiscoverable, and entirely untranslatable. But though a literary artist is often ignorant of the qualities of his own work which successfully express his thought, he knows very well what forms of speech will hinder and contravene the expression of his thought; of this the translator can have by no means so sure a sense. The translator must almost inevitably use words and whole phrases which violate the mood of the writer, and throw

the mind of the reader completely off the scent. Really, you might understand the original if it were not for the translation.

Good translation, though a difficult, is a possible feat in the region of abstract and logical thought; its obstacles begin when we approach the literature of feeling, intuition and imagination. It happens that what is greatest and most valuable in literature is imaginative. The theme of the highest poetry is not only imaginative, but the highest poetry often deals with physical images. Now, while the translator is here, as elsewhere, inadequate, the unskilled student of the original is especially at an advantage. Imagery may be comprehended without the conscious use of words, more easily than critical thought. The student's whole necessity is to have his own mind illuminated with the image in the mind of the artist. It is my experience that some of the strongest impressions I have ever got from literature have been made upon me while working through some poem or scene of a romance with a nebulous flood of English and High Dutch flowing through my mind. Indeed, if there be ability in the work, the attention I am compelled to give to a single page, and the time I take in getting from the top to the bottom of it, rather helps, I think, to fasten the scene strongly upon my imagination. That may seem a somewhat optimistic view, and I had better anticipate the inference of my critic, that the less one knows of a language the more will one be able to appreciate its masterpieces in the original.

But the point at which the translator signally fails is in Distinction, in giving us an intimate sense of the personality of the author. Literature is the confession of a vast number of interesting persons. A student desires always a clear view of the mind of a writer. The first novel of George Sand which I read was an English translation of "Indiana." I thought it very tiresome, and could not avoid an impression that George Sand was rather a silly woman. The translator was all the while making remarks which a great man or woman could not possibly have made. He would use words and clauses which George Sand could have been no more likely to use than she would have been to eat with her knife. Now, let any person of some susceptibility and experience of literature study the French grammar for a month or so and then attack one of her novels with a dictionary. It will be difficult for him to read a dozen pages without being impressed with her sub-

ject-matter and greatly interested in herself.

Irving speaks of a certain renowned Dutch tumbler of antiquity who took start of three miles to jump a hill; when he got to the foot of it he had to sit down and breathe and then walk over it. Some people start out to learn a language very much in this way, and end their endeavors with much the same result. They think it necessary to work at French and German a long before they will condescend to get a pleasure out of them. They seem to make the acquisition of the language their object and to study its literature only incidentally. Now, one had better, so I think, at least start out with the idea of familiarizing himself with certain great works of art, and getting a near sense of the personalities of the artists, and let the acquisition of the language be incidental.

When it comes to Greek and Latin there is perhaps more need of preparation. But even there, persons desiring to know the great poems in those languages scare themselves overmuch with their lack of "drill." Of course it would be better if you had drill, but as you have it not, do the best you can without it. And if you are a person of sensibility, that best will be infinitely better than can be enjoyed by any gerund-grinder without sensibility. Of course you cannot think in Greek, you will not be able to read Greek at sight, but you can acquire particular poems just as one may learn to ride particular horses. Nouns and adjectives, whose clauses will get so familiar that their meaning will slip off from the English translation upon them. Even a lazy boy knows that *μακαρεσσι θεοισιν* means "blessed gods;" the Greek scrawl *θαλασσα* stands as well for the sea as the English scrawl "ocean."

Each year, as the autumn approaches, generous and aspiring young persons are seized with a desire to accomplish something. To such young people the romance of learning is very enticing. They ardently ask what Mr. Lowell prettily calls "the purple dipped in the Tyrian purple of imaginative culture." But now, if it happens that the young scholar has been idle at school or college, he is apt to pass from a too great contempt for gerund-grinders into a too great respect for them, and an excessive humility in their presence. If he could like those Harrow boys (he thinks), who babble Greek from their cradles, he would be pleased he would be to disport himself in all the poets from Homer to Aristophanes. How indescribably delightful would

while perusing the crabbed page of the so-called "humorous writer," to suddenly be seized with an uncontrollable fit of laughter! But he believes that such laughter is impossible for him for evermore.

His present knowledge of Greek and Latin is vague and unsatisfactory in the extreme; he has hazy notions about optatives and pluperfects; he must run to Liddell and Scott to verify a quotation, and at the best he must be content to use what he can. Browning sweetly calls "woman's Greek without the accents." This is not the way the generous and ardent lad cares to learn. He would like to have the grammar under his fingers' ends; he would like to lay his hand upon his moods and tenses as a multer touches the top rail of a fence.

But the youth is the victim of his own credulity and humility—faults which he often mixes with presumption. A generous young man, in his first remorse over an idle youth, would be very likely to see in the correctness and thoroughness of a good scholar a "something wonderful," which, study as he may, he can never attain. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*, says the adage. But if this young scholar could only see the mind of the man whom he admires laid bare, he would find that he had overrated the difference between them. He will not make the mistake of thinking that all thorough scholars are mistaking dullards, ignorant of the spirit of the works they criticize; but he will gather courage from the knowledge that a few years' study will teach him much—very much of the great originals; and, if he have literary capacity and appreciation, more than the ablest gerund-grinder, without sensibility, can learn in a lifetime.

Latin and Greek are doled out at American colleges in doses. Reading, as it is known in European universities—that is, sitting down to study an author, and to read what there is of him, is unheard of here. Horace and Homer are simply exercises accompanying Zumpt and Hadley. The teachers, though I suppose very good scholars, have as a rule no literary aptitude for any task higher than the exposition of the grammar. There are certainly successful teachers in other departments in this country. I may here say that it is my belief that New Yorkers have in a number of the departments of Columbia College better teaching than can be found elsewhere in this country. Any man who has ever sat under the instruction of Professor Nairne, for instance, knows that there is such a thing as good teach-

ing, knows what can be accomplished by a teacher who is at once learned, able and enthusiastic. But I doubt if there is a teacher of the classics in an American college who has the enthusiastic attention of his students. There are many reasons why this should be, and but a small share of the blame can be laid at the doors of the Professors. But this much of blame at least can be laid at the doors of many of them, that they cannot understand English poetry, and, of course, they cannot understand Greek poetry.

When I was a freshman, there was in my class a handsome, quiet lad, with a decided turn for letters and satire. The Professor was a great gun in philology, and believed very much in the particles and the "delicate shades" of which he imagined the angels could teach him nothing. Some association of particles he made us translate invariably by the expression: "Then, thereupon;" another by the expression: "If, then, for the matter of that." The boy was musically reading the passage in the "Hecuba" of Euripides in which the old Queen of Troy is beseeching of Ulysses the life of Polyxena, her only surviving child, whom he is leading to sacrifice on the tomb of Achilles. He came to the particles and skipped them, for which he was bantered and persecuted for the rest of the hour by the Professor. The instructor had on hand a stock of jokes which he had been making during some forty years, and which were really formidable from their quantity and the vocal volume with which they were announced. The silent youth bore it all with a sort of impassive disdain, only remarking, when pushed by the Professor: "Hecuba is down upon the ground praying for her daughter's life, clasping the knees of Ulysses, and I don't think that a woman in such a position would be apt to say: 'Then, thereupon;' or, 'If, then, for the matter of that.'"

But let no boy yet at school, who may read this paper, get the notion that he may be idle with impunity now and may recover himself hereafter. No teacher has ever yet found words in which to tell the young how disastrous a thing is idleness. The language is not written in which that lesson can be conveyed. To tell of the languors, of the incompetences which dog the idle boy all his days, to tell how resolution and energy simplify life and make it happy, would require characters and symbols not yet invented; the idle boy will know it for himself one of these days, and will, in his turn, be incapable of communicating it.

EDUCATION AND FREE THOUGHT.

WHETHER it is possible to bring up a child intelligently without any convictions whatever on religion, and whether true intellectual freedom and habits of mental independence are interfered with by religious teaching in early life, are two questions of the greatest importance to parents and educators. Mr. Webster's argument on the former question—in the Girard College Case—is famous. We have a plethora of argument nowadays on the latter question, and the world has just at this moment one striking instance of parental training and education dissevered *in toto* from all religious tenets, and all religious practice, from which to judge if it has any advantages as to freedom of thought.

Mr. Mill is very frank in his Autobiography as to the paternal influence upon him against religion. After describing the views and habits of his father in this respect, he says: "It will be admitted that a man of the opinions and the character above described, was likely to leave a strong impression on any mind *principally formed by him.*" It is not difficult to estimate the interference of this impression with freedom of thought, both absolutely and comparatively. This will be done in this paper in both ways.

Mr. Mill admits that, "in a degree once common, but now very unusual [his father], threw his feelings into his opinions." This is precisely what has long been urged against those who give to their children or pupils a Christian education. We have been told, with endless reiteration, that it must needs interfere with liberty of opinion in others. But "it is difficult to understand," says Mr. Mill, "how any one who possesses much of both (opinions and feelings) can fail to do" as his father did. If this can be vindicated, however, where both head and heart are hostile to religion, it can where both are friendly. It is affirmed, further, that "none but those who do not care about opinions will confound this with intolerance," which is as just, if just at all, in the case of Christian parents and teachers as in the case of unchristian ones. Moreover, we are assured by Mr. Mill that "the forbearance which flows from a conscientious sense of the importance to mankind of the equal freedom of all opinions, is the only tolerance which is commendable, or to the highest moral order of minds possible;" which sounds vastly

like an old "orthodox" position, maintained among Puritan thinkers from John Milton and John Robinson's day, and plentifully assailed now by some newspaper critics and a few preachers.

Moreover—disavowing malevolence and ill-doing for opinion's sake—Mr. Mill goes so far as to admit—what would be peculiar for an "Evangelical" writer—that "those who, having opinions which they hold to be immensely important, and their contraries be prodigiously hurtful, have *any deep reason for the general good,* will necessarily disagree as a class, and in the abstract, those who think wrong what they think right, and right what they think wrong, though they are not therefore bad, nor was my father, inseparable to good qualities in an opponent." All this is to excuse or defend the style and amount of forming power which his atheistic parent exerted over himself. He once rubs his eyes on reading it, and looks again to see if it is not charged upon some Edwardean or Hopkinsian divine, or some "orthodox" person at least. But not so an account of James Mill by his son, James Stuart. Translate opinions into "creeds" or "belief," as used in well-established religious circles, and what would come of it?

Now this father, who so impressed his mind and had such an agency in forming and fastening upon him his opinions, held that right and wrong "are qualities solely of conduct—of acts and omissions;" that "feelings are no proper subjects of praise or blame." "He refused to let his praise or blame be influenced by the motive of the agent," which even intense utilitarianism would allow him to do, the motive being, supposably, utility. But the refusal to do this rendered it clearly and sharply impenetrable for him so much as to entertain religion as a system of the highest and best motives. Yet James Mill judged *character* by motives, though never acts—a curious logical and ethical inconsistency. His moral convictions were "wholly dissevered from religion;" "his aversion to religion," as might be anticipated, "was of the same kind with that of Lucretius." "I have a hundred times heard him say," testifies his son, "that mankind have gone on adding trait after trait (to the character of the gods they believed in) 'till they reached the most perfect conception of wickedness which the human

mind can devise, and have called this God. This *ne plus ultra* of wickedness he considered to be embodied in what is commonly presented to mankind as the creed of Christianity." The mere holding of this notion, as a personal opinion, did not interfere at all, it is clear, with his son's adopting a juster and more correct opinion; but it might be, and evidently was, *so taught*, along with perversions of Christian sentiment, as to make honor, at least, impossible. For the example given in the Autobiography of what is commonly "believed by Christians, is the idea, in its baldest form, of creating men *for the sake of eternal punishment!* And this led the father to reject all religion, and to require his son to do so. He taught him, to be sure, "to take the strongest interest in the Reformation as the great and decisive contest against priestly tyranny for liberty of thought." But he taught him, also, to reject the truths, for the sake of which, and the loyalty to which, liberty of thought was won by the Reformers, and to hold them responsible for the perversions above stated. And a mere vague passing allusion to what seems to be the intended teaching of Christ in the law of love, does not make Christ's teaching a religion to the son, or anything better than a human protest against what both father and son represent as the accepted idea of God, as a being infinitely cruel. At the approach of death, the son is careful to assure us, did not cause his father "the smallest wavering in his convictions." He lived and died rejecting, "not only the belief in revelation, but the foundations of what is commonly called natural religion."

Yet he might have allowed his son to think for himself, and form some sort of religious belief independently. How this was prevented is a curious revelation of the ways of "free-thinkers." Stuart Mill, in this respect at least, was the mere creature of James Mill. "It would have been wholly inconsistent with my father's ideas of duty," he testifies, "to *allow* me to acquire impressions contrary to his convictions and feelings on the subject of religion." He says, therefore, of himself, that he "never had" any "religious belief"—and how could he acquire one in the circumstances? "He impressed upon me from the first that the manner in which the world came into existence was a subject on which nothing was known." The theoretical atheism of both at this point, in respect to the Author of the world, was as complete and blank as their moral atheism in respect to its Governor.

The pupil thus tampered with from the very beginnings of thought, or perhaps we should say, thus tyrannized over, confesses that he "looked upon the modern exactly as upon the ancient religions, as something which in no way concerned" him, and pronounces skeptics, Deists, and those whose notions fall "far short of Deism"—evidently including his father, if not himself—the brightest ornaments of the world, "truly religious," "more genuinely religious" than Christians. It is easy for the reading and literary public to accept the book in which this is done as "The Autobiography of an Atheist."

How complete the mastery of the elder Mill over the younger was, can be seen openly in the timid way in which the one differed from the other in politics in a few points, after having been rigidly brought up on Malthus, Ricardo, Bentham, and the "Theory of Government." His logical education did not secure independence here, as might be supposed. It began with the "Organon" of Aristotle, and Latin treatises on the scholastic logic. This was followed by the study of Hobbes.

He confesses that he profited little by the "Posterior Analytics," but maintains strongly the value of "an early practical familiarity with the school logic." "I do not believe that any scientific teaching ever was more thorough, or better fitted for training the faculties, than the mode in which logic and political economy were taught to me by my father." "He gave me his explanations not before, but after, I had felt the full force of the difficulties." In the logic of atheism, however, the parental method was quite different; the difficulties were never canceled by explanations. The practical part of logic seems to have been taught by the examination of such an author as Adam Smith, in whose treatise, after having been well stocked with the ideas and reasonings of Ricardo, the young student was set to find the fallacies in the arguments and the errors in the conclusions. His instructor was vigilant in detecting whether he understood what he had read, and in training him to analyze it. He went through the whole of political economy in this way. "I thought for myself, almost from the first," he says, "and occasionally thought differently from him, though for a long time only on minor points, and making his opinion the ultimate standard. At a later period I even occasionally convinced him and altered his opinion on some points of detail." But no such thorough work and no such scru-

tiny—even in the lesser things of detail—were ever applied to religion. No difference on *any* point appears, or would have been allowed. The son blindly followed the father even in concealing his atheism, quite down to the time of his election to Parliament. That so eminent and applauded a champion of freedom of thought should betray so much intellectual bondage in the story of his life, has astonished not a few of its readers.

Let us now trace the education of three men of great and not dissimilar intellectual ability—resembling Mill mentally, resembling each other—with special reference to logical training and the formation of opinions about religion. Let us take men whose belief was positive just where Stuart Mill's was negative—or was disbelief—yet who cherished a “deep regard for the general good,” unequaled by that of either Mill, and whose teachers held their opinions “to be immensely important and their contraries to be prodigiously hurtful.” Nothing can be more equitable than this. Let them be three whose education was obtained half a century earlier than his, and in circumstances far less favorable in much,—three Americans, theologians by profession and logicians by habit,—far less likely on the former account to acquire independence of mind, some may think, but deserving far more credit for it, if they did. Let us see if they lost this precious quality by the fault of their instructors, or by the necessities of a Christian training in logic and truth. They were men more open to the influence of other minds, through the freer contact and varied associations which American colleges afforded a hundred years ago, than Mill ever was in the secluded and solitary pupilage in which he was trained. But waiving this, let the investigation be simply as to the intellectual liberty secured in their religious instruction during the formative period of belief and conviction.

One of the three was a thinker of whom Dr. Channing, who sufficiently disliked his views, testified: “In forming his religious opinions he was superior to human authority; he broke away from human creeds; he interpreted God's word for himself; he revered reason, the oracle of God within him.” “In accordance with his free spirit of inquiry, we find him making not a few important modifications of Calvinism.” In particular Channing testifies that in accepting predestination, as he understood it, “he believed it to be sustained by profound metaphysical argumentation, and to rest on

the only sound philosophy of the human mind: so that in receiving it he did not abandon the ground of reason.” This untraveled logician and believer said of himself: “I hope I shall never be guilty of referring to any uninspired man as an authority.” He went so far as to refuse “the weight of a straw” to the dictum of “the wisest and best men that ever lived,” in comparison with what he deemed a higher word than man's. “I now declare,” he said again, “I had much rather publish *New Divinity* than any other. And the more of this the better, if it be true. No man do I think any doctrine can be ‘too strange to be true.’ I should think it hardly worthwhile to write, if I had nothing *new* to say.” His biographer, Dr. E. A. Park, says of him: “He studied more profoundly and more freely at the base of Monument Mountain than he would have done amid the fashion of a court. He was a Congregational minister in the New World; and, therefore, true to his calling and position, he must have examined the truth for himself.” It derived from the style of religion in which he was brought up, says the same keen critic in his elegant memoir, “one of its chief blessings—an impulse, as well as a liberality to believe according to evidence, rather than according to prescription.” This great and profound investigator alarmed reasoners of less boldness by exploring in the most daring style the deepest and most difficult questions. This unhesitating reformer, of whom James Mill and his son probably never heard, published books of more subtle and penetrating discrimination than theirs, founded theology and reform alike upon the preference of the general good,* and denounced slavery in the great slave mart, before philanthropists had thought of the subject, and half a century before their day. This was Samuel Hopkins.

How was he educated? Whence came all this free and fearless vigor? He entered Yale College in 1737, at the age of sixteen. Logic then, according to Prof. Kingsley, “claimed the principal attention” of students, and skill in syllogistic disputation was the chief attainment aimed at by Valensian Burgersdicius, Ramus, Crackenthorp, and Keckermann furnished the text-books. Freshmen began logic in the last month of the first

* Mrs. Stowe's inartistic anachronism in respect to his giving up the attractive object of a strong attachment from disinterested benevolence, is strictly true to the life. The incident is told in Park's *Memoir*, p. 55.

college year. "Logic was the sole study of the first four days of the week during the second year. All resident bachelors were required to dispute syllogistically once a week, and all undergraduates, after they began to read logic, five times a week. Fridays were devoted in all the classes to ethics, rhetoric, and the theology of Wollebius. Ames's Medulla was recited on Saturday mornings, and on Saturday evenings the Assembly's Catechism in Latin." President Poolsey says that an effect of the modern logic style of education, in comparison with the old, is "to repress originality of thinking, to destroy individual peculiarities, and to produce a general sameness among those who are educated." Most manifestly Hopkins's education produced no such effects on him! He told him, says Dr. Park, "not so much of various learning, as into deep thinking. It sharpened his reasoning powers. It cultivated his taste for the abstract sciences." It did not leave him such a slave to Ames or Wollebius, as Stuart Mill was to James Mill. It enabled him to show "that theology is something better than a superstitious faith." In an age often ignorantly dramatized nowadays as one of servitude to great names, it made of this powerful and rapid logician a master and prince in one of the freest movements of mind philosophy's history can show. He does not even cite Edwards, his great instructor, as Mill cites his father. It prompted him to say: "It is very weak and ridiculous, if not something worse, for a divine to attempt to support or confirm any doctrine by appealing to the judgment of any man." Did Stuart Mill ever advance so far as this in becoming an atheist? or, had he done so when he wrote his Autobiography even?

One of the other two was the younger Nathaniel Edwards. We know little, to be sure, of his father's method of teaching. It hardly needs to be said that the elder Edwards was immeasurably superior in power and depth of thought to the elder Mill; the second volume of Ueberweg's "History of Philosophy" is authority for the statement that "he was familiar with the course of speculation in the mother country, reading the writers of all schools with equal ardor;" but he was more an author than a teacher, even in the case of his own children. His biographer says that he "took much pains to come at the books of the most noted writers who advanced a scheme of divinity most contrary to his own principles;" "he called his man Father. He thought and judged

for himself, and was truly very much of an original." That such a man would start his pupil, Hopkins, and his son, in a searching, exhaustive, self-reliant style of study,—that he would beget in them a generous breadth and scope, exemption from dogmatism, individuality of intellectual life, was absolutely certain. The son excelled as a Latin, Greek, and Hebrew scholar; made remarkable vernacular attainments in Indian dialects; was chosen Professor of Languages and Logic at Princeton, but shone most in the philosophy of mind and kindred studies. He was "conspicuous for logical and philosophical power"—is the characterization given in Ueberweg. He was, like Hopkins, without brilliancy, as Mill was, and a master of profound and patient investigation. Comparison in his case is singularly fair.

Turning now, as before, to the testimony of those who knew best the results of his education—on the very point in question, one of these, a Professor at Union, says: "He obviously sought nothing but truth undisguised. He investigated for himself. In his opinions he had great decision and firmness, because they were deliberately formed after patient and thorough investigation." It has been observed that "it was something mortifying, not to say provoking, to an opponent, in the writings of the Edwardses, that they would anticipate more objections than he ever dreamed of himself." About the time Stuart Mill was born, a biographer, who knew Dr. Edwards well, wrote: "He was ever ready to follow where truth led, to detect the errors that might have insinuated themselves into his own reasoning, and to abandon the conclusion unless it could be supported by other and substantial arguments." In "Patten's Reminiscences" it was said of him—and this is not the only record to the same effect—"he was amiable in his temper, but prompt and *self-opinionated*," just the error which great freedom of thought engenders. Mr. Mill was opinionated, but not—touching religion, with his father's stamp on him as he confesses it—*self-opinionated*.

Going back now to his training, Edwards graduated at Princeton, in 1765, and perhaps it can hardly be said that the course of study there was so rigorously logical—although the elder Edwards was then President of the College—as that which Hopkins received at New Haven twenty-four years before. He lived in his father's family; and so much is clear, that neither by his parental nor by his college training was the independ-

dence of his mind at all crippled. So far as the formation of opinions was concerned, his two years after graduation, before he became tutor at Princeton, were probably the most critical. He was then nine months a pupil of Hopkins, and three months a pupil of Bellamy. It illustrates the free and self-reliant character of both teacher and student, that Hopkins placed in his hands first a new manuscript treatise of President Edwards, then deceased, the doctrine of which the son had already controverted. He had never seen this manuscript, however, but at once made vigorous and searching objection to its contents. Dr. Hopkins explained, defended, and strengthened the father's positions. The young man, unconvinced, returned to the assault next day, but found "that the subject required a deeper investigation." Dr. Patten says. "Under a conviction of conscience"—I do not know but the Mills would pronounce *this* an interference with intellectual operations, but it was purely from within, and conscience is itself partly intellectual—he changed his opinion, "and made rapid proficiency in that belief in doctrines for which he could give a reason." And of *this* result, certainly, even the Mills could not complain. In gaining a new opinion, moreover, he did not lose individuality and independence; for years after, in a letter to Hopkins, criticising freely his new "Body of Divinity," he takes occasion to say on one point: "I do not believe what President Edwards has written on this subject in his 'Treatise on Religious Affections'" Dr. Hopkins once applied to him an Indian preacher's phrase, "Me made him," *i. e.*, not made his opinions for him, but made him boldly, consistently follow reason in framing and in changing them. Of Dr. Bellamy's logical and theological methods we have more continuous and sufficient information. He gave his students lists of questions, and questions demanding spontaneous, unhindered thought, covering all the deep subjects and hard points in religion; he made them acquainted with the ablest treatises on these, of whatever shade of opinion; "he then spent his evenings in examining them as to their views," after they had formed them for themselves, "solving the difficulties they had found, suggesting and solving others,—closing by giving his opinion and the reasons for it, and then leaving each student to digest and write out his own impressions of the entire subject. The dissertations thus prepared he examined, pointed

out what arguments were insufficient and what satisfactory, stated the objections of opposers, and suggested the answers that would be conclusive against them. He also directed them to read the writings of the most learned and acute opposers of the truth, on the various points of investigation, and laid open to them the fallacy of their conclusions and reasonings." It will not be pretended that even on political economy Stuart Mill's training was as all-sided and perfectly fair as this. What would—at least, what *might*—such a training have done for him in religion!

There remains another great student and debater, the third of these athletes, whose Christian education, in regard to mental freedom, is to be compared with that of the English Autobiographer. He was born in the same year with the second, being five weeks his senior. He graduated at Yale two years after Edwards graduated at Princeton. The New Haven curriculum was then much the same as when Hopkins came forth from it twenty-six years before. Logic retained its prominence, running through the freshman and sophomore years. The seniors studied ethics, metaphysics, and divinity. The President lectured on Civil Government, the British Constitution—for Connecticut was still a colony—"the various kinds of courts, the several forms of ecclesiastical government," etc., "upon every subject necessary to qualify young gentlemen for civil life." That the logical drill which did not impair the rugged, stalwart, and irrepressible independence of Samuel Hopkins—though he became a natural theologian, a Christian, and a teacher of Christianity—impaired that of his younger fellow-alumnus, with all the acuteness and salient idiosyncrasies of the latter, as Stuart Mill's paternal tutelage impaired his, is not to be assumed at all. This young Yalensian also became a great Christian teacher; but the name of Nathaniel Emmons is a synonym for penetrating, tireless, and stubborn free-thinking. He was ever just what Berkeley called himself when he assailed Anthony Collins, "a free-thinking anti-free-thinker." Let us see what manner of man he came to be. He was widely renowned for sharp, novel, unique ideas. Though he disclaimed originality, he left behind him a reputation for insight, for understanding more of the most baffling subjects, and understanding them better than other men, which is hardly to be distinguished from it. No thinker this side the sea ever had ways of looking at truth more utterly and peculiarly his own.

ome of his apothegms on the investigation of truth are these:

Never try to avoid difficulties in theology, but seek for them."

Read a few of the best authors on each subject."

Habituate yourself to examine the evidence of everything you believe, without resting to education, former opinion, or the persuasion of others."

Follow not too strictly the path of any particular divine or divines, for by following them you will never overtake them; endeavor, if possible, to find out some way, nearer, and easier way by which you may get before them, and really add some substance to the common stock of theological knowledge."—[Dr. Park's Memoir.]

After he had long been a teacher of theology himself he recommended a list of books for reading to another teacher, which, he observed, contained "heterodox as well as orthodox writers on each question." That was after his own method of reading that of instructing, and he taught more than twenty years at his home in Massachusetts, and was a whole theological and biblical faculty in one person to more than a hundred preachers. At the age of twenty-four, when examined for a license to preach, his turning of all constraint and leadership was so pronounced and prominent that some good men protested against approving him. It was still more so sixty years and more later, when he surrendered public duties. He investigated in that long and busy interval a great variety of subjects. Few men in his profession ever read more books," and he studied more than he read, and gave more time to it. For sixty years, utterly neglecting all ordinary occupations, he sat with book or pen in hand. His practice was "to pursue a subject until completely satisfied he had found the truth." It was a saying of his that he learned most by wrestling with difficulties which others had neglected or failed to throw light upon, and that of all the authors he consulted those who wrote most forcibly against his own sentiments helped him most. He acquired more skill as a Christian advocate from what was said against Christianity by its most successful assailants than from what was advanced for it by all his friends. One of his autobiographical statements is: "I have made it my practice to read extensively, and to examine as critically and impartially as I could all ancient and modern errors and innovations in relig-

ion, which I have never seen any reason to repent." The production from which this is taken abounds in brave and strong things like this. It is as unique as Stuart Mill's, far less dreary, and full of higher evidences of fearless thought. If it were not a Christian autobiography it would be read more than his, perhaps.

Dr. Smalley, to whom Emmons went as a pupil after graduating, used to say of young ministers: "If they would ever do anything in the world, they must learn to walk alone." No American ever learned to do that more positively than Nathaniel Emmons. He went to Smalley an Old Calvinist; he came away a New Divinity man. But what Smalley did for him was to arouse the capacity and passion for original thought. To teach him, as Emmons himself said, to throw away his crutches. In his long life of theological controversy afterward the disputants he wrestled with were always the strongest and most expert among public men. He held, as did those I have named before, that great discoveries and improvements are to be expected on all subjects of human inquiry, especially religion, and that every generation should advance beyond all that have gone before; and he held his mind free at every point, every hour, to contribute to that advance. Eager for truth on all subjects, and intensely active in exploring in every direction for it, he foreclosed against it in no one field as Stuart Mill did in religion. That would have been an unintellectual denial of the birthright of freedom, of which his education made him so conscious.

Looking at these three bright outstanding examples together, we see in all the common law—digest impartially and completely all hostile opinions. They did this more thoroughly than any liberal or heresiarch of today. But there is no evidence that Mill, in all his multitudinous and multifarious youthful reading, ever looked into a work on religious opinions, theological or other, or into any religious book, save McCrie's "Life of John Knox," two now unknown histories of the Quakers, Mosheim's "Ecclesiastical History," and Thomson's "Seasons." Of the world's teachers on these topics, the great masters and the lesser lights alike, he was, when he formed his opinions, utterly ignorant. He confesses that he infused a "sectarian spirit" into the singular psychology derived from his father; and, without confession, it is clear that the parental atheism—or anti-theism—received

the same virus when it was fastened upon him. But in all the battles of thought, touching metaphysics, theology, or religion, that raged about the three whose education has been compared with his, where shall be found the traces of such a spirit? Because of the injustice and suffering Divinity tolerated in the world Mill disowned the idea of a God; they profoundly investigated and profoundly felt these evils, without allowing them to tyrannize over reason, or extinguish the light of God's existence and unconstraining rule over free beings, or blind their vision to it. He was "*imaginatively* very susceptible," he thinks, to "high enthusiasm for ideal nobleness"—whatever such a susceptibility may be, but never mentions the character of Christ, as though spell-bound here against such an enthusiasm by some preventing cause. No farther does he ever go in the direction of God than to commend in unbelievers some "ideal conception of a Perfect Being," far higher, in his judgment, than the real God, perfect in every quality, whom religious men worship and obey. And save in that controversial mention of the mere conception, this ideal never appears in any disclosure he makes of his own mind, character, or life. At one period his progress "consisted"—he is frank enough to confess—"in rediscovering things known to all the world which I had previously disbelieved or disregarded;" it is altogether probable that many of these were practical working truths, for which he had a singular inaptitude, innate, inherited, or educated—his own philosophy would perhaps require him to say educated;—but he never so far recovered from early atheistic enslavement of thought, feeling, and purpose, as to be at liberty to rediscover the working truths of Natural and Revealed Religion. While those with whom he has here been contrasted held to utter and thorough-going mental freedom as the basis of responsibility for human opinion and action, no glimmer of this breaks upon the darkness and bondage of Mill's mind. He never escaped intellectually from the meshes of Necessitarianism. So he declares himself, p. 108.

Is there any advantage in such a culture as his over its opposite on the score of freedom? Are not the results immeasurably less and less desirable in his case than in the others here sketched? Putting the quantity of truth severally attained out of the account entirely, and looking at the single point of exemption from constraint and restraint in attaining it,—which is the only accurate idea

of liberty,—what must a fair judgment decide? It may be said, to break the force of the facts, that the three men, whose training has been set over against his, were exceptional great men. The objection lacks force as a matter of pertinency. This is not a question of power, but of liberty alone. Perhaps, too, any one who would raise this objection in Mill's behalf would insist that Mill was exceptional great also. Any way, there was nothing of greatness to give either the advantage or respect to something entirely different—liberty. And certainly, a mind not great enough—if there be any meaning in what we now say—to acquire independence under one kind of training, would not, so far as that goes, acquire it under another. The facts leaves the facts to stand in their own unaffected strength.

Mr. Mill's "Three Essays on Religion" supply certain illustrations of what is here maintained, which were not available when what is above written was sent to the press. It is always difficult in some degree to trace the servitude of one mind to another much beyond the adoption of ready-made beliefs on specific subjects, as all know well who have searched in any direction the history of opinions. And if the topics, in respect to which one mind has imposed itself upon another, are many and diversified, even candid critics may seriously disagree as to the amount, at least, of intellectual dominion on the one side, and of slavishness on the other. In the present case the topic has a unity sufficient to prevent disagreement among reasonable men. A glance at the "Three Essays" will plainly enough disclose Stuart Mill taking both results at their processes on religious topics from James Mill.

In one of these papers the writer affirms the "tremendous power" of early education probably quite unaware that the application to his own case is singularly easy and forcible. His special object in his reasoning here is to strip religion of its beneficial influence and transfer it to education,—a very legitimate thing to do if the merely being educated is all that is beneficial, and if it is perfectly immaterial what is employed for the purpose, or what one is educated in. His proposition is that "early religious training has owed its power over mankind rather to its being early than to its being religious which, if it is true, only opens the way, and gives crushing force to the proposition that early irreligious training, like that his father

ave him, has an equally wondrous and tremendous" power, due simply—aside from any natural bias—to its being early. Indeed, he admits this by instancing the case of Greece as "the only one in which any teaching other than religious has had any unspeakable advantage of forming the basis of education;" adding that "though much can be said against the quality of some part of the teaching, very little can be said against its effectiveness." We should say the same of his father's in his own case, and that however his reasoning diminishes responsibility in either instance, in the same proportion it takes away individuality and mental independence. After saying that nearly all who have been brought up by parents, or by any one interested in them, have been taught from their earliest years some kind of religious belief, and some precepts as the commands of the heavenly powers to them and to mankind, he adds that "any system of social duty divorced from religion" would have the same advantage and power. Was there ever a more perfect illustration than himself in the way in which he became—as he describes himself in the Autobiography—an example of one who has not thrown off religious belief, but never had it? He specifies in the Essay, moreover, as characteristic of early education, the control it obtains over the feelings; and in the Autobiography he relates how his father, "in a degree once common, but now very unusual, threw his feelings into his opinions," and how his "various opinions were seized on with youthful fanaticism by a little knot of young men of whom I (the son) was one." "We put into them a sectarian spirit," he adds, alleging that his father was free from this—of which we can judge from his writings—a spirit not lacking certainly in his own eager and harsh prejudices against religion. That the feelings do not intertwine "with anything like the same force" and conclusions formed on personal investigation later in life, as about those instilled in childhood, is very true; and the example is at hand in the vehement, if not superlative, terms he employs against the faiths he was led by his father to deny, compared with the perfectly frigid coldness which preserves touching the probability and type of a Divine origin and government of the world and a destiny for man after death, which were in some sort his own ripest conclusions.

If it be suggested that to discuss for him such subjects at all—after the paternal incul-

cation that he had "no concern" with them—is some evidence of release from his first slavery of thought, it may be answered that it is rather evidence that the early opinions could not stand examination, and that religion is a subject with which all have to do. Unquestionably it was the father's sway prolonged that kept him from even looking in that direction when that crisis came in his mental history, at little more than twenty years of age, which is depicted with so little evidence of any true comprehension of it, in Chapter V. of the Autobiography, and when the great loss and sorrow of his life overtook him forty years after in the death of Mrs. Mill. "Early education," he observes in the second Essay, "operates through men's involuntary beliefs, feelings, and desires." How inadequate an account this is, we cannot stop to show; but so far as it is true, nothing better exemplifies it than his own atheistic training.

In general it is obvious that the "Essay on Theism" embodies, with additions, what his father did and did not "allow" him to accept concerning the origin of the world, and what flowed therefrom: the "Essay on Nature," his father's dogmatism upon the conceptions of the character of God; and the "Essay on the Utility of Religion," his denials of the Divine government of men by influences such as Natural Religion and Christianity employ.

It is in connection with the fundamental question of Theism, and their joint repudiation of all belief and all grounds of belief in the existence of God, that Stuart Mill acknowledged the iron hand that shaped his "convictions and feelings respecting religion," absolutely preventing all deviation. That repudiation by James Mill was on moral grounds, "more than intellectual," grounds drawn from the course of the world under Divine government to prevent any discernment of the Divine existence. From one sort of nescience he concluded to another. The description answers equally well for Stuart Mill, save that he was never "educated in the creed of Scotch Presbyterianism," and was not led "by his *own* studies and reflections to reject not only Revelation, but the foundations of Natural Religion," and set up as Atheist. Of the elder the younger says: "Dogmatic atheism he looked upon as absurd;" but "he yielded to the conviction that concerning the origin of things nothing can be known," dogmatically assuming that all other minds have been and are as dark as his own. "He impressed upon me from the first that * * *

the question, 'Who made me?' cannot be answered, because we have no experience or authentic information from which to answer it—a principle that would sweep away the larger part of modern knowledge at a blow, including all "the speculative conclusions drawn by physical science." For these are manifestly beyond either "experience or authentic information!" But when this principle of nescience was enjoined upon the future author of "Nature," "The Utility of Religion," and "Theism," the result of the last-named essay, nearly half a century later, was simply a foregone conclusion.

One of our finest American thinkers, not of any evangelical school—ex-President Hill, of Harvard—has recently said, in closing one of a series of brilliant and profound essays, that might well be bound up with Mill's, that "we have a higher warrant for believing in God than for believing in any other truth whatever;" which must obviously be so if, though there are truths of which the whole world of matter is evidence, and others of which the whole world of mind is evidence, this is the only one that is a truth of the Infinite, to which the whole universe—including both matter and mind—gives evidence. On the contrary, Mill asserts in his "General Result," that "there is evidence, but insufficient for proof, and amounting to one of the lower degrees of probability." That this is what he was obliged to say by a large advance of knowledge—and probably also of thought—beyond his father's, and that he was kept from saying more than this for Theism, by the nescience saddled on his youthful mind, there cannot be a doubt. The same thing appears in his brief preliminary treatment of the evidences as *à priori* and *à posteriori*. Professing to give "a fair examination to both," he at once pronounces the former unscientific, characterizing them as pursuing a method "which infers external objective facts from ideas or convictions of our own minds," and denying that the principle on which even the latter rest—that of cause and effect—is "a truth of reason apprehended intuitively in its own light." We should be led too far aside if we should say a word here of his life-long mistakes on these points, or of the destructive effect of these two positions upon all science itself, of whatever character; but it is enough to indicate that they are the direct result of his father's dogma touching "experience" and "authentic information." For adequate illustration of this, we should be obliged to

draw largely on the "Analysis of the Human Mind" and the "System of Logic," the family relation of which is as manifest as their authors'. There can no more be an *à posteriori* argument on that dogma than an *à priori* one. Moreover, there can be no such "General Result" as we have just quoted nor can it follow, as is asserted therein, that "the rational attitude of a thinking mind toward the supernatural is that of skepticism, as distinguished from belief on the one hand and atheism on the other; including under atheism the negative as well as the positive form of disbelief in a God (this is *unbelief* more accurately, as the Bible has it), viz., not only the dogmatic denial of His existence, but the denial that there is any evidence on either side." The latter may be as dogmatic as the former, but it is the legitimate progeny of nescience, and in this the son was the echo of his father, only perhaps more consistent.

Turning briefly to details, the examination in "Theism" of the two arguments from consciousness and from the general consent of mankind must be passed by as not covered by the confessions of the "Autobiography." We confess, however, that the general family relationship of error on the subject of consciousness and its religious bearings is a very tempting theme, but it would lead us into a discussion too elaborate and abstruse for this place. There remain the criticisms of the two other arguments—for a First Cause, and from Marks of Design in Nature. The essayist's assertion that "causation cannot be legitimately extended to the material universe itself, but only to its changeable phenomena;" or, in other words to mere events or changes—and his two silent assumptions that only known changes or events are such at all, and that the existence of apparently permanent objects never has been an event or change—are altogether in the line of what he had been taught. They simply beg the question. His distinction between existence and beginning of existence is introduced for this purpose. And our ignorance of the latter—in the case of elementary substances and their properties—is taken for disproof of any cause of either. It is quite unimportant whether either Mill believed in the eternity of matter in any of its forms; the fact that "within the range of human knowledge they had no beginning, *i. e.*, that the beginning in question is not a *known* beginning, is sufficient for the conclusion *per saltum*, "consequently no cause." That this whole argument about a beginning

the world or of substance comes, of these, in place of positive knowledge, is such knowledge is impossible, as in reasoning; that the question still remains: Are we warranted to believe in the coming of the substances and properties of all matter, and so in their Cause? is noticed. The distinction between objects and events, existence and beginning of existence, is really unavailing to skeptics, for existence itself where it was not before is an event or a beginning; and if one does not really believe in the eternity of matter, he must believe in its existence as such an event or beginning at some point of time. It was easy, after this kind of fallacy, to recognize the proximate causes of changeable phenomena of the universe, and to assert that there is no other of these or anything. So water, as the union of oxygen and hydrogen, has a cause, for it is its own, but oxygen and hydrogen are not to be believed to have any—which is the question! Then the assertion that we have no experience of the creation of force by evolution leads the way to elbowing a Cause out of the universe, and putting Matter and Matter in his place. Mind, however, has had a beginning if these have, but the mere theory of the unconscious production of mind by matter opens a loop-hole of escape even here—notwithstanding "experience" and "authentic information" and "marvelous a "change" are fatally lacking. But what else could be expected of one who took the parental dictum "that the manner in which the world came into existence was a subject on which nothing is known" as equivalent to disproof of belief that it came into existence at all? The argument from design Mr. Mill is quite able to meet with the paternal objection that we have no experience on which it can be founded, though he so states himself as to allow himself to allege that it amounts only to the inferior kind of inductive evidence called analogy." Clearly he has discovered no other distinction between analogy and induction than difference of degree; but in this misfortune a great many others on the side of Christianity since Butcher keep him company. Looking, however, at the special character of "Marks of Design in Nature," he admits that there is material for induction of a stronger quality, and a "large balance of probability in favor of creation by intelligence," leaning strongly, nevertheless, toward the notion of evolution in the particular form of "survival of the

fittest," which was but in the gristle when he wrote. He deems this "in no way whatever inconsistent with creation," though "it would greatly attenuate the evidence for it." Dr. Hill observes that "logically the arguments from the external world" (morphological and teleological) "are unassailable, and the being of an intelligent God is proved by an induction far stronger than that which sustains the law of gravitation or the correlation of forces." The American reasoner is as much Mr. Mill's superior in free movement of thought as in the handling of scientific materials. Both take Socrates's instance of the human eye. Dr. Hill says: "As we run over this complicated series of the adaptations to sight, the presumption that eyes were made for seeing becomes *absolute certainty*. The French encyclopedists answer 'No, they were not made at all—they grew.' And the men of the present day undertake to tell us how they grew—how the sensitiveness to light diffused over the whole surface of the zoöphyte, being a little more concentrated in spots upon some individuals, gave them an advantage in seeking prey or avoiding danger, and thus, by natural selection, favored those that *tended (!)* to have eyes and to multiply them; and this process, after millions of repetitions, gradually formed the perfected human eye. If these dreamy speculations were as true as they seem to me false; if they were as well founded as they seem to me absolutely baseless, they would not confute the teleological argument. Such a process of developments could not take place by chance; the result is such as to show that intelligence presided over every step, whatever the steps may have been, and howsoever numerous." What intellectual glamour, or almost mechanical habit of thought, or superinduced feeling outrunning logic, was it that prevented Stuart Mill from seeing this likewise? He remarks that "sight is connected with the production of the structure as final cause," (*i. e.*, end), through "an antecedent idea of it," and "this at once marks the origin as proceeding from an intelligent will." This is "what Induction can do for Theism." Why did he shrink back from it? Would he, could he have substituted for creative forethought accidental variation and the happening at last, through its advantages, of so "extraordinary a combination of structures and functions as are seen in the eye"—admitting that this is "*prima facie* improbable" and "does not pretend to account for the

commencement of sensation," thus snatching the problem out of the hands of Design and flinging it back again unsolved—but for the Lucretian "aversion to religion," and the denial that a wise being is the Maker of the Universe under whose cold shade he grew up?

The leading purpose of the "Essay on Nature" is to show that if it discloses at all the attributes of God, they are such as man can derive no instruction from. It is no divine or even rational guide to him. The pall of nescience is stretched to cover the whole domain of Providence. Even the light that breaks from the processes and properties of Nature is not suffered to pierce it. Man is represented as set or setting himself to thwart, alter, and improve everything, without any hint as to how he is to learn to do it. That either Nature must teach him—including in that word his own nature—or the Author of Nature—in either of which cases Mill's whole attack comes to the ground—seems not to have crossed his thoughts.

The discussion of the Divine Attributes is by no means confined to this paper. It occupies also some twenty pages of that on Theism, and crops out continually in the paper on the Utility of Religion. One cannot fail to see that the aroused feeling and indurated prejudice of both father and son concentrated specially on this topic. The former "found it impossible to believe that a world so full of evil was the work of an Author combining infinite power with perfect goodness and righteousness." The latter spends all his strength in striving to oppose these qualities in our Maker to each other. He labors no point more than this; sets none in more varied lights. He holds that the world allows us no choice whether to follow the constitution and order of things or not; or else gives us a rule that is irrational and immoral. "The physical government of the world," he protests, "being full of things which when done by men are deemed the greatest enormities, it cannot be religious or moral in us to guide our actions by the analogy of the course of nature." This decision comes from the chair of the Utilitarian Philosophy, which, by both thinkers, is made the tribunal of supreme appeal. By this, God, as well as man, is judged. Curiously enough, in carrying out the argument from premises early supplied him, Stuart Mill objects, in the third essay, to the order of nature as casting any light on the character of a Creator who may cause good by

means of evil, in a strain, which, if it does not collide with evolution, bars it out of this field of argument. At least, it forbids a Theist from being an evolutionist. "It may be said," he observes, "that this capacity of improving himself and the world was given (man) *by God*, and that the change which he will thereby be enabled ultimately to effect in human existence will be worth purchasing by the sufferings and wasted lives of entire geological periods. This may be so; but to suppose that God could not have given him these blessings at a less frightful cost, is to make a very strange supposition concerning the Deity. It is to suppose that God could not, in the first instance, create anything better than a Bosjesman or an Andaman islander with the power of raising himself into a Newton or a Fenelon. We certainly do not know the nature of the barriers which limit the Divine Omnipotence" (barriers he is very certain exist); "but it is a very odd notion of them that they enable the Deity to confer on an almost bestial creature the power of producing by a succession of efforts what God himself had no other means of creating." It is significant that after using evolution previously, in a stress of argument, against Theism, he should give it this furious backstroke, perhaps to prevent others from ever using it for Theism, as some now attempt to do. We invite them to consider together his denial that it is consistent with Omnipotence, and his assertion that it "attenuates the evidence" for Omniscience. Doubtless, if James Mill had lived in the days of Spencer, and Tyndall, and Darwin, he would have eagerly borrowed from them and from other evolutionists any hints toward Atheism; but we question whether that grim speculator would ever have performed a feat of logical vaulting so agile and adroit as this. But both reasoners seem logically color-blind in the same way in respect to the legitimate inferences from the evils of the world. The sophistry of drawing from indications of character a conclusion against the existence itself of the being whose character is indicated, both seem powerless to discover. And equally so the sophistry of inferring from experience of present evil anything, except it be liability of evil hereafter. Dr. Hill says: "As for arguing the divine malevolence from suffering, as readily as the divine benevolence from happiness, the assertion will not bear a moment's examination;"—suffering as a means of higher good is the logical inference on teleologic grounds. Neither Mill could be

cted to see this; but the younger does that there is a certain amount of justification for inferring, on grounds of Natural theology alone, that benevolence is one of the attributes of the Creator," adding that there is no warrant "to jump from this to the inference that his sole or chief purposes are those of benevolence, and that the single end and aim of Creation was the happiness of his creatures,"—a position quite consistent with all Christian theology, save those familiar forms of it which try to base themselves on some phase of Utilitarianism. However the attributes of God are, and however the philosophy that underlies any theology of His attributes,—it has always been seen by Theists that the use of benevolence anywhere by a Creator and Governor is the way to its employment for proper purposes anywhere else; and both Mills have done something to help Theists to see benevolence more clearly and strongly, though they do not see it themselves. Quite as unable as they are to see that if mere benevolence or benevolence-giving is not the sole attribute of God, there, it cannot be hereafter. Touching the other attributes of Deity besides wisdom and goodness, Nature is as "perfect a blank" to the younger as to the elder. The latter has perceived that the Sabæan or Manichæan doctrine of the everlasting struggle between good and the evil—with denial to the possibility of aught that would constitute God—has not been re-established; and all the arguments of the former on Natural Religion in favor of this doctrine, though in the second essay he pronounces it too slightly founded on, is a substitute for the new "Religion of Humanity."

In that essay the virus of bitter feeling enters into one of these minds by the other, and the government of God by influence is specially disclosed itself. We do not see again from the Autobiography the usual caricature of the creed of Christianity at this point (see the fifth paragraph of the article),—or the assertions of its demoralizing influence in the very nature of the world,—or the denunciation of "an Omnipotent Author of Hell" as a "demon," being eminently hateful." The extraordinary relish with which all this was evidently written, the sympathy of the writer with the anger described, sufficiently account for all the reasonings in the essays against the influence of a future life with its rewards, and the elaborate endeavor to work out a secular scheme of living for the general good as a quasi religion. All this con-

sists with his ascribing the power of religious fear to disappointments in life, melancholy, and hypochondriacal disease. How it is logically consistent for utilitarians to reject a plan of Divine government in the interest of virtue addressed to the love of good and fear of evil in man, we will not inquire; men have been deemed utilitarians for maintaining this; there have been theologians who have argued therefrom the existence of infinite and perfect goodness; but here are exemplary utilitarians—and one of them claiming to hold the better, the unselfish utilitarianism—who did reject it. It was certain if the one did so that the other would. The one regarded Christianity not as a "mere mental delusion," but as "a great moral evil;" so must the other. The sweeping and daring assertions of its malign power when legitimately working, of its good results only when its believers and followers are inconsistent, made by the one, are reproduced by the other.

"The power of education," says the second essay, "is almost boundless; there is not one natural inclination which it is not strong enough to coerce, and, if needful, to destroy by disuse." Whether these last words are true or not, there could hardly be found a clearer example of a coerced natural inclination than is betrayed in the author's admission, very near the close of the same essay, of the advantage supernatural religion has over the "Religion of Humanity" in holding out to human hopes the prospect of a life after death, and of a reunion with those dear to us. The loss of this last element, he even confesses, "is in many cases beyond the reach of comparison or estimate, and will always suffice to keep alive in the more sensitive natures the imaginative hope of a futurity, which, if there is nothing to prove, there is as little in our knowledge and experience to contradict." This was written between 1850 and 1858, before the death of his wife, and though it is hardly possible to consider his nature as specially sensitive, and though a hope of immortality has often been born, after such a domestic loss, in men and women who were distinctively lacking in this regard, there is not a trace of any such result in him. Writing in 1861, he says: "Her memory is to me a religion;" her ideas were the rule of his life, her approbation "the standard of all worthiness." But this because she "would have wished it so," not from the least anticipation of reunion. And writing again ten years or more after her

death—between 1868 and 1870—having lived every year near her grave at Avignon, because this enabled him to “feel her still near,” he pronounces the doctrine of immortality a notion without support (even from Theism, apart from express revelation, in neither of which he believed); he removes it from the region of belief entirely, as well as from that of knowledge, conceding only that hope is “legitimate and philosophically defensible”—provided it is clearly recognized that there is no ground for more, and that the grounds for this, even, are of the very lowest probability. In other words, immortality was with him mere matter of imagination, and thus of allowable aspiration; but even so, entirely without rewards or punishments, or anything better than natural improbability by our own efforts. He saw only “a total absence of evidence on either side,” which—as he declares of another religious truth—“for most practical purposes amounts to the same thing as if it had been disproved.” Could there possibly be a more dreary outcome from the parental dogmatism and his youthful tuition in it? Mrs. Mill died when her husband had passed sixty; at half that age his father died, whose “principal satisfaction, after he knew that his end was near, seemed to be the thought of what he had done to make the world better [politically and philosophically, after his own views] than he found it.” He had placed in the hands of his youthful son the volume disputing the temporal usefulness of religion, under the pseudonym of Philip Beauchamp, drawn from some manuscripts of Bentham, and itself then in manuscript, which gave him a life-long prejudice against the Christian doctrine of immortality, and is the basis of all the skepticism on the subject contained in these essays.

We deem it a real service to the theology, to say nothing of the philosophy, of our times, and the days coming, that these remarkable essays have followed so remarkable an Autobiography; and if they are instrumental in eradicating weak elements from each and both, their usefulness will be very marked. Their own weaknesses in psychology and logic will readily appear on examination—hardly any recent production is more sure of a very searching one—and very various, doubtless, will be the methods of meeting their elaborate skepticism in respect to the being and character of God. Those who are wont to use the permitted evils of the world as a foil and defense on certain theological points, will find a more radical, direct, and subtle assault on the power, skill, and love that rule the world in respect to these very evils, than they are accustomed to encounter. Students of philosophy will watch keenly to see how this fierce utilitarian denial of a supreme disposition in God to make His creatures happy will be met, especially by theological utilitarians, and those who hold that all virtue consists in this disposition. But it does not lie within the purpose of this paper to review the essays at large, or the metaphysical and religious convictions which they so sturdily assail, attractive as the subject is,—but simply to show that their ideas and spirit are the necessary outcome of the bondage in which the author was trained. If some recasting of statement and of view is found necessary in some quarters, both sides the Atlantic, in order successfully to answer them, it will be what has often happened in like cases, and no harm will result. If some light is thrown on the metes and bounds of mental freedom, and the infringement of these by the dogmatism of unbelief—often unsuspected—great good will be done.

 I C E.

ICE and frozen snow were known as luxuries as far back as history records, the latter being mostly in use in the East. The mode of gathering it in winter, and transporting it for use in summer, and the method of preserving it in those intensely hot climates, was truly primitive, and frequently involved great labor and cost. In many portions of Asia the snow was gathered in sacks, far up in the mountains, and trans-

ported to the principal cities on the backs of mules, there preserved in cisterns sunk in the earth, and packed carefully between layers of straw. This method still prevails in some sections.

But up to the commencement of the present century, in those climates where the temperature never reaches the freezing point, ice was a luxury that few beyond the wealthiest could indulge in. In India, as also

ing the ancient Greeks and Romans, artificial ice was produced in small quantities, and within the last half century successful experiments in its manufacture have been made both in this country and Europe.

The natural production, however, of our northern climates, together with the great facility for transportation, has almost entirely superseded the use of this artificial movement. It is astonishing to what an extent an article, once regarded as a simple luxury in the temperate-producing countries, and in the northern latitudes as an article of no computed practical value, has become recognized in the commerce of the world.

One hardly realizes that the frozen lakes and rivers of the North furnish labor for thousands who would otherwise be unemployed during the greater portion of the winter months; that the ice trade employs millions of capital; that in the revenue to the carry-trade of the United States, both foreign and coastwise, it ranks next to cotton and wool, and frequently exceeds the latter; that its universal practical use to which it is applied in the preservation of meats, fruits, and vegetables, has, within the past thirty years, produced an entire revolution in the system of domestic economy, to say nothing of the savings it has brought to suffering humanity, in our hospitals, and in our pestilence-stricken countries.

The transportation of ice by sea was not thought of until the commencement of the present century. The world is indebted for its most beneficial results that have followed from the introduction of the ice trade, to Frederick Tudor, a wealthy and eccentric merchant of Massachusetts, well known seventy years ago for his extensive salt-works at Nahant.

In 1805 the yellow fever raged through the West India Islands, the towns and cities were decimated, and the officers and crews of the European fleets were almost entirely swept off by the disease. The need of ice was very greatly felt throughout the islands. In the winter of that year, Mr. Tudor cut out a small pond, situated on a plantation of his own in Saugus, some two or three hundred tons of ice, hauled it on teams to Hurlstown, loaded a portion of it into a brig "Favorite," and sailed with it to the island of Martinique. The venture was recommended by his friends as a wild and visionary one, and he suffered nearly as much ridicule as his contemporary eccentricity, Lord Timothy Dexter," did when he shipped the warming-pans; but one of Mr. Tu-

dor's prominent points of character, and one exemplified in nearly every act of his long and useful life, was an utter contempt for other people's opinions; he never asked advice of any one, and always turned his back upon all that was offered. The strength of his purpose was generally measured by the amount of opposition he encountered. We were well acquainted with him, and often, when in one of his pleasant moods, he would delight to rehearse his early experience. There was nothing of fancy or mere speculation that induced him to embark in this experiment. He had made the subject a study, and the results of his theories effectually vindicated their soundness.

The first experiment proved a failure in a pecuniary point of view, as Mr. Tudor himself predicted, but it satisfied him as to the future, when he should have had time to work out the problems presented by the experiment.

The English Government was the first to appreciate the advantages likely to accrue to its colonists from the introduction of ice, and ten years after Mr. Tudor's first shipment, or shortly after the close of the war of 1812, he received and accepted overtures that were eminently favorable; the first was the grant of a monopoly of the trade upon conditions that were readily acceded to; the second was the release of certain port dues (then very heavy) to all ships bringing ice.

The Island of Jamaica was then in the zenith of its wealth and commercial prosperity, and the richest colonial possession of Great Britain. Mr. Tudor established his ice-houses at Kingston, the commercial capital of the island. This was the first prominent and *permanent* point,—although this distinction has been accorded by some to Havana, and up to the time of emancipation the trade was quite brisk. Mr. Tudor also secured the monopoly of Havana, with liberal arrangements for the introduction of ice in other ports on the Island of Cuba. The Tudor Company still retain the monopoly of Havana and the Island of Jamaica. All other ports in the West Indies are practically open to competition. Of these, the principal are St. Thomas, Martinique, Barbadoes, Trinidad, Demerara (on the main), Cienfuegos, Santiago de Cuba, Manzanillo. The ice supplied to these ports is shipped exclusively from Boston.

Next in order after the West India ports comes the introduction of ice into our domestic ports by Mr. Tudor. The first cargo

was shipped to Charleston, S. C., in 1817. Charleston was then the most important commercial port in the Southern States.

In 1818 Mr. Tudor established a branch of the trade in Savannah, then, as for years afterward, a rival of Charleston. In 1820 he established ice-houses in New Orleans, which city, thirty years later, became the largest consuming city in the United States, south of Philadelphia.

It is a singular fact that the bulk of ice consumed was in foreign and Southern domestic ports. This, however, may be accounted for in this way: Before the introduction of Croton in New York, and Cochituate in Boston, the deep wells in both cities answered the double purpose of supplying cool spring water for drink, and as reservoirs for keeping meats, butter, milk, etc., cool in summer. It is not necessary that one should be very old to remember when we did not have ice-chests in our markets, and refrigerators in our hotels and private residences. The dairyman who brought his butter and milk to market, and the farmer and butcher who slaughtered his beef and mutton during the hottest of the summer months, had his little ice-house, or cellar, containing from ten to fifty tons, which answered every purpose. Now there are delivered and consumed in New York City alone, during the winter months, more tons of ice than were cut, shipped, and consumed, in the United States in a twelvemonth thirty years ago.

In May, 1833, Mr. Tudor, at the request of English and American merchants resident in Calcutta, sent a small cargo of about 200 tons to that port. A Calcutta voyage in those days involved about six months for the passage out. The result, like that of his first shipment to the West Indies, was not a pecuniary success, but it proved that ice brought twenty thousand miles could, with all the attendant waste and losses, successfully compete in prices with that prepared by the natives. The result was the establishment of a trade which has steadily increased in volume and importance, and which enables Boston to hold the key to the rich and extensive commerce between Calcutta and the United States.

In 1834 Mr. Tudor extended his trade in another direction, and sent a cargo to Rio Janeiro. Up to 1836 Mr. Tudor was the ice king of the world. At this remove of time we can easily figure up results, but words are inadequate when one attempts to do justice to the memory of this wonderful

man, whose genius and ability have opened up such blessings to the race. He saw the conception of his brain take form and shape; he nursed it, and watched over it through trials and obstacles that would have disheartened one less confident in his own resources; he lived to see it at its full maturity, a giant among men and nations. He had succeeded, but this success did not narrow him, and he was willing, if not gratified, in seeing others spring up to share in and increase the trade he had labored so diligently to build up.

In 1842 certain intimations were received from parties in London, which induced a shipment of Boston ice to that city, in the bark "Sharon," by the firm of Gage, Hittinger & Co. Mr. Jacob Hittinger, of this firm, is, by the way, at the present writing, the oldest living representative of the ice trade in the country.

Previous to this the aristocracy and the London clubs had depended for their ice upon small shallow reservoirs or wells, where the water was let in periodically and frozen. These, with the exception of a comparatively large well-shaped reservoir on the summit of Ludgate Hill, constituted all the resources of London in that respect.

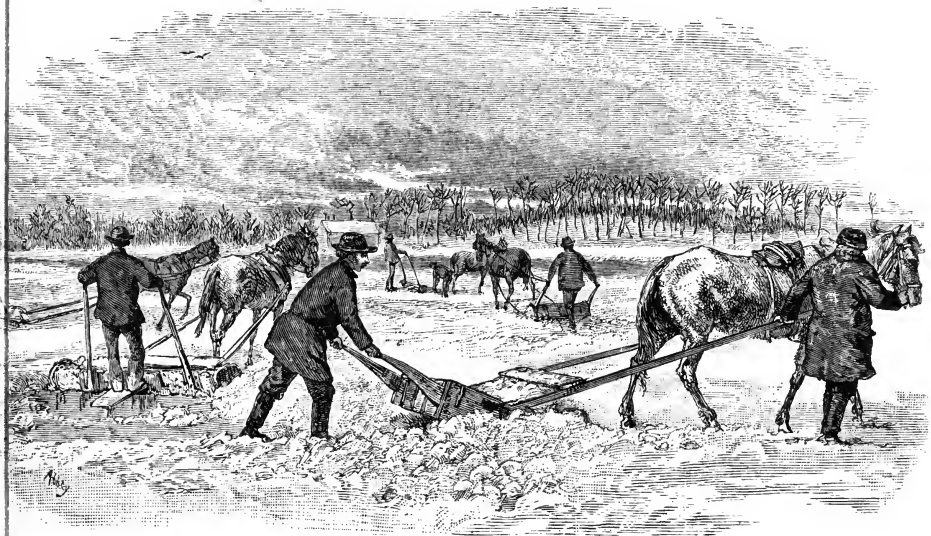
At that date fancy drinks were almost unheard of in the clubs, taverns, and gin palaces of London. Mr. Hittinger conceived the idea of introducing these, to show to what extent ice was used in "the States" for this purpose. He, therefore, secured the services of several bar-keepers, whom he had initiated into the mysteries of mixing juleps, smashes, cocktails, and other drinks known only in Yankeeland. His experience, as he relates it himself, is very amusing:

"I went out in the steamer, so as to make arrangements for the arrival of the bark and cargo, delivered my letters, talked with parties, and felt perfectly sure that I had struck a vein. In due time the 'Sharon,' having made a good passage, arrived in the Thames. The thing had been talked over so much, that the cargo of Boston ice was as well advertised as it could have been in the columns of the 'Times.' But, after all, it appeared to them a strange fish that no one dared to touch. My feelings were just about the temperature of my ice, and wasting as rapidly. At last, I was introduced to the Chairman or President of the Fishmongers' Association, an association which I was not long in discovering had the merit of wealth, if not of social position. He was

ple, and seemed to comprehend my
 on if I didn't *his*. Matters were soon
 aged; a magnificent hall or saloon had
 secured; I ascertained that my bar-
 bers, through constant drill, had attained
 correct sleight of hand in mixing the
 s. The hour arrived. The hall was
 and brilliantly lighted. After the com-
 was seated, the chairman introduced
 and the subject matter of the evening's
 session. Now, thought I, I am all right.
 given signal the well-trained waiters
 creased, laden with the different drinks.
 effect was gorgeous, and I expected an
 on that no Yankee had ever had. But,
 the first sounds that broke the silence
 'I say—aw, waitaw, a little 'ot wataw,
 please; I prefer it 'alf 'n' 'alf.' I made

taking passage in a steamer from Boston.
 His reception was flattering, and the most
 brilliant inducements and the most san-
 guine assurances were held out. "Wenham
 Lake" ice all at once became the talk in
 London; but, like another bubble that went
 before, it soon burst. After extravagant
 outlays, and the almost entire loss of several
 cargoes, the enterprise was given up, never
 to be repeated, and England now gets its
 ice from Norway. And yet to-day Wenham
 Lake ice is advertised in London. In this
 connection a story is told by Mr. Thomas
 Groom, a prominent merchant of Boston, a
 native of England, who visited London a
 year or two ago:

"In passing through the fish market, I
 noticed a sign reading thus: 'Norway,



SCRAPING

and rush for the door, next day settled
 bills in London, took the train for Liver-
 and the steamer for Boston, and counted
 clear loss of \$1,200."

is was the story of the first cargo
 sent from the United States to Eng-
 land. Young Lander of Salem, however,
 tried to discredit the statement of Mr.
 Lander in regard to his loss, and, being
 only connected, had no difficulty in
 showing the best bankers' letters of intro-
 duction, and also others from gentlemen emi-
 nent in social life, to parties holding a corre-
 sponding position there.

Thus armed, he chartered a ship to carry
 thousand tons at \$10 per ton freight,
 and anticipated her arrival in London by

London, and American ice for sale.' I
 asked the fishmonger which he thought was
 the best.

"'Oh, the London ice, sir.'"

"'Why?'"

"'You see,' he replied, 'the American ice
 and the Norway ice is nothing but congealed
 water; it is too thick, while, you see, London
 ice is made in one week; and being only six
 inches thick, is so much 'arder than the
 American.'"

The loading of ships at Charlestown is,
 perhaps, one of the most interesting features
 connected with the ice trade. Formerly, or
 in the early days of shipping, ice was loaded
 on board ships very much in the same man-
 ner as common cargo, and it was a tedious

process, besides involving a large waste of material. Modern inventions, originated and improved by the large dealers, have made this part of the business comparatively easy. The diagram given below will ex-

the check lever A; B represents the drum over which the chain runs, holding a gig at each end. As one gig is loaded with a cake of ice to go into the hold, the corresponding gig comes up empty over the rods



PLANING AND RIBBING.

plain the manner of delivery from the cars to the ship.

Some forty cars, containing say two hundred tons, are loaded from the houses at Fresh and Spy ponds and taken to Charlestown. As the cars pass down the track from the main road to the wharf, where the ships are waiting, they are separately weighed; then the car is moved to a position opposite

marked D, which makes the operation almost self-governing. E is the platform for the gig, which, when the ship is loaded, is placed back upon the wharf in readiness for another ship. The average amount of ice loaded on board a ship in one day is three hundred tons, but, upon an emergency, five hundred tons can easily be disposed of.

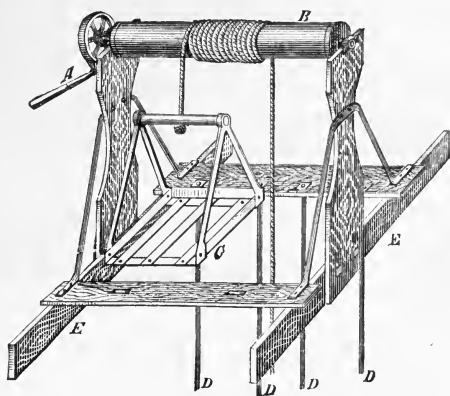
Our foreign shipments are now confined to Japan, China, East Indies, South America and the West Indies, with now and then a cargo to the Mediterranean. The bulk of the shipping trade is with Boston and with ports on the Kennebec and Penobscot rivers, supplying all the principal cities south of New York, and frequently the latter city.

The following statistics will give an approximate idea of the extent of the trade at the present time, and of its increase since 1805. The shipments are confined to Boston:

From 1805 to 1856,	230,000 tons.
“ 1856 “ 1872,	2,768,000 “
In 1805,	130 tons.
“ 1856,	146,000 “
“ 1872,	225,000 “

The average rate of freight per ton paid ships is \$5.

The foreign shipments for 1872, 1873 and 1874 were as follows:



GIG FOR CONVEYING ICE INTO SHIP'S HOLD.

the gangway of the ship; a long platform, rigged with iron or steel rails, is placed between the car and the gangway of the ship. Over this platform the ice is slid from the car door to the ship's rail; there it is received on the "gig" C; the tender holds

	1872.	1873.	1874.
Thomas, . . .	1,800 tons.	1,554 tons.	2,600 tons.
Trigue, . . .	2,000 "	2,300 "	1,400 "
Wheeler, . . .	1,950 "	1,955 "	1,900 "
Mad, . . .	2,400 "	2,400 "	2,300 "
Barra, . . .	4,500 "	4,500 "	4,300 "
Legos, . . .	1,000 "	735 "	600 "
Go de Cuba, . . .	1,000 "	900 "	900 "
Willa, . . .	300 "	300 "	300 "
Wall, . . .	2,500 "	2,626 "	3,100 "
Neiro, . . .	2,500 "	3,100 "	2,400 "

Calcutta, ports in China, Batavia, Yama, and Marseilles, say about fifty and tons yearly.

There are no reliable data at hand which to determine the exact date of first shipment from Maine, but it was all some time after the breaking out of the war.

Closing this part of the subject the following incidental facts may not be uninteresting. At a low estimate, the annual shipment in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Boston is:

New York, . . .	1,000,000 tons.	
Philadelphia, . . .	500,000 "	
Baltimore, . . .	200,000 "	
Boston, . . .	300,000 "	Total, 2,000,000 tons.

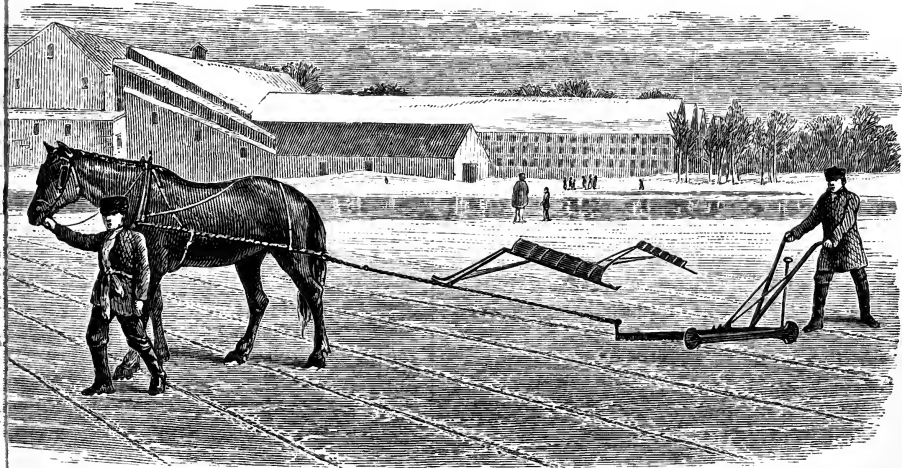
The practical cost to consumers, taking a small average price, would be:

In New York, . . .	\$5 to \$12 per ton.
" Philadelphia, . . .	6 " 12 "
" Baltimore, . . .	6 " 12 "
" Boston, . . .	4 " 6 "

about the lesser cities and towns, and one can realize the amount of the ice traffic of the country as reduced to dollars and cents. A large amount of this ice, however, say from one-third to one-half, is wasted in handling and transportation. When progressive science introduces some method whereby this great margin of waste can be reduced, the benefit will be as much to the producer as the consumer.

The principal points on the Atlantic seaboard where ice is cut are, for New York, Rockland Lake, Hudson River; for Philadelphia, Schuylkill and Delaware Rivers; for Baltimore, the Patapsco and Susquehanna Rivers, for Boston, Fresh Pond, Cambridge; Smith's Pond, and Spy Pond, Arlington, Wenham Lake, Wenham; Sandy Pond, Ayer; Horn Pond, Woburn; Lake Quannapowitt, Wakefield; Haggett's Pond, Andover; Suntang Lake, Lynnfield, and the Kennebec and Penobscot Rivers, in Maine. During the year 1870, when the crop failed south of Boston, the amount cut and shipped from Maine was quite large, but recently the trade has fallen off.

Boston, from its commercial position, as well as its close proximity by rail to all the principal points of production, must be the advantageous port for shipment. An order for a cargo of ice from that port can be filled at a few hours' notice. It is seldom, if ever, without the requisite tonnage; and



GROOVING.

reduced to round numbers, the cost to consumers in these four cities is many millions of dollars. Add to this amount all that is consumed in the other cities of the Union, to say nothing

the appointment of the railroads bringing the ice to East Boston and Charlestown are so perfect, that from one hundred to five hundred cars can be placed at once.

But the ice trade is to day in its infancy;

every year it is attracting more attention. It must soon outgrow the means of individual enterprise, and powerful corporations must follow. Steamships, with air-tight compartments and built for great speed, must take the place of sailing ships, the saving by which, in the one item of waste, would suffice to build such steamers. Again, as the new ports of the East are being opened up to American commerce, the Pacific coast will have to supply the ice for India, China, Japan, etc. Already parties are prospecting for that region, and it would not be surprising to see, before the close of another decade, spacious ice-houses established in Alaska, Oregon, and California.

Let us now see what modern improvements have effected in reducing the cutting, housing, and shipping of ice to a system.

to the shore. These buildings were of wood *battened* from the base, and were double walled, the space between the inner and outer being filled with tan or sawdust. They were capable of holding from three to ten thousand tons each.

The next progressive move was in the direction of cutting. When the entire crop hardly exceeded five thousand tons per annum, the original method of scraping the pond answered well enough; so did the method of "shaving" the ice and sawing into blocks. The scraper was a rudely constructed machine moved by hand; the shaving off of the porous or snow ice was done with broad axes; the cutting was done by means of a common cross-cut saw, the handle being taken off. One can imagine the laborious work thus entailed.



SAWING, CALKING AND BREAKING OFF.

Fresh Pond, in the city of Cambridge, has been selected for the illustrations, for many reasons, principal among which is the fact that here the cutting of ice for commercial purposes first commenced, and that today it and its near neighbor, Spy Pond, represent the standard of pure ice as merchantably quoted.

A little more than forty years ago, Mr. Tudor employed as his foreman Mr. Nathaniel Wyeth, of Cambridge, a man of remarkable ability. Up to this time (no reliable data are at hand to fix the year) ice was housed in subterranean vaults, generally excavated on the slope of the bank and removed some distance from the shores of the pond. Mr. Wyeth conceived the idea of erecting buildings without cellars and handy

Mr. Wyeth at once put his ingenuity to work and produced the tools that are now in use throughout the country, and which have reduced the cost of cutting to a nominal figure. Under the old process, one season would not suffice to secure a year's supply. Now, the cutting and housing system occupy more than three weeks, and the average daily work by one concern housing six thousand tons is not considered remarkable.

It is seldom that clear ice is secured, that is, ice without a fall of snow upon it. With the modern improvements, this coating of snow is not regarded as detrimental. In fact, the thin layer of snow ice is regarded as a preservative of the clear ice.

As soon as the pond is completely closed

the ice, with the atmosphere at a temperature of ten degrees above zero, forms very rapidly. If, after it has attained the thickness of say three or four inches, capable of bearing a man, a fall of two or three inches of snow follows, then the workmen begin to "sink the pond," as it is termed. This is done by cutting holes an inch or two in diameter, and at three or four feet apart, thus admitting the water to the surface and submerging the snow, which forms the snow-ice. With a steady temperature of ten degrees above zero for a week or ten days, the ice will have formed to the desirable thickness, say an average thickness of fifteen inches. We say average, because on many ponds—Fresh Pond, for instance, which is fed by warm springs—the freezing differs. The thickness is ascertained by boring holes with a two-inch auger. If, after the ice has formed sufficiently to bear horses, snow falls, then the scraping process begins, and continues with each fall of snow till the ice is thick enough to cut.

A space on the pond, say six hundred feet in width, is marked out and the snow is scraped from either side toward the center, forming what is called "the dump." Some seasons these dumps will rise to a great height, and then, through their immense weight, sink to a level. The process of scraping the snow into "dumps" is not only expensive, but wastes a great deal of ice, as only that cleared off can be cut. When the ice is twelve inches thick it will yield about a thousand tons to the acre, but so much is wasted by scraping snow, high winds, and various other causes, that it is only in exceptionally "good years" that more than half the average of a pond can be cut and stored.

After the snow is scraped off, the lining of the pond, so called, begins. This is done by taking two sights as in common railroad engineering. The targets are set, representing the line between two supposed points, say A and B. A straight edge is then run by means of a common plank between the two points A and B, then striking from the angle B, it runs at right angles with the line to A. Only two lines are necessary, one from A to B, and the other from B to an indefinite point.

The liner proceeds with a double instrument, or what is called a "guide and marker;" the guide is a smooth-edged blade that runs in the groove made by the square edge; the marker is a part of the same instrument and runs over the grooved lines laid out with

the cutter. As soon as the machine reaches the objective point, it is turned over by an ingenious arrangement, so that returning, the guide runs in the freshly cut groove, and the marker cuts another groove forty-four inches distant. In this way the machine goes over the whole field, running one way, the last groove it cuts forming the boundary of the second side; then, commencing on this boundary line, it runs at right angles with the first, and goes over the entire field, cutting the ice into blocks of the required dimensions. The marker cuts a groove two inches in depth. Following the marker come the cutters or plows with sharp teeth measuring from two inches in length to ten or twelve, and used according to the thickness of the ice. Then comes the snow-ice plane, which shaves off the porous or snow ice, its first being determined by auger-boring how many inches of snow ice there are. The ice is now ready for gathering. It is broken off into broad rafts, then sawed into lesser ones, then barred off in sections and floated into the canal. The calking operation consists in filling the groove lines or interstices with ice chips to prevent the water from entering and freezing; this is only necessary in very cold weather. The rafts or sheets of cakes are generally thirty cakes long by twelve wide, frequently longer. The ends have to be sawed, but every twelfth groove running lengthwise of the raft or sheet is cut deeper than the other, so that one or two men can, with one motion of the bar, separate it into strips ready for the elevator canal.

As the ice enters upon the van it is cut into single cakes of forty-four inches square. The process of elevating the ice has been reduced to almost scientific perfection. It is done by means of an endless chain fitted with buckets, and the hoisting power is a steam-engine. The ice-houses contain from three to five vaults or bins, corresponding to the several stories in a warehouse. A single range of buildings will contain five or more. The elevator is arranged so that one flat or story containing these five bins or vaults can be filled simultaneously; that is, as the ice leaves the elevator and is passed off on the wooden tramway of the platform, a man stands at the entrance of each vault to turn the cakes of ice in, the first cake from the elevator going to the farthest opening, and then in regular rotation till the first or lower flat in the range is filled. When the blocks are taken from the houses and loaded on board cars for shipment, they are reduced to twenty-two

inches by a similar process of grooving and burring.

None but the most experienced workmen are employed in storing the ice, as this requires a quick eye, a steady hand, and good judgment.

As each flat or story is completed, the

openings at either end are securely and tightly closed, and when the whole building is filled up to the bed-plate, the space between that and the hip of the roof is filled with hay, thus providing a sure protection against waste by shrinkage, which seldom exceeds one foot during the season.

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND. PART II.

CHAPTER XII.

THEY were nearing the end of the cold season. Harbert had been sewing diligently on the sails, and Pencroff had been utilizing the balloon cordage for rigging. An American flag had been made with the aid of vegetable dyes, and Pencroff had insisted

on adding an extra star for the State of Lincoln. The second winter was passing with very little incident, when, on the night of the 11th of August, the colonists were suddenly awakened by Top's barking. The dog was not barking this time by the orifice of the well but on the threshold, and

he threw himself against the door as if he would break it open. Jupe on his side uttered sharp cries. They all dressed in haste and rushed to the windows. Under their eyes was spread a covering of snow that scarcely appeared white, the night was so very dark. They could see nothing, but they heard peculiar barking. It was evident the beach had been invaded by some animals which they could not distinguish.

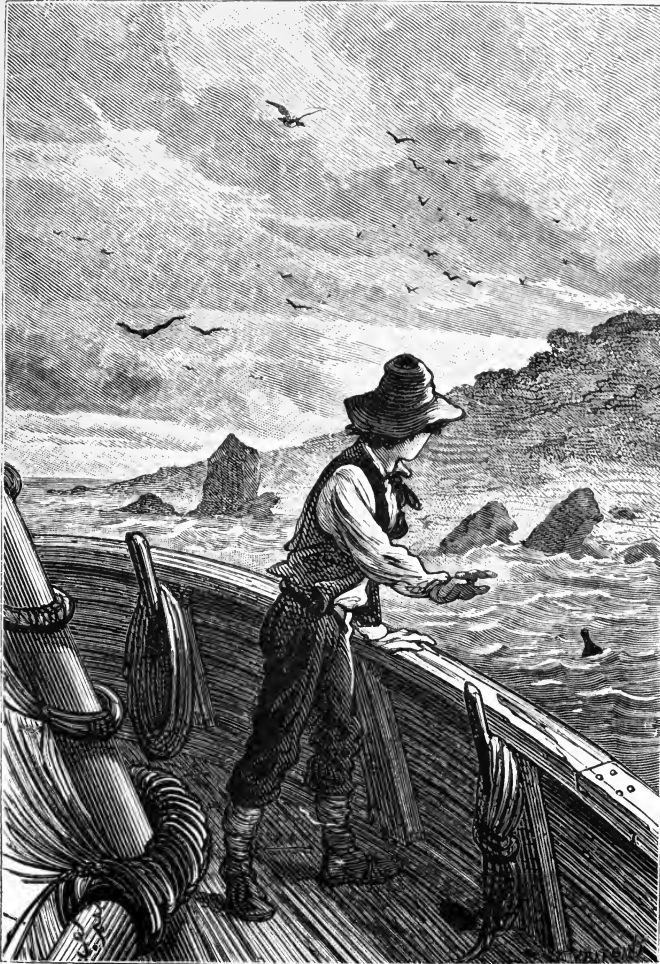
"What are they?" cried Pencroff.

"They are foxes," replied Harbert, who remembered having seen and heard them during his first visit at the head of Red Creek.

"The devil! They will reach the top of the plateau, and our chicken yards and our plantations," cried Pencroff.

"They jumped over the bridge of the strand, that some of us forgot to close."

It was evident the bridge had been crossed and the beach invaded by animals, and these, whatever they were, could, in going up



"LUFF, PENCROFF, LUFF!"

left bank of the Mercy, reach the plateau Grand View. It was necessary, then, to get them off, if possible.

These foxes are dangerous animals when in large numbers and irritated by hunger; nevertheless, the colonists did not hesitate to throw themselves in the midst of the pack; the first shots of their revolvers, lighting the purity so rapidly, made the principal assailants fall back. The first thing to do was to prevent these depredators from reaching the plateau of Grand View. But, as the ascent of the plateau could only be made from the left bank of the Mercy, it would be sufficient if an insurmountable barrier was placed on the narrow portion of the beach between the river and the granite wall. They soon reached this spot and prepared to defend it. It was a very dark night. If it had not been for the light of the guns that they carried, they could not have seen their assailants. But they held their ground until daylight, when the pack dispersed before the light. It was then found that Jupe, who had aided the colonists in the fight, had been seriously injured by his assailants. He was carried gently to Granite House, where under skilful treatment, his wounds rapidly healed. The fitting up of the ship and the deck of the boat was entirely finished about the middle of September. To caulk the seams, they made tow with dry shingles, which they inserted in between the planks of the sides of the cabins, and the deck; then these were re-covered with boiling pitch which the pines of the forest furnished in abundance. The boat was ballasted with heavy pieces of granite walled up in a bed of pitch. A deck was built behind this ballast, the interior divided into two cabins, along the length of which extended two benches answered as chests. The foot of the benches served to support the partition separating the two cabins, which were entered by hatchways opening on the deck and supplied with guards. Pencroff had no trouble in finding a tree suitable for his mast. He chose a young fir, very straight, without knots. The iron-work of the mast, of the rudder, and of the hold, had been roughly but substantially manufactured at Chimney Forge.

The rank of captain was conferred upon Pencroff, and, after a long discussion over several names, the majority decided on "Bonadventure," which was the baptismal name of the sailor.

The trial trip of the new craft was in every respect satisfactory. On the 10th of October, the boat, fully rigged, was pushed upon wheels to the river bank, where it was seized by a rising wave and floated amid the plaudits of the colonists. The day was beautiful and the wind favorable. While they were cruising along the coast, the colonists discussed the sailor's plan of visiting Tabor Island, to which the engineer was strongly opposed.

After standing out to sea, the "Bonadventure" was steered toward Port Balloon. It was important to know the passes channeled between the sand-banks and the reefs, to put in buoys, if necessary; for this little creek was to be the port where the boat would lie. They were about half a mile from shore when they had to tack against the wind. The speed of the "Bonadventure" was very moderate as yet, as the full force of the breeze was stopped by the high ground, her sails scarcely filling. The sea, smooth as a mirror, had not a ripple, except as the little gusts passed capriciously over her surface. Harbert, who was in the stern, pointing out the direction to follow in the middle of the path, suddenly cried out:

"Luff, Pencroff, luff!"

"What's the matter?" replied the sailor, raising himself. "A rock?"

"No; wait," said Harbert. "I don't see well. Luff again. All right. Go on a little."

Then Harbert, throwing himself full length, quickly plunged his arm in the water, and raising himself, called out:

"A bottle."

He held in his hand a sealed bottle, which he had thus snatched several cable lengths from shore. Cyrus Smith took the bottle. Without saying a word he cut the cork and pulled out a damp paper, on which was written these words:

"*Shipwrecked—Tabor Island—153° W. long—37° 11' lat. S.*

(To be continued.)

UNSAID.

FOUND out one full word,
Of all my love the sum;
It should my soul be heard,
Though I henceforth were dumb.

But it still was as before;
With her such new love came
My word was full no more,—
Forgotten in its shame.

ALONG THE SEINE.

THE savants have made laborious researches to find the origin of the word Seine, and have ranged themselves into three camps: the first for *squan*, a serpent, the second for *sin-ane*, the slow river; and the third for *sôgh-ane*, the peaceful river. It is a graceful stream, and most of the year a clear one. That it is good to sail, wash, row, and swim in, all agree; but there is difference of opinion concerning its value as a beverage. Those willing to take it outwardly, or use it in any of the ways described, but who object to it inwardly, are in the majority. There is probability that the wine merchants have had something to do with the reports of unhealthiness that find currency in reference to the Seine, and it is thus made to bear the burden of many of man's sins. Among its other deleterious effects, it has been affirmed that it makes men bald, which is a specimen of the remote searching to find a grievance, practiced by its enemies.

On arrival, one of the first pieces of information which the foreigner or the provincial receives, through the mouths of the servants, or that of the master of the hotel, is, that the water is unwholesome. It is hardly necessary to say that the keeper of the house, who has wine to sell, is not a disinterested person, and that his opinion should be listened to with distrust. It is by him the Seine is most maligned. Still, if, unheeding his advice, the new-comer habitually drinks of it, and returns to his home with a disordered stomach and a fatigued body, he is apt to reach the same conclusion as his Paris Amphitryon. In such cases the pursuit of pleasure of various kinds, and at all hours, has probably much more to do with the deranged system than the water.

This stream has given the Parisian a taste for water—for exterior uses. The ponds in the parks and squares of the city are the scenes of his first inclinations waterward. Here he begins with the paper boat, and this is followed by the little wooden one in full rig for the rich, and the simple sabot for the poor. The wooden shoe thus serves as an instrument of pleasure as well as of usefulness. When this sheet of water becomes too contracted for a growing ambition, he betakes himself to the Seine. If the little one is not within convenient reach of the square or the park, he accommodates himself as best

he can to circumstances, and takes advantage of a rain to send his paper boat down the tiny torrent of the gutter in front of his house, watching its flight with the interest of a ship-owner bidding good-bye to a vessel freighted with a valuable cargo.

The Gaul is fond of the water in summer, and probably gets more pleasure out of it than any other in surrounding it with attractive accessories; but this must be accepted with modifications. He likes salt water, near the shore, and surrounded with all the comforts and security; to be out at sea does not appeal to him, as it does to the British mind, for he is seldom free from a sense of being out of place on the plains of the ocean. He is like a chicken that is glad to dabble in the shallow waters of the brook, but is dismayed at getting into the pond. When one sees a French sailor hitching up his trowsers and turning the traditional operation does not seem as hearty as natural as in Jack across the Channel. The Gaul has been trying to be a rude sailor for ages, but has never completely succeeded, although he persuades himself that he has, as indicated in his maritime swing and phraseology. He exclaims in a husky, boisterous voice, "a thousand larboards," and the British sailor "shivers his timber." There is the usual plenitude of stuff in the bottom of his trowsers, and scarcity in the upper part; the usual broad nautical collar rolled back from the throat. He calls himself a "sea-wolf," which is our way of saying sea-dog. He is clever, his bravery is beyond question, and still he does not seem to be at home on the sea. The truth is, probably, that he was made for a soldier rather than a sailor.

There are naturally exceptions to the rule that these people are afraid of salt water far from shore, and one of them, in the form of a handsome woman, recently came under my observation at one of the bathing places on the French coast. I had left the city of bathers near the shore, and had swum a few rods seaward, when I met this Nautilus also outward bound, and exchanged the compliments of the day, of which the burden was the warmth of the water, the coolness of the air, the calm of the sea, and what not. Was Madam not afraid to get so far away from shore?

"Not the least. And Monsieur?"

"Not particularly."

"Will Monsieur swim out to yonder boat?" asked she, pointing to the object about thirty or forty yards further out.

The tone was slightly bantering; there was



THE WOMAN WHO SAVED MONSIEUR FROM A WATERY GRAVE.

was receding, and I struck out with my fearless companion, who was, of course, a married woman or a widow, otherwise she would not have been so much at ease with a stranger; a French girl would have spoken negatively, or not at all. The woman wimmer added:

"Perhaps it will be taxing the strength of Monsieur too much."

"Only play, Madam—only play."

We arrived at the rudder of the boat, she swimming with the ease and grace of a swan, and considerably fagged, but not inclined to admit it. Here we hung like reeds, our bodies swaying up and down at the mercy of the waves.

"Would Monsieur like to go out to that boat?" asked this water-sprite, pointing to another some distance out.

Monsieur measured the distance with his eyes, and said he was afraid he would have to return to shore—he had an engagement.

How does Madam come to be such an extraordinary swimmer? She came into the world in a certain part of the coast of Brittany where children are most born in the water, and have Neptune for a godfather. Madam is evidently proud of her natorial attainments, as well she may be, and avers

that she is strong enough to swim with a good-sized child on her back. She is asked if she ever tried it with a full-grown one, to which she replies that she has not, and begs Monsieur not to think of getting the cramp, or going down with exhaustion, as she cannot keep him up. After leaving the rudder for the beach, Monsieur, notwithstanding the advice of Madam, shows signs of fatigue, and sinks. When he re-appears, the woman's arm is thrown around his waist, and the other arm goes through the water like an oar, she begging him to assist by swimming as much as he is able. This arrangement appears to be very satisfactory to the rescued, and the twain glide pleasantly through the water. Indeed, it appears so satisfactory to the man, that the woman grows suspicious, which finds expression in:

"I believe Monsieur is shamming!"

This brings confirmatory testimony into the face of the rescued, which shows a suspicious contentment, whereupon the gentle rescuer throws him off, telling him that his conduct is abominable. At the same time, she is given over to such mirth, that she swallows some of Neptune's ale, which restores her to seriousness. As we reach the beach, she observes that any effort on Monsieur's part to play the sea-comedy again will be futile—that she will see him drown first. This was my introduction. Every



TELLING THE LIFE-SAVING INCIDENT.



THE BOAT-HIRER AT CHATOU.

day the widow—for she was of that dangerous class—swam to the boat, accompanied frequently by the stern sex, and occasionally by an Englishwoman, who was also a sturdy swimmer, but not so graceful. Other women entered the water shrinkingly, and went no further than waist deep, where they stood in ringed groups, catching hands, jumping and shouting with nervous excitement. The widow water-nymph plunged in with the equanimity of the professional baigneur who usually accompanies her sex.

A few days afterward, as we sat on the beach under the awning, making a group of three—not to count a couple of children digging in the sand—the expert swimmer gravely informed her companion that she had saved Monsieur from a watery grave, and I had to undergo the questioning and sympathy of the much interested woman to whom the communication had been made. This was the penalty for the misdemeanor on the high seas.

Boating comes from England, but Frenchmen have weaved about it new manners and customs. Here art goes to work as in everything else, and turns the rough "shiver-my-timbers" into a gala-sailor of the opera-comique. The boating of the Anglo-Saxon consists in rowing, but this is only a part of the Gaul's

boating. The model canotier attires himself in white flannel gayly trimmed with blue or red. A broad collar is thrown back in nautical fashion, and a straw hat, fantastically pointed at the top, and garnished with the same lively colors as the flannel border, crowns him. There are those who dress in the blue of the Marine and affect the customs of this branch of the Government, associating themselves into crews, with captains and subordinates. Different nationalities are assumed, some flying the English and American flags—the Prussian, of course, not being seen. A whimsical bunting is occasionally noted that is unknown to the civilized world; the prevailing flag, however, is the French tricolor.

The canotier goes by rail to Bougival and Chatou, on the top of the second-class carriages called the imperial, for he disdains the housing of the interior. To this perch he also conducts his feminine companion who shares his sorrows and his joys, their lives being mostly made up of the latter. There is a pipe in his mouth and streamer on her hat. This blagueur waves his handkerchief in adieus to imaginary friends below as if he were leaving for the ends of the earth, telling them to look after his dog and cat, in case anything should happen. He is going to confront the dangers of the deep as the capitaine Cook did before him. If the savages of Chatou should dispatch him



SUMMER PLEASURES.

before his friends have time to come to his assistance, he leaves his enormous wealth in trust to the French Academy for the construction of a pyramidal monument to the memory of all distinguished and virtuous

motiers like himself. Others join in and the chaffing becomes general, to the delight of the canotiers as well as their respective wives, the feminine comrades. At the sound of the whistle, the most wordy boatman waves a last adieu to fictitious friends, and the train is off.

The canotier, garbed in the way described, appears on the theater of his aquatic exploits, at Bougival, Asnières, Chatou, or early, all within a short distance from Paris. His sweetheart is in neat Swedish gloves, well-fitting bottines and jaunty hat. The gay boatman makes one of a party of several like himself, each accompanied in the same way. They usually arrive at their destination—say Chatou—toward the close of the day, for this is summer sport. This is an island—on one side a quickly flowing stream, on the other a body of water, quiet through canalization. Near the middle of the island a long row of all kinds of boats are moored, some private and others for hire. These are under the charge of the inmates of an adjoining inn, painted and decorated in character with the appearance of the boatmen. The shores of the island are fringed with heavy, deep green, overhanging boughs. Behind this dark border, a well-wooded forest holds up its leafy arms against the sun, and furnishes a canopy to those who have fled from the heat of the city. On the water, the lively costumes and talk, the people on pleasure bent, make it look like a holiday, but all days are like this throughout the summer. The yawl—turned into a *jeu* by the Gallic tongue—is the craft usually selected by those who are not canotiers—the family groups who are rowed up and down the river, coming with their own provisions and making a repast in the forest when hunger calls. There are also slender yawls of cigar-shape, which furnish the happy medium between the fragile serpent racers and the fat bulging family boat, and into them the canotiers with their *bonnes amies* usually embark. In numbers, the slim row-boats, from two to eight oars, come next. There are also the solitary boatmen, whose lower extremities are concealed in the hull and who seem to be a part of the craft, reminding one of a centaur. This lone canotier, half man, half boat, is the passionate lover of eating, who sacrifices even the society of the tender sex to his vocation, which, for a Gaul, who takes the woman with him in most of his pleasures, is no half-way measure. There are drill and discipline in the boats containing more than one; in the one-

man craft there are independence and liberty; its oars dip languidly into the water or cleverly cut it into the following eddies of long, strong strokes under one will; it turns



THE COOK AT CHATOU.

capriciously toward the shore and glides under the boughs, or goes straight forward like an arrow. In a word, the rower and the boat are one.

Besides these, are the twin-cigars, two light shells attached with a space between—the hyphen which holds them together furnishing a seat for the boatman, who handles an oar with a paddle on each end; sail-boats of different rigs and coquettish construction; and several nondescript crafts. To the eyes of an Anglo-Saxon of the utilitarian school, there is ever something unreal and fantastic in all this parade and mirth—a sort of *mardi-gras en permanence*. That part of it which is of a tender character and one of its especial features, the Gaul calls the Venetian style of canotage, and it could hardly be more gallant and nonchalant than it is.



THE GARÇON AT CHATOU.

Midway in the island of Chatou is situated the "Froggery,"—a floating restaurant connected with an establishment for the

hiring of boats and bathing costumes, much frequented by Parisians of both sexes. Law and custom decree that the woman bather shall attire herself in a dress similar to that worn in the bathing ports of America, and the man bather in the scanty apparel known as the caleçon, with which the requirements of French decorum are satisfied.



THE SWIMMING-MASTER.

Within a certain space where the water is not deep, a cordon is stretched for the protection of those who cannot swim, and here the bathers disport with animation. The women swimmers go out into the river followed by boats to which they cling from time to time for a rest, and occasionally one is seen attached to a cord in the hands of a boatman, ready to be hauled aboard in case of giving out. Some of the boats have steps attached to the stern, leading down into the water; this facilitates return and also furnishes a base for diving. One accosts my companion as we float by in a boat:

"Why don't you come into the water?"

"Because it is dangerous to be near you, Madam—the siren lures man to his destruction."

"Farceur, va!"

This is a specimen of the amiable chaffing which takes place between the sexes at the Froggery. An occasional boat passes where the man sits in the stern and the woman awkwardly tries her hand at rowing. In one I saw a faithful spouse holding up her husband in the water with the inevitable rope, thus endeavoring to supply the place of the swimming-master.

It is part of the programme after the bath or the rowing in the suburbs, to dine in one of the garden restaurants, which usually look out on the water. If there is yet time to take the repast by daylight, the table is spread under the trees on the border of

the stream, where groups of from two to a dozen gather, the women being an important feature therein. The exercise has made them hungry, and they fall to with alacrity. After the edge of the appetite is a little blunted there is much talk. The feminine tongue holds its own with that of the male; their sallies provoke mirth, and at intervals there is hearty laughing. If they do not get through their water amusements before night-fall, they repair to the veranda of the restaurant or one of its balconied little dining-rooms to satisfy hunger and thirst, and at the dessert some one usually goes to the piano, and others sing or dance. A chorus of these revelers heard across the water, to a predisposed mind, has a strange attraction.

Boating belongs to the strong and the young, and fishing is rather the avocation of those in the evening of life. These Gallic Izaak Waltons pursue their pleasure wherever a bit of quiet water is to be found, with the pertinacity of their fellows in other lands, and they whip the Seine in such numbers and so often, that the fish are very scarce. They sit by the hour and the day waiting



GAMINS OF THE QUAY.

for a bite, and when it comes the heart of the fisherman beats quickly, and if the fish actually gets on to the hook, it throbs tempestuously. Thus, a finny creature three or four inches long pulled out of the water furnishes episodic emotion, and stimulates the man of the rod to renewed patience. It is an event of such importance, that those

are by gather near
ee the prize taken
he hook. This oc-
tion exercises such
scination on some
these elderly men,
they pursue it in all
s of weather, regard-
of wind and rain,
this ardor has given
to the French defini-
on of a fishing-line—
ce of twine with a
on each end; the
and the worm being
ed in the same cate-

ometimes, after high
r in the Seine, the
are carried into the
k water of one of
arms of the river in
siderable numbers. This is an unfre-
quent occurrence, but when it comes about
there is no little excitement among the men
of the hook and the rod, who, perhaps, for
a month or two have not had so much as
a fish.

The great floating bath-houses which line
the Seine at Paris and the suburbs of the
east and west, are adapted to all purses,
the prices being as low as four sous, and
the highest ten or fifteen. One-half of one
of these arks of Noah is of shallow bottom,
intended for those who do not know how to
swim, the other half is deep, for the skillful.
Boats and ropes lie on the platform surround-
ing the water for use in case of accident, and
looking baigneurs in blue and red sashes,
and crowned with smartly trimmed straw
hats sit here and there as guardians of the
safety of the bathers. These gayly clad
baigneurs are also the swimming-masters,
and perform their functions in the following
manner: a belt is passed around the chest
of the learner, attached to a rope, the end in
the hands of the baigneur, who holds up the
learner from the projecting platform over-
head. This professor of the art of natation,
when he calls himself, is loquacious in the
exercise of his calling, and adopts a military
tone, as if he were putting a recruit through
drill. Indeed, this tone belongs to all
in France clothed in a little authority—
whether with functionaries of importance, but all
small servants of the State and of institu-
tions and corporations,—such as conductors
of omnibuses, clerks in public libraries, small
military officials, the scribes employed in the



THE BIBLIOPHILE OF THE QUAY.

different branches of the Government, and
the like. These are oppressed with a sense
of authority, and some manifestation of it
seems to be necessary to maintain their offi-
cial and technical tone. In America the
private citizen is not noted for his politeness,
but the servant of the Government is; in
France the private citizen is distinguished
for his suavity, and the Government official
is not. This rule, however, does not apply
to the higher range of functionaries in
France, but to those who are bureaucrats by
trade.

The baigneur of the gala dress, holding a
lad on the end of a cord, is wordy and
severe in his instructions, consisting of a
running fire something after the following
fashion:

"Listen well, young man. Cut the water
with your closed hands straight before you,
then separate them swiftly; draw up your
legs, heel to heel; separate, and strike out;
are you ready? It is well; let us begin.
Now, then; one, two; one, two; one, two."

The baigneur, counting for each move-
ment as he walks along the platform and
occasionally holding a pole before the swim-
mer to give him courage, resumes:

"Ah, Monsieur, that is not the way to
do it; let us begin again. Now for it, cour-
age! Strike out; one, two," and so on, the
lad making strenuous efforts to grasp the
receding pole, for the professor only lets
him catch it when he shows a disposition to
sink, which he is never allowed to do com-
pletely, as being too demoralizing. An occa-
sional gulp of water and the continual ha-

rangue from overhead are discouraging, and the boy is dazed half the time and does not know what he is about; then the master asks him where his courage is, and ventures the opinion that he is a wet hen, this being the equivalent for our muff. The father of the lad often stands by and watches this operation with tender solicitude, and when the offspring comes out of the water the chances are that father and son embrace each other with effusion. To an American who has learned on the end of a board, or been thrown into deep water, yet untaught, and allowed to get out as best he can, this system of ropes, belts, and professorship, is singular.

It is possible that this fashion of learning to swim may be abandoned, through the invention of an apparatus whose inventor is, at present, trying to persuade the public to make use of it. It is disguised under an ordinary sack coat, and consists of a long pneumatic tube coiled around the body, which, when filled, does not enlarge the por-

tions of the figure to an unnatural size. The tube is of such compactness that the air may be retained therein for twenty-four hours. With this apparatus the vertical position may be maintained when the water reaches to the shoulders. Horizontally, one may float with the arms crossed. Another apparatus of the same system admits of additional weight in the way of provisions in case of shipwreck. If the first-mentioned costume is ever adopted, it will, naturally, do away with much of the work of the "professor of natation;" but the introduction of any kind of innovation is a slow process in France, and it is probable that the man of the rope and the belt will continue to exercise his functions for many days to come.

Benches are placed around the platform, where the bathers rest after a swim, draped in white peignoirs. At one end of the establishment a restaurant, provided with tables, chairs, and refreshments, where the white-robed figures lounge and sip a tonic



TABARIN ON THE PONT NEUF, 250 YEARS AGO.

beverage such as vermouth, or a curaçoa and bitters. A number of them smoke, as it is everywhere permitted in this place; some are seen, even in the water, with a pipe or a cigarette. Cigar smokers often amuse themselves in diving, and rising to the surface with the cigar still lighted. One of the pastimes of the bathers is to swim between two waters, as they call it—that is, just under the surface, where their movements are almost as visible as if they swam in the ordinary way. This is playing at fish, and, when well done, is graceful. Another amusement in vogue is leap-frog in the water, which is more particularly confined to the young. The order throughout is perfect. If a

er comes up through the legs of a swimmer, his first duty, when his mouth gets wet, is to beg a thousand pardons, when he is assured by the owner of the legs that *il n'y a pas de quoi*. The real sport of ducking the beginners, is not noticed here as at home, for this belongs to that domain of practical joking to which Gaul is averse. It is only seen once in a while, and then between two "wolves of fresh water," who are on terms of intimacy. The "professor of natation" is not supposed to show his prowess in this way, at a time to time, for the benefit of the galleys. If a swimmer splashes in a way to offend his fellows, he is called to order by one of the baigneurs in civil but peremptory fashion, when he obeys without further delay, for a policeman is on station within the establishment, ready to take charge of any delinquent. At one end there is a spring-board, from which the swimmer dives or jumps into the water. There is also a pier, from the top of which, about fifteen or sixteen feet above the water, the more venturesome jump. Those who dive from this elevation are considered bold fellows, and their "headers" elicit general admiration. Those who reach the bottom bring up the object, such as a shell or stone, and it is aloft as a trophy; and, by common consent, this is considered good diving. Within the city limits the bathing is confined to these establishments.

In Gaul may not be the best of salt-water sailors, but he is an excellent freshwater one. His bravery in jumping into the water for the rescue of the drowning is of frequent occurrence. In the absence of a member of the corps which is kept under the orders of the Prefect for the succor of those who cast themselves into the water to their death, or fall in by accident, there is always a passer-by ready to risk his life and to go in to save that of the perishing person. In the exercise of this duty, the trained rescuers of the Government is very skillful. When the person has lost consciousness, he is only caught by the hair of the head, and is held on his back, and swims with him to the shore; but when he has not lost consciousness, the task becomes more difficult. The rescuer endeavors to approach him from behind unseen, and seize him under the arms, and get him to shore as best he can, and thus avoid that terrible clutch of the drowning man so apt to paralyze the efforts of the best swimmer. Boxes are placed along the border of the stream, con-

taining everything necessary for the resuscitation of those taken out of the water, with plainly printed instructions in each how to use them, so that any one may furnish aid in case the members of the corps of assistance should not be at hand.

If the statistics were gathered of the people who have sought and found death in the Seine, they would comprise an army. A short time ago a dancer, noted for his gayety and eccentric contortions in the balls of the Mabilles, threw himself from the Carrousel Bridge, or, as it is sometimes called, the Bridge of the Holy Fathers. Then only did the public learn that his gayety was factitious. His sad ending at night, after the romp of Mabilles, recalls G erome's "Duel after the Ball," where the principal figure in the festive garb of Pierrot sinks mortally wounded into the arms of his second. I had seen the man who drowned himself a few days before in the midst of what appeared to be his pleasure. He was the Yorick of the garden, full of quips and antics. When fished out of the water, a paper was found on him, on which a few words had been scrawled, probably against the parapet of the bridge; the substance of it was, that he was disgusted with life, and that he had nerved his courage up to the jumping point through absinthe. The painful, pallid face, reposing on the marble of the Morgue, presented a striking contrast to the grotesque visage of Mabilles.

With that admirable administration which belongs to every branch of the French Government, places are assigned at certain points of the river for the watering and bathing of horses, others for the washing of dogs, the former with cordons stretched around for the security of man and animal. At the dog-wash there is every variety of the canine species, which are cleansed by professional washers at so much a head. Often the owner thereof presides at the operation, especially in the case of spinsters, who cannot separate themselves from their poodles during this important process, and who occasionally give directions to the washers, and address words of consolation to their idols as the rubbing goes on. For water-dogs, this is naturally a holiday, and, after the purification, they are treated by their owners to the sport of retrieving,—in which, by the way, they do not employ the pantomime of spitting on the wood, as practiced by us, but hurl it into the river dry.

A score of floating wash-houses border the shores, constructed in a way to allow

the water to run through them. They are filled with women soaping, rinsing, and rubbing, in rows facing the Seine. Any woman, for one sou the hour, or eight sous the day, has the privilege of washing in these establishments, which places them within the

conceded privileges of the washwoman to use her tongue as well as her hands. This is a great improvement on the primitive system, still practiced in many of the provinces, of kneeling on a rock by the side of a stream and beating the clothes with a club. The



THE BEGGAR.

reach of the poor as well as the professional washwoman. The existence of these houses has a good sanitary effect in promoting cleanliness. Considerable talking is done here as well as work, it being one of the

stroller along the quays looks at these rows of middle-aged and old women in vain, to find that smart, coquettish blanchisseuse, who takes his linen to him of a Sunday morning, for although she is called the wash-

an, her hands do not go into the soap-
and she should only be called the

the Quay d'Orsay, which serves as a kind
tribune to the other quays, was formerly
the Grenouillère on account of the
presence of a great number of frogs. These
festivities of the night have long since passed
by, their chorus being stifled by civiliza-
tion. It is now a quay free from noise and
excitement, lined with private hotels and
public buildings, such as the Ministry of
Foreign Affairs, the Corps Legislatif, the
Ministère de l'Etat, and others, over some of
which the destroying hand of the Commune
has passed. In looking at these mutilated
buildings, one cannot help thinking that it
would be well to leave some of these ruins
in their present state as a public mark of the
barbarism and wickedness of the Vandals.

On the Voltaire Quay, the books and old
prints begin to appear in force. The row of
shops, which here overlooks the Seine,
occupies the ground once known as the *Pré
des Clercs*, a name now especially familiar
to the frequenters of the Opéra Comique.

The most interesting quays begin at the
corner of the Rue du Bac, on the left side
of the Seine, and extend upward past the
quays of the city and St. Louis. On these
quays are most of the book-stalls, and behind
them across the street, the book-shops and
antiquarian and bric-à-brac shops; be-
hind them, the floating baths and swimming
pools for both sexes. This part of the city
is full of tradition, and to me, one of the
most interesting spots is the site of the Tour
de Nesle, of which, unfortunately, no vestige
remains. This special interest arises from
the fact that the drama of this name was
the first I had ever seen, and at a tender
age, when impressions remain through life,
the most ineffaceable of all. The last act,
in which the famous Captain Buridan scales
the parapet, stabs the wicked Margaret
of Burgundy, attempts to escape by the
parapet, receives two or three shots, falls
against the side of the door-way, turns
around, facing the spectators with a stream
of blood on his face, tottering descends the
parapet, pronounces his dying speech to the
audience, slays Margaret in the throes of death, and
then falls—to me this scene was of fatal fas-
cination, and I hung close to my older com-
panion, and convulsively clutched his arm at
the fall and the shots; the ghastly horrors
pressed me to my bed, and no sleep came
to me in the night that followed.

It was in after years I learned that the

author of "Tour de Nesle" had not put his
play together exactly after the facts, or rather
the traditions; that his Margaret was Jeanne
of Burgundy, and that he had blundered
into anachronism, intending her for Jeanne
of Navarre, who did not live in the time of
Buridan; that the latter character was not
the dashing Captain which the dramatic
author described, but a noted Professor in
the University of Paris. These subsequent
historical corrections, however, will never
efface the early picture which I saw across
the footlights of my native town. Accord-
ing to all that can be gathered on the sub-
ject, Jean Buridan, Professor of Philosophy,
and the author of several books, was enticed
into the Tour de Nesle, passed the night in
orgies with its royal mistress, and in order
that no witness of her conduct might exist,
she had him put into a sack—as she had
done with his predecessors—and thrown into
the Seine; but by some means or other,
which the historian does not explain, the
malin Buridan got out of the sack while in
the water (it is possible he ripped himself
out with a knife after the manner of the
Count of Monte Cristo), and swam to the
opposite shore, and told the story which fixes
the character of the disorderly Jeanne for all
time. He is said, too, from this experience,
to have given the advice, passed into
sophistic proverb: "Fear not to kill a queen
if it be necessary." It is not known to any
certainty how he died, but it is known that
he did not meet death in the Tour or in the
Seine; the probabilities are that he died in
his bed. All this is damaging to the melo-
drama of early days, but I still cling to the
representation of a provincial theater, al-
though it rests on little or no foundation.

On the corner of Baune street and the
Quay Voltaire, in the Hotel Vilette, lived the
philosopher after whom the quay is named,
and here he died, engraving on a pane of
glass of his death chamber that life was only
a dream. Ascending, the Saints Pères street
is reached, which marks the beginning of the
Quay Malaquais, where is bustle and move-
ment and more books, on the sidewalks and
in the shops, and a row of poplars—as, in-
deed, almost all along the quays—between
the parapet and the street. Next is the
Quay Conti, whose principal edifice is the
Palace of the Institute, where the meetings
of the forty members of the French Academy
take place, and which overlooks the hand-
some foot-bridge of the Arts. This building
may be regarded as the abode of an inde-
pendent government beyond the control of

that of the State, by common consent. The Mazarin Hotel, as it is often called, might be named the Capitol of the Republic of Letters; in its neighborhood the book-stalls are most numerous. It was in this square that Napoleon Bonaparte lived in the cheap lodging of an upper story during his first residence in Paris as a Lieutenant. It was here he was possessed of the ambitious dream of becoming a Colonel, and it is probable that if this grade had then been offered to him on condition of renouncing all higher honors he would have accepted. When he became a Captain he wanted to be a General, and when he became a General he wanted to be Commander-in-Chief, then Dictator, Emperor, and Conqueror of Europe and Asia. And all this began in the small room of the upper story of No. 5, in the Quay Conti, in the person of a pale, thin young man who had hard work to get the necessary pittance to pay for his cheap perch and his frugal food. It is equal to a story of the Arabian Nights.

It was also on this Quay Conti that Sterne, in his "Sentimental Journey," locates the book-shop in which his tender interview took place with the *fille de chambre*—along here he put a crown into her purse, accompanied her homeward and said to her the agreeable and epigrammatic things which appear in print. The cautious reader probably accepts Sterne's account of the scene with a liberal allowance for the imaginative feature therein, knowing as he does that the author is prone to telling of his victories in this way, all achieved under strange circumstances and in a very short time. It is possible the amiable blagueur himself did not expect most of the incidents of this nature to be taken as authentic, but used them as a canvas for his remarkable style.

In one of the houses of the Quay Malaquais, lived the handsome niece of Mazarin, Maria Anna Mancini. The association which renders her most interesting in my eyes, is her intimacy with the *bonhomme* La Fontaine, for she was that Duchess de Bouillon who persuaded him to quit his native town and fix himself in Paris, and who figures through the fabler's life as his friend and patron. Along this quay the naïf poet often wended his way and mounted the stairway of that house to sit in characteristic abstraction near the Duchess—to sit, in short, until she set him going like a clock, for she knew him better than he did himself. Here he lounged on the shore of the Seine in his long reveries, and probably clothed

some of his fables in that form which will live as long as the world reads. He might have often strolled over this ground in the company of Molière and Racine, and in an early time with Boileau.

There are different kinds of book-collectors who frequent the stalls along the quay and the shops opposite. One buys books on a given subject, another for those of a certain period; one buys on account of rarity, another because the parchment is made of human skin; one for the peculiar shape of the printed character, another for account of former ownership as shown by an authenticated autograph; finally, one buys for the binding, and this buyer belongs to the largest class. D'Alembert, a good deal of a book-worm himself, tells of a man who made an extensive collection of books in Astronomy and who was entirely ignorant of that science, of another who had all his books nicely bound and borrowed all that he read for fear of spoiling his own, and who was never known to lend a single volume, or even to allow a stranger to handle one.

The collector of the quays dreams of rarities, such as the "Herodotus" of the first edition, the "Martial" of 1501, "Elzevir's Baskervilles," and what not. The stalls are so often and so thoroughly overhauled, that the bibliophile is seldom rewarded for his trouble. The bibliophiles, like the fishermen of the Seine, have become so numerous, and the rare editions have become as scarce as the good-sized fish. There are instances of good luck, one of which is furnished by Jules Janin, of Nodier, who bought the "Songe de Poliphile," printed at Venice by Alde, for six sous, and afterward sold it for one hundred and thirty-five francs. A *Guirlande de Julie*, a souvenir of Madeleine de Rambouillet, composed by the poets and decorated by the artists of the early part of the reign of Louis XIV., a treasure, according to experts, was sold at public sale and purchased by a *valet de chambre* for fifteen louis.

Several times I noted a man who haunted the quays. I observed him one day as he moved slyly along the boxes containing books, his face exhibiting an emotion that he could not entirely conceal. His eyes stole from time to time to a book which was in the hands of a neighboring loungee, and, after turning over a few pages, laid it down, to the evident relief of the observer, seeing which I made a movement as if I were going to take it up, when the latter quietly put one hand on it and took off his hat th

the other as a "pardon" and a smile of deprecation passed his lips. He opened it at the title-page with an assumed indifference, but there was a gleam in his eye which showed that there was something that pleased him. He cautiously glanced at the cover to see if he was observed, then took two books from the box marked at ten sous the volume, sandwiched the first book with these two, and threw them carelessly before the dealer, asking the price for the lot. "How much will you give me?" returned the dealer.

"Two at ten sous, and say one at twenty—let us call it two francs."

"I think you would give me three if I asked it?"

"Well, yes, I would to-day, as I'm in a hurry."

"Perhaps you would make it five?"

"You know I don't like to wrangle—let us call it five and be done with it."

The dealer laughed skeptically, then his face straightened, and he said:

"It won't do."

They exchanged looks and understood each other. The bibliophile threw off the mask of indifference and asked the lowest price.

"One hundred francs. A small edition and very rare. I paid ninety francs for it myself."

The book-lover took up the volume again, handled it, re-examined the title-page, and portions of the text. He laid down the book as if he had half made up his mind to abandon it, but it exercised such a fascination that at last he paid the price and bore of the prize.

The next bridge further up, the Pont des Arts, has often been the scene of suicides. The most distinguished of these was that of the President of the French Academy, who, many years ago, rendered himself conspicuous in the battles of tongue and pen which he fought in behalf of the Classicists against Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Alexandre Dumas, and other leaders of the Romanists. In the thick of the fight the philologist disappeared, although not vanquished. How far the war of words contributed to an unhappy state of mind, may not be told. Perhaps he presaged defeat. At all events, from whatever cause, life became unendurable, and, one night, in front of the Palace of Lazarin, in which he had so often presided, he cast loose from it and all its pains, in leaping into the Seine.

The Bridge of Arts has been the scene of comic as well as serious events, and, of

the former, one was furnished by a professor under the reign of Louis Philippe, at whose appointment to the chair of Hygiene in the School of Medicine, the students, for some reason or other, took umbrage, annoying him with hisses and cries during his first lecture. He, however, went through with it, and thinking his troubles over for at least that day, proceeded toward his home by the Bridge of the Saints Pères, when, to his surprise, he found himself accompanied by two hundred students, hooting and laughing at him in a way that students only are capable of. The Bridge of Saints Pères on his left was free, that on his right—the Bridge of Arts—at that time took toll. An idea struck the Professor and he turned toward the latter, still accompanied by the students who fumbled in their pockets to see if their finances were equal to an unexpected demand. It appears that they were not, when the Professor, at the head of the column, handed a twenty franc piece to the toll-keeper, saying: "These gentlemen are with me—let them pass."

This disarmed the crowd and set it to laughing, and afterward the Professor delivered his lectures without interruption.

All the bridges are now free, the Revolution of February having at one stroke abolished all tolls. Of the twenty-six, two are for foot-passengers, and the rest accommodate the wheel as well as the foot. In former times there were rows of shops on the bridges, like bazaars; but they are now free of such incumbrances.

As most readers are doubtless aware, the Pont Neuf crosses one end of the island of Saint Louis, which is the heart of Paris. At one end of the island there is a café concert, and at the other end is the Morgue; one is the home of the lively strains of the *Fille de Madame Angot*, and the other of death, forlorn, and often unknown. King Henry IV., on horseback, looks down from the bridge on this nose of land where the concert is in blast. Were he in the flesh, if traditions may be relied on, it is probable that he would dismount and descend to the garden and take a bock with his well-beloved subjects.

At the end of the bridge a kneeling beggar and a boy habitually take their station in quest of alms, and the place they occupy appears to be assigned to them as if they paid rent for it. The man occasionally hums the words of a song, apparently of his own composition, in order not to infringe on the municipal rule against mendicancy, for, in so doing, he comes under the class called

"artists," and is thus supposed to furnish a feeble equivalent for the sous he receives.

During the day there is more travel on the Pont Neuf than on any other bridge, its public being chiefly composed of the middle and lower classes—men of business, laborers in blouses, seamstresses, modistes, loungers leaning over the parapet to watch the movement on the Seine, flower-girls offering bouquets to the people who pass with the usual assurance that the purchase will bring good luck, students loitering along in groups. Two hundred and fifty years ago it was a fashionable promenade, and was crowded with *gentilshommes* and grand dames, equipages and sedan-chairs, as well as with the people. Shops with flag-signs garnished the sidewalks; wares were exposed at doors and windows by eager merchants who passed most of their time in calling attention to their quality. Perambulating venders circulated in the street, and *trottoirs* crying, "peaches of Corbeil," "pears of Dagobert," "butter of Vanvres." Fustian, blouse, mixed with ruffles and swords. Gallants whispered in the ears of sweethearts, and called them according to the fashion of the

time, *mon cœur*. It was a general rendezvous, as the passages are now.

It was here that the mountebanks and charlatans most congregated. A character named Montdor here sold nostrums for all bodily ills, aided by a celebrated buffoon called Tabarin—a name familiar to Frenchmen through the theater and the theater of to-day, as well as through the history of that time. This clown stood on a platform, besides pulling teeth, gave a reply—as his colleague now does in the circus, and told wonderful stories of the cures of the charlatan's medicines upon the style of those given by Marryat. "Japhet in Search of his Father." For fifty years, Tabarin possessed the gift of amusing this capricious people, and left a legacy which remains in French literature: "O stupid men are! Nearly all live poor in order to die rich, whereas they ought to live rich and die poor." The buffoon has now passed into the repertory of the National Theater. He was the forerunner of the philosophic Turlupin, whose memory is honored and entwined with poetic evergreen a hundred years afterward.

HOW TO TREAT THE INDIANS.

"Yet, in truth, these tribes differ more widely, each from each, than the Calmuck from the Greek—in attributes and powers."
BULWER'S "ZANZIBAR"

Most people believe that the aborigines of this country are all alike in nature, temperament, and habit. I know, from actual experience, that the contrary is the case. In the Territory of New Mexico are four distinct tribes, with many subdivisions; and from personal observation I know them to be as much unlike one another as an Irishman is unlike a German. The Pueblo Indians,—residing in towns, with comfortable houses, tilling the soil, and living entirely upon the fruits of their own labor, with a republican government, the authority of which they more implicitly obey than I have ever seen any other Government obeyed; honest, faithful, peaceable, law-abiding and self-sustaining,—in no particular resemble the warlike and savage Apaches. The latter are cruel, cunning, untrustworthy, indolent, and dependent either upon the Government or their depredations for subsistence.

Nor is the difference between Indians confined to tribal distinctions. Individual characteristics are as strongly marked as

among civilized men. Some are jolly, open-natured fellows; others are surly, disagreeable people, difficult to deal with. Some are prudent and frugal, living in comfortable houses, husbanding their resources; others are careless and improvident, living in idleness and want. One becomes a strong friend of the whites; another always their bitter, implacable enemy, both being, perhaps, members of the same tribe.

It will at once appear that the Indian question should be studied from many different points of view, regarding our first neighbors as so many different nations, requiring various plans of negotiation and treatment, instead of looking upon them as one people, and adopting laws and customs which shall apply in the same way to the Pueblos and Apaches, Comanches and Cherokees.

I hear almost daily such expressions of these: "I wish all the Indians were off the face of the earth;" or, "Why does the Government kill them all?" I understand

those who profess these ruffianly wishes put themselves in the place of the Indian for a few moments, and then decide whether they would be better men, or better Indians than those we now have.

First of all, these Indians believe that the country they inhabit is theirs, and they pathfully tell us, "We were here before you came." They find themselves crowded back year after year by the onward march of civilization, their best lands appropriated, their game killed and driven away, and themselves forced into the mountains and other portions of country as yet unavailable to white men. They go, because they are weaker people. They abandon the homes of their fathers, because they have not the power to defend them. They fall back before the advancing white man, because he comes with superior numbers and superior weapons.

Would the people of New York abandon their homes, and retire before the advance of another people, no matter how high their civilization, without a struggle? I am glad to believe not. Would such a struggle be less hotly contested; would its duration be marked by less cruelty, and would its progress present less of the horrors of war than the one now progressing on our Western border? I fear not. The death roll would be longer instead of shorter, the destruction of property would be greater instead of less, and the suffering of the survivors no less great and hard to bear, than that of those who survive an Indian outbreak.

But some will say: "Why do they murder innocent men, women, and children?" answer: We cannot expect an uneducated wild man to be more wise and human than ourselves. We look upon Indians collectively as responsible for the acts of individuals, and take our vengeance upon the man that are found, without inquiry as to whether we have the guilty person or not; Indians do the same. A white man does them a wrong, and the first white man they meet suffers the penalty. This method of punishing wrongs can best be cured by setting them an example of proceeding against the individual culprit.

From my observation, I am led to adopt the opinion that there is a great deal of *human nature* in the Indians. I find them controlled in their actions by the same motives which govern and control civilized men. In fact, there are, with our red brethren as with ourselves, three ways by

which they can be managed: First, they may be governed by fear, if they can be sufficiently frightened. Second, like other people, they are open to the argument of self-interest; and if the price is sufficient they will generally act from that motive. Third, like all other members of the human family, they have feelings of love and affection, and through them they can be easily governed.

If any one steps out to a white man with doubled fists and menacing aspect, and says, "You must do this, or not do that," the white man's anger and resistance will be aroused; and, unless the person attacked finds that he is overpowered by superior force, a fight is sure to ensue. Finding resistance useless, he will reluctantly yield, but await his opportunity to break from constraint and assert his independence. Indians are not unlike white men in this particular, and any policy which depends entirely upon force to keep them quiet must fail with them as it fails with all people.

There are few civilized people not open to the claims of self-interest. Better a people's condition, and they will give you their gratitude, and, what many American philanthropists think of more value, their votes. Make it the interest of the Indians to go and stay upon their reservations, and they will go and stay.

Love and affection, the strongest springs of action in most human beings, actuate all colors and conditions of men, and are not less strong among the most savage than among the most civilized people.

Holding these views, I believe that violence should not be used against Indians, except when they become intractable without cause, and leave their reservations to commit depredations; *excepting, of course, when crime is committed among them.* I believe the Government can, and is in duty bound to afford subsistence and clothing where needed to Indians who will remain upon reservations; and that the expense of thus providing for them is far less than the cost of carrying on a war against a people living in regions often almost inaccessible to troops.

My opinion is, that the salary of Indian agents should be increased to such an amount as will secure men of first class ability to discharge the delicate duties intrusted to them. The present salary of agents (fifteen hundred dollars per annum) brings into the field three classes of men, not any one of which furnishes the kind of men needed,

viz.: worthless men, with too little ability to make a living at home, who have no idea of the real duties of their position, and who fail to gain the confidence of the Indians, and, at the same time, are too weak to protect either the Government or the Indians from the bad white men of the frontier; who think it no sin to rob the public treasury, to steal from Indians, and too often to take such action as will lead to Indian outbreaks, in order that they may profit by the increased expenditure.

The present salary of agents opens the door to another class, who lie and cheat to gain their positions, too often joining churches for no other purpose. Such men take the place to make money out of it, and are entirely unscrupulous about the means they employ. Certainly Indians will not be improved by such agents.

Another class, and by far the best, consists of men whose health has broken down in the East, and who accept these positions to secure a change of climate. But this is not the kind of men needed. Among so many, there are, of course, some suitable men.

The position requires men in the full vigor of manhood, well trained in business affairs, with mind, heart, tact, and judgment sufficient to understand the people placed under their care, and to secure their good-will and co-operation in the reforms they are charged with making. Such men can be found, but they do not work for fifteen hundred dollars *per annum*.

Such an agent would, in many places, save the Government many thousands of dollars each year, and under his management the Indians would rapidly advance toward a position of independence, in which they would sustain themselves.

The method of appointment adopted by the President is one that must commend itself to all men who desire the welfare of the Indians; but if the religious bodies making the selections would take more care to inquire into other necessary qualifications besides mere piety, better men would fill many of these places.

I believe the present system is at fault in another particular. There are now five "inspectors," who are changed from one district to another every six months. The inspectors' districts are large, and they must move rapidly to get over the ground in their allotted time. Of course little opportunity is afforded them to become familiar with the working of affairs in their districts, and certainly a cunning agent can cover up much

for two or three days, which might be covered by a man constantly on the ground. I would place a sufficient number of officers similar to the inspectors, permanently in a district, over which they could easily travel three or four times a year, if necessary, and give them full power to suspend any agent or employé summarily, and hold such officers responsible for the conduct of affairs in their respective districts. These officers should also have power to change agents from one agency to another, where such change would result in benefit to the service. The lack of direct responsibility to a superior power close at hand is one of the most fruitful causes of wrong-doing and neglect of duty by the agents.

I believe the troops stationed upon Indian reservations should have no duty to perform, except maintaining order upon the reservation and protecting the Government property. All hostile demonstrations should come from the outside, and when the Indians have once been collected upon their reserves, they should be made to understand that they are not safe outside its boundaries, and if found there, they should be driven back by troops. A few such lessons would make the work of the agent more easy upon his reservation. But all demonstrations made by troops on reservations only serve to unsettle matters, and make it difficult to keep the Indians at home.

I believe that a more general use of peaceable tribes as soldiers would save the Government much expense, and protect the efficiency of the troops. The cost of transporting recruits long distances to their regiments would be saved, and casualties would be less frequent. The friendly Indians would move against the hostile ones with more celerity and certainty than regular troops, as they know the country, and how to take advantage of all the mountain trails. The employment of Indians, when fed by the Government, would result in great economy, because service would then be rendered for benefits received. I am sure a regiment of men could be recruited among the Navajos, which would render most valuable service in fighting the Apaches, Comanches, and Arrapahoes.

Upon most reservations no subdivisions of the land among individuals has ever been made. This should be done at once, and all encouragement given to those who will build permanent homes, and resort to tilling the soil on their own account. All persons with fixed property are conservative.

generally the poor, starving, and naked men of any community who stir up strife, and bring about hostilities. But few Indians now have more property than they can put upon their horses and carry away. Let them acquire property not portable, and they will be as adverse to war as we could desire. Congress ought at once to provide for the survey and subdivision of these Indian lands; and the agents should do all in their power to bring about their division into families, each having a separate home. Most of the beef issued to Indians is received alive by the agents, and an average is arrived at by the contractor and agent, each selecting two cattle; the four are killed and the average weight is taken of the average of the herd. Of course, the contractors have two stall-fed cattle along with their selection, each probably weighing as much as any other two in the herd. Each agency should be furnished with a pair of scales large enough to weigh one or more cattle at a time. This expenditure would give the Government a large sum of money annually. All issues should be made only to Indians actually present, and a count should be had at every issue. The days of issue should be made as frequent as possible, because it gives the agent an opportunity to ascertain frequently whether his Indians are upon the reservation or not.

At present there are no means of punishing crimes committed by Indians against one another. My opinion is that the agent should be constituted a judicial officer to the extent of hearing and disposing of all minor offenses committed upon the reservation by white persons, either Indians or white men; and that they should have power to hold to bail, or commit to jail for trial by the proper court, all persons guilty of capital offenses. *I believe that all crimes committed by Indians should, if possible, be punished by the Civil Courts.* The judicial powers of the agents ought be similar to those of United States Commissioners. The sooner we show these people a way to have their wrongs righted without resort to bloody retaliation, the only way they now know, the sooner we shall make peaceable and law-abiding citizens of them.

Most Indian reservations are now infested with bad white men, who traffic with the Indians, giving them whisky, fire-arms, and ammunition in exchange for ponies, hides, blankets, etc., etc. Summary punishment ought to be meted out to these rascals. By getting the Indians drunk they endanger the lives of the agent, his employes, and the

surrounding settlers. Probably a short trial and a short rope would not be too harsh a treatment for these fiends in human shape.

The issue of rations, clothing, and other articles to Indians ought to be made, when possible, in payment for services performed, and never as a gratuity, if it can be avoided.

The efforts to educate Indians are now mostly confined to endeavors to teach them letters and Christianity. There is another kind of education which should be carefully looked after, viz.: they should be trained in knowledge of how to work, and how to preserve the fruits of their industry. My views in this particular coincide with those of most persons who have had any connection with Indian affairs. I believe that at every agency there should be an industrial school established, with suitable buildings, and a sufficient tract of arable land upon which practical farming and gardening could be taught. Instruction should also be given in spinning and weaving. Knowledge of the culinary and other arts should also be inculcated. Giving the Indians an acquaintance with the arts, and teaching them how to preserve for winter's use the products of their summer's labor, will give them an occasion they do not now have for the use of letters. Of course, such schools should be provided with facilities for boarding their pupils; for no regular attendance can be expected while the children are allowed to follow their parents from place to place; and while they listen to none but their own language for the greater part of the day they cannot be expected to acquire a rapid knowledge of English. Much prejudice would have to be overcome; but, with the right agents and teachers, it is possible to make such schools a complete success.

In conclusion, I regard the essential point in the proper treatment of Indians to be found in the "Golden rule:" "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Drive from the reservations all white men who have no business there. Punish with severity all who ill-treat the Indians or sell them whisky. Set them the example of meting out justice to the real offender, instead of inflicting retaliation upon one man for the offense of another. Stimulate them to become farmers, herders, and artisans, by securing to each individual the fruits of his own labor, and by rewards judiciously distributed. When such a policy prevails, we shall see peace upon our borders, and then, if ever, the civilization of the red men will begin.

AN ENGLEWOOD MYSTERY.

DEAR READER, have you ever lived at Englewood? If so, Palisade Avenue and Engle street, the stone church on the hill, the elegant neighboring country seats, the pretty, cozy, picturesque cottages, are all familiar to your eyes, as well as our dear, disgraceful little railway station, where the locomotive stands puffing, while restive steeds, the spoiled children of fortune, are reined in by liveried coachmen, and fat, good-natured little ponies, belonging in less fashionable houses, toss their heads, pretending to be frightened, and sober family horses gaze before them with the calm, immovable dignity which age and experience bring alike to man and beast. And perhaps, too, you know the very spot around which hangs this mystery—a sad tale, which it remains with me alone to relate, or leave forever unrevealed. Indeed, the latter seemed to me at first so decidedly the more generous course that it secured my complete silence; but now, when it is considered that there may be those living who long for tidings of two lives, which, to them, have gone out in darkness, why should any one deprive those mourners of the little comfort there is in a definite, rather than an unmeasured sorrow? Therefore I make this slight record—to those whom it may concern, a lost and long-sought link in a chain of sad events; to the unconcerned, a not over-merry tale to pass an idle hour.

The spot, I have said, may be familiar to you. "The sluggard's retreat" it has been called by those who knew not that it was without tenant or owner; "the haunted house" by others, who little guessed how well haunted it might be. It stands a forlorn little two-story building, with a great rose, in wild, unpruned luxuriance, climbing the piazza columns, and a dilapidated, dingy, broken-paned conservatory along the southern wall in the midst of a plot of ground, likewise going to ruin as far as nature can. Before the conservatory door is a rockery, the ferns and flowers in its crevices long since dead; the semicircular carriage-way is overgrown with weeds, and the flower-bed, which once followed its line along the edge of the lawn, is traceable only by the tall, uncared-for rose-trees, at equal distances, and the smaller hardy annuals which still struggle up through the choking grass. Around it all runs a rustic railing, broken in several places. Do you

know the place? It was not thus when I first beheld it. But that was long ago. Englewood then was not what it is now. There was no railroad, no busy throng of people eling back and forth to New York daily. A succession of fashionable houses along the road-side, no dashing by of elegant carriages. It was a collection of simple cottages, with two or three stores of wood on the main street, and off in the distance, on the Palisades, an isolated mansion or two. At that time, the little house of which I speak could hardly be considered within the limits of Englewood. I sauntered a mile or more away from where the station now stands before I came to it. It was a beautiful morning in June, and the sun shone brightly. On either side of the road were large fields fenced in, with here and there a patch of woods, the ferns and wild flowers clustering coyly in the shade of the great trees. Through one of these groves a little stream meandered, and I paused upon the rustic bridge—since supplanted by a new piece of masonry—to gaze down into the bubbling, eddying water. Then I went on, and soon, greatly to my surprise, in the midst of this uncultivated region, came to a little oasis, where culture seemed to have reached its climax. The simple outlines of the little cottage were lost to me in the beauty of its surroundings. I gazed upon a perfect fairy-land of flowers, shut in from the road by a rustic railing of artistic design, in which the sweet clematis and graceful Virginia creeper climbed, swinging their tendrils to and fro in the breeze. The color of those roses was something to remember—pink, white, crimson, yellow, in gorgeous profusion, yet perfect harmony. In the plants, every color of the rainbow was represented; but every flower, shade and color had its appointed place. The precision was remarkable. Not a blade of grass trespassed its borders, nor a weed marred the smooth carriage-way, on which were traces neither of wheel nor hoof. The sunlight glittered on the polished panes of the conservatory, the emptiness of which was half hidden by the drooping, swaying vines and ferns of the rockery in front, and the air was laden with perfume and the hum of bees. On the cottage piazza, in the shade of a climbing vine covered with lovely flowers, sat an old gentleman with snow-white beard, deep-set

reamy eyes, looking thoughtfully before me, while his hand rested in a careless caress upon the neck of a large dog, which pressed his head affectionately against its master's side. With that utter unconsciousness of self, which sometimes comes to us when standing before anything very beautiful, I lingered at the gate, looking in eagerly. The old gentleman arose and descended from the piazza. I stepped back hastily. However, as he did not seem to notice me, I took the path which led to the rear of the house, I resumed my position, and permitted my pleased curiosity to hold me bound. Through the bushes I observed his treating figure. I suppose he went to the barn. Presently he returned, leading a very beautiful white cow. He paused. I heard the wheel of the well rattle as the bucket went down; he was giving the creature a drink. It seemed strange that a man of his marked aristocratic aspect should be tending his own cattle; but perhaps this animal was a pet. Then there was the clink of a chain, and the white cow was tethered to a staple in the grass at the side of the house, and the gentleman re-appeared upon the path, walking toward me. He stopped short as he became aware of my presence, his brows contracted, and he bit his lips. He took a step forward, and then something—it may have been a generous impulse to let me indulge my inquisitiveness; but it seemed most like a sudden diffidence at confronting a stranger—checked him, and he turned abruptly and entered the house. I could not have received a sharper rebuke, and, deeply regretting that I had no opportunity to explain or apologize, I retreated precipitately.

The next day I left Englewood. But it was not for long. The place had charmed me, and, as the railroad was already in course of construction, I felt it soon would not be too far from the city to become my permanent home. Accordingly, I entered into negotiations for a little cottage, on a pretty plot of ground, which was soon to become vacant, and the next autumn my wife and little family moved to Englewood. Already changes were visible. More stores were opened, many new houses were in process of construction, and the little village had assumed quite an air of activity.

Once established in our new home, my chief object was to enjoy the country as much as possible before the severity of winter set in. Late into the gray, mysterious November days, every spare moment I had

I kept up my rambles. One day I found myself standing on a wooden bridge, gazing into the mist of little, interlacing leafless branches above me, and down into the water which flowed almost noiselessly past the roots of the old trees, the stones, and the dying underbrush. The spot seemed familiar to me. Suddenly I exclaimed to myself: "Why, this is the same bridge!" and off I started in search of my rose-environed cottage. It left such a bright impression on my mind, I longed to see it again. I wondered how it would look. Of course those roses had faded, but a clever florist has flowers for every season. There would be gay-colored dahlias and artemesias in the garden, snowy wax-plants, perhaps some late tuberoses, sweetly scenting the air; may be, rarer plants, I had never seen or heard of. I wondered whether the old gentleman would be sitting on the piazza, with his beautiful dog, and whether the white cow would be tethered behind the bushes. I hoped the old gentleman would be there. I should not stand gazing at the gate again. If I saw him, I meant to speak to him; to apologize for my conduct on a former occasion, and explain to him that it was the excess of my admiration which caused me to transgress. Surely, if he were human, that could not offend. And I thought, too, I would talk to him a little about various things, tell him that I was one of his new neighbors, had just moved to Englewood, and thus strike up an acquaintance. When I saw him before, his whole appearance attracted me; his noble brow, sad eyes, and fine, sensitive features had all a charm, and I felt that, if I could but overcome the extreme reserve which a single glance told me was one of his distinguishing traits, I might find in him a most congenial friend. I was not naturally a forward man, and I smiled to myself at the shape my thoughts had taken; but diffident people sometimes become very bold when confronting those they know to be still more retiring than themselves. So, with my mind pleasantly occupied, I walked quickly forward, and soon only a few trees divided me from the spot I sought. I passed them, and—but, how can I describe it? There stood the cottage, but, oh, how changed! Was it possible that it was the same? I looked at it, then down the road I had come, then at it again. There was no mistake. As a single line or feature on the face of a corpse may prove that the strange, stony countenance before us is the same

which in life we looked upon and loved, so there were certain traces about the place which made it unmistakable. Yet the changes seemed the work of years, rather than of months. I approached nearer with a feeling of awe. The gate on which I had leaned lay broken on the ground. The carriage-way was strewn thick with dead leaves, and the foot-paths were almost choked with weeds. All the more delicate plants stood dead in their places, killed by the early frost, while the hardier ones flung out their branches in all directions, creating a wild confusion, which it was difficult to believe was the growth of only one summer. In the rockery, everything had died except a few ferns. The conservatory was empty, its glass dirty and broken. The house was all closed, except one window in the upper story, and the climbing rose on the piazza had fallen from some of its fastenings and tossed its neglected branches wherever chance had cast them. It was a dreary picture. And what did it mean? I stood before it a long time. Then I walked up the road—it was a lonely road, without a single house on it; then I walked back again and stood where I had stopped before, and looked, and looked, and looked. What did it all mean? Why should it mean anything at all, more than that the family, who had occupied the house, had moved away? Do not all empty houses look dreary, and, in time, go to ruin? Was not the simple fact that I had come prepared to see one thing and had found something so different, the real reason why the objects before me made such a deep and painful impression? In vain I reasoned with myself. The longer I remained there gazing, the more powerfully I felt the weird fascination of the place; and I turned away from it at last, and walked home sadly, with the mournful conviction that some dark, melancholy history lay hidden behind that desolate exterior.

My wife, when I told her of the episode, seemed interested, but saw no just cause for the views I held concerning it. With a woman's quick fancy, she furnished me with half a dozen good reasons why the family might have left their home suddenly, expecting soon to return, and been prevented. Indeed, it all seemed so simple to another mind than my own, that I felt somewhat ashamed of my hasty conclusion, and resolved not to mention it further. However, I was too much interested in the old house, not to make some inquiries regarding it, and

I plied my few neighbors and the tradespeople in the village with as many questions as I could on the simple plea of idle curiosity. But it was a fact which struck me not a little—and which, indeed, did not go far toward allaying my suspicion—that no one whom I interrogated could give me any definite information. Some had never seen the house, others had, but knew nothing of its inhabitants; and the best informed could only tell me, that it had been occupied by an old French gentleman, with whom no one seemed to be acquainted, and that, as he had not been seen for a long time and the house appeared to be closed, it was supposed he had moved away. No one professed the slightest interest in the stranger or his concerns.

I was not satisfied with this. I determined to test how far my feelings were the creation of fancy, by a second visit to the deserted cottage. Late on a chilly autumn afternoon, not long after, I started out and sought the road which had now become familiar to me. The sun dropped behind the horizon just as I crossed the little bridge, and a gray, cheerless twilight, which was fast darkening into night, fell upon the landscape as I approached the solitary, sad-looking little house. Its outlines and immediate surroundings were only half traceable through the gathering gloom, but the bare branches of the neighboring trees stood out boldly against the cold autumn sunset. I looked calmly at the dreary scene, and asked myself if there was anything in it which justified my wild, unshaped conjectures. I hardly knew. I walked nearer, intending to enter, and at least examine the grounds and outside of the house. I paused a moment in the gate-way. Just then, some large dark thing darted suddenly across the path before me, disappeared behind the bushes, and a prolonged, blood-curdling howl rung out upon the air. Perhaps it is impossible exactly to measure sound when one stands alone, in a lonely spot, where a death-like stillness is reigning, but this seemed to me the loudest, longest, and most horrible I ever heard in my life. It echoed from the house, it echoed from the woods; it seemed to resound through the whole atmosphere—there was something infernal about it. Then the death-like stillness reigned again. I stood at the gate hesitating, and then—Reader, was I a much greater coward than you, under similar circumstances, would have been?—turned and walked hastily home.

It was hard to shake off the gloomy expression this second visit made upon me. That dismal howl rung in my ears again and again; I could not banish its reverberations from my mind. Of course, I did not connect this sound in any way with the history of the house; it merely completed the atmosphere of desolation about it. The woods on the Palisades I knew were inhabited; foxes had frequently been seen, and crows too—though by an odd coincidence these latter had never appeared except to solitary wanderers, and it seemed not improbable that some animal, prowling about at night-fall, had ventured near the deserted house. Still, matter-of-fact as I tried to be in my reflections, I found that the almost morbid interest with which I regarded that solitary little cottage had not abated, and I resolved to visit it again some bright day in the midst of clear, encouraging sunshine. Accordingly, on the fairest of Indian summer mornings, I started out. The day was charming, the scene so sweet, as I walked along the road, that I came upon the forlorn little dwelling in quite a cheerful frame of mind, and looked at it smiling half contemptuously at myself. I stepped across the broken gate and followed the path, the dead leaves rustling at my every footfall. I walked around the house, staring at the broken shutters, closed doors, and dirty, broken glass of the conservatory. What is so oppressive? Had the weather suddenly grown warm? I drew a long breath. The place seemed to me very lonely, yet now I would have started had a human being suddenly appeared! The dreariness is there in spite of the sunshine; but I continued my inspection. Near the kitchen door was a well, the bucket gone, and the wheel, over which the rope had passed, black with rust. I leaned over and looked down. Fathoms below, in a dim nether world, I saw my own face leering up inquisitively at me. I drew back and resumed the path. Soon I was in what must once have been a large, well-kept vegetable garden. It was a wilderness, but, though everywhere the evidences of neglect were prominent, traces of the large square beds and narrow paths were still visible, here and there defined by rows of currant bushes. The path on which I walked was lined on either side with rows of dwarf French fruit-trees. At the end of the path was another conservatory. It was dingy, broken, and dilapidated as the one adjoining the house. I turned to the right and went toward the

stable. One of its doors had fallen from its hinges and lay on the ground, the other looking as if it soon might follow. I went in. The stalls were empty; the loft contained a little hay; against the wall stood a few garden implements red with rust. I went out again, stepping backward a few paces to survey the exterior, but stopped suddenly, with a sense of danger; not unwarranted, for I was on the brink of a pit. It was about six feet deep, and at the bottom lay a mass of something—it looked like a half-rotten old sleigh robe—partly submerged in the water which had collected from the rain. An unpleasant atmosphere exhaled from this hole, and I turned away with a half sick feeling and walked toward the house. As I approached it, I noticed something white upon the grass near the bushes. A second glance showed me that it was the skeleton of a large animal. I went nearer. Was it possible! a broad leather strap was about the bony neck, a long chain attaching it to a strong iron staple driven firmly into the ground. Could it be that this was the beautiful white cow? In what agonies the poor creature must have died! The grass in a large circle around the staple looked different from all beyond, as if it had been gnawed into the very roots, and could not grow again. But how had these things happened? Surely no family would go away and leave an animal—a favorite, too—to starve to death. If unable to take it with them, they would rather have turned it loose upon the road, and given it, at least, a chance for life. There was, indeed, a mystery. Had any horrible accident happened? Had the family, perhaps, been attacked by robbers and murdered in their beds? I determined to force my way into the house and see if there was any clue to this enigma. I drew out my jack-knife and picked up a large stone and went upon the piazza, intending to break the lock of the front door. I laid my hand on the knob; it turned, and, to my utter amazement, the door slowly swung wide open. A narrow hall, and a small steep staircase, both uncarpeted, confronted me. I stood breathless. After a moment of dumb staring I recovered myself, and entered. My first glance was at the parlor. Bare floor, bare walls, closed windows and an empty fire-place, were all I saw. I then went into the dining-room. The aspect of this was the same. I looked into the kitchen, but solid wooden shutters excluded every ray of light. I ascended to the second story. Here the hall occupied one side of

the house, and two large rooms the other. I tried the first door; it was locked. I tried the second; it was open. The room to which it admitted me was, like those below, bare and empty, without a sign of ever having been inhabited. What did it mean? Had the family deliberately left the place, carried with them every scrap of furniture, and left that beautiful animal on the lawn alone to die its cruel death? There must be something behind these peculiar appearances. I stood wondering in vain, endeavoring to form some definite idea. I was just turning to go, when I recollected that I had not entered the second room, the door of which, however, between the rooms, stood open sufficiently to show me a bare floor and wall. I pushed the door back; but, when I had done so, instead of entering, stood motionless, lost in astonishment. Here were traces of an occupant of this strange mansion. On the farther wall hung a gun in a leather case, a military cloak, and an old fur cap. There was, indeed, no carpet on the floor, but a rug of rich material and design, though of faded colors, was spread before the very humble-looking bed which stood in the corner. A few pieces of furniture were in the room, and in the center were a chair and table, on the latter a few books, some writing materials, an empty candlestick, and among them all a large rat, with glittering black eyes, which it fixed on me half fearfully, half in defiance. I walked in, and looked around me with a growing, sickening sense of wonder. If the air without had seemed oppressive, within it was stifling. The sunshine poured in through the dusty window-panes and made bright squares on the unswept floor, but it gave no aspect of cheerfulness to the dull, close apartment. The very spiders hung in their webs, too stupefied to seek their natural prey, which buzzed on the glass only a few inches from them. Suddenly, with a sharp slam, the door behind me closed. The rat bounced from his seat on the table, and disappeared through a hole in the wainscot. I stood alone, rooted to the spot, in breathless horror. My heart seemed literally in my throat. At last I summoned courage and went to the door, desperately heroic, prepared to meet anything. I opened it, and saw before me—nothing! It was almost more startling than a ghost would have been just then. After a moment, however, I calmed myself, and was about resuming my observations, when—how shall I describe it? Something hot commencing at my

heels, mounted through my spine to my brain, suffused my whole body; then I grew cold all over, and felt my hair stiffening at the roots, as if it intended to stand erect. *I heard something coming upstairs.* It was not a human footstep; it was too light. The creature reached the top of the stairs; it brushed against the other side of the locked door, only two feet from me; it went along the hall to the door which was not locked; it paused. My heart went thump, thump, thump; not rapidly, but in great sledgehammer strokes, as if each one meant to be the very last. The door opened slowly; first on a crack, then wider, and then a large, thin black object, the ghost of a dog rather than a real one, walked into the room. The wretched animal seemed more startled at seeing me than I was at seeing him. He stood, with a look of terrified bewilderment, dilating his eyes; then that expression faded away from his haggard face, and he came and sat down before me and looked up into my eyes appealingly, with a glance so perfectly human that it almost confused my senses. I stretched out my hand and stroked his head. He sprang up and placed his paws on my shoulders. I started back, unable to endure those wonderful eyes so close to my own, and pushed him off roughly. He sank down dejected on the floor, without resisting or uttering a sound, but he never took his eyes off me for a moment. The miserable creature! what did his presence here denote? His size and color told me that he was the same dog I had seen at the cottage before. Where had he been in the interval? Not shut up in the house, surely, or he would have been dead; not free, for he was a mere skeleton. I went across to the window, his eyes following me. I turned again toward the center of the room, and for the first time the position of things there struck me. The chair in front of the table was pushed back a little, as if some one had just risen from it; on the table were paper, pens and ink-bottle, placed as if they had lately been in use; but the pen was rusty, the ink in the bottle dry, and a thick white coating of dust lay over them all. I stepped forward and picked up one of the pieces of paper, on which something was written. Simultaneously the dog sprang up from the floor, and, placing his front paws on the table, raised his great, glaring, eager eyes almost to a level with mine. What did the animal want? Was he an animal at all? I almost questioned. It would not have been diffi-

to believe him a human being bewitched, fiend in disguise. "Down, down!" I said, but he never heeded my words; only he stretched his neck to the utmost, as if he wanted to read the paper with me. Almost forgetting that he could not, I held it up to his eyes. He smelt all around the dog, uttered a low whine, then dropped to the floor again, and lay there quietly waiting for me. With a mixture of awe and interest I gazed on that strange bit of parchment. What could it mean? Carefully I brushed the dust with my handkerchief. What hand had penned those tremulous characters? Where was it now? What fabulous tale of human destiny might not be disclosed to me? The letter was written in French. The date—sad coincidence—that of the very day in June when I had lingered at the gate, admiring, half-entranced, the beautiful roses and that apparently sweet and peaceful abode. In substance it ran as follows:

"Friend, Stranger!—Friend, let me rather say, for to be shut off from his kind, a human being seems to me a brother—judge not harshly of him whose fate is here revealed. To dwell in total isolation, with painful memories haunting the mind, to renew my disappointment by renewing hope till hope dies, to be alone in the heart, and renders life a torment. The condemned prisoner is happier than I. To endure this is impossible. I go where I seek peace. In the next world I suffer too bitterly. The good God will punish me in the next. Farewell!
My little property I leave as the law bestows and I am unclaimed. If he dies not with me, have a care for my faithful dog. My body will be found not far from here.

"RAIMOND, COUNT D'AR—"

The last two, perhaps three syllables of the name were utterly illegible—possibly intentionally, though may be owing to agitation, and carelessness to habit.

The heart-piercing emotion of sympathy for the stone sufferer, an appalling sense of horror, and a wild hope that the paper might really be what it seemed, struggled together in my mind. But the hope soon faded. I read the letter again and again—could be only what it purported. But what was the dark secret of this lonely life and its terrible ending? I recalled the old man I had seen six months before, his calm, noble countenance—was it possible that he was capable of crime, guilty of self-destruction? His isolation must have made him insane—and yet, perhaps not. But the thought that the frightful event occurred on every day that I stood at the gate watching seemed almost to reproach me. Why

had I not spoken to the old gentleman? Why do we so seldom follow our most innocent and natural impulses? Why does society make so many artificial laws to keep us separate from our kind? I knew that nothing I could have said would have altered that man's life—but it might have altered his death. His past I could never undo, nor materially improve his future; but I might have breathed hope into his heart, and encouraged him to do much for himself. Indeed, at that very moment, when we turned away from each other, a kindly, cheering conversation on any trifling subject might have broken the train of morbid thought and feeling which led so quickly to the final tragedy.

Sadly I folded the farewell letter, and placed it in my pocket. The dog sprang to his feet, and, standing with one paw raised, looked up into my face with an eager, alert expression, as if ready for action. He ran to the door, then back to me, then to the door again, and returned. He put his fore paws upon my knee, in a feeble attempt at a caress, then took hold of my coat with his teeth, and jerked it. I arose; he bounded before me; I followed. He rushed down the stairs, out of the door, around the house, along the path through the vegetable garden, pausing every few moments to see if I were coming. Then he went across toward the stable, stopped short at the brink of the pit near by, and uttered several strange, short, sharp, yet half-subdued barks. As I approached, he turned toward me, his eyes wildly dilated. Then he sprang into the hole, out of it again, into it, and out, with an agility which only excitement could lend to an animal in his wretched condition. Then he threw himself down at my feet and whined and moaned with a cry of grief almost human. I believed that I understood what he meant. I went to the stable, took a rake and a hoe, and fastened them together. With these I reached down, and, fastening the teeth of the rake in the old, half-submerged sleigh-robe, drew it away—the dog uttered a wild, unearthly howl, which I recognized—I stumbled backward, recoiling in horror. It was as I half feared, half expected—the hideous remains of a human being lay before me.

As soon as I regained my self-control, I arose. I stroked the poor dog tenderly, and spoke words of sympathy to him, as if I expected him to understand me. And I believe he did, for he came and leaned against me, and looked up at me gratefully, yet sadly.

"Stay, Mourner," I said—that was the name I involuntarily gave him—"sit down here and wait. I will come back to you." And he did understand me, for he obeyed implicitly. He returned to the brink of the pit and sat there, mounting guard, while I hastily went away. I walked into the village as rapidly as possible, sought the sheriff and the coroner, and did not rest till I had brought them to the spot. The body was taken from the pit, a few stupid men looked at it, the verdict "suicide" was rendered; then it was placed in a plain coffin and taken away, and quietly buried. A statement of the facts was sent to the Detective Bureau, and there the matter ended. A few days later the following accurate account appeared in the New York newspapers:

"The body of an unknown man was found in the woods near Englewood last week. It had remained there too long to be recognizable, but from papers found on the person of the deceased, it appeared that he was a foreigner in distress, and had committed suicide."

And that was all the world ever knew of it. Some of our neighbors pointed out the paragraph to each other with exclamations of wonder, and then forgot it completely. The event seemed to make no impression. To be sure, Englewood was in a sort of transition state just then. Numbers of new residents had moved there very lately, and could not as yet be much acquainted with local concerns. Those who had lived there always were not excited on the subject, for those who knew anything, knew only that there was an old Frenchman living alone in a remote house, and that, after a time, he had committed suicide. The thing seemed to them more natural than astonishing.

On me, however, it made a very deep and painful impression. Perhaps it was natural that a man living for many years entirely alone should commit suicide; but why did he live alone? There was a mystery here unrevealed, and the thought of it haunted me constantly. I revisited the house and examined everything carefully, but found nothing which threw any light on the subject. I went there several times, drawn by a melancholy fascination. On one of those sad, quiet days, when autumn is just dying into winter, I lingered in the gate-way, looking dreamily at the cottage. As it stood there in the cold November light, it was a weird picture of dreariness. A fresh bit of pine-board, harshly out of keeping with its surroundings, announced, by order of the authorities, that the place was "for sale." I

wondered, sarcastically, who would buy it. The only sign of life there was a yew-tree on the lawn—and is not that emblem of immortality ever associated in our minds with death? I turned to go; but, noticing an old woman up the road, who hastened on seeing me, paused. As she came closer, I perceived that she was a person of marked peculiarity. Her figure was small and very slight, and her dress, though extremely simple, had an almost aristocratic severity of neatness about it. Beneath her white cap, silver locks clustered thick on her high forehead, but scarcely a wrinkle was visible on her face, and her large black eyes retained almost the fire of youth. She looked at me keenly while she was regaining her breath. Then she said, with a strong, foreign accent:

"Sir, can you tell me where lives Mr. Raymond?"

"Raimond D'Ar——?" escaped my lips involuntarily.

She shrieked, and threw her hands in the air.

"You know him?" she gasped.

"No," I replied, slowly; "but I know of him."

"Where lives he?"

"He did live here."

She looked earnestly at the old house and all about it; her lip quivered.

"And where lives he now?" she asked, softly, looking me full in the face.

How could I answer? I turned away my head, pretending not to hear. Inwardly I was struggling to form some plan by which to break gently to her what I feared must be terrible news.

"I ask you, where lives he now?" she said louder, and with a slight tone of impatience.

"I wish, madam, that I could prepare your mind for the melancholy truth," I began slowly.

"What! Is he in prison?"

"No."

"Where, then?"

"God only knows," I said sadly, and hid my face from her again.

With sudden violence she seized my arm, and, looking up at me almost fiercely, exclaimed:

"Tell me—is he dead?"

My voice failed me. I could not speak. A slow, melancholy inclination of the head was my only reply. The grasp on my arm relaxed, a wild moan of anguish smote my ears, and the old lady lay fainting at my

I raised her gently, carried her to the piazza of the deserted cottage, and then hastened to the stream for water. The little box, which I kept in my pocket, was now of no service. As I returned, bearing it filled with water, I noticed on the ground, where she had been standing, a dainty little leather case. I picked it up. A letter dropped from it. "Celestine, Countess D'Ar——" The last syllables illegible as before, was written upon it, in a hand I had seen but never, yet could not fail to recognize. I thrust both into my pocket and hastened to my charge. I held the water to her lips. She returned to partial consciousness, muttered a few disconnected words and then fainted again. I lifted her light form up in my arms and carried her home. My wife kindly received the wayside sufferer, gave her the best of care and sent for the doctor. I thought that very little could be done. The old lady lingered several days in a dull stupor, but with occasional lucid moments. She spoke to my wife and to me once or twice in French, but only to thank us for the services we were rendering her. On Saturday evening she seemed more clear-headed than usual. She pressed my hand warmly, when I bade her good-night. "You have been very good to me," she said, "I must tell you something—a long, sad story. Tomorrow, you go not away, you will have leisure to listen. Not now; good-night!" When she sank back on the pillows and her eyelids closed—never in this world to open again.

In the morning we found that she was dead. She had passed away very quietly, without a struggle. Hoping to find some information concerning her and her former name, I examined the contents of the little leather case in my possession. It held an exquisitely painted miniature of a very handsome man, set massively in gold, a short curly lock of jet-black hair, tied with a scarlet ribbon, and the letter already mentioned. This last I seized upon eagerly. I opened it with agitation. One letter! how rich, how little it might disclose. It was in French, dated three years before—though, I never cared for, it was more legible than that of only a few months ago. It ran much as follows:

DEAREST CELESTINE: My loved angel. One opportunity is granted me of communicating with thee. Wilt thou spurn my letter? I live alone in the wilderness, separated from my fellow-beings, and growed by remorse. Night and day I pray for thy forgiveness and for thine. Is it all in vain? Have both withheld forever? Shall the crime of

one rash moment never find pardon? Wilt not thou, whom of all creatures on earth I adore, judge me gently? It was my passion for thee which aroused my violence. How could I, eagerly hastening home from my long and perilous journey, know that in my absence none of my communications had reached their destination—that I was long since deemed among the dead? How could I imagine that my frivolous younger brother would presume to seek in my widow his wife? And even were it thus, how could I believe that so soon—but I will not reproach thee. I have caused too much bitter, agonizing grief. I dare not reproach any one. The result thou knowest. The doings of that dark and dreadful night are doubtless imprinted upon thy mind, as on my own, in characters of fire. Never can I forget, seldom do I cease to view the frightful scene before me. In my dreams at night, in my lone wanderings in the woods by day, it haunts me ever. Ah, how happy was I that night, when, secretly entering the chateau, I hoped to make thee a sweet surprise—and how quickly was that joy annihilated! Unannounced, I sought thy chamber. I found thee there, beautiful as in thy youngest day, reclining upon a lounge beside the window, the moonlight streaming in full upon thee. But thy head rested not on the velvet cushions—it nestled upon the shoulder of a man—and his arm was around thee! I knew him not. To me he was a fiend, and thou and I alike his victims. Revenge swallowed up all other emotion. I seized a dagger which lay upon the table before me, and plunged it deep, to the hilt, in his heart. As he rolled over upon the floor, I saw it was my brother! I know not how long I sat there, dumb with grief, watching his life-blood flow and his visage grow pale with death. When I struck the blow, thou suddenly wert gone. Again thou wert before me, clad in a snow-white robe, thy face still whiter. Thy words were 'Fly! If thou didst ever love me, save thyself! Here is money. Without is one whom thou mayst trust, who will guide thee safely. In this place, I myself will guard thy secret. Go!' No love was in thy large dark eyes, no tenderness in thy voice. There was but the stern command which I mechanically obeyed. Descending by a ladder from thy balcony, I found in the garden thy faithful foster-brother, Pierre. He led me I know not whither, changed my garments, altered my very countenance, and we went forth together and traveled from city to city, he as master, I as servant. At Brest, I read in the journals, that Eugène, Count D'Ar——, had been murdered in his own apartment, in his chateau, by robbers; that he was found one morning on the floor, in a pool of his own blood, Madame, the Countess, in a fainting fit, reclining near him; that the room was strewn with valuables, but the robbers, probably startled by some noise, had escaped, carrying with them only a bag of gold—the money thou gavest me!—which the Count had received as a payment the day before, and a day later would have deposited in the bank. It was believed that the robbers were leaders of a desperate band, that they had knowledge of the money, and that they were likely to be caught. It also said that one of the maid-servants had seen a man that night upon the terrace, but that he so resembled Count Raimond—who died two years before at sea, in the wreck of the man-of-war 'La France,' off the coast of Africa—that she thought it was a ghost, and dared not mention the circumstance for fear of the Countess's anger, and the ridicule of her fellow-servants. Thus, one short paragraph told me much in my own history of which I was ignorant.

It also showed me thy brave and ingenious device to save me from the law. I must thank thee for thy great presence of mind in that fearful crisis.

"The next day we sailed for New York. That is a wearisome place. The people constantly hurry hither and thither, not for pleasure, but for toil. They love not amusement, they love to gain money. I was glad to go away. My heart was sick, my brain was tired, I longed for quiet. We went upon a fine steamer and sailed up the Hudson River. It is a noble stream, broad as a lake, blue as heaven, with beautiful shores—but one misses the chateaux upon the hills. On the western bank is a great wall of rock, rising many feet in the air and extending miles up the river. It is called the Palisades. On the top are forests. I wearied not looking at it. I said to Pierre, 'Behind those tall rocks, in the valley, in the midst of the woods, there must be peace and solitude. Let us go thither.' We landed at a town called Nyack, where we passed the night at an inn. From this place we could see, across the river, the great prison. Sometimes I have wished that I were within its walls—in the hands of others I should feel less anxious than I do ever hiding and guarding myself and my secret from my fellow-men. The next morning Pierre hired a little wagon and we drove in a southerly direction on a road which goes along the top of the Palisades. Here and there we had magnificent glimpses of scenery, but a great part of the way we went through the woods. Now and then we came to a house. At one we stopped to get some water. Pierre, who, fortunately, owing to his long stay in England during his youth, was able to talk fluently with all whom we met, entered into conversation with the man. He told us much about the neighboring country, but added that he was going to leave it as soon as he could sell his house. This was an humble little cottage, with a few acres of ground, partially cleared, around it. The quiet seclusion of the place suited me. We made the purchase, and in a few days were in possession. In this instance, as in all others, Pierre has shown extreme devotion. Frequently he has gone to Nyack and further on my errands, hiring a wagon and bringing me household stores, trees and plants for my garden, and even window-sashes and wood, that we might construct a conservatory. The last thing he has brought me is a dog, a faithful animal, now my constant companion. In my garden I find occupation a great part of the year, and the most peaceful moments I have enjoyed have been those employed in working among my flowers. But a season comes when there is little to be done out of doors. Then I wander through the forest and watch the leaves turn gold and scarlet—gorgeous colors, such as one sees upon the trees only in America. I go also and sit upon the great rocks which overhang the river and look at the view, which extends miles and miles away. In the dim distance I see the great noisy city and the harbor of New York, the East River, Long Island, the Sound; next a wide tract of country all unknown to me; then the opposite shore of the Hudson, studded with little towns and fine villas; I hear the locomotive and see the train flying onward; I see the steamboats going up and down the river, the trading sloops and pleasure yachts tacking back and forth, and close below me, at the foot of the Palisades, I see isolated little cottages, men at work, women hanging out clothes to dry, and children playing on the slope. Ah, how much of the world I look upon! How much human life I behold! But no living creature looks upon me—outcast of my race. In my anguish I turn to the rocky

abyss at my feet. 'One leap and thou art at peace! I exclaim—then I fall upon my knees and pray to save me from this crime. Rising, I glance again at my temptation, but hastily follow the narrow path my own feet have worn through the shadowy woods and seek my home. How sweet it looks as I approach! Who could dream of the sorrow it dwells there? Without is a rustic fence, a grassy lawn, once green, now scarlet, clinging to it and tinging its fragile tendrils in the breeze; in the garden the gay-colored autumn flowers are blooming, and the beautiful rose which climbs the piazza has not yet lost its leaves. I enter the house—but there is desolation! I have not the heart to make it seem other than it is. I indulge in no bodily comforts, I do not to disguise from myself what I endure. I endure a mockery. No couch so soft that could rest my soul! In a scantily furnished up room I sleep. Pierre occupies the kitchen. My food is simple, mostly the produce of our garden. His peasant's life and my early vegetarian habits enable us to live almost without meat, which I rarely taste, except in the hunting season. In each other we can find ought to do, trying to do each other and trying to forget. But the time when work fails; then comes thought, and, with it, grief to us both. I say it is wrong that a man's life should be sacrificed for the crimes of another. I tell him to return to France. Geneva, his soul, he refuses to go! Again and again I repeat it. At last he consents. Fast comes the day when we must part. When he is gone, canst thou picture what my life will be then?

"Ah, dearest Celestine, he will bring this letter to thee. Wilt thou read it? Has thy heart a soft feeling for the being who suffers so much, who loves thee so dearly, and whom thou once didst love? Mid all my grief, I am consumed with longing—it is to see thee! To betray now the secret we so long have guarded were madness—thou knowest I cannot go to thee. Wilt thou not come hither? What holds thee back? Surely, where thou art thou hast not joy. Thou art without husband, children, parents, brothers, sisters; thou dwellest in a house of which thou art no longer mistress, and Emil's proud wife is no companion to thee. What hast thou to love thee and bring thee comfort? Thou hast only rank, and wealth, and a broken heart. Come to me!—and all my life shall be given to seeking thy happiness. No longer will I live outcast from the world. For thy sake, I will again among men. I will make for myself an honorable position in this foreign land, and it shall be thine. Only two miles from here, and ever creeping nearer, is the village of Englewood. Often in my lonely wanderings I watch the inhabitants from a distance, or at night, when darkness hides me, and the quiet streets and gaze, through open windows, at happy family groups. The people are good, simple and true, and some there are among them refinement, culture, and wealth. Thou shalt be without friends; thou shalt not live as I have lived—and must live, if thou comest not to me. And thy home shall not be desolate. The elegant to which thou art accustomed it may lack, but every comfort shall be thine, and beauty shall not be wanting. Already, without it is lovely to look upon. When thou art here, it shall be even more charming within. Wilt thou not come? Thou canst not do so hastily, I know. Thy plans must be wisely laid and cautiously executed. Consult with Pierre. He has much practical knowledge and will find a means of escape. Couldst thou not go to another part of France, and, professing to waver in thy

enter for a time some convent; and when, of sight, thou art also out of mind to thy friends, to America, to Englewood, and, remembering instructions Pierre will give thee, walk out on the hill thou findest my house? Ah, how I will cheer thee! Think of me ever as standing at the gate, waiting and hoping. Thou wilt not disappoint me, dearest Celestine? Thou wilt not crush completely this broken spirit? The guilt which stains soul and harrows my conscience, thou canst not give. God only can free me from that frightful sin! But thou canst greatly console me—and not comfort thee? If we two alone of all the world must bear the weight of this dreadful secret, is it not better that we do so together? Cannot knowing the hidden sorrow of which the world is ignorant, be to each other what no other human being could be to either of us? Cannot we soothe each other the grief we dare not name? Will our prayers, uttered in unison, strengthen us by new efforts? Shall we not, hand in hand, do a little good, before we depart this life forever? Dearest Celestine, thou hast heard my prayer! At the time thou receivest this letter, for two days I will look for thee. I hope, I watch, I wait. Guard thee and bring thee speedily to me!

"Thy loving husband, "RAIMOND."

and thus was I admitted to the confidence of the dead. More or less of this sad tale I could gladly have learnt, but neither was it possible. The missing links in the chain of events I never could find; those in my position hung heavily about me. I could not reread what I had read, and what I had done I could never forget. My wife sent for a minister, and we had the old lady reinterred and buried. I saw to it that her grave, in the church-yard a few miles distant, was placed beside the nameless one, in which I had buried her unhappy husband's remains reinterred. Afterward, I placed a rustic cross, with an ivy climbing upon it, at the head of the grave, the simple inscription "D'A." and the name deeply cut into the bark. It was all

that I could do for the unfortunate departed. Alas, that it should have been so little!

Mourner took up his abode with me on the day of his master's burial. With careful feeding and kind treatment, his health and fine appearance were restored to him, but never his good spirits. He was a faithful dog, but always quiet. The children could do anything with him, except make him play. By a strange coincidence, or a wonderful instinct—I hardly know which—though it may have been simply that he was attracted by the foreign accent—he became devoted to the old French lady from the first moment he saw her. He would sit for hours by her bed, her thin little hand resting passively on his head. He could hardly be induced to leave the sick-room at all, and for several days following the funeral seemed greatly dejected. After that he appeared to accept me for his master, and I have found in him ever since a sympathetic friend and trusty companion. But he is very old now, and his strength fast failing. Perhaps, before this is printed even, he may lay down and stretch himself out for his long last sleep!

The miniature, the lock of hair, and the letters still remain in my possession. Time and again I have endeavored—as far as was possible without making the matter public—to find some trace of the family to which the unhappy suicide belonged,—personally, when I was in France, and frequently through friends; but always in vain. The particular circumstances of the case, as well as the contents of the Count's letter to his wife, have remained undisclosed until to-day. May the revelation be to some good purpose!

TO HOPE.

O HOPE!

No more, I implore,
Deceive me that I may believe thee;
For I know that the flake will follow
On the airy way of the swallow,
That the drift shall lie where the lily blows
And the icicle hang from the stem of the rose,—
O Hope!—no more!

O Hope!

Beguide yet awhile;
Deceive me and I will believe thee,
Though I know that the flake must follow
On the airy way of the swallow,
That the drift must lie where the lily blows
And the icicle hang from the stem of the rose,—
O Hope!—once more!

MADAME DÉLICIEUSE.

Just adjoining the old Café de Poésie on the corner, stood the little one-story, yellow-washed tenement of Dr. Mossy, with its two glass doors protected by batten shutters, and its low, weed-grown tile roof sloping out over the sidewalk. You were very likely to find the Doctor in, for he was a great student and rather negligent of his business—as business. He was a small, sedate, Creole gentleman of thirty or more, with a face and manner that provoked instant admiration. He would receive you—be you who you may—in a mild, candid manner, looking into your face with his deep blue eyes, and reassuring you with a modest, amiable smile, very sweet and rare on a man's mouth.

To be frank, the Doctor's little establishment was dusty and disorderly—very. It was curious to see the jars, and jars, and jars. In them were serpents and hideous fishes and precious specimens of many sorts. There were stuffed birds on broken perches; and dried lizards, and eels, and little alligators, and old skulls with their crowns sawed off, and ten thousand odd scraps of writing-paper strewn with crumbs of lonely lunches, and interspersed with long-lost spatulas and rust-eaten lancets.

All New Orleans, at least all Creole New Orleans, knew, and yet did not know, the dear little Doctor. So gentle, so kind, so skillful, so patient, so lenient; so careless of the rich and so attentive to the poor; a man, all in all, such as, should you once love him, you would love him forever. So very learned, too, but with apparently no idea of how to *show himself* to his social profit,—two features much more smiled at than respected, not to say admired, by a people remote from the seats of learning, and spending most of their esteem upon animal heroisms and exterior display.

"Alas!" said his wealthy acquaintances, "what a pity; when he might as well be rich."

"Yes, his father has plenty."

"Certainly, and gives it freely. But intends his son shall see none of it."

"His son? You dare not so much as mention him."

"Well, well, how strange! But they can never agree—not even upon their name. Is not that droll?—a man named General Villivencio, and his son, Dr. Mossy!"

"Oh, that is nothing; it is only the Doctor drops the *de Villivencio*."

"Drops the *de Villivencio*? but the *de Villivencio* drops him, ho, ho, *diabla!*"

Next to the residence of good Dr. Mossy towered the narrow, red-brick front of young Madame Délicieuse, firm friend of General Villivencio and Dr. Mossy. A dark-covered carriage-way was ever ready, and, with nightfall, its drawing-rooms sent forth a luxurious light from the curtained windows of the second-story colonies.

It was one of the sights of the Royale to see by night its tall, narrow line reaching high up toward the stars, all its windows aglow.

The Madame had had some twenty years of human experience; had been betrothed sixteen (to a man she did not love, but at that time a fool," as she said); on summer day at noon had been a bride, and a sundown—a widow. Accidental death of the tipsy bridegroom's own pistol had done it by! It left but one lasting effect on her, a special detestation of quarrelsome weapons.

The little maidens whom poor papa had doomed to sit upon street door-steps, nurse their infant brothers have a good "choosing" the beautiful ladies who walk by along the pavement; but in rue de la Paix there was no choosing; every little girl must own Madame Délicieuse or be banished, and as that richly adorned and regal favorite of old General Villivencio carried away they would lift their big, bold eyes away to her face and pour forth their admiration in a universal—"Ah-h-h-h!"

But, mark you, she was good Madame Délicieuse as well as fair Madame Délicieuse. Her principles, however, not constructed the austere Anglo-Saxon style, exact (you need, with the lattice of the Confession, not a stone's throw off?). Her kind and beneficent schemes were almost as famous as General Villivencio's sermons; if she could at times do what infantile Washington said he could not, why, no doubt she and her friends generally looked upon it as a mere question of surprise.

She had charms, too, of intellect—albeit not such a sinner against time and place as to be an “educated woman”—charms that even in a plainer person, would have brought down the half of New Orleans upon one knee, with both hands on the left side. *She* led the whole city at her feet, and, with the tact which was the perfection of her character, kept it there contented. Madame was, in short, one of the kind that gracefully invest from society the prerogative of doing as they please, and had gone even to such extravagant lengths as driving out in the *américain* faubourg, learning the English language, talking national politics, and similar freaks whereby she provoked the unbounded worship of her less audacious lady friends. In the center of the cluster of Creole beauties which everywhere gathered about her, and, most of all, in those incomparable companies which assembled in her own splendid drawing-rooms, she was always queen lily. In her house, her drawing-rooms, etc.; for the little brown aunt who lived with her was a mere piece of curious furniture.

There was this notable charm about Madame Délicieuse, she improved by comparison. She never looked so grand as when, hanging on General Villivencio's arm at some gorgeous ball, these two bore down on you like a royal barge lashed to a ship-of-the-line. She never looked so like her sweet name, when she seated her prettiest lady adorers close around her, and got them all a-laughing.

Of the two balconies which overhung the loggia on the front of the Délicieuse house, one was a small affair, and the other deeper and broader one, from which Madame and her ladies were wont upon gala days to wave handkerchiefs and cast flowers to the friends in the processions. There they gathered one Eighth of January morning to see the military display. It was a bright day, and the group that quite filled the balcony had laid wrappings aside, as all flower-buds are apt to do on such Creole January days, and shone resplendent in spring attire.

The sight-seers passing below looked up at hundreds and smiled at the ladies' eager chatter, as, flirting in humming-bird fashion from one subject to another, they laughed away the half hours waiting for the pageant. And by they fell a-listening, for Madame Délicieuse had begun a narrative concerning Mr. Mossy. She sat somewhat above her seat, her elbow on the arm of her chair, and her plump white hand waving now and

then in graceful gesture, they silently attending with eyes full of laughter and lips starting apart.

“Vous savez,” she said (they conversed in French of course), “you know it is now long that Dr. Mossy and his father have been in disaccord. Indeed, when have they not differed? For, when Mossy was but a little boy, his father thought it hard that he was not a rowdy. He switched him once because he would not play with his toy gun and drum. He was not so high when his father wished to send him to Paris to enter the French army; but he would not go. We used to play often together on the banquette—for I am not so very many years younger than he, no indeed—and, if I wanted some fun, I had only to pull his hair and run into the house; he would cry, and monsieur papa would come out with his hand spread open and —”

Madame gave her hand a malicious little sweep, and joined heartily in the laugh which followed.

“That was when they lived over the way. But wait! you shall see; I have something. This evening the General —”

The houses of rue Royale gave a start and rattled their windows. In the long, irregular line of balconies the beauty of the city rose up. Then the houses jumped again and the windows rattled; Madame steps inside the window and gives a message which the housemaid smiles at in receiving. As she turns the houses shake again, and now again; and now there comes a distant strain of trumpets, and by and by the drums and bayonets and clattering hoofs, and plumes and dancing banners; far down the long street stretch out the shining ranks of gallant men, and the fluttering, overleaning swarms of ladies shower down their sweet favors and wave their countless welcomes.

In the front, towering above his captains, rides General Villivencio, veteran of 1814-15, and, with the gracious pomp of the old-time gentleman, lifts his cocked hat, and bows, and bows.

Madame Délicieuse's balcony was a perfect maze of waving kerchiefs. The General looked up for the woman of all women; she was not there. But he remembered the other balcony, the smaller one, and cast his glance onward to it. There he saw Madame and one other person only. A small blue-eyed, broad-browed, scholarly-looking man whom the arch lady had lured from his pen by means of a mock professional summons, and who now stood beside her, a smile of

pleasure playing on his lips and about his eyes.

"Vite!" said Madame, as the father's eyes met the son's. Dr. Mossy lifted his arm and cast a bouquet of roses. A girl in the crowd bounded forward, caught it in the air, and, blushing, handed it to the plumed giant. He bowed low, first to the girl, then to the balcony above; and then, with a responsive smile, tossed up two splendid kisses, one to Madame, and one, it seemed—

"For what was that cheer?"

"Why, did you not see? General Villivencio cast a kiss to his son."

The staff of General Villivencio were a faithful few who had not bowed the knee to any abomination of the Américains, nor sworn deceitfully to any species of compromise; and this band, heroically unconscious of their feebleness, putting their trust in "reactions" and like delusions, resolved to make one more stand for the traditions of their fathers. It was concerning this that Madame Délicieuse was incidentally about to speak when interrupted by the boom of cannon; they had promised to meet at her house that evening.

They met. With very little discussion or delay (for their minds were made up beforehand), it was decided to announce in the French-English newspaper that, at a meeting of leading citizens, it had been thought consonant with the public interest to place before the people the name of General Hercule Mossy de Villivencio. No explanation was considered necessary. All had been done in strict accordance with time-honored customs and if any one did not know it it was his own fault. No eulogium was to follow, no editorial indorsement. The two announcements were destined to stand next morning, one on the English side and one on the French, in severe simplicity, to be greeted with profound gratification by a few old gentlemen in blue cottonade, and by roars of laughter from a rampant majority.

As the junto were departing, sparkling Madame Délicieuse detained the General at the head of the stairs that descended into the tiled carriage-way, to wish she was a man, that she might vote for him.

"But, General," she said, "had I not a beautiful bouquet of ladies on my balcony this morning?"

The General replied, with majestic gallantry, that "it was as magnificent as could be expected with the central rose wanting." And so Madame was disappointed, for she

was trying to force the General to marry his son. "I will bear this no longer, I shall not rest," she had said to her aunt, "until he has either kissed his son or quarreled with him." To which the aunt had answered that, "coûte que coûte, he need not cry about it;" nor did she. The General's compliment had foiled her. Thrust, she answered gayly to the effect that enough was enough; "but, ah! General, dropping her voice to an undertone, you had heard what some of those young buds said of you!"

The old General pricked up like a country beau. Madame laughed to hear the "Monsieur Peacock, I have thee," and aloud she said gravely:

"Come into the drawing-room, if you please, and seat yourself. You must be greatly fatigued."

The friends who waited below overtook the invitation.

"Au revoir, General," said they.

"Au revoir, Messieurs," he answered, and followed the lady.

"General," said she, as if her eyes were overflowing, "you have been so kind against. Please sit down."

"Is that true, Madame?"

"Yes, General."

She sank into a luxurious chair.

"A lady said to-day—but you will be angry with me, General."

"With you, Madame? That is impossible."

"I do not love to make revelations, General; but when a noble friend is evil spoken of"—she leaned her brow upon her thumb and forefinger, and looked pensively at her slipper's toe peeping out at the edge of the skirt on the rich carpet—"one's heart is very big."

"Madame, you are an angel! But what said she, Madame?"

"Well, General, I have to tell you the whole truth, if you will not be angry. We were all speaking at once of handsome General. She said to me: 'Well, Madame Délicieuse, you may say what you will of General Villivencio, and I suppose it is true; but everybody knows'—pardon me, General, but just so she said—'all the world knows that he treats his son very badly.'"

"It is not true," said the General.

"If I wasn't angry!" said Madame, making a pretty fist. "How can that be? I said. 'Well,' she said, 'mamma says he has been angry with his son for fifteen years. But what did his son do?' I said. 'I th

g,' said she. 'Ma foi,' I said, 'me, I too could be angry if my son had done nothing for fifteen years'—ho, ho, ho!"

The old General cleared his throat, and smiled as by compulsion.

"You know, General," said Madame, looking distressed, "it was nothing to joke about, but I had to say so, because I did not know what your son had done, nor did I wish to hear anything against one who has the honor to call you his father."

She paused a moment to let the flattery take effect, and then proceeded:

"But then another lady said to me; she said, 'for shame, Clarisse, to laugh at good St. Mossy; nobody—neither General Villivencio, neither any other, has a right to be angry against that noble, gentle, kind, brave _____'"

"Brave!" said the General, with a touch of irony.

"So she said," answered Madame Délicieuse, "and I asked her, 'how brave?' 'Brave?' she said, 'why, braver than *any soldier*, in tending the small-pox, the cholera, the fevers, and all those horrible things. 'E, I saw his father once run from a snake; 'Think *he* wouldn't fight the small-pox—' 'By faith!' she said, 'they say that Dr. Mossy does all that and never wears a scapular!—and does it nine hundred and ninety-nine times in a thousand for nothing! 'Is not that brave, Madame Délicieuse, or is it not?'—And, General,—what could I say?"

Madame dropped her palms on either side of her spreading robes and waited patiently for an answer. There was no sound but the drumming of the General's fingers on his sword-hilt. Madame resumed:

"I said, 'I do not deny that Mossy is a noble gentleman;'—I had to say that, had I not, General?"

"Certainly, Madame," said the General, "my son is a gentleman, yes."

"But," I said, "he should not make Monsieur, his father, angry?"

"True," said the General, eagerly.

"But that lady said: 'Monsieur, his father, makes himself angry,' she said. 'Do you know, Madame, why his father is angry so long?' Another lady says, 'I know!' 'For what?' said I. 'Because he refused to become a soldier; mamma told me that.' 'cannot be!'" I said.

The General flushed. Madame saw it, and relentlessly continued:

"Mais oui," said that lady. 'What!' I said, 'think you General Villivencio will

not rather be the very man most certain to respect a son who has the courage to be his own master? Oh, what does he want with a poor fool of a son who will do only as he says? You think he will love him less for healing instead of killing? Mesdemoiselles, you do not know that noble soldier!"

The noble soldier glowed and bowed his acknowledgments in a dubious, half remonstrative way, as if Madame might be producing material for her next confession, as, indeed, she diligently was doing; but she went straight on once more, as a surgeon would.

"But that other lady said: 'No, Madame, no, ladies; but I am going to tell you why Monsieur, the General, is angry with his son.' 'Very well, why?'—'Why? It is just—because—he is—a little man!'"

General Villivencio stood straight up.

"Ah! mon ami," cried the lady, rising excitedly, "I have wounded you and made you angry, with my silly revelations. Pardon me, my friend. Those were foolish girls, and, any how, they admired you. They said you looked glorious—grand—at the head of the procession."

Now, all at once, the General felt the tremendous fatigues of the day; there was a wild, swimming, whirling sensation in his head that forced him to let his eyelids sink down; yet, just there, in the midst of his painful bewilderment, he realized with ecstatic complacency that the most martial-looking man in Louisiana was standing in his spurs with the hand of Louisiana's queenliest woman laid tenderly on his arm.

"I am a wretched tattler!" said she.

"Ah! no, Madame, you are my dearest friend, yes."

"Well, any how, I called them fools. 'Ah! innocent creatures,' I said, 'think you a man of his sense and goodness, giving his thousands to the sick and afflicted, will cease to love his only son because he is not big like a horse or quarrelsome like a dog? No, ladies, there is a great reason which none of you know.' 'Well, well,' they cried, 'tell it; he has need of a very good reason; tell it now.' 'My ladies,' I said, 'I must not—for, General, for all the world I knew not a reason why you should be angry against your son; you know, General, you have never told me.'"

The beauty again laid her hand on his arm and gazed, with round-eyed simplicity, into his somber countenance. For an instant her witchery had almost conquered.

"Nay, Madame, some day I shall tell you;

I have more than one burden *here*. But let me ask you to be seated, for I have a question, also, for you, which I have longed to ask. It lies heavily upon my heart; I must ask it now. A matter of so great importance —”

Madame's little brown aunt gave a faint cough from a dim corner of the room.

“Tis a beautiful night,” she remarked, and stepped out upon the balcony.

Then the General asked his question. It was a very long question, or, may be, repeated twice or thrice; for it was fully ten minutes before he moved out of the room, saying good-evening.

Ah! old General Villivencio. The most martial-looking man in Louisiana! But what would the people, the people who cheered in the morning, have said, to see the fair Queen Délicieuse at the top of the stair, sweetly bowing you down into the starlight,—humbled, crest-fallen, rejected!

The campaign opened. The Villivencio ticket was read in French and English with the very different sentiments already noted. In the Exchange, about the courts, among the “banks,” there was lively talking concerning its intrinsic excellence and extrinsic chances. The young gentlemen who stood about the doors of the so-called “coffee-houses” talked with a frantic energy alarming to any stranger, and just when you would have expected to see them jump and bite large mouthfuls out of each other's face, they would turn and enter the door, talking on in the same furious manner, and, walking up to the bar, click their glasses to the success of the Villivencio ticket. Sundry swarthy and wrinkled remnants of an earlier generation were still more enthusiastic. There was to be a happy renaissance; a purging out of Yankee ideas; a blessed home-coming of those good old Bourbon morals and manners which Yankee notions had expatriated. In the cheerfulness of their anticipations they even went the length of throwing their feet high in air, thus indicating how the Villivencio ticket was going to give “doze Américains” the kick under the nose.

In the three or four weeks which followed, the General gathered a surfeit of adulation, notwithstanding which he was constantly imagining a confused chatter of ladies, and when he shut his eyes with annoyance, there was Madame Délicieuse standing, and saying, “I knew not a reason why you should be angry against your son,” gazing in his

face with such simplicity, and then—that scene on the stairs.

Madame herself was keeping good resolution.

“Now or never,” she said, “a reconciliation or a quarrel.”

When the General, to keep up appearances, called again soon after his late comfiture, she so moved him with an account of certain kindly speeches of her own invention which she imputed to Dr. Mossy, that he promised to call and see his son; “perhaps;” “pretty soon;” “possibly.”

Dr. Mossy, sitting one February morning among his specimens and books of reference, finishing a thrilling chapter on the cuticle, was so absorbed to hear a door open, suddenly realized that something was in his light, and looking up, beheld General Villivencio standing over him. Breathing a placid sigh, he put down his pen, and, rising on tiptoe, laid his hand upon his father's shoulder, and, lifting his lips like a little child, kissed him.

“Be seated, papa,” he said, offering his own chair, and perching on the desk.

The General took it, and, clearing his throat, gazed around upon the jars and urns with their little Adams and Eves in zoölogical gardens.

“Is all going well, papa?” finally asked Dr. Mossy.

“Yes.”

Then there was a long pause.

“Tis a beautiful day,” said the son.

“Very beautiful,” rejoined the father.

“I thought there would have been a storm, but it has cleared off,” said the son.

“Yes,” responded the father, and drummed on the desk.

“Does it appear to be turning cool?” asked the son.

“No; it does not appear to be turning cool at all,” was the answer.

“H'm'm!” said Dr. Mossy.

“Hem!” said General Villivencio.

Dr. Mossy, not realizing his own awkwardness, stole a glance at his manuscript.

“I am interrupting you,” said the General quickly, and rose.

“No, no! pardon me; be seated; it veils me great pleasure to—I did not know what you were doing. It is the work with which I fill my leisure moments.”

So the General settled down again, and father and son sat very close to each other in a bodily sense; spiritually they were many miles apart. The General's finger-ends

ping the desk, had the sound of far-away
rims.

"The city—it is healthy?" asked the
General.

"Did you ask me if——" said the little
Doctor, starting and looking up.

"The city—it has not much sickness at
present?" repeated the father.

"No, yes—not much," said Mossy, and,
with utter unconsciousness, leaned down
on his elbow and supplied an omitted word
in the manuscript.

The General was on his feet as if by the
touch of a spring.

"I must go!"

"Ah! no, papa," said the son.

"But yes, I must."

"But wait, papa, I had just now some-
thing to speak of——"

"Well?" said the General, standing with
his hand on the door, and with rather a dark
countenance.

Dr. Mossy touched his fingers to his fore-
head, trying to remember.

"I fear I have——ah! I rejoice to see your
name before the public, dear papa, and at
the head of the ticket."

The General's displeasure sank down like
an eagle's feathers. He smiled thankfully,
and bowed.

"My friends compelled me," he said.

"They think you will be elected?"

"They will not doubt it. But what think
you, my son?"

Now the son had a conviction which it
would have been madness to express, so he
only said:

"They could not elect one more faithful."

The General bowed solemnly.

"Perhaps the people will think so; my
friends believe they will."

"Your friends who have used your name
could help you as much as they can, papa,"
said the Doctor. "Myself, I should like to
assist you, papa, if I could."

"A-bah!" said the pleased father, incred-
ulously.

"But, yes," said the son.

A thrill of delight filled the General's
soul. *This* was like a son.

"Thank you, my son! I thank you much, Ah,
Mossy, my dear boy, you make me happy!"

"But," added Mossy, realizing with a tre-
mor how far he had gone, "I see not how it
is possible."

The General's chin dropped.

"Not being a public man," continued the
Doctor; "unless, indeed, my pen—you might
list my pen."

He paused with a smile of bashful inquiry.
The General stood aghast for a moment, and
then caught the idea.

"Certainly! cer-tain-ly! ha, ha, ha!"—
backing out of the door—"certainly! Ah!
Mossy, you are right, to be sure; to make a
complete world we must have swords *and*
pens. Well, my son, 'au revoir;' no, I can-
not stay—I will return. I hasten to tell my
friends that the pen of Dr. Mossy is on our
side! Adieu, dear son."

Standing outside on the banquette he
bowed—not to Dr. Mossy, but to the balcony
of the big red-brick front—a most sunshiny
smile, and departed.

The very next morning, as if fate had
ordered it, the Villivicencio ticket was at-
tacked—ambushed, as it were, from behind
the American newspaper. The onslaught
was—at least General Villivicencio said it
was—absolutely ruffianly. Never had all
the lofty courtesies and formalities of chival-
ric contest been so completely ignored.
Poisoned balls—at least personal epithets—
were used. The General himself was called
"antiquated!" The friends who had nomi-
nated him, they were positively sneered at;
dubbed "fossils," "old ladies," and their
caucus termed "irresponsible"—thunder and
lightning! gentlemen of honor to be called
"not responsible!" It was asserted that the
nomination was made secretly, in a private
house, by two or three unauthorized harum-
scarums (that touched the very bone) who
had with more caution than propriety with-
held their names. The article was headed,
"The Crayfish-eaters' Ticket." It continued
farther to say that, had not the publication
of this ticket been regarded as a dull hoax,
it would not have been suffered to pass for
two weeks unchallenged, and that it was
now high time the universal wish should be
realized in its withdrawal.

Among the earliest readers of this produc-
tion was the young Madame. She first en-
joyed a quiet gleeful smile over it, and then
called:

"Nannie, here, take this down to Dr.
Mossy—stop." She marked the communi-
cation heavily with her gold pencil. "No
answer; he need not return it."

About the same hour, and in a neighbor-
ing street, one of the "not responsibles"
knocked on the Villivicencio castle gate.
The General invited him into his bedroom.
With a short and strictly profane harangue
the visitor produced the offensive newspaper,
and was about to begin reading, when one
of those loud nasal blasts, so peculiar to the

Gaul, resounded at the gate, and another "not responsible" entered, more excited, if possible, than the first. Several minutes were spent in exchanging fierce sentiments and slapping the palm of the left hand rapidly with the back of the right. Presently there was a pause for breath.

"Alphonse, proceed to read," said the General, sitting up in bed.

"De Crayfish-eaters' Ticket"—began Alphonse; but a third rapping at the gate interrupted him, and a third "irresponsible" reinforced their number, talking loudly and wildly to the waiting-man as he came up the hall.

Finally, Alphonse read the article. Little by little the incensed gentlemen gave it a hearing, now two words and now three, interrupting it to rip out long, rasping maledictions, and wag their forefingers at each other as they strode ferociously about the apartment.

As Alphonse reached the close, and dashed the paper to the floor, the whole quartette, in terrific unison, cried for the blood of the editor.

But hereupon the General spoke with authority.

"No, Messieurs," he said, buttoning his dressing-gown savagely, "you shall not fight him. I forbid it—you shall not!"

"But," cried the three at once, "one of us must fight, and you—you cannot; if *you* fight our cause is lost! The candidate must not fight."

"Hah-h! Messieurs," cried the hero, beating his breast and lifting his eyes, "grace au ciel. I have a son. Yes, my beloved friends, a son who shall call the villain out and make him pay for his impudence with blood, or eat his words in to-morrow morning's paper. Heaven be thanked that gave me a son for this occasion! I shall see him at once—as soon as I can dress."

"We will go with you."

"No, gentlemen, let me see my son alone. I can meet you at Maspero's in two hours. Adieu, my dear friends."

He was resolved.

"Au revoir," said the dear friends.

Shortly after, cane in hand, General Villivencio moved with an ireful stride up the banquette of rue Royale. Just as he passed the red-brick front one of the batten shutters opened the faintest bit, and a certain pair of lovely eyes looked after him, without any of that round simplicity which we have before discovered in them. As he half turned to knock at his son's door he glanced

at this very shutter, but it was as tightly closed as though the house were an enchanted palace.

Dr. Mossy's door, on the contrary, swung ajar when he knocked, and the General entered.

"Well, my son, have you seen that newspaper? No, I think not. I *see* you have not, since your cheeks are not red with shame and anger."

Dr. Mossy looked up with astonishment from the desk where he sat writing.

"What is that, papa?"

"My faith! Mossy, is it possible you have not heard of the attack upon the paper which has surprised and exasperated the city this morning?"

"No," said Dr. Mossy, with still greater surprise, and laying his hand on the arm of his chair.

His father put on a dying look. "My soul!" At that moment his glance fell upon the paper which had been sent in to Madame Délicieuse. "But, Mossy, my son," he screamed, "*there* it is!" striking rapidly with one finger—"there! there! there! read it! It calls me 'not responsible' 'not responsible' it calls me! Read! read!"

"But, papa," said the quiet little Doctor, rising, and accepting the crumpled paper thrust at him. "I have read this. If it is it, well, then, already I am preparing to respond to it."

The General seized him violently, and spreading a suffocating kiss on his forehead sealed it with an affectionate oath.

"Ah, Mossy, my boy, you are glorious! You had begun already to write! You are glorious! Read to me what you have written, my son."

The Doctor took up a bit of manuscript and, resuming his chair, began:

"*Messrs. Editors: On your journal of to-morrow*"—

"Eh! how! you have not written it in English, is it, son?"

"But, yes, papa."

"'Tis a vile tongue," said the General, "but, if it is necessary—proceed."

"*Messrs. Editors: On your journal of to-morrow is published an editorial article upon the Villivencio ticket, which is plentiful and abundant with mistakes. Who is the author or writer of the above said editorial article, your correspondent does at present ignore, and doubts not he is one who, hasty to form an opinion, will yet, however, make his assent to the correction of some errors and mistakes which*"—

"Bah!" cried the General.
 Dr. Mossy looked up, blushing crimson.
 "Bah!" cried the General, still more forcibly. "Bêtise!"
 "How?" asked the gentle son.
 "'Tis all nonsent!" cried the General, bursting into English. "Hail you 'ave to say is: 'Sieur Editeurs! I want you s'all to check some lies on you' paper about mon frere et ses amis!"
 "Ah-h!" said Dr. Mossy, in a tone of confusion and anger.
 His father gazed at him in mute astonishment. He stood beside his disorderly little desk, his small form drawn up, a hand thrust into his breast, and that look of invincibility in his eyes such as blue eyes sometimes surprise us with.
 "You want me to fight," he said.
 "My faith!" gasped the General, loosening in all his joints. "I believe—you may cut me in pieces if I do not believe you are going to reason it out in the newspaper! Fight? If I want you to fight? Upon my soul, I believe you do not want to fight!"
 "No," said Mossy.
 "My God!" whispered the General. His heart seemed to break.
 "Yes," said the steadily gazing Doctor, his lips trembling as he opened them. "Yes, my God. I am afraid!"
 "Afraid!" gasped the General.
 "Yes," rang out the Doctor, "afraid; said! God forbid that I should not be afraid. But I will tell you what I do not fear—I call your affairs of honor—murder!"
 "My son!" cried the father.
 "I retract," cried the son; "consider it said. I will never reproach my father."
 "It is well," said the father. "I was wrong. It is my quarrel. I go to settle it myself."
 Dr. Mossy moved quickly between his father and the door. General Villivencio stood before him utterly bowed down.
 "What will you?" sadly demanded the old man.
 "Papa," said the son, with much tenderness, "I cannot permit you. Fifteen years we were strangers, and yesterday were friends. You must not leave me so. I will not settle this quarrel for you. You must leave me. I am pledged to your service."
 The peace-loving little Doctor did not mean "to settle," but "to adjust." He felt an instant that he was misunderstood; yet, as quiet people are apt to do, though not

wishing to deceive, he let the misinterpretation stand. In his embarrassment he did not certainly know what he should do himself.

The father's face—he thought of but one way to settle a quarrel—began instantly to brighten. "I would myself do it," he said apologetically, "but my friends forbid it."

"And so do I," said the Doctor, "but I will go myself now, and will not return until all is finished. Give me the paper."

"My son, I do not wish to compel you."

There was something acid in the Doctor's smile as he answered:

"No; but give me the paper, if you please."

The General handed it.

"Papa," said the son, "you must wait here for my return."

"But I have an appointment at Maspero's at"—

"I will call and make excuse for you," said the son.

"Well," consented the almost happy father, "go, my son; I will stay. But if some of your sick shall call?"

"Sit quiet," said the son. "They will think no one is here." And the General noticed that the dust lay so thick on the panes that a person outside would have to put his face close to the glass to see within.

In the course of half an hour the Doctor had reached the newspaper office, thrice addressed himself to the wrong person, finally found the courteous editor, and easily convinced him that his father had been imposed upon; but when Dr. Mossy went farther, and asked which one of the talented editorial staff had written the article:

"You see, Doctor," said the editor—"just step into my private office a moment."

They went in together. The next minute saw Dr. Mossy departing hurriedly from the place, while the editor complacently resumed his pen, assured that he would not return.

General Villivencio sat and waited among the serpents and innocents. His spirits began to droop again. Revolving Mossy's words, he could not escape the fear that possibly, after all, his son might compromise the Villivencio honor in the interests of peace. Not that he preferred to put his son's life in jeopardy; he would not object to an adjustment, provided the enemy should beg for it. But if not, whom would his son select to perform those friendly offices indispensable in polite quarrels? Some half-

priest, half-woman? Some spectacled book-worm? He suffered.

The monotony of his passive task was relieved by one or two callers who had the sagacity (or bad manners) to peer through the dirty glass, and then open the door, to whom, half rising from his chair, he answered, with a polite smile, that the Doctor was out, nor could he say how long he might be absent. Still the time dragged painfully, and he began at length to wonder why Mossy did not return.

There came a rap at the glass door different from all the raps that had forerun it—a fearless, but gentle, dignified, graceful rap; and the General, before he looked round, felt in all his veins that it came from the young Madame. Yes, there was her glorious outline thrown sidewise upon the glass. He hastened and threw open the door, bending low at the same instant, and extending his hand.

She extended hers also, but not to take his. With a calm dexterity that took the General's breath, she reached between him and the door, and closed it.

"What have you?" anxiously asked the General,—for her face, in spite of its smile, was severe.

"General," she began, ignoring his inquiry—and, with all her Creole bows, smiles, and insinuating phrases, the severity of her countenance but partially waned—"I came to see my physician—your son. Ah! General, when I find you reconciled to your son it makes me think I am in heaven. You will let me say so? You will not be offended with the old playmate of your son?"

She gave him no time to answer.

"He is out, I think, is he not? But I am glad of it. It gives us occasion to rejoice together over his many merits. For you know, General, in all the years of your estrangement Mossy had no friend like myself. I am proud to tell you so now; is it not so?"

The General was so taken aback that, when he had thanked her in a mechanical way, he could say nothing else. She seemed to fall for a little while into a sad meditation that embarrassed the General beyond measure. But as he opened his mouth to speak, she resumed:

"Nobody knew him so well as I; though I, poor me, I could not altogether understand him; for look you, General, he was—what do you think?—a *great man*!—nothing less."

"How?" asked the General, not knowing what else to respond.

"You never dreamed of that, eh?" continued the lady. "But, of course not; nobody did but me. Some of those Americans, I suppose, knew it; but who would ever ask them? Here in Royal street, New Orleans, where we people know nothing and care nothing but for meat, drink, and pleasure, he was only Dr. Mossy, who gave pills. My faith! General, no wonder you were disappointed in your son, for you thought the same. Ah! yes, you did! But why did you not ask me, his old playmate? I know better. I could have told you how your little son stood head and shoulders above the crowd. I could have told you so many things too wonderful to believe. I could have told you that his name was known and honored in the scientific schools of Paris, London, of Germany! Yes! I could have shown you"—she warmed as she proceeded—"I could have shown you letters (I beg pardon of them of him), written as between brother and brother, from the foremost men of science and discovery!"

She stood up, her eyes flashing with excitement.

"But why did you never tell me?" cried the General.

"He never would allow me—but you, why did you not ask me? I will tell you, you were too proud to mention your son. But he had pride to match yours—hardly achieving all—everything—with an assumed name! 'Let me tell your father,' I implied to him; but—'let him find me out,' he said, and you never found him out. Ah! that was fine. He would not, he said, that only for your sake, re-enter your affections as anything more or less than just—your son. Ha!"

And so she went on. Twenty times the old General was astonished anew, twenty times was angry or alarmed enough to interrupt, but twenty times she would not be interrupted. Once he attempted a laugh, but again her hand commanded silence.

"Behold, Monsieur, all these dusty specimens, these revolting fragments. How do you blush to know that our idle people laugh in their sleeves at these things! How have you blushed—and you his father! But why did you not ask me? I could have told you: 'Sir, your son is not an apothecary; not one of these ugly things but has held him on in the glorious path of discovery; discovery, General—your son—known in Europe as a scientific discoverer!' All the blind people say, 'how is that, that General Villivicencio should be dissatisfied with

son? He is a good man, and a good
tor, only a little careless, that's all.' But
were more blind still, for you shut your
sight like this; when, had you searched
his virtues as you did for his faults, you,
might have known before it was too late
at nobility, what beauty, what strength,
e in the character of your poor, poor
!"

Just Heaven! Madame, you shall not
ak of my son as of one dead and buried!
if you have some bad news."

Your son took your quarrel on his hands,
"

I believe so—I think ——"

Well; I saw him an hour ago in search
of your slanderer!"

He must find him!" said the General,
locking up.

But if the search is already over,"
ely responded Madame.

The father looked one instant in her face,
n rose with an exclamation:

Where is my son? What has happened?
you think I am a child, to be trifled
p—a horse to be teased? Tell me of
son!"

Madame was stricken with genuine an-
sh.

"Take your chair," she begged; "wait;
en; take your chair."

Never!" cried the General; "I am
og to find my son—my God! Madame,
d have *locked this door!* What are you
t you should treat me so? Give me,
instant ——"

Oh! Monsieur, I beseech you to take
er chair and I will tell you all. You can
nothing now. Listen! suppose you
uld rush out and find that your son had
yed the coward at last! Sit down
l ——"

Ah! Madame, this is play!" cried the
tracted man.

But no; it is not play. Sit down; I
nt to ask you something."

He sank down and she stood over him,
guish and triumph strangely mingled in
beautiful face.

"General, tell me true; did not you force
ts quarrel into your son's hand? I *know*
would not choose to have it. Did you
do it to test his courage, because all these
een years you have made yourself a fool
h the fear that he became a student only
escape being a soldier? Did you not?"

Her eyes looked him through and through.
"And if I did?" demanded he with faint
hance.

"Yes! and if he has made dreadful haste
and proved his courage?" asked she.

"Well, then,"—the General straightened
up triumphantly—"then he is my son!"

He beat the desk.

"And heir to your wealth, for example?"

"Certainly."

The lady bowed in solemn mockery.

"It will make him a magnificent funeral!"

The father bounded up and stood speech-
less, trembling from head to foot. Madame
looked straight in his eye.

"Your son has met the writer of that
article."

"Where?" the old man's lips tried to
ask.

"Suddenly, unexpectedly, in a passage
way."

"My God! and the villain ——"

"Lives!" cried Madame.

He rushed to the door, forgetting that it
was locked.

"Give me that key!" he cried, wrenched
at the knob, turned away bewildered, turned
again toward it, and again away; and at
every step and turn he cried, "Oh! my son,
my son! I have killed my son! Oh!
Mossy, my son, my little boy! Oh! my
son, my son!"

Madame buried her face in her hands
and sobbed aloud. Then the father hushed
his cries and stood for a moment before her.

"Give me the key, Clarisse, let me go."

She rose and laid her face on his shoulder.

"What is it, Clarisse?" asked he.

"Your son and I were ten years be-
trothed."

"Oh, my child!"

"Because, being disinherited, he would
not be my husband."

"Alas! would to God I had known it!
Oh! Mossy, my son."

"Oh! Monsieur," cried the lady, clasping
her hands, "forgive me—mourn no more—
your son is unharmed! I wrote the article
—I am your recanting slanderer! Your
son is hunting for me now. I told my aunt
to misdirect him. I slipped by him unseen
in the carriage-way."

The wild old General, having already
staggered back and rushed forward again,
would have seized her in his arms, had not
the little Doctor himself at that instant vio-
lently rattled the door and shook his finger
at them playfully as he peered through the
glass.

"Behold!" said Madame, attempting a
smile; "open to your son; here is the key."
She sank into a chair.

Father and son leaped into each other's arms; then turned to Madame:

"Ah! thou lovely mischief-maker."

She had fainted away.

"Ah! well, keep out of the way, if you please, papa," said Dr. Mossy, as Madame presently re-opened her eyes; "no wonder you fainted; you have finished some hard work—see; here; so; Clarisse, dear, take this."

Father and son stood side by side, tenderly regarding her as she revived.

"Now, papa, you may kiss her; she is quite herself again, already."

"My daughter!" said the stately General; "this is my son's ransom; and, with this, I withdraw the Villivencio ticket."

"You shall not," exclaimed the laughing lady, throwing her arms about his neck.

"But, yes!" he insisted; "my faith! will at least allow me to remove my d from the field."

"But, certainly;" said the son; Clarisse, here is Madame, your aunt, as us all into the house. Let us go."

The group passed out into the rue Roy Doctor Mossy shutting the door behind them. The sky was blue, the air was and balmy, and on the sweet south breeze to which the old General bared his grateful brow, floated a ravishing odor of—

"Ah! what is it?" the veteran asked the younger pair, seeing the little aunt gladden them with a playful smile.

Madame Délicieuse, for almost the first time in her life, and Doctor Mossy for a thousandth—blushed.

It was the odor of orange blossoms.

THE AWAKENING.

FROM day to day the dreary Heaven
Outpoured its hopeless heart in rain;
The conscious pines, half shuddering, heard
The secret of the East Wind's pain.

Mist veiled the sun;—the somber land,
In floating cloud-wracks densely furled,
Seemed shut forever from the bloom,
And gladness of the living world.

From week to week the changeless Heaven
Wept on;—and still its secret pain
To the bent pine-trees sobbed the wind,
In hollow truces of the rain.

'Till in a sunset hour, whose light
Pale hints of radiance pulsed o'erhead,
Afar the moaning East Wind died,
And the mild West Wind breathed instead.

Then the clouds broke, and ceased the rain;
The sunset many a kindling shaft
Shot to the wood's heart;—Nature rose,
And through her soft-lipped verdures laughed

Low to the breeze; as some fair maid,
Love wakes from troublous dreams, might rise,
Half-dazed, yet happy,—mists of sleep
Still hovering in her haunted eyes!

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

What the Centennial ought to accomplish.

We are to have grand doings next year. There is to be an Exposition. There are to be speeches, songs, and processions, and elaborate ceremonies and general rejoicings. Cannon are to be fired, flags are to be floated, and the eagle is expected to scream while he dips the tip of either pinion in the Atlantic to the Pacific, and sprinkles the land with a new baptism of freedom. The national oratory will boast the figures of speech in patriotic glorification, while the effete civilizations of the Old World, and the despots of the East, tottering upon their tumbling thrones, will rub their eyes and sleepily inquire, "What's the row?" The Centennial is expected to celebrate in a fitting way—somewhat dimly appreciated, it is true—the birth of a nation.

Well, the object is a good one. When the old colonies declared themselves free, they took a grand leap in the march of progress; but now, before we begin our celebration of this event, would it not be for us to inquire whether we have a nation? In a large number of the States of this country there exists not only a belief that the United States do not constitute a nation, but a theory of State rights which holds that they ever shall become one. We hear that the perturbed condition of the Southern mind. We hear it said that multitudes there are just as dissatisfied as they were during the civil war. This, we believe, we are justified in denying. Before the war we had a theory of State rights. They fought to establish that theory, and they now speak of the result as "the lost cause." They are not actively in rebellion, and they do not propose to be. They do not hope for the re-establishment of slavery. They fight bravely and well to establish their theory, but the majority was against them; and if the result of the war emphasized any fact, it was that *en masse* the people of the United States constitute a nation—divisible in constituents, in interest, in destiny. The result of the war was without significance, if it did not mean that the United States constitute a nation which cannot be divided; which will not permit itself to be divided; which is integral, indissoluble, and indestructible. We do not care what theories of State rights are entertained outside of this. State rights, in all the States, should be jealously guarded, and by all legitimate means, defended. New York should be as jealous of her State prerogatives as South Carolina or Louisiana; but this theory which makes the bands of the Union a rope of sand, and of the States a collection of petty nationalities that can at liberty be severed by the bands which hold them together, is forever exploded. It has been tested at the point of the sabre. It went down in blood, and went down for all time. Its adherents may mourn over the fact, but we can never cease to mourn over the events which accompanied it, over the sad, incalculable cost to them and to those who opposed them. The great

point with them is to recognize the fact that, for richer for poorer, in sickness and health, until death do us part, these United States constitute a nation; that we are to live, grow, prosper, and suffer together, united by bands that cannot be sundered.

Unless this fact is fully recognized throughout the Union, our Centennial will be but a hollow mockery. If we are to celebrate anything worth celebrating, it is the birth of a nation. If we are to celebrate anything worth celebrating, it should be by the whole heart and united voice of the nation. If we can make the Centennial an occasion for emphasizing the great lesson of the war, and universally assenting to the results of the war, it will, indeed, be worth all the money expended upon and the time devoted to it. If around the old Altars of Liberty we cannot rejoin our hands in brotherly affection and national loyalty, let us spike the cannon that will only proclaim our weakness, put our flags at half-mast, smother our eagles, eat our ashes, and wait for our American aloe to give us a better blossoming.

A few weeks ago, Mr. Jefferson Davis, the ex-President of the Confederacy, was reported to have exhorted an audience to which he was speaking to be as loyal to the old flag of the Union now as they were during the Mexican War. If the South could know what music there was in these words to Northern ears—how grateful we were to their old chief for them—it would appreciate the strength of our longing for a complete restoration of the national feeling that existed when Northern and Southern blood mingled in common sacrifice on Mexican soil. This national feeling, this national pride, this brotherly sympathy *must be restored*; and accused be any Northern or Southern man, whether in power or out of power, whether politician, theorizer, carpet-bagger, president-maker or plunderer, who puts obstacles in the way of such a restoration. Men of the South, we want you. Men of the South, we long for the restoration of your peace and your prosperity. We would see your cities thriving, your homes happy, your plantations teeming with plenteous harvests, your schools overflowing, your wisest statesmen leading you, and all causes and all memories of discord wiped out forever. You do not believe this? Then you do not know the heart of the North. Have you cause of complaint against the politicians? Alas! so have we. Help us, as loving and loyal American citizens, to make our politicians better. Only remember and believe that there is nothing that the North wants so much to-day, as your recognition of the fact that the old relations between you and us are forever restored—that your hope, your pride, your policy, and your destiny are one with ours. Our children will grow up to despise our childishness, if we cannot do away with our personal hates so far, that in the cause of an established nationality we may join hands under the old flag.

To bring about this reunion of the two sections

of the country in the old fellowship, should be the leading object of the approaching Centennial. A celebration of the national birth, begun, carried on, and finished by a section, would be a mockery and a shame. The nations of the world might well point at it the finger of scorn. The money expended upon it were better sunk in the sea, or devoted to repairing the waste places of the war. Men of the South, it is for you to say whether your magnanimity is equal to your valor—whether you are as reasonable as you are brave, and whether, like your old chief, you accept that definite and irreversible result of the war which makes you and yours forever members of the great American nation with us. Let us see to it, North and South, that the Centennial heals all the old wounds, reconciles all the old differences, and furnishes the occasion for such a reunion of the great American nationality, as shall make our celebration an expression of fraternal good-will among all sections and all States, and a corner-stone over which shall be reared a new temple to national freedom, concord, peace, and prosperity.

Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI is a remarkable place. It is awful to remember how many hogs have been killed and cut up there, within the last half century. It is fearful to think of the multiplication of such tragedies as Dr. Holmes has depicted that must have taken place there—of the four-footed wraiths and specters which haunt the palaces reared on the bones of the popular animal. The people drink of the water that flows by them, as yellow as the Tiber. They breathe an atmosphere of lamp-black, and the ladies are accomplished in the delicate art of blowing the flocculent carbon from their ears, as it drops from chimneys that vomit blackness. The buildings take on the grime of age in five years, and look five centuries old before they are settled and have finished their cracking. We are told that they make beer there, and sell it. We suppose somebody drinks it, and pays for the privilege of doing so—which is a mystery. They climb their hills in elevators to win the prospect of a city which seems to have been burned down, and to be still smoking in its ruin.

But Cincinnati, with all its drawbacks, is intellectually and artistically alive. More than that, its people, though accounted slow in the latitude of Chicago, and given over to material things in the polite society of Boston, are intelligently public-spirited and grandly self-sacrificing. There is not a city in the Union where so much is doing at this time for polite culture, as in Cincinnati. A few weeks ago, a musical festival was celebrated there, conducted by our prince of musicians, Theodore Thomas. He found there an orchestra which he immediately incorporated with his own, and which melted into it without a jar—its equal in all particulars. He found a chorus of a thousand well-trained voices, gathered alike from the humbler and higher walks of life. He found a chorus of two thousand public-school children, trained in music as no other

public-school children have ever been trained in our country. Through seven magnificent performances following in rapid succession, and including works as Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and the Seventh and Ninth Symphonies, he led all these musicians from triumph to triumph, in the presence of cheering and applauding crowds, gathered from every part of the country. The festival was, perhaps, the greatest musical achievement of which our new country can boast—greater than New York has ever known, and great beyond New York's present possibilities. This triumph was due to unity of spirit and purpose, and loyalty to all the conditions of success. Girls of the best culture, trained in music by the best masters at home and abroad, were members of the chorus, who, in snow, and rain, and cold, understood by the drill-master all the long winter, took the honor of Cincinnati on their shoulders and carried it bravely.

But Cincinnati is not music-mad, nor devoted to music alone. She has a splendid public library, one of the best library buildings on the continent. She has the nucleus of a gallery of art. She has an art school, to which one citizen has given fifty thousand dollars. The ladies in large numbers are engaged in wood under a competent instructor. Other citizens are painting porcelain, with remarkable results. There is an annual exposition of art and industry, continually increasing in interest and in practical results, and attracting the attention and attendance of many thousands from all parts of the country. Her musical festival was held in the Exposition Hall. She has a new park that will be, when completed, a masterpiece. She has the beginning of a Zoölogical Garden, a Botanical Garden. One of the most beautiful lawns in the world adorns one of her squares, the gift of a private citizen. Another citizen has just expended fifty thousand dollars for music in the park, and another has given a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars toward a music hall. The men of wealth vie with one another in munificence toward all objects calculated to elevate the social, intellectual, and æsthetic life of the people.

Now, we have not written this article for the purpose of glorifying Cincinnati, any further than it may demand a recognition of all agencies tending to raise and purify the national civilization; but for the purpose of calling attention everywhere to that which is the highest use of superfluous wealth, and the true glory of a city. Cincinnati is doing for herself, not only that which makes her citizens freer and happier, but that which makes her respected and widely attractive. Under the influences which she is throwing around herself, the desire for vulgar display, the vulgarizing devotion to material pursuits, the greed for gossip, the false standards of respectability, the boastfulness of ignorance will go out; and, in a hundred years, she will have attained a higher civilization than the cities of the Old World have attained in a thousand. Material growth and prosperity are of little moment if they are not accompanied by generous culture. A city that has nothing to boast of but its wealth and

growth, is necessarily vulgar and contemptible. A city may be without a character as truly as a man may be. To have a city's head full of projects connected with the culture of the brain and the taste, is a great deal better than to have it filled with corn-lands and the price of wheat. It is well to get rich, but when one is rich, it is necessary to have a culture in order that life be worth living.

Well, we congratulate Cincinnati on its noble beginnings. We trust it will not get weary in its well-doing, but that it will continue to be, what it now undoubtedly is, an inspiring example for all the rising cities of the country.

The Next Duty.

THIS is an epoch of elevators. We do not climb our rooms in the hotel; we ride. We do not reach the upper stories of Stewart's by slow and patient steps; we are lifted there. The Simplon is crossed by a railroad, and steam has usurped the place of the Alpen-stock on the Rhigi. The climb which used to give us health on Mount Holyoke, and a beautiful prospect, with the reward of rest, is now purchased for twenty-five cents of a stationary machine.

If our efforts to get our bodies into the air by machinery were not complemented by our efforts to get our lives up in the same way, we might not find much fault with them; but, in truth, the tendency everywhere is to get up in the world without climbing. Yearnings after the Infinite are in the fashion. Aspirations for eminence—even ambitions for usefulness—are altogether in advance of the willingness to do the necessary preliminary discipline and work. The amount of vaporing among young men and young women, who desire to do something which nobody else is doing—something far in advance of their present powers—is fearful and most lamentable. They are not willing to climb the stairway; they must go up in an elevator. They are not willing to scale the rocks in a walk of weary hours, under a broiling sun; they would go up in a car with an umbrella over their heads. They are unable, or unwilling, to recognize the fact that, in order to do that very beautiful thing which some other man is doing, they must go slowly through the discipline, through the maturing processes of time, through the patient work, which have made him what he is, and led him for his sphere of life and labor. In short, they are not willing to do their next duty, and take what comes of it.

No man now standing on an eminence of influence and power, and doing great work, has arrived at his position by going up in an elevator. He took the stairway, step by step. He climbed the rocks, often with bleeding hands. He prepared himself by the work of climbing for the work he is doing. He never accomplished an inch of his elevation by standing at the foot of the stairs with his mouth open and his tongue hanging out. There is no "royal road" to anything good—not even to wealth. Money that has not been paid for in life is not wealth. It goes as it comes. There is no element of permanence in it.

The man who reaches his money in an elevator does not know how to enjoy it; so it is not wealth to him. To get a high position without climbing to it, to win wealth without earning it, to do fine work without the discipline necessary to its performance, to be famous, or useful, or ornamental without preliminary cost, seems to be the universal desire of the young. The children would begin where the fathers leave off.

What exactly is the secret of true success in life? It is to do, without flinching, and with utter faithfulness, the duty that stands next to one. When a man has mastered the duties around him, he is ready for those of a higher grade, and he takes naturally one step upward. When he has mastered the duties at the new grade, he goes on climbing. There are no surprises to the man who arrives at eminence legitimately. It is entirely natural that he should be there, and he is as much at home there, and as little elated, as when he was working patiently at the foot of the stairs. There are heights above him, and he remains humble and simple.

Preachments are of little avail, perhaps; but when one comes into contact with so many men and women who put aspiration in the place of perspiration, and yearning for earning, and longing for labor, he is tempted to say to them: "Stop looking up, and look around you! Do the work that first comes to your hands, and do it well. Take no upward step until you come to it naturally, and have won the power to hold it. The top, in this little world, is not so very high, and patient climbing will bring you to it ere you are aware."

Did he Succeed?

SOMEWHAT less than forty years ago there moved among the students of Yale College a young man, poorly dressed, put princely in bearing and in mind. He was bred in the country, among humble surroundings, but he was a gentleman from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, and in every fiber of his body and mind. Slender, tall, handsome, with an intellectual brow, a fine voice and a Christian spirit, he had every possession of nature and culture necessary to win admiration, respect, and affection. This man was poor; so, before his educational course was completed, he was obliged to leave college, and to resort to teaching for a livelihood; but, wherever he moved, he won the strongest personal friends. Men named their boys after him. Women regarded him as a model man, and the name of STILLMAN A. CLEMENS stood in high honor in all the little communities in which it was known.

He was particularly fond of mechanics and mathematics—a born inventor, with more than the ordinary culture of the American inventor. He had an exquisite literary faculty, rare wit, a fine appreciation of humor, and good conversational powers. Indeed, he seemed to be furnished with all desirable powers and accomplishments except those which were necessary to enable him to "get on in the world." He was born poor, and, the other day, after a life of dreams and disappointments, he died poor. The brown head and beard had grown gray, the spare

figure was bowed, and the end of his life was accompanied by circumstances of torture which need not be detailed here. The life which, for thirty years, had been an unbroken struggle with adversity, went out, and the weary worker was at rest.

The inventor's dreams were always large. They all had "millions in them." First, in an arrangement of centrifugal force for the development of motive power; then in a machine or process for detaching the manila fiber; then in a cotton-press of unique construction, for compressing cotton so completely at the gin that it would need no further treatment for shipping; then in a flax-dressing machine; and last, in a rollway which was to displace forever the present railway system, and solve the problem of cheap transportation. In the cotton-pressing machine he made an incidental invention, to which he attached no special importance, out of which others have since made the fortune which, during all his life, was denied to him. He strewed his way all along with ideas of immense value to all around him. It is not a year since he read his paper before an association of engineers at Chicago, exposing in detail his rollway invention; and it is said that on the morning of his death he was called upon by a capitalist, with reference to subjecting this invention to a practical test. It was a magnificent project, and we hope that it may yet be tried, though he in whose fertile brain it originated is beyond the satisfaction of success and the shame of failure.

Well, did our friend succeed, or did he fail? There were mean men around him who became rich. There were sordid men in the large community in which his later years were spent whose money flowed in upon them by millions. There were brokers and speculators, and merchants and hotel proprietors, and manufacturers, who won more wealth than they knew how to use, while he was toiling for the begrudging pittance that gave him bread, or floundering in the new disappointments with which each year was freighted. They "succeeded," as the world would

say, but let us see what this man did. He put every faculty he possessed for forwarding the great interests. He put all his vitality, all his industry, all his knowledge, into his country's service. The outcome is not yet, but the outcome is as sure as the sprouting of a sound seed in good soil. The wealth he did not win will go into the coffers of others. He never sacrificed his manhood. He kept himself spotless. He did not repine or whine. He was a man who saw him in his last years found him patient, the courteous Christian gentleman, bearing his trials with patience, trusting in the infinite goodness of God, accepting his discipline with more than equal fortitude, and still hopeful and persistent. He maintained his courage and his self-respect. He won and kept the respect of his personal friends. He went to his grave with clean hands, and his soul ready for the welcome exchange of worlds. He left behind him the memory of a character which money cannot build and cannot buy. It was an honor to be affectionately associated with him. It is a high honor to be called upon to do the lesson of his life, and a high duty to commend him.

Did he succeed? Yes, he did; and the community in which rest his precious remains could do no higher honor than to erect over them a monument bearing the inscription: "Here lies Stillman Clemens, who died poor in this world's goods, but poor in spirit, but rich in faith, rich in mind, rich in heart, rich in character and in all the graces of a Christian gentleman, and rich in the affection of those who knew him and were worthy of his acquaintance."

That he wanted wealth to bestow upon those he loved we do not doubt. That he wanted to prove that his dreams were not baseless, is to be presumed. That he dreamed of it among his dreams would be very natural. The dream had a true.

"That dream he carried in a hopeful spirit,
Until in death his patient eye grew dim,
And the Redeemer called him to inherit
The heaven of wealth long garnered up for him."

THE OLD CABINET.

"Let spouting fountains cool the air,
Singing in the sun-baked square."

ARE these the same people who were here last year? I ask, as I sit on a bench by the fountain, and the sky grows darker and bluer, and the gas-lights redden in the windows round the square. I recognize none of the faces. But even last year they were almost all new every evening.

It is curious to see what a quieting effect the fountain has: there is no loud talking. Indeed, all but a few are sitting perfectly quiet, staring mainly at the fountain—and unconsciously lulled by its delicate, monotonous splatter. A fountain has the same soothing effect as a wood-fire on the hearth.

One cannot help speculating about the thoughts of some of these people. At first look, no doubt,

most persons appear commonplace. But if you consider them for awhile, they take on a certain strangeness. So these commonplace men and women and young people, as one sits here and considers, begin to be invested with a new interest. In such circumstances, it is easy to attribute sentimental cogitations. The plain, lonely little lady on the next bench, with her brown dress and black bonnet and ivory-handled umbrella and black gloves—she is asking herself why he does not come; it is nearly time to start for the Hippodrome; ah! she sees him over her shoulder on the Fourth Avenue at Sixteenth street; and, involuntarily, her left hand goes up to her bonnet-string; her fingers make that queer little intricate

ular to the feminine hand, which leaves the bow shapely and elastic. It is natural to suppose that these are the matters which engross her mind. But it is quite likely to be otherwise. Nobody does come in contact, and it is very probable that she is thinking entirely of some stirring shopping experience of the day; something that engaged her thoughts actively for a short time, but had been forgotten—just as in the listlessness that precedes sleep at night, the interest of the day most engrossing returns and mixes with our dreams. The ordinary-looking man at my elbow, in trowsers of a gray striped pattern, black coat, and white stove-pipe—he is simply trying to decide whether he had better have his summer suit made to order, of English goods, warranted to last two seasons, at forty-five dollars; or buy a ready-made suit for twenty dollars,—in which case he would have more money left to buy a new suit of the same quality next year, instead of wearing the old one—the question resolving itself into a matter of cut, and whether an old suit, well cut, looks better than a new one—that—but, gracious! what is the matter with that man in striped trowsers?—he mutters to himself, “I shows his narrow white teeth under his moustache, and glares into vacancy—at what unseen foe, heaven only knows.

You see, mind-reading is difficult for any but an expert. When I was a small observer I had a way of slipping up and leaning close over the head of some member of the family, and imagining that our brains were one, and thus discovering his thought. I really seemed to myself to enter into the individuality of another, in that way; but I could never put my discovery into words. You see, also, that generalization is as dangerous with regard to humanity as it is with regard to art. Everything admonishes us of this, and yet we are so slow to learn. It was only lately that the newspapers were passing around the remark of a writer in an English scientific journal, to the effect that during an English spring it is always rash to speak of winter in the past tense. Whenever a person states a thing positively, he should hold himself in readiness to discover that a statement that seems to be exactly opposite is equally true. One of the advantages of having our criticism made by men of genius is, that, for all their prejudice and dogmatism, for all their insistence upon methods which they themselves have found successful, every now and then they cry out mightily against the shackles of precedent and convention, of dictation or advice, against the rigid application of any general rules or observations whatsoever. There is, too, a significant inconsistency about them, which itself enforces the lesson of freedom and hope. Ruskin insists that women cannot paint; he runs against the picture by Miss Thomson, and away to the winds with his theory and dictum. It does one good to read the master critic Lessing's protests against the generalizations of half-baked philosophers. And it is one of the pleasures of reading this book of Swinburne's ("Essays and Studies"), that here and there, in his multitudinous but often eloquent talk, he says splendid things about these hateful and hampering generalities. Take this: "All the ineffably

foolish jargon and jangle of criticasters about classic subjects, and romantic, remote or immediate interests, duties of the poet to face and handle this thing instead of that, or his own age instead of another, can only serve to darken counsel by words without knowledge; a poet of the first order raises all subjects to the first rank, and puts the life-blood of an equal interest into Hebrew forms or Greek, medieval or modern, yesterday or yester-age."

THE arrogant tone of much of Swinburne's book may partly be excused, when we consider the stone wall of Philistinism against which the poet critic must needs dash himself in his "youth and enthusiasm." American Philistinism is bad enough, but it is not fortified by such century-rooted prejudice, and such abounding cleverness among the artists themselves, as exist in England. The hoarse falsetto into which his well-tuned voice sometimes breaks, the loathsome invective in which he sometimes indulges, have, at least, an explanation. And also much must be forgiven in one who loves much. There is too little of enthusiasm about—too little of pure, unadulterated, buoyant, proselyting delight in—the works of contemporary genius. We do not easily give ourselves up to pleasure in anything—we Anglo-Saxons. That gentle traveler, John Burroughs, struck the true note in writing about his first view of England—the old mother at last, no longer a faith or a fable. "Why should I not exult?" he cries. "Go to! I will be indulged. These trees, those fields, that bird darting along the hedge-rows, those men and boys picking blackberries in October, those English flowers by the roadside (stop the carriage while I leap out and pluck them); the homely, domestic look of things; those houses, those queer vehicles, those thick-coated horses, those big-footed, coarsely clad, clear-skinned men and women; this massive, homely, compact architecture. Let me have a good look, for this is my first hour in England, and I am drunk with the joy of seeing." Swinburne exults; go to! ye who blame him for that. Look into your own brains and hearts, and inquire closely whether you have enough of either to see what he sees and feel what he feels. Disloyalty to genius—it is one of the crimes of our age as of every other! If we allow ourselves to rejoice without stint in any true poet of our time, we are almost sure to avenge later upon him our sin of enthusiasm. We are not content to sift the bad from the good, as our minds and tastes mature or change; but we sweep all his work aside together with scorn and contumely; and the fault of individuals is the crime of generations. Every poet, like every dog, has his day. Thank Heaven that long testing time holds its inevitable and indestructible reward. Meanwhile we can afford to bear with those who "read a poet, as he should be read, with enthusiasm," and praise him, as he should be praised, lovingly and strenuously. The painter with no splendor of color can match the charm of nature, though he may err in his graphic analysis of her beauty.

So much in favor of Swinburne's glowing eulogy of Rossetti,—marvelous poet and painter that he is,

and worthy of the splendid discipleship he has won. It is not desirable to discuss here the question of his rank, which Swinburne confidently declares to be supreme among English poets of our day. But there is a single critical point which may be spoken of in this connection; a vital point it is, too, and deserving of more argument than may here be given it. There are certain portions of Rossetti's work which are an abomination in the eyes of the Philistines, and have earned for him a reputed place in the ranks of what is called, with more or less of intelligence, the fleshly school. It is a singular fact, that among the English critics who denounce Rossetti, and that ilk, with the greatest virulence, are to be found some of the most ardent admirers of our American Walt Whitman. But, leaving out utterly all vexed questions of delicacy and morality, and all questions of art based upon, or in any way associated with, moral considerations, let us look at a certain tendency in Whitman and a certain tendency in Rossetti in the simple light of art and literary workmanship. I hold that it is not incompatible with the intense enjoyment of whatever is beautiful and whatever is great in either of these poets (poets between whom it is intended to make no comparison here, but who are now associated merely for a trait which they have in common), to feel and to maintain that certain methods which they employ are, artistically, weak and bad. The literary tyro and the literary sentimentalist, in attempting to give the effect of pathos, for instance, are both ignorant of any better method than that of downright statement. They say that the scene was *pathetic*, using the very word; telling, in a weakly, bewailing fashion, about this most pitiful incident; and calling upon the hearer to shed tears forthwith, as there is evidently nothing else to be done. This is the way a school-girl writes; this is the way that Dickens wrote. There is no suggestion, no mastery, no art in this method of producing an effect of pathos. Well, Walt Whitman desires to convey the idea of virility, and how does he do it? It need not be said how he does it, but his readers know very well. Rossetti wants to convey an idea itself essentially poetic, and in which love enters; and how has he done that in one notable instance? He has done it in language which, in its directness, though not in any coarseness, is allied to Whitman's. The effect is sought to be produced by means which, it is suggested, are not artistic, and which are the same as those employed by the sentimentalist in the manner above indicated. If it be urged that Shakespeare is almost as direct, but not as unpleasant, it may be answered that Shakespeare's mood and Shakespeare's art are higher and better,—more impersonal and more spontaneous,—which might be enforced with greater fullness if that were necessary.

ENOUGH of this, however. Enough of flaw-finding and criticism. No words that the present writer could utter would express his own profound delight in the work of, and his obligation to, Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Why will not Messrs. Roberts Brothers, who have already published his original poems, let

us have an American edition of his "Dante's Circle." Send for the English plates, Messrs. Roberts, and give us a duplicate of the work on paper, print, cover, and all. Let us have it as a Christmas offering in all our homes.

IT HAS often been said that the dividing line makes of America a posterity in relation to the works of European writers. In the view of geographical posterity how pitiful and wonderful seems the spirit of discord and hate hinted in these critical pages of Swinburne. Are cavil and reproach and calumny inevitably associated with the artist life? Must those who create and those who are the beautiful always be hurting each other, as the world did not rasp and hurt them enough with this? For a poet to despise a poet, that is something monstrous: for the poet himself should be the worth of him who, as Sidney said, with the forsooth cometh unto us, with a tale which he children from play and old men from the corner; and, pretending no more, doth interwinning of the mind from wickedness to virtue.

BUT we are still in the Square.

There is a question which one cannot help ask as he contemplates these thronging people of the spirit of youth, the spirit of youth, has it departed from this one or from that one? That spirit, I mean, which may be absent from the child and present in the gray-beard; that buoyancy and vigor which can make the hardest life happy, and vigor which the easiest life is stale and tired indeed. Perhaps this is the main question after all; for the spirit is not, how can faith itself have any but a barren existence?

How is it, I ask, with that group of three—the bare-headed Irishwoman, with her bare-headed child in her lap, and a bare-headed girl of ten by her side. They are all three silent; even the baby is silent under the spell of the fountain. Somehow it does not trouble me, this little group. The world will not be very gentle with them, you may be sure; but to whatever miseries life may have in store for them will not be added any nineteenth century psychological theories or subtleties whatsoever. I cannot help think of the phantasy: the wind has blown the hairs of the girl's head loose, and, as she is between me and the gaslight, her head is set in a halo. Why do the people of the Square have its saint? I, at least, would say, thee, my little lady of the fountain.

The policeman in his gray uniform standing under with his foot on the coping, grave, impressive, happy,—ah! the spirit of youth is with him. Time cannot touch his dignity, nor will his moments be without their official consolations. In his imagination he shall see the funeral procession and hear the tramp of the squad.

The spirit of youth, the spirit of youth, it has departed from that passing middle-aged gentleman with his hat coyly set upon the side of his head; it has not departed from that sentimental young man in the third seat, who, I happen to know, looks upon the universe as a dismal failure, and is pre-

this moment trying to make the fountain responsible for some very bad magazine poetry. It has departed from those young children who are teasing each other like mad around the narrow coping of the basin. It has not departed from the fountain itself, springing incessant against the sky; rearing out white and yellow in the mixed moonlight and gaslight, like a flag swayed and shaken by the wind; touching your hot cheek, as you pass toward, with a breath from the very land of fable, the true earthly paradise, the fountain of perpetual youth.

ARCHITECTS come, and architectural horrors go, but the telegraph lines go on forever. They are the one sure picturesque element of our nineteenth century city-building. They are lines of beauty that fall in pleasant and unpleasant places alike, and every once in a while they give us a bounding reminiscence of childhood when a forlorn kite gets stranded across one or more of them, and hangs there dragged and picturesque against the unpitying sky. There is so much evident poetry in the telegraph wire, that it is a difficult subject to handle poetically. We once heard a Methodist preacher do very well by it, however; he had it sailing above the Colosseum, the requiem of superposition. It was a good point and would have brought down the house under other circumstances. A great many of the newspaper poets, we believe, have tried it, but generally with much the same fate as that of the city kite above mentioned. You will recall Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's "Telegrams;" very suggestive, certainly, and with something of the telegraphic rattle and surprise: but a poem more, perhaps, of the telegraph office than of the telegraph wire—or if of the wire, then chiefly of its psychology:

"Let him hasten, lest worse befall him,
To look on me, ere I die:
I will whisper one curse to appall him,
Ere the black flood carry me by.
His bridal? The fiends forbid it;
I have shown them his proofs of guilt;
Let him hear, with my laugh, who did it;
Then hurry, Death, as thou wilt!
On, and on, and ever on!
What next?"

HOME AND SOCIETY.

"Door-steps."

THE following warm-weather suggestion comes to us from the country:
A country-house in summer is delightful in proportion to its piazzas and its shade-trees. The shade-trees are for noonday heats, but the piazzas belong especially to the "golden hour," the gloaming and the moonlight. The house itself has to be, at when one can make the compromise between the pastoral simplicity of living altogether out of doors and the civilized necessity of architecture, it is fair to suppose that the happy medium is attained. And just at the door-steps there is this combination of security and freedom, of unconstraint and the

Mr. George P. Lathrop, however, has given us "The Singing Wire," itself:

* * * * *

"I listened to the branchless pole
That held aloft the singing wire:
I heard its muffled music roll,
And stirred with sweet desire.

'O wire more soft than seasoned lute,
Hast thou no suilit word for me?
O, though so long so coyly mute,
Sure she may speak through thee!"

I listened: but it was in vain.
At first the wind's old wayward will
Drew forth again the sad refrain;
That ceased, and all was still.

But suddenly some kindly shock
Struck flashing through the wire; a bird,
Poised on it, screamed, and flew; the flock
Rose with him, wheeled and whirred.

Then to my soul there came this sense:
'Her heart has answered unto thine;
She comes, to-night Up! hence, O hence!
Meet her: no more repine!"

Mayhap the fancy was far fetched;
And yet, mayhap, it hinted true.
Ere moonrise, love, a hand was stretched
In mine, that gave me—you!"

* * * * *

So now, according to the newspapers, the telegraph wires are to be taken down and buried, with all their music in them, just as if they were some of your old classic statues—Venus of Milo or Laocoon! O, Mrs. Howe and Mr. Lathrop! O, all ye poets of New York,—you who sang the death of the flowers and of the musical leaves of the forest; you who sang of Pan in Wall street; you who mourned so tenderly for the youth that goes and never comes again,—come forth and bewail! Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas? O, winds, sweeping in from the sea, weep and moan, for your harp of many strings is taken from you! O, my poor tenement-house child, living in the sixth story back, no more at night you shall wake and listen to the songs of angels!

proprieties, which satisfies at the same time the natural proclivities and the artificial tastes. Certainly the summer breezes and odors have something to do with one's enjoyment, but the ascetic value of the surroundings is a large unknown quantity.

One does not often sit solitary on one's door-step to watch the stars. There is a sort of sociability that is of the summer. Perhaps it comes more perceptibly to us who have just escaped the rigors of winter; at any rate, it belongs especially to the summer time, and takes tone and color from the surroundings. It is a part of the twilight in the country, and has a prominent place in everybody's "vine and fig-tree" ideal.

At first the family is attracted to the one person

sitting on the door-steps. The modern piazza is a mere expansion of the primitive door-steps, and is the same significant border country. The cares and anxieties of life are "to be continued" another day, like a serial story in the next number of the magazine. In the meantime, there *is* the border country, where there is neither house work nor garden labor. After the family are assembled, friends drop in, and neighbors stop at the gate. They have something sensible to say, as, "What beautiful roses you have!" or, "I've brought you some harvest apples." Then they come up the gravel-walk; you extend to them the hospitalities of your door-steps, and sociability is accomplished. There are no elaborate toilets to prepare, no "fuss and feathers." And to be social without the aid of "the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker," is beyond belief; one accepts it as certain spiritual manifestations are accepted—as a matter of experience. It was in this way that our Sociables originated, and we called them, significantly, "Door-steps." It is a good name. Gradually we found out the *morale* that I've already attempted to indicate. It does not limit us to the outside or the inside of the house, but only means a homely, home-like, hearty hospitality, better than mere *sans souci*.

But what do we do? Are the Sociables literary or dancing Societies, or devoted to sentiment? It's so hard to know what to do with people when you get them together. Almost any two or three persons may make themselves interesting to each other; but when you put these same people in a group of twenty or thirty, they often prove uncommonly dull, with such a dullness that is drearier than that of "Mariana in the Moated Grange." Dancing or literature, according to the predominating tastes, takes care of that number of people in the evening. We intuitively avoid sentiment. The conventional "lovely evening" is as pleasant as if the remark were the direct result of inspiration. And it is well that it is so, for the inspiration doesn't come often. The silver moon rolls on to our faint praises, and we talk commonplaces to its accompaniment. Does anybody suppose that on this account we don't know how beautiful it all is? The light falling softly on the tree-tops and in silvery shafts among the branches; the dim, hazy shadows on the lawn; the lake or river glittering in the valley, and the pale gray mountains beyond. Of course we know all about it, but we don't encroach on the domains of the poets and essayists. So we talk our commonplaces, and find ourselves refreshed and cheered thereby. I can't pretend to tell why this is so, but the knowledge is drawn from observation. We are literary chiefly in the way of reminiscences. Our dramatic recitatives are often the well-remembered treasures of our school-days. We rescue "Sir John Moore" and "Marco Bozzaris" from oblivion. Somebody remembers a little of Shakespeare or has learned a little of Tennyson, and that satisfies our modest ambition.

Our "Door-steps" don't supply a perfect social system. It's a sort of a warm weather compromise to our winter sociability. But it gives us a

friendly interest in our neighbors, and takes us out of that circle of self-interest in which one's sympathies are apt to revolve; and last, not least, it affords a pleasant reality to the "vine and fig-tree" ideal.

Comfort Below Stairs.

OLD clocks, chairs, and china command nearly their weight in money nowadays; but it would be better, it seems to us, to import into our houses a few of the customs of our ancestors, instead of so much of their old furniture; for example, the careful details of comfort in arrangements for the servants' department. In old times, when the wife of a gentleman took her place, as the "lady of the house," but the house-keeper, her overlooked kitchen, pantry, and cellars, as well as her boudoir or drawing-room. She felt as keenly about the plentiful shining tin-ware, the store of saucers, linen, the neat chambers for the maids, as the latest of fashion does nowadays in her Persian rugs and cinquecento furniture. In the city houses, we find Persian rugs are to be found in the library, the rarest of Sèvres in the china-closet, the maids often, sleep in bare stifling rooms in the attic, and John, the coachman, in a den over the stable. How can a woman of culture and refinement fill her house with such unclean detail?

An hour or two of oversight daily, and the cost of a few dollars, would remove the unclean detail, and make of her house a perfect whole. We should like to lead one of these butterfly women over certain Quaker houses we know of. We are sure of the exquisite order, the plenty, the shrewd sense of arrangement, would seem to them every whit as admirable and beautiful in its way as their own card-tables and tea-sets.

Housekeeping, as a fine art, requires, more than a bric-à-brac, or any parlor luxuries, comfortable beds for servants, who drag their weary way up seven flights of stairs at night, and great closets, where clothes, shoes, and bedding can be neatly stored, instead of littering the closets. But, unfortunately, homely comforts such as these have been overlooked by the very housekeepers who welcome with delight Chinese cabinets and Italian fire-screens. This ought they to have done, no doubt, but they surely to have left the other undone.

The Children's Hour.

WHILE we talk to the house-mother (and her name ought to suit the dainty matron on Mount Hill, or the Ohio farmer's wife, as well as the Griselda) about giving an hour every morning to ordering and righting the details of comfort in the household, we must put in a claim on behalf of the children for an hour in the evening. Of course every mother cries out that she gives her life to her children; they are on her mind night and day; she thinks, plans, works for them constantly. It is very probably true, and yet the children may scarcely know their mother, or feel that they individually have any share in her. The more a woman actually works for her children, cooks, sews, or performs

money for them, the less likely is she to sit down with her hands folded to talk to them, to listen to their little secrets and stories about the teacher and school-boys, to get into the very heart of their theories and foolish plans and hopes. We insist on the hour, which shall be absolutely the children's, no matter what work or social claim must be set aside for it. Let any woman quietly reckon over the minutes of the day when she is her children's companion—not nurse, nor seamstress, nor instructor—and she will be startled into confessing that our plan is more needed than she thought. By the time their school-hours and the necessary household occupations, and the time for meals, visits, and visitors, are subtracted, there is usually not a moment when the little creatures can feel that their mother is altogether their own. Especially is this true in city families, where nurses and governesses come in between mother and child, and cannot well be put aside. Even in the evening, at the hour when almost every mother sits to hang over her baby and sing it to sleep, the mother and Jenny, grown out of babyhood, are sent to their lessons, and presently creep sleepily to bed, left to think their own thoughts as they go. Now, suppose every mother who reads this page would, for a month or two as a trial, set apart that precious evening hour as the children's. What if it does give up the opera or agreeable guests in the parlor? There are higher duties required of a mother than the study of Offenbach or hospitality. Let her leave her sewing behind; don't let her dress be so fine for Nelly to maul and climb over, nor her thoughts busy with anything but the children's talk. By and by, as that may be, they are the keenest of observers; they will know instantly whether it is only mamma's body that is with them while her mind is away, or whether she herself is as much in earnest, as eager to talk and to listen, as she is with grown people and strangers.

Nor need she fill up the hour with hints on behavior or morals; put off reproofs until to-morrow; let them slaughter their tenses or tell of their school-scrapes as they choose,—for this little while she is their friend—comes near to them. We know of one house where a poor seamstress puts up her machine every evening to play blind-man's bluff with her boys. "It will count for more than money," she says; and another where two bearded young fellows at nine o'clock eagerly tear away their Virgils and maps for "mother's sake," and think it the best hour of the whole day.

False Economy.

WE know a very industrious and amiable little housewife out West who has a taste for darning stockings. She can put as neat a patch upon a sock as ever you saw, the threads of cotton as regular as fish-netting, and as straight as an "only select railway route;" and the whole so smoothly that you hardly know which is the original and which the darn. Indeed, her jovial neighbor who lives just across the alley says those darns never wear out. She says that Mrs. Hamilton's stockings are like the human system—the material is renewed

every seven years. And the neighbor, being in good circumstances, and having nothing else to do, has calculated the total expense of mending these stockings after the first thorough overhauling, as expressed in cotton, needles, and candles, and finds that it would have kept Mrs. Hamilton's family in the best Balbrigans or British hose, instead of the inferior quality which she had bought for their cheapness. In this estimate no account was taken of the time employed in the mending. Mrs. Hamilton had said that her labor was her capital, and it hardly seemed fair to count that in. Our informant says, however, that her Joe heard Clint Hamilton say the other day that, somehow, that last batch of doughnuts wouldn't go down.

We know another worthy and well-meaning young woman in New York, whose limited salary as private tutor has for several years supported a chivalrous old soldier of the last two wars, whom the last one left impoverished and unpensioned in Alabama. It was her custom—Heaven knows she thought it her duty—to walk up to her work, twenty blocks, through the slush and snow of last winter in order to save the fares by the street cars. She would, perhaps, have reasoned, between coughs, that her health was her capital.

People whose resources are small frequently make the mistake of supposing that what is of immediate and marketable value is of more importance than health or education, and they begin a course of economy by cutting away their pleasures; money spent in recreation comes to be regarded as a dead waste. While a Thomas Concert or a day up the Hudson would let in enough music or sunshine to drive away the whimsies and the doctor for a month to come, this mistaken notion of economy cuts off the only way of escape from the grindstone and the pill-box. The first necessity of a business man is diversion; and, so long as it does not become laborious, the more absorbing his diversion the better. Between the utility of the beautiful and the beauty of the useful there is no room to institute a comparison.

In some people economy takes the form of investment for income. These are the support of the mock-auction shop and the second-hand book-store. Mrs. Toodles, with her door-plate, has a congener in the seedy young bibliophile who thinks he has found a bargain in the "Annual Report of the Deaf and Dumb Insane Asylum for Blind Inebriates," or the "History of Christian Missions among the Bare-legged Indians."

Other people cling to an old garment as to an old friend; and, after it has become as shiny as a suit of medieval armor, rebound and patch, and clean it at an expense greatly disproportionate to its worth. This is only another and a longer road to prodigality.

After all, the principle of economy is not so much self-sacrifice as discretion, and a little bit of good sense will often evade the necessity of heroism.

Fruit on the Table.

FROM Marion Harland's "Breakfast, Luncheon, and Tea," we quote the following timely sugges-

tions: "Serve your fruit, as the first or last course at your family breakfast, as may seem right to yourself, but, by all means, have it whenever you can procure it comfortably and without much expense. In warm weather you had better banish meat from the morning bill of fare three days in the week, than have the children go without berries and other fresh fruits. Make a pretty glass dish, or silver or wicker basket, of peaches, pears, or plums, an institution of the summer breakfast. In autumn you can have grapes until after frost, then oranges and bananas if you desire. These, being expensive luxuries, are not absolutely enjoined by nature or common sense. Let the 'basket of summer fruit,' however, be a comely and agreeable reality while solstitial suns beget bile, and miasma walks, a living, almost visible, presence, through the land. Fruits, each in its

season, are the cheapest, most elegant and wholesome dessert you can offer your family or friends at luncheon or tea. Pastry and plum pudding should be prohibited, by law, from the beginning of June until the end of September. And in winter a dish of apples and oranges, flanked by one of chestnuts, and another of picked walnut or hickory nut kernels, will often please John and the baby better than the rich dessert that cost you a hot bath over the kitchen range, when Bridget was called away to a cousin's funeral, or Daphne was laid out with 'a misery in her head.' Among the cream jellies, and 'forms' of a state dinner dessert, the latter is indispensable, and the arrangement and preparation of the choicer varieties is a matter for the taste and skill of the mistress or her refined daughters. These are the floral decorations of the feast."

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

An Exhibition of Decorative Art.

WHILE architecture has assumed its proper position as a liberal profession, "Decorative Art" (in the sense of furnishing and beautifying houses), on which domestic architecture especially must rely for its fullest effect, appealing as it does directly to the feelings of all dwellers in houses, is only just beginning to be regarded as better than a trade. We too frequently see homes, on which all the resources of educated and refined taste have been lavished, "fitted up" by tradesmen, importers, or producers, whose highest aim is to make money, and whose most æsthetic feeling is to have things in the latest fashion.

But progress of any kind, in art even more than in other things, can only be made by united effort. And this effort the Boston Society of Architects has recently endeavored to organize, by holding an exhibition of household wares, which should make the present condition of Decorative Art among us more clearly understood, and give a chance for comparison, for mutual encouragement or criticism on the part of manufacturers. Absolute originality is impossible; original design is merely a new combination of materials as old as the world. Progress in design is a game of give and take; there is no one so wise that he cannot learn something from others. It might, therefore, be supposed that an attempt to get up this sort of exhibition would have been heartily welcomed. But this was not the case. The jealousy of traders, in fact, came near defeating the whole enterprise. Fortunately, two or three contributors took interest enough in it to begin the work, and as soon as they had assembled their goods, the rest were tempted.

Two large rooms were filled; nearly half of one of them being taken up by the Amateur Department, which consisted of the works of amateurs, chiefly ladies. The first thing observed in a general survey

of the contributions, was a great improvement in the class of work demanded by the public; especially in the harmonious arrangements of color and form. The next thing, perhaps, which one noticed was the great deficiency of native design in most of the decorations; the popular demand for improvement having risen so recently that it will still be long before an educated to supply our wants can be found here. This recent change is the echo in this country of a reaction in England against the thoughtless and unintelligent work of past years, but one of its chief effects has been imitation, and a fashion for anything called after Morris, Eastlake, or other teachers of decorative construction.

The best thing in the exhibition was the steel glass; three specimens by McPherson & Co. were excellent in every respect, and noticeable by their freedom from all sham antiquity. In many of the specimens too much of a pictorial effect was attempted—brilliancy and harmony of color were lost by too much modeling in the drawing; in these the pieces, everything is, as it should be, subservient to the composition of color, and the inequalities of the glass are made the most of to produce natural effects without the use of painting. The result for richness, harmony, and subdued brilliancy of color, has not been equaled. Cook & Redding showed a memorial window, which could not be fairly judged in such a small room, though the side window which goes with it is excellent. Some carved wooden capitals by Mr. Ellin, for the new "Old South" Church were delicate and refined in design, and executed with great firmness and originality of handling.

Certain fenders and fire-places from New York were of polished steel to an excess—a bad material for the purpose; but, on the whole, the furniture and fittings were adapted to their uses with much good sense, and good sense is at the bottom of good decorative art. One saw here how easily beauty springs

in use; how a cupboard-hinge of brass may be able to flower out into the semblance of a vine and swirls across the cupboard-door; how wall hangings, when designed so as to form simply a background, may fill the eye with delight derived from the simplest materials—from a single spray of conventionalized horse-chestnut leaves, for example, or a thickly plaited apple-blossoms, or roses rising in a field of ashy gray. The wall-papers of Mr. [unclear], and the hangings of Messrs. H. A. Turner & Co., are especially to be commended.

As was to be expected, the chief fault of the Amateur Department was its "amateurishness;" there was the greatest possible variety of work shown; much of very beautiful in design and execution, though, as a general thing, there was very great deficiency of thoughtful design, and too general a disposition to be contented with the minimum of originality. But it is wonderful that so much has been done with so little instruction; some of the embroideries, tiles, and carving, being remarkable works of art. It is certainly most encouraging to see what rare results might easily be achieved if all the enthusiasm, spirit, and anxiety to improve, shown in the Amateur Department, were coupled with a little more training.

Aristophanes' Apology.*

YOU must know all about it before you begin; it is, once for all, the way with Browning. He presumes a pretty thorough acquaintance with the subject; he refuses to write another volume in a preface to put his reader in tune, and, if consulted with, would probably answer that there is plenty of books from which to learn these things: let the reader go to school and refresh his memory. But he would not be far from right, for even Brown cannot tell everything. He has things to say about various well-known matters such as no one else, and says them in a manner distinctively his own. The manner may be thick with a cram of thought, it may interfere with the effect, but that is the more reason why he must leave the main subject to the wisdom of the reader. In this case the knowledge predicated is not only the general history of Athens at the close of the long war which ended in the triumph of Lacedæmon at the head of the allied Greek States, but the special history of the contests of genius on the Athenian stage, when Comedy shouldered Tragedy off, and Aristophanes' arrisulous jokes set Athens laughing at stately Euripides. From this it may be supposed that the audience for "Aristophanes' Apology" will be a limited one. The number of people who are primed for a piece of intimate talk between two talented Greeks of that age cannot be great, and of others possessing a good-will there are few, comparatively speaking, who will exert themselves to read up on the subject in a long poem, however good, especially when they know that the writer's style is very far from—that for

instance, of easy-going Morris, "the empty singer of an idle day." Yet, if it is to be so, it is a pity, for they will lose the enjoyment of a work of singular power and beauty. "Aristophanes' Apology" is one of the finest of Browning's longer poems.

Athens has been humbled and her walls ordered to be cast down, and while the Rhodian lady Balaustion, the friend and admirer of Euripides, sails back to her native island, she goes over again to her husband Euthucles the events that ushered in and followed the apology of Aristophanes. For, as the latter is triumphing once more with a comedy, the news of Euripides' death arrives from Thrace, whither he had gone to a more appreciative audience. After the play and triumphal banquet Aristophanes enters Balaustion's house with his chorus and players, and then and there proceeds to vindicate his conduct in using Comedy instead of Tragedy, and making the dead Euripides the butt of his satire. The points he makes are by no means original with Browning, but are well taken. Balaustion answers him at length, and, to support her arguments, reads him the "Heracles"—that is, the Hercules Furens of Euripides, which the latter is supposed to have left in her keeping when he sailed from Athens. This is the "Transcript" mentioned in the title. The whole ends with an impassioned description by Balaustion of the humiliation in which she has just left Athens, and the risk of having the Acropolis rased by the incensed allies, which was averted by her husband's quickness. It is related that a man arose in the Council, and, by uttering one verse from the "Electra" of Euripides, saved Athens from this last act of vandalism.

"And see; as through some pin-hole should the Wind
Wedgingly pierce but once, in with a rush
Hurries the whole wild weather, rends to rags
The weak sail stretched against the outside storm.
So did the power of that triumphant play
Pour in, and oversweep the assembled foe.
So, because Greeks are Greeks, though Spark's brood,
And hearts are hearts, though in Lusandros' breast,
And poetry is power; and Euthucles
Had faith therein to, full face, fling the same—
Sudden, the ice-thaw. The assembled foe,
Heaving and swaying with strange friendliness,
Cried, 'Reverence Electra!'—cried, 'Abstain
Like that chaste herdsman, nor dare violate
The sanctity of such reverse! Let stand
Athenai!'"

Opening, as it closes, with a wail over the humiliation of Athens before the victorious Spartans, the poem continues with a passage we cannot refrain from quoting:

"Doomed to die,
Fire should have flung a passion of embrace
About thee still, resplendently inarmed
(Temple by temple folded to his breast,
All thy white wonder fainting out in ash).

* * * * *
Or, sea!

What if thy watery plural vastitude
Rolling unanimous advance, had rushed
Might upon might, a moment—stood, one stare,
Sea-face to city-face, thy glaucous wave
Glassing that marbled last magnificence?
Till fate's pale, tremulous foam-flower tipped the gray;
And when wave broke and overswarmed and, sucked
To bounds back, multitudinously ceased,
And land again breathed unconfused with sea,
Attiké was, Athenai was not now!

* * * * *

* Aristophanes' Apology. Being the Last Adventure of Balaustion, including a Transcript from Euripides. By Robert Browning. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

Why should despair be? Since distinct above
 Man's wickedness and folly flies the wind
 And floats the cloud, free transport for our soul
 Out of its fleshly durance dim and low;
 Since disembodied soul anticipates
 (Thought-borne as now, in rapturous unrestraint)
 Above all crowding, crystal silentness,
 Above all noise, a silver solitude."

Perhaps better than his own work is the translation of that wonderful masterpiece of tragedy, Euripides' "Heracles Mainomenos," which Balaustion reads to Aristophanes. Here the rough grandeur which Browning affects finds a place, while the necessity of holding to the original curbs his tendency to voluminousness. Only the parts assigned the chorus are rhymed, but there the effect is admirable. In many places very different readings are given from those generally allowed, and some lines taken from the chorus are put in the mouths of actors, not always, it would seem, to the best advantage. But these are minor questions of taste rather than a serious matter, for the translation, although remarkably close, is that of a poet—not of a critical scholar. In some places it is not too much to say that the original has been improved upon by the English dress. Thus, when Hercules has returned from Hades in time to save his wife and children, and has just slain Lukos, the tyrant, the triumphant chorus of old men suddenly see the messenger of Juno standing on the house-top, bringing with her Madness, who is about to enter Hercules and cause him to kill children and wife. The sudden turn from triumph to fear in this passage is certainly finer in our coarse language than in the Greek original. Where the latter begins with the weak exclamation *ea ea!* the translation has as follows:

"Horror!
 Are we come to the self-same passion of fear,
 Old friends? Such a phantasm fronts me here
 Visible over the palace roof!
 In flight, in flight, the laggard limb
 Bestir! and haste aloof
 From that on the roof there grand and grim:
 O Paian, king!
 Be thou my safeguard from the woful thing!"

Browning is a man of contradictions. With great practicality, he is impracticable; with a tendency to realism beyond the few, he is the least popular. His command of the Teutonic stores in our language is as great as his love for the more sonorous words coming from the Normans. He is the least popular, perhaps, of all poets, yet appears to have come nearer than any other poet to reproducing, in modern times, the alliterative structure of verse common to the Anglo-Saxons, and persistently cherished by the people for many centuries after rhyme had beaten it out of the higher walks of poetry. The above quotations show abundantly the recurring initials; generally two words in the first half, one in the second of each line, begin with the same letter; but this, as with the early English, is not invariable. Then, again, his power of merging himself into his subject is beyond common words of praise; it is the genuine article called genius; and yet Browning, while he identifies himself with, say, Balaustion, is still Browning. He is not, by any possibility, a Rhodian lady, delicate and intellectual, who champions Euripides against the coarse buffoonery of Aristoph-

anes, for she says a thousand things, and talks in a manner, no woman would have ever thought of. Thus Browning lacks versatility; he is an elegiac without a trunk. So, too, the charge of affectation or at least mannerism, cannot be lightly dismissed in his work; yet, who has a keener eye to dissect a fraud? As to his audience, he seems to be slowly gaining ground, as any man who has so much intellect in his work must. There are many people now, and twenty years ago there were many more, who swear by Byron and Tennyson consider Tennyson incomprehensible. The devotion at the shrine of Tennyson laugh, and say Tennyson is as clear as crystal, but Browning is indeed a puzzle—if he himself knows what he is talking about. Perhaps this means a stepping or progression, in music the more abstruse and intellectual music can only come to be enjoyed after a long course of more fleshly composers.

Certainly Browning has lost no strength. He should call the present work better than "Recitation Night-Cap Country" (a horrible poem of no power and truth), and vastly superior to "Fifteen" and "The Ring and the Book." But, were it necessary for the sake of possessing such a translation of the Heracles Mainomenos, no one, whether he admires or tolerates, or scorns Browning, no one whose senses genius can afford to be without "Aristophanes Apology."

Richard Wagner.*

MR. BURLINGAME has done us all an important service by presenting in readable English a selection from the vast mass of Richard Wagner's literary works. The writings of the great polemical composer, embracing controversy, aesthetics, politics, criticism, commentaries, autobiography, fiction, miscellaneous sketches, and we know not what all, are comprised in nine stout German volumes, which almost defy translation. Mr. Burlingame, however, has not only made a judicious choice from this abundance of material, but has succeeded in turning these selections into clear and easy English, and if the selection is not always elegant, that is a fault for which Wagner himself is responsible. The translator has touched the deep and dark philosophical essays, the fierce controversial pamphlets, which form a large part of the collected works in the original edition, but he has confined himself to the writings which either record Wagner's personal history, or explain his theories of art. We have first an "Autobiography," singularly frank, simple, concise, unaffected, in which the composer tells the story of his early musical experiences, and gives a most interesting account of his first attempts at composition—an overture, containing a fortissimo pound upon the drum at every fourth bar, at which the audience at the Leipsic theater were first disgusted, and afterward immensely amused; his scores, written in various colors to distinguish the different characters

* Art Life and Theories of Richard Wagner. Selected from his writings and translated by Edward L. Burlingame. Holt & Co.

struments; his day-dreams and visions, in which fundamentals, thirds, and fifths became incarnate, revealed to him the most astonishing nonsense; disappointment when a competent master at last explained to him that these mysterious apparitions were nothing but intervals and chords; his great comedy in which, after killing forty-two of the *Amatis persona*, he came to a stand for want of characters, and so had to bring back some of them as ghosts in order to finish the drama. It was not until he found a friend and teacher in Weinlig, of Pöls, who showed him what was ridiculous in his directed labors, gave him a thorough knowledge of harmony, and made him write fugues in order to acquire a perfect mastery of the art of composition, that he really began to do something of value, or at least of promise. His first opera, "The Fairies," was never performed. His second, "The Love for Me," founded on Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure," was played only once; this volume gives a very entertaining account of the work and its representation. Wagner's musical career really dates from his third dramatic work, "Rienzi," begun when he was twenty-five years of age. It was an ambitious spectacular opera, written under the influence, if not precisely of the French school, at least of those voluptuous and careful methods of representation which were only seen on the stage of the Grand Opera of Paris. "The Flying Dutchman," begun while "Rienzi" was still unperformed, showed a great change of style, and a decided approach toward the peculiar theories which are developed with more or less fullness in all his later works.

For several years Wagner had led a dull and, we should judge, a rather unhappy life in the smaller towns of Germany, conducting theatrical orchestras, and managing poor opera companies, whose repertory generally consisted of works for which he had a great contempt. In 1839 he went to seek his fortune in Paris, and there he nearly starved. He could not get a hearing for "Rienzi." Meyerbeer, Halévy, and others, were kind to him, but their kindness led to no practical result. He wrote a few songs; he arranged pieces for the cornet and other instruments; he contributed sketches to a musical periodical; he was so far reduced at last that he sold the libretto of his "Flying Dutchman" for a mere trifle to a French dramatist. When he took up the subject again, he had been so long, as he expresses it, out of a musical atmosphere, that he feared he had lost the art of composing. He hired a piano, and, before he ventured to touch the keys, he walked about it in an agony of anxiety, dreading to discover that it was no longer a musician. "I began with the Sailors' Chorus and the Spinning Song; everything went easily, fluently; and I fairly shouted for joy as I felt through my whole being that I was still an artist." "Rienzi" was at last brought out with success in Germany, and Wagner returned to his native country, not yet prosperous, but relieved at least of his most poignant distress. Here the Autobiography stops; but Mr. Burlingame translates two important chapters of his later history—one relating to the performance of "Tannhäuser" in Paris, by

command of the Emperor in 1861, and the other, descriptive of the great festival theater at Bayreuth, where the full flower of the Wagnerian musical drama is to blossom next summer.

The explanation of Wagner's art-principles is found most concisely and intelligibly in his "Letter to a French Friend on the Music of the Future," originally published just before the unfortunate performance of "Tannhäuser" in Paris. This certainly ought to be read by every one who wishes to understand what Wagner is attempting, and to appreciate the extraordinarily beautiful works which have taken so strong a hold upon the people of this country.

Probably no composer ever lived whose theories were so persistently misrepresented, and whose music was so strangely maligned by the critics. He is accused of despising melody, of filling his operas with interminable recitatives, of subordinating music to dramatic action; and we remember that when "Lohengrin" was first sung in one of our large Western cities, a local critic gravely assured the town that it was nearly all fugue! Anybody who will take the trouble to read Mr. Burlingame's translation of the "Letter to a French Friend" will be spared the mortification of making any of these mistakes—for they are great mistakes, all of them—and when he next goes to Thomas's concerts he will discover a new splendor and a new meaning in "Tristan," the "Meistersinger," and the ever charming melodies of the Knight of the Swan.

"English Statesmen."*

THIS is the first of three or more volumes edited by Thomas Wentworth Higginson under the title of "Brief Biographies of European Public Men," the object of which is to furnish this side of the Atlantic with trustworthy information concerning contemporary public men of England, France, and possibly other countries. The first two treat of England, and, while appealing to the common sentiment of curiosity regarding prominent men, will perform, it is to be hoped, broader service in paving the way to a knowledge and appreciation of what is good in English public life. A book could hardly be more timely than this is just at present, when American communities are awaking to a consciousness of the all-importance of the individual—of his vigor, namely, and of his honesty and unswerving rectitude—in contradistinction to the party tool in politics.

In the Parliamentary career of more than one living English statesman we find examples of the sturdiest probity, of men who have risked everything rather than be untrue to their own convictions, and who, for that very quality, have eventually become powers in the land. It is only necessary to mention the names of Bright and Forster.

A virtue of this kind received conspicuous notice on the occasion of Mr. Forster's visit here. It will be remembered that he startled every one—perhaps

* English Statesmen. Brief Biographies, prepared by T. W. Higginson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

no one more than Englishmen—by a proposition of an alliance between Great Britain and the United States. He is too shrewd an observer not to have foreseen the risk he ran, and undoubtedly it has hurt him for the time being in England; but back of what he said stands, in reality, the great mass of the English people, slow, but in the end sure to support an ardent mouthpiece. The alliance he sketched in unwieldy sentences at the dinner given him in New York may never take the shape of ordinary international treaties, but it was poetically magnificent, and, like all that bears the stamp of poetical magnificence, was great and true in itself: the league of all honest and pacific nations against the turbulence of the ambitious and unruly must and will be begun by the English-speaking peoples of the globe.

The only fault we have to find with Colonel Higginson's volume is that he has not insisted on some such point, or drawn whatever moral he may see. He has not given as much of his own work as we might expect, but has taken largely from English sources. It cannot be expected that, unassisted, the majority of readers will draw the moral. Doubtless the seed will not fall by the roadside, but it might have been wiser to use the spade a little and make sure of its reception; it seems as if, in this case, Colonel Higginson would do better to be less fastidious—step out from the neutral ranks, draw his sword, and smite for the right.

Speaking of this book, we would call attention to an error and a misunderstanding in reviewing the same author's "Young Folks' History of the United States." Remains of the mammoth and mastodon have been found in both the New and the Old World, although, at first, the mastodon was supposed to be peculiar to America. In our observation that he appeared to use the words as interchangeable terms, Col. Higginson was also misunderstood.

The Life and Growth of Language.*

It would be difficult to praise too highly this work of a distinguished philologist, who has neither forgotten the outer world in the course of the persistent study necessary to the achievement of his present position in Europe and America, nor attempted, in writing for the world, to popularize himself into notice. Professor Whitney is a singular example of a man who is at once conservative and radical. More conservative than Max Müller, with whom he has been forced into something like a controversy, and more radical—in his views of spelling the English language, for instance—than any writer who has authority to speak, he combines the boldness of an American with the anxious erudition of a German. And so we have at last a sufficiently popular volume in the front rank of modern philology which can be placed as a text-book in the hands of students at college or high school, or read by all persons of ordinary intelligence, with perfect confidence in the learning that lies behind it, and, above

all, with certainty that under no circumstances has the author's imagination carried him the length of advancing any but thoroughly sifted facts, or of allowing theories rendered unsound by the extensions of modern science.

The Niobe Group.*

ST. LOUIS is lucky to possess in Mr. Davidson a conscientious and thorough worker in the field of Grecian literature and art. The present essay which starts from the vantage ground of a knowledge of authorities on the subject, is very valuable as an introduction to one of the most remarkable examples of plastic art among the Greeks. It is written in a broad and scholarly vein, and ought to awaken in others the generous enthusiasm which it breathes. We look forward with hope to translations of Aristotle's *De Anima* and *Fragmenta* of Heraclitus, which are promised by Mr. Davidson during the present year.

French and German Books. †

MR. HART has done well to begin his series of German Classics with a poem smacking so essentially of the soil. In general effect "*Hermann und Dorothea*" is foreign to American usage and habit of thought both from the method of its versification and its *lündlich-gemüthlich* cast of its scenes. The interference of German patriotism in the last century, and the position of women in the Fatherland, are vividly reflected. One of the strongest points is the clear distinction drawn by Dorothea between her work-life and that of Hermann; there is no chaotic mingling up of man's duties with woman's, but each assigned an honorable position. Moreover, the poem of Goethe has with equal length an equal completeness, or shows mental digestion as thoroughly. A commentary and set of notes to soften the harshness of the idiomatic style, and a brief glossary of some of the most forbidding words completes the volume, to which a comprehensive preface makes a very pleasing introduction.

Die religiöse Entwicklung Spaniens, an essay read in the Church of St. Nicholas, Strasburg, on the 22d of February, 1875, by Hermann Baumgarten.—Occupied on a great work which demands an exhaustive study of Spain and Spanish history, Baumgarten speaks with authority on the religious evolution of that fascinating land. He sketches the main features of religion in Spain, giving due weight to the Inquisition, but insisting that it was so thorough only because truly national, and laying Spain's calamities chiefly at the door of race peculiarity, less of formative epochs of rest, and the sudden wealth from the Indies that beggared those it enriched. After tracing the break between the nation and Catholicism, which culminated in 1834 in massacres of priests, the speaker treats of the present

* A Short Account of the Niobe Group. By Thomas Davidson. New York: L. W. Schmidt, 1875. Pamphlet.

† Hermann und Dorothea. Edited by J. M. Hart. German Classics for American Students. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

* The Life and Growth of Language. By William D. Whitney, Professor in Yale College. D. Appleton & Co.

tion of affairs, and hopes that the singular spectacle of Protestant communities in Spain will spur Catholics themselves into learning, and make them try to save the nation from the abyss of ignorance in which it lies.—(L. W. Schmidt, 24 Bar-kstreet.)

Die Zeitgeschichte, edited by Dr. Martin Waldeck, etc.—A monthly chronicle of what has taken place in the immediate past among all nations, is certainly a most desirable publication, if edited as fully as Dr. Waldeck promises. The chronicle proposes to confine itself rigidly to bare facts, without color gained from political sympathies; the other part of the monthly, a politico-diplomatic history of the present time, will probably afford some field for journalism. We can hardly expect a very valuable complete record of American affairs, but journalism and the political-minded, will do well to try the publication for the sake of its European events.—(Schmidt.)

Prachttausgabe in 8 Lieferungen, with illustrations by A. von Kreling.—A sumptuous folio edition of "Faust," with two full page photographs of Kreling's pictures to each of the eight parts; illustrations in text. The work is from the press of Fr. Bruckmann, Munich and Berlin, and is for sale in New York, for each part, five dollars.—(Schmidt.)

Briefe von Goethe an Johanna Fahlmer.—A batch of hasty letters of a private nature, and of very small literary value. They are Goethe in undress. A portrait of Johanna Fahlmer shows a quaint old lady, whom Goethe was in the habit of addressing as "Tante." A fac-simile is given of one of the notes, with a sketch of outlines of landscape, sketched into the characteristic German handwriting.—(Schmidt.)

Ursachen-Dimorphismus der Schmetterlinge, von Dr. G. Weissman. Leipzig, Engelmann, 1875.—The result of investigations into a curious phenomenon among certain butterflies is here given. It was shown that those called Vanessa had different summer and winter forms, although coming from caterpillars of the same kind; the question was how to account for such arbitrary differences. It seems a very minute question of natural history, but Dr. Weissman says: "I hope to show once more what the great naturalists (Wallace, Bates, Darwin) have already shown, that even such apparently unimportant details as the variations on a butterfly's wing of color and drawing may bring us, under certain circumstances, to an acquaintance with general laws." The results of careful experiments furnish a support in the main to the theories called Darwinian, but limit the broad generalizations in that direction very materially. The variation is attributed to change of climate following on the glacial epoch. Two excellent colored plates of the butterflies add to the

interest of an able study by a true man of science.—(Schmidt.)

Scènes de la Vie des Etats Unis, par A. Assollant.—If any one wishes to know what is furnished the French nation in the way of American character-sketches, let him read the lively pages of M. Assollant. The author admits ingenuously that the first publication of his three stories a number of years ago was more admired by the "lettered" than the public; doubtless, we owe the present edition to that demand for foreign knowledge which has sprung up, or is supposed to have sprung up, in France since the war. "If any one doubts the truth of my sketches," says M. Assollant, "let him read the memoirs of the celebrated Barnum; his testimony cannot be impugned." (!) This throws a light on the author which is confirmed into brilliant certainty by the following paragraph from his preface. After saying that he might have followed the method of De Tocqueville, or, again, that of Ampère: "I preferred to tell my own impressions, and relate nothing which I had not seen with my own eyes, or that I had not heard from witnesses worthy of trust." Can we not see them, those *témoins dignes de foi*, relating with immovable faces the most outrageous fabrications to astound the gaping foreigner? On one of our trans-continental trains, a passenger went so far as to arrange that all the other persons in the car should gravely corroborate his wildest yarns, whenever the unfortunate British Major, who was the victim of them, should appeal to the rest for the truth.—(Christern.)

Une Femme Gênante, par Gustave Droz.—The story of a country apothecary, who marries a little Parisian beauty without heart or brain, and with a tremendous capacity for business and conjugal tyranny, begins with all the malicious wit we await from the author of "Monsieur, Madame et Bébé;" we only feel that here is satire not calculated to encourage young men to go the way of wedlock. But as we read on there unfolds itself a pitiable spectacle of a writer who can so far forget the dignity of his art as to publish a study of such a subject as this: Kerroch, namely, the slavish husband and inconsolable widower, exhumes and embalms the body of his wife, in order to have the Egyptian pleasure of the presence of her mummy, in whose company he can now indulge without interruption the wildest bursts of poetry and eloquence. This would be bad enough, if it were made ghastly, but Droz takes pains to keep everything well within the ridiculous, and with about as pleasing an effect as if he were joking coarsely over a cripple or some innocent sufferer from a dreadful disease. For his weak-minded Kerroch is really a man, not a puppet, and a man suffering from disease of the mind brought on by excessive love for his departed wife. There is no excuse for the book.—(F. W. Christern, 77 University Place.)

THE WORLD'S WORK.

New Style of Water Transport.

THE syenite monolith known as Cleopatra's Needle is to be transported to London by sea, by casing it in wood, and rolling it overboard. To make it float properly, it is to be covered with timbers and planks till the boxing is large enough to float stone and all. To compensate for its tapering form, one end is to be made larger than the other, and when finished, the timber dressing will be something over twenty feet thick at the larger end. The ends will be tapering, to assist the steamer in towing, and even if the cigar-shaped mummy runs aground, its casing will save it from harm. The most risky part of the voyage will be the launching and the rolling ashore. In this connection it may be noticed that cylindrical boilers are transported through the canals in Holland in somewhat the same way. The flues are plugged up with wood, and the steam-openings are covered with air-tight caps, and, when well painted with red lead, the boilers are rolled into the canals, and, behind a steamboat, make their voyage in perfect safety.

Tramway Motors.

WHILE the subject of steam-rail transit is attracting attention in New York, other cities are solving their transit questions in their own several ways. The fireless locomotive, using a boiler loaded up with steam at the termini, is in successful operation, and the coiled-spring idea is undergoing experiment. In place of one spring, wound up at intervals along the road by means of stationary engines, a number of springs, each properly wound up, are taken on at the beginning of the route, and as fast as one expends its energy in moving the car, another is brought into play, and the trip is continued till all are exhausted, or the run is made. Another style of motor, said to be in practical operation, employs a horizontal compressed air-engine under the floor of the car. Suitable tanks, loaded up by a compressor at one end of the road, supply the engine, and a speed of twelve miles an hour has been obtained for a short distance. This is the present aspect of the case, and new contributions to the subject will be examined as they appear.

Illuminated Clocks.

RAILWAY and tower clocks, designed to show the hour, are made with ground glass faces, and have black or gilded figures. None of these clocks are distinct beyond a certain limited distance, and the figures cannot be read at more than one-fifth of the distance at which the lighted face may be seen. The diffusive effect of the great mass of light that reaches the eye, and the absence of light by which the figures are recognized, produces confusion and indistinctness, and impairs the value of the clock. It is now proposed to make clocks with dark faces and illuminated hands and figures. The effect would be a greatly increased photometric value, and the hour could be

ascertained at a much greater distance than by the white clocks now in use. The figures could be easily illuminated, but the hands would offer some difficulties. To avoid these, it would be far better to make night clocks in a different way, and to change the entire appearance of the face. In place of one round face, with all the figures upon it, make two square faces side by side, and exhibit the number of the



hour on the left-hand face, and the minutes on the right-hand face. The clock would need no hands, and the machinery could change the left-hand figure every hour, and the right-hand figure every minute and even ten minutes. By this device the number of the hour would correspond to the system of time-marks now in use on our railroads. The faces, having only one figure at a time, could display very large ones visible at a much greater distance, and, when illuminated, they would be seen for miles, whereas now they are hardly to be distinguished a few rods away. In addition to the greater value of such a clock in the night, when its white figures stand out clear against the darkness, or in daylight look white against the dark faces, would be the greater security of the clock machinery. There would be no hands exposed to the weather, and no openings to admit rain or snow. Such a clock, though not illuminated, has long been in use in Boston, and lighted and placed in a tower would present somewhat the appearance represented in the above cut.

Recent Developments in Glass.

THE extreme fragility of glass has long been a bar to its use in many departments of manufacture and art where its cheapness would make it a desirable material. Recent developments in the practical making of glass seem to point to an entire revolution in its manufacture, a greatly enlarged field for its use, and a vastly increased consumption. The subject has passed the stage of mere experiment, and the new glass has been inspected by glass men and scientific societies both here and abroad, and has been reported upon favorably. As often happens in such cases, a number of inventors claim nearly the same thing, and the glass-makers are in earnest rivalry over the matter, and are endeavoring to make the most of the new discoveries. The new glass is claimed to be fifty times as strong as our common glass, and as soon as the new material is made in commercial quantities and is for sale, it shall be examined and fully reported upon.

New Drying Process.

The common method pursued in drying lumber, etc., consists in passing currents of air over the materials. Dry air will absorb moisture from anything in contact with it, till it reaches saturation. To continue the drying, the saturated air must be moved away and fresh and drier air put in its place. The air, if stationary, will absorb no moisture unless its temperature is raised, and even then it reaches its limit, and will take up no more. To lower the saturation point and cause the air to give up its moisture, its temperature must be lowered. Condensation then sets in, and the air becomes capable of taking up more water, and the drying may be continued. In ordinary drying, the doors, the air moves away of its own accord, but by the aid of the wind, new supplies of air continually pass over the materials, and the drying proceeds rapidly. A knowledge of these facts led to the modern dry-house and kiln. In the ordinary drying-room, steam-pipes raise the temperature to 100° Fahr., or more, and by providing suitable windows the warm, water-loaded air is allowed to escape at the top, and through the doors and windows cooler and drier air enters to continue the process. The objections to the steam dry-house are the waste of heat by throwing the warmed air away, the cracking and warping of the lumber, and the expense. The hot air continually moving over the lumber dries the outside surfaces long before the inside is reached, and the unequal loading of the cells of the wood causes them to split and tear apart. The idea of extracting the moisture from the hot air of the dry-house without moving it, has long been under consideration, and the discovery of a practical and sensitive method of doing it marks one of the most important steps in the history of applied science. The process is founded upon what is known as condensation by cold. Any glass of ice-water dewy with moisture upon the table will illustrate this. A cold glass lowers the temperature of the air in contact with it, and the invisible vapor it holds is condensed in distilled water upon the sides of the glass. Similar experiments have been made in this field, and all have been more or less unsuccessful on account of the difficulty of lowering the temperature of such a hot room. It is now accomplished by using a common iron gas-pipe, an inch in diameter, through the room and allowing a stream of cold water from the street mains to flow through it. A pipe enters the room at the top and extends vertically to the floor. Here, through a return-bend, it goes to the ceiling again. Another return-bend carries it to the floor, and by a series of up and down pipes and joints it crosses the room, making a network of hanging pipes, and finally escaping into the street at the end. When the room is loaded up with lumber, the doors and windows are closed, and the temperature is raised to 150° Fahr. A steaming, humid atmosphere fills the room, and on starting the cold water through the long network of pipes the vapor condenses on the outsides of the pipes, drips off into a pan below, and escapes through a pipe in the

wall. On entering the room while the process is going on, the air is found to be intensely hot and oppressively damp. On approaching the long pipes, there is a perceptible change in the dampness of the air, and the black pipes glisten with the water of condensation that is trickling down their sides. At the end nearest the inlet the amount of moisture is greatest, and it diminishes regularly toward the outlet, where the pipes are merely misty or quite dry. This shows that the stream of cold water has become warm on its passage through the pipes, and no longer does its work. As the lumber dries and the moisture is taken away, this dryness extends toward the inlet till all the pipes are dry, and then the drying is finished. The water flows from the spout on the outside in a slender, pearly stream. To the taste it is slightly acid and seems woody. The water distills at the rate of about a gallon in thirty minutes, and the nine thousand feet of walnut lumber parts with one hundred and thirty-six gallons of water in about six days, and then it comes out drier and in better condition than the lumber that has been stored in an ordinary house for six weeks. The lumber, being dried in a still and humid atmosphere, parts with its moisture evenly, and is perfectly free from splits, checks, and flaws of every kind. This process has already been adopted by a large number of lumber workers with entire success.

The Steam Canal-Boat.

It lay at the head of the dock, next the street, and among a crowd of steamers and ships. In general appearance it resembled the canal-boat of the period, except that it had a sharper bow and stern, and was of a better model. There were two houses on the deck, one at the bow for the men and another at the stern for the engine. Steam was up, and after a little delay the lines were cast off; the captain took his place at the wheel, just before the little smoke-stack, and after a blast on the whistle the boat started to back into the North River. The boat moved easily and gently, and without grazing her paint she picked her way among the vessels and pushed into the stream and swung round in the current as readily as a tug-boat. Full speed was put on and the boat started down the river past the Battery. On inspection, the motive power proved to be a common upright boiler, a trifle larger than those used for unloading ships on the docks, and a small vertical compound engine. The three cylinders are mounted on a cast-iron frame, having four uprights that serve for supports and bearings. They stand side by side, the two high-pressure cylinders at the sides, and the larger low-pressure cylinder in the center. The slides and ports for all three cylinders are placed in a small horizontal cylinder at the side, and one connection moves them all at once. The feed-pump and the pump for the condenser are connected with the small cylinders, and the rod of the larger cylinder is connected with the shaft, and the three cross-heads are united and move together. The exhaust from the two high cylinders is thrown into the low-pressure cylinder, and its exhaust is thrown into the condenser. This consists of a cop-

per pipe that goes out board at the side, takes a turn under the boat and enters at the opposite side and finally leads to the tank, heating the feed water as it goes. There is no exhaust into the smoke-stack, and the water of the river or canal acts as an out board surface condenser, and there is little waste of water. The boat crossed to her dock at Brooklyn under perfect control, and at a fair speed. The boats of this pattern are about ninety-seven feet long by seventeen feet seven inches wide, and, with a load of two hundred and fifteen tons, draw six feet of water. They are evidently destined to overturn the present system of canal navigation, and point the way to lower rates and quicker transit.

Recent Patents.

AMONG recent patents may be mentioned a machine for making paper barrels, and improved mechanism for stamping and sugaring crackers. In fire-extinguishers is a strong iron case, partly filled with water, and loaded with compressed air under a high pressure, and designed to throw a small stream through a hand-hose after the manner of the common fire-extinguisher. In engines may be noticed a triple compound engine having three cylinders in a line, with a common piston-rod for all. The two end cylinders are high pressure, and exhaust into the larger low pressure in the middle. The piston-rod moves one way for all, and one motion opens and closes all the ports and exhausts. Pneumatic dispatch-lines show a new rotating switch and message receiver designed to turn on its axis and present different openings in turn to the main-line pipe. In sewing-machines a new apparatus for polishing

the eyes of needles may be noticed. A new ozonator, generator, and a device for utilizing the motions of waves, present features of novelty. This last machine transfers the up and down motion of a float to an air-compressor or pump. Shoe machinery is increased by the addition of several new nailing machines, and stoves, of the magazine type, present a number of new fire-pots. Cars for oil, built in the form of a long and rather shallow tank, with a hanging bottom between the trucks, and strengthened by truss-work, have received patents. Train telegraphs to take the place of the bell-rope, show some novelties in the way of electric couplings. Rolled iron columns made in ribbed segments, with a rabbeted edge, and designed to be built up as needed, are offered. In bottling, a hydraulic capsule setting device, and in leather-working, a new beaming-machine, may be mentioned. Wind-wheels present a number of new patents of value; the lime-light shows a new style of jet for throwing a thin sheet instead of a pencil of flame on the lime-wheel, whereby more surface is fired. In hydro-carbon furnaces no less than four improvements have been patented. A steam-jet from the boiler, taken through an injection-pipe that draws air from the flues, and turned into the fire-box just over the fire-door, is shown as an aid to steam-boiler furnaces. Four new patents are announced in ice-machines, and in the single-rail railway, new passenger-cars and locomotives designed for such roads may be noticed as presenting features of interest. Lamps, sugar-working, wood-working machinery, and railway rolling-stock, present a large number of new devices, but most of them are of only minor importance.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

The Origin of Spelling-Bees.

(Recently Discovered Addenda to the Lost Tales of Miletus.)

To Jove, Olympus-throned, from lunch refraining—
Ambrosia o'er—Minerva came, complaining;
"My Gracious Liege!" she said, "this is my mission,—
To bring you to a sense of your position.
Your over-leniency, dyspepsia breeding,
Allows the gods too much of over-feeding,
By which their palates check their brains' progression,
And dull their intellects by retrogression.
And seeing this, O Jove, I crave permission
To counteract it by direct attrition;
In order thus their intellects to strengthen,
Their minds to polish, and their memories lengthen."

Permission given, straight Minerva took
Out of her pocket Webster's Spelling-Book.
Around the circle test-words quickly hied,
Which each Immortal missed as soon as tried.

On "trousseau," Juno weakened; Mars on "foes,"
While pouting Venus came to grief through "beaux;"
On "occult," Pluto; Vulcan, on "crescendo,"
While gray-beard Neptune caved on "innuendo."
Bacchus with "reeling" made a perfect funk,
At which Minerva tartly cried, "You're drunk!"
One "s" in "messenger" gave Mercury trouble,
And Ceres, weeping, bit the dust on "stubble;"
Apollo stoutly tried his luck on "rooster,"
And then, appealing, said he spelled by Worcester;
On which the Graces held, as referees,
He was "so rice" he might spell as he pleased.
Jove, last of all but than the rest no better,
In spelling "empty" lost a needed letter.

Then the whole circle begged her to give-o'er;
The gods all called her spelling-bee a bore.
The ladies said "blue-stocking!" and "a fright!"
And the three Judges held such language—right.
Pluto said: "Nervey, let's to Hades go,
And try this latest torment down below."

Straightway Minerva rose, and closed her book,
And 'round the circle cast a withering look;
"Immortal Gods!" she said, "henceforth the schools
Shall better call you all Immortal Fools!
Olympus," here she wept, "so glorious once,
Is now fit only for the dullest dunce.
Down to the earth I'll go, and quickly mass
The suffering nations in a spelling-class.
Thus I'll reform the world, and as for you,
Degenerate Deities, for a while, adieu!
I shall return, and till that time—ah, well!
I'll leave Olympus for a little spell."
So saying, she turned, nor longer deigned to stay,
But glided swiftly down the milky way.

Minerva thus her earthward journey took,
And from her pocket drew her awful book.
America soon gave the chance she sought,
And a new "Battle of Lexicon" was fought;
Fierce grew the conflict, quick the test-words flew,
Ponderous six-syllables and puzzling two.

And thus we wrestle, while, serene and still,
Minerva sits enthroned on Learning's Hill.
And, till she wearies, thus, I fear, shall we
Sill be a-spelling at a spelling-bee!

E. S. BROOKS.

po decent housewives in Fifeshire, who had gone to give their pigs their supper, met, and, naturally, took the opportunity for a two-handed crack. "Oh, Peggy woman," said one to the other, "I wish folk say there's a man i' the moon. "O ay," said Peggy, "I've heard about him, but he canna be so fond o' his ain wife, for he's aye glowerin' this way an' that."

The sign of *The Bell*, as in connection with the church, was frequently annexed the inscription "Our God and Honor the King." This venerable sign, grown trite, a jovial innkeeper desired a friend and facetious divine to turn the same into verse. The man had but little room to do so, and yet, being postmaster, insisted on having his loyalty expressed; so that the worthy divine was obliged to leave out the Fear of God, and happily rendered the other part in the following beautiful tetrastich.

"Let the King
Live long;
Dong ding,
Ding dong!"

Mr. Connell, in addressing a jury, having exhausted the ordinary epithet of abuse, stopped for a word, and then added, this "naufraigeous ruffian." When afterward asked by his friends the meaning of the word, he confessed he did not know, but said "he thought it sounded well."

"You are a regular muff, sir," said a traveler to another in a great passion, while disputing in a London coffee-house. "Thank you," replied Mr. Muff, very coolly; "if I'm a muff, I've done my duty; I've made you warm."

There is a story related of Jarvis, the distinguished painter, to the effect that, walking down Broadway one day, he saw before him a dark-looking foreigner bearing under his arm a small red cigar-box. He stepped immediately into his pocket, and whenever he met a friend (which was usually in two or three minutes, for the popular artist knew everybody), he would beckon to him with a sign to "fall into line" behind. By and by the man turned down one of the cross streets, followed by Jarvis and his "tail." Attracted by the measured tread of so many feet, he turned round abruptly, and, seeing the procession that followed his footsteps, he exclaimed: "What for de debbil is this? What for you take me, eh? What for you come after me, eh?" "Sir," exclaimed the man, with an air of profound respect, "we saw you going to the grave alone with the body of your dead wife, and we took the opportunity to offer you our sympathy, and to follow your babe to the tomb." The man explained, in his broken manner, that the coffin contained only cigars, and he evinced his gratitude for the interest which had been manifested in his behalf, by breaking it open and dispensing them liberally to the mourners.

The dollar mark \$ is a combination of the letters

f and s, the Spanish fuertes or hard, to distinguish them from paper money. Even among ourselves we frequently hear the term "hard dollars," so that it is a monogram composed of the first and last letters of the word. Occasionally the calculator abbreviated it thus: fs.; but that interfering with the signs for francs and florins, he curled the s around the f, which preserves the distinction.

A distinguished member of the University of Oxford gives us a French version of "Dickery, dickery, dock:—"

Diggoré, diggoré, doge,
Le rat monte à l'horloge,
Une heuse frappe,
Le rat s'échappe,
Diggoré, diggoré, doge.

And another nursery rhyme, equally familiar, has been converted into French by John Roberts, a Fellow of Magdalene College:

LE SOLDAT.

"Qui vient par là?" "C'est un soldat;"
"Et votre affaire?" "Un pot de bière."
"Que payez vous?" "Je n'ai pas l'sou."
"Va-t-en, ivrogne, à ta besogne."

There have been cases where animals were tried and convicted in due form of law. Thus, in 1314, a bull, having killed a man by tossing him with his horns, was brought before the judges in the province of Valois and indicted as a criminal, and, after several witnesses had given evidence, it was condemned to be hanged. This sentence was confirmed by an order of the Parliament and carried into effect. And we are told that an unfortunate pig, which chanced to kill a child in Burgundy, was in like manner solemnly tried in court and suffered the same punishment.

A book about Actors is the very latest volume in the "Bric-à-Brac" series. Not the least curious of the anecdotes are those told of Sheridan. Michael Kelly writes about the extraordinary trouble he had to get from the famous author the words of the songs to which he (Kelly) was to set music: "But, if this were a puzzling situation for a composer, what will my readers think of that in which the actors were left, when I state the fact, that, at the time the house was overflowing on the first night's performance, all that was written of the play was actually rehearsing, and that, incredible as it may appear, until the end of the fourth act, neither Mrs. Siddons, nor Charles Kemble, nor Barrymore, had all their speeches for the fifth? Mr. Sheridan was upstairs, in the prompter's room, where he was writing the last part of the play, while the earlier parts were acting; and every ten minutes he brought down as much of the dialogue as he had done, piecemeal, into the green-room, abusing himself and his negligence, and making a thousand winning and soothing apologies for having kept the performers so long in such painful suspense. Mrs. Siddons told me that she was in an agony of fright, but Sheridan perfectly knew that Mrs. Siddons, C. Kemble, and Barrymore were quicker in study than any other

performers concerned; and that he could trust them to be perfect in what they had to say, even at half an hour's notice. And the event proved that he was right! the play was received with the greatest approbation, and, though brought out so late in the season, was played thirty-one nights; and, for years afterward, proved a mine of wealth to the Drury Lane treasury, and, indeed, to all the theaters in the United Kingdom."

Red-Riding-Hood.

SWEET Red-Riding-Hood!
In the dreary wood
Her scarlet mantle still is seen.
The children's tears,
Through all the years,
Have kept her mem'ry ever green.



And yet—who could blame him?
Or who desire to tame him?
Or blot the tragic story out
With wisdom so replete?
What we love we eat—
That is the moral without doubt.

In the village ale-house of a pretty little Sussex village, there is the following congenial and admonitory invitation:

Here's to Pand's Pen, *da* SOC i alho-Ur.
Inh ARM (Les Smirt) HAND: G. Lee.
Le TFR *ie*Nd SHIP r Ei-G. N.AN.
DEVIL'S PEAK

OF
NO NE.

Which, when the letters are properly put together, will read:

"Here stop and spend a social hour
In harmless mirth and glee;
Let friendship reign, and evil speak of none."

The transposition of tavern signs in England are often very curious. "Caton Fidele," to Cat and Fiddle; "Bacchanals" with Bag-o'-Nails; "God Encompasseth Us" to Goat and Compasses. The very common sign of the Checkers, which is often seen on the door-posts or window-shutters of most public houses, has given rise to much conjecture. Shops with the same sign were common among the Romans. The most witty explanation was that given by George Selwyn, who frequently expressed his astonishment how antiquarians could be at any loss to discover why draughts were an appropriate emblem for drinking-houses. No wonder Ben Jonson exclaims:

"It even puts Apollo
To all his strength of art to follow
The flights, and to divine
What is meant by every sign."

If the spirits of departed men of genius really have cognizance of the world behind them, they must just now be taking a grim sort of satisfaction in the state of the autograph market in England. It may be a matter of some regret to those who have starved or shivered through the world, that their own age could not have discounted the obligations of posterity, and to many minds must occur that pathetic soliloquy of Burns's mother at the dedication of a monument to her son: "Aweel, aweel! ye asked 'em for bread, Robbie, an' they gie ye a stane." But, on the whole, the world has been very kind to genius and has kept its memory green, and the recent sale of autographs by Messrs. Sotheby, of London, is a remarkable indication of the eagerness with which the heart of the world responds to a sympathetic touch. The original manuscript of Gray's "Elegy" was purchased by Sir William Fraser for two hundred and thirty pounds sterling, "an advance of one hundred and eight pounds on the sum realized by this self-same manuscript, when, as a part of the celebrated Penn Collection, it was sold by the same firm of auctioneers nearly twenty years ago." The complete manuscript of Dickens's "Christmas Carol" was sold for fifty-five pounds. A letter from Queen Elizabeth to Henry IV., of France, brought fifty pounds. A letter from Galileo to his pupil Castelli was knocked down at twenty guineas, and forty-eight pounds was the ultimate bidding for a letter from Mary, Queen of Scots, to M. de la Motte. Two autograph letters of Napoleon were taken at thirty-four pounds, and one from Nelson to Lady Hamilton at seventy guineas. In an article suggested by the sale, "The London Telegraph" speculates curiously on the relative prices which would be brought by the authenticated manuscripts of Shakespeare's "Cymbeline," "Paradise Regained," Pope's "Universal Prayer," and "The Song of the Shirt."

Respectfully Declined.

BY MARIAN DOUGLAS

I MADE a song, a little song,
Once, sitting 'neath the moon;
'Twas sweet as sings the nightingale
To please the rose of June;
The very soul of melody
Was in each tuneful line—
I never heard a lay that had
A witchery like mine!
To hide it in my heart, I said,
Would be a selfish thing—
The world, in future years, must have
My little song to sing!
So, tenderly, with loving care,
I sent my song away—
'Twill bring me back, not olive leaves,
I thought, but wreaths of bay!
My little song flew here and there,
A resting place to find,
But homeless it came back to me,
"Respectfully declined!"
Oh, hard and cruel souls must be
The guardians of the press!
They wear the human form, but they
Are Gorgons, none the less;
For if they were not hard of heart,
As well as slow of mind,
They never had sent back my song,
"Respectfully declined!"

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CHICAGO.



CHICAGO! The name has a strange fascination for the American people. It deserves to be one of the wonders of the age. The name is familiar in the remotest villages of the ports of Europe. It is known for its business and for its sorrows. It is the best civilized city in the country. Something is always happening to advertise Chicago. Everything said and done in Chicago is never less out of the ordinary line. Whatever Chicago does is done well, and on a grand scale. A few years ago Chicago became a corn market, and forthwith Chicago became the greatest grain market on the globe. A few years ago a few persons began to kill in Chicago; now Chicago kills more than any other two cities in America! The business and the piety of Chicago are, in every way, marvelous. It is a city of church-going, church-going people, and yet contains more people who are not church-going, in proportion to the population, than any other city in the world. The Sabbath day in Chicago is as far as the eye can discover externally, as neat and orderly as in any New England

city; yet, all laws for Sunday observance have been repealed, and in no other American city are there so many people who devote the day to festivity. Everything undertaken here is done promptly and on a grand scale.

Chicago was laid out as a "town" in 1830, and seven years later, in 1837, was incorporated as a city, and then contained 4,170 people. The Mayor elected in that year was the Hon. William B. Ogden, whose first marriage took place in April, 1875! After the city had reached the respectable age of seventeen years, it being now, in 1875, just thirty-eight years old, it found itself "too low," that is, too near the water level; so forthwith the grade of all the streets was raised six to ten feet,—and to accomplish that amount of "filling in" required years of patient labor. As fast as this was done the streets were paved. This necessitated the raising of all the buildings in the city. Every brick building in Chicago built before 1856 was lifted from its foundations six to ten feet, and new walls built under it. In the meantime, during these years of getting up to



SWINGING BRIDGE OVER CHICAGO RIVER, STATE STREET.

grade, pedestrianism in Chicago required skill and experience. Some houses would be up and others down, and the sidewalks were of the grades of the houses. It was not until 1863 or 1864 that these stairs in the sidewalks were wholly dispensed with. The raising of buildings in no wise disturbed the occupants or interrupted business. When the water of the Chicago River, which runs through the city and into which all the sewers empty, became so thick and solid that it would not discharge into the lake, and its odors surpassed in number and vigor those of Cologne, and swept over the prairie until the surrounding country rose in rebellion, Chicago put her hand in her pocket and expended over three millions of dollars to so deepen the Illinois and Michigan Canal that the river might be drained through its head and not through its mouth! So, ever since, the Chicago River "runs up-hill," and a pure stream of water flows from the lake through the river into the canal, carrying with it the sewage of the city down to the Illinois River and thence to the Gulf of Mexico.

The fact is, that though the people of Chicago are not over-modest in their estimate of their city, the calculations and estimates of even the most sanguine have always been exceeded in the reality.

The location of Chicago is peculiar. Along its eastern front lies Lake Michigan. What is

called the Chicago River is more of an estuary inlet from the lake; it extends due west a little over half a mile, and then divides into two forks, one tine going to the north-west and the other to the south-west. These branches are navigable for three miles more each; they are docked on both sides, and with the main river, constitute the harbor, which has not less than four miles of wharf frontage. These water lines divide the city into three towns, north, south, and west.

This harbor is, in every season of navigation, a busy scene. The elevators, the coal-yards, and the lumber-yards

all flanked by the river on one side and a way tracks on the other. The sail-vessels meet outside the river by tugs, and haul up their berths; among the other craft are mammoth propellers. The river and branches are crossed by bridges, and each time a vessel or propeller passes up or down, the bridges have to be swung open, to the great delay and annoyance of those on the land when it is remembered that the daily arrivals and departures of vessels in the harbor amount to reach one hundred and twenty in number, the bridge-opening is a serious interruption. An attempt was made to obviate this by tunneling the river. Two or three tunnels were constructed at an aggregate cost of nearly a million of dollars. They pass under the river, which has an average of twenty feet of water. They are divided into foot and vehicle compartments; they have never become popular, and it is not likely that any others will be constructed. They are mainly used for light vehicles and by foot passengers, when the bridges are open or disabled, and not in use. Ten minutes are the limit during which a bridge may be kept open at one time. At certain hours of the day vast crowds accumulate on the bridges during these temporary suspensions of intercourse between the several parts of the town, and often the lines of vehicles thus delayed extend back half a mile or more on each side of the river. These occasions afford fine opportunities for studying the variety of human temper, and the variety of language in which excited

patient men and women give expression their vexation. Nothing appears more astonishing to a stranger than the crowded condition of the streets in the business part of the city, and of the thoroughfares leading to it. From morning until six o'clock, the tide of people is forever moving. At six P. M., the factories, workshops, the wholesale and principal retail establishments pour out their overflowing population, which not only fills the streets and omnibuses to overflowing, but peoples the streets with an army of men, women, boys, and girls, wending their way in every direction to their homes in all parts of the wide-spread city. The picture of a Chicago omnibus is not an exaggeration; it may be seen on any day on any one of the dozen lines in this moving, restless, bustling city.

There is a large portion of the people who do business in Chicago who reside in the suburban towns and villages. These people leave the city and return by railway. Many of these villages and towns are situated on the lake shore. A succession of towns, including Evanston, Winnetka, Highland Park, and Lake Forest, extend north along the lake shore to Waukegan, a distance of thirty miles. Hyde Park, a handsome town of about a thousand inhabitants, is within ten minutes' ride by cars. In all directions from north-east to south-west, and by the west to south-west, are rural towns where the people have built residences. An idea of the rapid change going on in the character of the population in the district outside the city, especially since the fire, may be gathered from the fact that, in 1869, there were 126,000 people, and in 1874, the comparative number of buildings, lots, averaging 25x125 feet each, in the city and county was:

city, all rapidly filling up as residences. One of these, "Riverside," was, perhaps, the most finished experiment of the kind ever attempted. The city was launched into existence fully equipped with gas, water, sewers, and paved streets; it flourished for a while, but failed; the causes of this were proximity to a stagnant river, fever and ague, etc. It will, however, ten years hence, be a thriving suburban town.

South Chicago is a place of great expectations. It has a harbor, and the owners look forward to the time when it will be a great manufacturing center, and the grain warehouses will all be transferred thither. It is on the line of all the railroads entering the city from the East and South, and is easy of access to all the others. Thus you see, that while Chicago, within its corporate limits, is assuming vast proportions, the growth of the vicinage, within an area of twenty-five miles, keeps even pace.

Evanston, twelve miles north of the city, is a thriving suburb, and though its good people are of all denominations, it is ranked as a "Methodist town." This is due to the fact that it is the site of the North-western University, which University is under the control of the Methodist body, and owns a large extent of land, on a portion of which Evanston is built. North of Evanston is



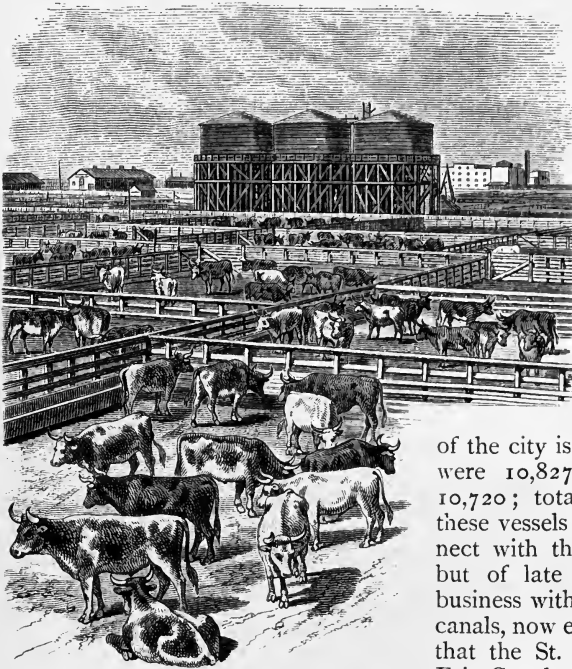
A CHICAGO OMNIBUS.

Year	No. of lots
1869	126,000
1873	177,000
1874	226,000

For 1875, the official statistics are not at hand, but the increase is even greater.

These lots are the result of converting farms into town lots, there being now about thirty villages and towns in the county outside the

Lake Forest, which, in like manner, is known as a "Presbyterian town," because of the location there of the Lake Forest University.



VIEW IN THE CHICAGO STOCK-YARDS.

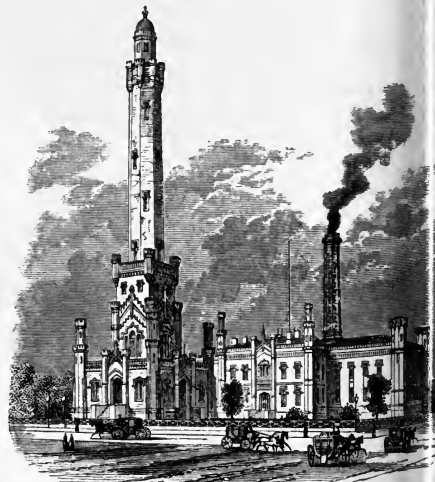
An essential item in the material progress of the city, and especially of the suburban cities and towns, is the railway system. We do not propose to enter into elaborate statistics, but simply state aggregates. There are no less than four trunk railways to the East: The Michigan Central, connecting with the New York Central and New York, and with the Grand Trunk of Canada; the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, connecting with the New York & Erie; the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago, connecting with the Pennsylvania Road, to New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore; the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, to Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Richmond, and further south. There are several routes to Cincinnati, and thence to Kentucky and Tennessee. From the South, there is the Illinois Central to New Orleans and Mobile. The Chicago, Alton & St. Louis, connects with St. Louis and South-west; the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, with Kansas, Iowa, Denver, and Omaha; the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, with Iowa and Omaha; the Chicago & North-western, with all parts of Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Dakota, and Nebraska, and the mines of Northern Michigan. There are no less than four distinct routes from Chicago to Omaha, where the connection is made with the Union Pacific Railway.

These roads, of course, are fed by others on the way. The aggregate productions they pour into the city is immense. There are instances on record of the arrival within twenty-four hours of between 1,400 and 1,500 cars of grain, each car averaging 100 bushels.

On all these roads there are special trains at convenient intervals for the suburban villages. The fares are reasonable, and the business large and profitable.

Chicago, however, has an important and valuable outlet for water. The navigation into and out of the city is a large one. The arrivals in 1874 were 10,827 vessels and steamers; departures 10,720; total tonnage, 3,195,633 tons. Many of these vessels go to Buffalo or Oswego, and connect with the Erie Canal, or with the railway; but of late years there has grown up a large business with Montreal, and when the Canadian canals, now enlarging, are completed, it is expected that the St. Lawrence will largely supersede the Erie Canal as a route to market, for both Europe and New England.

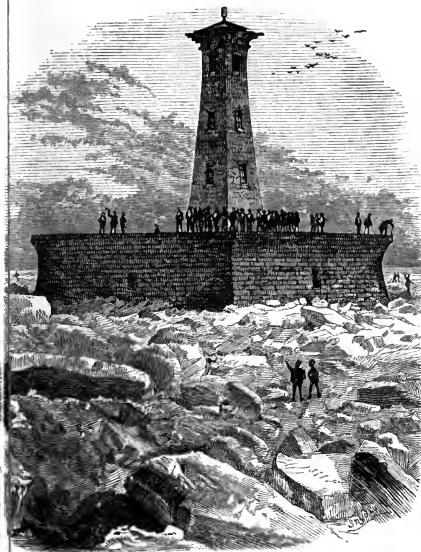
This brings us naturally to the subject of the general business of the city. Avoiding the temptation to be statistical, we give a simple item of sales in 1874. These sales, wholesale exclusively, were \$520,000,000.



THE WATER-WORKS—1875.

Like everything else in Chicago, manufacturing is of rapid growth. The fire, instead of destroying, increased it. In certain lines Chicago will eventually become an important

at, and one of these lines is boot and shoe making. It may not be generally known in all the New England markets



THE CRIB—CHICAGO WATER-WORKS.*

Chicago boots and shoes have been in successful competition for several years.

Of course this city is a center of trade for six or eight States which are in close proximity. Hence the wholesale trade is of amazing magnitude. Within the last five years, but more notably since the fire, there has been a large accession to the jobbing trade, and jobbing houses in all branches are now general in the city. However, in treating the subject, and however abundant the facts, I will not go into detail on this subject, because it would require the whole of several successive numbers of SCRIBNER to tell the story. Let it suffice to say that in all the lines of trade there is a rapid increase.

It is not here let it be said, that the panic was less severely in this city than in most places. When the "stringency" came, and there was such a scarcity of currency that the banks of New York and elsewhere had

This scene represents the crib during the winter of 1874-5 when the lake was frozen for several miles out from shore. Within a circle of half a mile around the crib, the ice was piled up from 20 to 40 feet. Nevertheless, persons made it a practice to walk out on the smooth ice, and then clamber over the broken blocks of ragged ice to the platform of the crib. The crib is now connected by telegraph with the water office, and daily reports of the temperature of the water are received.

to issue their "certificates" for the Clearing-House, Chicago had, in less than a week, an overflow of currency. The reason for this was, that while men and peoples may hoard their money, and cease buying dry-goods and carpets, jewelry and furniture, horses and carriages, laces, shawls, and things of this kind, they must have food. In times of distress, the man who has bread and meat to sell is the master of the situation. So, when in 1873 there was a general suspension of trade, the sale of breadstuffs and provisions in this city was interrupted only for a few days. There was no exchange, so the cash had to come. By every train, the express companies brought hither safes filled with currency until many millions of dollars were left here in payment for provisions and grain; this money went back into the interior, and thus, while all the land was enduring a stringency, the great food-producing country tributary to Chicago had an abundance of currency. Remittances to our merchants were promptly resumed, country banks were suffering no privation, and there was no stagnation.

A result of this, or perhaps a result somewhat hastened by this event of the panic, is just now assuming importance. Practically, Chicago has been for years a station-house, a warehouse for the storage of grain on its way to market. That is, grain was sent here, and advances were obtained on it, and it was then pushed East, advances being obtained on it; and eventually it was sold at New York. New York was therefore



DRAKE'S BLOCK, BEFORE THE FIRE.

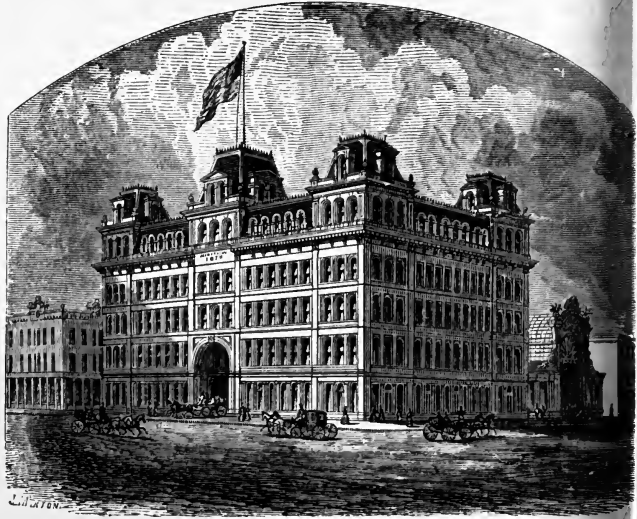
really the grain market, and Chicago, except for local trade, was a warehouse.

The same condition of things existed in

the provision trade, but gradually this was changed; the provisions became the property of our own people, and dealers in all parts of the country now buy what they want here. Forwarding provisions to be sold on account is now the exception.

So in the matter of grain. Since the panic, the change begun some time before, of selling grain in Chicago, instead of holding it on commission, and sending it forward to be sold, has been steadily progressing. A reason for this is, that there are now other markets than New York. Montreal, Philadelphia, and Baltimore are all *purchasers* in Chicago. Each of these places has facilities for handling grain, unknown in New York. They can purchase and handle in their own ports at a large saving in local expense. Hence a large diversion of trade to these points has taken place, and this diversion is increasing.

The struggle may be protracted with varying success for a year or two longer, but there is no escape from the inevitable result that Chicago is to be the grain market, and grain is to be bought and sold in Chicago without reference to what may be the prices in New York. Henceforward it will be Liverpool and Chicago, the intermediate points regulating their prices by the quotations at these two markets.



THE BIGELOW HOUSE, BEFORE THE FIRE.

ble at all times. It is food, and the country and the world must have it. All that is needed is to send it to Chicago, and let it stay here until the outside world, which must have it, sends the money to pay for it. Whatever cash capital is needed for this can be found here in the city, just as it has been found here in abundance for the provision trade, and for the trade in live stock.

The stock-yards, the great depot and exchange for live stock, form one of the marvels even of this marvelous city. It is an illustration of the truth, that whatever Chicago undertakes to do is done well, and without higgling as to the cost, the result being that it is successful and profitable.

These stock-yards prove that "the best is the cheapest." These were opened in 1865. A tract of nearly 400 acres of land was purchased. This was laid off in broad streets and alleys, all paved with wooden blocks. The divisions were pens for cattle, sheep, hogs. There are 20 miles of paved streets and alleys, all sewerd; 5 miles of water-troughs, 15 miles of feed-troughs, 2,500 gates, 1,800 open pens, 1,000 covered pens, the whole supplied with abundance of water from artesian wells. The village near the yards contains a large and thriving hotel,



THE NEW PACIFIC HOTEL.

All this of course will require capital, but the capital is here. The property itself is produced here, and is of itself capital. It is a kind of property that is of necessity sala-

a national bank, which finds a large business, a daily newspaper and a telegraph office, and the premises are reached by tracks from all the railroads leading to the city. In 1874

receipts and shipments at these yards

Received, 843,966. Shipped, 622,929.
 Receipts received, 338,655. Shipped, 180,555.
 Receipts received, 4,472,667. Shipped, 2,528,108.

The sales of live stock at these yards in 1874 aggregated \$109,000,000, all

A pretty respectable excess of itself even for cautious towns!

These stock-yards are on the south-west limit of the city and are supplemented by packing-houses. Here are manufactured the various styles in which pork is sold to the world. They embrace various styles and cuts peculiar to certain localities in the West, which, such as South of England sides, Yorkshire sides, Wiltshire sides, Stratford sides, Birmingham sides, single-bacon, Irish cut sides, Yorkshire hams, backs, etc. The value of the manufactured products in the season of 1874-5 was \$38,000,000.

Between the stock-yards and the city are generally the lumber-yards, which of course occupy an immense area along the river. This lumber is brought here by water from Canada, Michigan, and Wisconsin. The magnitude of the trade may be judged by the year's receipts: Lumber, 1,060,088,708 feet; shingles, 580,673,674, having a value of \$4,000,000. Out of these receipts, Chicago, by rail and canal, supplies the further part, even to the frontiers of Kansas and Nebraska.

Chicago originally was but a few feet above the level of the lake. By the means already stated it has been raised from eight to twelve feet, thus affording dry basements and thorough underground sewerage. Of course sewerage is essential to the health of this city. The system is a thorough one, and despite the money expended upon it, it has never been able to keep up with the demand. At the end of 1874 there had been laid in the city 240 miles of sewers. The drainage of property thus provided with is double that of the length of sewerage said. The drainage is almost exclusively underground.

All manner and kinds of pavement have been tried, but the wooden block has so far proved more acceptable than any other. It

must be remembered that our streets are all as nearly level as possible, the only inclination being that necessary to drain to the street corners, where the sewers receive the washings. Up to the close of the last year there had been constructed 111 miles of street pavements.



THE NEW POST-OFFICE AND CUSTOM-HOUSE. (UNFINISHED.)

These paved streets were the salvation of the city after the fire. They enabled the transportation of material for the new buildings. Beyond a scorching on the surface, the wooden blocks suffered but little injury, though over 200 miles of plank sidewalk were turned into ashes. The cost of paving the streets of Chicago is paid for by special taxes on the abutting property. The process for the first paving is expensive. Thus, a curb wall, from nine to twelve feet deep, is constructed of stone; inside this, brick



LA SALLE STREET, BEFORE THE FIRE.



OLD CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

walls are constructed, dividing the area under the sidewalk into vaults, and upon the top is laid a stone sidewalk. This is the general rule in all the business part of the city, though in the outer districts an ordinary stone curb answers all purposes. There can be no excavation here of more than two feet without meeting water, which must be excluded.

The city of Chicago has in no other instance displayed its enterprise more earnestly than in procuring a supply of pure water. For this purpose Lake Michigan has been utilized. In 1840 Chicago had an engine and a pump, and supplied the city with water through logs. In 1851 it was estimated that in 1866 Chicago would have



NEW CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

100,000 people, and means had to be devised to secure water for such a large city. So a part of the lake was enclosed, connected with a well twenty-five feet deep on the shore; over this well was erected a pump, and this pump, moved by a steam-engine, forced the water into the iron mains, which were then laid. This system went into operation in 1853, and water was not introduced into buildings until 1854. At that time the city had begun its advancement. Railroads had been built to it from all points of the compass. The population had grown, and in 1860 had exceeded 100,000. Over 105 miles of water-pipe had been laid, and the demand was unsatisfied. The city received the sewage, and the river emptied into the lake, and, with certain winds, the foul water was carried to the water-works and redistributed. Chicago therefore made another advance, and the present water system was adopted.

Two miles from the shore there was constructed and sunk an edifice made of iron and heavy timber loaded with stone. This building has a diameter of 98 feet. In the center compartment an iron cylinder issues 64 feet, of which 31 feet are below the bottom of the lake, the water being 33 feet deep.

A shaft was sunk on the shore 66 feet below the level, and thence a 5-foot tunnel was constructed two miles to the crib in the lake. Since the fire a second tunnel has been constructed alongside the first. New engines and pumps, and a handsome stone tower, were constructed, all of which went down in the fire. Since then others have been constructed, as shown in the drawing.

The city has, however, extended the tunnel under the city at a depth of 60 feet, a distance of three miles, and at its terminus is now constructing a duplicate of the buildings, shown in this engraving, with all the machinery. The supply of water from the lake will be equal to 120,000,000 gallons daily, and the capacity of the combining machinery 70,000,000 gallons daily. This is expected to serve the city for a few years more, when the supply will be increased. Each new tunnel will furnish 70,000,000 gallons a day.

Chicago has been severely criticised because of her carelessness in not taking precautions against fire, especially in the matter of water. The fact is, Chicago has grown too fast for any Government to keep up with its wants. Only twenty-one years ago,

\$4, was the water first produced through iron pipes into the houses, and now Chicago has laid 5 miles of water-pipe. Since the fire large additional pipes have been laid through the business portion of the city exclusively for the use of fire-pipes; immense cisterns, incapable of exhaustion, have also been constructed, and except in very remote districts the supply is equal to any ordinary emergency. The ordinance prohibiting the erection of wooden buildings is already having an effect, not only in arresting the erection of wooden buildings, but in substituting therefor substantial brick and stone. The

sewer-works are an unailing source of interest to all who visit them.

To the visitor the fire will seem to have had a beneficial effect upon the progress of the city. In an architectural way, and, look-



TREMONT HOUSE.

ing to the future, in a material way, this is true; but the effect of that fire, so far as it relates to individual losses, will be felt for half a century. Before the fire the city was assuming what was then regarded magnifi-

cent features in the way of buildings, especially in the way of hotels, churches, and blocks of business and residence houses.

Drake's block has a peculiar history. It was one of the first serious invasions of the fashionable avenues by trade. It was erected in 1868, and was immediately occupied by wholesale houses. One Sunday, in September, 1870, it was wholly destroyed by fire. The enterprising owners immediately rebuilt it, making it the handsome structure shown in the engraving. Of course it went down in the fire of 1871, but it has been again built for the "third term." At the time of the fire Potter Palmer was building what is now the Palmer House, and had the first story completed. The fire had nothing to feed upon, but the heat exhibited its power upon the iron material. At that time, however, Mr. Palmer had an eight-story brick and stone hotel a few blocks south of the



OLD COURT-HOUSE.

present Palmer House, and it melted before the fire as if it were made of cards. After the fire, the present building, known as the Palmer House, was pushed on to completion. It is noted among the finest buildings of the kind in the United States.

The grand Pacific Hotel had reached that point of completion that the painter had only to give the interior the finishing touches.

As an illustration of how things are done in Chicago, we give the Pacific Hotel before the fire, that the reader may compare that which was then considered a mammoth affair with the new Pacific Hotel that has succeeded. Enlarged, and better planned and constructed, it is a type of all things new in Chicago. Another hotel, the Bigelow House, had been completed, and was handsomely and thoroughly furnished. It was to have been formally opened on Monday, the 9th of October, and on that morning went down, nothing being left of its walls save the archway over the main entrance.



SCENE IN LINCOLN PARK.

At the same time the Custom-House and Post-Office building was destroyed, and the block on which the Bigelow House had



SCENE IN CENTRAL PARK.

stood was purchased by the Government. On this site is now in course of erection a new Custom-House and Post-Office. We write, however, defects have been discovered in the foundation, and the question is now under consideration at Washington whether to go on with the half completed building, or to take it down and build anew.

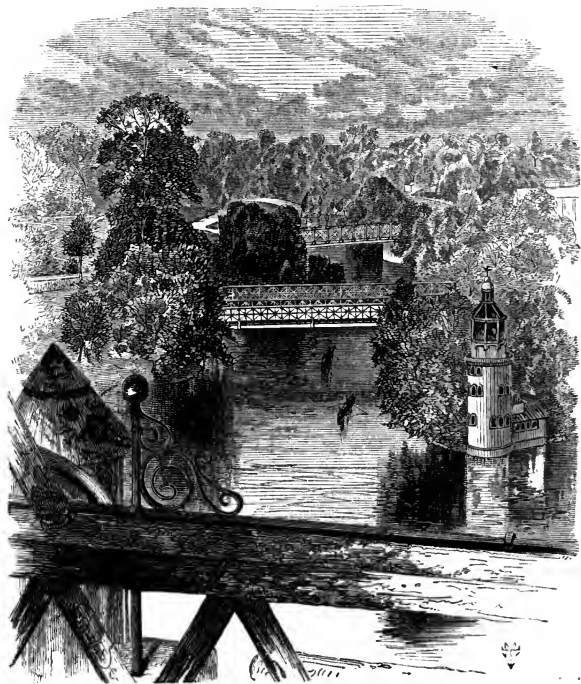
La Salle street is the Wall street of Chicago. On it, or near it, are many of the banks, insurance agencies, brokers' offices, and commission dealers in grain and provisions. At the south-east corner of Washington street stood, before the fire, the Chamber of Commerce of 1871. The site of this building was covered for many years with a large brick building known as the First Baptist Church. The church sold the building to the Chamber of Commerce and donated the building to the Second Church. The building was taken down carefully and the materials removed to a point more than a mile distant; there it was rebuilt, a perfect reproduction, even to the wooden steeple and cracked bell of the old church. The Board of Trade occupied temporary quarters after the fire, until was built the present Chamber of Commerce. The Board of Trade of Chicago numbers 1,651 members. The entrance fee is now \$1,000, and

annual assessments \$25 each. The Board of Trade does not own the building, but rents it of the Chamber of Commerce; but it vests its annual surplus in the stock of the Board. The meetings of the Board are of great interest to visitors, who may look on from the gallery. Especially is this true when there is a "corner." Perhaps, somebody would like to know what a corner is. Usually, A B and C combine their means and credits to make a corner in July. They therefore quietly begin in May to buy corn to be delivered in July. They gradually buy all the corn in the market, and, of necessity, must buy all that arrives, paying for the latter whatever is demanded. When a purchase is thus made, seller and buyer put a margin, either in cash, or certificate, or deposit. As soon as the corner becomes known, there is an effort made to break it. The settlement takes place at 3 P. M. on the last day of the month. Those who have sold corn to the corner and have no corn to deliver, pay the difference between the price which they sold, and the ruling price at close of business on the last day. As the corner has thus purchased sometimes five times as much corn as there is to be had, amounting to millions of bushels, and the price has advanced ten cents a bushel, the profit is enormous. As the prices advance, additional margins are required. Those failing to put up the additional margins, lose what they have already put up. The anti-corner factions seek to break up the crowd sales on the corner as they exhaust its capital and credits, and render it unable to buy at the advance prices. Thus, the corner is compelled to send out into the country and buy for cash all the corn in sight, to prevent the price from rushing into Chicago at the last moment. These are exciting times. Corn at such a moment may be purchased of the corner for shipment, from six to fifteen cents a bushel less than it is selling for on 'Change for delivery during the month. Each time there is a corner, there is a crash, sometimes of the corner men, and at other times of the anti-corner men. The whole proceedings are of such questionable honesty, that the Legislature of Illinois has declared the operation of a corner to be a felony.

It is nevertheless still practiced. Corners are attempted in wheat, oats, barley, pork, and lard, and some of them have been quite successful in a pecuniary way. It requires nerve, audacity, and money, or credit. Recently a bank here went into a corner, issuing its certificates of deposit for margins; the corner failed, and so did the bank, and the certificates have never been paid.

The banks of Chicago include seventeen national banks, ten savings banks, and several banks doing business under State charters. On the first of January, 1875, the aggregate capital and surplus of the national banks was \$11,539,000, and they had an aggregate deposit of \$28,700,000. The savings banks had a deposit of \$8,970,453, and this was fifteen months after the panic, during which period many manufacturing establishments were closed, and employment in them had been suspended. The State banks make no publication of their affairs; but one of them, the Merchants' Loan and Trust Company, does a very heavy business, and is considered one of the best-managed institutions in the country.

Insurance is one of the institutions of this city. Except in the case of the terrible fire of 1871, Chicago had always been a profitable point for insurance. The values insured



SCENE IN UNION PARK.



SCENE IN JEFFERSON PARK.

were large, and insurance was general. This city was also a convenient point for general agencies for the North-west. The latter fact had also made Chicago a favorable point for the location of general agencies for the great life insurance companies. Under the laws of this State ten per cent. is a lawful rate of interest on money loans, and several of these life insurance companies invested largely of their surplus in loans on improved property in this city. None of these sustained any serious losses by the great fire; the land, with the foundations, and other salvages, and a general advance in values, was sufficient to cover the mortgages. The ashes of the great fire had hardly cooled before there was money offering in the city for purposes of rebuilding. The life insurance companies were again liberal in their terms. The first effort was to rebuild the business districts, and this occupied all of 1872. In 1873, the building in the burnt district continued, but there was more attention to residences. Under the increase of population, following the fire, improvements were general in all parts. In 1874, following the panic, the work of building, especially of residences, went on, with occasionally a business block, or one or two buildings on a block to fill up a vacancy left the preceding year.

The money to build the city was found in abundance, and at lower rates than were paid in many instances before the fire. The money consisted of the amount recovered from the fire insurance companies, money brought here by persons coming here to engage in business, the actual capital of our own people, the rest was borrowed. The credit of the city was of value in the crisis.

The oldest hotel in the city before the fire was the Tremont House. Its owners

were wealthy, and of their own means rebuilt and furnished it. To the general observer it has a handsomer exterior than any similar sized building in the city.

The population of Chicago is just one of those questions about which there must always be a doubt where there is a continuing increase. We have the United States census at the decennial periods, the State census at other dates, and a Municipal census taken biennially. The figures given by these indicate better than words the growth of the population since 1852-4, when the railroad first reached Chicago from the East, West, and South. The table is not long enough to weary, and, if it seem so, the reader may skip it:

Date of Census.	Taken by.	Population
July, 1837.....	City	4,170
July, 1840.....	U. S.	4,471
July, 1843.....	City	7,583
July, 1845.....	State.....	12,083
September, 1846.....	City	14,167
October, 1847.....	City	16,857
September, 1848.....	City	20,023
August, 1849.....	City	23,047
August, 1850.....	U. S.	29,993
December, 1853.....	City	59,133
June, 1855.....	State .. .	80,002
August, 1856.....	City	84,113
August, 1860.....	U. S.	109,203
October, 1862.....	City	138,183
October, 1864.....	City	169,353
October, 1865.....	State	178,492
October, 1866.....	City	200,413
October, 1868.....	City	252,954
August, 1870.....	U. S.	306,663
October, 1872.....	City	367,396
October, 1874.....	City	395,408
July, 1875.....	Est'd	420,000

It will be noticed that the growth was

en regular during the last twenty years. Outside the city, as has already been stated, a large population resident in the rural towns. These are mostly Chicago people.

Square has, from time immemorial, been used jointly by the city and county for a public building, embracing quarters for city and county officers.

The Court-House and City Hall, as it stood in 1871, was rather an imposing building. The center building was built of granite brought from Lockport, N.Y. Subsequently, and but a year or two before the fire, the two wings were completed. They were built of the white limestone found near this city. The building, as shown in the engraving, had but a short life, and in its destruction were lost the files of the courts, the records of deeds, and most of the books and papers of the City Government. The city and county are now wrangling over the question of putting up another building, and there is, of course, the usual struggle between contending factions of enterprising and patriotic people, as to which will be allowed to expend the money for the general public.

Chicago has under preparation a system of public parks, which, when completed, will furnish, without exception, the largest connected area of driving grounds and breathing places in this country. Imagine a city laid out on a flat territory, without a natural elevation exceeding six feet in height. This city is in the form of a parallelogram, seven miles from north to south, and four miles from east to west. The eastern line varies according to the irregularities of the shores of Lake Michigan. At the north-east corner of this ground plan, and lying along the lake shore, is a natural park containing 153 acres. This is Lincoln Park, and is already completed. The park system includes a "Grand Boulevard" with road-way, 250 feet wide, extending, from the northern extremity of Lincoln Park, four miles west, where it enters Humboldt Park, a high piece of land containing 290 acres. The Grand Boulevard is resumed at the south end of this park, and, continuing two miles south, enters Central Park, which contains 236 acres. A mile south of Central is Douglas Park, containing 232 acres. The boulevard which started from Lincoln Park, connects the Central and Douglas Parks, and thence continuing south and east, a distance of six miles, where it connects with North Park, a tract of 500 acres or more. A mile and a-half to the south and east of this, is located South Park, which has something over 500 acres. It will be understood, therefore, that Chicago has not merely a park, but a succession of parks, located at intervals of



THE NEW "CHICAGO TRIBUNE" BUILDING.

the whole period, there has been no annexation of inhabited territory. All the extensions of the city limits have embraced prairie lands, which, however, once annexed, have been occupied by persons seeking lots and houses of their own. The figures given for 1874 are the latest; they are the returns of a census taken by the School Board. The press of other cities have from time to time charged that the reported enumerations of the inhabitants of this city were fabulous, but there is no reason to question the general accuracy of these returns.

The Municipal Government of Chicago may be said to have been camping out ever since 1871. A temporary building was erected in the winter of that year, and there, in contracted quarters, have the various departments been transacting the public business. This county has two courts, of equal jurisdiction; one consists of five, and the other of three judges; but each judge holds an independent court. These eight judges hold their courts in as many rooms in the second story of this temporary building. Including all the city departments, there is a good collection of officials of every degree. Chicago is a part of another municipal corporation, known as Cook County. A public

few miles along the northern, western, and southern boundaries of the city. The whole, connected with a broad drive-way, planted on both sides, furnishing, exclusive of the road-ways in the park, a continuous drive of twenty-five miles. This system requires time to complete it. The purchase of the land has been costly. The west parks—Humboldt, Central, and Douglas—have been planted and fenced, and the interior finish of Central Park has been in part completed. Lincoln Park is a resort for thousands on all days, and especially on Sundays.

North Park is approached from the city by two broad avenues 200 feet wide and half a mile apart. These particular boulevards were completed before the fire, and have furnished the city with a handsome and fashionable drive, and also a place where, on special days, may be witnessed thrilling displays of the speed of the fast and blooded horse-flesh owned here. The vast crowds which through these boulevards whenever the weather will permit, furnish a prophetic glimpse of the scenes to be witnessed when the whole system of parks and connecting boulevards shall be completed.

The necessity of rebuilding Chicago—the increased expenditures to restore the bridges, public buildings, and other property—has practically suspended operations on these parks and boulevards for the time. But the trees grow just the same, and, while the number of the present generation who will see the whole system carried out as designed may be less, the work will ere long be resumed and completed. All these large parks will be easily accessible, several railways and horse-car lines running in direct connection with them.

Within the city there are several small parks. Near the Douglas Monument, in the south part of the city, is Ellis Park; further north, and along the Lake Shore, is Lake Park; near at hand is Dearborn Park; two miles north is Washington Park, and two miles west of Lake Park is Union Park, an irregular-shaped inclosure, which, considering its dimensions, is handsomely and elaborately adorned. South-east of Union Park, is Jefferson Park, an inclosure of somewhat contracted dimensions, but tastefully finished.

All these smaller parks within the city are highly enjoyed, and, in seasonable weather, are crowded. In the winter, the ponds and lakes of Lincoln, Union, and Jefferson Parks furnish to thousands the convenience and

delight of skating. These parks are maintained by the proceeds of taxation.

The daily newspapers of a city generally indicate the spirit and enterprise of the people.



FIELD, LEITER & CO'S OLD BUILDING.

ple. This city has always had good daily journals. At this time, there are six daily papers in the English language: "Tribune," "Times," "Inter-Ocean," and "Courier," published in the morning; "Journal," and "Post and Mail," in the afternoon. The



HONORE BLOCK, BEFORE THE FIRE.

man dailies are the "Staats Zeitung," "Neue Freie Presse" and "Union." Among the weeklies is a goodly array of religious

papers, published in the interest of various denominations. Among these are the "Northwestern Christian Advocate," Methodist, Rev. Arthur Edwards, editor; "New Covenant," Universalist, Rev. W. Hanson, editor; the "Standard," Baptist, Rev. J. A. Smith, editor; "The Advance," Congregational, Rev. Dr. W. W. Patton, editor; "The Interior," Presbyterian, Professor F. Patton, editor; "The Alliance," Independent, Professor Swing, editor; and the "Western Catholic."

All these papers and editors rank high in the estimation of the community for ability and learning. It would take an entire page of SCRIBNER to give merely the titles of all the various publications in Chicago; they include publications in all languages, and journals relating to all branches of trade and professional business. It is but proper to say, however, that one of these, the "Legal News," devoted to current legal intelligence, and edited by Mrs. Myra Bradwell, has attained a national reputation.

Since the fire new and handsome and stylish buildings have been erected by "The Evening Journal," "The Chicago Times," "The Staats Zeitung," and "The Chicago Tribune."

All these buildings have been built expressly for the publication of the respective papers, and are complete in all their appointments. "The Tribune" building is supposed to be absolutely fire-proof. The enterprise of the Chicago newspapers is in keeping with the general spirit of Chicago. Two of these papers are alike, yet all are edited with ability; and each, in its own peculiar sphere and class of readers, exercises a liberal influence upon the community. The audience reached by the Chicago dailies is by no means confined to Chicago and its suburbs. They circulate largely in Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, Nebraska, Minnesota, and Kansas. They find large sales, also, on the railroads of the South-western States. They are invaluable to all country dealers because of their elaborate market reports, and commercial and financial intelligence, to which these papers devote large space.

Chicago has always been a liberal patron of public schools. The State of Illinois annually appropriates one million of dollars for the support of schools in the State. This in addition to what is raised by local taxation. Of this sum, which is raised by taxation, Chicago obtains comparatively a small sum. Her schools are supported by

a city tax, as one of the regular departments of the city government. The schools lost in buildings and furniture about \$250,000 by the fire, and all remained closed for several months after that event. With the loss of taxable property came a loss of revenue.

Our school architecture is varied. Twenty years ago the rage was for large buildings capable of accommodating one thousand four hundred to one thousand five hundred pupils. The policy changed subsequently, and smaller buildings were erected. The system consists of a series of graded classes, beginning at the alphabet and rising to an admission to a high school. In the latter, the course is divided into two or three years; the full classical course is four years. German is taught (optional) in all the schools. The attendance under twelve years of age is large; the great bulk of the children—both boys and girls—of the poor and working classes leaving school as soon as they can earn wages and obtain employment. Thousands of these, of both sexes, are employed in various kinds of manufactories. In addition, there are from eighteen thousand to twenty thousand attending private or denominational schools. The appropriation asked for the support of the public schools, including the purchase of some new sites and the erection of new buildings for the current year, was \$1,419,000. There are fifty-one



THE OLD CROSBY OPERA-HOUSE.

school buildings, with an average daily attendance of thirty-one thousand, and six hundred and eight teachers. This includes the high and normal schools.

Among those citizens who were pioneers in the adornment of Chicago with handsome

and costly buildings were Potter Palmer and Henry H. Honore. Mr. Palmer began his improvements on State street. One of the earliest buildings was a large structure at the north-east corner of Washington and

the same neighborhood. It attracted particular notice from a colossal figure in metal representing Mercury in flight, but passing for a moment and resting one foot on a large ball. Since the fire the block has

rebuilt, and a portion of it is now occupied by the city post-office.

Chicago has always supported most liberally first-class amusements. During the years of the war Mr. U. H. Crosby acquired a handsome fortune, and proceeded to invest a large portion of it in an opera-house. This was completed and opened to the public in April, 1865. The building contained also a large picture gallery, and there were seen twenty artists who had their studios under the roof. Externally the architecture was grand at that time.

During the summer of 1865, in anticipation of an unusually successful season of opera, another musical business, \$80,000 was expended in upholstery, frescoes, bronzes, mirrors, carpets, etc., of the opera-house property. Theodore Thomas was to appear there on Monday, October 9, and on Sunday night the house was taken up, that its effect might be seen. Before this rehearsal of effects



THE BLIND MUSICIAN AND HIS WIFE.

State streets, which was known as Potter Palmer's building, but later more widely known as Field, Leiter & Co's dry-goods store. This, when built, was perhaps the most showy building in the city.

In this building the firm did both wholesale and retail business. At present the wholesale business is carried on in a building equal in size in another part of the city, and the retail trade is now done in Field, Leiter & Co's new store, which is built upon the old site. This firm is but one, and one of the heaviest, of the many doing a wholesale dry-goods business in this city. The aggregate sales at wholesale by the dry-goods houses in this city in 1874 was, exclusive of carpets and woolen goods, about \$50,500,000. Mr. Honore had for many years been widely known as a dealer in real estate, and he erected a building on Dearborn street, between the sites of the old and the new Government buildings, and in close proximity to the unfortunate Bigelow House. It was considered a little premature, but other and similar blocks were soon after put up in

was over, the fire had begun miles away, which before morning was to leave the Grand Opera-House a smoking ruin. The great artists of the lyric stage who flourished during the life of the opera-house appeared on its boards. As a patron of opera this city ranks next to New York. Its support of that and all other forms of musical entertainment has been liberal.

While on the subject of music, it may be out of place to say that at all times there have a goodly number of street musicians—blind, lame, deaf and dumb—playing in a manner of airs on all manner of instruments. Many of the street corners are occupied with these itinerants. One group of this kind will be recognized by all Chicago people as old and familiar.

Except those who are dumb, these musicians and beggars speak all the languages known among men, and hail from every continent, and part of continent, yet discovered the most adventurous voyagers. The Chinese men are daily growing more numerous, they all keep laundries, and do not play mu-

the almost universal sympathy for Chicago, following the destruction, not only of property, but of art galleries, private and public libraries, and the countless specimens of art which had been accumulating here for years, a proposition was made in England to furnish books and money to start a Free Public Library in this city. The well-known Librarian, Thomas Hughes, M.P., took the

honour. Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, warmly approved it, and the literary men of England participated. The Universities and the publishers participated. The result was, that a large collection of English literature was made and sent to Chicago, all the living authors furnishing copies of their works, and their autographs on the title-pages. On the Continent other collections were made and forwarded, so that, altogether, a large foundation of books was then distributed by sympathizing people in foreign lands. Like contributions were made by publishers and other persons in all parts of the United States. A public library was organized in May, 1872, and the city was authorized to levy a tax for its support. Though libraries are of slow growth, this of Chicago jumped into successful operation at once. The circulating library was opened in 1873, and, though for want of means the number of books in this branch is limited, there were in June, 1875, no less than 184 borrowers, and the average daily circulation was 1,500 volumes. It now contains 39,286 volumes. Mr. W. F. Poole Librarian, and much is due to his ability and experience.

As a necessary adjunct to the grain trade in Chicago are the once famous, but now almost forgotten institutions, the grain elevators.

city is indebted for the means of handling the grain coming here. At various points in the North-west, elevators or warehouses have been erected for the collection and storage of grain until such time as the market

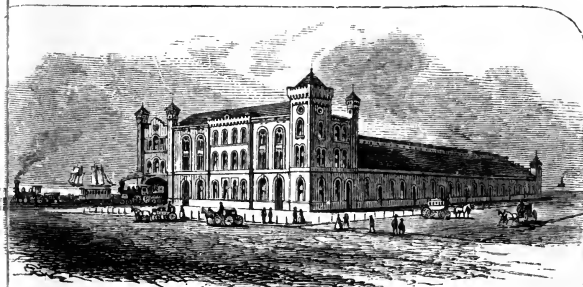


THE SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BEFORE THE FIRE.

or the rates of transportation offer inducements to forward it to Chicago. At certain seasons grain is forwarded from these warehouses in the interior by rail to the East without passing through the city, though the grain in these depots is owned or controlled in Chicago.

The movement of this grain through the city is aided by a continuous track connecting with all the railroads. In this way trains from any point can be moved to any warehouse, and trains from any road may be taken to any yard to be loaded with lumber, and whirled off in any direction. But this is to be of necessity still further simplified in time by a transit railroad intercepting all the roads some miles out of the city, assorting the trains according to the destination of the cars, and delivering them accordingly.

In the same way, the various trains going out, made up of cars loaded at various places, will be made up outside of the city. This will relieve all the roads of the expense and delay of handling freight trains in the



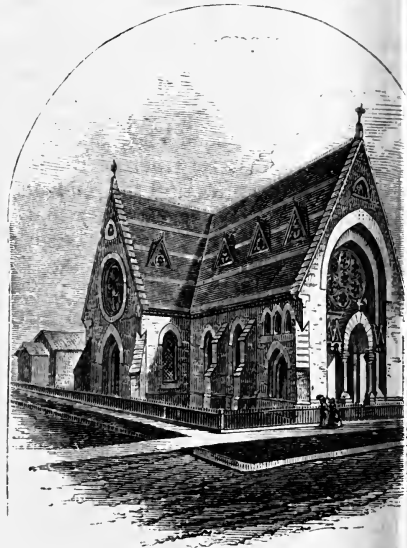
ILLINOIS CENTRAL DEPOT, BEFORE THE FIRE.

of these went down in the fire, with a million and a-half bushels of grain. The present number of these warehouses is four-hundred, with a capacity of 14,650,000 bushels. As to their admirable machinery that this

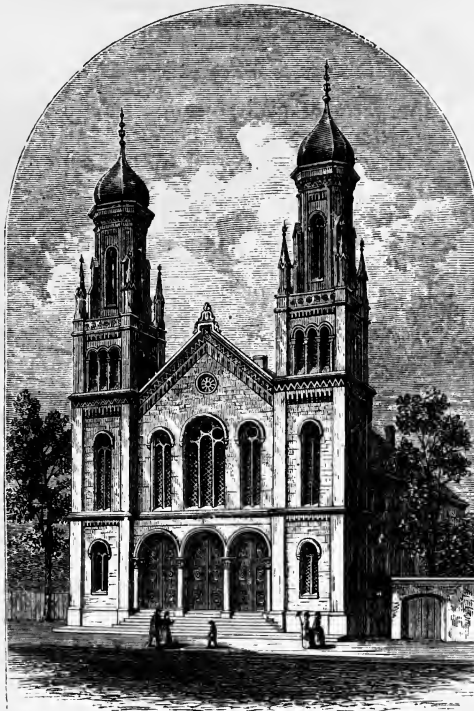
city, which business will be done for all by an organization for that special purpose.

Notwithstanding the magnitude of the railroad interests in this city, the majority of the roads have made no effort to provide depot accommodations for their passenger business. The Illinois Central Company erected on the Lake Shore a large edifice known as the Illinois Central R. R. Depot. This building was occupied, up to the date of its destruction, by the Illinois Central, Michigan Central, and Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R. Companies, for their passenger trains. In another part of the city the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, and the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Companies, had erected an even more extensive depot building. Both have been rebuilt, and with improvements. There has long been pending a trade between the city and the Illinois Central and other companies for the sale and purchase of a portion of Lake Park for a grand Union depot, capable of accommodating all the passenger trains of all the roads. The parties will probably come to

a boy whose growth keeps him in ad of the dimensions of his garments. Chicago has been nevertheless wisely



THE NEW ENGLAND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, BEFORE THE FIRE.



TRINITY CHURCH, BEFORE THE FIRE.

terms at some time, and then look out for the finest passenger station in the world.

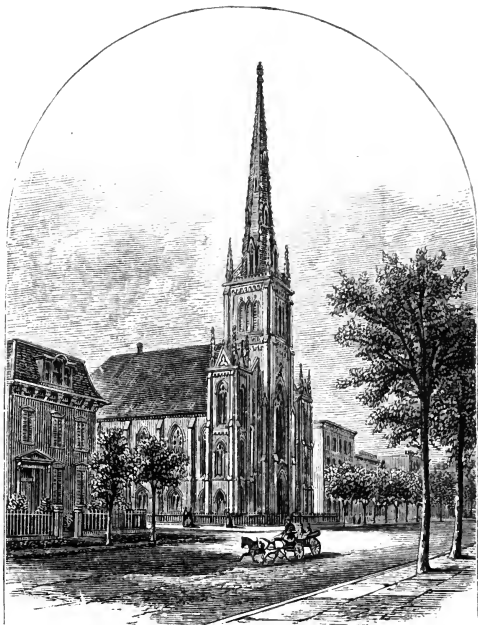
Chicago has been appropriately likened to

erned. Chicago avoided the calamity which has overtaken so many Western cities, and therefore owes no debt resulting from subscriptions to railroad corporations. The assessment of taxable property shows round numbers a value of \$300,000,000. Including the personal property not for this may be assumed as equal to 60 per cent of the actual or cash value. The city has a bonded debt of \$14,000,000. The constitution of the State prohibits any increase of debt beyond 5 per cent. of the assessed value of the taxable property. This prohibition was deemed a cruel one when the question of rebuilding was before the public but had there been no such prohibition the Common Council been free to borrow the public debt would have probably increased to the utmost extent of the city's credit. The policy of pay as you go of meeting each year's expenditure out of the proceeds of that year's tax, cuts off opportunities to waste and extravagance. When the Council vote to expend, they also to vote a direct tax to raise the money and this direct responsibility has saved the city from many of the abuses and robberies committed by municipal government in other cities.

Of course Chicago would not be true to her history, true to the spirit of her people,

true to the great inquiring mind of her
 nation, unless she had a foremost bat-
 tion in the great army of Religion, and that
 a legion composed of picked soldiers of the
 cross. Chicago is no place for weakness.
 It can mediocrity in the scholastic attain-
 ments of clergymen find much favor here.
 Chicago pays good salaries for teachers of
 fine truths, and is able to command them.
 A poor preacher, that is, the man who
 preaches poorly, can hardly find much com-
 fort there. He must soon become conscious
 that he is not up to the Chicago standard.
 As a consequence, the old style and class of
 preachers, of whom we read so much in the
 books, as doing the Lord's work on the
 frontiers and in primitive times, have long
 been left these parts; taking with them per-
 haps much of the fervor and zeal and sim-
 plicity of untutored piety which so often
 avails to missionary labor. There are no
 more Cartwrights now in Chicago. The
 style of to-day is a scholar and an orator,
 a man of intellectual ability, and qualified in
 all respects to minister to the spiritual wants
 of a metropolitan flock.

The theology of Chicago is exacting. It
 must be decided and emphatic. The man
 who preaches that eternal fire is among the
 main punishments of the guilty in the here-
 after must go the whole figure. The fire
 must be a good one, and well kept up. So
 are all the variations of the schools of
 theology; the commodity must be first-class.
 A Broad Church congregation engage a
 pastor, he must be Broad to the extreme
 end, and must do his work well. The pre-
 vailing idea of the theology in Chicago
 which I am trying to describe is, that what-
 ever may be the accepted doctrine of a
 congregation, that doctrine must be preached
 to the full, and without any equivocation. Chicago
 has no place for heretics,—not that Chicago
 is an illiberal community. Heretic, in the
 sense in which the word is used in the pres-
 ent sentence, is antagonism to one's own
 congregation. Heresy against all others is
 by any means unpopular. The tendency
 of the age is to identify the pastor, not so much
 with the ecclesiastical body of which he is a
 member, and to which he is subject, as with
 his own congregation, and hence, year after
 year, churches are less and less designated
 by their denominational title, and more and
 more by the name of the pastor. The indi-
 viduality of the minister is greatly on the
 increase, perhaps to the weakening, if not
 to the eventual breaking, of ecclesiastical gov-
 ernment and authority.



ST. PAUL'S UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

Chicago has a memorable list of clergy-
 men who have officiated here during the last
 twenty years, and more. Notable among
 these was the late Right Rev. John Henry
 Whitehouse, Bishop of Illinois. He was an
 eminent scholar, and a man of great intel-
 lectual vigor, and as esteemed for the dig-
 nity and purity of his private life as for his
 eminence in the Church of which he was a
 prelate. Chicago has furnished from her
 clergy another Bishop to the same Church,
 Dr. Clarkson, for many years pastor of St.
 James's in this city. It has also furnished
 the first and second Bishop to the Reformed
 Episcopal Church in the persons of Bishop
 Cummins, long time pastor of Trinity, and
 Bishop Cheney, now pastor of Christ Church.

Among the many clergymen who have
 now more than a mere local distinction, and
 who are now, or have been, identified with
 Chicago, the following may be mentioned in
 addition to those already named:

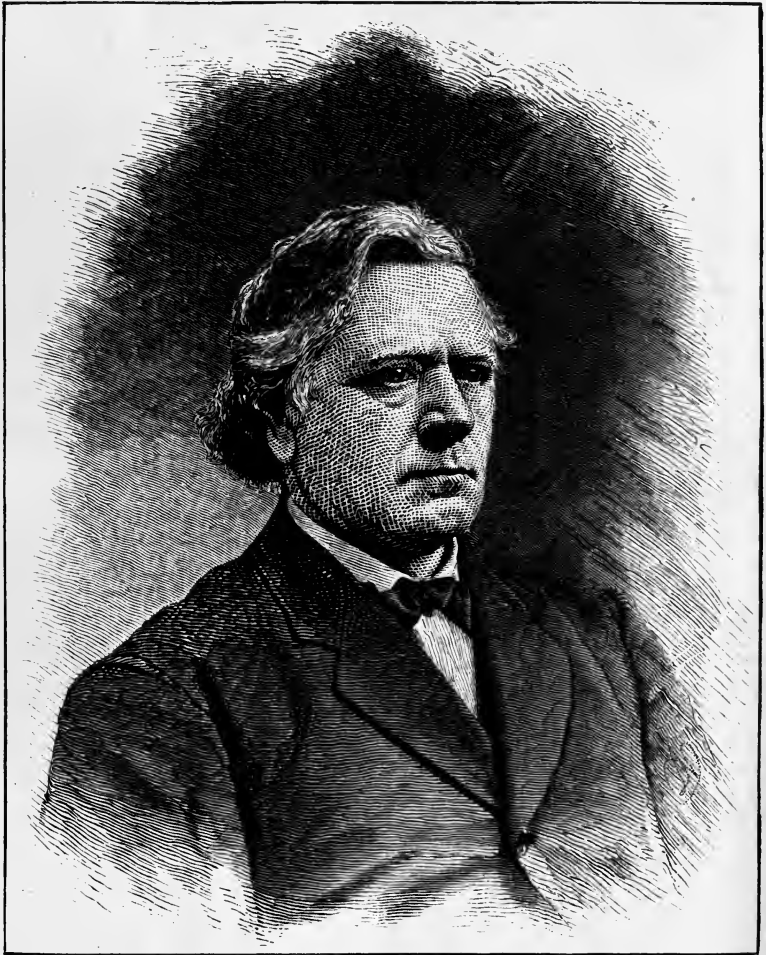
In the Methodist Church—Rev. R. M.
 Hatfield, now of Cincinnati; Rev. Charles
 H. Fowler, now President of the North-
 western University; Rev. O. H. Tiffany,
 who, after several years' pastorate at the
 East, has returned to Chicago; Rev. H. W.
 Thomas, pastor of Clark-street Church.

In the Presbyterian Church—The Rev.
 Robert W. Patterson, pastor for thirty years of
 the Second Church, and who a year or two

ago accepted the Professorship of Apologetics in the Theological Seminary of the Northwest. He has a national reputation, not only in the church, but generally in the country. Rev. Z. M. Humphrey, formerly of this city, and more recently of Philadelphia, who has

"Interior;" Professor Francis L. Patton, the prosecutor of Professor Swing for heresy, and now editor of the "Interior;" and J. Burrell.

In the Congregational Body—The Rev. W. W. Patton, Editor of the "Advancer"



Robert Callier

been elected Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Lane Theological Seminary at Cincinnati, and also President of Lake Forest University; Rev. Arthur Mitchell, now of the First Church; A. E. Kittredge, formerly of Charlestown, Massachusetts, and of San Francisco, now of the Third Church; Rev. Arthur Swazy, first editor of the

Rev. C. D. Helmer, Rev. L. T. Chamberlain, Pastor of the New England Church; E. P. Goodwin, and William A. Bartlett, formerly of Brooklyn.

The Baptist Church numbers among its present ministry here, Rev. J. C. Burroughs, formerly President, and now Chancellor of the Chicago University; Rev. Lemuel M.

President of the same Institution; Rev. W. Everts, and Rev. J. W. Goodspeed. Among the Episcopalians, the more noted are the Rev. H. N. Powers, Rev. Clinton McKee, Rev. Edward Sullivan, of Trinity Church; Rev. C. H. W. Stocking, and Aaron Knowles, of the Cathedral. The Rev. Noah Schenck, now of Baltimore, was many years pastor of Trinity Church in this city.

Rev. W. H. Ryder, formerly of Boston, has been pastor of St. Paul's Universalist Church here for many years, and is ranked among the purest and ablest clergymen of this city. The Rev. J. R. Hibbard has been pastor of the Swedenborgian congregation twenty-five years.

The Unitarians have always been strongly represented. The most prominent of their clergy is Robert Collyer, the pastor of Unity Church, who is known all over the land and beyond the oceans. He was originally a blacksmith, then a Methodist itinerant, and for many years the foremost minister in the Unitarian Church of the West. He is a man of marked mental ability, and in the full enjoyment of vigorous health, physically and mentally.

Hardly less conspicuous is the Rev. Robert Laird Collier, who was also a Methodist minister, and is now eminent as a Unitarian. He has been absent in Europe two years, his church having been supplied by the Rev. Brooke Herford from Lancaster, in England. The Rev. C. W. Adte, of the same body, has also obtained considerable eminence.

The Roman Catholic Church in this city is strong in the number of its members, in the number of its churches, in its convents, schools, hospitals, asylums, and charitable institutions, and in the number and ability of its priesthood. The present bishop, Dr. Bayly, formerly of Baltimore, has most successfully rescued its affairs from previous confusion.

The flourishing condition of all the churches may be judged by the following list of particulars:

Denominations.	Number of Churches.
Baptist	25
Free Baptist	2
Christian	4
Congregational	15
Dutch Reformed	2
Episcopal	18
Reformed Episcopal	3
Evangelical Association	6
Evangelical United (German).....	5
Jewish	8
Lutheran	18
Methodist	22

Denominations.	Number of Churches.
Methodist, African	2
Methodist, German	6
Methodist, Scandinavian	4
Presbyterian	24
Roman Catholic	28
Swedenborgian	5
Unitarian	4
Universalist	4
Miscellaneous	14
Total	220

Among the clergy of this city is a very modest gentleman, who has not only attained eminence because of his abilities, but has had fame thrust upon him, and is known as Professor David Swing. He came here from Oxford, Ohio, where he had been a teacher, and took charge of a Presbyterian congregation worshipping at the Westminster Church. His sermons were so remarkable for the purity of their diction and the broad charity of their sentiment, that they attracted much attention. Shortly before the fire, two congregations united under the title of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, to which Professor Swing was called. Since that time he has attained such celebrity that his church is attended by persons of all denominations, and his sermons are regularly published in the papers. The extreme liberality of his views led Professor Patton to prefer charges of heresy against him, on which he was tried and acquitted by the Presbytery of



UNITY CHURCH.

Chicago. The trial was a remarkable one, attracting the attention of the whole country. The prosecution was conducted by Pro-

fessor Patton with conspicuous ability. An appeal was taken to the Synod of Illinois, and, pending a hearing there, Professor Swing formally withdrew from the Presbyterian Church, and his name was dropped from the roll of presbyters. The Synod dis-

Chicago has now, no matter what may have been its character in years gone by, a thorough and efficient fire brigade. The force is composed of experienced and able-bodied men; and, since personal qualifications have become recognized, there



David Swing

approved of the finding, but took no further action. At the General Assembly of the Church in May, 1875, the question was raised as to the approval of the minutes of the Synod, but it was voted inexpedient to take any action. Professor Swing continues pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, and also edits the "Alliance."

been a great improvement. The service has also been increased by large additions to the machinery and hose, and by the enlargement and extension of the water main.

Chicago has also a tolerably efficient police; that is to say, politics have not made it as bad as it might be. The number of patrolmen is 425.

The collegiate institutions of the city are the universities at Evanston and Lake Forest, already mentioned; the Chicago University, nominally under control of the Baptist denomination, and St. Ignatius College, Roman Catholic. To most of these are attached law and medical schools. There are also Presbyterian, Methodist, Congregational, Baptist, and perhaps other theological seminaries. At the Lake Forest and Evanston colleges ladies are included among the pupils.

There are numerous private schools for young ladies, and there are several boarding-schools under charge of Sisters of Roman Catholic orders. All these are liberally supported. There are, in addition, many colleges in the neighborhood of this city, including the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, University of Notre Dame, Indiana, Racine (Wis.) College, besides a dozen others within half a day's ride. Chicago is represented in all these, and perhaps in nearly all the large schools and universities of the country. There are half a dozen medical colleges here, each of which manufactures a large class of future Hahnemanns and Galens every year.

No man can write of Chicago and do justice to her enterprise. The city must be seen, and a person must reside here in order to understand the rush of business, the crowded streets, the constant improve-

ment, that are always visible. He must live here and become acquainted with the people to understand the spirit which moves this animated, sleepless, and untiring city. He will find that, in addition to the resident population of Chicago and its suburbs, there are in this and the adjoining States within half a day's ride several millions of prosperous, educated, moral, and industrious people, to whom Chicago is a metropolis. The morning trains bring in from all points a daily representation of these people on business, on shopping, for social visits, and for amusement and enjoyment. It must also be remembered that in the summer this city is a grand resort for those seeking escape from the heat of other latitudes; these find here all the comforts and pleasures and luxuries of metropolitan life, with pure water, moderate temperature, large hotels, unequaled tables, and drives and opportunities for brief country trips, not had elsewhere. It will be found that the great secret of Chicago is, that she is the natural center of the interior commerce of the country, midway between the great oceans; that her people are conscious of her advantages and are reaping the profits, and that, with universal confidence in the future, Chicago is a living, growing, prospering city, filled by an industrious, progressive, and prosperous people, who always look forward, and never backward.

A DEAD HEART.

Look at this fragment of an ashen gray,
 Here, hold it in your hand, 'tis hard and cold.
 You cannot hope a gem's resplendent flash
 From such opaque and unresponsive mold.

And yet 'twas lava—born of central fires
 Fierce, warm, and glowing, palpitant like breath,
 But falling on a dull unanswering rock
 It faded slowly into chilly death.

Now take it, carve it to the hour's small need,
 And wear it proudly as a work of art;
 It has forgotten years and years ago,
 The fiery rapture that once filled its heart.

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND. PART II.

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER XIII.

"A SHIPWRECKED man!" cried Pencroff, "abandoned some five hundred miles from us on Tabor Island! Ah! Mr. Cyrus, you will no longer oppose my idea of a voyage?"

"No, Pencroff," replied Cyrus Smith, "and you can go as soon as possible."

"To-morrow?"

"To-morrow."

The "Bonadventure" came to anchor about four o'clock at the mouth of the Mercy. In the evening, all the arrangements for the new expedition were made; Pencroff, Harbert, and Spilett were to go on the trip. Leaving the next day, the 11th of October, they could arrive sometime during the 13th. If the wind remained as it was, it would not take more than forty-eight hours to accomplish the five hundred and fifty miles. One day on the island, three or four to return—they calculated that they they would be back on the 17th.

The season was beautiful, the barometer rose steadily, and the wind was in the right quarter.

The evening was spent in carrying on board the "Bonadventure," utensils of different kinds, bedding, arms and ammunition, and provisions for a week.

The next day, five o'clock in the morning, the adieus were made, not without some emotion on both sides, and Pencroff, raising his sail, took the direction for Claw Cape, which he was obliged to pass in taking the direct route to the south-west.

During the first hours of the journey, the "Bonadventure" remained constantly in sight of the southern coast of Lincoln Island, which appeared like a green basket, from which emerged Mount Franklin.

Its heights, attenuated by distance, did not appear very inviting to the exploring mariner.

Reptile Promontory was passed in an hour, though ten miles out at sea. From that distance, it was impossible to distinguish anything on the western coast that reached as far as the hills of Mount Franklin; three hours after, all that remained of Lincoln Island had disappeared.

The "Bonadventure" went beautifully, rising easily to the waves, and making rapid headway. Pencroff had rigged his topsail,

and, carrying all sail, followed a rectilinear direction according to the compass. From time to time, Harbert changed the helm; the lad's hand was so sure, the sailor did not have to tell him once to sheer off.

The first night Pencroff and Harbert relieved each other at the helm every two hours.

A south-westerly direction was maintained throughout the voyage; and, if the "Bonadventure" did not get into some unknown current, she must land at Tabor Island.

On the evening of the 12th, after a calculation, they found they had accomplished a hundred and fifty miles since leaving Lincoln Island; that gave for the thirty-six hours a rapidity of three miles and a-quarter an hour. The breeze had died away, tending to a calm. Still they had every reason to believe that the next day, if the calculation was correct and the direction all right, they would see Tabor Island. None of them slept during the nights of the 12th and 13th of October.

At daybreak they gazed anxiously toward the western horizon, where Pencroff sighted land about six o'clock in the morning. A sort of low bank, evidently an island, emerged from the waves, and as the sun mounted in the east, several hills were seen detached here and there.

At eleven o'clock in the morning, the "Bonadventure" was only two miles from shore, and Pencroff, looking for a safe anchorage, sailed with the greatest caution in these unknown waters.

Spread before them lay the entire island, with detached clumps of verdant gum and other large trees of the same nature as those on Lincoln Island. But, what was most astonishing, not a particle of smoke was to be seen rising, indicating the island was inhabited, nor a signal of any kind on any point whatever. Yet the document had been very expressive. There had been a shipwreck, the mariner should have been waiting.

On went the "Bonadventure," through crooked channels between the reefs, with Pencroff watching the slightest turn with the greatest caution. He had put Harbert at the helm, and posted in the bow he examined the waters, ready to trim the sails, holding the tiller in his hand; Gideon Sp-

...t, his glass in his eye,
...ept the coast without
...ing anything.

A little after midday,
...e "Bonadventure" ran
...r bow on a sand-bank;
...e anchor was cast, the
...e sails trimmed, and the
...ew of the little bark
...ated. There could be
...doubt this was Tabor
...land, as, according to
...e most recent maps,
...ere was no other island
...that part of the Pa-
...cific between New Zea-
...nd and the American
...ast.

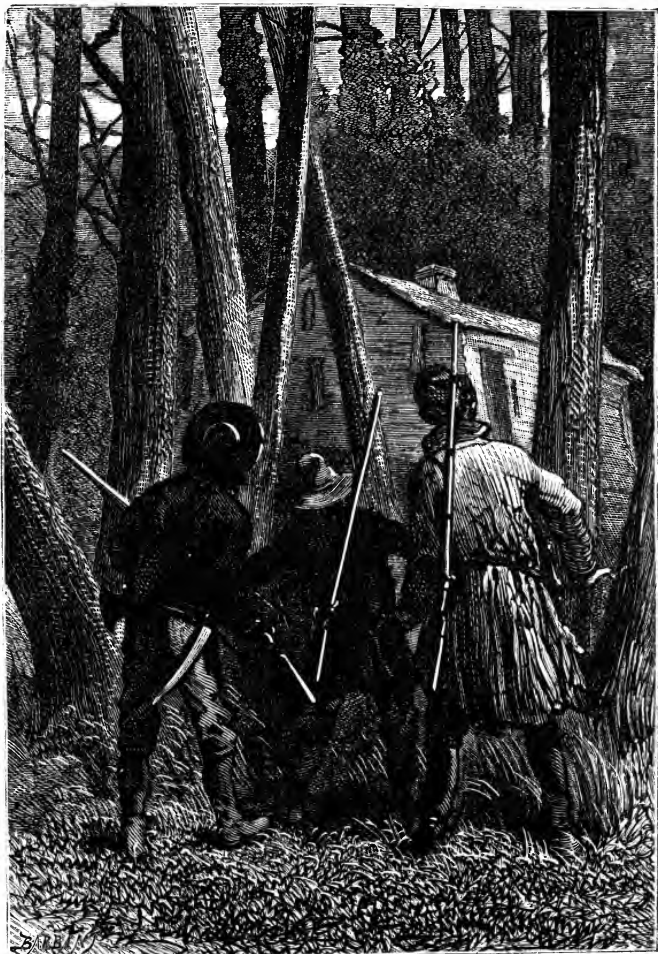
The boat was thor-
...oughly secured, so that
...e ebbing tide could not
...arry her off; then Pen-
...croff and his two com-
...panions; after arming
...themselves, went up the
...bank in order to ascend
...the hill two hundred and
...fty or three hundred
...et high, that rose be-
...fore them.

Arrived at the foot of
...the hill, Pencroff, Har-
...t, and Gideon Spilett
...ascended it in a few
...moments; then glanced
...at the different points of
...the horizon. They were
...on an island that did
...not measure more than
...six miles round, and its
...perimeter, fringed with capes and promon-
...tries, broken by inlets and creeks, presented
...the form of an elongated oval. All around,
...the ocean, absolutely deserted, extended
...to the horizon; there was no other land,
...no other sail, in sight.

This islet, wooded on all its surface, did
...not offer the diversity of scenery that Lincoln
...Island, wild and arid in one part, and fertile
...and rich in another, presented. Here there
...was a uniformity of verdure, from which rose
...two or three slight elevations. In an oblique
...direction, to the oval of the island, a river
...ran through a large prairie, then emptied it-
...self into the sea by a narrow mouth.

"Come down and look," said Pencroff.

The sailor and his two companions re-
...turned to the shore where they had left the
...Bonadventure." They decided to make a



"A HOUSE!"

tour of the island before venturing into the
...interior, so that nothing could escape their
...investigations. The beach was easy to fol-
...low; in some places they found large rocks,
...but they could easily pass round them. The
...explorers descended toward the south,
...frightening off numerous flocks of aquatic
...birds and troops of seals that threw them-
...selves into the sea at their approach.

An hour after their departure, all three
...arrived at the southern point of the island,
...which was terminated by a sharp cape;
...they returned toward the north, along the
...western coast, formed in the same manner
...of sand and rocks, a thick wood bordering
...the background.

Nowhere was there a trace of an inhab-
...itant; nowhere a trace of a human foot-
...print, in all the perimeter of the island,

which, after four hours of marching, had been entirely surveyed.

To say the least, it was very extraordinary; one could but think Tabor Island had never been, or was no longer inhabited. Perhaps, after all, the document was several months, or years, old; it was possible in that case the mariner had been rescued, or had died of misery. The three dined hastily on board the "Bonadventure," so as to continue their exploration and follow it up till night.

At five o'clock they entered the wood. Numerous animals fled at their approach—all of them either pigs or goats, which it was easy to see belonged to the European species; without doubt some whaler had left them on the island, where they had rapidly multiplied. Harbert promised himself to take some of them back with him to Lincoln Island. There was no longer any doubt that at some period men had visited the islet, and that became more evident, when, in traversing the forest, there appeared foot-paths, trunks of trees chopped off with an axe, and other work of human hands; but the trees that had fallen to the ground had been

there for many years. The groove of the axe was covered with moss, and the growing shrubs, long and thick-set, had covered the foot-path till it was difficult to make it out. If the animals were of European origin, if the result of human workmanship demonstrated incontestably that man had been on the island, several specimens of the vegetable kingdom proved it no less, as, in the midst of glades, it was evident that cultivated plants had grown at some remote period. What, then, was Harbert's joy when he recognized potatoes, chicory, sorrel, carrot, cabbage, turnips.

After some discussion, they were about to return to the vessel for the night, when Harbert, pointing to a confused mass between the trees, exclaimed:

"A house!"

All three dashed toward the spot; through the twilight they could see it had been constructed of planks, covered with thick cloth tarred and pitched.

The half-closed door was quickly pushed back by Pencroff.

The house was empty!

(To be continued.)

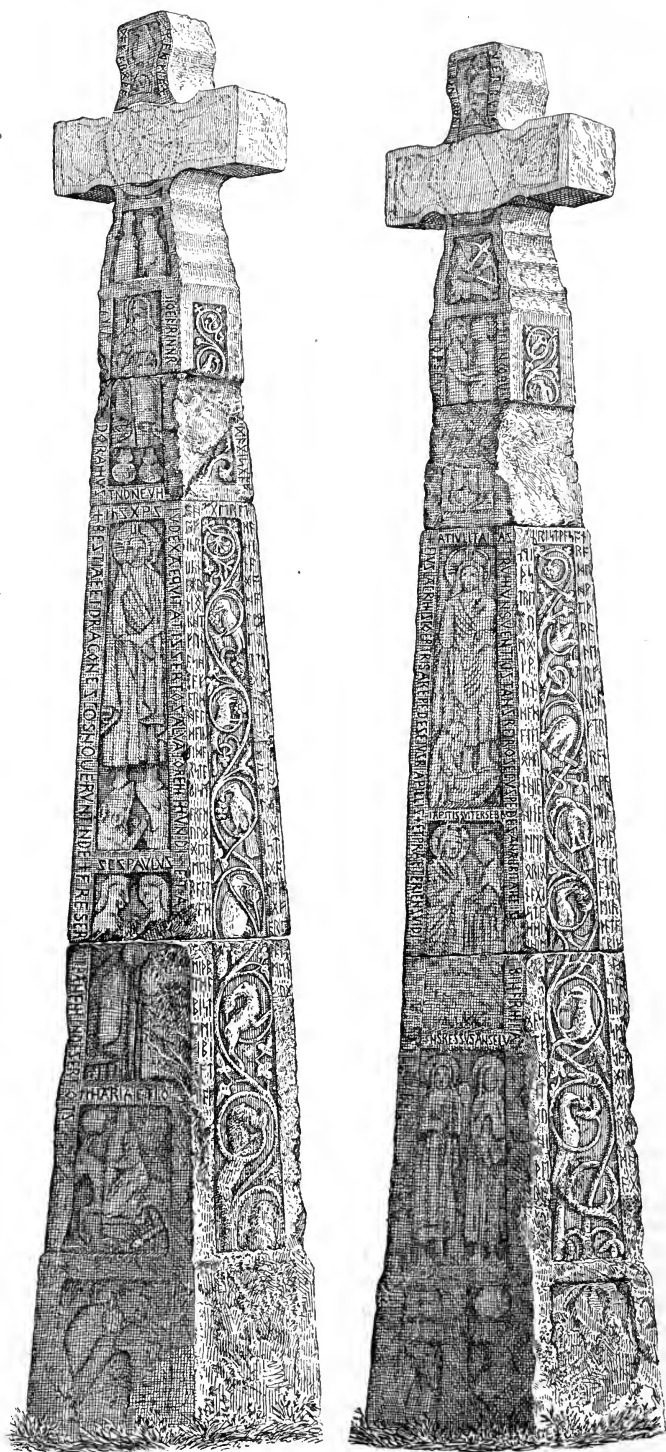
THE CROSS OF CADMON.

BETWEEN Moody and Sankey, the American revivalists in London, and the archaic cross of hewn stone represented in the engraving opposite, the connection might seem a slight one; but if we consider a little longer, the relation they bear to each other will perhaps appear. This cross is the outcome of a faith, the symbol of a movement repeating itself at the two extremes of about a thousand years. Moody and Sankey are men belonging to the greatest colony England has yet founded, and they have returned to the motherland that sent forth their fathers ten centuries before with the distinct mission of reviving the old populations from indifference concerning a spiritual state and life after death. But the Cross of Cadmon is the only monument of its kind, almost the only souvenir of the same zeal that once burned in the British Isles, when England was herself a colony, and sent back

great missionaries and converters to the old Teutonic stocks on the Continent. In both cases the strong life of the colony seems to have imbued their Christianity with stronger convictions; we may suppose them to be persons rendered more valid by a simple life, or that a descent from bolder spirits who sought the dangers of a frontier laid the seeds of moral courage in their hearts, or better still, that their advantages consisted in freedom from that bewilderment of mind which is apt to be produced in all but the strongest by the multiplied interests of a dense population. Like Moody, Sankey, and their fathers before them, Cadmon whose name this cross bears, and the illustrious band of his fellow-countrymen, who did not stay to sing like him, but crossed the Channel to pray, must have been single-minded men who ran in grooves, and therefore, in their own paths, did the most tho-

gh work. A thousand years lies between the strong-fisted Teuton, praying with the fervor of a recent convert, fighting the Welsh or heathen of his own race, fearing the "fifel-cyn," a race of monsters which he imagined in the devil's paying in wait about lonely woods and fens—a thousand years lies between him and the American settler, holding with fresh energy to his faith, fighting the Indians, and sometimes fearing ghosts and witches that played pranks with his neighbors. It is true that in the midst of the thousand years lies the Reformation, but that is now seen to be only a healthy effort of Northern people successful in shaking off the coils of a church system in which the worldly and selfish element had clogged the spiritual, much as in a petrification the stone creeps into every fiber of the wood. In all essential points the American frontiersman of the last century was the same with the colonist of Northumberland, and although in the days of the latter all roads still led to Rome, the spirit of independence was latent in the Anglo-Saxon just as it crops out in the American.

Hence the Cross of Cadmon is not only interesting for its own sake as an example of art and piety among the early English, but connects itself with the present day, when history seems to be repeating itself less heroically on a shifted scene. To the churchman, and non-churchman as well, the discovery and repair of a certain stone cross at Ruthwell, in Dumfries, Scotland, on the spot where Puritans had cast it down



THE CROSS OF CADMON.

(From "Old Northern Runic Monuments;" G. Stephens, Prof. in Copenhagen.)

two centuries before, was something that might well arouse the most intense curiosity. For, while the main figures cut on the stone were Biblical in their origin, and a certain amount of the inscriptions was in Latin, yet the decoration was heathen, and a great portion of the writing in runic letters, which represent the Northumbrian dialect of Early English. At first the connection of Cadmon with the cross was not suspected, but some one learned in runes having read on it long extracts from Cadmon's "Vision of the Cross," Professor Stephens corroborated the fact, sought diligently in the neighborhood of the monument, and at last, in 1868, found the missing apex to the structure, and read thereon: "Cadmon maefanoetho," that is, Cadmon made me. The indifference with which this discovery has been treated, and especially in England, moves Professor Hammerich, of Copenhagen, to indignation. He says:

"Should any one chance to find on the coasts of the Mediterranean a similar monument with the name of Hesiod and a single verse of his, what an excitement would not such a discovery make in the learned world! But at this day probably few English, German, or Northern savants have ever heard tell of the Cross of Ruthwell. In the knowledge of our own original race, in the knowledge of our ancestors, we are still children."

Cadmon, who is thus put on a line with Hesiod, is the Cædmon of the Venerable Bede, the former being the Northumbrian mode of spelling his name, while Bede used the West Saxon dialect. He is the same man of the people about whom pious monks told the legend of sudden miraculous gift of poetry. They said he had never composed a line, although his comrades at the mead-drinking could take the lyre and sing in turn their folk-songs of heathen origin; that he therefore left their company in deep shame, whereupon the Lord, appearing to him by night, commanded him to sing his word. The quantity and quality of his poetry forbid belief in his utter ignorance, for a chief virtue, and its greatest interest to us, lies in a close blending of heathen and warlike thoughts, modes of expression, with stories and ideas of Christian stock, a result only obtainable by a previous use of heathen songs. Even better than the song of Beóvulf, a heathen lay, which has been corrected and inlaid by monks, the poetry of Cadmon bears witness to a child-like adaptation of Christianity to expressions full of the ring of heathenism. In this he seems the fore-

runner of Bunyan with his armed pilgrim even more than of Milton, with whom he has been so often compared. Christ is the "young hero," and the men of Nicodemus are "aethelings," nobles; or "the warrior of Hilda," goddess of battles. Wyrda of Fate prophesies on Golgotha to the cross personified; the cross itself is called a tree, the Healer's tree, or a beacon, that is, shining monument; also a tree of victory on which Christ expires like Balder on his funeral pile while the sun is darkened when the young Sun-god dies. Dimly indicated, appears Yggdrasil the great world's tree of Northern mythology, much like that vine of which Emerson sublimely sings:

Whose tap-roots, reaching through
Under the Andes to the Cape,
Suffers no savor of the earth to 'scape!

A careful scrutiny of the Cross of Cadmon will show that the same mixed spirit prevails there, and perhaps a fanciful mind will discover Emerson's vine running up the shaft while beasts and birds feed on its fruit.

We, who, instead of singing it, are used almost exclusively to reading poetry, find Old English meters intolerably rough; nor are we in harmony with the alliteration which places rhyme in the line at the beginning of several words instead of at end of the several verses. But a little use accustoms the ear to it, and then the full power, the massive greatness of a poet like Cadmon breaks through. When one reads him, one cannot avoid thinking of the great painter of Italy, for they too represented the life of Christ, and dealt with it in the same magnificently realistic style. We give a large extract from Cadmon's "Vision of the Cross," both as appropriate to the engraving and as a remarkable specimen of personification. Alliteration has been attempted along with as close a translation as practicable. It should be read with a slight stress of voice on the recurrent initials of each line.

VISION OF THE CROSS.

COME! I will tell of dreams the choicest,
Me that did meet in middle of night,
While that word-speakers were wrapped in sleep,
Methought that I saw a singular tree
Led from aloft, with light surrounded—
Brightest of beams.

All was this beacon
Covered with gold; yea, jewels stood
Four at the foot in the field. So were there five
Studding the shoulders on high.

Saw it all angels of God,
Fair through their future; forsooth 'twas no fool's tree
But there did behold it holiest ghosts,
Then upon earth-mold, and all the race of the mighty

range to view, that victor tree! But I, foul
with sins,
racken'd with blots, perceived the tree of the world
honored with hangings, happiness-bright,
and girdled with gold. Well had the gems
worthfully decked the one tree of the world.

* * * * *
et through the gold I could quickly perceive
fight of small honor; for first it began
winning blood on the right half.
erely was I with sadness sore troubled,
feared the fair picture. That beacon then fast
urned from purple to pale,
nd now it was all with water o'erpoured—
soiled with the blood that it sweat—
nd now all with glory was girdled!
et I, lying there a length of time,
held harm-hearted the Healer's tree,
ntil that it seemed to solemnly speak;
hus weav'd a word the noblest of wood:

(The Cross speaks.)

was years gone by, I remember it yet,
hat I was hewn down on the edge of the holt,
nd stirred from my root-stem.
range foes had seized to make of me sport,
nd bidden their boys to bear me up,
eave high on shoulders and set me on hill;
ough of the enemy fastened me there.

* * * * *
hen saw I the Lord of all mankind
and forth in great might when he wished to
ascend me,
or dar'd I then, through the Dread One's word,
ither bend me or burst,
hough I felt a-shaking the seats of the earth.
hough many a foe I then might have felled,
et fast must I stand.

Then girt him up that Hero young—
Who was God Almighty—
rong and stiff-mooded stood high by the gallows
aliantly there in view of all men,
hen he willed mankind to save!
huddered I then, when the Son embraced me;
till I might never bend me to earth,
all on the face of the field;
ut, so was said, fast I must stand.
odlike reared up, bore I the rich King,
eaven's high Lord. To battle haste durst not.
wift they transfix'd me with swarthy nails.
ount the scars, the cruel wide wounds!
et durst I in nowise do them a harm.

—Then jeered they with jibes,
nd with blood I was all besprinkled
hat poured from the Prince's side
t the hour his spirit passed on high.
* * * * *
uch moan I made upon that mount
o the frightful Fates. For I saw the folks' God
ore service doing. Gloomiest shades
ad covered with clouds the corpse of the Ruler.
Black into shadows went the bright light,
Van under welkin wept all creation,
Bewailing the fall of the King.

* * * * *
Christ hung on Rood. Yet rapidly gathered
All of the nobles then from afar.
Seeing, I sorely with sorrow was troubled,
Earn'd yet the more toward the hands of the
youths,
Straining with sad mood.

Then seized they there Almighty God,
Heav'd Him down from the high cross,
And the heroes of Hilda left me
Standing by night with blood adrip and wounded
with bolts.

Laid they there the Limb-weary One,
And took their stand at head of his corpse,
Staring there on the Dread Son of Heaven;
And, weary after the mighty winning,
They waited there to rest him awhile.
Then 'gan they a grave for him to moil,
Those men in the murderers' sight,
And carv'd it well from shining stone,
Seated therein the wielder of conquests,
And 'gan to sing to him sorrow-lays,
Awed in the even-tide.
Whence they afterward went their ways
Weary from that illustrious leader;—
Few were the followers left where he fell.

The Cross relates further how it stood for
a long time in darkness, was then buried
along with the other two crosses, and dis-
covered again by the "swords" of the
Lord. Then it sings its own triumph, hav-
ing become the greatest among trees, just
like the Virgin Mary among women, and
ends by commanding Cadmon, "his trusty
hero," to make known all the glory of Christ
and of himself, the Cross.

On turning to the illustration, the Cross
of Cadmon appears with a four-sided shaft,
two sides being what we may well call
heathen; and the two others, opposite each
other, Christian. On the Christian side of
the apex, in the right hand illustration, are
two figures supposed to be St. John and his
eagle, and about them in Latin: "In the
beginning was the Word." The cross-piece
is new. Below on the shaft sits an archer,
symbolical, not without heathen taint. Next
below is the visit of Elizabeth to Mary the
Virgin, with unreadable inscription. Below
that comes Mary Magdalene anointing the
feet of Christ, with Latin inscription to this
effect: "She brought an alabaster box of
ointment, and standing at his feet, began to
wash them with her tears, and wipe them
with the hairs of her head." Then comes
Christ healing the blind, inscription unde-
cipherable; and next, the Annunciation with
Gabriel and Mary, but the words in the
border gone. At the foot is dimly seen the
Crucifixion, with indications of sun and moon
in the background.

The opposite Christian side, shown in the
left-hand picture, has a representation of a
bird—perhaps the raven Munin, or Memory,
that sat on Odin's shoulder, now turned to
Christian account—and a border of runes
which Professor Stephens has read: "Cad-
mon made me." The cross-piece is restored.
Below are two unknown figures; and next,

John the Baptist, with the Agnus Dei standing on two globes, perhaps the two worlds of visible and invisible. Below him stands Christ in attitude to bless, with his feet on two swine. (So says Professor Hammerich. But they are more likely to be wolves, because wolves represented evil, while the boar denoted courage among Teutonic races.) The circumscription reads: "Jesus Christ, judge of mercy. Beasts and dragons knew in the desert the Savior of the world." Further down we find the hermits, Paulus and Antonius, with this in the border: "Saints Paul and Antony break bread in the desert." Next comes the flight into Egypt, with Joseph's head still to be seen to the left, while the lowest panel is completely lost.

So far the Christian sides, themselves

invaded with heathen memories. The heathen panels are surrounded with runic from which twenty-five lines of Cadmo's "Vision" have been deciphered. The whole quotation is said to be comprised in the line given in the preceding pages, beginning the verse:

Then girt him up that Hero young—
Who was God Almighty—

and frames the symbolical tree or vine which we have already spoken. Apart from the deep meaning of this decorative picture we would call attention to its beauty in purely artistic sense. The Cross of Runwell is reckoned to have been set up A. D. 680. Originally at least twenty feet high, it is now seventeen and a-half feet; it stands.

A STUDY OF SHAKESPEARE'S PORTRAITS.

BY WILLIAM PAGE.

"If to do were as easy as to know what 'twere good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces."

THE Art of Art is to bring conviction. The art of words is not my art; if it were, all I would say is—if you look long enough at the portrait I have made you will see that this is Shakespeare, because it is from the German Death-Mask, which perfectly reconciles all the existing records of his face. If you ask how I know this, and how and why I sought to bring the mask to life, and made the portrait thus and so, I shall make the story longer, and enter into colloquial disquisitions on the basis of your why and wherefore.

I rather paint a portrait than write one; though I am quite willing to tell, rather than write, anything that may be of use or interest in the matter. The casting this essay in an art mold must be left for another.

Eight years ago I received a commission for two pictures, "The Head of Christ" and "Shakespeare," because I believed in them. For Shakespeare I felt not allowed to take an ideal type, because there are undoubted and generally received authorities for his likeness, and, in the public mind, a fixed impression in regard to his looks, which must not be shocked, even in the matter of collar and baldness. Yet, as portraits in the best sense, these authorities

are vague, and afford little help in setting securely the individual characteristics that should constitute and fill up his face, so that the likeness should seem adequate to his works. We must stand by these old authorities, though a portrait, to my mind, signifies the *man* translated into that which the scope of the imitative arts allow,—in any case, painting or sculpture.

Literally, it has come to be applied to him, "In the beginning was the Word;" we read his written words and call it "Shakespeare." If we have a painted or sculptural image of him, it must again be man, in his own image, and the proof of its genuine likeness lies in its power of compelling us to call this too—Shakespeare.

I could not, in Anno Domini 1868 or 1870, have satisfied myself in a portrait of Shakespeare from the generally received records—and should have given it up, but that at the moment the inadequacy of the existing records was appreciated, I fell in with the photographs from the German Mask, reputed to have been taken from his face just after death. Then I gathered from various friends, to whom here I record a few thanks, other views—till the impression became fixed.

that I must model in the round this mask, so as to be able to determine with deliberation, if it has any claim to authenticity, by being in accord with the received undoubted records, for the fact of its being a lovely and adequate dead face does not make Shakespeare, unless it is Shakespeare. I finally had thirteen different photographic views of the mask. After modeling from these, twice, a face of life-size (my first efforts in clay being lost by accident), I resolved to model it of colossal size in plaster, which I did, repairing as well as I could the breaks. During this time, the whole history of its tally with existing records unraveled itself, to satisfy me that it is Shakespeare.

The August of 1874 arrived. I had done all I could to my colossal mask from photographs, having completed also the restorations. I made three casts from it, in one of which I indicated all the breaks, as in the German Mask at present. One of the restored casts I sent to Philadelphia for safe keeping during my contemplated absence,—for I had determined to go abroad to see the original. Reports in regard to it from different individuals who had seen it were conflicting. I could get no measures from other hands which I knew how to use with precision. I wished also to know more of the surface and texture of the skin, and the more delicate markings of the face as taken from nature and indicating temperament. And feeling that further effort would lack weight without personal observation of the original, I set out to see the mask itself.

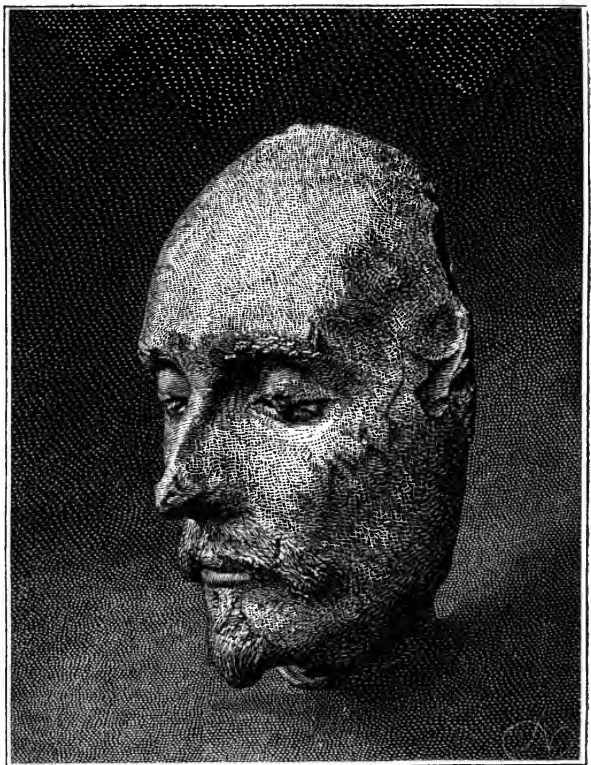
But, before I give an account of this visit, it will be well to go over the way I became convinced that the mask tallies with everything we know, or have any means of knowing, in regard to the face of Shakespeare. It was not a problem or a moment's solution, nor was it a matter in which mere opinion or feeling could have any weight. To be, or not to be Shakespeare, must now be a matter of pure science to my own mind.

I do not believe I could become so enamored of the mere beauty of the face as wildly to impose it on the majesty of Shake-

speare as a true presentment, without being rationally led by its reconciling power among the elements of likeness I find conflicting and harmonizing in the Stratford bust, the Droeshout print, and the Chandos portrait.

These last three, you observe, I select from all the old portraits, as the only ones whose internal evidences bring conviction to my own mind of their being originally and unmistakably from the same model. There is a picture in this country of which I have a photograph. The original I have not seen; but the photograph has some points of great interest. If the possessors are willing to submit it to my tests, I should be very happy if I could confirm a favorable impression in regard to it. I reject several portraits which others cling to with affection.

If the literary Shakespearians are learning to see that the new Stratford portrait is evidently after the bust, they may, by and by, see that it is much more palpably after Sir Joshua Reynolds' time. If it goes back of that, it might as well go back of Pharaoh to



1. THE DEATH-MASK; FROM PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY WM. PAGE.

Nimrod, or Adam, or some more remote prehistoric period.

The Droeshout print is the portrait of Shakespeare in the first folio edition of his works, 1623. Martin Droeshout, sculptist, London.

The Chandos portrait is an oil-painting, nearly a wreck, and now in the National Portrait Gallery, South Kensington, London.

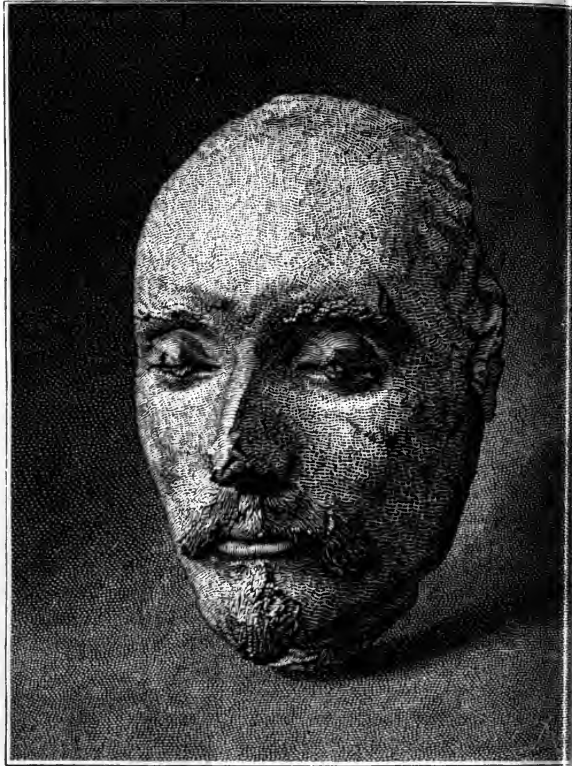
The Stratford bust is on the monument to Shakespeare, in the Church of the Holy Trinity, at Stratford-on-Avon.

The German Death-Mask is in the possession of Dr. Becker, of Hesse-Darmstadt. These and many other facts I note for very intelligent, though un-Shakespearian, readers. A very worthy Ambassador of ours at the Court of St. James once said, in the shadow of the Nineveh bulls, to their discoverer: "Mr. Layard, these are very interesting; has anything been written about them?" A great deal about Shakespeare is Nineweh to many people who still have rights we are bound to

respect, and I think it well to be considerate in this respect, as I have not yet met one who seemed to know *all* about Shakespeare.

Let us consider these three pretty generally accepted portraits of Shakespeare and observe their likenesses to each other, and then, afterward, observe the greater likeness of each of these to the German Mask, and see if you also will not come to the conclusion that the Death-Mask is the true model, cast from his own face after death, and the true original from which the bust at Stratford was made, and from the identical face from which the Droeshout in early life, and the Chandos in mature age, were drawn. And, furthermore, that these three portraits have certain coincidences of forms and planes with the German Mask, and also identities, characteristics and individualities, which nature never allows in different individuals.

In my new portraits I have striven to reproduce, in the most conscientious manner, whatever I find in the mask. They are in no sense ideal, except in putting to my own use the face as I find it in death. In the bust I have opened the eyes, and brushed



2. THE DEATH-MASK; FROM PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY WM. PAGE.

up the ends of the mustache away from the mouth, after the fashion of the period.

The muscular action and actual measures of the mask are modified only so far as the changed conditions of life and erect posture require; and this, of course, very slightly and only in the fleshy parts of the cheeks. In joining the face to the background of the cranium, I have not been guided by the Stratford bust, except, perhaps, in the height of the top of the head, as all the cerebellum of the Stratford bust lacks harmony with the measures of its own face. This lack was not perhaps felt or noticed at the time of its being placed on the monument. And neither the friends of Shakespeare, nor the age even were likely to be very critical on that matter. The sight of the back of the head and the profile are both sacrificed to the depth of the niche, whose height is such as to make it difficult for the spectator to judge whether the shortness of the nose is due to foreshortening, or an actual loss of length.

The natural history of the mask has already been given in Professor Hart's article in this magazine of July, 1874. I do not place much stress on what is termed *pedigree*

er the German Mask or the three previously quoted, and more or less acknowledged, portraits. I know there is very respectable opposition to the pedigree of the Chandos portrait. But, since my convictions of its genuineness are independent of its pedigree, I rank it with the Droeshout, and the Stratford bust. Pedigree is a powerful friend behind the throne; it has kept the Droeshout, the Chandos and the bust in the Pantheon, and the lack of it has kept the mask or "true presentment" out. What would a man give in exchange for his soul—his pedigree, if it is proved to be worth more than the thing itself?

The cast of the Stratford bust, which I have used in my own studio, is unique, and certainly the best one I have ever seen, having been taken, as I am told, by the painter himself, at the moment when Marryat's white paint was removed, when the original was already smooth with solvents, and before the last coloring; since when, I believe, it has not been cast.

When I speak of the Droeshout print, I mean an earlier, and, so far as I know, a unique impression, from the same plate as the print known in the first folio of 1623, which is earlier and much more characteristic in expression is in the possession of J. O. Halliwell (Phillips), Esq., London, to whom I owe more thanks than I can express for a photograph of it, through the kindness of J. C. Norriss, Esq., of Philadelphia.

To Dr. Ernst Becker, of Hesse-Darmstadt, I am profoundly indebted for his very great kindness and courtesy in affording me access to his library, and liberty and opportunity to examine it for six consecutive days in the September of 1874, when I profited of this permission, to make many measures, and several impressions from parts of the mask; and also obtained four new photographs of it to add to my previous collection of thirteen different views of the face. This is the one I chose a natural and revealing light conducive to the interests of the face, so that the camera should receive the impression at the proper angle. Hitherto many of the photographs had been made with the object either in a reclining posture or too high up to the lens, and some are cut off by the ephery. I treated the mask just as I should have done the head of Shakespeare himself, and I wished to obtain the most truthful likeness of him.

I shall give, later, a fuller account of the mask. In this visit my former impressions were all strengthened in beholding its gran-

deur of expression. I had no false theories to unlearn, or rather no new theories to learn. Facts were sufficient. No surprises threw my admiration off the track. I had been very ill before leaving home and for a month in England; and, on the last step of declining life, I could easily fancy my pilgrimage was fated to fail, and that an attempt to identify his real face was part of the curse he left on him who should dig the dust or move the bones where they were already hallowed. But before the mask itself I was healed, as I felt virtue come out of it, and life begin anew, in joy and thankfulness that I had reached the promised land; now I was in the presence of the Grand Khan himself. I could have shaken hands with Columbus in or out of chains. I had found the golden fruit of the Hesperides—the sweetness of far Cathay. The madness of Kepler over the areas and five regular solids was in the simple nature of the situation; and I was as blithe as though I had met Shakespeare just the other side of the ivory gate, and he had recited to me for the first time:

"And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes,
With everything that pretty bin."

And then somewhere in the dream I saw him asleep.

There was no mistake or misunderstanding about it. It was much clearer to my own mind than anything but conviction can make it to yours. Death has left the simple truth on his face. No trick or falsity of Art has profaned it.

The Grand Can of my future endeavor was now reverently saluted, and promised that, immediately on my return home, I should complete my colossal mask, and then at once utilize my measures, casts, and impressions, and all the material I had gained by this visit, to make a full portrait-bust of the head, which should try to tell all that truth which the Stratford bust has left untold.

It is not without a solemn and somewhat oppressive sense of responsibility that I offer you now the result of my last endeavor. It is well that you ask, Has one the right to challenge the common-sense and sensibility of the Shakespeare-knowing world, by offering a new portrait of him at this late day? His dramas and his sonnets and three undoubted portraits we had, yet we agree there was no likeness or true presentment

that satisfied our desire to see. In his face this affair it is only by dint of reason, experience, and legitimate artistic force, and by the Aristotelian "nullius in verba," and by the experiment by nature as divine art, that one may hope to fight his way into the obdurate citadel of common-sense, where we may all feast and banquet on the fact that we have Shakespeare with us, the master of those that know—seated with his philosophic family. Then I ask for myself only:

"Be patient till the last. * * * Countrymen and lovers, hear me for my cause; * * * and awake your senses, that you may the better judge."

In our very sincere effort to understand just how Shakespeare did not look, let us renew our observations of each of the previously existing portraits; and, first, of the Stratford bust, though it was in point of time the last executed. The most inexpert observer may see, by placing a cast of it beside a fine antique or an excellent modern portrait, what I mean when I say it shows very crude and unskilled modeling. This does not mean it may not have many individual characteristics. Artists and others have always known that the eyes were impossible, the nose worked off too short, or the end of it never reached, as the spot where it should join the upper lip is still marked in the bust; and had the nose started out at right angles to the lip at that place, instead of slanting up to its present point, truth and beauty, each, would have been subserved. Though carelessly, falsely, and hence wickedly misinterpreted in many ways, still there are fixed facts in this bust which make it valuable in some points of likeness. Yet, when a portrait falsely represents a man's eyes and nose grossly maimed, and his cheeks hanging with formless redundancy, it is difficult for the unskilled imagination to see clearly just how the man did look. So I suppose the Stratford bust has come to be adopted by the reverent imagination as shrined saints or the Book of Common Prayer, with the heart left out,—as a hieroglyphic, or certain sign, standing for his looks, rather than as an actual portrait of his face.

Together with its misleading fixtures, there exist characteristics, happy results of the calipers, which, like figures, and the young Father of our Country, "cannot tell a lie." Among these let us notice the one-sidedness of the face, which any eyes may

learn to observe and a blind man to feel. Gerard Johnson's compass took in this fact. The left side is flattened away from the mouth back toward the middle of the cheek. This was probably a true characteristic of his model. Then the lower part of the left cheek is flattened out and made very full under the jaw. This characteristic is probably exaggerated if it existed at all, the sculptor supposing that the flesh of the cheeks in the reclining posture fell back and should be replaced in this manner, since he represented his subject upright. On the right side of the mouth there is a contrasting fullness of the cheek, and then a falling away diagonally to the jaw, from which, around to the throat, you find the line less curved than on the other side. The individual character of this one-sidedness, which exists in some way in every face, was doubtless founded on a mask from nature, and is exactly graded, recorded, and interpreted in the German Mask. The Greeks valued these natural inequalities. The Venus of Milo's face is one-sided, and the Theseus's eyebrows unlike.

I should have stated before, that when I speak of right and left side, I mean Shakespeare's, and not the observer's.

In the Stratford bust the lower lip is peculiar, the right side being sensibly fuller and hanging down lower than the left side. It is crudely rendered, yet a fact safely lodged there, which can never be ousted. There is also an indentation at the left corner of the mouth, more accentuated than on the other side, which is dragged down rather vertically toward the chin.

The sculptor certainly had some guide for these varieties of undulations. The luckiest guess does not hit in a portrait. These personal peculiarities exist in the mask, where they are seen not to have been exaggerated by death. The unlikeness in the arches of the eyebrows, the great and unusual distance between the places where the hairs of the brow may be supposed to commence, the vertical dent in the middle of the forehead between the eyebrows—all these accents may be found if looked for in the bust. Yet the unprofessional eye wanders unconsciously over them, as children in science over glacial markings. Every one of them is naturally expressed in the mask.

If I am accused of too microscopic regard of this face, I must reply, Nature is not less in leasts. And the portrait painter knows that many little things make a mickle. And even

toward the highest art nature submits rule and compass. Geometry is a never-failing guide and friend, which Phidias and Titian never forsook as long as it is able to lead them. Leonardo's excellent color and chiaroscuro are somewhat obscured by his immense scientific knowledge, and, beside Titian's, suggest to a sensitive eye the gradations of stairs, rather than the infinite and immeasurable more and less of the light from a lens, with the pulsating undulations which nature shows, and which come and go,—a mere suspect of which must be set down in imitative art, and not a permanent fixture. Titian's geometry is as faithful and true as Leonardo's, but less obtrusive, and more honest and well to be trusted in the dark. The art of hiding art here culminates, or, as I should say, the art of hiding science. But if, in a portrait or other work of art, geometry and science are confounded, and art itself, which we will now call imitation of nature, shows feeble vitality, the result is pitiful indeed. I would always urge the observance of the eleventh commandment, even in art to make friends with the mammon of righteousness; so, if the artist fail in all his higher aim, he may finally turn to the friendly homes of geometry and, at last, be received into its houses. Between science and art there is the relation of cook and master. The trade of the first can be learned, that of the other must also be born.

There are many homely facts in the Stratford bust, and homely truth is a much more respectable lodging than elegant falsehood. Nature has left some impress on its face. Not even the greatest of sculptors could pretend to supply fictions where nature had been so lavish of facts. And the poorest sculptor would cling to his model and his points, and with the clutch of his calipers depend on the truth with all his might, never he could catch a salient point, and show his weakness when he lets go his points, and fails to interpret or harmonize the intermediates, or in those parts of his calculating surface, where his compass cannot be his sole guide; for we may say art begins where geometry ends.

We are to remember that the monument to Shakespeare was erected by his own family within six or seven years after his death; that the family in its pecuniary aspect was represented by himself, and after his death, by his heirs and executors, Mrs. Hall and her husband, the Doctor. The bills for the

bust and monument were sent to them, so that Shakespeare's own money paid for Shakespeare's own monument. The man who wrote the four lines which have thus far secured for his bones that rest which his epitaph demands, omitted nothing likely to carry the whole plan into effect.

The authorship of the epitaph cannot be doubted unless another man in England had the wit and wisdom to divine the loyal heart's core of its people, and touch it in the single appeal "for Jesus' sake." Nothing else has kept him out of Westminster. The style of the command and curse are Shakespearean, and triumphant as any art of forethought in his plays. The manner in which the Stratford bust is made up, evidently from a death-mask, has been remarked, not only by Chantrey and John Bell, but by others also of good authority; and the writer, long before he had heard these opinions of others, asserted like convictions in consequence of the want of harmony or congruity between the bony structure of the frontal head and posterior, and the other parts, such as the eyes, and cheeks, and nose, which the ignorance of the sculptor interfered with. The nose is not impossibly short in itself, but impossibly short in a face with such surroundings. It is not Nature's fashion—Socrates' face has its own harmonies.

The raising up of the lobes of the nostrils, which some have thought an effect of death, I think is a make-shift after the nose was found short. The upper lip is just right by front measure—from the parting of the lips to the point where the nose joins the upper lip—but its too great length exists in the distance from the parting of the lips to the bottom of the lobes of the nostrils, where the nasal topography has been changed by the upheaval of art.

The bones of the facial part of the bust alone bear some congruity to nature. The back part has no family likeness to her or to Shakespeare himself.

The family also, in desiring to carry out their idea of "true presentment," ordered that coloring which should stand for Shakespeare's hair, eyes, complexion, and dress. The painter's art was quite on a level with the sculptor's. The literary critic might remark upon the lettering on the monument, but we must remember the state of the arts at that time in a country town of England. Shakespeare had galloped off with dramatic art, and left nothing behind.

In summing up the Stratford bust, we find

after the collar no neck, fatness in the cheeks, falsity in the eyes, accident in the nose, calipers on the bones near the surface, and Echo answers, What? for all the back of the head.

The German Mask reconciles, interprets, and supplies all requirements for the face, and offers no counter testimony, so far as I know.

The Stratford bust, unsatisfactory as it is, has been the polar point in the matter of Shakespeare's portraits. We can never steer out of sight of it without offending the common sense of mankind. And yet, in the simple fact that the Stratford bust is likely to have been made some time after Shakespeare's death, and not recollecting that it was made from a death-mask, some minds feel weakness in its authenticity, and hence more stable equilibrium in the facts of the Droeshout print. The original picture, from which this print is made, I think must have been drawn or painted from the living man. And there is for the print in the first folio of 1623 of Shakespeare's works Ben Jonson's word, that "It was for gentle Shakespeare cut." Yet unprofessional eyes, if called upon to specify the likeness between the Droeshout print and the Stratford bust, would find it difficult to do. No candid believer in both can claim that the likeness between them is striking. And if pressed to substantiate it by detailed internal evidence, he may, if inexpert, be staggered and silenced, and left to wonder, if he never asked himself the question before, whether they really are from the same face, and hence like each other. Each is undisputed authority; each, according to the best evidence in the world, an intended portrait of Shakespeare; and what manner of man he really was, becomes more and more a puzzle to this inquiring mind.

The portrait painter sees that the long face, the long nose of the Droeshout, the size of the back of the head suggested, are in contrast to the bust. The eyes also should correct our ideas of these features in the bust. Then the Droeshout is twenty-five years younger than the bust, which was made after his death at fifty-two years of age. The lines and forms, and planes of youth, are in the Droeshout. But the nose is set on the cheeks at precisely the same angle as in the bust. The eyebrows are far apart, the right eyebrows slightly more raised, and at the same peculiar angle with the curve from the nose, as in the bust. The thick under lip is marked; the relative force of the undu-

lations, and the different markings at the corners of the mouth, have been noted. All these markings the portrait painter knows go to make up the likeness; and the more of them he can express, the more the portrait will be felt to be characteristic, if, at the same time, the great outlines are generally preserved. The temples are very peculiar in the Droeshout. The dome of the head is overdone, though not in mere height, and out of drawing, but the artist was looking at the dome of the same head as that which the bust-maker had in view. When the Droeshout is turned upside down, the oval character of the face is seen to be clearly maintained, notwithstanding the faults in the management of the too balloon-shaped forehead. In the Stratford bust, the full-face view shows so much bulging in the lower part of the cheeks, that the oval is almost turned the other way, and the forehead seems the smaller point of the egg-shaped face. But go around to the right side, so as to see the outline of the head without the bulging of the left cheek, and even leaving out the pointed beard, and the chin assume the small part of the oval, and our impression of the head is again corrected. The forehead is the greater dome. Then, in letting the eye run across the planes of the forehead from temple to temple, the expert finds the lights catch and the shadows fall in like planes to those of the Stratford bust. Still even if he had not Ben Jonson's word for it, the professional portrait painter would not find it very difficult to admit that the Droeshout is from the same young man at 25 or 30 that the Stratford bust is at the age of 52.

This Droeshout portrait might have been associated with the earlier plays, when the publishers saw the young and promising face of their own theater-going days. John Heminge and Henrie Condell had punctuated their advertisement, "To the Great Variety of Readers," with "Buy it first—that doth best commend a Booke—Judge your sixe-pen-'orth— —But whatever you do Buy—Censure will not drive a trade, etc., etc. Here again is "Simple Truth—miscalled simplicity."

The world, strictly speaking, cannot be said to move. The engraving was likely to serve admirably their appeal to "Buy the Booke." It stood for Shakespeare to them as they had seen him on the boards, and was likely to appeal to the hearts and purses of other men now growing old, who had also seen and heard this same young Shakespeare

his first plays at the Globe; and, as he sets us in his sonnets, the player was not even one to be so solemnly revered as is his own memory now, but to be loved, as Heminge and Condell knew, for the "penetration" of mirth and jollity he gave. The Droeshout view, when rendered from the bust, is brimming with the shy, sweet humor of his age—eyes and lips dropping sweetness, and "brows that all endearments hunt"—a face when verily rendered in painting, in the actual conditions of age and time to charm men and women. I do not think it the most happily chosen view of the bust, in an artistic sense,—yet, with the charms of youth, and archness, and sweetness, and its own power, it takes perhaps greater hold on the imagination than any other of the three likenesses. The actors, and friends, and companions, and Ben Jonson, may have known equally well the then more mature, and still fine and more picturesque Chandos; but perhaps it was not then engraved,—or rather, most of all, the charm of youth was not with it, and the sweet reminiscences of the dear old times when they were all young together. So of course the Droeshout was the portrait chosen to preface this fine new edition of his plays. And though we may be critical enough to say it never could have been a very exact likeness, still it was accepted by friends, publishers, and purchasers, after his death, as it had been by companions, the artist, and Shakespeare himself during his life. No Shakespeare lover can turn from it with indifference, and an experienced artist, who has spent more than fifty years in studying the human face, finds many similitudes to it in the solid forms of the Stratford bust.

As though Cuvier modeled a fossil, Agassiz, with an aquarium full of the live ones, lights on a drawing in his Pliny. "Just alike characteristics," exclaims Agassiz; "but the pity is, Cuvier and Pliny were not better artists, so that more lightly tripping scientists might see at a glance the likeness."

The Droeshout print and the Stratford bust exist to-day, not from their superior artistry, but from their undoubted authenticity. Such art would have sunken long ago into the "dreamless ooze of oblivion" but for the label, "Shakespeare," while the mask, the inherent right of might alone, survives, the fittest revelation of his features.

I must record in this connection how the Halliwell Droeshout differs from the usually known print in the first folio of 1623.

I cannot do better than refer to Mr. Halliwell's views, as expressed in his "Catalogue of a Small Portion of the Engravings and Drawings Illustrative of the Life of Shakespeare, Preserved in the Collection Formed by J. O. Halliwell (Phillips), Esq., F. R. S., etc. Printed for Private Reference." My attention was called to this unique Droeshout by an extract from this "Catalogue" in an article on the portraits of Shakespeare, by J. Parker Norris, Esq., of Philadelphia, who also finally procured me a full-sized photograph of the same from Mr. Halliwell.

I have carefully compared the photographs of this Halliwell Droeshout with the two prints from the same plate in the Astor Library, the darker one from the collection of the Duke of Buckingham. Mr. Halliwell's is evidently an earlier impression from the same plate before it was retouched and used for the other known impressions in the first folio of 1623. The differences which Mr. Halliwell points out are very obvious. In the impressions from the retouched plate in the Astor Library, the lights and darks are generally emphasized at the expense of characterization. Whoever retouched the plate, in his mistaken efforts to improve the general effect, lost markings, modelings, accents all over the face. Yet this darker impression in the Astor Library must have been an uncommonly good one after the retouchings mentioned. But character is lost in the left temple, lost utterly in the differences in the eyebrows, so evident in the Halliwell Droeshout, and identified in the Stratford bust and the Death-Mask. In the retouched plate the eyebrows are evened over and brought to the prim precision which the later workman aimed at. Quite a thorough-going line is carried over both eyebrows, which, in the earlier impression, was much more delicate and individual. The new workman had a praiseworthy intention also in adding the shadow upon the collar, which did not exist at all in the earlier state of the plate. That it was the same plate may be known from the accidents in it, repeated in all the impressions by a little black spot under the nose and at the corner of the mouth. I say *accidents*, because there is no evidence of lines being laid by the graving-tool to represent such markings in the original from which the portrait was taken. They are caused by bad places in the metal of the plate. The peculiar marking or corrugation on the left eyebrow, as an indication of a certain peculiar marking be-

tween the nose and the hairs of the brow of the actual person, is all lost in the retouched plate. This personal characteristic I was already prepared to claim before I saw it defined in Mr. Halliwell's Droeshout. Having found it in the mask, and hinted in the Stratford bust, I had modeled it in my colossal restored mask, and painted it in various pictures from it. When I come to specify in detail the characteristics of the German Death-Mask, it will be more evident how much I felt the value of this new link of evidence of the likeness of the three generally received portraits to the mask.

The meaning of the Halliwell Droeshout is more evident, and the original lines laid with more truth to nature in the original intention. I have submitted my photograph of it to experts in engraving and corrected my impressions, when necessary, in regard to what was intentional by the artist and rendered by the graving tool, and what was accidental to the plate or to the impression from it.

I was also prepared for another marking I found definitely laid down, I think, by an intentional laying of the lines; which opinion, the distinguished engravers, Mr. Linton and Mr. John Cheney, have confirmed, as well as, later, Mr. Marshall.

This marking is in the form of little spots one over the other, and a third one, dimmer, at the right, just over the right eyebrow. Call them by whatever name, the *spots* are here, just where they should be, if the spot in the mask were a personal marking capable of being rendered in plaster, and represented in painting or engraving. In examining the two impressions from the retouched plate, as in the Astor Library, I find it is difficult to identify the spots, as the recut lines of the forehead have been carried, if my eyes do not deceive me, right through them, as though they were blemishes in the plate. Yet, a little irregularity of the lines shows they were there, and would not change their place.

I shall further treat of *spots* when I describe the Chandos of the Arundel Society photographs, and the mask at Darmstadt, where I ultimately found, to my entire satisfaction, that previous lucky guessing had happily hit the mark; or, rather, that the exact interpretation of my thirteen first photographs needed no correction from the original mask in this respect.

The Stratford bust has a flattened plane over the right eyebrow, where (on oath, I dare not say I have anything more than

suspicion) Gerard Johnson concluded to fill up and smooth over the slight indentation in his death-mask, which he considered a defect,—or did all the paints and solvents used on the bust, fill up any little indentation, designed to follow or copy from his mask? There is a plane for it in my polished cast,—cast, as I have told you, at the moment Malone's paint was removed (and nobody knows how many more coats by John Hall in 1748, and the other Halls of 1623). I scarcely dare put it in black and white, as a thing to swear to, by the uplifted hand, or on the Holy Book; yet, there is something raised like a mole here in my cast from the Stratford bust, but nothing, I assure you, like a whale, or weasel even, which the *scar* grew to be last summer. What is what, I leave you to settle.

All these minutiae may seem of no account to many readers; but, in the words of the half-cracked Kepler, as the more level heads reckoned him, "These things will serve the rustics as hooks to hang the heavens by," when we come to apply to them the Copernican theory, that the mask is really the central sun of this portrait system, and that the Droeshout print, the Chandos portrait, and the Stratford bust are its revolving satellites.

Of course, the "Ink Horn" Shakespearians, who own Shakespeare by right of possession, as the Church did the Universe and its Maker in the time of Galileo, cannot be expected to yield at once their Geocentric theory, for the Stratford or the Droeshout.

The Halliwell Droeshout, besides entirely confirming my theory of the mask in respect to the corrugated left eyebrow, the scar or spot over the right eyebrow, the peculiar temples, the lower lip, and the setting on of the nose, gives me the means of knowing just exactly how much of characterization, which is the very essence of portraiture, is lost in the commonly known Droeshout. Again, I feel bound to express my renewed obligation to those fair women, the Fates (who at the final judgment leave all that is good for us), who sat to Phidias for the Parthenon and the British Museum,—and thanks, renewed, to Friends, Fates, Phidias, Phillips, and philanthropic England, for sending me the physical confirmation of the authenticity of the physiognomy in the Death-Mask.

Let us look next to the Chandos portrait, painted probably twelve or fourteen years after the Droeshout. Whatever shortcomings the picture contains, I think it was painted

a man of the craft, and one who had committed like artistic sins so many times to fix a habit or *manner* of not doing it. It was painted by some John Taylor (I think it is agreed), who, perhaps, was a brother or relative of Joseph Taylor, the brother and companion of Shakespeare. On account of the same initial to his name, the brother had for a time the additional credit of being the author of the portrait. Sir William Davenant putting in some claim to the picture, it was willed to him by the possessor, J. Taylor, and since, has kept in the straight and narrow path of pedigree. It seemed to me that Sir William Davenant's knowledge of the origin of the picture, and its authenticity as an intended likeness of his godfather, might be put, at least, upon a par with anything Ben Jonson says for the Droeshout, though the opinion of neither could be considered of much value in relation to the artistic merits of the works. As I repeat, we are indebted to the Arundel Society's photographs for all we know of any of its claims to any characteristic likeness to nature or to Shakespeare. In the National Portrait Gallery, it is almost a complete negation; its cleanings and mendings leaving the expert scarcely a foothold in his search for the original picture.

The Nation's Portrait Gallery, like its Tree of Life, should be guarded from unskillful cleaners; and a literal flaming sword should efface the conscience of those who permit to be effaced the records of the world's real life. Portraiture is the cable that holds the possibilities of all the arts fast to the land of truth.

Look into the eyes of Shakespeare in his portraits; look into his heart in the sonnets; feel the rhythm of his head; see his thought and life in his plays,—and the pious imagination feels little lack of his real presence. Art has preserved all we do know of Shakespeare, except the sparse little facts in his history of his father's trade; his own birth and baptism, and editing before many three little variorum Shakespeares—and she—single and double,—preamble to the inexhaustible variety of his future life. The sonnets, the plays, and poems, and his record all the rest, which it took God himself fifty-two years to accomplish; rather of whom was ever idle, neither of whom could do it without the other; in whom, together, we see best the perfection of Master, and the faithfulness of the response, "Here am I." Art, as well as artist, is great in its dutifulness to the Master of Art.

The best bee builds her cell by the rule of her instinctive law, and it is more perfect than we busy-bodies could devise.

The wreck of the Chandos and a slip in its pedigree have raised opposition to its authenticity. Sir William Davenant was twelve or fourteen years of age at the death of his illustrious godfather; and, in all probability, associated largely with persons able to judge correctly of when, where, and by whom, it was painted; and, therefore, setting a value on it out of proportion to its artistic merits, even if the fact of its production about the time of his own birth may not have had a magnifying influence on it to his mind.

The same haunting *spot* over the right eyebrow which I have treated of in the Halliwell Droeshout and the death-mask I find present in the Arundel Society's photograph from the Chandos. Also, a correction the artist made in drawing the eye and piecing on to the forehead (and consequent changing his spot), which aggravates, if not causes the lower part of the face to look the more retiring. All these *pentimenti* come up in the cleaning.

In comparing these three old portraits of Shakespeare, we see that the comparatively retiring character of the forehead and top of the head in the Chandos and the Stratford bust, corrects our impressions from the Droeshout, of the bulging, overhanging upper part of forehead; but they all agree in the extraordinary distance between the eyebrows; and the Chandos and the Droeshout agree in the size, form, and placing of the great orbs of the eyes. The nose joins the face at the same angle in each. The general planes agree in a large sense.

If you fix your eye on a point exactly over the center of the nose between the eyebrows of either of these portraits, then move it carefully in a horizontal line along the left eyebrow, continuing it in the same plane over the left temple, until you reach the hair bordering it, you will see that your eye makes the same or like angles in each.

Then, again, fixing your eye at a point in the center of the forehead, a little less than two inches above the eyebrow, pass it along slowly in a parallel to and above the first line, and you will see that its undulations agree in all these portraits. Take then another horizontal look half an inch below the left eye, starting along over the cheek bone, and again end where you have reached the hair; this line you will find alike in all three. Carefully follow another line from the mid-

dle of the nose parallel to the others until it runs off to the lower point of the opening of the ear, and another line followed across from the bottom of the nose will reveal to you a mechanical estimate of the undulatory theory of the surface of the face and the similarities in all three as represented in the Droeshout, the Chandos, and the Stratford.

The Death-Mask is a model which interprets the successes and failures in each of these portraits, and shows in a manner that to experts in portraiture amounts to demonstration, that here alone is the true nature from which all came.

Neither figures, diagrams, analysis, areas, solids, calculus, lines of force, vibrations, spectra, perturbations, probabilities, dips, declinations, ebb, flow, and dew-point, nor the outer pair "quite contrairie, I read," of the Georgium Sidus and his farthest neighbor, nor all the Babel tongues of science brought to one accord in a new Principia, can more compel the scientific mind, than does the joint claim of the three old portraits to a common origin in the mask or its original, convince the artistic sense.

The order of nature is fixed in portraits as in planets; while the Friar friends of science worked the rack, the planets moved on, neither abashed by old doubters or new observers. Truth is light as day; it is we who are blind, whom patient Mother Nature waits for to come to maturity, to see us enjoy the pleasure of seeing what the Creator made to please himself.

During my examination of the mask, I made twenty-six measurements which I set down exactly on a sheet of Bristol board, by marking opposite the points of the calipers. I have not yet translated them into any system of numerical measure. They stand simply the exact *so much* of the calipers.

These measures were not made for the purpose of comparison with the Stratford bust—such comparison was afterward thought of and made.

Of these twenty-six measures, at least ten or twelve fit exactly corresponding points in the Stratford bust, which any one may verify if he will take the trouble to interpret the diagram here annexed, and reduce all the measurements to solid geometry. Few persons need be told that this planet never did, at any one moment, contain two adult heads, whose faces agreed in any dozen like measures, and the law of probabilities makes it remote when such an epoch will arrive. To a working artist's mind, the agreement of these measures is either a miracle, or

demonstration that they are from the same face.

And, still further, the failure or misfit of the other more than dozen measures is confined to those parts of the face where there is acknowledged error on the part of the sculptor of the Stratford bust. In the language of science, "measures are the inflexible judges placed above all opinions supported only by imperfect observations."

It is, indeed, singular, that such an agreement in measure with the Stratford bust should not have been noted or published by the distinguished scholars and scientists whose care the mask was during its sojourn in England; but, so far as I know, it has not hitherto been done.

There was no inquest of experts, and hence, no verdict, except in the matter of the pedigree, which all grant is defective.

If the great problems of the sixteenth century had been left to Raphael, Titian, and Tasso, instead of to the practical keepers of Columbus and Cortez, I think we should all still concur *in statu quo*.

The mask, as we see it now, seems to have been washed all over, either with white or brown shellac varnish, and this before the right side of the end of the nose was broken off so badly, as the broken plane seems to have been colored to match the rest by the use of a water color instead.

I had been told that the mask was much impaired by the injuries it had received; but when I counted over those injuries, both of accident and ignorant design, could not but feel thankful for the very much that had been left us.

How should we have known positively that the first plaster mask was cast in a waste mold, over a wax face, but from the fact that while the face existed in this substance a pressure of sufficient weight had been made on the bridge of the nose to flatten a portion of it, and push a little to one side a small wave of wax, leaving the impression of the hard plane on the wax nose to be cast by the next plaster mold, and transmitted to us in this plaster cast which we have to-day? And when, with his plaster cast in my hand, I pointed out this fact to Dr. Becker, he at once said, "Of course, for in the real face the bone of the nose would have prevented the depth of the impress, and it could only have been done in a yielding substance like wax, and not possibly in plaster. This wax face was surely the first casting made in the mold after that left the face of the dead man

DIMENSIONS OF SHAKESPEARE'S MASK.

HORIZONTAL MEASURES.

- |
 1. Distance between hairs of eyebrows.
 |..... |
 2. Between inner corners of eyes.
 |..... |
 3. Between outer corners of eyes.
 |..... |
 4. Across cheek-bones through center of eyes.—(Twice the length of this measure.)
 |..... |
 5. From center of bridge of nose between the eyes, right side, to cheek-bone.
 |..... |
 6. From center of bridge of nose, between the eyes, left side, to cheek-bone.
 |..... |
 7. Outer corner of right eye to center of bridge of nose.
 |..... |
 8. Outer corner of left eye to center of bridge of nose.
 |..... |
 9. Inner corner of both eyes to center of bridge of nose.
 |..... |
 10. Across the fullness, above the temples.—(Twice the length of this measure.)
 |..... |
 11. Across the nostrils.
 |..... |
 12 Breadth from point to point of mustache.
 |..... |
 13. Tuft on chin so wide at broadest.
 |..... |
 14. Greatest width across lower jaws opposite the mouth.
 |..... |
 15. Length of lower lip.
 |..... |
 16. Opening of mouth, between mustaches.
 |..... |
 17. Whole distance from beard on chin in front to back of cast below.
 |..... |
 18. From throat to under part of beard.

PERPENDICULAR MEASURES.

- |
 19. Extreme length from peak of beard to top of head.—(Twice the length of this measure.)
 |..... |
 20. Between eyebrows to top of mask.
 |..... |
 21. Between eyebrows to point of nose.
 |..... |
 22. From point of nose to end of beard.
 |..... |
 23. From inner corner of right eye to top of head.
 |..... |
 24. Inner corner of right eye to bottom lobe of nostril.
 |..... |
 25. Inner corner of right eye to mouth.
 |..... |
 26. Opening of the mouth to the turn of chin.

carrying away from that first mold human hairs enough to transmit by the next casting in plaster the twenty odd still sticking on Dr. Becker's mask.

Gerard Johnson, for whose use the first mold was taken, certainly did not need a wax face, on account of its too easy indentation by the points of the calipers, but filled the flying mold as soon as he received it from the friends of the deceased, with plaster, to make a face to work from, and then chipped off his mold, if of plaster, as I now think it was, or removed it whole, if of wax.

The *wax face*, cast in the flying mold perhaps before it left Stratford, received the aforesaid pressure on the nose, which is repeated in Dr. Becker's plaster cast, and repeated in the photographs which are taken in a proper view. In some views the wave of wax pushed aside by pressure and copied in the plaster increases the aquiline character of the nose, which, to some minds, has been a hindrance to belief in its likeness to the Stratford bust. Other views of the mask and the true theory of this accidental pressure correct entirely the possible false impression in regard to the aquiline nose. The Chandos, the Droeshout, and the Stratford bust, except as to length, represent tolerably the true form of this feature as it appears in the restored mask. Besides the conspicuous break on the right side end of the nose, there is sign of willful picking on the other side. There are also unmistakable signs of the same ignorant meddlesomeness with the penknife in the beard and mustache, as if marking stringy threads were increasing the resemblance to hair. It has even gone so far at the end of the left mustache as to cut into the quick of the cheek, more than enough to take the skin off. Besides these, there is an accidental chipping and scooping out of the plaster an inch in length and one-third in breadth, which carries away a part of the left upper lip quite from the front part of the left nostril, extending backward along the lip to beyond that lobe of the nostril. It is owing to this break that a certain peculiar expression is imparted to the profile views of this side of the mask, which restoring greatly improves.

I shall refer to only one more accidental break, and that of slight importance, except in its misconstruction; it is where a part of the massing of the eyelashes in the left eye has been broken off. It has been cited and repeated, that here, as in the same eye in the mask of Cromwell, decay had set in

and something ran out. This is less ingenious than the theory of another commentator who also found a place, or allowed himself a misquoted authority to find a place for an actual loss of brain, where he mistook entirely the particular brain in question. The error in regard to the eye has arisen probably, from forgetting or not knowing that it is usual to mass the hairs of the eyelashes, brows, and beard with soap or paste or some such preparation, to prevent the substance of the mold from pulling out or sticking to these hairs. I have never seen a more healthy cast from a dead face. And if Shakespeare was buried at Stratford April two days after his death, there certainly was no time for decay in his eyes and the rest of his face shows the most natural and perfect condition, as though he might have fallen asleep in perfect health. If this mask is from Shakespeare, his illness must have been short, producing the least possible apparent change of his countenance; and the most fortunate moment afterward was chosen for casting the face.

In the place over the right eyebrow, where I had expected to find a real but slight indentation, as I had interpreted it from photographs, I did not find what Professor Harlan had written me from Vienna in July, 1871, soon after his departure from Hesse-Darmstadt, viz., "merely a flake of the plaster fallen or rubbed off."

The *peculiar discoloration*, which Mr. E. W. Perry, at that time Secretary of the National Academy of Design, had the summer written to me about, did not allow me at first to perceive even "a flake of the plaster fallen or rubbed off." Yet, from the photographs, I knew there must be some indentation and a loss of the texture of the skin in this discolored place, which, for some reason, had received the colored wash there unequally.

My first attempt to take an impression of this spot, together with a part of the forehead, failed, having tried it in soft modeling wax, which adhered somewhat and was distorted and lost in removing; but the *depression* in the spot was well shown in the *relief* of the wax at that point. My next attempt was in white, harder wax, with gauze intervening. This mold, though less delicate in parts, was very successful, and gave me a good cast in plaster; where the *indentation* is plainly visible it may, perhaps have been looked on as a defect and has certainly been partially filled up. In the plain white of plaster the depression is still

be seen, though in the discolored spot over the brow I could not at first detect it. This little marking is of no more importance in the general expression of the face than various little moles upon it. As experts in this kind of autopsy, we are guided by the texture of the surface in deciding between these markings upon the actual subject, and accidents and chippings after the cast is made. Still this mark stamped upon his brow was sufficient to be noted in the Droeshout and the Chandos, and, I think, intentionally omitted in the Stratford bust.

Another scar can also be traced on the other side of the forehead, but it was of such a nature as not to be apparent at the distance for which a portrait would be made.

Massaccio's mouth, Cicero's wart, Cromwell's and Shakespeare's moles have their aims as individuality, and the artist has no more right to exaggerate or deny them in a portrait, than he has to curtail or remove other features, treating them, of course, with that artistic touch which avoids discord. The mask also interprets perfectly the eyebrows, the under lip, thicker on the right side than on the left, as in the Stratford bust. The nose is so fortunately broken as to allow of exact restoration. There is no reach of distortion after death, nor any sign of nostrils drawn up, or anything of that kind. And though the breaks, and many scratches I have not mentioned, mar an ordinary appreciation of it, they do not destroy the grand, serene, lovely expression of the whole face. It is a perpetual sleep, in which a whole life is stereotyped.

I shall here misplace in importance another very interesting marking on the forehead, which is *par excellence* Shakespeare's mark. It is aimed at in the Stratford bust, but only by hieroglyphic. I refer to the 7-shaped marking in the forehead, which the Stratford bust accents only in the point of the V over the nose. This V is the entering wedge of Shakespeare's head. It is as though just about so much had been well driven into him from above, just the surplus of all other men. Cromwell's head, which is just as wide between the outer corners of the eyes, and quite as wide in the temples and upper jaws, needs just this wedge in the upper loft to expand it to the deality of Shakespeare's head.

"Cromwell, our chief of men," could afford to play second here.

"Yet much remains

To conquer still; peace hath her victories
No less renown'd than war."

Such a peace may the new-found mask conquer. I must also refer to a miniature picture about three inches long and less in width, dated 1637, and which tradition calls the Death-bed of Shakespeare, also in the possession of Dr. Becker. Providence gave it sufficient importance to set the brother of the present Dr. Becker upon the track of the lost mask, which had been known previously to exist in some private collection. To this intuition of the genius of the artist and naturalist, Mr. Ludwig Becker, we owe the bringing again to light the Death-Mask. Peace to his soul, which slipped anchor in a foreign land. Our gratitude is his monument.

It is the first step that costs. If St. Denis carried his head under his arm for one step, it is easy to accept the rest of the miracle. The Cathedral grown from his shrine is a fixed fact, the Pantheon and Westminster of France, the florescence of a single brain, grown to sheltering aisles, that shade the dust of empire, the luck of immortality.

How the mask got to Germany I have no fact or theory to offer. Whether picked up at Land's End, or fished up in the English Channel or the German Ocean, were all one, if it is really the center of the Shakespeare portrait system, and ours now by "iteration sweet," as his lineal heirs and assignees, by an item not interlined in the will, like his second best bed, but administered by the quorum of Atropos and Clotho.

It is the unmatched greatness of Shakespeare that makes his real presence a myth. His personality done away with, Bacon, already burdened with philosophy, science, ethics, and jurisprudence, shoulders his art as mere athletic sport; as though Leonardo the painter were the cap and bells of Da Vinci, the reviver of science; as though Aristotle and Archimedes were more fortunate in a successor than Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Titian, in their illustrious predecessor.

Art is not the pastime of great men, —whatever sciencé may pick up that falls from their tables.

"To the great variety of readers" (see Heminge and Condell), the first thing to say is, in the beginning was *Shakespeare*, an actual man, the great poet and player in London, and at Stratford "lending money on mortgage, and leaning over his gate to chat and bandy quips with neighbors." This certain amount of *avoirdupois* it is a duty to consider, and leave the word-people to satisfy his credit in the matter of the

plays, and sonnets, and poems; and, let us hope, that, being quite busy with their accounts, they may keep the peace, and not too hastily suspect a neighbor artist of trespass in browsing in their fields. There is no malice aforthought in his familiar approach—nothing but a single eye to

“A combination and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.”

This assurance is all the world asks for in portraits.

If England believed Shakespeare's face, cast from his just cooled and perfect features, lay in the little nook of Hesse-Darmstadt, do you believe she would not pawn her islands rather than not possess it?

Her Majesty, in her Book, speaks of trying to think of England without Wellington. Would Her Majesty try it without Shakespeare? And for what would England bargain with oblivion for every true lineament of Wellington's face?

Some do believe the Death-Mask is Shakespeare, and, like the blind man, say, Help my unbelief.

Those who would like to fix in their minds the doctrine of his real presence in either of the arts of portraiture, and make assurance doubly sure, must first dismiss the myth theory, and, in this other new and true way of his portraits, learn to know and love him as man, poet, lover, friend—patron of England's fame and ours. A thousand silhouettes of his face flit through his own written works, where we linger enamored with his Narcissan image.

Where one art ends another begins.

From the limitless region of poetry, where all nature is held by fee simple of letters, art comes with relentless demands upon the sculptor's scope. Cold steel and marble are all her mercy offers, and, for limit of scope, she trades off tangibility by cubic measure. And then, as the last crucial test of her devotee, she mates him with the sole-eyed sister painting, sans sense of touch or ear to hear; he must sacrifice to her one sense of sight, and she will take no barter. The pound for pound is compounded with a few lines and color and chiaroscuro and a scrap of canvas, where the painter is set to catch and corner coy nature, if he can. The strife is not unequal. In the imitative arts all have won. In music and epic poetry the same key-note has been struck, and in architecture the key-stone fixed. Dante, Shakespeare, and Titian are at par with Phidias, the Parthenon, and the Greek poets.

A wise man works with his own tools.

All the poets cannot give your physical eye one glimpse of a visible or tangible fact. This the painter and sculptor must do, and by their inalienable right, whose satire is not a single poet's dictum dare invade unless that one, fealty. Nor may it be supposed that here is imagination tethered or rampant. The lion and lamb lie down together.

We can have here but few illustrations of our subject. In some later form I hope to show by photographs and drawings various views of the original Death-Mask as now extant, and also views of the amended and restored mask, brought to life and welded to head and shoulders, as I conceived might have been represented if done from the living model. Written language cannot focus completely the apprehension of the subject. But we must make it serve to photographs and pictures and solid forms shall be able to make experimental demonstration of written facts, and by it try to establish familiar relations with his person and his face.

In a general way, Aubrey says of Shakespeare, that he was a handsome, well-shaped man, and I think we see his head, as well as whole figure, offer the highest type of English manliness; whose beauty, in an artistic sense, is as great a gift to art as when, “Soul of the Age,” he left his written image in his works. His head is more Greek any more than his plays, yet it is something England may as well be proud of as a part of the world's repertory of art. And if, in some vista of futurity, one should find this Sphinx of England, it would be, now, an epitome of her history, and, as Carlyle says, the best thing she has done yet.

Portraiture of its heroes is the natural instinct of national art, impressions of which remain fixed in proportion as the capacity and means of art are capable of receiving and developing them.

Who is next of kin to England? If she does not claim the mask, whose is it next by right of entail?

Shakespeare, “dear to both Englands,” ours. We are his colony, and he the unsevered link that binds us to the mother country. Who are underlings, that the mask remains unreputed?—and, while royal sons and daughters are dowered, and jewels remain in the Tower, Shakespeare's face lies in a foreign land, unredeemed!

“Oh, the pity of it!”

There is no doubt that the maker of the bust had a death-mask, and used it to the best of his ability. Less than half a century before the death-mask of Cromwell was made, and nearer our own time the mask of Napoleon; also the cast from the Prince of Orange; It is the usual method for securing posthumous sculptured portraits. If this bust is from Shakespeare, his death must have succeeded a very short illness, as the bust shows the least possible removal from actual vitality. It is likely that it was the first new thing in England to make a cast of the human features after decease. The fashion for Italian literature would naturally revert to the cast of the face of the great poet Dante. And Shakespeare himself, who, in his dramas, had the habit of fixing every detail, contingency and item of fact, using them as the daily pabulum of his brain, never meant to leave Dr. Hall to say "The only way of it," when, in ordering the bust, he could recall that he had no authority to put it into the hands of Gerard Johnson for a likeness. Though artists may claim to be a little lower than the angels, they like to have one foot at least resting on *terra firma*. With this well-assured touching spot they can more easily spread their wings to soar to the ideal.

In rendering this portrait in the solid forms of a bust or a statuery, I have been guided by the universal laws of portraiture: 1st, Character; 2d, Characteristics; 3d, Characterization.

The more I studied and restored and modeled the mask, the more I saw the concurring testimony that this is Shakespeare—the Droeshout print is Shakespeare.

If the Chandos portrait is Shakespeare, this is more so.

If the Stratford bust is Shakespeare, this is most Shakespeare.

I have found these previously acknowledged records correcting each other and confirming one general result.

In all that pertains to the mask and to the memory of Shakespeare, I have had but this sign manual:

"Your most obedient, humble servant,"

which I hope to transfer to Lethe, if I have succeeded in making a true record of his face.

The firm belief—fact, fiction, or phantasm—that here is Shakespeare face to face, and a greater reward for my labors than the glory of having created so noble an ideal bust could have been to my sunset days. In the present age, as well as the future, can we learn from this to believe in his true image,

it will know, also, that real happiness comes from adhering to "simple truth, miscalled simplicity."

In rendering the mask, I have aimed in no sense at technical or conventional skill, or dexterity or trick in portraying its forms. I have adhered with self-negation to it, and in the restorations tried to maintain the simplest truthfulness. If it can be done better hereafter, so much the better. This much is done, and must be judged and appreciated from the work itself, and not from any words I can give.

A true likeness shows one inside out; the leopard does not change the spot of the heart. Its color is set on the palette, and is the least refrangible one in our spectrum. The soul is photographed upon the face. If one has the gift to develop it by the processes of imitative art, the world is so much the richer for the result. The great portraits of Raphael and Titian are soul tale-bearers, no less than the "terza rima" of Dante or the "Sonnets" of Shakespeare.

A great philosopher has said: "If the animus be well connected with the organs of the senses—or, in other words, if a man be truly rational—he is perpetually aspiring after wisdom."

That there was this due connection between the senses and the soul, the rationality and wisdom of Shakespeare in his works assure us; and his face, together with his writings, gives us that complete revelation of finite selfhood which man is not often permitted to transmit to future time. The life and works of Dante tally with his face. In the face of Cromwell the great frontal base of his brain, as left in his mask, and the power of his lower jaw, are the upper and nether mill-stones of his history. In modern portraits Garrison's lamb-like face has abolition; Grant's the grip, fighting it out on this line if it takes all summer, and leaving not a crow's ration in the valley; letting us have peace in unconditional surrender.

A true portrait is that incorrigible page of history which neither justice nor mercy invalidates. It is the dead-level of man 'mid fluctuating fashion and fickle opinion. Our national portraiture, though likely to be hung for a while in the Rogues' Gallery, is incorruptible history, every truly rendered face proclaiming, "Know all men by these presents," as unlying as light itself. A good likeness is a rogue's worst enemy. It will surely betray him, and anon retort on his *alter ego*, "I told you so." God made

man in his own human image. So the soul creates its outer shell in likeness to itself. If the man is hid in his stature, it is the duty of the artist to pick him out.

The Death-Mask is not a fiction or work of art. Experts know it was cast from a dead face. It has 1616 marked on the back of it, with the mortuary cross, while the plaster was soft. Its agreement with the Stratford bust in measures, and likeness in

so many characteristics to each of the three well-known old portraits of Shakespeare add more force in summing up than I can command in words, and leave nothing to add by way of apology for his own and our country's neglect of it hitherto, but the pathos of truth itself: "He came unto his own, and his own received him not."

To those who *believe* is the promise of power.

A FARMER'S VACATION: VI.

GUERNSEY AND SARK.

AS JERSEY grew dim and blue behind us, the central group of the Channel Islands came slowly out of the smoky distance, their valleys deepening into shadow, and their cliffs growing into sunshine; houses gradually appearing, and woods and fields, and hill-side roads; and along the shore, the glinting of the far-off spray as it broke over the black boulders that stretched far to right and left.

Guernsey lifted its front more and more out of the sea, and as we steamed past its majestic cliffs, it seemed an enchanted Lilliput, basking in the sunshine high up on the everlasting rocks. Away to our right lay the hazy silhouette of Sark, "wrapped in the solitude of its own originality."

At the end of two hours' sail over a glassy sea, we rounded the breakwater at Castle Cornet and ran into the superb harbor of St. Peter Port, a harbor shut in from the sea by moles of massive granite. The tide was well out, and we disembarked at the lower story of the Landing Stage, which was still wet with the receding waters, and went up the slimy stairway to the top of the pier. At the hotel we found the long-forgotten "Boots" of the English inn, and our lunch was of bread and cheese and beer. We seemed to have finally left behind us the close-adhering traditions of France.

The town of St. Peter Port (or Peterport) is built on a steep acclivity, up which its streets wind at an angle that, before the recently built fine modern road was opened, must have been the despair of the overloaded horses fated to drag supplies to the upper part of the town. So far as we were able to judge from a few days' observation, the town is without especial interest for the tourist—only decent and comfortable, and with good

markets and fair shops—a useful rather than an ornamental town. Before the building of the fine esplanade that now skirts the harbor and the shore, there were many picturesque old tumble-down houses, whose loss can only sadden the traveler, as it must delight the sanitarian. The blessings of fresh air, sunshine and healthfulness, must compensate for the rickety charm of old "Cob Lane," which has gone forever. The Town Church, though badly placed in the lower part of the town, is well worth a visit. It is very old, but has been restored without being spoiled, and is much the finest ecclesiastical building in the Channel Islands.

The area of Guernsey is about fifteen thousand acres, two-thirds of which are under cultivation. The population is about thirty thousand, more than one-half of whom live in St. Peter Port.

The tourist soon learns that he is far from having lost the French characteristics so prominent in Jersey, for here it is only on that edge of the social plane which is in constant contact with English travelers and residents that one hears his own tongue and is offered his familiar food. The transient life of the town is more of England than of France, but the people of Guernsey themselves retain their old traditions and language even more tenaciously than do those of the larger island. Here, as there, the hand of the General Government is lightly laid. The military governor and the garrison are supported by the Crown, and no customs duties or taxes of any sort are levied on behalf of England. The chief local dignitary, "The Bailiff," is appointed in accordance with the local usage, and the people are governed by their own Legislature.

French silver, not English, is the currency, and the French language—or rather a French language—is almost exclusively spoken by the native population. A good idea of its peculiarities is given by the following specimen of Guernsey French, which differs materially from Jersey French:

Il semble òsin kiçhin nou vé des ptie moutons,
Et grande bêtes a kat-pee a majár la vârdure,
Tandis q'les kóc-é-dâwk, les kânár et dindons,
Suivis par leux fúmelles, et leux biaux p'tie pouâw-
cas,
Mange òsin leux vitâilles qui trouve par les courtis.

IN MODERN FRENCH:

Il semble aussi qu'ici on voit des petits moutons,
Des grandes bêtes à quatre pieds manger la ver-
dure,
Tandis que la volaille, les canards, les dindons,
Suivis par leur femelles et leur beaux petits pou-
ssins,
Mangent aussi leur nourriture qu'ils trouvent
parmi les champs.

The language as spoken is said to be far from complete to be called a patois, but it is an impossible jargon to the unaccustomed ear. We were told, in asking our way, to go straight on until we came to a certain house, "et pie à dé," which we learned meant, "et pis à droite." One modification of the language indicates social castes which are still maintained. If one is a common worth-while sort of fellow, he is called Jean, "for sort;" if a grade better, perhaps with his own cottage and pig, and some self-respect, he is addressed as Maître Jean; a small farm, a couple of cows, and a better position generally, would entitle him to be called, 'Sieur Jean Marquand; he must have a comfortable property, and be a man of good standing in his parish, to be called Mess. Marquand; and it takes official dignity, or the best social position, to entitle him to be called Monsieur Marquand. Years ago the bailiff was the only "Monsieur" in Guernsey.

The Annual Report of the Agricultural Society in Guernsey is printed in French; in Jersey, it is in English. Only the official newspaper, "Gazette de Guernsey," is printed in French. The remaining five papers are in English, which is easily accounted for by the fact that the non-resident population is English, and apparently of a superior (or at least a wealthier and more cultivated) class to the English colony in Jersey; so at least we were told, and this difference is indicated by the finer houses and more elaborate equipages one sees in driving about the country.

Many of the country-seats are stately,

and the timber in their grounds is much larger and finer than most that one sees in Jersey, the general aspect of many of the places being broader and more park-like. One of the most attractive, though not of the largest, is the residence of General Huysh. This is the most charming *bijou* of a house imaginable, rich, cozy, sunny, and home-like to the last degree. It has a beautiful conservatory leading off from one of its rooms, and the well-kept grounds, well set with sub-tropical vegetation, are nearly enclosed with vineries. Many of the better places have a respectable look of age, and some of them have names which refer to old historic incidents. The estate of Mr. Rougier, in the interior, is called "Les Eperons," from a pair of silver spurs given to its owner by his guest, Charles II., who sought refuge in these islands in his adverse days. The spurs have passed with the title-deeds of the land, and are still shown by its proprietor.

At the summer festival of Elizabeth College—"The Sports"—on a high bluff overlooking the fort and the sea, we saw a very gay assemblage of fashionably dressed people, and fine carriages. The young men and boys of the college, dressed in gossamer tights, were contending in hurdle races, flat races, sack races, hammer-throwing, leaping, and all manner of athletic exercises, for prizes to be given by the chief lady of Guernsey. It was a beautiful afternoon, and the scene was as gay as youth, and music, and flags, and bright dressing, and happy faces could make it. In traveling, one always draws comparisons with home customs, and we could not help wishing that this brighter element might be added to our own more staid holiday manners.

Amid so much enchanting natural scenery, it is difficult to say that one feature is more attractive than the others; but when we take into account its difference from what we had seen elsewhere, a Guernsey "Water-Lane" certainly commands our warmest enthusiasm. The lanes of Jersey have few counterparts in Guernsey, and the country roads are much the same as one finds in many other parts of Europe,—depending for their interest on fine trees, fine country-seats, wide views, and well-kept farms; but the water-lanes are, in their very charming way, peculiar to Guernsey. There are a number of them, all of the same general character. That which we first saw starts from the Sausmarez road, and winds around into a deep valley that debouches at the shore of Moulin Huet Bay,

where we passed through a simple farm-gate to a terrace overlooking a most placid green-hued cove, shut in among high, storm-beaten rocks, on whose sides the smoky sunlight lay warm, and whose crests were enriched with the soft tints of varied lichen. Beyond, the gleaming blue sea stretched far away into the warm southern haze, and was blended with the dreamy sky.

The lane itself is the bed of a little rill, cut deep in the earth and rock, and laid with a rough stone foot-path, at the side of which the water trickles and babbles in a small clear stream. The banks are higher than one's head, and are rich with a wealth of tangled ferns, conspicuous among which the long lance-shaped leaf of the hart's-tongue hangs in massive clusters of shining emerald green. The trunks of trees—some falling to decay, some young and fresh, and all clad with closely twining ivy—stand out irregularly from the sides of the gorge, and shroud the passage in perpetual shade. The evidence of man's interference is very slight; nature has had almost uninterrupted sway, and has given her best efforts of genial air and fertile, humid soil to the perfect embellishment of this sea-side foot-path, within sound of the ceaseless waves, but tranquil in its verdant recesses as though in the heart of a continent.

Another water-lane at the Couture, near the town, is more of a thoroughfare, and is more open to the sunlight, but it is a charming walk, none the less.

On the east coast, a mile south of the town, is Fermain Bay, backed and enclosed by fine cliffs, and protected (in the olden time) by a Martello tower, of which there are many about the shores of the island. The access to this is by a road called Fermain Lane, which leads down a charming half-cultivated valley, and past small cottages and picturesque houses.

The drives in the interior are not uninteresting, but they are in no way comparable (for rural charm) with those of Jersey. The surface of much of the island is but slightly undulating, and the northern and western parts are but little elevated above the sea. The farm-houses and cottages, often covered with thatch, are picturesque, and have the charm that the luxuriant and unusual vegetation of the Channel Islands never fails to lend. Many of these houses have the characteristic round-arched stone door-way still as firm and sound as when they were built, centuries ago. This round arch, so common here, is very rare in Jersey.

Of the same period and style is the chapel of St. Apolline, the oldest ecclesiastical building in Guernsey. It is of rude stone work laid in mortar made with limpet shells and is only twenty-seven feet long by thirteen feet broad.

Near the shore, north of the harbor of St. Sampson's, is Vale Castle, whose restored ruins are now used as a barrack. In the same parish, on the road to L'Ancrese Common stands the Vale Church, whose porch is curious and quite different from anything else in the islands. About a mile north of this church is the most important Druid altar or cromlech of Guernsey, the interior of which is shown in one of our illustrations; another, similar to this, called the Pierre Dehus, lies near the extreme north-eastern point of the island.

There are other Druidical (or Celtic) remains of importance; one very curious one is a tall monolith near Rocquaine Bay.

We were so fortunate as to be admitted to the private museum of the late Mr. Lukis, at St. Peter Port, where there are many archæological and other curiosities, and among them objects taken from the cromlechs of the Channel Islands. The group of ancient pottery shown herewith was taken from cromlechs in Guernsey, the four central pieces from that on L'Ancrese Common and from the Pierre Dehus. The pottery was unburnt, and is like no sample of Roman workmanship. There were also found many ancient stone weapons, of which there are excellent specimens in the Lukis Collection. In the excavations which led to the discovery of these remains, they were found in different layers, those of the oldest and ruder forms lying the lowest. With the lower layer, upon the stone floor, and placed with evident care, were bones of men, women, and children; many of these are still in excellent condition, and the skulls of the adults are set with teeth to make the suffering mortals of to-day long for the dentures from which such painless molars were grown.

The visitor to Guernsey should not fail to ask permission to see this museum, which is in the basement of a private house. It contains much of inestimable value, not only from the islands themselves, but from other curious corners of the world; and by it means the least interesting thing about it is its evidence of what may be accomplished by a private gentleman applying himself to the pleasant work of archæological research and collection.

In St. Peter Port there is another house, much more widely known, and with a very different interest. It is Hauteville House, the residence of Victor Hugo. Its broad, high, eave-looking front stands near a narrow street, and impresses one with the homesick feeling of a Puritan boarding-school. Within, it is a perfect bric-à-brac shop of old carved furniture, old tapestry, old India shawls, old key rugs, curious old pottery, old Dutch objects of art and objects of historic literary interest; among others, the pens in which Hugo wrote "Les Misérables;" "Le Comte de Monte Christo;" Lamartine, "Les Confidences;" and George Sand, "Constance."

In the drawing-room, the candelabra are flanked by the identical gilded figures which ornamented the Bucentoro, the barge in which the old Doges of Venice went out to

wed the Adriatic. The dining-room is decorated with blue Delft ware and Dutch tiles, the latter forming a curious chimney-piece. The house is crammed from top to bottom with curiosities of all sorts, which must make it more satisfactory to show to visitors than to live in. In the east roof is built a very eyrie of a writing-room—shut out from the world, and commanding miles of rugged rock and storied sea—where "Les Travaux de la Mer" was written, in full view of its foamy toils. Victor Hugo was in Paris at the time of our visit, but Hauteville House was still his cherished home.



OLD COW LANE, ST. PETER PORT, GUERNSEY.



RESIDENCE OF GEN. HUYSH, GUERNSEY.

wood is still burnt, and where coal is an unheard-of novelty."

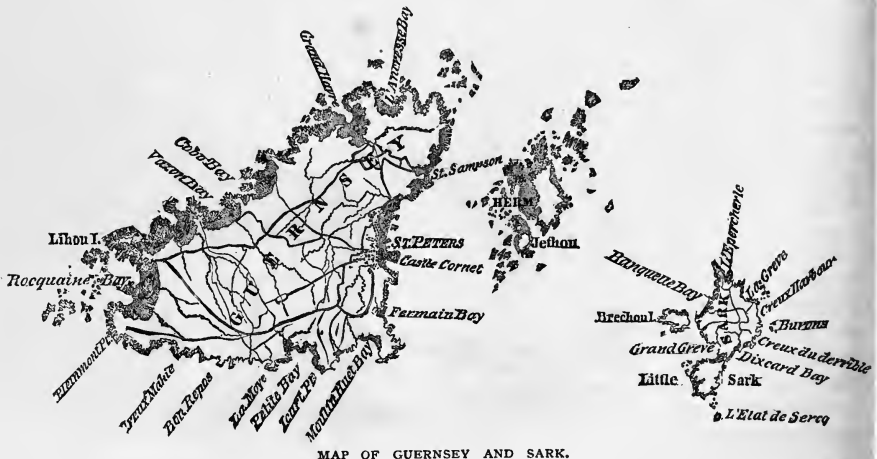
Our stay in Guernsey was short that I could gather only a general impression of its agriculture; barely sufficient for an intelligent understanding of Mr. Cornu's excellent account of it in his prize essay on the Agriculture of the Channel Islands, published in the "Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England," 1860 (vol. xx, part 1), from which much of the following is condensed. He thinks that, although in many parts the soil is very deep and rich, it is less so than that of Jersey. The tenure of property

The manners and customs of the people of Guernsey, like those of Jersey, have been (so far as they are obvious to the casual visitor) much modified by frequent contact with English and French tourists during the past quarter of a century. "Still," says Ansted, "no one can go into the cottages and mix much with the people without observing some characteristic points. Each cottage has in the kitchen, or principal sitting-room, a wooden frame spread with dried fern, on which the inhabitants repose in the evening. This custom is, no doubt, French, and very old. It is connected with all the habits and traditions of the people, and comes into use on such occasions as the vraise harvest, and on all festivals. The older people, more especially, resort to it, and, though rough, it is by no means an unsightly piece of furniture. It corresponds with the chimney corner in an old English farm-house, where

much the same as that of the larger island, but the subdivision is greater. The privileges of eldership are less. The eldest son can claim less than one-sixth of an acre with the house. It is true that he has the right to buy, on the appraisal of parish authorities, all the remaining land which he can have access to without crossing a public road, but the appraisal is so high that he generally waives his claim. Farms are even smaller than in Jersey, the average size is at least one-fourth of an acre. None exceed forty acres.

On a farm of seventeen acres, which is a good-sized holding for Guernsey, the usual distribution of crops would be:

	Acres.		Acres.
Hay and Grass	9½	Potatoes	½
Turnips	¾	Mangolds	¾
Parsnips	1	Wheat	2½
Carrots	½	Oats and Barley	1
Gardens, etc.			¾ acre.



MAP OF GUERNSEY AND SARK.

On such a farm the stock may consist of cows, six heifers, two horses, one ox, half a dozen pigs. Oxen are much

vent cattle from entering. The dwelling-houses are, in general, patterns of cleanliness. The exterior, in particular, presents a striking example of taste; flowers and creepers invariably adorn the walls, the wood-work appears as if it had been lately painted, and the *ensemble* is strikingly neat and pretty."

The arrangement of farm-buildings is very much the same as in Jersey, the cider-press being less frequent, as there are not so many orchards.

In the dairy, very important changes are noted. The same narrow-mouthed milking can is used, but the cloth and shell which in Jersey are universal, are here unknown, and the method seemed to strike some farmers to whom I mentioned it as a curious novelty. There is, too, an absence of tidiness (according to our ideas) in the processes of the milk-room, which was a curious novelty to us. The milk is poured into tall earthen-ware jars (like the oil-jars of Ali Baba) set in a cool place, and there it stands, untouched, until churning day. In the principal dairy that we visited, the cream on the older milkings was much wrinkled and cracked, and was covered with blue mold. The dairymaid, who seemed quite proud of her butter—and well she might be—made light of this, and said it was nothing unusual, though she did not like to see it quite so far gone.

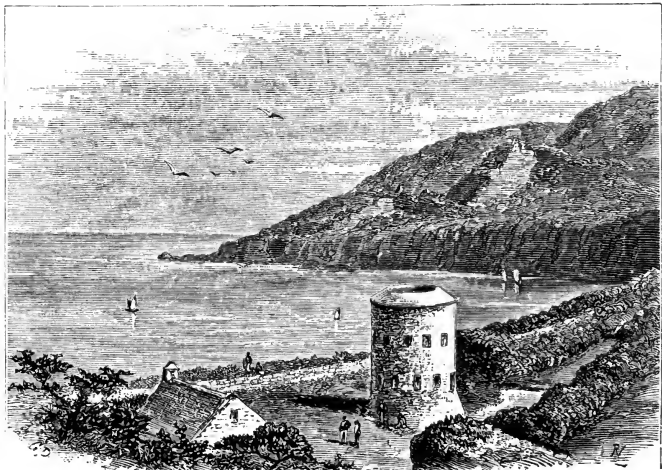
The churning is done once or twice a week, in an enormous vessel of curious cooperage—a broad-based monster of iron-bound staves which retains its size for a considerable height, and then narrows rapidly to the dimensions of an ordinary churn. Speaking from recollection, I should say

The great trench plow is used in preparing land for parsnips, as in Jersey, and (or sea-weed) is largely used as manure. Much of this is taken on the shores of the island itself, and much is brought from the continent, whose rocks are particularly fertile in this respect.

The fields are not more than one acre and a half in average size. They are divided by the embankments of the roads, on the top of which furze is seen growing luxuriantly; this furze is used by the country people for heating the ovens for baking. At the entrance you will only see gates except the property belonging to the higher class. Very few field entrances are to be seen with only a post placed across to pre-



WATER LANE AT THE COUTURE, GUERNSEY.



FERMAIN BAY AND MARTELLO TOWER, GUERNSEY.

that some churns we saw would hold sixty gallons. The dasher is quite the same as the old-fashioned sort in use with us, and not larger.

The entire contents of the jars are poured into the churn—loppered milk, cream, wrinkles, mold and all—there to be beaten with the dasher for hours and hours. The churning takes never less than two and a-half hours, and generally nearly twice as long—sometimes nearly the whole day. I could account for the undeniably good quality of the butter resulting from this process, only on the supposition that such long working in the buttermilk removes the taint one would expect to have attacked the cream during its long standing on sound milk, and under more or less mold. Guernsey farmers maintain that only by this process can they get all the butter from the milk; one would think that a slight loss in this respect would be preferable to the expenditure of so much labor. Whether the milk of Guernsey cows, fed on the grasses of their native pastures, would make better butter if only the cream were churned, we could not learn, being told that the process was nowhere employed.

Churning the whole milk is universal in Guernsey, yet the custom has never crossed the narrow strip of sea and found a place in Jersey. Verily, the people of these islands are tenacious of their old traditions—and one may here say, of their old cows.

The Guernsey cow is as different from the Jersey as is the Devon from the Ayrshire, or the Short-horn from the Dutch, and without the operation of legal prevention,

which keeps "foreign" cattle from being brought to either island) the races are kept distinct. No one would use a Jersey bull in Guernsey, or a Guernsey bull in Jersey.



A COTTAGE DOOR-WAY, GUERNSEY.

the cows which are now and then transplanted are regarded as intruders of an inferior order, and their progeny is excluded from competition at the cattle shows. There can, however, be little doubt that less care was formerly used in this respect, for they are to be detected, among the herds of both islands, traces of an old blending of blood which has apparently done no harm in either case. The races are now quite distinct, and their improvement, in both islands (which is constant and considerable), is strictly within the lines of pure breeding.

As a class, the Guernsey cows are pretty, either in form or about the head, and they are unmistakably good farming cows. They are larger than the Jerseys (which is not necessarily an advantage); they are deep milkers; and they are usually a very high-colored red (which is an advantage). The prevailing color is a rich fawn with much white—usually laid on in broad patches. The muzzles are buff, and the eyelids are almost yellow. The horns are usually amber-colored, and under the white hair, wherever it appears, the skin is of a bright orange that is only exceeded by the golden yellow of the inside of the ear. The usual rich color extends to the milk and especially to the butter, which is the yellowest I ever saw. It is also of firm texture and of fair flavor.



CHAPEL OF ST. APOLLINE, GUERNSEY.

The cows, when they dry off, fatten very easily, and, being larger, they make heavier calves than do those of the sister island. The calves, when taken from their work, feed remarkably well; the four prize oxen of 1872 yielded out an average of 1,144 pounds of butcher's meat,—the average age being between six and seven years. This quality is certainly an important one, yet it may easily be overestimated. One of the last things a farmer should consider in deciding on a cow for butter-making, where his profit depends on her product while living, should be the amount of meat he can make from her when dead. A very slight difference in the average daily produce during eight or ten years, would make up for a very wide variation in value for the shambles.

While the Guernseys are perhaps a shade less promising for the butter dairy, the Jerseys are close upon their heels, and they differ so much more taking to the eye, that a very slight difference in butter and beef would more than compensated for by the more valuable character of their calves, even in the eyes of one's farmer neighbors.

Le Cornu says: "It is an open question whether the cows of Jersey or of Guernsey are the best. The Guernsey cattle are the best of the Channel Islands breed, but for symmetry, the palm is awarded to those of Jersey. The former does not vary so much in color as the butter, but it is usually red and white. * * * It is the custom here to tether cattle when out. * * * The produce may also be said to average the same, for, although the greatest rivalry on this point exists between the farmers of both islands, on investigation it will be found that the accounts of produce correspond. The fattening of oxen is carried on here to a certain extent, and it may be computed that one-sixth of the supply (of meat) is raised on the island. One of the great properties of the breed is that it will fatten rapidly, and produce meat of excellent quality."

The country people of Guernsey are industrious and thrifty. Even the laboring class make it a point to accumulate enough money to build a home on the shred of the matrimonial estate that has fallen to their lot. There are, perhaps, no people who rise earlier, or retire to rest later, than the native farmers of the Channel Islands. It is not uncommon to hear of their being at work in the morning before four o'clock, and yet freedom is it that they take their rest before ten at night." The question arises whether it must not be an exceptionally unexhaust-

ing climate where so little sleep is needed, and where men maintain almost youthful vigor to a very great age.

We went, one afternoon, down into a



PORCH OF ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH, GUERNSEY.

beautiful narrow valley—a cleft of verdure opening out toward the sea—to look at the prize cow of the year. The owner, who lacked only three months of eighty, showed the ladies and our friends an easier way around, and led us down a difficult, steep path that ended with a jump of some feet. The cow (which was probably the best cow, all in all, that we ever saw, and which had the head and the form of a Jersey, with the rich coloring of her own race) was young and sportive. The old gentleman had his hat knocked off in the struggle, and was nearly thrown, but he finally caught her nostrils and held her fast. I proposed that we should return by the longer way, but he scouted the idea, saying he was the youngest man in the party if he had lived the longest, and he went back like a boy, by the way we had come. I



GATE-WAY TO VALE CASTLE, GUERNSEY.

would be glad to compromise on such physical and mental vigor for my sixtieth year. At his snug stone house he took great delight in showing us a gold medal awarded



VALE CHURCH PORCH, GUERNSEY.

him at the Paris Exposition for the best Guernsey cow exhibited there.

Large stories are told (some of them authentic) of the productiveness of the cows of this island. Ansted cites the statement of Mr. F. Carey, of Woodlands, Guernsey, that the average annual produce of five cows on his land has been 1,680 pounds of butter. This is 336 pounds per cow. These cattle are said to have been fed in the ordinary way, and to have been milked three times per day.

There is no other feature of the agriculture of Guernsey to claim especial attention in a short notice, but its horticulture is as suggestive of genial climate as that of Jersey. The same tropical vegetation, the same luxuriance of growth and bloom, greet us at every turn. Figs and oranges ripen in the open air. The aloe is a common lawn plant; hedges are made of fuchsia and camelia; the geranium is a hardy shrub, and the fuchsia overhangs the second-story windows of the low farm cottages, fringing their mossy thatch with a drapery of crimson pendants.



INTERIOR OF A GUERNSEY CROMLECH.

The scented magnolia forms a stately tree; the araucaria thrives, the arbutus attains a height often of thirty feet at its berries ripen; the myrtle grows to good size and flowers freely. The rhododendron flowers abundantly from December until June. The lemon verbena assumes the proportions of a tree, with long, drooping branches.

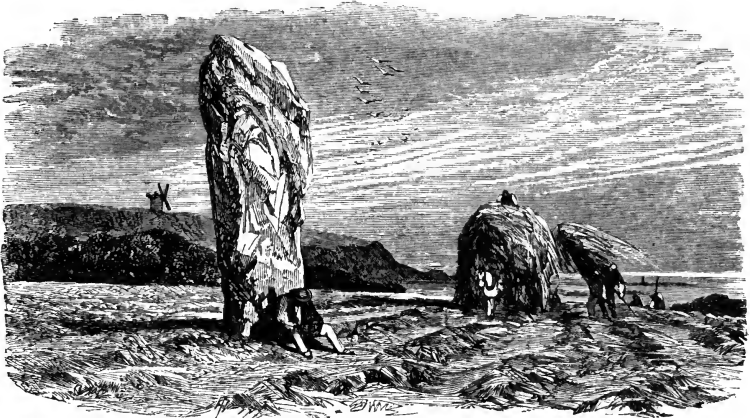
The beautiful Guernsey lily flowers regularly in the Channel Islands, while in England it can rarely be made to bloom the second time. The more beautiful belladonna grows to really marvelous perfection, and is found everywhere. Even the smallest cottages have their front gardens stocked with flowers, and one may buy in the market for a few pence bouquets which, if better arranged, would command a high price at Covent Garden.

With all its advantages, the best thing about Guernsey, so far as the tourist is concerned, is its nearness to Sark. The morning after our arrival "Boots" appeared. "Please, sir, would you like to go to Sark?" It is a fine day, and Purdy is below. Of course we would, and we were soon booked for the little sail-boat which makes irregular excursions, rather than to take the chances of the weather for the small steamer of the next day. He who goes to Sark is wise, leaves no positive engagements behind him. The trip has all the excitement of uncertainty as to its duration. When Dana, the artist, went over to pass the day, he was gone for a whole week. Sky, sea, and rock are all treacherous, and even the fishermen who have passed their lives in the perilous navigation of these waters make no calculation of the length of their trip. We were a party of seven, in a stout open boat, with little rags of sails stretched from movable masts; Purdy at the helm, and two boys half asleep on the spray deck near the bows. It was a beautiful day, with only a rippling breeze to move us slowly out of the harbor, under the gray walls of Cape

Cornet, across the swelling open sea, and into the narrow passage between the outlying rocks of Jethou and Herm — wild, storm-beaten rocks, hung with yellowish-green seaweed, the ceaseless spray breaking at their feet. Drowsy cormorants and snowy-white gulls stood motionless upon them, basking in the warm sun, or swept slowly about in the very idleness of motion. On Jethou, near the only house, long unused, a few goats stopped nibbling the grass

which us. They were Purdy's flock, and they alone represent the agriculture of the bay. Across the narrow channel the eye-looking island of Herm lay, sloping its green fields to the sea, and stretching away to the dismal coast, along the wild rocks, toward the west and north. It took some time for us to get through this rocky passage, where conflicting currents and unexpected eddies made water navigation to the rank a fine art. As Purdy expressed in some places the tides are regular, and in others they flow till half

what a harbor! A little open bay flanked by rugged cliffs and set about with rocks, many of them half submerged and foaming with an angry swash, as the swell of the sea broke over their weed-grown crests. Below,



A DRUIDICAL MENHIR, GUERNSEY.

and ebbs till half flood. It takes a lifetime to understand 'em, and then you don't." The day being fine and the sea quiet, we

through the clear water, the deep-lying bowlders told the tale of the devastation that had been wrought on the granite cliffs by the fearful north-wind seas. Small though our boat was, there was not even a friendly rock against which she could lie, and we had to be transferred to a very tub of a heavy surf-boat, which was rowed near the shore, and then hauled up, by men wading leg-deep, on the beach of rolling paving-stone.

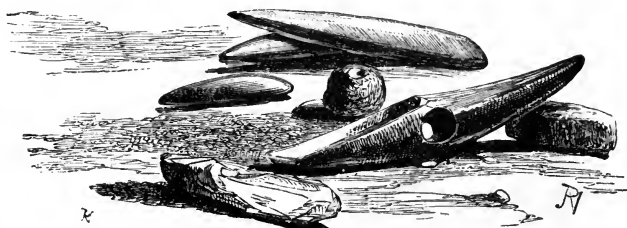
Once landed, we found only a barely navigable foot-path leading, zigzag, up the steep cliff. After

we were bound for L'Epercherie Harbor, at the north end of Sark—Sark, of which we had heard so much, which had seemed, as seen through the haze from Guernsey, such a dream of a high-lying blue fairy-land, and which now stood in its stern majesty high and wild above the glassy water. The little wind there had been had died quite away and the boys had to be awakened to take a pull at the sweeps, rowing incessantly for nearly two hours before we reached the harbor. And

we had toiled to the top, we could have tossed a stone into the little boat which lay on the beach nearly three hundred feet below



ANCIENT POTTERY FOUND IN THE ISLANDS
(From Collection of Mr. Lukis.)



ANCIENT IMPLEMENTS FOUND IN THE ISLANDS.
(Lukis Collection)



DRAWING-ROOM OF HAUTEVILLE HOUSE, GUERNSEY. (VICTOR HUGO'S RESIDENCE.)

us. A small scion of the great house of the de Carterets served as guide, and showed us our way over barren pastures and past neglected fields into the embowered road that leads past the arched entrance to the Seigneurie, through which we had our first glimpse of the beautiful grounds of the Lord of the Manor, whose picturesque buildings—parts very old, and all well kept and in good taste—are well suited to their charming setting. This place is worthy of careful study as a capital example of gardening in the natural style, where most judicious use has been made of the ample materials this genial climate allows to be employed.

From the Seigneurie we walked on past the very plain and unattractive church and turned into the fields, taking a foot-path that led down a wooded valley, and coming soon upon an old stone fountain at which a young girl was filling her pail. This fountain was shaded by high trees and thick-growing shrubs, and from it ran a trickling stream that follows the course of D'Ixcart

Valley to the edge of the eastern cliffs. Crossing a little foot-bridge, we ascended the southern slope and came out in the grounds of the D'Ixcart Hotel, situated quite in the interior of the island, sheltered by hills and trees from every wind, and surrounded by the most home-like yards and offices. While we fortified ourselves with a hasty luncheon, our little guide went to engage a carriage for us, and we wandered slowly toward the high road to meet it. Our path lay through a lane that is hardly excelled by any in Jersey, and which has the attraction of being almost the only one of its kind in Sark. About a quarter of a mile from the hotel this lane joins the main road running north and south

through the island, crossing the "Coupée" which connects its two unequal parts. We drove to the Coupée, but old Mr. Guillou, who owned this only "carriage to let" in Sark (an open two-seated phaeton), declined to drive across, saying that he had driven over, but he never did so except in case of necessity. We were very far from urging this as a case of necessity, and when we were fairly upon the Coupée we were glad enough to be safely on our own feet, for the road, which had only recently been elevated from the condition of a foot-path, was barely wide enough for a single narrow vehicle, and at both sides the rock descended almost vertically to the little bays nearly three hundred feet below.

The distance across is about two hundred yards, and the passage is guarded by a parapet of any sort—not even a hand-rail—save at two places where a harder rock had better resisted the action of the rains, and where the road has been cut through. With all its improvement, the Coupée is but



HART'S-TONGUE.

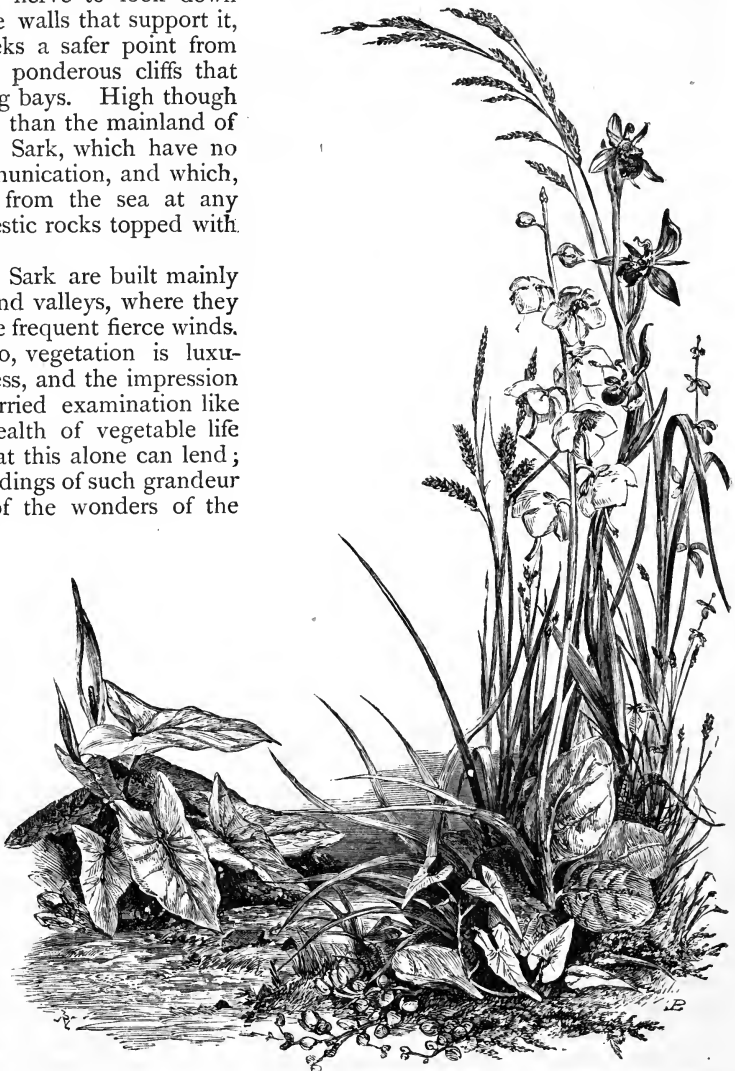
ugged path along the crest of a narrow vertical ledge, from whose giddy height requires a steady nerve to look down over the steep granite walls that support it, and one naturally seeks a safer point from which to examine the ponderous cliffs that surround the adjoining bays. High though this is, it is much lower than the mainland of Great Sark and Little Sark, which have no other means of communication, and which, seen from it—or from the sea at any point—look like majestic rocks topped with level fields.

The habitations of Sark are built mainly in sheltered nooks and valleys, where they are protected from the frequent fierce winds. In these hollows, too, vegetation is luxuriant almost to rankness, and the impression gained by even a hurried examination like this is of a great wealth of vegetable life and of the charm that this alone can lend; and this amid surroundings of such grandeur makes Sark one of the wonders of the natural world.

Mr. Guille must be a model "cocher" to those who understand it if any but one born on the island can understand the barbarous language of this island. Though a loyal Briton, he preferred to speak French, but he had some original conceptions of that tongue. The information we gained from him was extremely meager; in statistics and sociology it was confined to the facts that the population of the island is less than a hundred souls, and that of these over ten

per cent. are confirmed drunkards. Fortunately, the student of the Channel Islands has good help in the few books that have been written about them, and we found it chiefly important to be guided to the different points we indicated; and, after all, it was a real advantage to escape the routine gabble of the professional cicerone.

From the Coupée we went to the Creux du Derrible, on the eastern shore. This is a deep vertical shaft, about fifty feet in diameter, descending from the high table-land—or from the side of a high hill, for one side of the opening is much lower than the other—to a yawning cavern into which the sea



SOME GUERNSEY PLANTS.

rises at every tide by two large entrances, wave following wave, with a roar that comes up in deafening reverberations through the fearful Creux. It is possible at low tide for a good cliffman to climb down the face of the steep shore, by the aid of iron rings fastened to the rock, and to enter the cavern from below. Here the blue sky is seen above as from the bottom of a well, while through one of the entrances are seen the bright, clean-cut rocks of the Point du Derrible, and through the other the distant coast of Jersey.

Returning to our vehicle, we drove around by the road to the sea-port of Sark—Creux Harbor. This is the only landing-place on the island that is at all worthy of the name. The few valleys terminate in steep cliffs, up which it is impossible to climb. L'Epercherie is accessible only in calm weather, and is always difficult. Le Havre Gosselin, and the Port-és-Sees, are practicable only for the chamois-like fishermen of Sark. Creux Harbor is a curiosity in itself—a little cove shut in by a breakwater that leaves passage-way only for small boats, and within which these are secure only when hauled high above the reach of the tides and made fast with ropes and chains. On the land side



TWO "CHASSE MARÉES."

be transferred to small boats and landed on the side the breakwater, and then be hauled up the steep picturesque valley—a valley charming with superb seaward views, and well sheltered and shaded stone houses.

We now returned to the hotel to see what Sark, in its isolation, could do for us in the way of dinner, hoping at least to appease the hunger our clamoring had aroused. Why will not some benefactor of his country send a ship-load of American hotel-keepers to difficult Sark to learn from Mr. Gavett the important art of public hospitality? Our repast was not sumptuous, but it was more than sufficient, and with ample variety. The

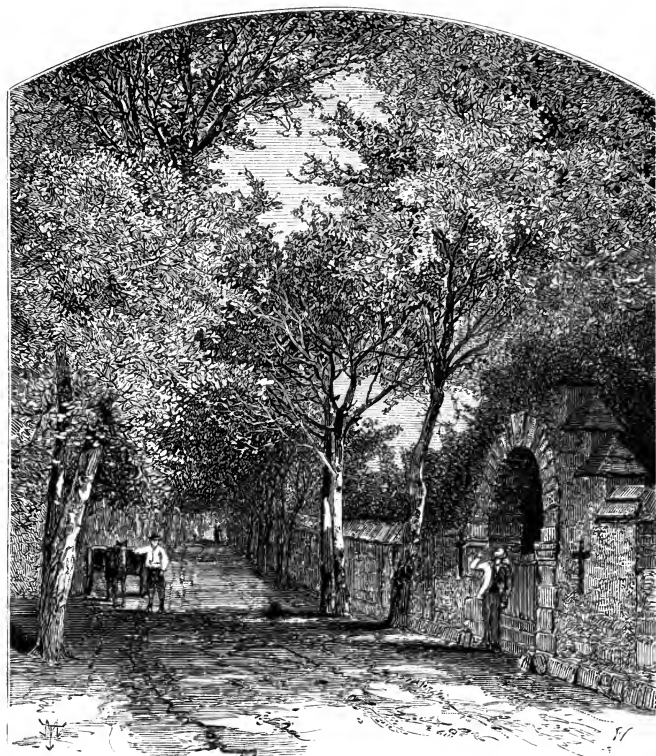


THE BURONS, SARK.

there is only a rough beach of cobble-stones and bold rocks of enormous height, through one of which an artificial tunnel leads to the only road by which vehicles may reach the shore. Passengers and goods arriving must

cooking and the service, while they were simple, and such as might be easily compared in any of our villages, were tasteful, cleanly, and thoroughly excellent. A dozen guests would crowd the house; but our out-

travansaries, made to accommodate hundreds, the barbaric feeding-shops compared with this homelike little inn, which, once known, remains in the traveler's mind as a perpetual invitation to return to the green valley in which it nestles. We left with real regret, and if we are fortunate we shall some day return to it with delight. There is no other hotel which is well spoken of, and comfortable lodgings are to be had in private houses. Sark offers many advantages to those who wish to spend some time in quiet retirement. The climate is perfect, better, if possible, than that of the other islands, and it is said that the inhabitants of Guernsey resort to it for the benefit of its pure bracing air. It is, however, the student of nature who will get the



ENTRANCE TO SEIGNEURIE.

greatest satisfaction from a sojourn in Sark. The botany of the island is quite similar to that of Guernsey. There is little cultivation of foreign plants, except in the grounds of the Seigneurie; but here there are very good examples of successful adaptation, and in every damp valley the native ferns grow in great variety, and with remarkable luxuriance.

The magnificent cliffs on every side of the island are pierced with huge caverns, where the sea has worn its way into the softer veins, and the shore is piled with masses of fallen

rock, and bowlders undermined or torn away by the waves. All is wild and weather-beaten, and one sees at every point combinations of nature's boldest rock-work, not less grand than those shown in the illustrations given herewith.

Ansted says: "One must visit Sark to see what water can do with granite. In walking through the remarkable cavern called the Boutiques, natural fissures are traversed more than a quarter of a mile long, not crossing the island, but parallel to its length, opening from one, intersected by two others, and terminated by a fourth grand chasm. The floor of this cleft is a wild chaos of rocks, some fallen from above, some rolled in from the sea. The roof, some fifty feet overhead, is always falling, and becoming converted into rocks and pebbles; the floor, composed as it is of Titanic angular fragments, is rapidly removed, and as frequently replaced. The extremity is choked at one time by stones that even the old Druids would hardly have attempted to move; at other times it is open to the sea, all these being swept away."

The destructive action of the waves is constant. In all the little bays with which



AN OLD FOUNTAIN IN A SARK VALLEY.



THE COUPÉE, SARK.

Sark is surrounded, and which can be approached only in boats, and in calm weather, the falling of the cliffs at all seasons is sufficient to compel caution in visiting them. Wherever cultivation has been carried too close to the cliffs, fields and fences fall into the sea, and in this way the land is slowly becoming narrowed. The sea is so deep, close to the shore, that there is little accumulation of débris at the foot of the cliffs—all is rolled into the water, and buried forever out of sight.

When it is remembered that the tablelands of both Great and Little Sark are three hundred and fifty feet above mean-tide (the highest parts even more than this), that the tide rises thirty or forty feet, and that its rush is aggravated by frequent storms, which lash it to fury, it will be seen that this remarkable island, with its outlying rocks, offers greater advantages than any other point in the range of ordinary travel for studying the destructive action of the sea.

The adjoining island of Brechou, which is about three-quarters of a mile long, is less high than Sark, but it has the same rough, bold coast, pierced with caverns, and the same angular cliffs.*

* Brechou has two farms, and is inhabited, according to the last census, by seven human beings, one horse, one cow, one dog, and several sheep.

The great attraction of Sark to the naturalist is to be found in the marine life of its frequent caverns. This is said not to be equaled in Europe—not even by that of the celebrated caves of St. Catherine's Island, near Tenby. The zoöphytes exist in singular multitude and variety. To seek these requires the most vigorous, and the most invigorating cliff-work, and the stimulating element of danger is rarely absent.

Ansted says on this branch of his subject: "The great range of tide, the complicated character and gloom of these vast natural vaults, whose deeper recesses are not accessible more than a few hours in the year, are among the causes of this wealth. They may, with truth, be regarded as the *Grüne Gewölbe* of the Channel Islands. They are treasure-houses, where, instead of the accumulated stores of medieval art, such as are lavishly spread out in the chambers, so named in Dresden, we find all that is brightest and richest and most varied of nature's work. There is, however, one curious difference. The beauty of form is here confined to animals, whose structure is of the simplest kind, and all we see of life is in a form that involves the smallest possible expenditure of other substance than sea-water. * * * * The largest and heaviest individuals, even



TUNNEL ENTRANCE TO CREUX HARBOR.

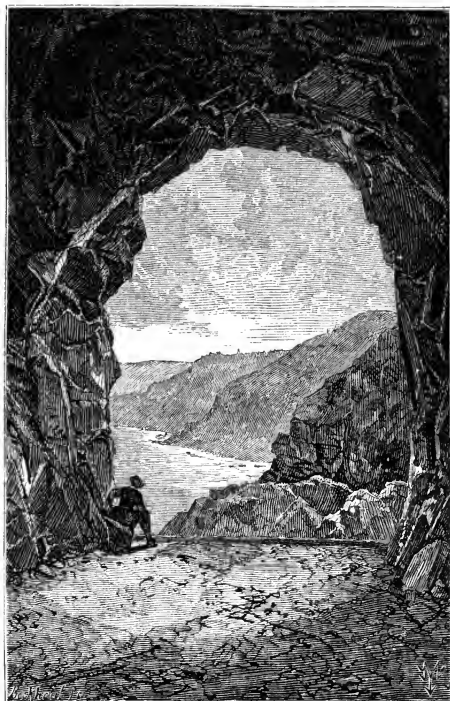
if carefully preserved, scarcely yield more than a few fractions of a grain of residuum, and with all the colors of the rainbow, and

varied forms imitating trees and flowers, there is no more substance in them than in a soap bubble."

Taken all in all, Sark and its surroundings combine more of out-of-door attraction, especially for a vigorous and studious tourist, than any other spot of equal size of which I have knowledge. A literary man seeking retirement would find it as well suited to his wants as a light-house; and an artist would find here such marvels of marine grandeur as, faithfully portrayed, would bring him the reputation of a genius.

Of the early history of Sark not much is known. Unlike the other islands, it was long held by the French, who took it in the reign of Edward IV. It was recaptured during the reign of Queen Mary by the aid of the friendly Flemings. The following account of the recapture, given by Sir Walter Raleigh (some time Governor of Jersey), is copied from Falle's history: "The Island of Sark was surprised by the French and could never have been recovered again by strong land, having Cattle and Corn enough upon the place to feed so many Men as will serve to defend it, and being every way so inaccessible that it might be held against the great Turk. Yet by the industry of a Gentleman of the Netherlands, it was in this port regained. He anchored in the Road with one Ship, and pretending the Death of his Merchant, besought the French that they might bury their Merchant in hallowed ground, and in the Chappel of that Isle; offering a Present to the French of such commodities as they had aboard. Whereto with condition that they should not come ashore with any weapon, no not so much as with a knife) the French yielded. Then did the Flemings put a Coffin into their Boat, not filled with a dead carcass, but with words, Targets, and Harquebuzes. The

French received them at their Landing, and searching every one of them so narrowly as they could not hide a Penknife, gave them leave to draw their Coffin up the rocks with



THE SEA-PORT OF SARK.

great difficulty. Some part of the French took their boat and rowed aboard their ship to fetch the commodities promised, and what else they pleased, but being entered, they were taken and bound. The Flemings on the land, when they had carried their Coffin into the Chappel, shut the door to them, and taking their weapons out of the Coffin set upon the French: They run to the Cliff and cry to their Companions aboard the Fleming to come to their succor. But finding the boat charged with Flemings, yielded themselves and the Place."

In the reign of Elizabeth, Helier de Carteret, of Jersey, falsely representing Sark as being uninhabited, it was granted to him in fee, in consideration of services rendered the State. He settled on it, as his tenants, forty families from Jersey, so that

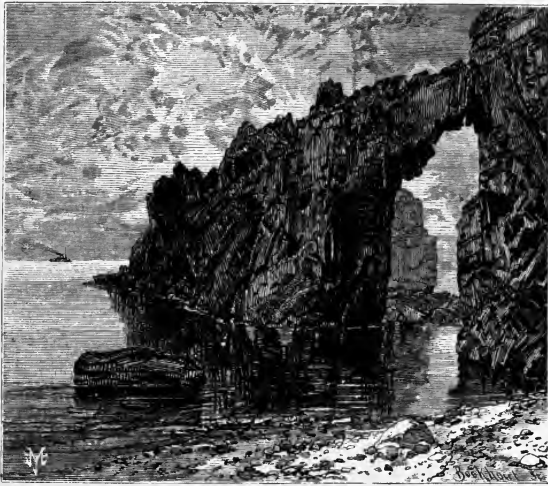


CREUX HARBOR, LOOKING OUTWARD.

the present population are mostly of Jersey origin. The Seigneurie has passed out of the de Carteret family, but the name is not un-

feudal obligations to their chief. The holdings are indivisible. No tenant can sell, or in any way dispose of a portion of his property. He may sell the whole, but in that case one-thirteenth of the price goes to the lord. In case of death, the property all goes to the eldest son, or in the absence of sons, to the eldest daughter, or to the next heir. In this way, all properties continue intact, as granted by the first de Carteret.

The Jersey system of agriculture prevails; the soil is said to be even more fertile than that of the larger islands. The dairy has little prominence, and the cows are inferior. Parsnips are very largely grown and are much used for fattening oxen and swine. The supply of meat and grain to Guernsey is the principal source of money income to the farmer. Sea-weed is hardly less used than in the other islands;



ROCKS ON THE WEST COAST OF SARK.

common, and the descendants in the direct line still occupy a substantial stone cottage, well overgrown with flowering shrubs and vines.

Politically, Sark belongs to the "Bailiwick of Guernsey," but it has, much in the same way that our States have, an independent legal existence. The local government is vested in an Assembly, consisting of the Seigneur and his forty tenants. He must be present at all meetings (three times a year), either in person or by deputy, and his approval is necessary to the validity of all ordinances. He alone receives all tithes, getting the tenth sheaf of wheat, barley, oats, and peas; also the tenth of wool and lamb. His tenants, who hold the forty divisions of the island outside of the Seigneurie, are tenants by right of birth and purchase—absolute owners under the laws of the island, but owing certain

notwithstanding the difficulty of collecting it, and the enormous labor of hauling it up the steep road from the sea.

Formerly, a silver mine in Little Sark was actively worked, but it is now abandoned, and the industry of the island is confined exclusively to fishing and farming, and latterly to the supplying of a considerable number of visitors;



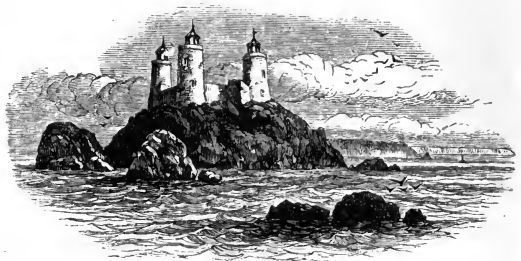
THE GOULIOT ROCK FROM THE HAVRE GOSSELIN, SARK.

these there were in 1873 over four thousand. The language of the people is "Sarkais." should be a dialect of the Jersey, but has peculiarities which seem to ally it to the patois of Bearn and Gascony—such as the use of *b* for *v* (*beux* for *veux*). To the stranger it has even a ruder sound than the dialects of the other islands.

As the day was closing, we climbed down the steep foot-path, and regained our boat, leaving Sark with the light of the rosy sunset on its western cliffs, and with the unfading light of the rosiest memories settled forever on its image in our minds.

We had a charming moonlight sail back to St. Peter Port, and during the rest of our stay in Guernsey, the clean-cut outline of the enchanted island remained unclouded before our window. The sea

kept its unrippled stillness, and we had the unspeakable satisfaction of glassy smooth water for our trip to Southampton—not a frequent experience on this journey. At the three-towered Casquets we bade good-



THE CASQUETS.

bye to the material presence of the Channel Islands; but, once known, they remain bright in the recollection for many a long day, inviting to renewed acquaintance, in a degree equaled by few other places.

OMNISCIENCE.

God knows—not I—the devious way
Wherein my faltering feet must tread,
Before into the light of day
My steps from out this gloom are led.
And since my Lord the path doth see,
What matter if 'tis hid from me?

God knows—not I—how sweet accord
Shall grow at length from out this crash
Of earthly discords which have jarred
On soul and sense. I hear the clash—
Let feel and know that on His ear
Breaks harmony—full, deep, and clear.

God knows—not I—why, when I'd fain
Have walked in pastures green and fair,
The path He pointed me hath lain
Through rocky deserts, bleak and bare.
I blindly trust—since 'tis His will—
This way lies safety, that way, ill.

He knows, too, why, despite my will,
I'm weak when I should be most strong,
And after earnest wrestling, still
I see the right, yet do the wrong.
Is't that He'd have me learn at length,
Not mine, but His—the saving strength?

His perfect plan I may not grasp;
Yet I can trust Love Infinite,
And with my feeble fingers clasp
The hand which leads me to the light
My soul upon His errand goes,
The end I know not—but God knows.

THE STORY OF SEVENOAKS.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.



"I'M PINING FOR A THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY."

CHAPTER XXII.

IN WHICH MR. BELCHER EXPRESSES HIS DETERMINATION TO BECOME A "FOUNDER," BUT DROPS HIS NOUN IN FEAR OF A LITTLE VERB OF THE SAME NAME.

MRS. DILLINGHAM had a difficult rôle to play. She could not break with Mr. Belcher without exposing her motives and bringing herself under unpleasant suspicion and surveillance. She felt that the safety of her protégé and his father would be best consulted by keeping peace with their enemy; yet every approach of the great scoundrel disgusted and humiliated her. That side of her nature which had attracted and encouraged him was sleeping, and, under the new motives which were at work within her, she hoped that it would never wake. She looked down the devious track of her past, counted over its unworthy and most unwomanly satisfactions, and wondered. She looked back to a great wrong which she had once inflicted on an innocent man, with a self-

condemnation so deep that all the womanhood within her rose into the purpose of reparation.

The boy whom she had called to her side and fastened by an impassioned tenderness more powerful even than her wonderful affections had become to her a fountain of pure motives. She had a right to love this child. She owed a duty to him beyond any woman's living. Grasping her right, and acknowledging her duty—a right and duty accorded to her by his nominal protector—she would not have forfeited them for the world. That soon became all that gave significance to her existence, and to them she determined that her life should be devoted. To stand with this boy, to be loved, admired and respected by him, to be to him all that a mother could be, to be guided by his pure and tender conscience toward her own reformation, to waken into something like life and nourishment into something like strength the starved motherhood within her—these became the dominant motives.

Mr. Belcher saw the change in her, but as too gross in his nature, too blind in his vision, and too vain in his imagined power, to comprehend it. She was a woman, and to yield her whims, he thought. Whims were transient, and this particular whim would pass away. He was vexed by seeing the lady so constantly with her. He met them walking together in the street, or straying in the park, hand in hand, or caught the lady looking at him from her window. He could not doubt that all this intimacy was approved by Mr. Balfour. Was she playing a trap game? Could she play it for anybody but herself—the man who had taken her part by storm? Her actions, however, when interpreted by his self-conceit, gave him uneasiness. She had grown to be very kind and considerate toward Mrs. Belcher. Had this friendship moved her to relinquish the passion for her husband? Ah! she could only know how true he was to her in his untruthfulness!—how faithful he was to her in his perjury!—how he had saved himself for the ever-vanishing opportunity!

Many a time the old self-pity came back to the successful scoundrel. Many a time he wondered why the fate which had been so kind to him in other things would not open the door to his wishes in this. With his unrewarded passion gnawing at his heart, and with the necessity of treating the wife of his youth with constantly increasing consideration, in order to cover it from her sight, the General was anything but a satisfied and happy man. The more he thought upon it, the more morbid he grew, until it seemed to him that his wife must look through his hypocritical eyes into his guilty heart. He grew more and more guarded in his speech. If he mentioned Mrs. Dillingham's name, he always did it incidentally, and then only for the purpose of showing that he had no reason to avoid the mention of it.

There was another thought that preyed upon him. He was consciously a forger. He had not used the document he had forged, but he had determined to do so. The law had not laid its finger upon him, but the finger was over him. He had not yet crossed the line that made him legally a criminal, but the line was drawn before him, and only another step would be necessary to place him beyond it. A brood of fears was gathering around him. They stood back, staring upon him from the distance; but they only waited another act in his career

of dishonor to crowd in and surround him with menace. Sometimes he shrank from his purpose, but the shame of being impoverished and beaten spurred him renewedly to determination. He became conscious that what there was of bravery in him was sinking into bravado. His self-conceit, and what little he possessed of self-respect, were suffering. He dimly apprehended the fact that he was a rascal, and it made him uncomfortable. It ceased to be enough for him to assure himself that he was no more a rascal than those around him. He reached out on every side for means to maintain his self-respect. What good thing could he do to counterbalance his bad deeds? How could he shore himself up by public praise, by respectable associations, by the obligations of the public for deeds of beneficence? It is the most natural thing in the world for the dishonest steward, who cheats his lord, to undertake to win consideration against contingencies with his lord's money.

On the same evening in which the gathering at the Sevenoaks tavern occurred, preceding Jim's wedding, Mr. Belcher sat in his library, looking over the document which nominally conveyed to him the right and title of Paul Benedict to his inventions. He had done this many times since he had forged three of the signatures, and secured a fraudulent addition to the number from the hand of Phipps. He had brought himself to believe, to a certain extent, in their genuineness, and was wholly sure that they were employed on behalf of justice. The inventions had cost Benedict little or no money, and he, Mr. Belcher, had developed them at his own risk. Without his money and his enterprise they would have amounted to nothing. If Benedict had not lost his reason, the document would have been legally signed. The cause of Benedict's lapse from sanity did not occur to him. He only knew that if the inventor had not become insane, he should have secured his signature at some wretched price, and out of this conviction he reared his self-justification.

"It's right," said Mr. Belcher. "The State Prison may be in it, but it's right."

And then, confirming his foul determination by an oath, he added:

"I'll stand by it."

Then he rang his bell, and called for Phipps.

"Phipps," said he, as his faithful and plastic servitor appeared, "come in, and close the door."

When Phipps, with a question in his face,

walked up to where Mr. Belcher was sitting at his desk, with the forged document before him, the latter said:

"Phipps, did you ever see this paper before?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, think hard—don't be in a hurry—and tell me when you saw it before. Take it in your hand, and look it all over, and be sure."

"I can't tell, exactly," responded Phipps, scratching his head; "but I should think it might have been six years ago, or more. It was a long time before we came from Sevenoaks."

"Very well; is that your signature?"

"It is, sir."

"Did you see Benedict write his name? Did you see Johnson and Ramsey write their names?"

"I did, sir."

"Do you remember all the circumstances—what I said to you, and what you said to me—why you were in the room?"

"Yes, sir."

"Phipps, do you know that if it is ever found out that you have signed that paper within a few weeks, you are as good as a dead man?"

"I don't know what you mean, sir," replied Phipps, in evident alarm.

"Do you know that that signature is enough to send you to the State prison?"

"No, sir."

"Well, Phipps, it is just that, provided it isn't stuck to. You will have to swear to it, and stand by it. I know the thing is coming. I can feel it in my bones. Why it hasn't come before, the Lord only knows."

Phipps had great faith in the might of money, and entire faith in Mr. Belcher's power to save him from any calamity. His master, during all his residence with and devotion to him, had shown himself able to secure every end he had sought, and he believed in him, or believed in his power, wholly.

"Couldn't you save me, sir, if I were to get into trouble?" he inquired, anxiously.

"That depends upon whether you stand by me, Phipps. It's just here, my boy. If you swear, through thick and thin, that you saw these men sign this paper, six years ago or more, that you signed it at the same time, and stand by your own signature, you will sail through all right, and do me a devilish good turn. If you balk, or get twisted up in your own reins, or thrown off your seat, down goes your house. If you stand by me,

I shall stand by you. The thing is all right and just as it ought to be, but it's a little irregular. It gives me what belongs to me, but the law happens to be against it."

Phipps hesitated, and glanced suspicious and even menacingly, at the paper. Mr. Belcher knew that he would like to tear it in pieces, and so, without unseemly haste, picked it up, placed it in its drawer, locked it in, and put the key in his pocket.

"I don't want to get into trouble," said Phipps.

"Phipps," said Mr. Belcher, in a conciliatory tone, "I don't intend that you should get into trouble."

Then, rising, and patting his servant on the shoulder, he added:

"But it all depends on your standing by me, and standing by yourself. You know that you will lose nothing by standing by me, General, Phipps; you know me."

Phipps was not afraid of crime; he was only afraid of its possible consequences, and Mr. Belcher's assurance of safety, provided he should remember his story and adhere to it, was all that he needed to confirm him in the determination to do what Mr. Belcher wished him to do.

After Phipps retired, Mr. Belcher took out his document again, and looked it over for the hundredth time. He recomputed the signatures which he had forged with the originals. Consciously a villain, he regarded himself still as a man who was struggling for his rights. But something of his self-reliant courage was gone. He recognized the fact that there was one thing in the world more powerful than himself. The law was against him. Single-handed he could meet men; but the great power which embodied the justice and strength of the State awed him, and compelled him into a realization of his weakness.

The next morning Mr. Belcher received his brokers and operators in bed in accordance with his custom. He was not good-natured. His operations in Wall street had not been prosperous for several weeks. In some way, impossible to be foreseen by himself or his agents, everything had worked against him. He knew that if he did not rally from this passage of ill-luck, he would, in addition to his loss of money, lose something of his prestige. He had a stormy talk with his advisers and tools, swore a great deal, and sent them off in anything but a pleasant frame of mind.

Talbot was waiting in the drawing-room when the brokers retired, and followed

rd upstairs, where he found his principal
th an ugly frown upon his face.

"Toll," he whimpered, "I'm glad to see
you. You're the best of 'em all, and, in the
og run, you bring me the most money."

"Thank you," responded the factor, show-
g his white teeth in a gratified smile.

"Toll, I'm not exactly ill, but I'm not
ite myself. How long it will last I don't
ow, but just this minute the General is
ilish unhappy, and would sell himself
eap. Things are not going right. I don't
ep well."

"You've got too much money," suggested
e. Talbot.

"Well, what shall I do with it?"

"Give it to me."

"No, I thank you; I can do better. Be-
es, you are getting more than your share
it now."

"Well, I don't ask it of you," said Talbot,
ut if you wish to get rid of it, I could
anage a little more of it without trouble."

"Toll, look here! The General wants to
ce a little money where it will bring him
me reputation with the highly respectable
d dons,—our spiritual fathers, you know—
nd the brethren. Understand?"

"General, you are deep; you'll have to
plain."

"Well, all our sort of fellows patronize
something or other. They cheat a man out
of his eye-teeth one day, and the next you
ar of them endowing something or other,
making a speech to a band of old women,
figuring on a top-lofty list of directors.
That's the kind of thing I want."

"You can get any amount of it, General,
paying for it. All they want is money;
they don't care where it comes from."

"Toll, shut up. I behold a vision. Close
your eyes now, and let me paint it for you.
See the General—General Robert Belcher,
the millionaire—in the aspect of a great pub-
lic benefactor. He is dressed in black, and
stands upon a platform, in the midst of a lot of
waddy men in white chokers. They hand
out a programme. There is speech-making
going on, and every speech makes an allu-
sion to 'our benefactor,' and the brethren
and sisters cheer. The General bows. High
priest doctors of divinity press up to be intro-
duced. They are all after more. They flat-
ter the General; they coddle him. They
give him the highest seat. They pretend to
respect him. They defend him from all
slanders. They are proud of the General.
He is their man. I look into the religious
newspapers, and in one column I behold a

curse on the stock-jobbing of Wall street,
and in the next the praise of the beneficence
of General Robert Belcher. I see the Gen-
eral passing down Wall street the next day.
I see him laughing out of the corner of his
left eye, while his friends punch him in the
ribs. Oh, Toll! it's delicious! Where are
your feelings, my boy? Why don't you
cry?"

"Charming picture, General! Charming!
but my handkerchief is fresh, and I must
save it. I may have a cold before night."

"Well, now, Toll, what's the thing to be
done?"

"What do you say to soup-kitchens for
the poor? They don't cost so very much,
and you get your name in the papers."

"Soup-kitchens be hanged! That's Mrs.
Belcher's job. Besides, I don't want to get
up a reputation for helping the poor.
They're a troublesome lot and full of bother;
I don't believe in 'em. They don't associate
you with anybody but themselves. What I
want is to be in the right sort of a crowd."

"Have you thought of a hospital?"

"Yes, I've thought of a hospital, but I
don't seem to hanker after it. To tell the
truth, the hospitals are pretty well taken up
already. I might work into a board of
directors by paying enough, I suppose, but
it's too much the regular thing. What I
want is ministers—something religious, you
know."

"You might run a church-choir," sug-
gested Talbot, "or buy a church, and turn
the crank."

"Yes, but they are not quite large enough.
I tell you what it is, Toll, I believe I'm pin-
ning for a theological seminary. Ah, my
heart, my heart! If I could only tell you,
Toll, how it yearns over the American people!
Can't you see, my boy, that the hope of the
nation is in educated and devoted young
men? Don't you see that we are going to
the devil with our thirst for filthy lucre?
Don't you understand how noble a thing
it would be for one of fortune's favorites
to found an institution with his wealth,
that would bear down its blessings to un-
born millions? What if that institution
should bear his name? What if that name
should be forever associated with that which
is most hallowed in our national history?
Wouldn't it pay? Eh, Toll?"

Mr. Talbot laughed.

"General, your imagination will be the
death of you, but there is really nothing im-
practicable in your plan. All these fellows
want is your money. They will give you

everything you want for it in the way of glory."

"I believe you; and wouldn't it be fun for the General? I vow I must indulge. I'm getting tired of horses; and these confounded suppers don't agree with me. It's a theological seminary or nothing. The tides of my destiny, Toll—you understand—the tides of my destiny tend in that direction, and I resign my bark to their sway. I'm going to be a founder, and I feel better already."

It was well that he did, for at this moment a dispatch was handed in which gave him a shock, and compelled him to ask Talbot to retire while he dressed.

"Don't go away, Toll," he said; "I want to see you again."

The dispatch that roused the General from his dream of beneficence was from his agent at Sevenoaks, and read thus: "Jim Fenton's wedding occurred this morning. He was accompanied by a man whom several old citizens firmly believe to be Paul Benedict, though he passed under another name. Balfour and Benedict's boy were here, and all are gone up to Number Nine. Will write particulars."

The theological seminary passed at once into the realm of dimly remembered dreams, to be recalled or forgotten as circumstances should determine. At present, there was something else to occupy the General's mind.

Before he had completed his toilet, he called for Talbot.

"Toll," said he, "if you were in need of legal advice of the best kind, and wanted to be put through a thing straight, whether it was right or not, to whom would you apply? Now, mind, I don't want any milk-sops."

"I know two or three lawyers here who have been through a theological seminary," Talbot responded, with a knowing smile.

"Oh, get out; there's no joke about this. I mean business now."

"Well, I took pains to show you your man, at my house, once. Don't you remember him?"

"Cavendish?"

"Yes."

"I don't like him."

"Nor do I. He'll bleed you; but he's your man."

"All right; I want to see him."

"Get into my coupé, and I'll take you to his office."

Mr. Belcher went to the drawer that contained his forged document. Then he went back to Talbot, and said:

"Would Cavendish come here?"

"Not he. If you want to see him, you must go where he is. He wouldn't walk into your door to accommodate you if he knew it."

Mr. Belcher was afraid of Cavendish, far as he could be afraid of any man. The lawyer had bluffed everybody at the dinner party, and in his way scoffed at everybody. He had felt in the lawyer's presence the contact of a nature which possessed more self-assertion and self-assurance than his own. He had felt that Cavendish could read him, could handle him, could see through his schemes. He shrank from exposing himself, even to the scrutiny of this sharp man whom he could hire for any service. Then he went again to the drawer, and, with an excited and trembling hand, drew forth the accused document. With this he took the autographs on which his forgeries were based. Then he sat down by himself, and thought the matter all over, while Talbot waited in another room. It was only by desperate determination that he started last, called Talbot down-stairs, put on his hat, and went out.

It seemed to the proprietor, as he emerged from his house, that there was something weird in the morning light. He looked up and saw that the sky was clear. He looked down, and the street was veiled in a strange shadow. The boys looked at him as if they were half startled. Inquisitive faces peered at him from a passing omnibus. A beggar laughed as he held out his greasy hat. Peddlers paused to observe him. All the attention, which he once courted and accepted as flattery and fame, was disagreeable to him.

"Good God! Toll, what has happened since last night?" he said, as he sank back upon the satin cushions of the coupé.

"General, I don't think you're quite well. Don't die now. We can't spare you yet."

"Die? Do I look like it?" exclaimed Mr. Belcher, slapping his broad chest. "Don't talk to me about dying. I have n't thought about that yet."

"I beg your pardon. You know I did mean to distress you."

Then the conversation dropped, and the carriage wheeled on. The roll of vehicles, the shouting of drivers, the panoramic scene of the flags swaying in the morning sky, the busy throngs that went up and down Broadway, were but the sights and sounds of a dimly apprehended dream. He was just

ing toward guilt. What would be its
? Would he not be detected in it at
first step? How could he sit before
hawk-eyed man whom he was about
meet without in some way betraying his
secret?"

When the coupé stopped, Talbot roused
his companion with difficulty.

"This can't be the place, Toll. We haven't
gone half a mile."

"On the contrary, we have come three
miles."

"It can't be possible, Toll. I must look
up your horse. I'd no idea you had such an
animal."

Then Mr. Belcher got out, and looked
at the horse over. He was a connoisseur, and
stood five minutes on the curb-stone, ex-
ciating upon those points of the animal that
pleased him.

"I believe you came to see Mr. Caven-
dish," suggested Talbot with a laugh.

"Yes, I suppose I must go up. I hate
stairs, any way."

They climbed the stairway. They knocked
at Mr. Cavendish's door. A boy opened it,
and took in their cards. Mr. Cavendish was
busy, but would see them in fifteen minutes.

Mr. Belcher sat down in the ante-room, took
out a newspaper from his pocket, and began to
read. Then he took a pen and scribbled,
writing his own name with three other names,

across which he nervously drew his pen.
Then he drew forth his knife, and tremblingly
pressed his finger-nails. Having completed
his task, he took out a large pocket-book,
drew a blank check, filled and signed it,
and put it back. Realizing, at last, that
Talbot was waiting to go in with him, he
said:

"By the way, Toll, this business of mine
is private."

"Oh, I understand," said Talbot; "I'm
only going in to make sure that Cavendish
members you."

What Talbot really wished to make sure of
was, that Cavendish should know that he had
brought him his client.

At last they heard a little bell which sum-
moned the boy, who soon returned to say
that Mr. Cavendish would see them. Mr.
Belcher looked around for a mirror, but dis-
covering none, said:

"Toll, look at me! Am I all right? Do
you see anything out of the way?"

Talbot having looked him over, and re-
ported favorably, they followed the boy into
the penetralia of the great office, and into
the presence of the great man. Mr. Caven-

dish did not rise, but leaned back in his
huge carved chair, and rubbed his hands,
pale in their morning whiteness, and said,
coldly:

"Good morning, gentlemen; sit down."

Mr. Talbot declined. He had simply
brought to him his friend, General Belcher,
who, he believed, had a matter of business
to propose. Then, telling Mr. Belcher that
he should leave the coupé at his service, he
retired.

Mr. Belcher felt that he was already in
court. Mr. Cavendish sat behind his desk
in a judicial attitude, with his new client
fronting him. The latter fell, or tried to
force himself, into a jocular mood and bear-
ing, according to his custom on serious
occasions.

"I am likely to have a little scrimmage,"
said he, "and I shall want your help, Mr.
Cavendish."

Saying this, he drew forth a check for a
thousand dollars, which he had drawn in the
ante-room, and passed it over to the lawyer.
Mr. Cavendish took it up listlessly, held it
by its two ends, read its face, examined its
back, and tossed it into a drawer, as if it
were a suspicious sixpence.

"It's a thousand dollars," said Mr. Bel-
cher, surprised that the sum had apparently
made no impression.

"I see—a retainer—thanks!"

All the time the hawk-eyes were looking
into Mr. Belcher. All the time the scalp was
moving backward and forward, as if he had
just procured a new one, that might be filled
up before night, but for the moment was a trifle
large. All the time there was a subtle scorn
upon the lips, the flavor of which the
finely curved nose apprehended with ap-
proval.

"What's the case, General?"

The General drew from his pocket his
forged assignment, and passed it into the
hand of Mr. Cavendish.

"Is that a legally constructed document?"
he inquired.

Mr. Cavendish read it carefully, every
word. He looked at the signatures. He
looked at the blank page on the back. He
looked at the tape with which it was bound.
He fingered the knot with which it was
tied. He folded it carefully, and handed it
back.

"Yes—absolutely perfect," he said. "Of
course I know nothing about the signatures.
Is the assignor living?"

"That is precisely what I don't know,"
replied Mr. Belcher. "I supposed him to be

dead for years. I have now reason to suspect that he is living."

"Have you been using these patents?"

"Yes, and I've made piles of money on them."

"Is your right contested?"

"No; but I have reason to believe that it will be."

"What reason?" inquired Mr. Cavendish, sharply.

Mr. Belcher was puzzled.

"Well, the man has been insane, and has forgotten, very likely, what he did before his insanity. I have reason to believe that such is the case, and that he intends to contest my right to the inventions which this paper conveys to me."

"What reason now?"

Mr. Belcher's broad expanse of face crimsoned into a blush, and he simply answered:

"I know the man."

"Who is his lawyer?"

"Balfour."

Mr. Cavendish gave a little start.

"Let me see that paper again," said he.

After looking it through again, he said, dryly:

"I know Balfour. He is a shrewd man, and a good lawyer; and unless he has a case, or thinks he has one, he will not fight this document. What deviltry there is in it, I don't know, and I don't want you to tell me. I can tell you that you have a hard man to fight. Where are these witnesses?"

"Two of them are dead. One of them is living, and is now in the city."

"What can he swear to?"

"He can swear to his own signature, and to all the rest. He can relate and swear to all the circumstances attending the execution of the paper."

"And you know that these rights were never previously conveyed."

"Yes, I know they never were."

"Then, mark you, General, Balfour has no case at all—provided this isn't a dirty paper. If it is a dirty paper, and you want me to serve you, keep your tongue to yourself. You've recorded it, of course."

"Recorded it?" inquired Mr. Belcher in an alarm which he did not attempt to disguise.

"You don't mean to tell me that this paper has been in existence more than six years, and has not been recorded!"

"I didn't know it was necessary."

Mr. Cavendish tossed the paper back

to the owner of it with a sniff of contempt.

"It isn't worth that!" said he, snapping his fingers.

Then he drew out the check from his drawer, and handed it back to Mr. Belcher.

"There's no case, and I don't want your money," said he.

"But there is a case!" said Mr. Belcher fiercely, scared out of his fear. "Do you suppose I am going to be cheated out of my rights without a fight? I'm no chicken, and I'll spend half a million before I'll give up my rights."

Mr. Cavendish laughed.

"Well, go to Washington," said he, "and if you don't find that Balfour or somebody else has been there before you, I shall be mistaken. Balfour isn't very much of a chicken, and he knows enough to know that the first assignment recorded there holds. Why has he not been down upon you before this? Simply because he saw that you were making money for his client, and he preferred to take it all out of you in a single slice. I know Balfour, and he carries a load of head. Chicken!"

Mr. Belcher was in distress. The whole game was as obvious and real to him as if he had assured himself of its truth. He staggered to his feet. He felt the hand of ruin upon him. He believed that while he had been perfecting his crime he had been quietly overreached. He lost his self-command, and gave himself up to profanity and bluster, at which Mr. Cavendish laughed.

"There's no use in that sort of thing, General," said he. "Go to Washington. Ascertain for yourself about it, and if you find it as I predict, make the best of it. You can make a compromise of some sort. Do the best you can."

There was one thing that Mr. Cavendish had noticed. Mr. Belcher had made no response to him when he told him that the paper was a dirty one he did not wish to know it. He had made up his mind that there was mischief in it somewhere. Either the consideration had never been paid, or the signatures were fraudulent, or perhaps the paper had been executed when the signor was demonstrably of unsound mind. Somewhere, he was perfectly sure, there was fraud.

"General," said he, "I have my doubts about this paper. I'm not going to tell you why. I understand that there is one witness living who will swear to all the signatures."

"There is."

"Is he a credible witness? Has he ever committed a crime? Can anything wrong be proved against him?"

"The witness," responded Mr. Belcher, "is my man Phipps; and a more faithful fellow never lived. I've known him for years, and he was never in an ugly scrape in his life."

"Well, if you find that no one is before you on the records, come back; and when you come you may as well multiply that check by ten. When I undertake a thing of this kind, I like to provide myself against contingencies."

Mr. Belcher groaned, and tore up the little check that seemed so large when he drew it, and had shrunk to such contemptible dimensions in the hands of the lawyer.

"You lawyers put the lancet in pretty deep."

"Our clients never do!" said Mr. Cavendish through his sneering lips.

Then the boy knocked, and came in. There was another gentleman who wished to see the lawyer.

"I shall go to Washington to-day, and see you on my return," said Mr. Belcher.

Then, bidding the lawyer a good-morning, he went out, ran down the stairs, jumped into Mr. Talbot's waiting coupé, and ordered himself driven home. Arriving there, he hurriedly packed a satchel, and, announcing Mrs. Belcher that he had been unexpectedly called to Washington, went out, and made the quickest passage possible to Jersey City. As he had Government contracts on hand, his wife asked no questions, and gave the matter no thought.

The moment Mr. Belcher found himself on the train, and in motion, he became feverishly excited. He cursed himself that he had not attended to this matter before. He had wondered why Balfour was so quiet. With Benedict alive and in communication, with Benedict dead, and his heir in charge, why had he made no claim upon rights which were the basis of his own fortune? There could be but one answer to these questions, and Cavendish had given

! He talked to himself, and attracted the attention of those around him. He walked the platforms at all the stations where the train stopped. He asked the conductor a dozen times at what hour the train would arrive in Washington, apparently forgetting that he had already received his information. He did not reach his destination until even-

ing, and then, of course, all the public offices were closed. He met men whom he knew, but he would not be tempted by them into a debauch. He went to bed early, and, after a weary night of sleeplessness, found himself at the Patent Office before a clerk was in his place.

When the offices were opened, he sought his man, and revealed his business. He prepared a list of the patents in which he was interested, and secured a search of the records of assignment. It was a long time since the patents had been issued, and the inquisition was a tedious one; but it resulted, to his unspeakable relief, in the official statement that no one of them had ever been assigned. Then he brought out his paper, and, with a blushing declaration that he had not known the necessity of its record until the previous day, saw the assignment placed upon the books.

Then he was suddenly at ease. Then he could look about him. A great burden was rolled from his shoulders, and he knew that he ought to be jolly; but somehow his spirits did not rise. As he emerged from the Patent Office, there was the same weird light in the sky that he had noticed the day before on leaving his house with Talbot. The great dome of the Capitol swelled in the air like a bubble, which seemed as if it would burst. The broad, hot streets glimmered as if a volcano were breeding under them. Everything looked unsubstantial. He found himself watching for Balfour, and expecting to meet him at every corner. He was in a new world, and had not become wonted to it—the world of conscious crime—the world of outlawry. It had a sun of its own, fears of its own, figures and aspects of its own. There was a new man growing up within him, whom he wished to hide. To this man's needs his face had not yet become hardened, his words had not yet been trained beyond the danger of betrayal, his eyes had not adjusted their pupils for vision and self-suppression.

He took the night train home, breakfasted at the Astor, and was the first man to greet Mr. Cavendish when that gentleman entered to his chambers. Mr. Cavendish sat listlessly, and heard his story. The lawyer's hands were as pale, his scalp as uneasy, and his lips as redolent of scorn as they were two days before, while his nose bent to sniff the scorn with more evident approval than then. He apprehended more thoroughly the character of the man before him, saw more clearly the nature of his business, and

wondered with contemptuous incredulity that Balfour had not been sharper and quicker.

After Mr. Belcher had stated the facts touching the Washington records, Mr. Cavendish said:

"Well, General, as far as appearances go, you have the lead. Nothing but the overthrow of your assignment can damage you, and, as I told you the day before yesterday, if the paper is dirty, don't tell me of it—that is, if you want me to do anything for you. Go about your business, say nothing to anybody, and if you are prosecuted, come to me."

Still Mr. Belcher made no response to the lawyer's suggestion touching the fraudulent nature of the paper, and the latter was thoroughly confirmed in his original impression that there was something wrong about it.

Then Mr. Belcher went out upon Wall street, among his brokers, visited the Exchange, visited the Gold Room, jested with his friends, concocted schemes, called upon Talbot, wrote letters, and filled up his day. Going home to dinner, he found a letter from his agent at Sevenoaks, giving in detail his reasons for supposing not only that Benedict had been in the village, but that, from the time of his disappearance from the Sevenoaks poor-house, he had been living at Number Nine with Jim Fenton. Balfour had undoubtedly found him there, as he was in the habit of visiting the woods. Mike Conlin must also have found him there, and, worst of all, Sam Yates must have discovered him. The instruments that he had employed, at a considerable cost, to ascertain whether Benedict were alive or dead had proved false to him. The discovery that Sam Yates was a traitor made him tremble. It was from him that he had procured the autographs on which two of his forgeries were based. He sat down immediately, and wrote a friendly letter to Yates, putting some business into his hands, and promising more. Then he wrote to his agent, telling him of his interest in Yates, and of his faithful service, and directing him to take the reformed man under his wing, and, as far as possible, to attach him to the interests of the concern.

Two days afterward, he looked out of his window and saw Mr. Balfour descending the steps of his house with a traveling satchel in his hand. Calling Phipps, he directed him to jump into the first cab or carriage, pay double price, and make his way to the ferry that led to the Washington cars, see if

Balfour crossed at that point, and learn, if possible, his destination. Phipps returned in an hour and a-half with the information that the lawyer had bought a ticket for Washington.

Then Mr. Belcher knew that trouble was brewing, and braced himself to meet it. Less than forty-eight hours Balfour would know either that he had been deceived by Benedict, or that a forgery had been committed. Balfour was cautious, and would take time to settle this question in his own mind.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHEREIN THE GENERAL LEAPS THE BOUNDARIES OF LAW, FINDS HIMSELF IN A NEW WORLD, AND BECOMES THE VICTIM OF HIS FRIENDS WITHOUT KNOWING IT.

FOR several weeks the General had been leading a huge and unscrupulous combination for "bearing" International Mail. The stock had ruled high for a long time—higher than was deemed legitimate by those familiar with its affairs—and the combination began by selling large blocks of the stock for future delivery, at a point or two below the market. Then stories about the corporation began to be circulated upon the street, of the most damaging character—stories of fraud, speculation, and rapidly diminishing business—stories of maturing combinations against the company—stories of the imminent retirement of men deemed essential to the management. The air was full of rumors. One died only to make place for another, and men were forced to believe that where there was so much smoke there must be some fire. Still the combination boldly sold. The stock broke, and went down, down, down, day after day, and still there were strong takers for all that offered. The operation had worked like a charm to the point where it was deemed prudent to begin to repurchase when there occurred one of those mysterious changes in the market which none could have foreseen. It was believed that the market had been oversold, and the holder held. The combination was short, and it went the stock by the run. The most frantic efforts were made to corner, but without avail, and as the contracts matured, houses after house went down with a crash that startled the country. Mr. Belcher, the heaviest man of them all, turned the corner, shouldered to his confrères in the stupendous mischief, and went home to his dinner on day, conscious that half a million dollars had

pped through his fingers. He ate but little, walked his rooms for an hour like a caged tiger, muttered and swore to himself, and finally went off to his club. There seemed to be no way in which he could drown his anger, disappointment, and sense of loss, except by a debauch, and he was brought home by his faithful Phipps at the stage of confidential silliness.

When his brokers appeared at ten, he drove them from the house, and then, with such wits as he could muster, in a head still tortured by his night's excesses, thought over the situation. A heavy slice of his ready money had been practically swept out of existence. If he was not crippled, his wings were clipped. His prestige was departed. He knew that men would thereafter be wary following him, or trusting to his sagacity. Beyond the power of his money, and his power to make money, he knew that he had no consideration on 'Change—that there were five hundred men who would laugh to see the General go down—who had less feeling for him, personally, than they entertained toward an ordinary dog. He knew this because so far, at least, he understood himself. To redeem his position was now the grand desideratum. He would do it or die!

There was one direction in which the General had permitted himself to be shortened in, or, rather, one in which he had voluntarily crippled himself for a consideration. He had felt himself obliged to hold large quantities of the stock of the Crooked Valley Railroad, in order to maintain his seat at the head of its management. He had parted with comparatively little of it since his first huge purchase secured the place he sought, and though the price he gave was small, the quantity raised the aggregate to a large figure. All this was unproductive. He simply secured his place and his influence. No sooner had he thoroughly realized the great loss he had met with, in connection with his Wall street conspiracy, than he began to revolve in his mind a scheme which he had held in reserve from the first moment of his control of the Crooked Valley Road. He had nourished in every possible way the good-will of those who lived along the line. Not only this, but he had endeavored to show his power to do anything he pleased with the stock.

The people believed that he only needed to raise a finger to carry up the price of the stock in the market, and that the same potent finger could carry it down at will. He had

already wrought wonders. He had raised a dead road to life. He had invigorated business in every town through which it passed. He was a king, whose word was law and whose will was destiny. The rumors of his reverses in Wall street did not reach them, and all believed that, in one way or another, their fortunes were united with his.

The scheme to which he reverted in the first bitter moments of his loss could have originated in no brain less unscrupulous than his own. He would repeat the game that had been so successful at Sevenoaks. To do this, he only needed to call into action his tools on the street and in the management.

In the midst of his schemes, the bell rang at the door, and Talbot was announced. Mr. Belcher was always glad to see him, for he had no association with his speculations. Talbot had uniformly been friendly and ready to serve him. In truth, Talbot was almost his only friend.

"Toll, have you heard the news?"

"About the International Mail?"

"Yes."

"I've heard something of it, and I've come around this morning to get the facts. I shall be bored about them all day by your good friends, you know."

"Well, Toll, I've had a sweat."

"You're not crippled?"

"No, but I've lost every dollar I have made since I've been in the city. Jones has gone under; Pell has gone under. Cramp & Co. will have to make a statement, and get a little time; but they will swim. The General is the only man of the lot who isn't shaken. But, Toll, it's devilish hard. It scares me. A few more such slices would spoil my cheese."

"Well, now, General, why do you go into these things at all? You are making money fast enough in a regular business."

"Ah, but it's tame, tame, tame! I must have excitement. Theaters are played out, horses are played out, and suppers raise the devil with me."

"Then take it easy. Don't risk so much. You used to do this sort of thing well—used to do it right every time. You got up a good deal of reputation for foresight and skill."

"I know, and every man ruined in the International Mail will curse me. I led them into it. I shall have a sweet time in Wall street when I go there again. But it's like brandy; a man wants a larger dose

every time, and I shall clean them out yet."

Talbot's policy was to make the General last. He wanted to advise him for his good, because his principal's permanent prosperity was the basis of his own. He saw that he was getting beyond control, and, under an exterior of compliance and complaisance, he was genuinely alarmed.

"Toll," said Mr. Belcher, "you are a good fellow."

"Thank you, General," said the factor, a smile spreading around his shining teeth. "My wife will be glad to know it."

"By the way—speaking of your wife—have you seen anything of Mrs. Dillingham lately?"

"Nothing. She is commonly supposed to be absorbed by the General."

"Common Supposition is a greater fool than I wish it were."

"That won't do, General. There never was a more evident case of killing at first sight than that."

"Well, Toll, I believe the woman is fond of me, but she has a queer way of showing it. I think she has changed. It seems so to me, but she's a devilish fine creature. Ah, my heart! my heart! Toll."

"You were complaining of it the other day. It was a theological seminary then. Perhaps that is the name you know her by."

"Not much theological seminary about her," with a laugh.

"Well, there's one thing that you can comfort yourself with, General; she sees no man but you."

"Is that so?" inquired Mr. Belcher, eagerly.

"That is what everybody says."

Mr. Belcher rolled this statement as a sweet morsel under his tongue. She must be hiding her passion from him under an impression of its hopelessness! Poor woman! He would see her at the first opportunity.

"Toll," said Mr. Belcher, after a moment of delicious reflection, "you're a good fellow."

"I think I've heard that remark before."

"Yes, you're a good fellow, and I'd like to do something for you."

"You've done a great deal for me already, General."

"Yes, and I'm going to do something more."

"Will you put it in my hand or my hat?" inquired Talbot, jocularly.

"Toll, how much Crooked Valley stock have you?"

"A thousand shares."

"What did you buy it for?"

"To help you."

"What have you kept it for?"

"To help keep the General at the head of the management."

"Turn about is fair play, isn't it?"

"That's the adage," responded Talbot.

"Well, I'm going to put that stock up; you understand?"

"How will you do it?"

"By saying I'll do it. I want it whispered along the line that the General is going to put that stock up within a week. They're all greedy. They are all just like the rest of us. They know it isn't worth a continent of copper, but they want a hand in the General's speculations, and the General wants it understood that he would like to have them share in his profits."

"I think I understand," said Talbot.

"Toll, I've got another vision. Hold it now. I behold a man in the General's confidence—a reliable, business man—who whispers to his friend that he heard the General say that he had all his plans laid out for putting up the Crooked Valley stock within a week. This friend whispers it to another friend. No names are mentioned. It goes from friend to friend. It is whispered through every town along the line. Everybody goes crazy over it, and everybody quietly sends in an order for stock. In the meantime the General and his factor, yielding to the pressure—melted before the public demand—gently and tenderly unload! The vision still unrolls. Months later I behold the General buying back the stock at his own price, and with it maintaining his place in the management. Have you followed me?"

"Yes, General, I've seen it all. I comprehend it, and I shall unload with all the gentleness and tenderness possible."

Then the whimsical scoundrel and his willing lieutenant laughed a long, hearty laugh.

"Toll," I feel better, and I believe I'll let up," said the General. "Let this vision sink deep into your soul. Then give it wings, and speed it on its mission. Remember that this is a vale of tears, and don't set your affections on things below. By-bye."

Talbot went down-stairs, drawing on his gloves, and laughing. Then he went into the warm light, buttoned up his coat instinctively, as if to hide the plot he had tried, jumped into his coupé, and went to his business.

Mr. Belcher dressed himself with more than his usual care, went to Mrs. Belcher's room and inquired about his children, then went to his library, and drew forth from a secret drawer a little book. He looked it over for a few minutes, then placed it in his pocket, and went out. The allusion that had been made to Mrs. Dillingham, and the assurance that he was popularly understood to be her lover, and the only man who was regarded by her with favor, intoxicated him, and his old passion came back upon him.

It was a strange manifestation of his brutal nature that at this moment of his trouble, and this epoch of his cruelty and crime, he longed for the comfort of a woman's sympathy. He was too much absorbed by his affairs to be moved by that which was basest in his regard for his beautiful idol. If he could feel her hand upon his forehead; if he could tell him that she was sorry for him; if he could know that she loved him; if he could be assured that this woman, whom he had believed to be capable of guilt, had prayed for him, it would have been balm to his heart. He was sore with struggle, and guilt, and defeat. He longed for love and tenderness. As if he were a great bloody dog, just coming from the fight of an hour, which he had been worsted, and seeking for a tender hand to pat his head, and call him "poor, good old fellow," the General longed for a woman's loving recognition. He was in his old mood of self-pity. He wanted to be petted, smoothed, commiserated, re-assured; and there was only one woman in all the world from whom such ministry would be grateful.

He knew that Mrs. Dillingham had heard of his loss, for she heard of and read everything. He wanted her to know that it had not shaken him. He would not for the world have her suppose that he was growing poor. Still to appear to her as a person of wealth and power; still to hold her confidence as a man of multiplied resources, was, perhaps, the deepest ambition that moved him. He had found that he could not use her in the management of his affairs. Though from the first, up to the period of her acquaintance with Harry Benedict, she had led him on to love her by every charm she possessed, and every art he knew, she had always refused to be deceived by him in any way.

When he went out of his house, at the close of his interviews with Talbot and Mrs. Belcher, it was without a definitely formed

purpose to visit the charming widow. He simply knew that his heart was hungry. The sun-flower is gross, but it knows the sun as well as the morning-glory, and turns to it as naturally. It was with like unreasoning instinct that he took the little book from its drawer, put on his hat, went down his steps, and entered the street that led him toward Mrs. Dillingham's house. He could not keep away from her. He would not if he could, and so, in ten minutes, he was seated with her, *vis à vis*.

"You have been unfortunate, Mr. Belcher," she said, sympathetically. "I am very sorry for you. It is not so bad as I heard, I am sure. You are looking very well."

"Oh! it is one of those things that may happen any day, to any man, operating as I do," responded Mr. Belcher, with a careless laugh. "The General never gets in too deep. He is just as rich to day as he was when he entered the city."

"I'm so glad to hear it—gladder than I can express," said Mrs. Dillingham, with heartiness.

Her effusiveness of good feeling and her evident relief from anxiety, were honey to him.

"Don't trouble yourself about me," said he, musingly. "The General knows what he's about, every time. He has the advantage of the rest of them, in his regular business."

"I can't understand how it is," responded Mrs. Dillingham, with fine perplexity. "You men are so different from us. I should think you would be crazy with your losses."

Now, Mr. Belcher wished to impress Mrs. Dillingham permanently with a sense of his wisdom, and to inspire in her an inextinguishable faith in his sagacity and prudence. He wanted her to believe in his power to retain all the wealth he had won. He would take her into his confidence. He had never done this with relation to his business, and under that treatment she had drifted away from him. Now that he found how thoroughly friendly she was, he would try another method, and bind her to him. The lady read him as plainly as if he had been a book, and said:

"Oh, General! I have ascertained something that may be of use to you. Mr. Benedict is living. I had a letter from his boy this morning—dear little fellow—and he tells me how well his father is, and how pleasant it is to be with him again."

Mr. Belcher frowned.

"Do you know I can't quite stomach your

whim—about that boy? What under heaven do you care for him?"

"Oh, you musn't touch that whim, General," said Mrs. Dillingham, laughing. "I am a woman, and I have a right to it. He amuses me, and a great deal more than that. I wouldn't tell you a word about him, or what he writes to me, if I thought it would do him any harm. He's my pet. What in the world have I to do but to pet him? How shall I fill my time? I'm tired of society, and disgusted with men—at least, with my old acquaintances—and I'm fond of children. They do me good. Oh, you musn't touch my whim!"

"There is no accounting for tastes!" Mr. Belcher responded, with a laugh that had a spice of scorn and vexation in it.

"Now, General! What do you care for that boy? If you are a friend to me, you ought to be glad that he interests me."

"I don't like the man who has him in charge. I believe Balfour is a villain."

"I'm sure I don't know," said the lady. "He never has the courtesy to darken my door. I once saw something of him. He is like all the rest, I suppose: he is tired of me."

Mrs. Dillingham had played her part perfectly, and the man before her was a blind believer in her loyalty to him.

"Let the boy go, and Balfour too," said the General. "They are not pleasant topics to me, and your whim will wear out. When is the boy coming back?"

"He is to be away all summer, I believe."

"Good!"

Mrs. Dillingham laughed.

"Why, I am glad of it, if you are," she said.

Mr. Belcher drew a little book from his pocket.

"What have you there?" the lady inquired.

"Women have great curiosity," said Mr. Belcher, slapping his knee with the little volume.

"And men delight to excite it," she responded.

"The General is a business man, and you want to know how he does it," said he.

"I do, upon my word!" responded the lady.

"Very well, the General has two kinds of business, and he never mixes one with the other."

"I don't understand."

"Well, you know he's a manufacturer—got his start in that way. So he keeps that

business by itself, and when he operates Wall street, he operates outside of it. He never risks a dollar that he makes in his regular business in any outside operation."

"And you have it all in the little book?"

"Would you like to see it?"

"Yes."

"Very well, you shall, when I've told you all about it. I suppose it must have been ten years ago that a man came to Sevenoaks who was full of all sorts of inventions. I tried some of them, and they worked well, so I went on furnishing money to him, and at last, I furnished so much that he passed all his rights into my hands—sold everything to me. He got into trouble, and lost his head—went into an insane hospital where I supported him for more than ten years. Then he was sent back as incurable, and, of course, had to go to the poor-house. I couldn't support him always, you know. I'd paid him fairly, run all the risk, and I thought my hands were clean."

"He had sold everything to you, hadn't he?" inquired Mrs. Dillingham, sympathetically.

"Certainly, I have the contract, legal drawn, signed, and delivered."

"People couldn't blame you, of course."

"But they did."

"How could they, if you paid him all that belonged to him?"

"That's Sevenoaks. That's the thing that drove me away. Benedict escaped, and they all supposed he was dead, and fancied that because I had made money out of him, I was responsible for him in some way. But I punished them. They'll remember me."

And Mr. Belcher laughed a brutal laugh that rasped Mrs. Dillingham's sensibilities almost beyond endurance.

"And, now," said the General, resuming "this man Balfour means to get these patents that I've owned and used for from seven to ten years out of me. Perhaps he will do it, but it will be after the biggest fight that New York ever saw."

Mrs. Dillingham eyed the little book. She was very curious about it. She was delightfully puzzled to know how these men who had the power of making money managed their affairs. Account-books were such conundrums to her!

She took a little hassock, placed it by Mr. Belcher's chair, and sat down, leaning against the weight of a feather against him. It was the first approach of the kind she had ever made, and the General appreciated it.

"Now you shall show me all about it," she said.

The General opened the book. It contained the results, in the briefest space, of profits from the Benedict inventions. It showed just how and where all those profits had been invested and re-invested. Her admiration of the General's business habits and methods was unbounded. She asked a thousand silly questions, with one, occasionally, which touched an important point. He thanked him for the confidence he reposed in her. She was delighted to know his system, which seemed to her to guard him from the accidents so common to those engaged in great enterprises; and Mr. Belcher drank in her flatteries with supreme satisfaction. They comforted him. They were balm to his disappointments. They soothed his wounded vanity. They assured him of perfect trust where he most tenderly wanted it.

In the midst of these delightful confidences, they were interrupted. A servant appeared who told Mr. Belcher that there was a messenger at the door who wished to see him on urgent business. Mrs. Dillingham took the little book to hold while he went to the door. After a few minutes, he returned. It seemed that Phipps, who knew his master's habits, had directed the messenger to inquire for him at Mrs. Dillingham's house, and that his brokers were in trouble and desired his immediate presence in Wall street. The General was very much vexed with the interruption, but declared that he should be obliged to follow the messenger.

"Leave the little book until you come back," insisted Mrs. Dillingham, sweetly. "It will amuse me all day."

She held it to her breast with both hands, as if it were the sweetest treasure that had ever rested there.

"Will you take care of it?"

"Yes."

He seized her unresisting hand and kissed

"Between this time and dinner I shall be back. Then I must have it again," he said.

"Certainly."

Then the General retired, went to his house and found his carriage waiting, and, in less than an hour, was absorbed in raveling the snarled affairs connected with his recent disastrous speculation. The good nature engendered by his delightful interview with Mrs. Dillingham lasted all day, and helped him like a cordial.

The moment he was out of the house, and had placed himself beyond the possibility of immediate return, the lady called her servant, and told him that she should be at home to nobody during the day. No one was to be admitted but Mr. Belcher, on any errand whatsoever.

Then she went to her room, and looked over the little book over at her leisure. There was no doubt about the business skill and method of the man who had made every entry. There was no doubt in her own mind that it was a private book, which no eye but that of its owner had ever seen, before it had been opened to her.

She hesitated upon the point of honor as to what she would do with it. It would be treachery to copy it, but it would be treachery simply against a traitor. She did not understand its legal importance, yet she knew it contained the most valuable information. It showed, in unmistakable figures, the extent to which Benedict had been wronged. Perfectly sure that it was a record of the results of fraud against a helpless man and a boy in whom her heart was profoundly interested, her hesitation was brief. She locked her door, gathered the writing materials, and, by an hour's careful and rapid work, copied every word of it.

After completing the copy, she went over it again and again, verifying every word and figure. When she had repeated the process to her entire satisfaction, and even to weariness, she took her pen, and after writing: "This is a true copy of the records of a book this day lent to me by Robert Belcher," she affixed the date and signed her name.

Then she carefully wrapped Mr. Belcher's book in a sheet of scented paper, wrote his name and the number and street of his residence upon it, and placed it in her pocket. The copy was consigned to a drawer and locked in, to be recalled and reperused at pleasure.

She understood the General's motives in placing these records and figures in her hands. The leading one, of course, related to his standing with her. He wanted her to know how rich he was, how prudent he was, how invincible he was. He wanted her to stand firm in her belief in him, whatever rumors might be afloat upon the street. Beyond this, though he had made no allusion to it, she knew that he wanted the use of her tongue among his friends and enemies alike. She was a talking woman, and it was easy for her, who had been so much

at home in the General's family, to strengthen his reputation wherever she might touch the public. He wanted somebody to know what his real resources were—somebody who could, from personal knowledge of his affairs, assert their soundness without revealing their details. He believed that Mrs. Dillingham would be so proud of the possession of his confidence, and so prudent in showing it, that his general business reputation, and his reputation for great wealth, would be materially strengthened by her. All this she understood, because she knew the nature of the man, and appreciated the estimate which he placed upon her.

Nothing remained for her that day but the dreaded return of Mr. Belcher. She was now more than ever at a loss to know how she should manage him. She had resumed, during her interview with him, her old arts of fascination, and seen how easily she could make him the most troublesome of slaves. She had again permitted him to kiss her hand. She had asked a favor of him and he had granted it. She had committed a breach of trust; and though she justified herself in it, she felt afraid and half ashamed to meet the man whom she had so thoroughly befooled. She was disgusted with the new intimacy with him which her own hand had invited, and heartily wished that the long game of duplicity were concluded.

The General found more to engage his attention than he had anticipated, and after a few hours' absence from the fascinations of his idol, he began to feel uneasy about his book. It was the first time it had ever left his hands. He grew nervous about it at last, and was haunted by a vague sense of danger. As soon, therefore, as it became apparent to him that a second call upon Mrs. Dillingham that day would be impracticable, he sent Phipps to her with a note apprising her of the fact, and asking her to deliver to him the little account-book he had left with her.

It was with a profound sense of relief that she handed it to the messenger, and realized that, during that day and evening at least, she should be free, and so be able to gather back her old composure and self-assurance. Mr. Belcher's note she placed with her copy of the book, as her authority for passing it into other hands than those of its owner.

While these little things, which were destined to have large consequences, were in progress in the city, an incident occurred in the country, of no less importance in the

grand outcome of events relating to Mr. Belcher and his victim.

It will be remembered that after Mr. Belcher had been apprised by his agent of Sevenoaks that Mr. Benedict was undoubtedly alive, and that he had lived, ever since his disappearance, at Number Nine, he wrote to Sam Yates, putting profitable business into his hands, and that he also directed his agent to attach him, by all possible means, to the proprietor's interests. His motive, of course, was to shut the lawyer's mouth concerning the autograph letters he had furnished. He knew that Yates would remember the hints of forgery which he had breathed into his ear during their first interviews in the city, and would not be slow to conclude that those autographs were procured for some foul purpose. He had been careful, from the first, not to break up their friendly relations that existed between them; and now that he saw that the lawyer had played him false, he was more anxious than ever to conciliate him.

Yates attended faithfully to the business intrusted to him, and, on reporting results to Mr. Belcher's agent, according to his client's directions, was surprised to find him in a very friendly and confidential mood, and ready with a proposition for further service. There were entangled affairs in which he needed the lawyer's assistance, and, as he did not wish to have the papers pertaining to them leave his possession, he invited Yates to his house, where they could work together during the brief evenings, when he would be free from the cares of the mill.

So, for two or three weeks, Sam Yates occupied Mr. Belcher's library—the very room in which that person was first introduced to the reader. There, under the shade of the old Seven Oaks, he worked during the day, and there, in the evening, he held his consultations with the agent.

One day, during his work, he mislaid a paper, and, in his search for it, had occasion to examine the structure of the grand library table at which he wrote. The table had two sides, finished and furnished exactly alike, with duplicate sets of drawers opposite to each other. He pulled out one of these drawers completely, to ascertain whether his lost paper had not slipped through a crack and lodged beyond it. In reaching in, he moved, or thought he moved, the drawer that met him from the opposite side. On going to the opposite side, however, he found that he had not moved that drawer at all. He then pulled that out

endeavoring to look through the space vacated by both drawers, found that it was blocked by some obstacle that had been placed between them. Finding a cane in a corner of the room, he thrust it in, and pushed through to the opposite side a little secret drawer, unfurnished with a knob, but covered with a lid.

He resumed his seat, and held the little box in his hand. Before he had time to think of what he was doing, or to appreciate the fact that he had no right to open a secret drawer, he had opened it. It contained but one article, and that was a letter directed to Paul Benedict. More than that, the letter was sealed, so that he was measurably relieved from the temptation to examine its contents. Of one thing he felt sure: that if it contained anything prejudicial to the writer's interests—and it was addressed in the handwriting of Robert Belcher—it had been forgotten. It might be of great importance to the inventor. The probabilities were, that a letter which was deemed of sufficient importance to secrete in so remarkable a manner was an important one.

To Sam Yates, as to Mrs. Dillingham, with the little book in her hand, arose the question of honor at once. His heart was with Benedict. He was sure that Belcher had some foul purpose in patronizing himself, yet he went through a hard struggle before he could bring himself to the determination that Benedict, and not Belcher, should have the first handling of the letter. Although the latter had tried to degrade him, and was incapable of any good motive in extending patronage to him, he felt that he had unintentionally surrounded him with influences which had saved him from the most disgraceful ruin. He was at that very moment in his employ. He was eating every day the bread which his patronage provided.

After all, was he not earning his bread? Was he under any obligation to Mr. Belcher which his honest and faithful labor did not discharge? Mr. Belcher had written and addressed the letter. He would deliver it and Mr. Benedict should decide whether, under all the circumstances, the letter was rightfully his. He put it in his pocket, placed the little box back in its home, re-

placed the drawers which hid it, and went on with his work.

Yates carried the letter around in his pocket for several days. He did not believe the agent knew either of the existence of the letter or the drawer in which it was hidden. There was, in all probability, no man but himself in the world who knew anything of the letter. If it was a paper of no importance to anybody, of course Mr. Belcher had forgotten it. If it was of great importance to Mr. Benedict, Mr. Belcher believed that it had been destroyed.

He had great curiosity concerning its contents, and determined to deliver it into Mr. Benedict's hands; so, at the conclusion of his engagement with Mr. Belcher's agent, he announced to his friends that he had accepted Jim Fenton's invitation to visit the new hotel at Number Nine, and enjoy a week of sport in the woods.

Before he returned, he became entirely familiar with the contents of the letter, and, if he brought it back with him on his return to Sevenoaks, it was for deposit in the post-office, directed to James Balfour in the handwriting of Paul Benedict.

The contents of this note were of such importance in the establishment of justice that Yates, still doubtful of the propriety of his act, was able to justify it to his conscience. Under the circumstances, it belonged to the man to whom it was addressed, and not to Mr. Belcher at all. His own act might be doubtful, but it was in the interest of fair dealing, and in opposition to the schemes of a consummate rascal, to whom he owed neither respect nor goodwill. He would stand by it, and take the consequences of it.

Were Mrs. Dillingham and Sam Yates justifiable in their treachery to Mr. Belcher? A nice question this in casuistry! Certainly they had done as they would have been done by, had he been in their circumstances and they in his. He, at least, who had tried to debauch both of them, could reasonably find no fault with them. Their act was the natural result of his own influence. It was fruit from seeds of his own sowing. Had he ever approached them with a single noble and unselfish motive, neither of them could have betrayed him.

(To be continued.)

AN EARLY POEM BY EDGAR ALLAN POE.

THE following verses, which are given in fac-simile, were written by Edgar A. Poe, shortly after he left West Point in 1829. Poe was then only 19 years old. The fact that these verses were written in the album of a lady of distinguished social position is alone sufficient to contradict the statement of Griswold, that, after leaving West Point, Poe was a homeless and friendless wanderer. He had found a home with his aunt and adopted mother, Mrs. Clemm, who was his first, last, and best friend.

E. L. D.

Alone

From childhood's hour I have not been
 As others were — I have not seen
 As others saw — I could not bring
 My passions from a common spring —
 From the same source I have not taken
 My sorrow — I could not awaken
 My heart to joy at the same tone —
 And all I lo'd — I lo'd alone —
 Thou — in my childhood — in the daway
 Of a most stormy life — was drawn
 From every depth of good & ill
 The mystery which binds me still —
 From the torrent, or the fountain —
 From the red cliff of the mountain —
 From the sun that round me roll'd
 In its autumn tint of gold —
 From the lightning in the sky
 As it pass'd and flying by —
 From the thunder, & the storm —
 And the cloud that took the form
 (When the rest of Heaven was blue)
 Of a demon in my view —

E. A. Poe

Baltimore, March 17, 1829.

MINOR VICTORIAN POETS.

IN TWO PARTS: PART I.

THE choral leaders are few in number, and it is from a blended multitude of voices that we derive the general tone and volume, in any epoch, of a nation's poetic song. The miscellaneous poets, singly or in characteristic groups, give us the pervading quality of a stated era. Great singers, lifted by imagination, make style secondary to thought; rather, the thought of each assumes a relative form of expression. Younger or minor contemporaries catch and reflect the fashion of these forms, even if they fail to create a soul beneath. It is said that very great poets never, through this process, have founded schools, their art having been of imitable loftiness or simplicity; but who is thus held the unattainable before the vision of the facile English throng?

I.

At the beginning of the present reign Byron was slowly obtaining recognition, and his influence had not yet established the poetic fashion of the time. Wordsworth came by himself, in a serene and luminous orbit, at a height reached only after a prolonged career. The death of Byron closed a splendid but tempestuous era, and was followed by years of reaction,—almost of sluggish calm. At least, the group of poets was without a leader, and was composed of men who, with few great names among them, utilized their gifts,—each after his own method or after one of that master, among men of the previous generation, whom he most affected. A kind of interregnum occurred. Numbers of minor poets and scholars survived their former compeers, and wrote creditable verse, but produced little that was essentially new. Motherwell had died, at the early age of thirty-eight, having done service in the revival of Scottish ballad-minstrelsy; and with the loss of the author of that exquisite lyric, "Jeanie Morrison," of "The Cavalier's Song," and "The Sword-Chant of Thorstein Raudi," there passed away a vigorous and sympathetic poet. Southey, Moore, Rogers, Frere, Wilson, James Montgomery, Campbell, James and Horace Smith, Croly, Joanna Baillie, Bernard Barton, Elliott, Cunningham, Ten-

nant, Bowles, Maginn, Peacock, poor John Clare, the translators Cary and Lockhart,—all these were still alive, but had outlived their generation, and, as far as verse was concerned, were more or less superannuated. What Landor, Hood, and Procter were doing already has passed under review. Leigh Hunt continued his pleasant verse and prose, and did much to popularize the canons of art exemplified in the poetry of his former song-mates, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats. Milman, afterward Dean of St. Paul's, a pious and conventional poet who dated his literary career from the success of an early drama, "Fazio," still was writing plays that did credit to a churchman and Oxford professor. Talfourd's "Ion" and "The Athenian Captive" also had made a stage-success; the poets had not yet discovered that a stage which the talent of Macready exactly fitted, and a histrionic feeling of which the plays of Sheridan Knowles had come to be the faithful expression, were not stimulating to the production of the highest grade of dramatic poetry. Various dramas and poems, by that cheery, versatile authoress, Miss Mitford, had succeeded her tragedies of "Julian" and "Rienzi." It must be owned that these three were good names in a day of which the fashion has gone by. At this distance we see plainly that they were minor poets, or that the times were unfriendly to work whose attraction should be lasting. Doubtless, were they alive and active now, they would contend for favor with many whom the present delights to honor.

Meanwhile a few men of genius, somewhat out of place in their generation, had been essaying dramatic work for the love of it, but had little ambition or continuity, finding themselves so hopelessly astray. Darley, after his first effort, "Sylvia,"—a crude but poetical study in the sweet pastoral manner of Jonson and Fletcher,—was silent, except for some occasional song, full of melody and strange purposelessness. Beddoes, a stronger spirit, author of "The Bride's Tragedy" and "Death's Jest-Book," wandered off to Germany, and no collection of his wild and powerful verse was made until after his decease. Sir Henry Taylor, whose noble intellect and fine constructive powers were

early affected by the teachings of Wordsworth, entered a grand protest against the sentimentalism into which the Byronic passion now had degenerated. He would, I believe, have done even better work, if this very influence of Wordsworth had not deadened his genuine dramatic power. He saw the current evils, but could not substitute a potential excellence or found an original school. As it is, "Philip van Artevelde" and "Edwin the Fair" have gained a place for him in English literature more enduring than the honors awarded to many popular authors of his time.

The sentimental feeling of these years was nurtured on the verse of female writers, Mrs. Hemans and Miss Landon, whose deaths seemed to have given their work, always in demand, a still wider reading. It had been fashionable for a throng of humbler imitators, including some of gentle blood, to contribute to the "annuals" and "souvenirs" of Alaric Watts, but their summer time was nearly over and the chirping rapidly grew faint. The Hon. Mrs. Norton, styled "the Byron of poetesses," was at the height of her popularity. A pure religious sentiment inspired the sacred hymns of Keble. Young Hallam had died, leaving material for a volume of literary remains; if he did not live to prove himself great, his memory was to be the cause of greatness in others, and is now as abiding as any fame which maturity could have brought him. Besides the comic verse of Hood, noticed in a previous chapter, other jingling trifles, like Barham's "Ingoldsby Legends," a cross between Hood's whimsicality and that of Peter Pindar, were much in vogue, and serve to illustrate the broad and very obvious quality of the humor of the day. Lastly, Præd, a sprightly and delicate genius, soon to die and long to be affectionately lamented, was restoring the lost art of writing society-verse, and, in a style even now modern and attractive, was lightly throwing off stanzas neater than anything produced since the wit of Canning and the fancy of Tommy Moore. All this was light enough, and now seems to us to have betokened a shabby, profitless condition. From it, however, certain elements were gradually to crystallize and to assume definite purpose and form. The influence of Wordsworth began to deepen and widen; and ere long, under the lead of Tennyson, composite groups and schools were to arise, having clearer ideas of poetry as an art, and adorning with the graces of a new culture studies after models

derived from the choicest poetry of every literature and time.

II.

THE cyclic aspect of a nation's literary history has been so frequently observed that any reference to it involves a truism. The analogy between the courses through which the art of different countries advances and declines is no less thoroughly understood. The country whose round of being, in every department of effort, is most sharply defined to us, was Ancient Greece. The rise, splendor, and final decline of her imaginative literature constitute the fullest paradigm of a nation's literary existence and of the supplanting laws. I have more than once compared the recent British era to that active, critical, and learned Alexandrian period, which succeeded to the three creative stages of Hellenic song. I have said that during this historical epoch the Hellenic spirit grew elaborately feeble; what was once so exuberantly creative became impotent, and at last entirely died away. Study could not supply the force of nature. A formidable circle of acquirements must be formed before one could aspire to the title of an author. Verbal criticism was introduced; researches were made into the Greek tongue; antique and quaint words were sought for by poets, and, to quote from Schoell, "they sought to hide their defects beneath singularity of idea, and novelty and extravagance of expression; while the bad taste of some displayed itself in their choice of subjects still more than in their manner of treating them."

In modern times, when more events crowded into a decade than formerly occurred in a century, and when civilization ripens, mellows, and declines, only to repeat the process in successively briefer periods, men do not count a decline in national literature a symptom that the national glory is approaching its end. Still, more than in the recurring cycle of English literature has an analogue in the entire course of that of Ancient Greece. And, when we come to the issue of supremacy in poetic creation, the question arises whether Great Britain has not recently been going through a period similar to the Alexandrian in other respects than the production of a fine idyllic poem.

* Some years ago, in a criticism of a few recent poets, the writer pointed out the analogy between these two refined eras. The reference is here made available for a consideration of the broader field now under review.

is difficult to estimate our own time, so sensibly does the judgment ally itself to the graces and culture in vogue. Take up any well-edited selection from English minor poetry of the last thirty years, and our first thought is,—how full this is of poetry, or at least of poetic material! What refined sentiment! what artistic skill! what elaborate metrical successes! From beginning to end, how very readable, high-toned, close, and subtle in thought! Here and there, also, poems are to be found of the veritable cast,—simple, sensuous, passionate; but not so often as to give shape and color to the whole. With the same standard in view, we could not cull such a garland from the minor poetry of any portion of the last century; nor, indeed, from that of any interval later than the generation after Shakespeare, and earlier than the great revival, which numbered Burns, Wordsworth, Byron, and Keats among the leaders of an awakened chorus of natural English minstrelsy.

That revival, in its minor and major aspects, was truly glorious and inspiring. The poets who sustained it were led, through the disgust following a hundred years of false and flippant art, and by something of an intellectual process, to seek again that full and rapid fountain of nature to which the Elizabethan singers resorted intuitively for their draughts. But the unconscious vigor of that early period was still more brave and immortal than its philosophical counterpart of our own century. Ah, those days of Elizabeth! of which Mrs. Browning said, in her exultant, womanly way,—that “full were the eyes of poets as the summer days are of birds. * * * * Never since the first nightingale brake voice in Eden arose such a jubilee-concert; never before nor since was such a crowd of true poets uttered true poetic speech in one day. * * * Why, a common man, walking through the earth in those days, grew a poet by position.”

Now, have freshness, synthetical art, and sustained imaginative power been the prominent endowments of the recent schools of British minor poets? For an answer we must give attention to their blended or distinctive voices, remembering that certain of the earliest groups have recruited their numbers, and prolonged their vitality, throughout the middle and even the latest divisions of the period under review.

III.

THE tone of the first of these divisions upon the whole was suggested by Words-

worth, while the poetic form had not yet lost the Georgian simplicity and profuseness. Filtered through the intervening period of which we have spoken, its eloquence had grown tame, its simplicity somewhat barren and prosaic. Still, both tone and form, continuing even to our day, are as readily distinguished, by the absence of elaborate adornment and of curious nicety of thought, from those of either the Tennysonian or the very latest school, as the water of the Mississippi from that of the Missouri for miles below their confluence. The poets of the group before us are not inaptly thought to constitute the Meditative School, characterized by seriousness, reflection, earnestness, and, withal, by religious faith, or by impressive conscientious bewilderment among the weighty problems of modern thought.

The name of Hartley Coleridge here may be recalled. His poetry, slight in force and volume, yet relieved by half-tokens of his father's sudden melody and passion, is cast in the mold and phrase of his father's lifelong friend. This mingled quality came by descent and early association. The younger Coleridge (whose beautiful child-picture by Wilkie adds a touching interest to his memoirs) inherited to the full the physical and psychological infirmities of the elder, with but a limited portion of that “rapt one's” divine gift. The atmosphere of his boyhood was full of learning and idealism. He had great accomplishments, and had the poetic temperament, with all its weaknesses and dangers, yet without a coequal faculty of reflection and expression. Hence the inevitable and pathetic tragedy of a groping, clouded life, sustained only by piteous resignation and faith. Several moralistic poets date from this early period,—Mitford, Trench, Alford, and others of a like religious mood. Archbishop Trench's work is careful and scholarly, marked by earnestness, and occasionally rises above a didactic level. Dean Alford's consists largely of Wordsworthian sonnets, to which add a poem modeled upon “The Excursion;” yet he has written a few sweet lyrics that may preserve his name. The devotional traits of these writers gave some of them a wider reading, in England and America, than their scanty measure of inspiration really deserved. Gradually they have fallen out of fashion, and again illustrate the truth that no ethical virtue will compensate us in art for dullness, didacticism, want of imaginative fire. Aubrey de Vere, a later disci-

ple of the Cumberland school, is of a different type, and has shown versatility, taste, and a more natural gift of song. This gentle poet and scholar, though hampered by too rigid adoption of Wordsworth's theory, often has an attractive manner of his own. Criticised from the artistic point of view, a few studies after the antique seem very terse when compared with his other work. A late drama, "Alexander the Great," has strength of language and construction. The earnestness and purity of his patriotic and religious verses give them exaltation, and, on the whole, the Irish have a right to be proud of this most spiritual of their poets,—one who, unlike Hartley Coleridge, has improved upon an inherited endowment. Returning on our course, we see in the verse of Thomas Burbidge another reflection of Wordsworth, but also something that reminds us of the older English poets. As a whole, it is of middle quality, but so correct and finished that it is no wonder the author never fulfilled the dangerous promise of his boyhood. He was a school-fellow of Clough, and I am not aware that he ever published any volume subsequent to that by which this note is suggested, and which bears the date of 1838. The relics of Sterling, the subject of Carlyle's familiar memoir, like those of Hallam, do not of themselves exhibit the full ground of the biographer's devotion. The two names, nevertheless, have given occasion respectively for the most characteristic poem and the finest prose memorial of recent times. A few of Sterling's minor lyrics, such as "Mirabeau," are eloquent, and, while defaced by conceits and prosaic expressions, show flashes of imagination which brighten the even twilight of a meditative poet. Between the deaths of Sterling and Clough a long interval elapsed, yet there is a resemblance between them in temperament and mental cast. It may be said of Clough, as Carlyle said of Sterling, that he was "a remarkable soul, * * * * who, more than others, sensible to its influences, took intensely into him such tint and shape of feature as the world had to offer there and then; fashioning himself eagerly by whatsoever of noble presented itself." It may be said of him, likewise, that in his writings and actions "there is for all true hearts, and especially for young noble seekers, and strivers toward what is highest, a mirror in which some shadow of themselves and of their immeasurably complex arena will profitably present itself. Here also is one encompassed and

struggling even as they now are." Clough must have been a rare and lovable spirit else he could never have so wrapped himself within the affections of true men. Though he did much as a poet, it is doubtful whether his genius reached anything like a fair development. Intimate as he was with the Ternysons, his style, while often reflective, remained entirely his own. His fine original nature took no tinge of the prevailing influences about him. His free temperament and radical way of thought, with a manly disdain of all factitious advancement, made him a force even among the choice companions attached to his side; and he was valued as much for his character and for what he was able to do, as for the things he actually accomplished. There was nothing second-rate in his nature, and his "Both of Tober-na-Vuolich," which bears the reader along less easily than the billow hexameters of Kingsley, is charmingly faithful to its Highland theme, and has a Doric simplicity and strength. His shorter pieces are uneven in merit, but all suggestive and worth a thinker's attention. If he could have remained in the liberal American atmosphere, and have been spared his untimely taking-off, he might have come to greatness; but he is now no more, and with him departed a radical thinker and a living protest against the truckling expedients of the mode.

The poetry of Lord Houghton is of a modern contemplative type, very pure, and often sweetly lyrical. Emotion and intellect blend harmoniously in his delicate, suggestive verse, and a few of his songs—among which "I wandered by the brookside" at once recurs to the memory—have deserved and lasting place in English anthology. This beloved writer has kept within his limitations. He has the sincere affection of men of letters, who all honor his free thought, his catholic taste, and his generous devotion to authors and the literary life. To the friend and biographer of Keats, the thoughtful patron of David Gray, and the progressive enthusiast in poetry and art, I venture to pay this cordial tribute, knowing that I but feebly repeat the sentiments of a multitude of authors on either side of the Atlantic.

Dr. Newman has lightened the arduous labors and controversies of his distinguished career by the composition of many thoughtful hymns, imbued with the most devoted spirit of his faith. As representing the spirit of obedience to tradition these "Verses

any Years" have their significance. At the opposite pole of theological feeling, Palgrave, just as earnest and sincere, seems to illustrate the laureate's saying:

"There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds."

Nevertheless, in "The Reign of Law," one of his best and most characteristic pieces, he argues himself into a reverential optimism, that seems, just now, to be the resting-place of the speculative religious mind. He may be said to represent the latest attitude of the meditative poets, and in this sense closely resembles Arnold, of whom I have already spoken as the most conspicuous and able modern leader of their school. Indeed, there is scarcely a criticism which I have made upon the one that will not apply to the other. Palgrave, with less objective taste and rhythmical skill than are displayed in Arnold's larger poems, is in his lyrics equally searching and philosophical, and occasionally shows evidence of a musical and more natural ear. The Biblical legends and narrative poems of Dr. Plumptre are simple, and somewhat like those of the American Willis, but didactic and of a kind going out of vogue. His hymns are much better, but it is as a classical translator that we find him at his best. Among the later religious poets Myers deserves notice for the feeling, careful finish, and poetic sentiment of his longer pieces. A few of his nature-lyrics are exceedingly delicate; his sonnets, more than respectable. From the semblance of the artist Hamerton's descriptive poetry to that of Wordsworth, I refer, in this place, to his volume, "The Isles of Loch Awe, and Other Poems," issued in 1859. This dainty book, with its author's illustrations, is interesting as the production of one who has since achieved merited popularity both as an artist and prose author,—either of which capacities he probably is more at home than if he had followed the art which gave vent to the enthusiasm of his younger days. He may, however, be called the tourist's poet; his book is an excellent companion to one traveling northward; the poems, though lacking terseness and force, and written on a too obvious theory, are picturesque, and, as the author claimed for them in an appendix, "coherent, and easily understood."

Regarding Palgrave and Arnold, then, as advanced members of the contemplative group, I renew the question concerning the freshness and creative instinct of this recent

school. The unconscious but uppermost emotion of both is one of doubt and indecision: a feeling, I have said, that they were born too late. They are awed and despondent before the mysteries of life and nature. As to art, their conviction is that somehow the glory and the dream have left our bustling generation for a long, long absence, and may not come again. Palgrave's "Reign of Law," after all, is but making the best of a dark matter. It reasons too closely to be highly poetical. The doubts and refined melancholy of his other poetry reflect the sentiment of the still more subtle Arnold, from whose writings many a passage such as this may be taken, to show a dissatisfaction with his mission and the time:

"Who can see the green Earth any more
As she was by the sources of Time?
Who imagine her fields as they lay
In the sunshine, unworn by the plow?
Who thinks as they thought,
The tribes who then lived on her breast,
Her vigorous, primitive sons?"

* * * * *

What Bard,
At the height of his vision, can dream
Of God, of the world, of the soul,
With a plainness as near,
As flashing as Moses felt,
When he lay in the night by his flock
On the starlit Arabian waste?
Can rise and obey
The beck of the Spirit like him?

* * * * *

And we say that repose has fled
Forever the course of the River of Time," etc.

Great or small, the meditative poets lack that elasticity which is imparted by a true lyrical period,—whose very life is gladness, with song and art for an undoubting, blithesome expression. The better class, thus sadly impressed, and believing it in vain to grasp at the skirts of the vanishing Muse, are impelled to substitute choice *simulacra*, which culture and artifice can produce, for the simplicity, sensuousness, and passion, declared by Milton to be the elements of genuine poetry. They are what training has made them. Some of the lesser names were cherished by their readers, in a mild and sterile time, for their domestic or religious feeling,—very few really for their imagination or art. At last even sentiment has failed to sustain them, and one by one they have been relegated to the ever-increasing collection of unread and rarely cited "specimen" verse.

IV.

So active a literary period could not fail to develop, among its minor poets, singers

of a more fresh and genuine order. Here and there one may be discovered whose voice, however cultivated, has been less dependent upon culture, and more upon emotion and unstudied art. One of the finest of these, unquestionably, is Richard Hengist Horne, author of "Cosmo de' Medici," "Gregory the Seventh," "The Death of Marlowe," and "Orion." I am not sure that in natural gift he is inferior to his most famous contemporaries. That he here receives brief attention is due to the disproportion between the sum of his productions and the length of his career,—for he still is an occasional and eccentric contributor to letters. There is something Elizabethan in Horne's writings, and no less in a restless love of adventure, which has borne him wandering and fighting around the world, and breaks out in the robust and virile, though uneven, character of his poems and plays. He has not only, it would seem, dreamed of life, but lived it. Taken together, his poetry exhibits carelessness, want of tact and wise method, but often the highest beauty and power. A fine erratic genius, in temperament not unlike Beddoes and Landor, he has not properly utilized his birthright. His verse is not improved by a certain transcendentalism which pervaded the talk and writings of a set in which he used to move. Thus "Orion" was written with an allegorical purpose, which luckily did not prevent it from being one of the noblest poems of our time; a complete, vigorous, highly imaginative effort in blank verse, rich with the antique imagery, yet modern in thought,—and full of passages that are not far removed from the majestic beauty of "Hyperion." The author's "Ballad Romances," issued more lately, is not up to the level of his younger work. While it seems as if Horne's life has been unfruitful, and that he failed—through what cause I know not—to conceive a definite purpose in art, and pursue it to the end, it must be remembered that a poet is subject to laws over which we have no control, and in his external relations is a law unto himself. I think we fairly may point to this one as another man of genius adversely affected by a period not suited to him, and not as one who in a dramatic era would be incapable of making any larger figure. He was the successor of Darley and Beddoes, and the prototype of Browning, but capable at his best of more finish and terseness than the last-named poet. In most of his productions that have reached me, amid much that is strange and

grotesque, I find little that is sentimental or weak.

Lord Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome" was a literary surprise, but its poetry is the rhythmical outflow of a vigorous and affluent writer, given to splendor of diction and imagery in his flowing prose. He spoke once in verse, and unexpectedly. His themes were legendary, and suited to the author's heroic cast, nor was Latinism ever more poetical than under his thorough sympathetic handling. I am aware that the lays are criticised as being stilted and false to the antique, but to me they have charm, and to almost every healthy young mind are an immediate delight. Where in modern ballad-verse will you find more ringing stanzas, or more impetuous movement and action? Occasionally we have a noble epithet or image. Within his range—little as one who met him might have surmised it—Macaulay was a poet, and of the kind which Scott would have been first to honor—"Horatius" and "Virginius," among the Roman lays, and that resonant battle-cry of "Ivry," have become, it would seem, a lasting portion of English verse. In the work of Professor Aytoun, similar in kind but more varied, and upon Scottish themes, we also discern what wholesome and noteworthy verse may be composed by a man who, if not a poet of high rank, is of too honest a breed to resort to unwonted styles and to measures inconsonant with the English tongue. The ballads of both himself and Macaulay rank among the worthiest of their class. Aytoun's "Execution of Montrose" is a fine production. In "Bothwell," his romantic poem in the meter and manner of Scott, he took a subject above his powers which are at their best in the lyric before named. Canon Kingsley, as a poet, had a wider range. His "Andromeda" is an admirable composition,—a poem laden with the Greek sensuousness, yet pure as crystal, and the best-sustained example of English hexameters produced up to the date of its composition. It is a matter of indifference whether the measure bearing that name is akin to the antique model, for it became, in the hands of Professor Kingsley and Dr. Hawtrey (and of our own Longfellow and Howells), an effective and congenial form of English verse. The author of "Andromeda" repeated the error of ignoring such quantities as do obtain in our prosody, and relying upon accent alone; but his fine ear and command of words kept him musical, interfluent, swift. In "St. Maura," and the

ama called "The Saint's Tragedy," the influence of Browning is perceptible. Kingsley's true poetic faculty is best expressed in vigorous sounding lyrics for which he was particularly and justly esteemed. These are now, brimful of music, and national to the core. "The Sands o' Dee," "The Three Fishers," and "The Last Buccaneer" are very beautiful: not studies, but a true expression of the strong and tender English heart.

Here we observe a suggestive fact. With few exceptions, the freshest and most independent poets of the middle division—those who seem to have been born and not made—have been, by profession and reputation, not writers of prose; secondly, poets. Their verses appear to me, like their humor, "strength's rich superfluity." Look at Macaulay, Aytoun, and Arnold,—the first an historian and critic, the others essayists and college professors. Kingsley and Thackeray might have been dramatic poets in a different time and country, but accepted the romance and novel as affording the most dramatic methods of the day. Walter Thornbury is widely known by his prose volumes, but has composed some of the most fiery and rhythmical songs in the English tongue. His "Ballads of the New World" are inferior to his "Songs of the Cavaliers and Roundheads," and to his other lyrics of war and revolution in Great Britain and France, which are full of unstudied lyrical power. Some of these remind us of Browning's "Cavalier Tunes;" but Browning may well be proud of the pupil who wrote "The Sally from Coventry" and "The Three Scars." He is hasty and careless, and sometimes coarse and extravagant; his pieces seem to be struck off at a heat,—but what can be better than "The Jester's Sermon," "The Old Grenadier's Story," and "La Tricouze"? How unique the "Jacobite Ballads"! Read "The White Rose over the Water." "The Three Troopers," a ballad of the Protectorate, has a clash and clang not often resonant in these piping times:

Into the Devil tavern
Three booted troopers strode,
From spur to feather spotted and splashed
With the mud of a winter road.
In each of their cups they dropped a crust,
And stared at the guests with a frown;
Then drew their swords and roared, for a toast,
"God send this Crum-well-down!"

I have a feeling that this author has not been fairly appreciated as a ballad-maker. Equally perfect of their sort are "The Ma-

hogany-Tree," "The Ballad of Bouillabaisse," "The Age of Wisdom," and "The End of the Play,"—all by the kindly hand of Thackeray, which shall sweep the strings of melody no more; yet their author was a satirist and novel-writer, never a professed poet. Nor can one read the collection made, late in life, by Doyle, another Oxford professor, of his occasional verse, without thinking that "The Return of the Guards," "The Old Cavalier," "The Private of the Buffs," and other soldierly ballads, are the modest effusions of a natural lyricist, who probably has felt no great encouragement to perfect a lyrical gift that has been crowded out of fashion by the manner of the latter-day school.

The success of these unpretentious singers again illustrates the statement that *spontaneity* is an essential principle of the art. The poet should carol like the bird:

"He knows not why nor whence he sings,
Nor whither goes his warbled song;
As Joy itself delights in joy,
His soul finds strength in its employ,
And grows by utterance strong."

The songs of minstrels in the early heroic ages display the elasticity of national youth. When verses were recited, not written, a pseudo-poet must have found few listeners. In a more cultivated stage, poetry should have all this unconscious freshness, refined and harmonized with the thought and finish of the day.

v.

MANY of the novelists have written verse, but usually, with the foregoing exceptions, by a professional effort rather than a born gift. The Brontë sisters began as rhymesters, but quickly found their true field. Mrs. Craik has composed tender stanzas resembling those of Miss Procter, and mostly of a grave and pleasing kind. George Eliot's metrical work has special interest, coming from a woman acknowledged to be, in her realistic yet imaginative prose, at the head of living female writers. She has brought all her energies to bear, first upon the construction of a drama, which was only a *succès d'estime*, and recently upon a new volume containing "The Legend of Jubal" and other poems. The result shows plainly that Mrs. Lewes, though possessed of great intellect and sensibility, is not, in respect to metrical expression, a poet. Nor has she a full conception of the simple strength and melody of English verse, her polysyllabic language, noticeable in the moralizing pas-

sages of "Middlemarch," being very ineffective in her poems. That wealth of thought which atones for all her deficiencies in prose does not seem to be at her command in poetry. "The Spanish Gypsy" reads like a second-rate production of the Byronic school. "The Legend of Jubal" and "How Lisa loved the King" suffer by comparison with the narrative poems, in rhymed pentameter, of Morris, Longfellow, or Stoddard. A little poem in blank verse, entitled "O may I join the choir invisible!" and setting forth her conception of the "religion of humanity," is worth all the rest of her poetry, for it is the outburst of an exalted soul, foregoing personal immortality and compensated by a vision of the growth and happiness of the human race.

Bulwer was another novelist-poet, and one of the most persistent. During middle age he renewed the efforts made in his youth to obtain for his metrical writings a recognition always accorded to his ingenious and varied prose romance; but whatever he did in verse was the result of deliberate intellect and culture. The fire was not in him, and his measures do not give out heat and light. His shorter lyrics never have the true ring; his translations are somewhat rough and pedantic; his satires were often in poor taste, and brought him no great profit; his serio-comic legendary poem of "King Arthur" is a monument of industry, but never was labor more hopelessly thrown away. In dramas like "Richelieu" and "Cromwell" he was more successful; they contain passages which are wise, eloquent, and effective, though rarely giving out the subtle aroma which comes from the essential poetic principle. Yet Bulwer had an honest love for the beautiful and sublime, and his futile effort to express it was almost pathetic.

Many of his odes and translations were contributed, I think, to "Blackwood's Magazine." This suggests mention of the ephemeral groups of lyrists that gathered about the serials of his time. Among the Blackwood writers, Moir, Aird,—a Scotsman of some imagination and fervor,—Simmons, and a few greater or lesser lights, are still remembered. "Bentley's" was the mouth-piece of a rollicking set of pedantic and witty rhymsters, from whose diversions a book of common ballads has been compiled. "Fraser's," "The Dublin University," and other magazines, attracted each its own staff of verse-makers, besides receiving the frequent assistance of poets of wide repute. I may say that throughout the period much

creditable verse has been produced by sordid men who have given poetry the second place as a vocation. Among recent productions of this class, the historical drama of "Hannibal" by Professor Nichol, Glasgow, may be taken as a type and a bad example.

With respect to poetry, as to prose, the coarser and less discriminating appetites were the more widely diffused. Create a popular taste for reading, and an inferior artist comes to satisfy it, by the law of supply and demand. Hence the enormous circulation of didactic artificial measures, adjusted to the moral and intellectual levels of commonplaces like those of Hervey, Tupper, and Robert Montgomery; while other poets of the early and middle divisions, who had sparks of genius in them, but who could not adjust themselves to either the select or popular markets of their time, found the struggle too hard for them, and have passed out of general sight and mind. At the very beginning of the period Thomas Wade gave promise of something fine. A copy of his "Mundi et Cordis" lies before me, dated 1835. It is marked with the extravagance and turgidity which soon after broke out among the rhapsodists, yet shows plainly the sensitiveness and passion of the poet. The contents are in sympathy with, and like the early work of Shelley, and various poems are of a democratic, liberal stripe, inspired by the struggle then commencing over Europe. As long ago as 1837 Alfred Domett was contributing lyrics to "Blackwood" which justly won the favor of the burly editor. From a young poet who could throw off glee like "Hence, rude Winter, crabbed old fellow!" or "All who've known each other long," his friends had a right to expect a brilliant future. But he was an insatiable wanderer, and could "not rest from travel." His productions were dated from every portion of the globe; finally he disappeared altogether, and ceased to be heard from, but his memory was kept green by Browning's nervous characterization of him,—"What become of Waring?" After three decades the question is answered, and our vagrant bard returns from Australia with a lot of South Sea idyls, "Ranolf and Amohia,"—a poem justly praised by Browning for variety of beauty and power, but charged with diffuseness, transcendentalism, defects of action, and action, that were current among Domett's radical brethren so many years ago. The world has gone by him. The lyrics of his youth, and chiefly a beautiful "Christina

ymn," are, after all, the best fruits, as they were the first, of his long and restless life. It doubtless the life itself has been a full compensation. There also was Scott, who wrote "The Year of the World," a poem recommended by our Concord Brahmin for its faithful utilization of the Hindoo mythology. The author, a distinguished painter and critic, is now one of the highest authorities upon matters pertaining to the arts of design.* There were women too; among them, Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams, author of remembered hymns, and of that forgotten drama of "Vivia Perpetua," a creature whose beauty and enthusiasm drew around her the flower of the liberal party; the friend of Hunt and Carlyle and W. J. Fox, and of Downing in his eager youth. Of many such of these, in whom the lyrical aspiration was checked by too profuse admixture with a passion for affairs, for active life, for arts of design, or for some ardent cause to which they became devoted, or who failed, through extreme sensibility, to be calm among the vivid elements about them,—of such it may be asked, where are they and their productions, except in the tender memory and honor of their early comrades and friends? There is a jealous mistress: she demands life, friendship, tact, the devotion of our highest faculties; and he who refuses all of this and more never can be, first, and above his other attributes, an eminent or in any sense a true and consecrated poet.

VI.

WE come to a brood of minstrels scattered numerously as birds over the meadows of England, the rye-fields of Scotland, and the green Irish hills. They are of a kind which in any active poetic era it is a pleasure to regard. They make no claims to eminence. Their work, however, though it may be faulty and uneven, has the charm of freshness, and comes from the heart. The common people must have songs; and the children of a generation that had found pleasure in the lyrics of Moore and Haynes Bayley have not been without their simple warblers. One of the most lovable and natural has but lately passed away: Lover, a versatile artist, a cheerful humorist and poet. In writing of Harry Cornwall I have referred to the essen-

tial nature of the song, as distinguished from that of the lyric, and in Lover's melodies the former is to be found. The office of such men is to give pleasure in the household, and even if they are not long to be held of account (though no one can safely predict how this shall be), they gain a prompt reward in the affection of their living countrymen. We find spontaneity, also, in the rhymes of Allingham, whose "Mary Donnelly" and "The Fairies" have that intuitive grace called quality,—a grace which no amount of artifice can ever hope to produce, and for whose absence mere talent can never compensate us. The ballads of Miss Downing, J. F. Waller, and MacCarthy, all have displayed traces of the same charm; the last-named lyricist, a man of much culture and literary ability, has produced still more attractive work of another kind. Bennett, within his bounds, is a true poet, who not only has composed many lovely songs, but has been successful in more thoughtful efforts. A few of his poems upon infancy and childhood are sweetly and simply turned. Dr. Mackay, in the course of a long and prolific career, has furnished many good songs. Some of his studied productions have merit, but his proper gift is confined to lyrical work. Among the remaining Scottish and English song-makers, Eliza Cook, the Howitts, Gilfillan, and Swain, probably have had the widest recognition; all have been simple, and often homely, warblers, having their use in fostering the tender piety of household life. Miller, a mild and amiable poet, resembling the Howitts in his love for nature, wrote correct and quiet verse thirty years ago, and was more noticeable for his rural and descriptive measures than for a few conventional songs.

It will be observed that, as in earlier years, the most characteristic and impressive songs are of Irish and Scottish production; and, indeed, lyrical genius is a special gift of the warm-hearted, impulsive Celtic race. Nations die singing, and Ireland has been a land of song—of melodies suggested by the political distress of a beautiful and unfortunate country, by the poverty that has enforced emigration and brought pathos to every family, and by the traditional loves, hates, fears, that are a second nature to the humble peasant. All Irish art is faulty and irregular, but often its faults are endearing, and in its discords there is sweet sound. That was a significant chorus which broke out during the prosperous times of "The Nation," thirty years ago, and there was

* William Bell Scott has now collected his miscellaneous ballads, studies from nature, etc.—many of them written years ago—in a volume to which his own etchings, and those of Alma Tadema, give additional beauty.

more than one tuneful voice among the patriotic contributors to the Dublin newspaper press. Griffin and Banim, novelists and poets, flourished at a somewhat earlier date, and did much to revive the Irish poetical spirit. Read Banim's "Soggarth Aroon;" in fact, examine the mass of poetry, old and recent, collected in Hayes's "Ballads," with all its poverty and riches, and, amid a great amount of rubbish, we find many genuine folk-songs, brimming with emotion and natural poetic fire. Certain ballads of Lady Dufferin, and such a lyric as McGee's "Irish Wife," are not speedily forgotten. Among the most prominent of the song-makers were the group to which I have referred—Ingram, Davis, Duffy, Keegan, McGee, Linton (the English Liberal), Mrs. Varian, Lady Wilde, and others, not forgetting Mangan, in some respects the most original of all. These political rhymers truthfully represented the popular feeling of their own day. Their songs and ballads will be the study of some future Macaulay, and are of the kind that both makes and illustrates national history. Their object was not art; some of their rhymes are poor indeed; but they fairly belong to that class of which Fletcher of Saltoun wrote: "If a man were permitted to make all the ballads,

he need not care who should make the law of a nation."

Here, too, we may say a word of a contemporary tribe of English democratic poets many of them springing from the people who kept up such an alarm during the Chartist agitation. After Thom, the "evervury poet," who mostly confined himself to dialect and *genre* verses, and young Nicholson, who, at the beginning of our period, strayed from Scotland down to Leeds, and poured out stirring liberal lyrics during the few months left to him—after these we come to the bards of Chartism itself. This movement lasted from 1836 to 1850, and had a distinct school of its own. There was Cooper, known as "the Chartist poet." Linton, afterwards to become so eminent as an artist and engraver, was equally prolific and more poetical,—a born reformer, who relieved his eager spirit by incessant poetizing over the pseudonym of "Spartacus," and of whom we shall have occasion to speak again. Ebenezer Jones was another Chartist rhymist, but also composed erotic verse; a man of considerable talent, who died young. These men and their associates were greatly in earnest as agitators, and often at the injury of their position as artists and poets.

(To be concluded next month.)

AFTER READING "MORITURI SALUTAMUS."

"Ye, against whose familiar names not yet
The fatal asterisk of death is set."

BE that sad year, O poet, very far
That proves thee mortal by the little star.
Yet since thy thoughts live daily in our own,
And leaves no heart to weep or smile alone,
Since they are rooted in our souls, and so
Will live forever, whither those shall go,
Though some late asterisk may mark thy name,
It never will be set against thy fame!
For the world's fervent love and praise of thee
Have starred it first with immortality.

THE COLD SNAP.

IN the extremes of winter and summer, when the weather is either extraordinarily cold or hot, I confess to experiencing a peculiar sense of helplessness and vague uneasiness. I have a feeling that a trifling additional rise or fall of temperature, such as might be caused by any slight hitch in the machinery of the universe, would quite crowd mankind out of existence. To be sure, the hitch never has occurred, but what should it? Conscious that I have about reached the limit of my own endurance, the thought of the bare contingency is unpleasant enough to cause a feeling of relief, not altogether physical, when the rising or falling of mercury begins to turn. The consciousness how wholly by sufferance it is that man exists at all on the earth, is rather forcibly impressed upon the mind at such times. The spaces above and below zero are indefinite.

I have to take my vacations as the fluctuations of a rather exacting business permit, and so it happened that I was, with my family, passing a fortnight in the coldest part of winter at the family homestead in New England. The ten previous days had been very cold, and the cold had "got into the crevices," which means that it had so penetrated and chilled the very walls and timbers, that a cold day now took hold of us almost had not earlier in the season. Finally there came a day that was colder than any before it. The credit of discovering and asserting that it was the coldest day of the season is due to myself—no slight distinction in the country, where the weather is always a more prominent topic than in the city, and the weather-wise are accordingly esteemed. Every one hastened to corroborate this verdict with some piece of evidence. Mother said that the frost had gone off the kitchen window nearest the door in all the day, and that was a sign. The sleighs and sledges as they went by in the snow creaked on the snow, so that we heard them through the double windows, and that was a sign; while the teamsters swung their numb arms like the sails of a wind-mill to keep up the circulation, and the frozen vapor puffed out from the horses' nostrils in a manner reminding one of the snorting of steamers in sensational pictures. The school-boys on their way from school did not stop to play, and that was a sign. No women had been seen on the street since noon.

Young men, as they hurried past on the peculiar high-stepping trot of persons who have their hands over their ears, looked strangely antiquated with their mustaches and beards all grizzled with the frost.

Toward dusk I took a short run to the post-office. I was well wrapped up, but that did not prevent me from having very singular sensations before I got home. The air, as I stepped out from cover, did not seem like air at all, but like some almost solid medium whose impact was like a blow. It went right through my overcoat at the first assault, and nosed about hungrily for my little spark of vital heat. A strong wind with the flavor of glaciers was blowing straight from the pole. How inexpressibly bleak was the aspect of the leaden clouds that were banked up around the horizon! I shivered as I looked at the sullen masses. The houses seemed little citadels against the sky. I had not taken fifty steps before my face stiffened into a sort of mask, so that it hurt me to move the facial muscles. I came home on an undignified run, experiencing a lively sense of the inadequacy of two hands to protect two ears and a nose. Did the Creator intend man to inhabit high latitudes?

At nightfall father, Bill, and Jim, the two latter being my younger brothers, arrived from their offices, each in succession declaring, with many "whews" and "ughs," that it was by all odds the coldest night yet. Undeniably we all felt proud of it too. A spirited man rather welcomes ten or fifteen degrees extra, if so be they make the temperature superlatively low; while he would very likely grumble at a much less positive chilliness, coupled with the disheartening feeling that he was enduring nothing extraordinary. The general exaltation of spirit and suspension of the conventionalities for the time being, which an extraordinarily hot or cold snap produces in a community, especially in the country, is noteworthy. During that run of mine to the post-office every man I met grinned confidentially, as if to say, "We're hearty fellows to stand it as we do." We regarded each other with an increase of mutual respect. That sense of fellowship which springs up between those associated in an emergency seemed to dispense with ordinary formalities, and neighbors with whom I had not a bowing ac-

quaintance fairly beamed on me as we passed.

After tea, Ella (Ella was a sister) got the evening paper out of somebody's overcoat, and was running it over in the dainty, skimming fashion peculiar to the gentler sex when favoring the press with their attention. It reminds one of sea-birds skimming the water, and anon diving for a tidbit. She read aloud: "Old Prob. reports another cold wave on the way East. It will probably reach the New England States this evening. The thermometers along its course range from 40° below zero at Fort Laramie, to 38° in Omaha, 31° in Chicago, and 30° in Cleveland. Numerous cases of death by freezing are reported. Our readers will do well to put an extra shovelful on the furnace overnight."

"Don't forget that, Jim," said father.

A gentleman friend called to take Ella out to a concert or something of the sort. Her mother was for having her give it up on account of the cold. But it so happens that young people, who, having life before them, can much better afford than their elders to forego particular pleasures, are much less resigned to doing so. The matter was compromised by piling so many wraps upon her that she protested it was like being put to bed. But, before they had been gone fifteen minutes they were back again, half-frozen. It had proved so shockingly cold they had not dared to keep on, and persuaded themselves accordingly that the entertainment had probably been postponed. The streets were entirely deserted; not even a policeman was visible, and the chilled gas in the street lamps gave but a dull light.

Ella proposed to give us our regular evening treat of music, but found the corner of the room where the melodeon stood too cold. Generally the room is warm in every part, and Jim got upbraided for keeping a poor fire. But he succeeded in proving that it was better than common; the weather was the matter. As the evening wore on, the members of the family gradually edged around the register, finally radiating from it as a center like the spokes of a wheel, of which the collected feet of the group made the hub.

My wife is from the Southern States and the huge cold of the North had been a new and rather terrifying experience to her. She had been growing nervous all the evening as the signs and portents of the weather accumulated. She was really half frightened.

"Aren't you afraid it will get so cold it

will never be able to get warm again, and then what would become of us?" she asked.

Of course we laughed at her, but I think her fears infected me with a slight vague anxiety as the evidences of extraordinary and still increasing cold went on multiplying. I had so far gotten over my bravado early in the evening that I should have been secretly relieved if the thermometer had taken a turn.

At length, one by one, the members of the family, with an anticipatory shiver over the register, went to their rooms and were doubtless in bed in the shortest possible time, and I fear without saying their prayers. Finally, my wife suggested that we had better go before we got too cold to do so.

The bedroom was shockingly cold. Going to bed is a test of character. I pride myself on the fact that generally, even when my room is cold, I can, with steady nerve and resolute hand, remove the last habitment, and without undignified precipitation reach for and indue the nocturnal garment. I admit, however, that on this occasion I gave way to a weak irresolution at the critical instant and shivered for some moments in constantly increasing demoralization. Before I could make up my mind to the first change. Then ensued the slow and gradual conquest of the frozen bed to a tolerable warmth, a result attained only by clever strategic combinations of bed-clothes and most methodical policy. As I lay awake I heard the sides of the house crack in the cold. "What," said I to myself with shiver, "should I do if anything happened that required me to get up and dress again? It seemed to me I should be capable of letting a man die in the next room for need of succor. Being of an imaginative temperament, not to feel prepared for possible contingencies is for me to feel guilty and miserable. The last thing I remember before dropping off to sleep was solemnly promising my wife never to trust ourselves North another winter. I then fell asleep and dreamed of the ineffable cold of the inter-stellar spaces, which the scientific people talk about.

The next thing I was sensible of was feeling of the most utter discomfort I ever experienced. My whole body had become gradually chilled through. I could feel my flesh rising in goose pimples at every movement. What has happened? was my first thought. The bed-clothes were all there, four inches of them, and to find myself shivering under such a pile seemed a

of the laws of nature. Shivering is an unpleasant operation at best and at its worst; but, when one has shivered till the body is lame, and every quiver is a racking, aching pain, that is something quite different from any ordinary shivering. My wife was awake and in the same condition. What I ever bring her to this terrible country for. She had been lying as still as possible for an hour or so, waiting till she should die of something; and feeling that if she stirred she should freeze, as water near the freezing point crystallizes when agitated. She said that when I had disturbed the clothes by my movement, she had felt like hating me. We were both almost scared, it must be confessed. Such an experience had never before. In voices muffled by the bed-clothes we held dismal confab, and concluded that we must make our way to the sitting-room and get over the register. I have had my share of unpleasant duties in my life. I remember how I felt in Pennsylvania when I stepped up and out from behind a breastwork of fence rails over which the bullets were whistling like hailstones, to charge the enemy. Worse still, I remember how I felt at one or two public lectures when I rose from my seat to reply to a toast and to meet the gaze of a hundred expectant faces with an overpowering consciousness of looking like a fool, and of my inability to do or say anything which would not justify the presumption. But never did an act of my life call for so much sheer will-power as stepping out of that comfortable bed into that freezing room. It is a general rule in getting up winter mornings that the air never proves so cold as was anticipated while lying warm in bed. But this did this time, probably because my system was deprived of all elasticity and power of reaction by being so thoroughly chilled. Hastily donning in the dark what was absolutely necessary, my poor wife and myself, with chattering teeth and prickly bodies, the best thoroughly demoralized couple in history, ran down-stairs to the sitting-room. To our surprise, we found the gas lit and the other members of the family already gathered there, huddling over the register. I felt a sinking at the heart as I marked the strained, anxious look on each face, a look that asked what strange thing would come upon us. They had been there, I said, for some time. Ella, Jim, and Ed, who slept alone, had been the first to leave their beds. Then father and mother, and finally my wife and I, had followed.

Soon after our arrival there was a fumbling at the door, and the two Irish girls, who help mother keep house, put in their blue, pinched faces. They scarcely waited an invitation to come up to the register.

The room was but dimly lighted, for the gas, affected by the fearful chill, was flowing slowly and threatened to go out. The gloom added to the depressing effect of our strange situation. Little was said. The actual occurrence of strange and unheard-of events excites very much less wonderment than the account of them written or rehearsed. Indeed, the feeling of surprise often seems wholly left out of the mental experience of those who undergo or behold the most prodigious catastrophes. The sensibility to the marvelous is the one of our faculties which is, perhaps, the soonest exhausted by a strain. Human nature takes naturally to miracles, after all. "What can it mean?" was the inquiry a dozen times on the lips of each one of us, but beyond that, I recall little that was said. Bill, who was the joker of the family, had essayed a jest or two at first on our strange predicament, but they had been poorly received. The discomfort was too serious, and the extraordinary nature of the visitation filled every mind with nameless forebodings and a great unformed fear.

We asked each other if our neighbors were all in the same plight with ourselves. They must be, of course, and many of them far less prepared to meet it. There might be whole families in the last extremity of cold right about us. I went to the window, and with my knife scraped away the rime of frost, an eighth of an inch thick, which obscured it, till I could see out. A whitish-gray light was on the landscape. Every object seemed still, with a quite peculiar stillness that might be called intense. From the chimneys of some of the houses around, thick columns of smoke and sparks were pouring, showing that the fires were being crowded below. Other chimneys showed no smoke at all. Here and there a dull light shone from a window. There was no other sign of life anywhere. The streets were absolutely empty. No one suggested trying to communicate with other houses. This was a plight in which human concourse could avail nothing.

After piling all the coal on the furnace it would hold, the volume of heat rising from the register was such as to singe the clothes of those over it, while those waiting their turn were shivering a few feet off. The

men of course yielded the nearest places to the women, and, as we walked briskly up and down in the room, the frost gathered on our mustaches. The morning, we said, would bring relief, but none of us fully believed it, for the strange experience we were enduring appeared to imply a suspension of the ordinary course of nature.

A number of cats and dogs, driven from their accustomed haunts by the intense cold, had gathered under the windows, and there piteously moaned and whined for entrance.

Swiftly it grew colder. The iron casing of the register was cold in spite of the volume of heat pouring through it. Every point or surface of metal in the room was covered with a thick coating of frost. The frost even settled upon a few filaments of cobweb in the corners of the room which had escaped the housemaid's broom, and which now shone like hidden sins in the day of judgment. The door-knob, mop-boards, and wooden casings of the room glistened. We were so chilled that woolen was as cold to the touch as wood or iron. There being no more any heat in our bodies, the non-conducting quality of a substance was no appreciable advantage. To avoid the greater cold near the floor, several of our number got upon the tables, presenting, with their feet tucked under them, an aspect that would have been sufficiently laughable under other circumstances. But, as a rule, fun does not survive the freezing point. Every few moments the beams of the house snapped like the timbers of a straining ship, and at intervals the frozen ground cracked with a noise like cannon,—the hyperborean earthquake.

A ruddy light shone against the windows. Bill went and rubbed away the ice. A neighbor's house was burning. It was one of those whose chimneys were vomiting forth sparks when I had looked out before. There was promise of an extensive conflagration. Nobody appeared in the streets, and, as there were intervening houses, we could not see what became of the inmates. The very slight interest which this threatening conflagration aroused in our minds was doubtless a mark of the already stupefying effect of the cold. Even our voices had become weak and altered.

The cold is a sad enemy to beauty. My poor wife and Ella, with their pinched faces, strained, aching expression, red, rheumy eyes and noses, and blue or pallid cheeks, were sad parodies on their comely selves. Other forces of nature have in them some-

thing the spirit of man can sympathize with, as the wind, the waves, the sun; but there is something terribly inhuman about the cold. I can imagine it as a congenial principle brooding over the face of chaos in the æon before light was.

Hours had passed, it might have been years, when father said, "Let us pray." He knelt down, and we all mechanically followed his example, as from childhood up we had done at morning and evening. Ever before, the act had seemed merely a fit and graceful ceremony, from which no one had expected anything in particular to follow, or had experienced aught save the placid reaction that commonly results from a devotional act. But now the meaning so long latent became eloquent. The morning and evening ceremony became the sole resource in an imminent and fearful emergency. There was a familiar strangeness about the act under these circumstances, which touched us all. With me, as with most, something of the feeling implied in the adage, "Familiarity breeds contempt," had impaired my faith in the practical efficacy of prayer. How could extraordinary results be expected from so common an instrumentality, and especially from so ordinary and every-day a thing as family prayer? Our faith in the present instance was also not a little lessened by the peculiar nature of the visitation. In any ordinary emergency God might help us, but we had a sort of dim apprehension that even He could not do anything in such weather. So far as humbleness was concerned, there was no lack of that. There are some inflictions which, although terrible, are capable of stirring in haughty human hearts a rebellious indignation. But to cold succumb soul and mind. It has always seemed to me that cold would have broken down Milton's Satan. I felt as if I could grovel to be vouchsafed a moment's immunity from the gripe of the savage frost.

Owing to the sustaining power there is in habit, the participation in family devotion proved strengthening to us all. In emergencies, we get back from our habits the mental and moral vigor that first went to their formation, and has since remained on interest.

It is not the strongest who succumb first to cold, as was strikingly proved in our experience. The prostration of the faculties may be long postponed by the power of the will. All assaults on human nature, whether of cold, exhaustion, terror, or any other kind, respect the dignity of the mind, and

its capitulation before finally storming
stronghold of life. I am as strong in
technique as men average, but I gave out
before my mother. The voices of mother
and Bill, as they took counsel for our salva-
tion, fell on my ears like an idle sound. This
was the crisis of the night.

The next thing I knew, Bill was urging us
to eat some beefsteak and bread. The for-
getfulness I afterward learned, he had got out of
the pantry and cooked over the furnace fire.
It was about five o'clock, and we had eaten
and being for nearly twelve hours. The gen-
eral exhaustion of our powers had prevented
the natural appetite from making itself felt,
but mother had suggested that we should try
to eat, and it saved us. It was still fearfully
dark, but the danger was gone as soon as we
felt the reviving effect of the food. An

ounce of food is worth a pound of blankets.
Trying to warm the body from the outside
is working at a tremendous disadvantage.
It was a strange picnic, as, perched on chairs
and tables in the dimly lighted room, we
munched our morsels, or warmed the frozen
bread over the register. After this, some
of us got a little sleep.

I shall never forget my sensations when, at
last, I looked out at the eastern window and
saw the rising sun. The effect was indeed
peculiarly splendid, for the air was full of
particles of ice, and the sun had the effect
of shining through a mist of diamond dust.
Bill had dosed us with whisky, and perhaps
it had got into our heads, for I shouted, and
my wife cried. It was at the end of the
weary night, like the first sight of our coun-
try's flag when returning from a foreign world.

ALMA MATER'S ROLL.

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

[A part of an historical speech at the Phi Beta Kappa dinner at Cambridge, July 1, 1875.]

As she scan her sacred scroll,
And her read her record roll
When who wrought to win the right,
When who fought and died in fight,
Who now a hundred years by-gone,
Today she welcomed Washington,
Who showed to him her boys and men,
Who told him of their duty then.

Here are the beardless boys I sent,
And whispered to them my intent
To free a struggling continent.
Remarks upon this scroll will show
The word a hundred years ago."

"Otis"—no lesser death was given
To him than by a bolt from heaven!
"Quincy"—he died before he heard
The echo of his thunder word.

And these were strippling lads whom I
Called out to speak a nation's cry,
"Glittering generality"

"Living words that cannot die—
"John Hancock!" "Here." "John Adams." "Here."

"Paine, Gerry, Hooper, Williams!" "Here."

"My Narragansett Ellery!" "Here."

"Sam. Adams, first of freemen!" "Here."

"Beardless boys, my gray-beard men,
Who named to take the fatal pen
Who gave eternal rights to men!—
"All present, or accounted for!"

As she scan again the scroll,
And her read again the roll;—
Who heard her name her soldier son,
Who called from home by Lexington.
Who smiled and laid his baton down,
Who would be next to Washington!
Who called her list of boys and men
Who served her for her battles then.
From North to South, from East to West,
Who named her bravest and her best,

From distant fort, from bivouac near,
"Brooks, Eustis, Cobb, and Thacher!" "Here."
—Name after name, with quick reply,
As twitched his lip, and flashed his eye.
But then he choked and bowed his head—
"Warren—at Bunker Hill—lies dead."
The roll was closed—he only said,
"All present, or accounted for!"

That scroll is stained with time and dust,
They were not faithless to their trust.
"If those days come again—if I
Call on the grandsons—what reply?
What deed of courage new display
These fresher parchments of to-day?"

I saw her take the fresher scroll,
I heard her read the whiter roll,
And as the answers came, the while
Our mother nodded with a smile:
"Charles Adams." "Here." "George Bancroft."
"Here."

"The Hoars." "Both here!" "Dick Dana."
"Here!"

"Wadsworth!" "He died at duty's call."
"Webster!" "He fell as brave men fall."
"Everett!" "Struck down in Faneuil Hall."
"Summer!" "A nation bears his pall."
"Shaw!" "Abbot!" "Lowell!" "Savage!" "All
Died there—to live on yonder wall!"
"Come East, come West, come far, come near,
Lee! Bartlett, Davis, Devens!" "Here."
All present, or accounted for!

Boys, heed the omen! Let the scroll
Fill as it may, as years unroll.
But when again she calls her youth
To serve her in the ranks of Truth,
May she find all one heart, one soul:
At home, or on some distant shore,
"All present, or accounted for!"

TILDA.

ONE hot September day I dragged my weary self and my dusty skirts into the "Swedish intelligence office." The woman in charge was busy, and I sat down to wait till she could attend to me. I had been to ever so many offices that morning, and I could find nobody willing to go into the country. A good many girls would have suited me pretty well, but the trouble was that I did not suit them.

Presently the woman came to me, and I went over the same old story: Girl for general housework to go into the country, wages fourteen dollars, care of the milk of one cow—and all the rest of it. She went off into the inner room, and I waited. I did not expect to be suited, or rather to suit. I had only gone in because I felt it my duty to go the rounds, and so I looked up without the slightest interest when she came back with a young girl. Contrary to all the established rules of republican equality and fraternity, she did not flop into the chair placed for her, neither did she begin a volley of questions in the usual style, but stood respectfully before me. She was a Swede, about twenty years old, I judged, with a bright face, blue eyes, and plenty of yellow hair braided down her back in two long tails. Her whole appearance was decidedly foreign, and a little odd, and she had evidently not become used to the manner of the country, as her skirt of some coarse stuff reached only to her ankles. I began with the usual question:

"What is your name?"

"Tilda, Madame."

The name sounded so silvery as she spoke that it reminded me of the almost forgotten ring of an honest silver quarter on a marble counter. The voice and the name were so fresh that in the little hot and dusty office I seemed to feel an aromatic breath from the Swedish hills. The accent was very marked, but the "Madame" sounded Frenchy, and I said:

"Who taught you to say Madame?"

"There was one French girl on my ship when I came, and she say 'Madame' to her lady, so I say so too."

The girl's bright and innocent face attracted me, and I began to ask her about herself. I found that she had been in America nearly a year, but that she had been obliged to leave her place on account of some change in the family, and that she was

anxious to find a place in the country. She spoke modestly of her own acquirements, and I felt encouraged, because those who know the most acknowledge the least of intelligence offices, as everywhere else.

She told me she was all alone in America. "And in the big world too, Madame," she added, frankly. She said she was boarded in a large house where there were many people, and that it frightened her. I opened my heart to her—this poor, friendly stranger, alone in a great, lonely crowd—although I had registered a vow never again to be interested in a servant, I was interested in Tilda at once, and I took her home.

She was just like a child in the extravagant delight in the country sights and sounds which she showed when we drove up from the station. The sun was just setting gorgeously as we went into the yard, and she could scarcely contain herself; she did not seem to hear me when I said: "This is home, Tilda." No sun-worshiper ever looked with greater rapture on his god than she did, and I felt humiliated to think how little I appreciated my country home, when she turned and said: "Madame, I have not seen home right before since I left my land." At first she seemed to be scarcely able to keep within doors, and for weeks after she came to me I used to find her at the door or windows, the kitchen gazing out so intently as to have quite forgotten her work. In October a little maple-tree on the side of the mountain, just over the river, turned scarlet very suddenly, as they sometimes do, and Tilda was filled with amazement; she begged me to take her to it that she might see its wonderful blossoms. I rowed over in the afternoon, and took her with me, and she found it hard to believe that the beautiful leaves were not some new and wonderful flower. While they lasted she was never without some pinned into her hair. I never saw any one show a more lovely and tender appreciation of nature than she did, and her love for the very grass and clover-blossoms was like that of a little child. She was a constant reproach to me from her quiet enjoyment in common things.

I soon found that I had at last secured a pearl of great price; she surpassed my fondest dreams as regarded my kitchen; she was always pleasant and willing, and took a deep interest in me and my affairs. It was a

ful change from the chaos which had surrounded me before. She was so kind to me when I had my dreadful headaches, and her large cool hand seemed to soothe away the pain when she laid it on my head.

One day, as she was softly bathing my head, I looked up into her eyes, and fancied I saw a sort of yearning look, and I wondered if she were quite happy, or if she, too, like most people, had some sad memories. Ever that I watched her, and as the winter went on, and the spring and summer came and went, I often saw that wistful look in her eyes.

One day in the fall it all came out. I was in the kitchen preserving quinces, and I sang and half hummed an old love song—the words were sweet and tender—of a lover who went away, and never came back, like many another, alas! and I fancied, I peered into my kettle to see if “it boiled,” that I heard a little sob. I looked and saw two big tears running down the cheeks of my little maiden. She saw my face and said: “Never mind, Madame, it was the song, but I will not knead my bread with tears, it is not luck;” and she took her hands out of the dough, and turned me back to me. She washed her hands, and began to wipe her eyes with the corner of her apron; but the tears would come, and she sat down and threw her apron over her head, and sobbed heartily.

I was distressed, but I knew well enough that there is nothing like a real good fit of weeping as a remedy for an aching heart; so, I left her alone, and presently she began to calm. Then I set back my kettle so my quinces should not burn, and went and sat down by her and took her hand.

“Now, tell me all about it,” I said. “Ah, Madame is kind and I will tell, but do not use, for Eric is so far away.” “So there was a man at the bottom of it. Men are always being twitted with the fact that there is a woman at the bottom of every trouble; but it is just as often a man who is the woman, and perhaps more often; only tell, and women do not.”

This was Tilda’s story, as nearly in her own words as I can remember them:

“My father kept the inn in Dahl, and I was his but one child, my mother die, oh! many years ago; but I could work, Madame knows that, and my cheeses were the best in Dahl. I was good scholar, too; I could read and write, and the daughter of our good pastor did show me how to do the work—what is it you call it, Madame, of the kind, you know?”

“Embroidery?” I said.

“Yes, yes; that was it; well, Madame, when I was sixteen year I had three lads, but I did love Eric only. I did dance and laugh with Bjorn and Halvor, and Eric sometimes did speak to me about it; but, Madame, I meant no harm, and I could not never speak to any one but Eric. One day I went to the fair and my braids were tied with ribbon, blue it was, that Eric did give me, and Bjorn did say they were not nice, and he did buy me some more; Eric saw, and he say: ‘Tilda, you must not wear what Bjorn gives.’ Madame, he had no right, and I felt angry and I did pull off my ribbons, and put on those Bjorn give.”

The blue eyes were full of tears, but still I saw a flash of fire that told me how she was living the scene over again. I could see the coquette by that flash in her eyes.

“Well, Madame, Eric did look very white, and he took up my ribbon and he say very low: ‘Then Bjorn can have you, for I go, Tilda,’ and I would not speak, Madame, for I did not think he did mean it. Eric had a place all his own, he was what you call a smith, but he pack up and go off the next day and got work in another town, and I never see him no more.”

Then she broke down and sobbed again, and I felt the tears in my own eyes. It was the spirit of coquetry that had cost my pretty Tilda her lover in the little Swedish village, just as it has parted many another pair in the great world. Tilda saw the tears in my eyes, and said, as she dried hers, “And does Madame know, too?” The question was so child-like, I could not be offended; but I thought I would attend to my quinces, just then.

“Well,” I said, “and what happened then, Tilda?”

“Ah! my father, he marry after that and he not live long; she was not good to him, and it make him feel bad when she was cross to me; and when he die, she have all the farm.”

“But why did she have it all?” I said.

“I not know, Madame; the pastor, he tell me, there was some trouble.”

“Why didn’t you have a lawsuit?”

“I not understand, Madame; but my people in Dahl do not have law, it is not right; so I have no one to love, and I did go to Gefle, and some men what fish take me in their boat to Stockholm, and a man who got girls for America send me out in a ship to this land. And, Madame, before I did leave, I wrote mine Eric a letter to

come to me, and I did tell him I was sorry, but he did get the pastor where he was to write for him, and say he could not come then for it was summer, and he had much work, and for me to stay there till winter; but, Madame, I could not, my father was dead and his wife did not love me, and I could not get work to keep me as I could be once, and in winter I could not cross the water to America; so I did write Eric, would he come after me if I did go?—and he say yes, he would come after me before the snow came, and he did tell me to be true like my people, and he would be true, and then surely come. So I did write again and say I would be true, that I did not love none but him, and I would send a letter where he would find me in America; so, when I was in my place in New York I did write him, but, Madame, I have heard not one word since the letter I did have in Dahl.”

Here she stopped and wiped her eyes and said presently, with a bright glance:

“But he will come, Madame.”

I was strangely touched and interested by her little story, but I doubted if her Eric would ever come, and I said so in as few words as possible, and added a short moral about the unfaithfulness of men in general, and how very apt they were to be on with the new love before being well off with the old; but it was of no use, and she made me feel ashamed of my doubting words, when her only answer was:

“Madame, he will come, I am sure.”

“And have you never written to him since you have been here, Tilda?” I went on, when I had finished moralizing.

Her face clouded, and she answered with a little hesitation.

“Yes, Madame, I did write, and I did send him the money to help him, if luck had not been with him.”

“Tilda,” I cried, “why, the money won’t do him any good there; why didn’t you tell me; you ought to have had a bill of exchange.”

“Ah, Madame, I did not like to speak, and the money can be good there; I have seen it in the letters from America, Hansen did send home.”

I was very much afraid the money was lost, but I didn’t say so, of course; but, I said, as I was putting my jars away:

“Perhaps, Tilda, you’ll find somebody here that you will like better than you did Eric.”

She looked at me a minute, and then said, as she turned to hand me another jar:

“No, Madame, the Dahl people do not forget like that.”

I told Harry her story that evening, but he did not seem to think much of it, and only said:

“Oh, well, it’s a very pretty little story; really; but, her Eric will never turn up, and if any other Swede does, you must better be careful how she sees much of him, unless you’re perfectly willing to lose her. She’s only very much like the rest of you, imagine, just a trifle fickle, and if she stays now, she will soon be educated up to it.”

I was really provoked. Men are so easily believing, but then I couldn’t help feeling that Harry was much more likely to be right than I hoped he would be. Tilda seemed to feel better for having told me of her troubles, and began to sing some sweet Swedish ballads as she did her work.

The months flew by and Christmas came. A dreary day indeed; not the ideal Christmas by any means,—cold, clear, and sparkling,—but misty, half snow, half rain, and damp, the roads running with ice, and a general feeling of depression in the air.

Harry had been called off early that morning to some miserable old woman who had died herself ill, and I felt lonely enough for we had no children to make the day bright, and there was no church, for in our village we didn’t have church, except on Sundays and prayer meetings; so I devoted myself to Tilda. I sat down in the kitchen to find a little bit of the spirit of the day in her genuine delight in her pretty new blue dress and the white aprons I had given her. She was sitting with her back to the window, laying the soft folds of merino over her lap, and expressing her thankfulness and pleasure in her sweet voice, when I saw over her head, a curious figure enter the room.

It was a man; evidently a tramp, and a queer one. He stood still for a moment after entering the gate, and I took a good look at him; and as I looked, it flashed over me: “There is her lover at last, I am sure enough.”

For he had evidently come from a foreign land. He had on leather knee-breeches, a white woolen jacket, a blue vest and a black slouch hat.

He came up the path and knocked at the door. Tilda gave a frightened start, as she had been utterly absorbed in her dress and then got up to open it. I was positive it was Eric, and tried to prepare her by saying:

"It's a queer-looking man, Tilda. I saw him come in just now, and I think he looks like a German."

She gave me a quick, keen glance, and made one spring toward the door. She flung it open, gave one look in the man's face, and staggered back a step or two, her face as gray as ashes. The man spoke, and I fancied he spoke the Swedish language, for I had heard Tilda sing so many of her ballads, I had caught the sound of some of the words.

Tilda answered him in a few words, and turned to me.

"Ah, Madame, I was sure mine Eric had come, but it is not; but this one is from my father. May he come in?"

I said "yes," for in the country we always feed everybody who comes along; but I felt so astonished and disappointed, for Tilda had really inspired me with some of her own faith that Eric would "surely come."

Tilda told him to come in, and then ended a perfect volley of words on both sides. She got him something to eat and talked all the time; but when he began to eat as if he were almost famished, she told me that he was going to a village about ten miles from home where he had friends at work in the paper-mill, and she said he could not tell me anything about her village, because he would not come from there; but she said, with a bright look which seemed to come straight from her brave and hopeful soul:

"If he have got here all the way alone, mine Eric will come too."

"All the way alone." The poor child never seemed to realize that she had come all the way alone," with no hope of a meeting with anybody but strangers at the end of her journey.

The man was fed and warmed, and sent on his way rejoicing. A neighbor took him on his wood-sleigh, which happened to be going in his direction, and one or two pieces of scrip made a rich man of him; and when I began to think of Tilda, for I found her in the kitchen sobbing as if her heart would break.

"You see, Madame, I felt it was mine father. It seemed to be in Madame's face, and for one moment I did think so myself, and it was just like the clothes the men in the mill do wear, and the hat was down a little, and then I saw it was only some one I did not know."

"I'm so sorry, Tilda, but I did think it was Eric."

"I know, Madame, and it will be. And now, Madame, I will not cry, but I will get my dinner for the good doctor."

The years flew by, five of them, and still Tilda remained a household treasure—still she watched and waited with a firm and beautiful faith for "mine Eric" who did not come.

The Swede who had appeared in the guise of a tramp so long before, had become in the factory village a very respectable sort of fellow, a kind of useful man in the family of one of the owners. He had not forgotten Tilda in his days of prosperity, and had made for himself or his employer various errands in "Longview," and finally he came so often, that Harry told me I had better begin to make up my mind to the inevitable—resign myself to seeing Tilda become Mrs. Javik, for that was his dreadful name.

But I believed in Tilda, and I told my faithless husband to wait and see, and he did; and one day, after the Swede had been there and had gone off, I went into the kitchen, and found Tilda with a red face and a flurried manner. I suspected what it meant, but I didn't take any notice, until she snatched up the potatoes she had been peeling and started to throw them out, and then I said:

"You had better sit down a minute, Tilda, till you can think."

She looked at me a minute and then burst out laughing, and as suddenly began to cry too. "Oh, dear!" I thought, "now for a case of hysterics;" but she recovered herself, and said:

"Madame will please excuse me, but he was a big fool. I did tell him I have a lad already, and he only say: 'But you have been here five year. He have forgotten now. You had better marry me.' It did make me so angry I just say: 'I had better stay where I am, and you shall not say mine Eric have forgot.' Ack! Madame, I do not know why he is such big fool. I did not want him if Eric never come, but he do not think I mean it when I tell him."

I had a quiet little laugh all to myself as I went through the dining-room to meet Harry, who just then came in at the side door.

"Who's right now?" I cried, as I met him. "She isn't going to have him, after all."

"Who isn't going to have whom?" said Harry.

"Why, Tilda, of course; she has sent off that fellow from Ludlow."

"Has she really?" said Harry, as if he thought this might not be the end of it.

"It is really dreadfully sad," I said, without noticing his skepticism; "she is growing thin and miserable. I don't believe he is ever entirely out of her mind."

"Well," said Harry, as he settled himself in his arm-chair, "put *her* out of your mind, for I've got something to tell you. I'm going to have a cottage hospital here to see how the system works, and I think I can make it work this way: You know the cottage down by the Burntons? Well, I have been looking it over, and it's just right for the purpose; almost all the rooms are on the ground floor, you know, and I am going to put Joe Clark and his wife there to keep it, to cook and care for the patients that come. You haven't much to do at home, and you can be matron. I'll be physician in ordinary, and your invaluable Tilda shall be general assistant. I've written Jocelyn I'll take three men who are convalescing off his hands and the city hospital's and get 'em well here in the country. Now what do you think of it?"

"Why, it sounds very well, but you know I have ever so much to do at home, and I can't be there very much, or Tilda either: and it's a great deal to take care of three sick men. I don't believe Lizzie Clark can ever do it in the world."

"Oh, they won't be the kind that are very ill, you know; at least not at present; not until I've made a fair trial of it."

"Well," I said, "I'll help you all I can, Harry; but it does seem as if you had enough on your hands now without trying a new experiment."

However, Harry had his way, and the cottage was plainly furnished, and three rooms were prepared for patients.

We had two little boys at first, and one man; they were all getting well when they were sent up, but were all three cases that Dr. Jocelyn considered would be greatly benefited by change of air.

The boys were recovering from fevers, and had been cared for as well as they could be in an immense hospital, but not as we were able to do for them; and as they and Tilda were mutually attracted by each other, the little fellows became very dear to her. So she fell into the way of spending all her spare time at "Bethesda," as we had christened our cottage; she was a born nurse, for they are like poets, "born, not made." She al-

ways seemed to know just what to do, and just when to do it, and she was never fussy, and only helped Lizzie, and never "put her out."

It was a dreadful trial to her when the boys were well enough to go away, and she took it sadly to heart; but as patients kept coming and going she learned to feel that they were only hers to care for while they were sick and feeble, and became quite resigned to see them leave as soon as they were able to go.

Our cottage scheme became a great success, and Harry congratulated himself constantly that we had been the first to introduce it and make it successful in America. We never had more than three patients at a time, and they were generally those who needed great quiet and rest for their nerves. We had only men and boys, always one boy, and generally two, and to those poor children Tilda was nurse, mother, and friend.

But I began to see a change in her; she grew thin, and there was a look in her eyes and about her mouth that grieved me. She seldom spoke of Eric, but she watched for him unceasingly. No man who was a stranger ever passed our door unnoticed by her. I have often seen her start when the gate clicked, and her back happened to be toward it. The eager look of expectation in her face was pitiful.

One hot afternoon in June we started for "Bethesda" with some jelly and blanc-mange for a sick boy, our only patient just then. Joe Clark had been mate of a ship, but some injury he had received from a fall had kept him ashore for years, to his great regret; his only solace seemed to be to perch in the corner of the stone wall under the apple-tree and smoke his pipe, and look over the river and up and down the dusty road. He would occasionally give a knowing look at the sky, or shade his eyes with his hand, and gaze into the horizon as if sighting a ship from the mast-head.

On this particular afternoon he seemed to be watching for some "craft" from our direction, and as we approached he called out:

"Hurry up, Mis' Warren, the doctor's been a-waitin' fur ever so long fur ye."

"What's the matter?" I said, "and why didn't you come up for me if I was wanted?"

"Well, mum, my leg is pooty bad this arternoon, and the doctor thought you'd come soon, and Liz is busy inside; it's only a man the doctor sent up from York, and he's kind o' wild-like."

I didn't like that news, for we couldn't take care of delirious patients very well; so he had time to devote herself exclusively to one person, and I hurried into the house, feeling that Dr. Jocelyn had done a very thoughtless thing, for he knew I should have to nurse that man myself, for of course Harry could not, with all his practice. I went right into the sitting-room, while Tilda went round to put her jelly into the refrigerator in the wood-house.

Harry was standing beside one of the beds, and on it lay a man, evidently very ill. He was as white, or as waxen as death, and he moaned as if in pain; his hands were clutched at the sheet convulsively, and he started up a babbling to himself in some strange language.

"Well," I said, a little impatiently, "this is a nice thing for Tom Jocelyn to do; how will he ever get here, as ill as he is?"

"Anna," said my husband, with a respectful look, "we can't always have pleasant patients to take care of, and I know this is a case likely to give you a deal of trouble; but it's just God's own mercy that this is out of the city this weather. Jocelyn sent him up with one of his best men, fearing just what has happened, and knowing it was his only chance for life. He is a German, I think, and he was taken to Jocelyn about three months ago, he writes me, dreadfully injured about the head from a falling stone. He had a fever, and has never been well enough to tell anything about himself, although he speaks broken English, and Jocelyn hasn't quite liked some of his symptoms, and feared a relapse, and he thought he could send him here he might perhaps, from entire change and quiet, be able to avert the danger, and the heat and the journey have just used him up; but then I'm not sure but that it would have come on if he hadn't been moved."

"Well, what's to be done now?" I said; "he can't be left a minute; why didn't you keep the man who came with him?"

"I couldn't; it was Briggs, Tom's right-hand man."

"Well, I suppose I've got to take care of him, then."

"I'm afraid you must, Anna—days, that is, with Tilda's help; I can take care of him nights."

My good husband, who worked so hard every day! what a lesson of self-sacrifice he was to me. I looked up, ashamed, saying:

"I'll do my best, Harry; but it is so hot, I've put out for a minute."

"That's a brave little woman; now call Tilda to change this water, and keep putting fresh bandages on his head, and give him a drink when he wants one. I'll come back for you by tea-time."

I went to the door and called Tilda, and gave her the pitcher to draw some fresh water from the well; she took it, and I sat down by the side of the bed, and began to fan the man. Tilda came back with the pitcher of water, and came round to me to put it on the little stand at my side, when she dropped it with a crash, and with an odd sound, half-sob, half-scream, fell like a log to the floor.

I was dreadfully frightened, but I scooped up some of the water in my hands and threw it in her face, and with a gasp and a sob she came to. She soon raised herself and tried to drag herself to the bed, and I said:

"Why, Tilda, you have worked too hard to-day in the heat."

"Oh, no! oh, no! it is not that, Madame, but he has come! mine Eric is *there*, Madame!" and she pointed to the bed.

I felt bewildered, dazed. I could not believe it, and I said:

"Are you *sure*, Tilda?—it can't be."

She had dragged herself to the side of the bed, and there kneeling in a pool of water, and with the fragments of the broken pitcher about her, she laid her head on the pillow beside that of the sick man. With one arm thrown over his breast, she turned her eyes toward me, and said:

"Did I not tell Madame he would come?"

She leaned over him and kissed his forehead, murmured to his deaf ears what I felt were endearing words in her native tongue, held his hand fast, and gazed into his face with such a look of radiant love, trust, and hope as I never expect to see again.

But presently she got up, and in a matter-of-fact way wiped up the spilled water, brushed up the pieces of broken china, and went out into the sun to dry her clothes. Then she came back, and said, with one of her sweetest looks:

"Will Madame let me stay with mine Eric?"

What could I do? It was dreadfully hard not to have her at home, and still more hard not to let her stay, so I said:

"Yes, Tilda, you may stay, and I'll try to get Abby Rice to help me for a few days."

At tea-time Harry came and heard the wonderful story, and then, after he had given Tilda his directions for the care of Eric during the night, we drove home.

"By Jove!" said Harry, "it is a queer thing, but the queerest thing about it is, that the fellow didn't mean to come; and that idea has never entered Tilda's head, evidently."

"Is he going to get well?" I asked.

"I can't tell. He is very ill, and a relapse is a very serious thing always, no matter what the disease, as you know as well as I."

Well, I went home and found Abby Rice, and got her to promise to help me for a few days, and early the next morning I went down to the cottage. Eric seemed about the same, but Tilda had grown young again during her night of watching. She looked anxious as we entered the room, but there was a light in her eyes that I had never seen there before.

"Does he know you yet?" I said.

"No, Madame; but he will soon," she answered.

Harry didn't say much, but when I followed him out he said:

"Anna, you must tell her he can't live. I feel sure of it. He cannot live twenty-four hours."

I heard a step behind me, and there was Tilda, and she had heard every word. She held both hands clasped over her heart, and said:

"I can bear it, Madame, but he will not die. The good Father will not take him from me."

It seemed to me as if Tilda's strong faith kept his soul in his body. For seven days and nights she stayed by his side; she slept on the floor to be roused by his slightest moan; she ate only what I put between her lips, and with the devotion that only women can show she nursed him, bathing his head and chafing his hands; singing to him little snatches of ballads; forcing wine and beef-tea down his throat, and forgetting nothing, except herself. At last there seemed to be a slight change for the better. He opened his eyes and seemed to look at her with an intelligence he had never shown before. She leaned over him and spoke his name, but there was no response; and she said, as she raised her head and saw my pitying look:

"It will be all right, Madame, by and by."

One morning, as I went in, she rushed to me and cried, with tears streaming down her face:

"Oh, he is better, so much better, he calls me 'Freya.' She is his sister, Madame."

I went in, and it did seem to me even

that he was better, and I waited anxiously for Harry to come. As soon as I heard the buggy I ran out, and told him of my hopes, and when he stood beside Eric, I saw in Harry's face that he was really better at last. Tilda watched Harry eagerly, and when he said, after a long and careful scrutiny, "Well, I believe he is going to pull through after all," she fell upon her knees and prayed out loud.

"The worst of it is," he said, "I'm afraid he will never be sane, and yet he may be."

I went back to Eric, and he seemed to realize at last that a woman was near him. He tried feebly to touch Tilda's hand as she busied herself about him, and gazed at her long and earnestly, and over and over came the name "Freya."

As the days went on he improved rapidly. He did not know Tilda, although at times he seemed to know that she was not Freya, his sister, and he always knew when I took Tilda's place; for he would push away my hand and appear uneasy until she came back. After two weeks he began to sit up in an arm-chair, and I often saw him pass his hand over his head and gaze at her with a curious look, half vacant and half questioning.

At last, one day about four weeks after the day Harry had pronounced him out of danger, I was alone with him and showing him some pictures in a paper, when he suddenly said:

"My Freya, she is gone."

He had never spoken to me before, and I fancied I saw a gleam of intelligence in his eyes.

I said,

"Freya is not here; where is she?"

"I not speak English; I not know."

I jumped with amazement and trembled with excitement, for the man knew what he was saying; I was convinced of it. Was my poor faithful Tilda really to be made happy at last? Scarcely sensible of the terrible rashness of what I did, I flew to the door and called Tilda, who was picking raspberries in the garden. I was white with excitement, and she ran to me, saying:

"What is the matter with Madame?"

I tried to calm myself, and said:

"Tilda, I think he'll know you."

She walked quietly to his side as he sat in the big arm-chair, and, with a trembling in her sweet voice, said a few words to him in their own language. He looked up at her with an air of inquiry, and then stared at her. She spoke again, and I, of course

could not understand one word except "Eric," "Tilda," and "Dahl," and those only because they were often repeated. I watched him narrowly, and, as she talked to him, I saw recognition gradually dawning on his stolid face, and presently, after she had apparently been entreating him to speak her name or to know her, he said very faintly, "Tilda."

"Ah, Madame, he knows me now," she said, and then, with one arm about his neck, and her face laid close to his, she held him fast for a moment. The man and woman for the time changed places, for it was she who protected and caressed.

Presently I said:

"Tilda, you must be very careful. He ought not to talk so much; it will hurt him." She at once spoke softly to him, and I saw she told him he must keep still, for as docile as a child, put back his head on the pillow, and did not speak again. Tilda was too thankful to do anything but sit and look at him, and as she so entirely understood that it might be very dangerous to let him speak, I let her stay till Harry came. He said when he saw Eric that it would not hurt him to talk to her a little, for it might strengthen his wandering sense; and so it proved, at the end of another week he seemed perfectly rational.

I was not much with them after that, for I wanted my girl to enjoy her happiness; but glad as I was for her, I felt dreadfully about losing her, for I knew she would never see the sight of Eric again. Tilda told me that he was very much troubled about Freya, his sister; that he could not remember where she had left her. Harry said that wasn't at all strange, for single facts often entirely escaped the mind in such an illness. Tilda also said that he had received the money she had lent him, and had paid their passage over with it, and had been on their way to Longview when he was hurt.

How I exulted over Harry, for here was my romance all out straight. Of course he did not own himself in the wrong, but it was such a satisfaction to me. One day I was sitting for a few moments with Eric and Tilda, when Lizzie put her head in at the door and said:

"Mis' Warren, there's somebody here from Dr. Jocelyn—out in the kitchen," and she retreated, muttering to herself, "Sakes alive! I hope that girl 'll get all she looks for."

I followed her, and in the kitchen I found a woman—dirty, covered with dust and cin-

ders, and looking ready to faint with fatigue. She looked like a German, and she was altogether a sorry object; a little boy clung to her skirts, dressed in a curious costume, which made him picturesque in spite of his dirt. The woman held a letter in her hand, which was from Dr. Jocelyn, and directed to Harry. "Goodness," I thought, as I tore the letter open, "these people must have come for change of air, as they don't appear to be ill." I can do no better than give the letter:

"New York, July 21st.

"DEAR WARREN: This woman turned up here in my ward a few days ago, and I think from her story that she is the wife of the Swede you have at Longview. It seems that she in some way tracked him to the hospital, and as she describes him pretty well, and the dates of his appearance here and her husband's disappearance from home appear to tally pretty well, I send her up on a venture, for if she is his wife she may be of use.

"Her English is very broken, and as I have no interpreter at hand, I can only glean the gist of her story. Perhaps if my conjectures prove to be wrong, your good wife can find some employment for her in the country; she seems to be quite destitute.

"I have two more fellows almost in a condition to send up. With kindest regards to Mrs. Warren,

"I am,

"Yours faithfully,

"THOMAS JOCELYN."

I saw how it was at once. I called Tilda, and as she came in I said: "Tilda, here is Eric's sister."

The woman was standing with her back to the door as Tilda entered, but she turned as I spoke, and looked at her. To my intense surprise there was perfect silence. No word of welcome from Tilda, nor of recognition from the woman; but the looks of both were so strange that they frightened me. On Tilda's face came a look of surprise and terror, and the woman gazed at her with as strange a look. I broke the silence first by saying:

"She is Eric's sister, isn't she, Tilda?"

"No, Madame," she said, in a raised voice, and with a sweep of her arm as if to hold me back; "she is not his sister, but a woman from Dahl."

The woman seemed to shrink and cower beneath Tilda's intense gaze, which never left her for a moment; and presently, in a frightened voice, she spoke a few words only. Tilda leaned forward, and answered her with a look slowly stealing over her face, which seemed to make her old all at once. I shall never forget that scene. I stood nearly between the two women, feeling that a tragedy was happening, and that I was in it.

As I think of it I even smell the very scent

of the mignonette from the bed under the window, and hear the hot, dry whirr of the locust, that just then shook his wings in the tree outside. Suddenly Tilda grasped the woman by the shoulders, and pushed her before her toward the door of the sitting-room. She seemed to sink downward from her knees from terror, but Tilda held her in a terrible grasp, and pushed her on. The child clung to the woman, and impeded their steps, and Tilda struck him from his hold, and threw him backward in a way that made my blood run cold. I tried to stop her; I might as well have tried to stop a whirlwind. Quite powerless, I followed on with them. At the door of Eric's room she stopped, and spoke his name in a voice so changed that I should not have known it.

He looked up, and when he saw the two women, recognition, shame, terror, were all in his face at once. He was abject in his whole attitude. All tenderness seemed to have left Tilda forever, and she spoke a few words in a dry, hard tone. The crying of the child behind us made her turn, and she pulled him roughly into view; pointed to him, to Eric, and to the woman; spoke one sharp sentence, and left the room.

I followed her; I *felt* what she had been saying, and I tried to put my arms round her as we passed into the kitchen, but with one long moan she fell at my feet fainting.

Lizzie bustled about full of wonder and anxious inquiry, to which I could only answer, "I don't know."

When Tilda came to herself I put the pillow from the rocking-chair under her head, and sat beside her. She did not cry. She tried to speak, but I said:

"Not now, poor Tilda; wait."

After a while she raised herself, and I helped her to a chair, and sent Lizzie away. Tilda took my hand and said:

"Madame, I will speak once, and then go home, my place is not here; that is his wife; her name is Freya; he did mean her, when I did think it was his sister. She was one of us at Dahl, and after I did come to America, he (she never said Eric again in my hearing) did make her wife; he was not true like my people; he did lie to me. Madame was right; I will go home, and Abby need not stay for me for longer."

To me and mine she has been, for years, a true and faithful friend, but she has never again been the bright Tilda that came to me that afternoon out of the raspberry bushes.

Eric's wife took care of him; I went to

him only when I could not help it. Lizzie vented her disgust in plain Yankee English and frequently shook her fist at Eric's close door or behind poor Freya's back.

When Harry heard the story he swore for the first time within my hearing.

As soon as Eric was able, we sent him off, and what has become of him and his I neither know nor care. They both spoke such very broken English that we could make out nothing of their history, and we could not, of course, call in Tilda for an interpreter; so it was only after two or three months when Harry went down to the hospital that we found out the little that we ever knew about them.

Dr. Jocelyn said Eric had been brought to the hospital, one morning, in a perfectly unconscious condition, having been struck down in the street by a falling sign. When he first spoke, it was only to rave in a strange language. After a few days, a clerk from a warehouse had inquired at the office as to the accident cases brought in within a week, and had finally identified Eric as one of their porters; but no one knew where he lived, or if he had any home or any wife, and so he lay there for weeks.

We could only guess at the way in which Freya had found him, which was probably this: she had waited for him to come home, and being almost perfectly ignorant of the language, could do nothing toward finding him when he did not come. How she had lived, Heaven only knows, but one day she appeared at the warehouse where Eric had been employed, and had given them an idea of the one she was in search of, and they had taken her to the hospital, and the rest I have told.

I always felt that she had been in search of him, and probably having some idea of his employment, had wandered from one warehouse to another until she stumbled upon the right one.

So while Tilda was waiting, she was looking; each in her different way so faithful, so womanly.

Years afterward, I was rummaging in the garret, and something in an old copy of the "Times" caught my eye. I sat down on the floor before the camphor chest, and read a letter written long years before by an artist when traveling in Sweden; he told a romantic story of a night which he had passed camping out, on a mountain near the village of Dahl.

A peasant had come to him as he sat in

moonlight, and had begged him to take her to America with him; he had, of course, refused, and the fellow had gone sadly away. In the morning, the guide told the artist that he had been anxious to get to America to find the girl he loved, whose name was Tilda; but that he had told him that in the wilderness he could never find his lost one, and had advised him to go back to his home. He had told him also the girl's story, representing her as the belle of the village; and it was very much like Tilda's story as she had told it to me.

The letter ended with a very pathetic sentence about the constancy of the peasant who would have sought his love far from the sea, in a strange country, with no one to her except the one fact that she was like Tilda with blue eyes and golden hair; and the last sentence was this:

"If anybody in far America can tell anything of Tilda with blue eyes and golden hair, let Eric know, in Dahl."

I dropped the paper and sat in a reverie, for the ending of the romance had been so real, so hard and so bitter, so true to *real* life, which is so apt to be both hard and bitter. With her letter in his pocket, no doubt, and her hard earnings in the letter, what strange mood or chance had turned him back, on the very threshold of his journey?

It might have been the discouragement of the guide, who had probably not known that Tilda had told him just where he would find her. Probably the words had their effect; but I fancy the real reason was the man's own shallow and faithless nature which had made it impossible for him to conceive of such love as Tilda's.

HOW THE DECLARATION WAS SAVED.

THE Declaration of Independence hung many years in a frame in the State Department, in the room occupied by the Hon. Stephen Pleasonton, who moved to Washington in 1800 with the Government. He was at that time in the State Department. Mr. Monroe, while President, created a new office, which was conferred on Mr. Pleasonton—that of Chief of the Light-House Establishment, to which was added the auditing of the ministerial and consular accounts. This office he retained under three Administrations until his death, in 1855. In August, 1814, when the British were expected in Washington, Mr. Monroe, then Secretary of State, ordered that all the papers belonging to the Department should be packed up and carried to a place of safety. Mr. Pleasonton had them all put in linen bags, and was just leaving his room, when, turning back suddenly to see whether anything had been left behind, he noticed the Declaration of Independence, which had been overlooked in the hurry, leaning upon the wall. As quick as thought he cut it out of the frame, and carried it away with the other valuable papers. But he will let him relate the story in his own way, as contained in an appendix to a full work written by the Hon. Edward D. Graham, of Philadelphia. To Mr. William Winder, of Philadelphia, Mr. Pleasonton writes:

WASHINGTON CITY, Aug. 7th, 1848.

"SIR: I have had the honor to receive your letter of the 5th instant, requesting to be informed of the reasons for, and the circumstances attending, the removal of the books and papers of the Department of State to a place of security in August, 1814, while a British fleet and army, then in the Chesapeake Bay, were menacing an attack on this city. After a lapse of thirty-four years I may not be perfectly accurate in my recollection of all the circumstances attending the transaction referred to, but I will, with great pleasure, state them as they now occur to my memory.

"I have no knowledge of information having been received by the Government from Messrs. Bayard and Gallatin (then ministers in Europe for adjusting a peace with Great Britain) of a proposed attack on Washington City by the British forces, but I remember to have seen in some of the British newspapers received from Mr. Beasley (the commissary of prisoners of war in London, who was in the habit of forwarding to the Department London newspapers by the cartels) a statement that the fleet and transports were receiving troops on board at Bordeaux, in France, with the view of operating against Washington and Baltimore, and that it was their intention to retaliate the outrages alleged to have been committed by our forces under General Dearborn at

York, in Upper Canada, some time previously. This allegation was denied and refuted by General Dearborn, as will appear by reference to Niles's 'Register,' vol. ix., page 159.

"Soon after learning that the British fleet were in the Chesapeake, we learned, also, that they were ascending the Patuxent, evidently with the view of attacking this city. Upon receiving this information, which was about a week before the enemy entered Washington, Colonel Monroe, then Secretary of State, mounted his horse and proceeded to Benedict, a small village on the Patuxent, where the British forces were being landed. From an eminence within a quarter of a mile from the village Colonel Monroe could distinctly see the number and kind of troops of which their army was composed; and, recollecting the threats held out in the British papers, and believing that we had no force which could successfully resist them, he sent a note either to Mr. John Graham, the chief clerk of the office, or myself (I do not remember which) by a vidette, advising us to take the best care of the books and papers of the office which might be in our power. Whereupon I proceeded to purchase coarse linen and cause it to be made into bags of convenient size, in which the gentlemen of the office, assisted by me, placed the books and other papers, after which I obtained carts and had them conveyed to a grist-mill, then unoccupied, belonging to Mr. Edgar Patterson, situated a short distance on the Virginia side of the Potomac, beyond the Chain Bridge, so called, two miles above Georgetown.

"While engaged in the passage-way of the building with the papers, the Department of State being on one side and the War Department on the other side of the passage, General Armstrong, then Secretary of War, on his way to his own room, stopped a short time, and observed to me that he thought we were under unnecessary alarm, as he did not think the British were serious in their intentions of coming to Washington. I replied that we were under a different belief; and, let their intentions be what they might, it was the part of prudence to preserve the valuable papers of the Revolutionary Government. These comprised the Declaration of Independence, the laws, the secret journals of Congress then not published, the correspondence of General Washington, his commission resigned at the close of the war, the correspondence of General Greene and other generals, as well as all the laws, treaties, and correspondence of the Depart-

ment of State, since the adoption of the Constitution down to that time.

"Considering the papers unsafe at the mill, as, if the British forces got to Washington, they would probably detach a force for the purpose of destroying a foundry for cannon and shot in its neighborhood, and would be led by some evil-disposed person to destroy the mill and papers also, I proceeded to some farm-houses in Virginia and procured wagons, in which the books and papers were deposited, and I proceeded with them to the town of Leesburg, a distance of thirty-five miles, at which place an empty house was procured, in which the papers were safely placed, the doors locked, and the keys given to the Rev. Mr. Linn, who was then, or had been, one of the collectors of internal revenue.

"Being fatigued with the ride, and secured the papers, I retired early to bed, and was informed next morning by the people of the hotel where I stayed that they had seen, the preceding night being the 24th of August, a large fire in the direction of Washington, which proved to be a light from the public buildings which the enemy had set on fire and burned to the ground.

"On the 26th of August I returned to Washington, and found the President's house and public offices still burning, and learned that the British army had evacuated the city the preceding evening, in the belief that our forces were again assembling behind their rear for the purpose of cutting off their retreat. However this may be, they made a forced march, and left, it was reported, a considerable number of their men on the road, who were captured by a troop of horse from Frederick, in Maryland.

"As a part of the British fleet soon afterward ascended the Potomac and plundered Alexandria of a large quantity of flour and tobacco, threatening Washington at the same time with a second invasion, it was not considered safe to bring the papers of the State Department back for some weeks; not indeed, until the British fleet generally had departed the waters of the Chesapeake. In the meantime, it was found necessary for me to proceed to Leesburg occasionally for particular papers to which the Secretary of State had occasion to refer in the course of his correspondence.

"I have the honor to be, very respectfully, sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"S. PLEASANTON

"WM. H. WINDER, Esq.,

"Philadelphia, Penn."

Washington's commission was also preserved by Mr. Pleasonton. That gentleman, on going up into one of the attics of the State Department to look for a paper which he wanted, saw the commission lying upon the floor, picked it up and had it framed, and it afterward hung up in his room with the others. In this room were kept all the treaties with foreign powers, together with an elegant diamond-studded sword presented to Commodore Biddle by the foreign Government (the largest of these jewels was afterward stolen by some recreant), and the superb gold snuff-box, set in diamonds, with the Emperor of Russia's monogram also in diamonds, presented by him to the Hon. Leavitt Harris, an American Minister at that court. No man ever thought of visiting Washington without making a pilgrimage to see the Declaration of Independence and Washington's Commission, which were removed after many years to the Patent Office, and are now in the Smithsonian Building.

Mr. Pleasonton was the first civilian under Government who received a gold medal; which distinguished honor was paid him by the merchants of Baltimore, in appreciation of the able manner in which he administered the Light-House Establishment, and his fidelity to their shipping interests. The medal is of octagon shape, with a finely embossed rim, a representation of the Eddystone Light-House in bold relief on one side, and a very complimentary inscription upon the other. The Marine Society of Boston, numbering three hundred of the first men in the city, including Mr. Josiah Lewis and Captain Forbes, who took the "Jamestown" to Ireland with provisions during the great famine, presented him with a very complimentary set of resolutions upon parchment, magnificently framed. They sent him word that they were going to present him with something more precious than gold or diamonds; and finally he considered it so, for he used laughingly to call it his patent of nobility, and placed it in a conspicuous place in his drawing-room. The Chamber of Commerce in New York presented him with a superb sil-

ver pitcher, on one side of which was the Eddystone Light-House in alto-relievo, and on the other a very complimentary testimonial of their high appreciation of his labors in the Light-House Department. Mr. Pleasonton was one of the landmarks of Washington, and of the Federal Government from its organization. He first received office from the Federal Government in Philadelphia, and moved with it to Washington, where he lived for more than half a century. Washington, when he came there, was but little more than a series of tracks from the Capitol to Georgetown. He was the confidant of Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe in their Administrations, and he had more or less of the confidence of all the later Presidents.

Mr. Pleasonton disbursed millions of the public money in the Light-House Department, in which, until our acquisitions in the Pacific, he may be said to have had absolute control, but never did a cent stick wrongfully in his pocket. On the contrary, he was often called the Cerberus of the Treasury. His character was of the very highest order, and in all respects he was unimpeachable.

Mr. Pleasonton was the grand-nephew of Cæsar Rodney, of Delaware, one of the signers of the Declaration, and the commander of that celebrated troop, "The Blue Hen's Chickens," which did such service during the Revolution that when the people of Delaware wished to send Mr. Rodney to the Senate, General Washington wrote him an autograph letter begging him not to accept the nomination, as he could do so much more efficient service at the head of his troop. Mr. Rodney was a wealthy bachelor, and devoted five large farms to the cause of the Revolution. The Rodneys were an old English family, the first of the name who came to this country, William Rodney, having married the half-sister of Edward the Sixth, the daughter of Lady Jane Seymour by her second marriage.

Mr. Pleasonton's son, General Alfred Pleasonton, commanded the Union Cavalry during the greater part of the late civil war, and distinguished himself in many campaigns.

"THE SUNSHINE OF THINE EYES."

THE sunshine of thine eyes,
(Oh still, celestial beam!)
Whatever it touches it fills
With the life of its lambent gleam.

The sunshine of thine eyes,
Oh let it fall on me!
Though I be but a mote of the air,
I could turn to gold for thee.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Mr. Beecher.

THE majority of the jury in the late trial, like the majority of the public, held Mr. Beecher guilty of the crime charged against him, and the result of the trial is a virtual acquittal. We have no doubt that the prosecution secured all it expected to secure, and was delighted with its measure of success. Of this one fact there can be no doubt, viz., that Mr. Beecher is in a better position before the public than he was when the trial began. His friends are confirmed in their confidence in him and his enemies are shaken, while many of them have been converted into friends. His lofty influence as a public teacher of religion is still intact, and the great, all-important fact remains that those who know him best—who have known for twenty-five years all his habits and all his associations, and have been with him in family, society, and the church—are those who remain most firm in their faith in him. None but a good man could have secured and held such friends as those who have clung to him through all his troubles. A man capable of inspiring such affection, such chivalrous devotion, such loyalty and sacrifice as have been exhibited by Plymouth Church toward Mr. Beecher, can afford to take some sorrow with his satisfaction, for they furnish the credentials of his Christian purity. By the side of the word of such a man, and the faith of such a people, the adverse testimony that was given on the trial is too pitifully contemptible to be soberly considered; and we believe that when the American public shall have retired sufficiently far in time from this remarkable trial, they will not only believe this, but they will be ready to indorse what Professor Renaud, of Heidelberg University, wrote months ago, as the conviction of the legal minds of Germany, Austria and France, viz., that "the plaintiff had no case whatever." It will be remembered that Professor Renaud went further than this, and said that it was "a matter of surprise that, under the laws of America, he should not have been nonsuited after his evidence was in."

A year ago, after the statement of Mr. Beecher was published, we remarked, concerning the scandal, that "there never was any probability in it." We were coarsely blamed for this; and now, as the case has been taken care of, and Mr. Beecher is neither killed nor harmed, we recur to this, and propose to say something more about it. Mr. Beecher will be quick to learn any lesson that this matter has in it for him; and, meantime, it will be well for the public to learn what lesson it bears to them. First, then, we reiterate the statement, that "there never was any probability in it." The credulity with which the charge was received, the entertainment of it in any but the worst minds, was a shame to the public, and especially to the well-informed Christian public. That ministers could be found mean and nasty enough to leave their business

of saving souls for the purpose of killing Beecher to write articles and elaborate pamphlets to prejudice him, and to spread reports of shame and sin proved against him, is enough to make any professedly Christian man hang his head in shame. For "there never was any probability in it," we say again.

It is not necessary to claim for Mr. Beecher an exemption from the temptations common to men. It is necessary, simply, to admit that the development of crime in him would follow the natural law. For an aged clergyman of great eminence, of world-wide renown, of influence unexampled, with loving wife and loving children in his home, to pollute a member of his own church, the wife of a friend whom he had married her, and whose children he had baptized, would be one of the basest deeds imaginable. It would be a leap straight from heaven to hell. In the absence of a process of preparation for such a deed as this—of demonstrable retrogradation toward it—it would be utterly improbable. The age of the man, with its weakened temptations; the spirit of the man, chastened by multitudinous self-crucifixions; the conscience of the man, demonstrably tender, almost to morbidity; the piety of the man, evident in a life-long devotion to the work of his Master; the absence of all preliminary steps to crime—before suspected, since proved—all these render the crime with which he was charged utterly improbable. Here was a man who had been climbing for thirty years—climbing up through calumny that could not fix a stain upon him—fighting all the way for the truth and the right, until he stood upon the pinnacle of human achievement, and was recognized the world over as belonging in the first and highest rank of men. Was it probable that he would voluntarily, under no youthful stress of temptation, but withheld by ten thousand powerful dissuaves, break from his position, burst through all that restrained him, and leap for, and land in, the mud? We say again that it was utterly improbable, and that the credence given to the original slander was as senseless as was criminally unjust. But he "confessed." Alas! did he? Is it the habit of men to go around among their friends confessing their adulteries—to go to the women of their acquaintance doing this? Has any people ever thought how utterly incredible this is—how far down into the possibilities of stupidity a man must go in order to believe it?

Again, there was nothing in the character of the woman whose good name was involved in the scandal to make it probable that she would invite to an unworthy approach of any man. A pious, praying woman—"white-souled," to use her husband's phrase—tenderly devoted to her children, and worshipping her husband afar off as a superior being, oppressed with doubts, and griefs, and cares, looking up to her pastor for direction and comfort, and in intimate sympathy with that pastor's wife,—was

the kind of woman who would probably seek consolation in crime? Was it probable, either that her pastor would betray her, or that she would suffer torments for his soul? Here would have been a rather sheer leap from heaven to hell. If the probability of such a crime is great so far as it relates to Mr. Beecher, it is even greater as it regards his alleged paramour. Again we say, there never was any probability in it; and the sentence given to this hell-begotten slander, so far as it relates to Mrs. Tilton, was one of the cruelest, and most unmanly, most outrageous things of which the American public has ever been guilty.

Still again, the condonation of the wife's alleged offense, for years after the husband professes to believe it had been committed, raises its improbability well-nigh to an impossibility. Men, at least, know the sort of stuff of which men are made; and you know that consciously to lie down in a dishonorable bed would be a degradation from which no man could rise without the loss of all that constituted his manhood. It is not the way of men to forgive and forget offenses like these. It is not the way of men to cohabit with faithless wives and negotiate with the destroyers of their peace. Conscious of the records have usually that little remnant of manhood which prompts them to conceal their shame; and when one confesses to that shame, the motives in which the confession is made must always rest under a grave suspicion. But we are not writing this for the purpose of reproaching the authors of this heinous mischief. We write it simply to say that the condonation of this alleged offense on the part of the husband renders the reality of the offense utterly incredible.

And now, the point we make is this: that the incredulity of the basis of this great scandal would have shielded both Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton from all belief in, or suspicion of, their guilt, with the American public. Mr. Beecher has had fair play. He has not been regarded as guilty until proved to be guilty, even with every probability in his favor. It was to have been expected that all whoremongers and adulterers, and pimps and panders, would side against him; but that good men and women should have prejudged him, suspected him, believed or half believed in his guilt; that men of his own cloth should have undertaken to prove his guilt before all the evidence was rendered and sifted; that, while engaged steadily in his Master's work, preaching the gospel of charity, he should have been obliged to bear the burden of the most unchristian scorn, laid upon him by professing Christian men, is pitiful—is worse—is so much worse, that we shrink from using the strong words that can only characterize it.

But the trial is over, and Mr. Beecher is not killed. He is so far from being killed that he was never before so much loved and trusted. The clouds engendered by the great scandal have not entirely left the heavens, but the sun shines, and a rainbow of promise spans the sky. We congratulate the man and the church which has illustrated the beneficence of his counsels so nobly, in its love and loy-

alty, on the result. They should have had a verdict in form as well as substance, but it will make no difference in the end. Why this man, of all men, should have been called to go down into the ocean of this great sorrow, and been compelled to association with its unclean forms upon its unclean floor, the good God only knows. That he has been washed clean by the waters up through which he has come is the verdict, at last, of the majority of the American people, who have done him so much injustice. For this great and good majority, we beg to say to him that he is loved, believed in, trusted, honored, revered, more than ever before, and that their prayer is that he may have a long, pleasant, and increasingly useful life.

The "Jury-System."

At a recent trial in Massachusetts of Mr. Samuel Bowles, for damaging the character of Mr. Willis Phelps in "The Springfield Republican," to an amount represented by a large expression in American currency, the litigants agreed to dispense with the jury altogether, as, by a law of the State, they had the privilege of doing. It was an exceedingly sensible proceeding, and ought to have attracted more attention than it did attract, and a wider following than it has yet secured. For, of all the hallucinations which, from generation to generation, possess and pervert the minds of men, that which attaches a sort of sacredness to a jury trial, and holds the "jury-system" as half divine, is the most fatuitous. To be tried by one's "peers," those "peers" reaching the exact number of twelve, is regarded, by a very large number of the community, as a privilege to be surrendered under no circumstances—a privilege to be defended at any cost of blood and treasure.

The word "peer," as it is used here, is a cheat. All that it means is that the juror has the same political power and privileges as the man whom he helps to try, yet the women of America have never been tried by their peers. "Infants" are never tried by their peers. Those who were formerly slaves were never tried by their peers. If we go beyond this, and attach any intellectual or moral significance to the word "peer," we shall find that a man is almost never tried by his peers. In the recent trial of Mr. Beecher, it would be very silly to say that he was tried by his peers. Indeed, it would have been very difficult to find enough of his peers in America to try him. If such a jury could have had charge of his case, it certainly would not have disagreed.

But to come down upon the solid fact, let us confess that the ordinary jury is utterly incompetent to perform the duties of its office. Men who are taken from the different walks of life, men whose minds run in the narrow channels of specialized industries, are brought into a court-room under circumstances utterly strange to them, without habits of mental application, without practice in sifting evidence, easily imposed upon by the plausibilities of counsel, easily acted upon through their sympathies, easily impressed by eloquence, and are expected the first time, and every time, to render justice. The thing

is absurd on the face of it; and so notorious now is the uncertainty of a jury trial, that men regard a verdict very much as they do the drawing of a lottery. A verdict is a matter of jury and not of justice at all. So well understood is the fact, on the part of corporations, that, before a jury, they stand no chance in any case against an individual, that many of them have ceased to expect justice from a jury, and, so, are constantly compromising suits in which they know their opponents have no case. The average juror makes common cause with any individual against a corporation, as the corporation has found to its cost.

As men average, there is one man in twelve, at least, of exceptional mind and characteristics. There was a devil among the twelve Apostles, and in nearly every jury there is a "crooked stick." He may be without common honesty; he may be without common sense. He may be a man who has a genius for differing with everybody on every possible subject. One man in twelve, at least, has some kind of eccentricity, and, as he has no special education to help him, his opinion on any subject is without the slightest value. Now, this twelfth man is the man on whom hangs the fate of all who trust themselves to a jury trial. He can hinder justice, and he usually does it. The good sense of eleven men may have decided a given case in a given way, but the bad sense, or the bad disposition, of the twelfth man, is enough to thwart their will, and make all the labor bestowed upon the case of no avail. We decide all other questions by a majority vote but this. Here alone we require unanimity, and no chance whatever is afforded to realize the results of preponderating opinion. If a jury trial could be decided by a majority, even if it should be five-sixths, or eleven-twelfths, justice would have a better chance. As it is, we have always to count in the chance of getting the crooked stick, the dishonest man, the corruptible man, and to admit his power to spoil any verdict that eleven men may freely decide upon. The law does its best to make every juror incompetent, by insisting that he shall be so little intelligent in current affairs as to have no opinion concerning them, as they may relate to cases in hand.

But there is something further than this to be said against juries. The fact that their service is compulsory is an outrage upon the rights of the citizen. There is no other civil or judicial service into which men are compelled but this. In time of war, the State can compel the service of her sons for her defense, if they do not volunteer; but a state of war is altogether an exceptional condition. In a condition of peace, any compulsory service in the making or administration of law is essentially a hardship and an outrage. To be forced to compel this service is to acknowledge slavery to precedent, and confess to scantiness of resources. To force men unpaid, or only inadequately paid, into the service of the courts, to drag them away from their business or their families, imprison them under the charge of officers, and annoy them for days, or weeks, or months, as the case may be, with the de-

tails of affairs in which they have no interest—ever, is oppression, against which our people have kicked long ago, but for this hallucination about the sacredness of the jury trial. People do not see how we can get along without it.

Well, Mr. Bowles and Mr. Willis got along without it. We should very much prefer to leave the case of ours with three men trained in the law to one man accustomed to comparing and measuring evidence, than to twelve men selected from the realm of acknowledged inexperience and incompetency. After one has picked out the best men on a jury, he has a better jury in the nine than in the nine which are left. A sum is not increased by piling ciphers upon it. The simple fact is that the jury system is outlived and ought to be outlawed. It does not help the cause of law and justice, and ought to be kicked out of the way. It is oppressive to the juror, it is anomalous in a system of government, it makes the uncertainty of the law still more uncertain, it is expensive, and it is utterly unnecessary. There is nothing so bad about it. To be tried by a man's peers is not so good a thing as to be tried by a man's intellectual and moral superiors.

Why will not the political press, which has so large an influence in legislation, take up this wretched old humbug, and help to dispose of it forever? If we cannot get rid of it at once, let us reform it by reducing its numbers, calling for higher qualifications in its constituents, and taking our votes from the majority. Let us at least provide all possible ways, everywhere, for getting along without

A Word for Our Wanderers.

THERE is a great deal of private, and a measure of public, fault-finding with the fact that multitudes of our American people go abroad to spend their time and money. We have forgotten the number of millions which it is calculated are spent in going up and down, and walking to and fro, in Europe, frittered away on gewgaws, invested in silks which neither pay a revenue to the Government nor a profit to the American shop-keepers, expended on foreign steamers in the outward and homeward passages, etc., etc. It never occurs to the growlers we presume, that we are getting from the other side all the time, more than we send over there. In the first place, there are always here, with an increasing number, a considerable throng of tourists who spend liberally. They are nearly all of the richer class; for America is not a country in which a foreigner can live more cheaply than he can at home. Of course this class cannot offset the thousands we annually send to Europe and steadily supply there, but every incoming vessel brings its tribute of immigrants, who come here to remain. We have no statistics, but it must be true that these, by bringing all their worldly possessions, import, in the aggregate, an amount far surpassing what is exported among our travelers. We send by freight they come by thousands. They come with their little hoards accumulated through frugal generations, and these little hoards amount, in a single year,

large sum. But they bring something better in money—life and industry. Every man and woman, as a rule, is an addition to the productive capital of the country. How incalculably large have been the contributions of the immigrant to the wealth, the greatness, and the comfort of America! The immigrant has dug all our canals, built all our roads, and been the burden-bearer in all enterprises requiring brawn and bone. There are nine chances in ten that the person who cooks what we eat, waits upon us at table, milks the cow, hoes the garden, drives the coach, grooms the horse, mows the lawn, mans the vessel, digs the ditch, spins the cotton, washes the clothes and makes the bed, is a foreigner. Indeed, it is more than probable that a full moiety of all the money which Americans spend abroad is won from the profits on foreign labor. It is well enough to remember this, and not to grudge the money which buys abroad so much pleasure, instruction, and health for our weary and overworked people.

There is another class of fault-finders who have their little fling at the wanderers—a fling somewhat worn by long use, but still quite effective when employed against, or among, the thoughtless. The stay-at-homes need something, of course, to console them, and to keep themselves in countenance; and we hear from their wise lips such utterances as these: "They had much better stay at home and travel in their own country than to go to Europe." "I should be ashamed to go to Europe until I had seen something of America." "If I didn't see Niagara, or the Mammoth Cave, or the Mississippi River, I should be ashamed to travel abroad." Any one of these wise statements, flung at a man's head, is regarded as sufficient to settle him if he is a wanderer abroad, and happens not to have been a great traveler at home. It is supposed, indeed, to decide the whole matter—to condemn the man who travels into foreign lands, and justify the man who sticks to his own door-yard and does not travel anywhere.

Well, travel in one's own country is very desirable, if a man has the time and can afford the expense and the hardship; but for a New Yorker to go to Niagara involves the travel of nine hundred miles out and back by rail. To see Chicago or any of the Western cities costs two thousand miles of travel. To see the Yosemite involves six thousand miles of travel. There is not a great object of natural interest in the country a sight of which does not cost a great deal of money and a great deal of fatigue. To go to the Far West, to climb the Colorado Mountains, or to visit any of the great objects of natural curiosity in that region, involves hardship at ladies particularly, unless exceptionally rugged, cannot endure at all. And when we have seen all that have we seen? Grand things, to be sure—wonderful works of nature—and nothing else. Our cities are new, and with a brief history, confined almost entirely to the details of their quick material development. We see everywhere the beginnings of the life of a great nation, and they bear a striking resemblance to each other.

Now, when a man finds himself with money to spend, he likes to go where he can get the most for it. He takes himself and his family to Europe, and finds himself everywhere on historic ground. He can hardly travel twenty-five miles without meeting with something—some majestic river, some castle, some old cathedral, some gallery of art, some palace, some ancient battle-ground—which charms his attention. To the traveler, London is a vast store-house of historic associations. Cheapside, the Strand, Piccadilly, Threadneedle street—all these are names just as familiar to him as Broadway; and a hundred names of literary men, statesmen, poets, philosophers, are associated with them. Westminster Abbey is a place to meditate and weep in. To sit down in this stately and hallowed pile is to sit down with the worthiest of fifty generations. The Tower, the great Museum, the picture galleries, the ten thousand other objects of interest, compel the traveler to feel that he is in another world, to whose wealth almost countless generations have contributed. Scotland is like fairy-land to him. He walks over the territory where Sir Walter walked. His lungs inhale the same air, his eyes look upon the same hills, and valleys, and streams that inspired the Wizard. He crosses the Channel into sunny France, the land of the vine. He finds a new people, with another language, other traditions, another civilization. He reaches its beautiful capital, visits its wonderful churches, traverses the Louvre day after day until his mind is surfeited with beauty, mingles with the gay life upon the Champs Elysées and the Boulevards, rides in the Bois, goes to Fontainebleau and Versailles and all the beautiful environs, no one of which is without its special historic interest, or its treasury of art or architecture.

From France he goes to Switzerland, a country containing the most interesting natural scenery, perhaps, in the world, and all fitted up for exhibition. The smoothest roads sweep over the highest mountain-passes. There are guides ready and competent for every possible expedition, mules saddled and bridled, and ready to bear the traveler anywhere. The hotels are perfection, and every provision is made for comfort. There are thousands of travelers, representing all nationalities, who are never-failing subjects of interest and amusement. And there are the Matterhorn, and the Jungfrau, and Mont Blanc! There is but one Switzerland in the world. One can stand in its sunny vineyards and gaze upon everlasting snow. One can sit in the comfort or luxury of his hotel, and watch the mountains as they change at sunset from jagged brown and shining white to purple cloud, and from purple cloud to some celestial semblance of a cloud, until he feels that he has reached the spiritual meaning of it all, and has learned something of the secrets of the other world.

From Switzerland he goes to Italy. He lingers among the lakes, he pauses in Genoa, climbs the tower at Pisa, sails some bright morning into the Bay of Naples, with Vesuvius smoking on his right, and the beautiful city fronting him like a vision of heaven, after the long tossing on the bosom of a bluer Mediterranean than he ever before dreamed

of. He visits Pompeii asleep on one side of the bay, and Baia, the old watering-place of the Romans, quite as soundly asleep on the other. He eats oranges in Sorrento, and wishes he could stay there forever; and then he goes to Rome—to St. Peter's, to the galleries, to the Coliseum, to the marvelous churches, to the Catacombs, and finds that it would take years to exhaust what it holds for him of interest and instruction. He glides in the moonlight over the grand canal in Venice, wanders through the Doge's palace, mounts the Campanile, and thinks by day and dreams by night of the old life, the old commerce, the old and dying civilization. He visits the marble-flowering garden at Milan, passing beautiful old cities, always leaving behind unseen more than he sees, and still he has all Germany, Russia, Norway, Sweden, Austria, and Spain left.

But he has spent a year, and got more pleasure for his money, more priceless memories, more useful

knowledge, more culture in language, and manners, and art, than it would be possible for him to get at home in fifty years. This may be "treason;" and, if it is, we hope it will be "made the most of." The truth is, our country is young. Our architecture is new and raw, our galleries of art are yet to be created, and nothing among us has retired so far into the past that a halo of romance has gathered over it. To stand in a foreign church or cathedral, and remember that it was old when our country was discovered, is to realize how young our nation is. It is not natural scenery that our wanderers go to see, though that is not lacking. It is the objects of human interest that they seek—the records of old civilization with which every city is crowded, and which look down from pathetic ruins or time-defying towers, from every hill-top and mountain. The tide of foreign travel cannot be diverted from these by all the croaking in the world, and ought not to be.

THE OLD CABINET.

FIRST EDITION.

BY TELEGRAPH.

TENNYSON'S NEW DRAMA.

Its Appearance in England—Enthusiastic Praise by the London "Times."

[Cable Despatch to the Associated Press.]

LONDON, June 19.—Tennyson's new drama, "Queen Mary," is published. The *Times*, in a review of the drama, declares there is more true fire in it than in anything which has appeared since Shakespeare's time.

It was the "Evening Post" of that date, you will remember. Perhaps you read it on the North River steamboat; perhaps you were traveling alone and went wandering over the boat in quest of some sympathetic soul to show it to—some one whom you could ask, in your enthusiasm, whether this 19th day of June, 1875, were not a red-letter day; whether we had not reached an epoch; whether we did not inhabit an era; whether Beauty had not at last triumphed over the Beast; whether the Philistine were not slain; and whether he had a friend

connected with the daily press, or himself knew Mr. Simonton, and could by either means discover whether ever before in the history of the world,—and especially of latter-day civilization, and modern literature,—the fact that a poem had been published was considered a piece of news to be telegraphed from London for the Associated Press across the Atlantic Ocean,—and then to be printed with double leads, at the head of the news columns of the New York afternoon papers!

And perhaps the sympathetic soul said to you—what he said to us—that it wasn't much like Grub street, was it?

No, it was not much like Grub street. Many a poor Grub streeter would have been glad to have been paid for his poem a price equal to the cost of that cable telegram.

A friend of ours who himself lived in that neighborhood when he was young, and before the old place had been torn down to make room for rows of French roofs,—with all the modern improvements,—this friend of ours begged us to remember what a devilish rough time he and the other poor devils had of it. It wasn't only the poor pay and hard fare, mind you, but the fight they had to make for recognition; the slowness of the public to catch their names, even if they caught their tunes. "You young chicks," he said, "inherit the estates your literary papas have built up for you. People care more for literature now; it is better appreciated, better paid. If I could get back the hundreds of poems I almost gave away when I was winning my spurs, I could make a fortune with them in your rich modern magazines. Any petty rhymster can get treble for his wares what we young poets used to get. Oh, you are lucky dogs! It's easy enough to succeed nowadays."

ps this depends upon what is meant by suc-
 We know a man distinguished in public life
 I tell you, if you ask him about it, that the
 enemy which he has had to fight is the inheri-
 a famous name. He was supposed to have
 n into all the conditions of success, and his
 k clogged his advance in more ways than one.
 tendency of culture is notoriously to produce
 tical frame of mind unfriendly to spontane-
 stic expression; the knowingness, the noto-
 e easy vogue of the times, instead of being a
 e a hindrance to the artist.

his that puts an extinguisher upon the young
 and it is the same modern taint that takes
 the older and the master poets of our day that
 a spontaneous quality that the poets used to
 when they were not subject to interviewers,
 newspaper critics, and the Atlantic cable.

may say that the great poet overcomes all
 hindrances, and that very much the same
 things has almost always existed; which is
 ough as far as it goes, but the tone and habit
 thought of a generation have to do with the
 and unmaking of poets, for all that. You
 id it to be pure nonsense, that such and
 artist knows too much: it is nonsense, of
 n the literal meaning. But it is the *way*
 moderns know things that is the trouble;
 e over-critical, *blasé*, self-conscious atmos-
 f our nineteenth-century learning that poi-
 art. We are old before we are young. We
 med to be sincere.

a illustration of the modern tone of which
 k, take up the magazines of the month, ex-
 he contributed verse, and notice how our
 akers, in a large proportion of cases, pro-
 eir effects; see what sort of material they
 tic. The way to produce an effect of ten-
 or heroism, nowadays, seems to be by
 of apology. The poet thinks he has to
 s reader that *he* also sees the ridiculous side
 ping; and by this method he wards off the
 e nineteenth-century laugh.

WE have spoken of a certain modern taint that
 impairs the work of the foremost poets of the day.
 For example, read the two latest English tragedies,
 Swinburne's "Bothwell" and Tennyson's "Queen
 Mary." In "Queen Mary" the self-consciousness is
 so prevalent that to many readers it has little in-
 terest save a literary interest. Author and reader
 are above all, we should say, concerned with how
 the work is to be done, and how it has been done.
 That it is powerful in separate passages; that in
 conception of the different characters, in tone, in his-
 torical fidelity, it is a chaste and beautiful poem,—this
 may be felt; but in a tragedy we expect other quali-
 ties: fire, strong passion, singleness and strength
 of impression, a dramatic movement. In a tragedy,
 above all things, we should find spontaneity, aban-
 donment. But if Tennyson does not give us these,
 surely we shall have them in this latest drama of
 Swinburne!

The modern taint is shown in "Bothwell," how-
 ever, in another and more melancholy way. That
 poem is the latest and most lamentable development
 of an art tone nurtured by influences at work in the
 England of to-day; the result of which tone is that
 certain moods, experiences, and essential qualities of
 life or art are looked upon as separate from their
 necessary relations. That love, for instance, is a
 life; that melody is a thing of the inmost mind and
 soul; that the former is not a function to be ana-
 lyzed and made mere artistic use of; that the latter
 is something that comes not with much critical pal-
 aver, much jingling of rhyme and rhythm, but solely
 and singly from a melodious thought, a heart full of
 music and singing,—these matters cannot be un-
 known to any poet, but they seem to have been
 strangely forgotten by certain living English bards,
 and notably by the author of "Bothwell."

WE suppose that by and by, when everybody and
 everything become entirely layered over with inven-
 tions and modern criticisms and other improvements,
 we will get used to it, and gradually relapse by in-
 direction into a simple, straightforward, healthy, and
 natural condition of mind.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Sense in Shoes.

EVERYBODY has heard the old story of how Ca-
 ose five hundred beautiful women from whom
 el his Venus, and among them all could not
 cent set of toes. If he lived nowadays, what
 ould he have under the dainty little laced
 with their high pointed heels? As for these
 omen, however, if they choose to both tor-
 al disfigure themselves, we have neither ad-
 sympathy to offer; but the condition of the
 e children is really too serious a matter to
 ed by in silence. As soon as the helpless
 X.—42.

baby can put its foot to the ground, and before it
 can complain in words, shoes are put on it, by which
 the width of the toes is contracted fully half an inch,
 and usually a stiff counter is ordered in the heel
 with some vague idea of "strengthening the ankle."
 From that time, no matter how watchful or sensible
 its parents may be in other regards, this instrument
 of torture always constitutes part of its dress; the
 toes are forced into a narrower space year by year
 "to give a good shape to the foot," until they overlap
 and knot, and knob themselves over with incipient
 corns and bunions; then the heel is lifted from the
 ground by artificial means,—thus the action of the

calf-muscles is hindered and the elastic cartilage of the whole foot stiffened at their earliest tender period of growth. The results are a total lack of elasticity in the step and carriage (American women are noted for their mincing, cramped walk), and a foot inevitably distorted and diseased. We need not go to the statues of ancient Greece to find of what beauty the foot is susceptible when left to its natural development; our own Indian can show us. We have seen the foot of an old chief, who had tramped over the mountains for sixty years, which for delicacy of outline and elasticity could shame that of the fairest belle. Southern children are more fortunate in this matter than those in the North, as it is customary, even in the wealthiest classes, to allow their feet to remain bare until the age of six. Mothers in the North are not wholly to blame, however, as the climate requires that the feet shall be covered, and it is well-nigh impossible, even in New York, to find shoes properly made for children unless a last is especially ordered for the foot. As a new last would be required every month or two, very few parents are able to give the watchfulness and money required. If shoes of the proper shape were insisted upon by customers, the dealers would speedily furnish them. Nothing is more prompt than the reply of trade to any hint of a new want or fashion. A shoemaker in one of the inland cities made a fortune by advertising shoes of the shape of a child's foot. He counted on the intelligence and good sense of the mothers, and was not disappointed. If the mothers who read SCRIBNER would insist upon such work from their shoemakers, their children would arise upon well-shaped, healthy feet, to call them blessed.

Hours for Eating.

THERE has been so much said upon eating—upon how, when, and what we shall eat—that the subject ought to have been exhausted long ago, but a little observation of ourselves and our neighbors will prove to us that although we generally know *what* and *how* we ought to eat, very few of us have any principles beyond those furnished by custom or convenience, that teach us *when* to have our meals.

We all understand that we ought to eat when we need food and when it can be digested with the least interruption. The out-door laborer, the muscle-worker in any capacity, may follow any rule of hours that best suits his convenience, and find that he has no penalty to pay for so doing, but the brain-worker, the young mother, the delicate man or woman is not always let off so easily. If the latter conform to rules made for others, they are apt to pay for their compliance by loss of health, or more commonly loss of working power. Their systems are exhausted in a different manner and need a different kind of support, and it may happen that they ought to have their meals not at convenient, but at very inconvenient hours.

As American customs go, we have an early breakfast, a lunch or dinner in the middle of the day, and a dinner or supper at twilight. These are very good and sensible periods when they suit the appetite and

business, and we have in such cases nothing to say against them. The trouble is, that they do not suit every one. When any one comes to the breakfast-table, morning after morning, languid and listless, caring for nothing beyond his cup of coffee; when he begins to be hungry about eleven and to impatiently of the coming meal; when he eats the meal heartily, and then feels disinclined to work again, he may then feel sure that his mode of life needs changing. We want our food regular, but we want it at such periods that we shall not feel either the worse for the need of it, or for having it.

In the first place, food never ought to interfere with work. No one who expects to do good ought to try to do it on a full, or an empty stomach. If the student, or the mother, wants but a cup of coffee at the regular breakfast hour, then the breakfast ought to come at nine or ten o'clock. To go to work all the morning hours weakened by the need of food is an outrage against health.

If there is brain-work to be done in the afternoon the stomach should not be taxed to digest a large meal in the middle of the day.

If the brain is too active at night to permit sleep; if the baby wears the mother out in the morning, the stomach ought to be allowed to dissipate some of the surplus nervous energy to itself. The wearied nurse should have something to eat to bear the night-watch with the little one.

The obvious rule in many cases is to have an early cup of tea or coffee, and perhaps a biscuit; to have a late and substantial breakfast, a light lunch in the afternoon, and a wholesome dinner after working hours. In this way, a long, well-nourished day is secured. The early cup of coffee refreshes the worker, the breakfast reinforces him, the lunch does not interfere with his brain, his dinner has leisure to digest quietly, and he has a sufficient amount of nourishment to keep him from lying awake from the effects of an empty stomach.

A great deal is said about the propriety of having but one or two meals a day, but there are very few Americans who can stand such long fasts, or who possess the anaconda faculty of happily digesting such meals as these one or two must be. To avoid the trouble of many meals, any innovation upon the custom is a trouble, but when this one becomes necessary it has one advantage—it pays!

Short Hints concerning Sickness.

Don't whisper in the sick-room.

When the doctor comes to see you, remember how many pairs of stairs he has to climb every day, and go down to him if you are well enough.

When you are sitting up at night with a patient, be sure to have something to eat, if you wish to avoid yourself unnecessary exhaustion.

Remember that sick people are not necessarily idiotic or imbecile, and that it is not always wise to try to persuade them that their sufferings are imaginary. They may even at times know best what they need.

ever deceive a dying person unless by the doctor's express orders. It is not only wrong to allow the soul to go into eternity without preparation, but you can tell but that he has something he ought to do or do before he goes away?

If you have a sick friend to whom you wish to be useful, do not content yourself with sending her flowers and jelly, but lend her one of your pictures to hang in place of hers, or a bronze to replace the one at which she is so tired of staring.

Don't have needless conversations with the doctor outside of the sick-room. Nothing will excite and irritate a nervous patient sooner. If you do have these conversations, don't tell the patient that the doctor said "nothing." He won't believe you, and he will imagine the worst possible.

In lifting the sick, do not take them by the shoulders and drag them up on to the pillows, but get one to help you. Let one stand on one side of the patient, the other opposite, then join hands over the shoulders and hips, and lift steadily and firmly together. This method is easy for those who lift, and does not disturb the one who is lifted.

Do not imagine that your duty is over when you have nursed your patient through his illness, and you are about the house, or perhaps going out again. Length does not come back in a moment, and the patient when little things worry and little efforts exhaust, when the cares of business begin to press, and the feeble brain and hand refuse to think and act, are the most trying to the sick one, and it comes the need for your tenderest care, your unobtrusive watchfulness.

A Mental "Set."

It has been found by experiment that when a wire strain (that is, a pulling or tearing strain) is applied to a bar of iron, or other metal, it is stretched in proportion to its size, and every time it will recover itself and be uninjured. The greatest strain a bar will bear without being permanently stretched is called its limit of elasticity. Exceed this limit, and the bar will be permanently elongated and become "set." When a bar has become thus permanently set, its value is greatly impaired. The more strain can no longer be applied with safety. Every pull increases the set, and, after a few applications, it tears apart. Furthermore, when the limit of elasticity is reached, the very character of the iron is changed. It becomes brittle, and less able to resist a sudden pull. Its "life" seems to depart, and it is soon reached. This limit of elasticity represents the ultimate strength of the bar, and it is reached at one-fifth its tensile limit, or the point at which it breaks.

The human brain has its limit of elasticity—its ultimate strength. It will do a certain amount of work in one day without injury. Give a night's rest, or a day's idleness, and it will recover and be as good as ever. The strain can be enormously increased, but like the iron bar, the brain will "set." It will give way, stretch, and become fixed. Apply the strain a few times more and it will exceed its tensile limit and break. The doctors will give it a learned name, and the unwise will call it a stroke of Providence. The mechanic would call it a "bad set," or a "tear," or "rupture." Keep within the limit of mental elasticity, and one may do the same amount of mental work every day. Let each night's rest recover the stretch, and the brain may be stretched again a million times. Exceed the ultimate mental strength, carry the weariness of one day over into the next, and mental "set" will be established. Then the whole mental character will be changed. The next pull will stretch it more, and soon it gives way in total rupture. The secret of success is, never to exceed the limit of elasticity, never to acquire a mental set. To this there is but one guide—experience.

How to Make Rag Carpets.

If you want something for your kitchen floor, firm, warm, and durable, from which spots can be easily removed, which can be shaken, turned, and be as good as new again for several years, use rag carpets. They can generally be obtained of carpet dealers at from sixty cents to one dollar a yard; but often a smoother and handsomer article can be made at home, at least ready for the loom. For this purpose save the old clothes—old flannel, sheets, and under-garments, old dresses—in fact, everything which will make long strips. Old clothes of good colors are doubly valuable. Calicoes not too much worn are excellent material. Cut into strips about an inch wide, sew end to end, and wind smoothly into balls of about one pound weight. Allow from one and one-fourth to one and one-half pounds of rags to a square yard of carpeting. Collect all odd pieces of any color for the mosaic or hit-and-miss stripe. Cut and mix these thoroughly before sewing, so as to make this stripe as uniform as possible. A few pounds of remnants from a woolen factory or soft listings, of any needed color, make a nice stripe, and require little sewing. Do not put too much black into a kitchen carpet, as it is not a strong color and shows the dust more than other colors. A stripe of several shades of red brightens up a carpet wonderfully—and who objects to a little brightness in the kitchen? White woolen rags take a nice cochineal red, white cotton a durable green from fustic and logwood set with blue vitriol. A cinnamon color may be dyed with copperas. Select a coarse strong warp of some dark color—brown and slate colors are good—allowing one pound of warp for every three and one-fourth yards of carpeting. Keep the exact weight of rags and warp to compare with weight of carpet when returned, and employ a good weaver. Many prefer a kitchen carpet put down with rings, as it can thus be easily taken up and shaken.

Letters from Correspondents.

GOOD INK.—We think it was Gail Hamilton who classed the manufacture of black ink among the lost arts. The lady who sends us the following recipes does not promise "the blackness of particular darkness," exactly; but she assures us that they have been tried and have made excellent, easy-flowing, vivid black ink:

To three pints of rain-water add three ounces of dark-colored Aleppo galls in gross powder, one ounce of green copperas, one ounce of rasped logwood, one ounce of gum-arabic. Let the mixture be well shaken or stirred four or five times a day for two or three weeks. It will then be fit for use. A few drops of any essential oil will prevent mold. This ink will copy.

A cheap ink, said to be good, is made thus: Dissolve in one quart of hot rain-water, in a glass vessel, one ounce of bichromate potash, one ounce of prussiate potash. Call this No. 1. To two gallons of rain-water, actively boiling, add a quarter of a pound of extract of logwood. Stir briskly and pour in No. 1 while stirring, and the ink is made. This ink flows freely and does not corrode the pen.

EARLY BREAKFASTS FOR SERVANTS.—A Hoboken lady sends us the following sensible suggestion:

"If the work goes well, domestics must needs rise early, as certain portions of the work can only be done properly, or without inconvenience to the household, before the family are astir, and it is the usual practice to give the servants their morning meal after the family, while they are required, or ought to be, to rise hours before. Families do not as a rule retire early, especially in homes where there are children; they must have their hour with papa, their hour of family reunion and joy, so that it is usually well into the hours before the elders are quietly seated to begin their evening. Then, as their occupations and pleasure lead them, they keep, in cities at least, hours that forbid early rising. Quite otherwise with domestics whose labor is manual, and whose honest, healthy toil brings early and refreshing sleep, so that they may reasonably be required to rise early. In a well-regulated household, much work should be accomplished before the family breakfast. If

fires are kept, of course they should be made by fenders and hearth well-polished and dusted. Halls, library, and dining-room, front hall and parlour, as well as front door and porch, need be put in order for the day. Of course the neat and tasteful arrangement of the table is included.

"For years I have given an early breakfast in the kitchen, thus having the servants all ready to do the work of the day comfortably. This does not add to the household expense, as there is nearly always some relish left from the day before, and, with a freshening cup of tea or coffee, domestics are content with a very simple breakfast. Another advantage of this plan is that there is no delay or untidiness after breakfast, as the chamber and dining-room work are at once attended to, instead of the important delay necessary when the early bird has to wait long fast. Doubtless there are many households to whom this is an unnecessary suggestion, but I am often surprised to know how many homes there are wherein the working of this plan would be great improvement, and add to the comfort of the domestic circle."

A CANADA RELISH.—"As many people, and gentlemen especially, object to sweets for dessert, I give a recipe obtained in Canada. It answers for a relish for lunch, or may take the place of pastry. I have never tasted it in 'the States,' but know that it is a great favorite with people of Transatlantic ancestry. It is quite as savory as Welsh rabbit, while it is as heavy nor indigestible.

"FONDU."

"Two ounces of butter; four ounces of crumbs; eight ounces of cheese; one cup of milk; three eggs.

"Cut the butter and cheese into small pieces, place them in a large bowl with the bread; or, if you prefer, pour scalding milk, after which add the yolks beaten, and also a little salt; mix well together, cover, and place on the back of the range, stirring occasionally until all is dissolved, when add the whites beaten to a stiff froth; place in a buttered pie plate, and bake in a quick oven for about ten minutes; serve the moment it is taken from the oven. Many eat mustard on this. M. W.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Tennyson's "Queen Mary."*

MR. TENNYSON'S "Lucretius," more than his "Idyls of the King," taught us how subtle an objective power was his, in rendering a peculiar mood not his, and in thus far it presented to us his dramatic side. The Idyls were rich proof of his eye for dramatic situation and his skill in describing it; but

"Lucretius" went a step farther, and showed he could actually render in a literary-dramatic way the mood of the philter-maddened poet. Naturally, "Queen Mary" is given us, and excites once a keen curiosity as to whether or not we can place the book on the same plane with "Lucretius" or—where we should like to place it—very much above that poem. We are afraid that, on the whole, it does not go above. We incline to call it a literary-dramatic, with of course the multiple

* Queen Mary. A Drama. By Alfred Tennyson. Boston: James R. Osgood & Company.

that attach to conflict of character with character and all the side-lights and cross-lights of a peopled historic composition. We read it—without all Mr. Tennyson's admirers have read with a sustained and satisfied interest, and take that sort of pride one naturally feels in the man and worthy work of a poet who has commanded an early allegiance, and does not lose his to it after many years. But, when all is said, confess that it is only respect, not admiration, the book commands. The poet gives no evidence of a dramatic conception of his own, either in imagination of character or in the form of his story. This last has a curious veneering, as we may say, of Shakespeare—in the contrast between vulgar populace and the chief actors, in the imitation of the two songs, and most strikingly in the abrupt break of the verse here and there, as in the equally un-Tennysonian prolongation of two or three of the lines beyond the usual limit. These, indeed, are these resemblances carried in the form of verse, that those full, caroling lines that have been best known by do not anywhere appear. It is as if the greater light he kept before his had made his own brilliance pale. Here and there occur characteristic phrases, these three lines especially:

"For death gives life's last word a power to live,
And, like the stone-cut epitaph, remain
After the vanished voice. * * *

except in the Milkmaid's Song and Queen Mary's Song, it is difficult to recognize Tennyson's. This, to be sure, is—excepting for the hints in manner borrowed from Shakespeare—a merit, and it would seem to give the persons a chance to live, at the poet's expense. The policy is a good one, the subdued, neutral background of a quietness being more suitable to the throwing forward of individual character than the high-pitched tone of Burns's verses, or the opulent lines with which Burns crowding his dramas. And it serves Mr. Tennyson well, so far as a sharp first definition and an outline of his persons is concerned; the only defect is, that they have no continuity. They stand distinctly before us, now in one attitude, now in another, as if in so many different pictures; but we do not see them move,—they do not, in short, *act* before us. The chief events take place off the scene, are reported or commented upon; though when the poet faces the facts of Mary's mood just before the end, in the last scene of all, he shows much strong feeling, and moves us with an almost tearful sympathy. Otherwise, the work, from its detached and fragmentary form, is little removed from downright flatness. It seems as if some minor story of success and fortune—depending partly, perhaps, on the story of Elizabeth—might easily have been carried through the play, to bring us closer to the persons, and to give it an element of unity very much needed now. It stands. It is a poetical historic study, at present, but unfortunately those intimate interests and threads of suspense have been discarded from which carry one right into the heart of a past

time and help one to realize it better than most histories. But modern poets, in their dramas, seem to be irrevocably bound by the desire to make their imaginings historically correct. We see the same thing in Longfellow's "New England Tragedies." Shakespeare had the advantage over Tennyson, of living before the day of our Macaulays and Froudes; for it is from Mr. Froude that the laureate obtains his heroine and his view of the period. Shakespeare read meager histories, and voiced magnificently the popular traditions. But we need only read Plutarch's life of Coriolanus and compare it with the play, to see where lies the difference between the great dramatist's way of conceiving whole lives from the merest seed of suggestion, and the modern method of dramatizing history. Still, we have in "Queen Mary" careful, first-rate workmanship, a literary conscience unimpaired by thirty years of fame and prosperity. To students of poetry, and to early adherents of Tennyson, it will always have a value, though it may be doubted whether it will share in his earthly immortality.

"A Norseman's Pilgrimage."*

How many people, we wonder, have noticed the significance of Mr. Boyesen's entrance into our literature? Many, doubtless, in reflecting that, of American fiction, thus far, the famous writers are those of Anglo-Saxon breed, have expected a future when other elements of our national stock should find, in various fitting ways not discordant with the integral national character, adequate expression in literature; but the author of "Gunnar" made his *début* so quietly with his prose-idyl of Norwegian valley-life, that few perhaps have so forecast the years, in his case. We do not ourselves mean to saddle him with any promises or predictions, but we wish to point out that the faint hint of American life in the last pages of "Gunnar" has been steadily broadening and deepening in all that Mr. Boyesen has written since, and that in his new novel it is expanded to proportions which may well prepare us to look to him, some day, for most suggestive pictures of American society drawn from a new standpoint. The study of Ruth Copley, as a first result in this line, has considerable interest. Of the book, as a whole, we must observe that it has not the same subtle appreciation of special rare moods as "Gunnar;" neither is there anything in it so freshly attractive as the feeling of the boy's growth in that volume. Yet, if we were to bring the two books into sharp contrast, trying their strength by the Easter-egg method, the "Pilgrimage" would perhaps have the advantage as to a certain toughness and strength of structure that are the marks of experience and growing skill in the author. Its outlines are distincter, the definition of character stronger (always excepting that of Gunnar himself), and it has a somewhat worldly air which removes it from the region of the idyllic to that of the dramatic.

* A Norseman's Pilgrimage. By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, author of "Gunnar." New York: Sheldon & Co.

Still, we have here the same enthusiasm as before for natural beauty, and the incident is all of a quiet kind,—a kind, too, that it is a pleasure to see becoming more popular every day. Mr. Boyesen deserves our thanks for adhering to this subdued scale of healthful excitements. Yet, there is a danger about it, viz.: that the writer, lulled by the calm course of his imagination, may fail to penetrate his characters to their full depth. As yet, speaking strictly, Mr. Boyesen presents us with *stories*, rather than novels. That he is a master of the story-form appears, we think, sufficiently in this "Pilgrimage," as well as in "The Story of an Outcast" (printed in this magazine), and "A Good-for-Nothing," in the July SCRIBNER. Those two tales show him at his strongest, and the book falls short of them in force of passion and searching insight; yet, as a tale, it is eminently picturesque and readable. It can be read nearly at one sitting—furnishing thus a good example of Poe's rule of effect—and, we doubt not, will be so read by summer vacation-takers who are fortunate enough to have it with them.

Waring's "Whip and Spur." *

THE charming papers collected under this title will admirably fill a want that every sensitive modern heart must experience—the want, namely, for some adequate expression of our appreciative and sympathetic view of the nobler domestic animals. Apuleius, with his Golden Ass, and the ancients long before him with their magnificent myths of Pegasus, Bellerophon, the Golden Fleece, and the horrid enchantment of Circe, found a bond of union between man and brute; but it was not of that intimate sort which we desire nowadays. There is a fundamental difference between the fable form of approaching animals and the fine, truthful delineation of them as we see it in certain English writers; and to trace the rise of this distinct sort of sympathy from Cowper's day, and earlier, through Mrs. Browning's poem to her dog Flush, through Scott and Dickens, down to such *recentities* as Dr. John Brown's "Rab and his Friends," or Bret Harte's admirable "Chiquita"—to trace this development, we say, might be almost as interesting a process as that of Ruskin's investigation into the differences between the ancient and the modern feeling for landscape. We merely hint this as a reminder that Colonel Waring's sketches are not without illustrious pedigree—a prime consideration in equine literature, one would say,—and that we may the better express how strongly we feel that they are worthy of their kin.

There is nothing more healthful than this sort of simple, straightforward, hearty writing about what interests one in the animal world and in one's own experience. We get the breeze of road and field here, and the wholesome, homely atmosphere of barn-yards seems not far off. Colonel Waring is not merely an enthusiast about horses, however. It is true, he dwells lovingly upon the outlines of Vix's head—"small, bony, and of perfect shape, with keen

deer-like eyes, and thin, active ears,"—whose "royal blood shone out from her face and kept it beautiful," but he is as keen an observer of everything else which his pen touches. How completely and forcibly, with what sparing strokes, does he picture the lazy camp-life of his regiment in Missouri and Mississippi, and the brave trumpeter Wettstein, "with his cap-front turned up so as to let the sun fall full on his frank blue eyes and his resolute blond mustache," "smoking, gabbling, singing, rollicking from morning till night, and still on until morning again if need be," who "seemed to absorb sunshine enough during the day to keep every one bright around him all night!" The sketch of Pat Dixon, also, in "Two Scouts," is a commendable and noteworthy performance; and the whole story of "How I got my Overcoat" is very clever. We say *performance*, advisedly: Colonel Waring's descriptions are not "efforts." How far this is due to a sound instinct which never leads him beyond his capacity, is a point not easy to determine. In these papers he keeps close to fact, and of course there is an end to facts—so far as one man's experience goes. But the strand which in this volume he has begun to inweave with the literature of the day, is such a desirable one, that we cannot help hoping that this "Rhode Island farmer" will yet give us works to be held in remembrance with those of Tom Hughes.

One thing Colonel Waring seems to possess which is absolutely essential to good national writing; that is, a sound sense of locality. He can attach himself to a place. This capacity is what has given Boston, Cambridge, and Concord their literary fame; it was a powerful factor in the case of Cooper and Irving; and no good American books can be without it. To come to the point, we wish that our author would garner some further literary fruits of peace as he has done those of war; would write of American farm-life, boy-life, and field-sports, and gather into books all the rich substance of this sort which is evaporating under our eyes, every day, for want of "receivers" to retain it.

"The French at Home." *

MR. RHODES is a quick observer, who tells cleverly what he has seen, and he has seen much. To write of Paris as understandingly as he does, requires a long residence in that pleasing city. He is not afflicted with the usual malady of writers of the present day, a partiality, namely, for either Germans or Frenchmen; and the faults of his own countrymen do not escape him. The good-humored play of some of his most amusing satire runs between French people and American. To those who denounce the Gaul after a sweeping fashion, these moderate hints may be profitable. "But what is puzzling to the austere theologian is, that there are certain clustering qualities of symmetrical harmony and goodness found in the character of the Gaul, which are not the development of an evil, but of a virtuous nature. The key to this apparently paradox-

* J. R. Osgood & Co., Publishers.

* The French at Home. By Albert Rhodes, New York: Dodd & Mead.

ate is to be found in the man's love of the
ful with which he strives to invest his religion
s life." * * "His history has been a pursuit
ty, and it has always eluded him like an *ignis*
To-day he is a revolutionist, resisting tyr-
to the death in the name of freedom; and,
row, as soon as he holds the reins of power,
n becomes as much a tyrant as he whom he
verthrown. Yet, he is always a votary of
."

innate aptitude of the Gaul in matters of the
n is dwelt upon with special reference to
can enormities in that direction. A good
s told of an old waiter who, seeing some one
to add water to some very choice Château
ux, stayed the guest's arm and said solemnly:
"You put water in that wine, God will never for-
gu."

Rhodes is neither severe upon the faults of
men nor ardently enthusiastic over their vir-
although, on the whole, the leaning is to the
ble side. His style has not suffered from
nfluence with French models, the subject he
s seems to have put him into something of
y humor of which the Gaul is so fond, and
ght little book thus becomes really enjoyable
g for a hot September day.

Miss Woolson's Stories.*

S WOOLSON is a pioneer in a new country,
eat North-west, with its mighty lakes, broad
dense forests, and the recent civilization
has invaded it. We have here nine articles
first appeared in various magazines, and, in all
m, the background is some lake, mining dis-
r forest settlement, or else she uses the un-
ant material lying hid in one of those commu-
of which the West furnishes so many exam-
This is her great advantage. We can pass
one little crudeness of style and thought with
fiction that it is bred of the crude locality
we get such interesting glimpses of life in the
west. A fine touch is shown in the two
s, originally published in SCRIBNER'S MONTH-
lled "Peter the Parson," and "Jeannette."
ambitious, but possibly even better, is that
Solomon" as title, being the story of a village
s who married a gentle youth from a communi-
t finds that her helpless husband's one accom-
ment, the painting of highly-colored pictures
self, does not find recognition in their neigh-
ood. Art languishes in the community, and
n is reduced to working in the mines. The
ory is told with considerable pathos, and with a
deal of feminine observation showing here and
if there is a blemish, it will, after all, amount
to a question whether Solomon's wonderful
ter, which he paints just before he dies, had
tter be omitted. It hurts the pathos by striv-
raise a simple, half-witted man on a sudden

into the rank of a real artist; this smacks of the
miracle, while all that goes before is essentially
realistic and commonplace. Of "Castle No-
where," we can only say that it is a pity it should
occupy the first position in the volume, for its infe-
riority to the others may prejudice an impatient
reader. Miss Woolson shows herself able to write
with considerable power, and her promise is excel-
lent, if she can weather a good deal of rough disci-
pline. Her strong point is not in drawing men,
but women.

Mr. Hayne's Poems.*

MR. HAYNE is thoroughly a gentleman and vio-
lates no propriety; he is essentially a clean poet
of a sweet and graceful faculty. He has melody of
verse, clearness of diction, power of stating directly
and forcibly what he has to say, and no mean com-
mand of language. It would be hard to accredit
him to any camp, but, if to one, it would be to the
Byronic, rather than the Tennysonian; that alone
should assure him success with a large audience to
whom Byron is still the greatest poet. But, if his
"Poems of Tradition" are romantic, they are never
strained, while the "Poems of Nature" have a de-
lightful purity and freshness altogether his own.
This is from "Cloud-Pictures: "

"Here, in these mellow grasses, the whole morn
I love to rest; yonder, the ripening corn
Rustles its greenery; and his blithesome horn
Windeth the frolic breeze o'er field and dell,
Now pealing a bold stave with lusty swell,
Now falling to low breaths ineffable
Of whispered joyance. At calm length I lie
Fronting the broad blue spaces of the sky
Covered with cloud-groups, softly journeying by."

Again, we have a short piece called "Midsummer
in the South," which sounds the true ring:

* * * * *
"I love midsummer uplands, free
To the bold raids of breeze and bee,
Where, nested warm in yellowing grass,
I hear the swift-winged partridge pass
With whirr and boom of gusty flight,
Across the broad heath's treeless height;
Or, just where, elbow-poised, I lift
Above the wild-flower's careless drift
My half-closed eyes, I see and hear
The bithe field sparrow twittering clear
Quick ditties to his tiny love;
While, from afar, the timid dove,
With faint, voluptuous murmur, wakes
The silence of the pastoral brakes."

"In the Pine Barrens" and "Visit of the Wrens"
evince the same strength and beauty of Mr. Hayne's
way of looking at nature.

"The Satires of Persius."†

IN this, one of a series of Classics published in
most acceptable form by the Messrs. Harper, Pro-
fessor Gildersleeve uses the best German text, and
German and English authorities. He supplies very
full notes, a complete index, and an introduction in
which he gives fairly the arguments pro and con of
Persius,—making of it, indeed, a very interesting
essay.

* The Mountain of the Lovers; with Poems of Nature and
Tradition. By Paul H. Hayne. New York: E. J. Hale &
Son.

† The Satires of Persius. Edited by B. L. Gildersleeve, Ph.
D., LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers.

David Livingstone.

"THE LAST JOURNALS OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE" have been republished in America by Harper & Brothers, in two editions, the later being "popular" in make-up and price. On all accounts this must be ranked among the most noteworthy books of our time, as Livingstone himself must be classed among the most heroic figures of the century. It is hard to realize that the man's work on earth has ended. He had been reported dead so often, and had come to life again, had been so often lost and found; had come out safe, as with a charmed life, from so many perils, and seemed so foreordained for the solution of the great problems with which he was engaged, that when the tidings came of his death in the swamps of Lake Bangweolo, it was hard to believe the unwelcome fact. Even when his wasted body was brought back, as by a miracle, to English soil, and laid to rest in the great Abbey, it was easier to think of him as still at work in the vast wildernesses in which he had spent his years of strength, with a consecration and self-sacrifice so unparalleled. It is only after reading these "last journals," in which the record of his last eight years of toil and achievement is condensed, that it is easy to think of him as having rested from his labors.

The geographical results of Livingstone's last travels had, for the most part, been anticipated before this volume was published. When Stanley found him at Ujiji, after his return from the Manyema country, he had already mapped out the continent so far as to determine the water-shed between the rivers running southward and eastward through the Lake Nyassa region, and those running northward and westward through Tanganyika, Bangweolo, and the great "lacustrine" Lualabas. And he had heard, through the reports of natives and of Arab traders, of other great geographical facts of the grandest importance which he needed to verify by his own observation and to supplement by further discoveries. Whether he was on the headwaters of the Congo, or of the Nile, was, to the day of his death, uncertain, and is, indeed, uncertain still. Only by tracking the great streams down, mile after mile, through wildernesses, vast and pestilential, among savages and cannibals, till the waters, steadily converging, poured themselves into some channel already identified, could the great problem be solved. Right on the verge of its solution, in the Manyema country, when a few hundred miles more of exploration would have determined it, the great, heroic man, sick in body nigh to death, and even more sick at heart, was driven back for a new start. And since he had to start again, by a new route, it should be to do the work so much the more thoroughly.

This was the story which he told to Stanley, and which Stanley told the world. So far we knew already, in outline, what we have in this volume in minute detail. Beyond this, there is little that is really new. There were months of weary waiting at Unyanembe before the caravan, which Stanley

was to send from Zanzibar, could reach him. And when, at last, he started, there was hardly a year's work left in him. He reached the shores of Bangweolo (which he had previously discovered), and after marching half way around it, but before arriving in the region where he was to have made his more important explorations, he died.

But it would be a mistake to suppose that, because the discoveries recorded in this volume have been in a measure made known through other channels, therefore the volume is without geographical interest or value. On the contrary, it will abundantly reward a most careful study; and the reader who, with the map before him, will follow the adventurous explorer patiently, step by step, to and fro, over the continent which would be to-day, except for Livingstone, almost as much a *terra incognita* as it was twenty years ago, will find that he is always adding to his store of knowledge, rivers by the score and hundred; mountains, plains, lakes, forests, innumerable; new tribes and races of men, a tithe of which would have made the geographical reputation of an ordinary discoverer. Notes on the habits of men and beasts, and birds, and insects; notes, botanical, medical, geological; notes on language and on religion, are given just as they were jotted down in the intervals of travel by the camp fire, or under the shelter of a friendly tree, or native hut. It takes a little time to get accustomed to the terse, compact, abrupt, style of this memorandum-writing. But the editor of the volume has wisely given it with the least possible commentary, and with only the occasional supplement of narrative and explanation, to fill a gap in the journal, or to amplify an obscure reference.

But the great charm of the volume, and its highest value, is in its personal disclosure. The man's work was great, but the man himself was greater than his work. Never was prophet or apostle more conscious of his divine calling and election than was David Livingstone that he was chosen of God for his vast undertaking. To suppose him impelled by personal ambition, by love of reputation, or by conceit, or pride of opinion, is utterly to misapprehend the man. His work is his because God gave it to him, and he goes every step of his way in courage and patience, and self-sacrifice, born of faith in God. With no parade of religious emotion, with no ostentation of religious motive, his journals are written in a key of devout and Christ-like thought and feeling which no one can fail to recognize. "It is somebody's bairn," he says, over and over again, as he notes some act of kindness done by the way, some distress alleviated, some life saved, a little forsaken child picked up and carried to a village, a broken-hearted slave, ready to perish, encouraged, and helped back to life and liberty—"it's somebody's bairn" is the apology for the interruption of his journey and his work. As the anniversaries recur—the New-Year's day, the day of the Lord's Nativity, the day of his own birth, for instance—some half-unconscious prayer of trust or gratitude, and eager longing to complete his work, drops from his pen, and now and then he puts on record some result of his solitary thinking on high

of philosophic or theologic thought. "Goodness or unselfishness," he notes, "impresses their (the Africans) more than any kind of skill or power." "Civilization is only what has been done by natural laws" by human power and skill, he says, and, with an indignant *reductio ad absurdum*, he exclaims: "We can control laws, but He cannot! We control the elements, fire and water: is He debarred from doing the same, and we, who has infinite wisdom and knowledge? His power is greater than His own laws. * * * Foolish speculations in morals resemble the case of a Muganda, who said, last night, that if he had not killed people now and then, his subjects would suppose that he was dead."

It is impossible to quote at length, but one brief extract from the latest pages of the journals must be omitted. It is sandwiched in between notes on the habits of spiders on the one hand, and notes on the habits of wagtails on the other. Abruptly he asks the grand question: "What is the atonement for Christ? It is Himself; it is the inherent and everlasting mercy of God made apparent to human eyes and ears. The everlasting love was disclosed in Christ's life and death. It showed that God loves, because He loves to forgive. He works in ways as mild as possible; if not, by frowns; pain is only the means of enforcing love."

Probably, when David Livingstone started out as a Baptist Missionary, thirty-five years ago, he had such more complicated and elaborate theological questions concerning the great question on which he has all this time been meditating. It is fine to see his broad, and practical, and simple his thinking grows, and how more and more tenderly religious his tone, as he draws toward the end.

At the time of his departure was at hand. Living steadily weaker in body, but losing no courage of fortitude and patience, he worked his way through immense hardships to the shore of the lake. The last few weeks of his life were spent almost under water—the lake was swollen to its limits, and the vast "sponge" of country through which the traveler was forced to pass was very frightful. Even his sturdy strength, weakened by the exhaustion of incurable disease, gave out at last. The few last days of his journey he carried on a litter. One morning, very early, his servants came into his hut and found that he had dragged himself from his bed to the ground, kneeling in the attitude of prayer had given up his strong, heroic soul," to his Almighty Father.

"Christ in Art."

THE Rev Dr. Edward Eggleston has prepared an arrangement of the Four Gospels to accompany Messrs. J. B. Ford & Co.'s edition of Bida's illustrations, entitled "Christ in Art." Dr. Eggleston has done his work with skill and taste. He has not tried to make a complete "harmony," in which the minutest fragment of the four narratives would find its place, but only to compile a narrative

which shall give the greatest possible detail consistent with consecutiveness and coherency. This he has done, and done well; and his work, even apart from the illustrations, for the sake of which it was prepared, would not be without its value.

The illustrations by Bida may fairly take precedence of those with which Gustave Doré has overlaid, rather than illuminated, the text of the Four Gospels. They are much more even in merit, the average "tone" is far superior, and there is a greater self-respect about the designs, which never—as Doré's do—melt away into the grotesque, or trickle quite so thinly from the fountains of inspiration as those of the great wood draughtsman. It is true that, on occasions, Bida's designs fail to fix the essential characteristics of a transaction firmly enough; as in "Dives and Lazarus" and "The Miraculous Draught"—the first of which is mainly engaged with the representation of a rich man's house in Palestine, as seen from the exterior, with a feast going on in the colonnaded galleries, while the second shows us two fishing-boats off shore, that look quite as much in want of fishes as otherwise.

But, then, though the conception sometimes fails, regarded as an adequate dramatic rendering, it never falls so completely flat as Doré's failures do, because there is always a solid substructure of study from real life in the East, upon which the spectator can rest when he finds the imaginative part failing him. So that, on the whole, these designs form probably the most satisfactory series published. But Bida on copper, in the original etchings issued in sumptuous style by Hachette & Cie., is a very different thing from Bida on wood, as given to us by J. B. Ford & Co. No idea of the delicate atmosphere and the subtle decorations of light and shade of the original plates can be formed from the latter. A man might easily find it in his heart to write a group of poems inspired by the etchings, but the wood-cuts are purely prosaic. They are like a symphony with half the instruments left out.

The beautiful landscapes, "The Road to Jericho" and "Blind Bartimeus," become very dry and unsympathetic in the wood; and the visionary grace of "Jesus Walking On the Water" is much cheapened by the transfer. We observe, also, that liberties have been taken with the "Calling of Matthew;" one figure having been left out entirely, and the penetrating aspect of obedience and holy recognition in the original Matthew being almost entirely concealed by careless copying and cutting. Still, we know very well that a full orchestra will not play for so small a price as satisfies the strolling band; and if, in translating Bida's etched designs into wood-cuts, a good deal has been thrown away that the connoisseur can hardly spare, we may still take a reasonable satisfaction in the thought of how much these cuts may do for those who will never see the etchings; of how many sleeping imaginations they will awaken by their fresh presentation of a sacred story.

"The Early Kings of Norway."*

It is not surprising that Mr. Carlyle, who loves human nature best when it reveals itself in its boldest forms, should have found himself attracted to that stirring record of ancient Scandinavian history which the Icelander Snorro Sturlason left behind him in his famous *Heimskringla*; but it must be a matter of surprise to every reader of the present volume that he should have contented himself with so hasty a glance at scenes so replete with dramatic interest.

From a scholarly point of view "The Early Kings of Norway" is eminently unsatisfactory, if not positively worthless. It teems with errors, or, perhaps, rather inconsistencies, the greater part of which might easily have been avoided if the author had known Icelandic, and had had access to the best Saga texts. But, unhappily, he only refers to Snorro in order to make him the object of the most supercilious criticism. "There is no chronology in Snorro or his Sagas," he says, but he fails to support this sweeping assertion by any adequate proof. Mr. Vigfusson, in Oxford, whose late edition of Cleasby's Icelandic Lexicon all Northern scholars have hailed with joy, has in his work on the Chronology of the Sagas (*Timatal*) shown how utterly untenable a position like Mr. Carlyle's is; Snorro's dates are by no means unassailable, but his painstaking research and his general reliability are worthy of all honor, and a system is easily recognizable even in his mistakes.

It is always safe to predict that when a man (however great he be) undertakes to write on a subject removed beyond the sphere of his active sympathies, the result will be, in a certain sense, a failure. It will need no elaborate arguing to convince any one that Mr. Carlyle's essay on the Kings of Norway is no exception to this rule. Of course, there will always be a certain charm about the manifold inelegancies, the rough, uncompromising directness, and the jolting unevenness of his style; but in the present case this is hardly sufficient to compensate for the deficiency in scholarship, and the frequent breaches of good taste of which there are such frequent instances in the present volume. His curious use of archaisms, co-ordinated with the most glaringly modern words and ideas, often produces the drollest effect. On page 65, speaking of Olaf Tryggvesson's contest with the peasant Ironbeard, he makes use of the following expressions: "(Olaf) rushed off to the temple close at hand; burst into it, * * * * * smashed Thor & Co. [meaning the thunder-god] to destruction; then, re-appearing victorious, found much confusion outside, and, * * * * * what was a most important item, the rugged Ironbeard done to death by Olaf's men in the interim." On the next page he speaks of Ironbeard's daughter, Gudrun, who attempted to murder the king on their bridal night, as "Poor

Demoiselle Ironbeard." The pirate nest of the Jomsvikings was a "joint stock arrangement, *limited*." During Olaf the Saint's reign, "heathenism had got itself smashed dead." The king himself he calls "a royal article." Knut the Great is "Papa Knut." The combatants at Svolder are referred to as "Svein, Eric & Co.," etc., etc. To take one more example, the eccentricity of which seems well-nigh unaccountable, in the chapter headed "Jarls Eric and Svein," there is not a word said about Eric and Svein; but the conquest of England by Knut the Great, and Svein Tjuguskegg, is rapidly sketched.

Judging from these instances of questionable taste and scholarship, it will hardly surprise anybody to know that our author's spelling of proper names does not conform to any known or generally adopted method. Frequently he spells a man's first name in Icelandic and his surname in modern Norwegian. Occasionally he gives an English version (Eric for Eirikr, Harold for Harald), and once or twice he spells the same name differently in different places. (Fairhair and Haarfagr, Jaernskaegg and Ironbeard, Forkbeard, Doublebeard.)

The essay on the portraits of John Knox is, as the title indicates, a soberly written discussion as to which of the existing likenesses of the Scottish Reformer is likely to be the genuine one. Mr. Carlyle decides in favor of the so-called Somerville portrait, and proves, as it appears to us, conclusively, that the Beza engraving and the Torphichen picture, although generally accepted as representing Knox, bear the features of other men.

"Notes on Paris."*

SATIRICAL notes by a clever and prolific author, which read almost as well in English as in French, will be keenly enjoyed by persons who like to examine the wrong side of the stuff. Mr. Graindorge is a Parisian, who has made his fortune by pork in Cincinnati, Ohio, and returns to find a cynical pleasure in summing up the vices and weaknesses of his fellow-countrymen. At one moment he professes to consider his dull early days of business much to be preferred to life in Paris, and draws a thrilling picture of the brown backs of his hogs advancing through the forests of Ohio to the sound of the horn, while *parrots* scream overhead. Thus do distant objects approach each other; thus do alligators, parrots, and Ohio hogs, New Orleans and Cincinnati, appear converged to one point of sight in the gaze of a Frenchman as clever as M. Taine, while he sits in distant Paris mercilessly dissecting his fellows. The notes by the translator are of great assistance, and the book one to be recommended to every one who is able to make allowances for the exaggeration of satire. The "average American" with his heart set on Paris may be disgusted with the dreary description of such famous places as the Jardin Mabille and other resorts.

* The Early Kings of Norway. Also, an Essay on the Portraits of John Knox. By Thomas Carlyle. Harper & Bros., New York.

* Notes on Paris. By H. Taine. Translated, with Notes, by J. A. Stevens. New York: H. Holt & Co.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Improvements in Firing Boilers.

BOILER fires of all kinds are usually supplied with air through the ash-pits. This air, being comparatively cold, absorbs a great deal of the heat of the fire, and produces a certain amount of waste. A recently patented method of supplying such fires with hot air is said to result in a great economy of fuel, and greatly increased comfort in the fire-room. The boiler, whatever its shape, is designed to be covered with an outer shell or jacket of brick or iron. This jacket forms an air space of two or more inches about the boiler and fire-box. At the top, nearest from the fire, is an opening with a suitable diameter. The air necessary for combustion enters the space, flows round the boiler, and through proper openings enters the ash-pits below the fire-bars. On its passage it becomes heated and expanded, and enters the fire at a high temperature. It thus forms a kind of hot blast without extra expense. A tight door closes the ash-pit in front, and as soon as the fire is extinguished, it is closed, and all the air for the fire must pass through the spaces under the jacket, while the damper at the end governs the draft. This device has been adopted by a number of establishments with satisfactory results in economy of fuel, and great improved temperature in the fire-room. Another device has been tried with success in Paris. It consists of slow revolving fire-bars made of iron, and having numerous holes in the sides, are used in place of solid bars. A spiral ring is raised on the outside, and another ring, to give the cinders a lateral motion, is placed on the bars, and a sunken groove at the bottom serves to keep them in place. They are placed side by side in the furnace, after the manner of ordinary bars, and are supported on bearings on which they can turn easily. The open ends project beyond the front of the furnace to enable the fireman to examine the interior of each. If he finds the holes clogged with cinders, he inserts a key, and turns the bars, so that the ashes fall through the bars to the pit below. The use of these bars is said to be favorable to a clean, free-burning fire. A thick mass of coal by its use has been kept in good flame at a material saving of the usual labor in firing.

Spectacles Without Glasses.

A NOVEL kind of spectacles, originally designed to prevent snow blindness, present some features of interest and interest. They consist of two half-circles, resembling walnut shells, rounded in front, and made to fit the eye at the back. In place of a lens is a narrow horizontal slit in front of the pupil of the eye. To give air and a sight at the sides, small holes are provided at each end. The material is bonite (hard rubber might answer), and they are secured to the eyes by a ribbon designed to be fastened round the head. This is to prevent the freez-

ing effects of meta. when the spectacles are used in cold climates. Elsewhere they might be provided with metal supports, such as are used in ordinary glasses. In traveling, such eye-protectors are said to be very useful in keeping out the glare of the sun, and in preventing cinders and dust from reaching the eyes. For reading by gaslight, they are very agreeable in shading the eyes. Engineers, stage-drivers, pilots, and others exposed to wind, sleet, smoke, and dust, might find such spectacles useful in protecting the eyes without interfering with the sight. For home use, such a pair of protectors can be readily made of stiff cloth, pasteboard, or thin metal, and, properly fitted to the eyes, will be found valuable to persons of sensitive sight.

Portable Water-Wheels in Mines.

IN deep mines in California, where steam-power for working rock-drills is troublesome on account of its heat, and compressed air is expensive, small turbine-wheels have been tried with success. Water is abundant, and the great depth of the shafts gives a high pressure, so that from very small wheels good power is obtained. The drills are mounted on the front of a small car, and the water-wheel is set up on the rear. Hose connects the wheel with the iron pipe, down which the water falls, and when the car is run up before the "breast" to be drilled, the turbine does the work quickly and easily. When a blast is to be fired, the hose is disconnected, and the car, with the drills and wheel, is run into a siding out of the way till it is wanted again. The waste from the wheel is allowed to run into the regular channels of the mine, and is pumped out with the mine water. In case of a short supply the water is turned into the pipes, and returns down the shaft to do its work again.

Woolen Waste in Agriculture.

THE available residue of the wool used in any manufacture is about 20 per cent. of the whole amount. Of this waste, all is of more or less value as manure. It is strictly nitrogenous, and has little other value. The proportion of nitrogen is only about 3.85 per cent. of the woolen, and its value to the farmer becomes a question of carriage. If the woolen waste can be delivered on the farm at a less cost than the 3.85 per cent. of nitrogen can be bought in the form of commercial manures, it will pay to use it; otherwise it will not. Its usual treatment on the farm is to plow it in, to mix it with compost, or to mix it with phosphates. In the ground it is slow to decay, and it is claimed that it is available for two or three years after placing in the soil. Another and better method is to use the waste as a litter and absorbent. Manufacturers of manure use

woolen waste extensively by treating it with acids, alkalies, or superheated steam. Very fair manures are made in this way, and are extensively used in Europe. Still water, in which sheep have been washed, has been found to deposit a fine mud, also available as manure. The subject of woolen waste in agriculture has been under examination in Belgium, and the above facts are from the official reports of the State farms. The chief points are, that woolen waste is nitrogenous in character, that its real value as a manure is only 3.85 per cent. of its bulk, and that it is available as a bedding material.

Aniline Pencils.

THESE new pencils are announced at the same time, both in Paris and Berlin. The French pencils are made in grades, according to the hardness, very much like common lead pencils. The materials used are aniline, graphite, and kaolin, in different proportions. Made into a paste in cold water, they are pressed through a screen that divides the mass into the slender sticks used in filling the pencils. When dry, the sticks are fitted to the wooden parts, and these are glued together very much in the usual way. They may be used in copying, marking in permanent color, and in reproducing writing or designs. In copying, a thin sheet of moistened paper is laid over the letter, design, or document, and the lines are traced with the pencils. The action of the water on the aniline gives a deep, fast tracing, resembling ink in color. The German makers also employ aniline in the manufacture of these pencils. On ordinary dry paper they give a well-defined mark that cannot be removed by India-rubber. When the paper is dampened with water, the markings assume the appearance of ink. Moistened sheets laid over the writing, under a slight pressure, will transfer good impressions, that do not blur, and that resemble the original in every respect.

Fire-Proof Plastering.

IN erecting small fire-proof dwellings for people of moderate means in Chicago, a new feature in plastering has been introduced. The joists of the floors having been laid, strong iron wire is nailed to the lower sides of the timbers at distances of a few inches so as to make a coarse netting in place of lathing. (Woven wire netting has been found in other cities to be much better.) A movable platform of convenient size is brought under the joists and raised by screws to within an inch and a-half of the wires. Prepared concrete is then poured down from the floor above till the space between the beams and the top of the table is filled. As soon as the concrete is set, the platform is lowered and rolled away, and when dry the plastering is sufficiently strong to support the weight of a man upon it. The under side of the plastering is then ready for the usual hard finish. The same plastering is also laid above the beams and under the flooring, and is said to be proof against any ordinary fire. The concrete is composed of 50 parts cinders, crushed

slag, or powdered bricks, 25 parts good common hair mortar, and 25 parts strong plaster of Paris.

Utilization of Surplus Fruit.

THE extraordinary crops of fruits produced in California within the last year or two have caused an excess of production over consumption. Great quantities of grapes, small fruits, and pears, have been offered, and the price has fallen below the cost of production. Much of this fruit has been wasted, or thrown into San Francisco docks, simply because it could not be sold, and the entire fruit trade has been injured. This has turned attention to the drying and preserving of the surplus fruit, and a new and profitable industry is coming into active life. The manufacture of raisins, the packing of figs, drying of small fruits, the making of preserves and jellies, canning in all its branches, and the manufacture of candied fruits, are attracting much attention. Fine samples of preserves, jellies in glasses, and dried fruits, have been offered in Eastern markets, and have met with a favorable reception. In this new branch of industry, scrupulous neatness, the most careful selection of fruits, a rigid rejection of waste material, and a uniform standard of excellence, are essential, if success is expected. The use of refuse fruits, not supposed to be fit for the table, as recommended by some California papers, will quickly prove more disastrous to this trade than the present waste.

Corrosion of Iron Structures.

THE attention of iron bridge and station-builders, both here and in Europe, has been drawn to the rapid rusting and corrosion of such structures wherever exposed to the smoke from passing locomotives. Chemical analysis of the scales and flakes of iron rust from the rods of bridges and roofs of iron depots prove the presence of carbonic, sulphuric, and sulphurous acids, in sufficient quantities to cause rapid corrosion. The smoke from the locomotives in every case seemed to be the source of these destructive agents. These, combined with the jarring and shaking caused by the passing train, produce exceedingly rapid decay in the exposed iron. Heavy painting, and the taking of the train over the top of the bridge, instead of through it, are the only remedies proposed. Among paints may be mentioned a new composition for covering iron, recently offered in Europe. It consists of 100 grammes white wax, 125 grammes galipot (resin and tallow), 100 grammes Norway pitch, 100 grammes tallow, 100 grammes asphalt, 235 grammes gutta-percha, 120 grammes minium, and 20 grammes white lead. In mixing, the wax and galipot are melted together, then the pitch, tallow, and bitumen are added. This mixture forms a solvent for the gutta-percha, which is chopped fine, and lastly the red and white lead are added separately, and well stirred in. The composition cools into a deep chocolate-colored cake, and when wanted for use is melted and applied with a brush in the form of a thin paste.

Distillation of Moss.

The extreme richness of the milk of the reindeer feed on the wild mosses of Sweden has led to the examination of the moss as an article of food. The researches have resulted in the establishment of a number of moss distilleries in Russia and Sweden, and a prosperous and growing interest has been developed. The moss employed yields on an average as much alcohol as good grain, and three times as much as potatoes. The supply of moss is practically inexhaustible, as it is spread over vast tracts extending from the Baltic to Behring's Straits.

Hydraulic Ram Engine.

Sometimes happens in the country, that while a hydraulic ram might be useful in bringing water to a house or barn, the water is not good or pure. A river spring or a well near by has good water, but the water might fall to drive a ram. To meet such cases, a hydraulic engine is now manufactured that is designed to use one stream of water while driven by another. The use of this engine any brook may pump from a hill, spring, or pond, and a good supply be obtained where a common hydraulic ram would not be available.

Lime in Preserving Wood.

A FRENCH railway contractor announces a method of treating planks, posts, ties, etc., that greatly increases their value. He piles the lumber in a yard and then covers thickly with quicklime. Water slowly added till the lime is slacked. In about a week the wood becomes impregnated, and is ready for use. Timber prepared in this way has been used in mines and other exposed constructions with excellent results.

Memoranda.

EXPERIMENTS in Germany on frozen potatoes show that the freezing in nowise alters the chemical composition of the tubers. The change is simply physical, and, even if frozen hard, they are still fit for distillation, or they may be pressed to get rid of the water, and then ground into a very good meal used for feeding cattle.

The sand-blast finds a new application in the manufacture of silver-plated ware. Parts of the ware are treated in stippling work,—a dulled surface, sometimes known as "satin finish." This work has been done by rotating iron wire brushes, but a fine thread of sand, driven by compressed air, is said to do the work much more quickly and effectually. Patterns of thin sheet rubber are used to give any desired markings or ornamentations, and the slight exposure to the blast performs the work instantly.

A new process in the manufacture of plaster of Paris is announced, that is said to give excellent casts that set slowly, and are of a pure white color, instead of the usual grayish-white. The unburnt gypsum is immersed for fifteen minutes in water containing one per cent. of sulphuric acid, and then calcined.

An apparatus resembling the type-writer in design, intended to be used as a stenographic reporting machine, has been brought out in France. It con-

sists of keys and a lever very much like the desk of the type-writer, and a long roll of paper that automatically unwinds as the keys are touched. Each key makes dots or dashes, and the lever spaces off the words and lines. The report, in Morse's alphabet, is thus readily written out as fast as the keys can be touched, and may be copied or set up in type without difficulty. Six months' practice will enable a good operator to follow the most rapid speaker.

In electro-mechanics a new magnet, and a method of softening iron for magnets, are offered. A slender copper pipe, 0.12 of an inch in diameter, is wound in a spiral round a soft iron cylinder. Steam, at a pressure of five atmospheres, driven through the pipe, causes the iron cylinder to become strongly magnetized, and this condition will be maintained so long as the steam flows through the pipe. To obtain good soft iron magnets for electro motors, it is recommended to file or machine-face the iron till it is free from scale, and then to heat it to an evenly distributed dull red. It is then plunged into soft soap till cold. Then it is reheated to an even, but faint red, and buried in pulverized lime. When cold it will be quite soft, and greatly improved as a magnet.

A wind turbine has been patented in Denmark. It is said to work in a much lighter breeze than the ordinary style of wind-mill, and to be well suited to a variety of industrial uses.

Hydraulic machinery is being applied to the handling and loading of large guns on some of the ships of the English Navy. The gun in recoiling is partly upset, and lifting machinery raises the charge to the gun and places it in position, and a hydraulic piston rises from the deck and rams it home.

The propellers put into the new circular iron-clad building for the Russian Navy present some features of interest. There are six screws in all, and the two in the center are much larger than the others, and are so placed as to sink deeper in the water and below the ship's bottom. These screws have only three wings, and in shallow water they are stopped in a position that leaves neither wing below the bottom. Deep-sunk screws have been used with success before; and to enable the ships to enter shallows, the shaft is in two parts, united by a universal joint, so that the screw can be raised, and still kept in motion. In deep water the two parts of the shaft are in line and work together.

A box for transporting eggs is offered, having light iron wire springs between each of the trays in which the eggs are placed. The box-cover, when put on, compresses all the springs of the various trays, and holds the load firm without injuring the elastic cushions on which it rests.

Recent experiments with ozone prove it to have some commercial value as a bleaching agent. Applied directly to animal and vegetable substances, it is claimed that it acts as an oxidizing agent, and abstracts the hydrogen of the substance, and thereby causes a loss of color.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

The following bit of vernacular from "over the water," is too good to be lost, and, at the risk of being behind the newspapers, we reprint it—for its cleverness:

Johnny says: I spose babies is differnt from folks cos they dont no no better, but if I was them you wudent catch me puttin everything in this world into my mouths, I can tel you, like ourn does. Mary, thats the house maid, she was a only chile wen she was to home, and she use to have dols, but she never see a meat baby real cloce til she come to our house, and that girl was jes a stonish ol the time to see wot baby wude do, and it was morn a munth fore she wude tuch it. One day Mary she come a bustin in the dinin room wen it was dinner, wite like a sheet, and hardly any breth, and she said O, if you pleas, mum, babby has went and et the nursry dore every bit up, ol but jes the nob, but wen my mother she went to see wot was the matter it was only father had tuke of the dore to mend it, and baby was a suckin a round paper wate. Sech a girl! When she firs come to live with us one day Uncle Ned he was a plain with baby after lunchen, and he had the cork of a ale bottle stickin on the cork scru, and he was a lettin baby take it in his mouth. Mary she come wile he was a doin it, and she see him pul it out quick, and she ran in the kitchen as fas as ever she cude and brot Uncle Ned a tumbler on a tray! Tween me and you I dont bleeve that girls got any thinker!



TENACITY.

In these days of enthusiasm about Ceramic Art, these verses of Tom Hood's, the moralizing of a foot-

man over a broken dish, may be read with a new interest:

"What's life but full of care and doubt,
With all its fine humanities,
With parasols we walk about,
Long pigtails and such vanities.

"We plant pomegranate trees and things,
And go in gardens sporting,
With toys and fans of peacock's wings,
To painted ladies courting.

"We gather flowers of every hue,
And fish in boats for fishes,
Build summer-houses, painted blue,—
But life's as frail as dishes.

"Walking about their groves of trees,
Blue badges and blue rivers,
How little thought them two Chinese
They'd both be smashed to shivers."

Concerning names, an English correspondent writes:

"New forms of old names have the effect of translating some men, like so many Enochs, into a kind of lower immortality. Some years ago there died Mr. Bean, who left a handsome bequest for building a church. His name, which was to be associated with his liberality, was thought too unclassical to be made historic. Bean therefore was translated into its Latin, Fabius, and the church is known as the Fabius Chapel. Among singers, we have known a Mr. Binfield converting himself into Signor Fabiani, and Mr. Campbell into Signor Campobelli. Not long ago, a young Scotchman, of musical profession, known among his friends by the name of George Walker, went to Italy, and, after a short course of instruction, appeared as a new star on the Italian orchestra, no longer George Walker, but Signor Giorgione Valcheri. In Britain's isle there once lived a worthy citizen, fortunate in everything but one—his name. That name was *Bug*; a name, by the way, which tickled the fancies of many, and led his own to such a degree that he determined to get rid of it. However, not being a young lady, he could not expect any one to offer him another. He must pay dearly for redress in the Herald's Office. Scriveners wrote, lawyers grew rich, documents were up and parchment came down; at last the odious cognomen of Bug dropped off. But poor Bug has now no name. In choosing a new one, he might as well enjoy a good aristocratic appellation; after being stung so many years by such an offensive monosyllable. So he chose two, the very best, and came before the world, as Mr. Norfolk-Howard. It was too late. The landladies in London were not want of a polite name for certain little intruders whose acquaintance they were anxious to disclaim. The phrase of politeness was ready at hand. Henceforward, whenever visitors came to inquire after the bedrooms, the landlady was always sure to add the familiar word,—'and, sir, we are never troubled with any *Norfolk-Howards*.'"

In *Saxe's last volume* of "Leisure Day Rhymes" (Dsgood) are many tender, as well as humorous, passages. Our readers have already seen not a few of these "Rhymes," but not the following ode, etc.:

Ode to the Legislature.

ON THE EXPIRATION OF THE "HUNDRED DAYS."

O WISE Assembly! and O wiser Senate!
I much rejoice to pen it,—
The Hundred Days in which you lived in clover
Are gone and over!
Gone are the Legislators, great and small;
Clerks, Ushers, Porters, Messengers, and all
The crowd of country cousins in the hall!
Gone are the vultures, large and little;
Gone are the venders of cold victual;
Gone are the ladies, short and tall,
The virtuous and the vicious,
The meritorious and the meretricious,
Who follow their vocations
Where you resort;
In short,
The Apple-women, and the sort,
With other appellations.
Gone is the patient, patriotic "Lobby;"
Some, who have bagged their game,
Laden with wealth—and shame;
And others, leading home their lame
And ill-conditioned hobby,
A little leaner than it came!

Gone, too, the Sharps and Flats who swarm
In secret sessions, and perform

"Feats of the *Ring*!"

Unequaled elsewhere,—not the sort of thing
Where human features catch defacing blows,—
But meaner feats than those,
Degrading Legislative Ayes and Noes.
O Famous Hundred!—
In which (while "rural districts" wondered)
Your little Tullys thundered,
Your Hectors blustered, and your Solons blundered,
And *Buncombe*—honest ass! was praised and plundered!
To think! what wind and muscle were expended
(Mere money not to mention)
In quiting disension!
What righteous bills opposed, and bad defended;
What acts (and facts) were made and marred and mended
Before the Session ended!

They say, O Legislature! in despite
Of all adverse appearances, you *might*
Have been much weaker.
(*How?* I have asked,—but all in vain;
None could, or would explain!)
But this I freely own,—you had a "Speaker"
That justified the title, and could speak,
In speeches neither few nor weak;
—And though he often pained us,—
When at his highest pitch of declamation,
The man's oration, and vociferation,
Were really *Tremain*-dous!

Perhaps, O Legislature! since your pay
Is rather small,
(I mean, of course, the regular *per diem*,
And not the price of votes when brokers buy 'em),
You saw the Hundredth day
With pleasure, after all.
If so, I will not hint,—there's little need,—
You and the people were, for once, agreed!
Farewell, O Senate! and Assembly, too!
Good-bye! *adieu!* *a-Dio!* *adieu!*
(I don't say *au revoir!*)
With common sense I wouldn't be at war.
That Legislatures come, it needs must be,
(And go, thank Heaven!) but when I see
Your Ways and Means, I think
Of what, upon a time, a person said
Touching an article we eat and drink:
If you'd enjoy (quoith he) your ginger-bread,
Or sip your sweetened coffee with delight,
Of *sugar-making* pray avoid the sight!

And thus, with greater cause,
Would we respect the Laws
(Which *should* be revered to be obeyed),
IT ISN'T BEST TO SEE THEM MADE.



PRUDENCE.

[From the last volume of the "Bric-à-Brac" series we select the anecdotes which follow]:

Dr. Monsey, of Cambridge, England, with two or three old members of the university, in the course of an evening walk, differed about a proper definition of man. While they were severally offering their notions on the subject, they came to a wall where an itinerant artist had drawn various representations of animals, ships, etc. After complimenting him on his skill, one of the gentlemen asked him if he could *draw an inference*. "No," said the artist, "I never saw one. Logic then gave way to jocularly, and a man coming by with a fine team of horses, they stopped him, spoke highly of the condition of his horses, particularly admiring the first. "That horse, carter," said another of the gentlemen, "seems to be a very strong one, I suppose he could draw a butt." The man assented. "Do you think he could *draw an inference*?" "Why," said the man, "he can draw anything *in reason*." "There," said Monsey, "what becomes of your definition, when you met a man that could not *draw an inference* and a horse that could?"

Garten, the treasurer of *Covent Garden Theater*, had been a purser in the navy; and one day at dinner at Mr. Colman's, many ladies being present, the conversation turned, among other sea affairs, upon the nature of the shark. To the surprise of the company, Garten gravely observed, "A shark is very good eating;" and upon remarking our doubtful smile, he added in a still graver tone, "Why, 'tis as good eating as a dolphin." We looked at each other, and with comical seriousness the word passed round the table—"Did you ever eat a dolphin?"—"Not I."—"Nor I."—"I never ate a dolphin."

When his Majesty King George the First went from Hanover to England, the royal purveyor hav-

ing heard that the King was very fond of oysters, had a dish put down every day; of course, they were the finest that could be procured, but the King did not like them. This being mentioned to one of the pages who went over with him from Hanover, he told the purveyor that the King did not find the same *relishing taste* in the English oysters, which he admired so much in those which he had in Hanover. "Endeavor," said the courtier, "to get his Majesty some that are stale, and you will find he will like them." The experiment was tried, and actually succeeded, for his Majesty constantly ate them, and said they were delicious.



ABSTRACTION.

Kemble was once complaining of want of novelty at Drury Lane Theater; and that, as manager, he felt uneasy at the lack of it. "My dear Kemble," said Mr. Sheridan, "don't talk of grievances now." But Kemble still kept on saying, "Indeed, we must seek for novelty, or the theater will sink—novelty, and novelty alone, can prop it." "Then," replied Sheridan with a smile, "if you want novelty, act 'Hamlet,' and have music played between your pauses." Kemble, however he might have felt the sarcasm, did not appear to take it in bad part. What made the joke tell at the time, was this: a few nights previous, while Kemble was acting Hamlet, a gentleman came to the pit door, and tendered half price. The money-taker told him that the third act was only then begun. The gentleman, looking at his watch, said it must be impossible, for that it was half-past nine o'clock. "That is very true, sir," replied the money-taker; "but, recollect, Mr. Kemble plays Hamlet to-night."

An opera was once acted at Drury Lane in which Kelly had to perform an Irish character. His friend Johnstone took great pains to instruct him in the brogue, but he did not feel quite up to the mark;

and, after all, it seems his vernacular phraseology was not the most perfect; for, when the opera was over, Sheridan came into the green-room and said: "Bravo! Kelly; very well, indeed; upon my honor, I never before heard *you speak such good English* in all my life."

A Curious Letter from a Contributor.

MR. EDITOR: Sir you will pardon this obtrusive and unceremonious letter: I hope, but having for some months courted the muses" of Poetry, and upon seeing in one of the recent issues of the Scribners monthly the Poem *Jeremy Train*, some of my flattering friends have succeeded by thier entreaties in having me forward you the enclosed MSS'.

I never thought of composing until Berte Heart gave birth to that *Heathen Chinee* I came to the conclusion that if he was a poet, I was, (Pardon my Egotism,) and forthwith commenced the business, (for fun,) and as it affords a great deal of Pleasure, and a recreation from the peculiar monotony of Professional reading and study, that at Present it is my recreation.

And the following I respectfully solicit of you What are they worth? to you, any one else, or are they worthless both in sentiment and composition? if they are available to your columns or you can afford to Purchase them as I am very Poor having been a greate looser by fire and my library lost and am desirous of getting more books, will sell them to you or any one else for that Purpos but invariably reserve the Privilage of having them Published in volum myself as I am continually writing and will soon have a sufficient number for quite a volum." * * * * *

Gyp Tie.

A VERY small boy was little Gyp Tie,
With a dusky face and an almond eye,
A queer, small voice, most silvery sweet,
And the busiest pair of noiseless feet
That one could ever have wished to meet.

A very hard lot had little Gyp Tie,
Though his innocent face was never awry;
He washed up the dishes, and did the chores,
He blackened the stoves, and scrubbed the floors,
And—he never listened behind the doors!

He sang at his work, did little Gyp Tie,
A sorrowful song that he wished to die,
And go to the bright Celestial Land,
An angel there with his mates to stand,
With "clown" on his head, and "hop" in his hand.

We grew very fond of little Gyp Tie;
He never was known to cheat or to lie;
He went to church, and he learned to read,
And he prayed so hard, that we all agreed
That he was a rescued "brand" indeed!

He felt very sad, did little Gyp Tie,
And he wiped a tear from his almond eye,
And he sang his sorrowful song all day,
When the silver spoons were stolen away
From the secret drawer where they always lay.

But sadder yet was little Gyp Tie,
When we hailed the big policeman nigh;
And he looked on Gyp as a child of sin,
And he called his tears and prayers "too thin;"
And he pulled out the spoons with a scornful grin
From the folds of that blouse, sewed safely in.

We want no more like little Gyp Tie;
We think of his prayers with a dreadful sigh,
And his sorrowful song that was all of it "bosh!"
But we want a youth to scrub and to wash,
Who has the profoundest belief in Josh!

CLARA G. DOLLIVER.

CRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

X.

OCTOBER, 1875.

No. 6.

JESSAMINE.



HERE stands the great tree still, with broad, bent head,
And wide arms grown weary, yet outspread
With their old blessing. But wan memory weaves
Strange garlands now amongst the darkening leaves ;
And the moon hangs low in the elm.

Beneath these glimmering arches Jessamine
 Walked with her lover long ago, and in
 This moon-made shade he questioned; and she spoke:
 Then on them both love's rarer radiance broke.

And the moon hangs low in the elm.

Sweet Jessamine we called her; for she shone
 Like blossoms that in sun and shade have grown,
 Gathering from each alike a perfect white,
 Whose rich bloom breaks opaque through darkest night.

And the moon hangs low in the elm.

And for this sweetness Walt, her lover, sought
 To win her; wooed her here, his heart full-fraught
 With fragrance of her being; and gained his plea.
 So "We will wed," they said, "beneath this tree."

And the moon hangs low in the elm.

Was it unfaith, or faith more full to her,
 Made him, for fame and fortune longing, spur
 Into the world? Far from his home he sailed:
 And life paused, while she watched joy vanish, veiled.

And the moon hangs low in the elm.

Oh, better at the elm-tree's sun-browned feet
 If he had been content to let life fleet
 Its wonted way!— there rearing his small house;
 Mowing and milking, lord of corn and cows!

And the moon hangs low in the elm.

For as against a snarling sea one steers,
 Ever he battled with the beetling years;
 And ever Jessamine must watch and pine,
 Her vision bounded by the bleak sea-line.

And the moon hangs low in the elm.

At last she heard no more. The neighbors said
 That Walt had married, faithless, or was dead.
 Yet naught her trust could move; the tryst she kept
 Each night still, 'neath this tree, before she slept.

And the moon hangs low in the elm.

So, circling years went by; and in her face
 Slow melancholy wrought a tempered grace
 Of early joy with sorrow's rich alloy—
 Refined, rare, no doom should e'er destroy.

And the moon hangs low in the elm.

Sometimes at twilight, when sweet Jessamine,
 Slow-footed, weary-eyed, passed by to win
 The elm, we smiled for pity of her, and mused
 On love that so could live with love refused.

And the moon hangs low in the elm.

Nor could one hope for her. But she had grown
 Too high in love for hope, and bloomed alone,
 Aloft, in pure sincerity secure;
 For fortune's failures, in her faith too sure.

And the moon hangs low in the elm.

Oh, well for Walt, if he had known her soul!
 Discouraged, on disaster's changeful shoal
 Wrecking, he rested; starved on selfish pride
 Long years; nor would obey love's homeward tide.
And the moon hangs low in the elm.

But, bitterly repenting of his sin,
 Oh, bitterly he learned to look within
 Sweet Jessamine's pure being—when the past, dead,
 Mocked him, and wild, waste years forever fled!
And the moon hangs low in the elm.

Late, late, oh, late beneath the tree stood two!
 In awe and anguish wondering: "Is it true?"
 Two that were each most like to some wan wraith:
 Yet each on each looked with a living faith.
And the moon hangs low in the elm.

Even to the tree-top sang the wedding-bell;
 Even to the tree-top tolled the passing-knell.
 Beneath it Walt and Jessamine were wed;
 Beneath it—many a year she lieth dead.
And the moon hangs low in the elm.

Here stands the great tree still. But age has crept
 Through every coil, while Walt each night has kept
 The tryst alone. Hark! with what windy might
 The boughs chant o'er her grave their burial-rite!
And the moon hangs low in the elm.

AN OVERLAND TRIP TO THE GRAND CAÑON

BY MAJOR J. W. POWELL.

THE explorations of the cañons of the Colorado gave birth to a desire to see more of that wonderful country, and in the summer of 1870 I organized a party at Salt Lake City for another trip by land through the difficult region. We had in fact determined to make a more thorough exploration of the entire Valley of the Colorado, and for that purpose decided to descend the river in more in boats, and use the stream as a base line, from which excursions should be made into the country on either side. We expected to devote several years to this purpose, but the summer and fall of 1870 were given to the exploration of roads from the settlements in Utah to the Colorado River, by which rations might be taken to the best points along that stream, so that in

the final trip down the river we might have depots of supplies at different points.

I wish now to give a narrative of these preliminary explorations.

Between Gunnison's Crossing and the foot of the Grand Cañon we knew of only two points where the river could be reached by land, one at the Crossing of the Fathers, thirty or forty miles north of the Arizona line, and another a few miles below at the mouth of the Paria, on a route which had been explored by Jacob Hamblin, a Mormon missionary. These two points are so near each other that only one of them could be selected for the purpose above mentioned; and we wished to go down to the mouth of the Paria and determine with certainty the practicability of that route. We had been

unable up to this time to obtain from either Indians or white men any information which would give us a clue to any other trail down to the river.

Having organized at Salt Lake City, we made our way southward to the valley of the Sevier River, and then up to the headwaters of that stream. There we were at the summit of a great water-shed. The Sevier itself flows north, and then westward into the lake of the same name. The Rio Virgen, rising near by, flows to the southwest, and enters the Colorado sixty or seventy miles below the Grand Cañon. The Kanab, also rising near by, runs south into the heart of the Grand Cañon. The Paria, which has its source in the same vicinity, runs a little south of east, and enters the river at the head of Marble Cañon. To the north-west of this point other streams, which run into the Colorado, have their sources. Forty or fifty miles away we reach the southern branches of the Dirty Devil River, the mouth of which stream is but a short distance below the junction of the Grand and the Green.

The Pauns-a-gunt Plateau terminates in a point which is well marked by a line of beautiful pink cliffs. At the foot of this plateau on the west, the minute upper branches of the Rio Virgen and Sevier Rivers are dovetailed together; the upper surface of the plateau inclines to the north-west, so that its waters roll off into the Sevier; but from the foot of the cliffs, quite around this sharp angle of the plateau for a dozen miles, we find numerous springs, whose waters unite to form the Kanab; and a little farther to the north-west the springs gather into streams that feed the Paria.

Here, by the upper springs of the Kanab, we established a rendezvous camp, and from this point we were to radiate in a series of trips southward and eastward to the Colorado.

Hamblin, the Mormon missionary, who had been among the Indians for more than twenty years, had collected a number of Kaibabbits, with Chu-ar-ru-um-peak their chief, and they were camped with us. They were certain that we could not make our way to the river, but promised to show us the spring and water-pockets, which are very scarce in that region, and to give us all the information in their power, so that we might examine the country for ourselves.

Here we fitted up a pack-train for the transportation of our supplies, bedding, and instruments, and for a day or two we were engaged in preparation for a difficult trip.

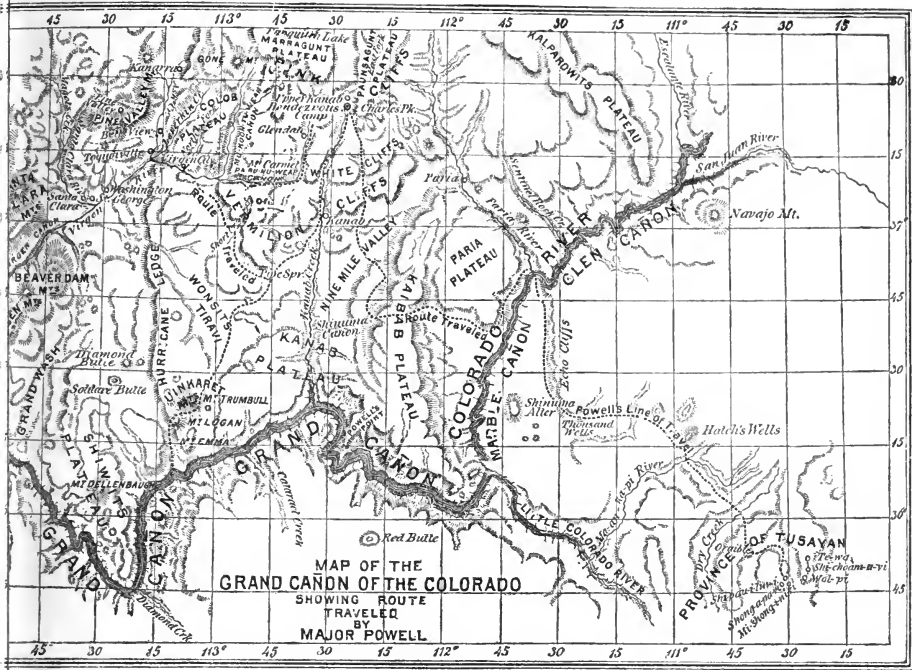
One day, while this general work of preparation was going on in camp, I took with me a white man and an Indian, and started on a climb to the summit of the Pauns-a-gunt Plateau. Our way for a mile or more was over a great peat-bog that trembled under our feet; now and then a mule stepped through the broken turf, and we were compelled to pull him out with ropes. Passing the bog, our way was up a gulch at the foot of the Pink Cliffs, which form the escarpment or wall of the great plateau. We soon left the gulch, and climbed a steep ridge which winds around the right to the summit of the great table.

Two hours' riding, climbing, and clanking brought us near the top. We looked down and saw clouds drifting up from the south, rolling tumultuously toward the foot of the cliffs beneath us. Soon all the country below was covered with a sea of vapors—a billowy, raging, noiseless sea; and as the vapory flood still rolled up from the south, great waves dashed against the foot of the cliffs, and rolled back toward the south. Another tide came in and was hurled back, and another and another, lashing the cliffs until the fog rose to the summit and covered us all.

There is a heavy pine and fir forest above, beset with dead and fallen timber, and we made our way through the undergrowth to the east.

And then it rained! The clouds discharged their moisture in torrents, and we made for ourselves shelters of boughs, which were soon abandoned, and we stood sheltering by a great fire of pine logs and boughs, which we kindled, but which the pelting storm half extinguished. One, two, three, four hours of the storm, and at last it gradually abated.

During this time our animals, which had turned loose, sought shelter for themselves under the trees, and two of them wandered away beyond our sight. I went out to follow their tracks, and came near the brink of a ledge of rocks, which, in the fog and mist, I supposed to be a little higher. Here I looked for a way by which to descend. While I stood there, a rift was made in the fog below, by some current or burst of wind, and an almost bottomless abyss was revealed. I looked from the brink of a great precipice, more than two thousand feet high; the forms below were half obscured by the mist, and all reckoning of distance was lost; it seemed ten thousand feet, ten miles, any distance the imagination might make.



atching our animals, we returned to camp, and found that the little streams which came down from the plateau were greatly swollen. At camp, however, they had no rain. The clouds which drifted from the south, striking against the plateau, were lifted up into colder regions, and discharged their moisture on the summit against the sides of the plateau, but there was no rain in the valley below.

On the ninth of September we made a start from the beautiful meadow at the head of the Kanab, and crossed the line of hills at the head of the Rio Virgen, and descended to the south by a pretty valley, and at one o'clock came to the brink of a great graphic bench—a line of cliffs. Behind were cool springs, green meadows, and forest-clad slopes; below us, stretching to the south until the world was lost in blue haze, was a painted desert—not a desert at all, but a desert of rocks cut by deep gorges and relieved by towering cliffs and cragged rocks, naked rocks brilliant in the sunlight.

By a difficult trail, we made our way over the basaltic ledge, through which innumerable streams here gather into a little river running in a deep cañon. The river flows close to the foot of the cliffs on the west side, and the trail passes along to

the right. At noon we rested, and our animals grazed on the luxuriant grass.

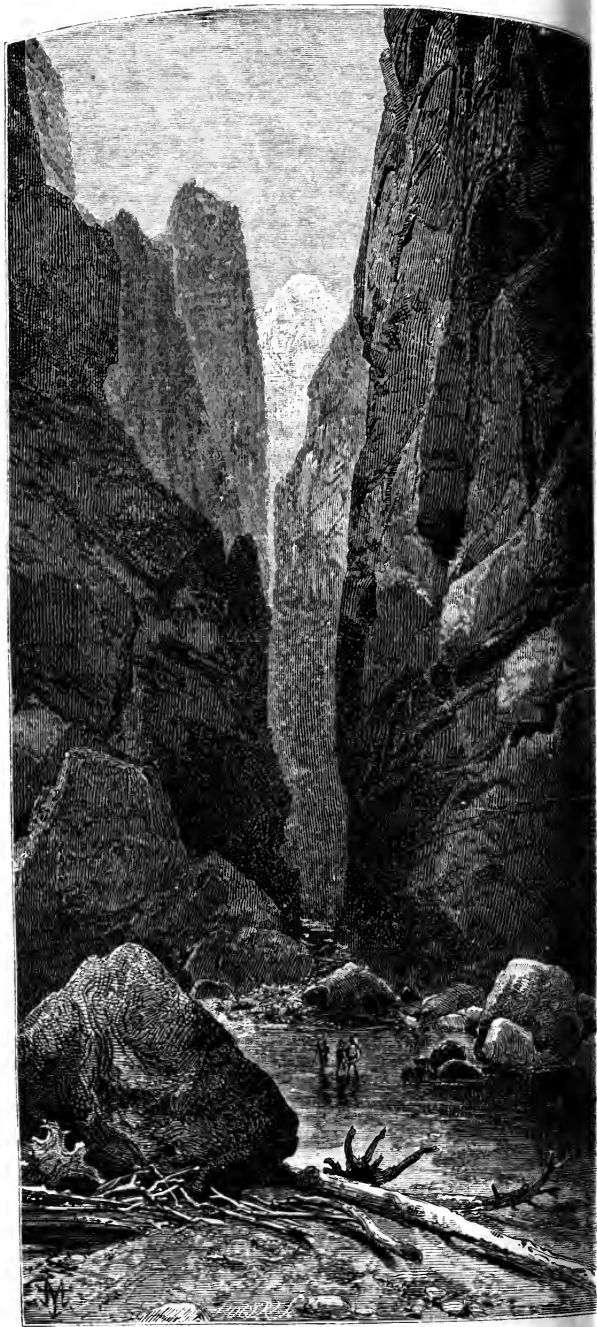
After slow progress along a stony way, we camped at night under an overarching cliff, on the side of a beautiful glen or park, which is inclosed with high rocks on all sides except up and down the river. Here the river turns to the west, and our way properly was to the south, but we wished to explore the cañon that was below us. The Indians told us that the cañon narrowed gradually a short distance below, and that it would be impossible to take our animals much farther down the river. Early in the morning I went down to examine the head of this narrow part. After breakfast, having concluded to explore the cañon for a few miles on foot, we arranged that the main party should climb the cliff, and go around to a point eighteen or twenty miles below, at the foot of the cañon; three of us started on the exploration of the gorge called by the Indians Pa-ru-nu-weap or Roaring-Water Cañon. Between the little river and the foot of the walls was found a dense growth of willows, vines, and wild-rose bushes, and with great difficulty we made our way through this tangled mass. It is not a wide stream—only twenty or thirty feet across, in most places—shallow, but very swift. After spending some hours in

breaking our way through the mass of vegetation, and climbing rocks here and there, it was determined to wade along the stream. In some places this was an easy task, but here and there we came to deep holes where we had to wade to our arm-pits. We soon reached places so narrow that the river filled the entire channel and compelled us to wade. In many places the bottom was a quicksand, into which we sank, and it was with great difficulty that we made progress. In some places the holes were so deep that we had to swim, and our little bundles of blankets and rations were fixed to a raft made of drift-wood and pushed before us. Now and then there was a little flood-plain, on which we could walk, and we crossed and re-crossed the stream and waded along the channel, where the water was so swift as almost to carry us from our feet; we were in danger every moment of being swept down, until night came on. We estimated we had traveled eight miles that day. We found a little patch of flood-plain on which there was a huge pile of drift-wood and a clump of box-elders, and near by a great stream bursting from the rocks.

Here we soon had a huge fire, our clothes were spread to dry; we made a cup of coffee, took out our bread and cheese and dried beef, and enjoyed a hearty supper.

The next morning we were wading again, sinking in the quicksands, swimming the deep waters, and making slow and painful progress, the waters still being swift and the bed of the stream rocky.

The day before, the cañon was 1,200 feet deep, but we found it steadily increasing in depth, and in many places exceedingly narrow—only twenty or thirty feet wide below, and in some places even narrower—for hundreds of feet overhead. There are places



"THE NARROWS." (MU-KOON-TU-WEAP CAÑON.)

where the river, in sweeping past curves, has cut far under the rocks, but still preserves its narrow channel, so that there is an overhanging wall on one side, and an inclined wall on the other. In places a few hundred feet above, it becomes vertical again, and

the view to the sky above is entirely good. Everywhere this deep passage is dark and gloomy, and resounds with the noise of rapid waters. At noon we were in the cañon sixteen hundred feet deep, and we came to a fall where the walls were broken down, and the channel was beset by piles of rocks, on which we obtained a foot-hold at each a level two hundred below. Here the cañon was again wider, and we found a flood-plain along which we could walk, and on this and now on that side of the cañon. Gradually the cañon widened; steep talus, cascades, and cataracts were found along the river. We waded only when it was necessary to cross. We made progress at a very great labor, having to climb over many piles of broken rocks.

Early in the afternoon we came to a little spring in the valley where we saw signs of civilization, and by sundown arrived at the Indian town of Schunesburg, where we met our train, and feasted on melons and grapes. Our course for two days had been directly through Pa-ru-nu-weap Cañon. Another stream comes down from the north and empties near Schunesburg with the main body of the Rio Virgen. We determined to spend a day in the exploration of this cañon. The Indians call the cañon through which it runs Mu-koon-tu-weap, or Straight Cañon. Entering this, we were compelled to wade up stream; often the water filled the entire channel, and although we traveled many miles, we found no flood-plain, talus, or broken piles of rocks at the foot of the walls.

The walls have smooth, plain faces, and everywhere very regular and vertical for a thousand feet or more, and then they seem to break back in shelving slopes to higher altitudes. Everywhere as we went along we found springs bursting out at the foot of the walls, and, passing these, the river above coming steadily smaller, the great body of water which runs below bursts out from beneath this great bed of red sandstone; as we went up the cañon it came to be but a brook, and then a brook. On the western side of the cañon stand some buttes and pinnacles, and high, pinnacled rocks. Going up the cañon we gained glimpses of them here and there. After our trip through the cañons of the Colorado the year before, on our way from the mouth of the Virgen to Lake City, we could see these buttes as conspicuous landmarks from a distance of fifty or seventy miles, away to the south-west. These tower-rocks are known as the Temples of the Virgen.

Having explored this cañon to its head, we returned to Schunesburg, arriving quite late at night.

Sitting in camp that evening, Chu-ar, the chief of the Kaibabbits, told us one of the traditions of the tribes. Many years ago, he said, a great light was seen somewhere in this region by the Pa-ru-sha-pats, who lived to the south-west. They supposed it to be a signal kindled to warn them of the approach of the Navajos, who lived to the east beyond the Colorado River. Then other signal-fires were kindled on the Pine Valley Mountains, Santa Clara Mountains, and U-in-ka-ret Mountains, so that all the tribes of northern Arizona, southern Utah, southern Nevada, and southern California, were warned of the approaching danger; but when the Pa-ru-sha-pats came near they discovered that it was a fire on one of the great Temples, and then they knew that the fire was not kindled by men, for no human being had scaled the rocks. The Tu-mu-ur-ru-gwait-si-gaip, or Rock Rovers, had kindled a fire to deceive the people, and so this is called in the Indian language Rock Rovers' Land.

The next day, September 13th, we started very early, for we had a long day's travel before us. Our way was across the Rio Virgen to the south. Coming to the bank of the stream, we found a strange metamorphosis; the streams, as we had seen them above, ran in narrow channels, leaping and plunging over the rocks, raging and roaring in their course; but here they united, and spread in a thin sheet several hundred yards wide, and only a few inches deep; they were running over a bed of quicksand. Crossing the stream, our trail led up a narrow cañon, not very deep, and then among the hills of golden, red, and purple shales and marls—a region of bad lands. Climbing out of the valley of the Rio Virgen, we passed through a forest of dwarf cedars, and came out at the foot of the Vermilion Cliffs. We followed this Indian trail toward the east all day, and at night camped at a great spring, known to the Indians as "Yellow Rock Water," but to the Mormons as Pipe Spring. Near by there was a cabin in which some Mormon herders found shelter.

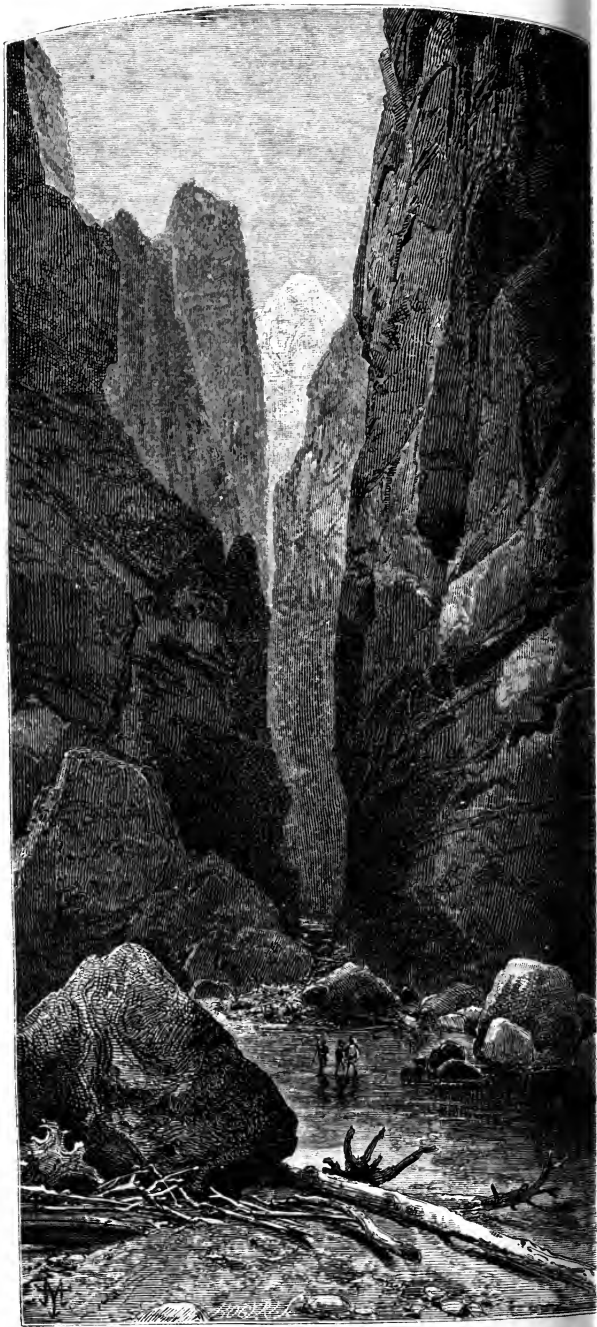
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Chu-ar and Shuts, for the purpose of showing us the trails and springs; the latter are very scarce, very small, and not easily found. Not more than half a dozen are known in a district of country large enough to make as many good-sized counties in Illinois. There are no running streams, and these springs and water-pockets—that is, holes in the rocks

back and saw the morning sun shining in splendor on their painted faces. The same angles were on fire, and the retreating angles were buried in shade. I gazed and gazed until my vision dreamed, and the cliffs appeared a long bank of purple clouds piled from the horizon high into the heaven. At noon we passed along a ledge of choiced



ALCOVE BAD LANDS.

that hold water from shower to shower—were our only dependence.

As we started on, we left behind a long line of cliffs, many hundred feet high, composed of orange and vermilion sandstones. I have named them "Vermilion Cliffs." When we were out a few miles I looked

back and, taking out our sandwiches, made dinner as we rode along.

The day before, our Indians had discussed for hours the route which we should take. There was one way that was farther by ten or twelve miles, with sure water; another the shorter, where water was found some

es; their conclusion was that water would be found there, and that was the way we went. All day long we were anxious about

To be out two days with only the water that could be carried in two small kegs was to have the animals suffer greatly.

At five o'clock we came to the spot, and our great relief found a huge water-pocket containing several barrels. Here we camped the night.

We were up at daylight the next morning, and it was a long day's march to the next water, the Indians said. Our course was southward. From Pipe Spring we could see a mountain, and I recognized the one I had seen the previous summer from a point overlooking the Grand Cañon. It was behind this mountain that I wished to take the river. There were Indians living in a group of which it is the highest, whom I wished to visit on the

These mountains are of volcanic origin, and we soon came to ground that was covered with fragments of lava. The way became very difficult; we had to cross deep gorges, the heads of cañons that run into the Grand Cañon. It was curious now to derive the knowledge of our Indians; there was not a trail they did not know; every rock and every rock seemed familiar. I prided myself on being able to grasp and retain in my mind the topography of a country, but these Indians put me to shame. Their knowledge is only general, embracing the more important features of a region which I retain as a map engraved on my mind; theirs is specific; they know every rock and gorge, every gulch and cañon—just where the wind among these to find a pass, and their knowledge is unerring; they cannot describe a country to you, but they can tell you all the details of a route.

The two had been furnished with but one horse, which they were to ride "turn about," and Chu-ar managed to keep the horse to

himself. Shuts, the one-eyed, bare-legged, merry-faced pigmy, walked, and pointed the way with a slender cane, and would leap and



SOME OF OUR INDIAN GUIDES.

bound by the shortest way, and sit down on a rock and wait demurely until we came, always meeting us with a jest, his face a rich mine of humor.

At dusk we reached the water-pocket. It was found in a deep gorge on the flank of this great mountain. During the rainy season the water rolls down the mountain-sides, plunging over precipices, and excavating a deep basin in the solid rock below. This basin, hid from the sun, holds water the year round. High rocks of black basalt stand about it, and above are overhanging cedars. The Indians call it U-nu-pin Pi-ka-vu, that is, Elfin Water-Pocket.

The next morning, while the men were packing the animals, I climbed a little mountain near camp to obtain a view of the country. It was a huge pile of volcanic scoria, loose and light as cinders from a forge, which gave way under my feet as I climbed with great labor. Reaching the summit, and looking to the south-east, I could see once more the labyrinth of deep

gorges that flank the Grand Cañon ; in the multitude I could not determine whether the latter was in view or not. The memories of grand and awful months spent in their deep gloomy solitudes came up, and I lived that life over again for a time. I supposed before starting that I could get a good view of the great mountain from this point, but it was like climbing a chair to look at a castle. I wished to discover some way by which it could be ascended, as it was my intention to go to the summit before I returned to the settlements. I saw a steep and apparently impassable cliff stretching across the face of the mountain, and my problem was still unsolved. I hurried down again, sliding on the cinders, and making them rattle and clang.

The Indians told us that we were to have a short ride that day, and that we would reach an Indian village by way of a good spring. Our way was across spurs that put out from the great mountain as we passed it to the left. Up and down we went across deep ravines, the fragments of lava clanking under our horses' feet ; now among cedars,

now among pines, and now across mountain-side glades. At one o'clock we descended into a lovely valley with a carpet of grass. We were told by Chu-ar that at some seasons of the year water runs through this valley from a spring above, but that he supposed it would be dry at this time ; yet he was not sure, and thought it possible that some of the Indians whom we were seeking might be found near the spring. So he rode on to find them, and to say that we were friends, for should we come without notice, they would run away, or propose to fight. Soon we saw Chu-ar riding at full speed, and heard him shouting at the top of his voice, and away in the distance were two Indians scampering up the mountain-side. One stopped, the other still ran on, and was soon lost to view. We rode up and found Chu-ar talking with the one who had stopped. It was one of the ladies resident in those mountain glades, whom we called Godiva. She told us that her people were at the large spring, that it was only two hours' ride, and that her own good master, whom we had seen running so lustily, had gone on to tell

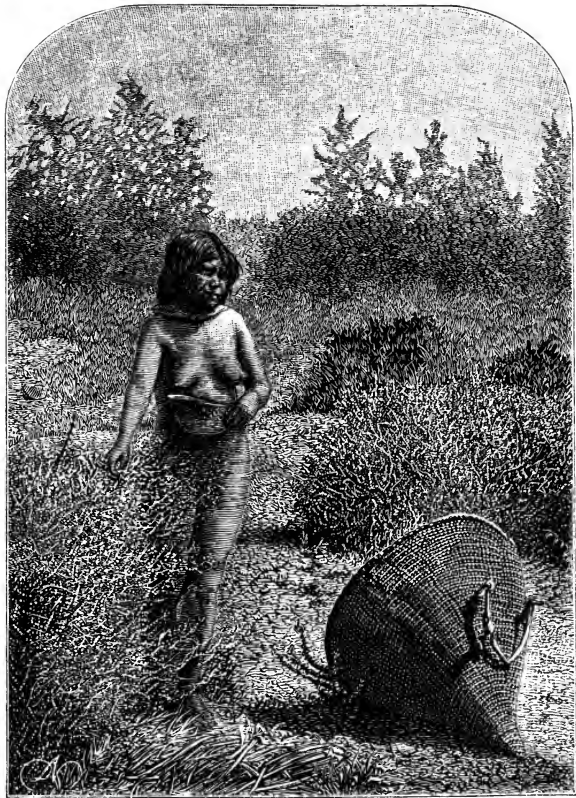


U-NU-PIN PI-KA-VU. (ELFIN WATER-POCKET.)

we were coming. We sat and ate our luncheon, and I ate our biscuit with the lady of the mountain, who had been bringing seeds. Then we sent our men on to the village to apprise them of our coming, and to allay their fears they might have, keeping with us Shuts and Godiva. We rode along the trail another four miles until we came to a pass between two high cinder-cones, of which I concluded to climb the one to the left. So, leaving the other to pursue its way, I rode my horse as far as possible, and then I dug up afoot to the summit from which I could see the Grand Cañon. I now knew where I was. I recognized some landmarks on its brink which I had observed the year before. It led me to the north-west the Indian village was plainly seen. It had a lovely little park for a home—a meadow in front, a grove of tall pines behind. I could see the smoke curling up from their fires, and with my eyes I could watch the approach of the little train, and see the men coming out to meet it. The men unsaddled their horses, and an Indian boy took them out to graze. I ascended the mountain, and reached camp at sunset.

After supper, we put some cedar boughs around the fire; the dusky villagers sat around, and we had a smoke and a talk. I explained the object of my visit, and assured them of my friendly intentions. Then I told them about a way down into the cañon. They told me that, years ago, a way was discovered by which parties could descend down, but that no one had attempted it for a long time; that it was a very difficult and dangerous undertaking to reach the "Water." Then I inquired about the tribe, the tribe that lives about the mountains on the mountain-sides and cañon to the south-west. They said that the village was about thirty miles away, and promised to send a messenger for them the next morning.

Having finished our business for the evening, I asked if there was a "tu-gwe-wa-gunt" camp—that is, if there was any one person who was skilled in relating their mythology. Chu-ar said To-mor-ro-un-ti-kai, the



GODIVA.

chief of these Indians, the U-in-ka-rets, was a very noted man for his skill in this matter; but they both objected, by saying that the season for tu-gwe-nai had not yet arrived. But I had anticipated this, and soon some members of the party came with pipes and tobacco, a large kettle of coffee, and a tray of biscuits, and after sundry ceremonies of pipe-lighting and smoking, we all feasted; and, warmed up by this (to them unusual) good living, it was decided that the night should be spent in relating mythology. I asked To-mor-ro-un-ti-kai to tell us about the So-kus Wai-un-ats or One-Two Boys, and to this he agreed.

The long winter evenings of an Indian camp are usually devoted to the relation of mythological stories, which purport to give a history of an ancient race of animal gods. The stories are usually told by some old man, assisted by others of the party who take secondary parts, while the members of the tribe gather about and make comments or receive impressions from the morals which are enforced by the story-teller, or more properly story-tellers, for the exercise par-

takes somewhat of the nature of a theatrical performance.

THE SO-KUS WAI-UN-ATS.

Tum-pwi-nai-ro-gwi-nump, he who had a stone shirt, killed Si-kor, the crane, and stole his wife; and seeing that she had a child, and thinking it would be an encumbrance



MARY'S VEIL—THE UPPER FALL ON PINE CREEK.

to them on their travels, he ordered her to kill it. But the mother, loving the babe, hid it under her dress and carried it away to its grandmother. And Stone Shirt carried his captured bride to his own land.

In a few years the child grew to be a fine lad, under the care of his grandmother, and was her companion wherever she went.

One day, they were digging flag-roots on

the margin of the river, and putting them in a heap on the bank. When they had been at work a little while, the boy perceived that the roots came up with greater ease than was customary, and he asked the old woman the cause of this, but she did not know; and as they continued their work, still the reeds came up with less effort at which their wonder increased until the grandmother said, "Surely some strange thing is about to transpire." Then the boy went to the heap where they had been placing the roots, and found that some one had taken them away, and he ran back, exclaiming:

"Grandmother, did you take the roots away?"

And she answered:

"No, my child. Perhaps some ghost has taken them off. Let us dig no more come away."

But the boy was not satisfied, as he greatly desired to know what all this meant; so he searched about for a time and at length found a man sitting under a tree, whom he taunted with being a thief, throwing mud and stones at him until he broke his leg. The stranger answered not the boy nor resented the injuries he received, but remained silent and sorrowful; and when his leg was broken he tied it up in sticks, and bathed it in the river, and sat down again under the tree, and beckoned the boy to approach. When the lad came near, the stranger told him he had something of great importance to reveal.

"My son," said he, "did that old woman ever tell you about your father and mother?"

"No," answered the boy, "I have never heard of them."

"My son, do you see these bones scattered on the ground? Whose bones are these?"

"How should I know?" answered the boy. "It may be that some elk or deer has been killed here."

"No," said the man.

"Perhaps they are the bones of a bear."

But the man shook his head. So the boy mentioned many other animals, but the stranger still shook his head, and finally said:

"These are the bones of your father. Stone Shirt killed him, and left him to rot here on the ground like a wolf."

Then the boy was filled with indignation against the slayer of his father.

Then the stranger asked:



AN INDIAN VILLAGE IN WINTER.

"Is your mother in yonder lodge?"
"No."

"Does your mother live on the banks of
river?"

"I don't know my mother," answered the
"I have never seen her; she is dead."
"My son," replied the stranger, "Stone
t, who killed your father, stole your
er, and took her away to the shore of
distant lake, and there she is his wife to-

and the boy wept bitterly; and while the
filled his eyes so that he could not see.
stranger disappeared. Then the boy
filled with wonder at what he had seen
heard, and malice grew in his heart
tast his father's enemy. He returned to
old woman, and said:

"Grandmother, why have you lied to me
et my father and mother?"

and she answered not, for she knew that
most had told all to the boy. And the
fell upon the ground, weeping and sob-
until he fell into a deep sleep, when
age things were told to him.

his slumber continued three days and
e nights, and when he awoke he said
his grandmother:

"I am going away to enlist all nations in
night," and straightway he departed.

[Here the boy's travels are related, with
many circumstances concerning the way he
was received by the people, all given in a
series of very extended conversations, which
we omit.]

Finally, he returned in advance of the
people whom he had enlisted, bringing with
him Shin-au-av, the wolf, and To-go-av, the
rattlesnake. When the three had eaten food,
the boy said to the old woman, "Grand-
mother, cut me in two!" but she demurred,
saying she did not wish to kill one whom
she loved so dearly. "Cut me in two!"
demanded the boy; and he gave her a stone
axe which he had brought from a distant
country, and with a manner of great author-
ity, he again commanded her to cut him in
two. So she stood before him and severed
him in twain and fled in terror. And lo!
each part took the form of an entire man,
and the one beautiful lad appeared as two,
and they were so much alike, no one could
tell them apart.

When the people or nations whom the
boy had enlisted came pouring into the
camp, Shin-au-av and To-go-av were en-
gaged in telling them of the wonderful thing
that had happened to the boy, and that
now there were two, and they all held it to
be an augury of a successful expedition to

the land of Stone Shirt; and they started on their journey.

Now the boy had been told in the dream of his three days' slumber of a magical cup, and he had brought it home with him from his journey among the nations, and the So-kus Wai-un-ats carried it between them filled with water. Shin-au-av walked on their right, and To-go-av on their left, and the nations followed in the order in which they had been enlisted. There was a vast number of them, so that when they were stretched out in line, it was one day's journey from the front to the rear of the column.

When they had journeyed two days and were far out on the desert all the people thirsted, for they found no water, and they fell down upon the sand groaning and murmuring that they had been deceived, and they cursed the One-Two.

But the So-kus Wai-un-ats had been told in the wonderful dream of the suffering which would be endured, and that the water which they carried in the cup was only to be used in dire necessity; and the brothers said to each other, "Now the time has come for us to drink the water." And when one had quaffed of the magical bowl he found it still full, and he gave it to the other to drink, and still it was full, and the One-Two gave it to the people, and one after another did they all drink, and still the cup was full to the brim.

But Shin-au-av was dead and all the people mourned, for he was a great man. The brothers held the cup over him and sprinkled him with water, when he arose and said, "Why do you disturb me? I did have a vision of mountains, brooks, and meadows of cane, where honey-dew was pleasant." They gave him the cup and he drank also; but, when he had finished, there was none left. Refreshed and rejoicing, they proceeded on their journey.

The next day, being without food, they were hungry, and all were about to perish, and again they murmured at the brothers and cursed them; but the So-kus Wai-un-ats saw in the distance an antelope standing on an eminence in the plain in bold relief against the sky, and Shin-au-av knew it was the wonderful antelope with many eyes which Stone Shirt kept for his watchman, and he proposed to go and kill it; but To-go-av demurred, and said, "It were better that I should go, for he will see you and run away." But the So-kus Wai-un-ats told Shin-au-av to go, and he started in a direction away to the left of where the antelope

was standing, that he might make a detour about some hills and come upon him from the other side. To-go-av went a little way from camp and called to the brothers, "Do you see me?" and they answered they did not. "Hunt for me;" and when they were hunting for him the rattlesnake said, "I can see you; you are doing," and so, telling them what they were doing but they could not find him.

Then the rattlesnake came forth, declaring, "Now you know I can see others,"



FILLING'S CASCADE—THE LOWER FALL ON PINE CREEK

that I cannot be seen, when I so desired. Shin-au-av cannot kill that antelope, for he has many eyes, and is the wonderful watchman of Stone Shirt; but I can kill him, for I can go where he is and he cannot see me.

the brothers were convinced and persuaded him to go, and he went and killed the antelope. When Shin-au-av saw it fall he was very angry, for he was extremely proud of his fame as a hunter and anxious to have honor of killing the famous antelope, and he came up with the intention of killing To-go-av; but when he drew near and saw that the antelope was fat and would make a rich dinner for the people, his anger was appeased. "What matters it," said he, "who kills the antelope, when we can all eat it?" So all the brothers were fed in abundance, and they proceeded on their journey.

The next day the people again suffered from water and the magical cup was empty, the So-kus Wai-un-ats having been told in their dream what to do, transformed themselves into doves and flew away to a lake, on the margin of which was the home of Stone Shirt.

Coming near to the shore, they saw two maidens bathing in the water, and the boys looked and looked, for the maidens were very beautiful. Then they flew into some bushes to get by to have a nearer view, and were caught in a snare which the girls had set for birds. The beautiful maidens came up, and seeing the birds out of the snare admired them very much, for they had never seen such birds before. They carried them to their father, Stone Shirt, who said, "My daughters, I very much fear these are spies from our enemies, for such birds do not live in our island," and he was about to throw them into the fire, when the maidens besought him with tears that he would not destroy their beautiful birds; he yielded to their entreaties with much misgiving. Then they took the birds to the shore of the lake and set them free.

When the birds were at liberty once more, they flew around amongst the bushes until they found the magical cup which they had hidden, and, taking it up, they carried it out to the middle of the lake and settled down in the water, and the maidens supposed they were drowned.

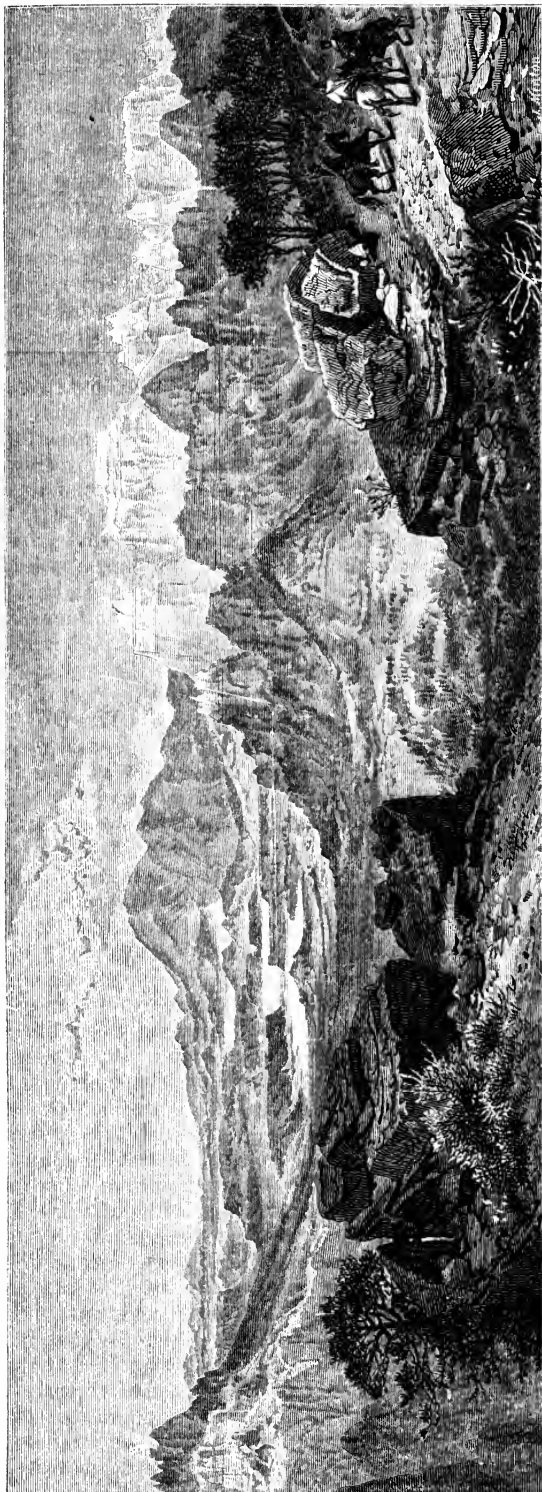
The birds, when they had filled their cup, came again and went back to the people in the desert, where they arrived just at the right time to save them with the cup of water, from which each drank and yet it was full until the last was satisfied, and then a drop was left. The brothers reported that they had seen Stone Shirt and his daughters.

The next day they came near to the home of the enemy, and the brothers, in proper

person, went out to reconnoiter. Seeing a woman gleaned seeds, they drew near and knew it was their mother, whom Stone Shirt had stolen from Si-kor, the crane. They told her they were her sons, but she denied it, and said she had had but one son; but the boys related to her their history, with the origin of the two from one, and she was convinced. She tried to dissuade them from making war upon Stone Shirt, and told them that no arrow could possibly penetrate his armor, and that he was a great warrior, and had no other delight than in killing his enemies, and that his daughters also were furnished with magical bows and arrows, which they could shoot so fast that their arrows would fill the air like a cloud, and that it was not necessary for them to take aim, for their missiles went where they willed; they *thought* the arrows to the hearts of their enemies, and thus the maidens could kill the whole of the people before a common arrow could be shot by a common person. But the boys told her what the spirit had said in the long dream, that he had promised that Stone Shirt should be killed. They instructed her to go down to the lake at dawn, so as not to be endangered by the battle.

During the night the So-kus Wai-un-ats transformed themselves into mice, and proceeded to the home of Stone Shirt, and found the magical bows and arrows that belonged to the maidens, and with their sharp teeth they cut the sinew on the backs of the bows, and nibbled the bow-strings, so that they were worthless; meanwhile To-go-av hid himself under a rock near by.

When dawn came into the sky, Tum-pwina-ro-gwi-nump, the Stone Shirt man, arose and walked out of his tent, exulting in his strength and security, and sat down upon the rock under which To-go-av was hiding, who, seeing his opportunity, sank his fangs into the flesh of the hero. Stone Shirt sprang high into the air, and called to his daughters that they were betrayed, and that the enemy was near, and they seized their magical bows and their quivers, filled with magical arrows, and hurried to his defense. At the same time all the nations who were surrounding the camp rushed down to battle. But the beautiful maidens, finding their weapons destroyed, waved back their enemies as if they would parley, and standing for a few moments over the body of their slain father, sang the death-song, and danced the death-dance, whirling in giddy circles about the dead hero, and wailing with despair until they sank down and expired.



DISTANT VIEW OF MU-KOON-TU-WEAP VALLEY.

The conquerors buried the man by the shore of the lake, but Tum-pwi-nai-ro-gwi-nump was left to rot, and his bones to bleach on the sands, as he had left Si-kor.

There is this proverb among the Utes: "Do not murmur when you suffer in doing what the spirits have commanded, for a cup of water is provided." And another: "What matters it who kills the game when we can all eat of it?"

It was long after midnight when the performance was ended; the story itself was interesting, though I had heard it many times before, but never perhaps under such circumstances. We were stretched beneath tall, somber pines, and the great camp fire was surrounded by old men, wrinkled, and ugly; deformed, blear-eyed, wry-faced women; lithe, stately young men; pretentious but simpering maidens, naked children—all intently listening, laughing or talking by times, their strange faces and dusky forms lit up by the glare of the pine-knot fire—the circumstances conspiring to make it a scene strange and weird. One old man, the sorcerer, or medicine man, of the tribe, peculiarly impressed me. Now and then he would interrupt the play for the purpose of correcting the speakers, giving the moral of the story a strange dignity and impressiveness that seemed to pass to the very border of the ludicrous; yet at no time did it make me smile.

The story finished, I took Chu-ar aside for a talk. The three men who left us in the cañon the year before found their way up the lateral gorge, by which they went to the Shi-wits Plateau, lying to the west of this, where they met with the Indians, and camped with them one or two nights, and were finally killed. I was anxious to learn the circumstances, and as the people of the tribe who committed the deed live but a little way from these people, and are intimate with them, I asked Chu-ar to make inquiry for me. Then we went to bed.

Early the next morning the Indians came up to our camp. The

concluded to send out a young man of the Shi-wits. The runner fixed hisoccasins, put some food in a sack, and the water in a little wicker-work jug lined with pitch, strapped them on his back, and started off at a good round pace.

We concluded to go down the cañon, hoping to meet the Shi-wits on our return. Soon we were ready to start, leaving the camp and the animals in charge of the two Indians who came with us. As we moved out, our guide came up,—a bleary-eyed, wizened, quiet old man, with his bow and arrows in one hand, and a small cane in the other. These Indians all carry canes with a hooked handle, they say to kill rattlesnakes, or to pull rabbits from their holes. The cañon is high up in the mountain, and we descended from it by a rocky, precipitous slope, down, down, down, for two long weary hours, leading our ponies, and stumbling over the rocks. At last we were at the foot of the mountain, standing on a little knoll, from which we could look into a cañon below. Into this we descended, and then we went down for miles, clambering down, and over the rocks. Often we crossed beds of lava which had been poured into the cañon by natural channels, and these angular fragments of basalt made the way very rough for the animals. About two o'clock the guide halted with his wand, and, springing over the rocks, was soon lost in a gulch. In a few minutes he returned and told us there was a pocket of water below in a pocket. But it was cold and nauseating, and our ponies refused to drink it. We passed on, still ever descending. A mile or two from the water-basin we came to a precipice more than a thousand feet to the bottom. There was a cañon running at a greater depth, and at right angles to this, and into which this entered by the precipice, and this second cañon was a lateral one to the greater one, in the bottom of which we were to find the river. Searching about, we found a way by which we could descend to the left along the shelves and ledges and piles of broken rocks.

We started, leading our ponies, a wall upon the left, unknown depths on our right. At first our way was along shelves so narrow and so sloping that I ached with fear lest a pony should make a misstep and knock a man over the cliff with him. Now and then we started the loose rocks under our feet, and over the cliff they went thundering down, and the echoes rolled through distant cañons. At last we passed along a level ledge for some distance, then we turned to

the right, and zigzagged down a steep slope to the bottom. Now we passed along this lower cañon for two or three miles to where it terminates in the Grand Cañon; as the other ended in this, the river was only eighteen hundred feet below us, and it seemed at this distance to be but a creek. Our withered guide, the human pickle, seated himself on a rock, and seemed wonderfully amused at our discomfiture, for we could see no way by which to descend to the river. After some minutes he quietly rose, and, beckoning us to follow, he pointed out a narrow sloping shelf on the right, which was to be our way. It led along the cliff for half a mile to a wider bench beyond, which, he said, was broken down on the other side in a great slide, and there we could get to the river. So we started out on the shelf; it was so steep we could hardly stand on it, and to fall would be to go—we dared not look to see where. It was soon manifest that we could not get the ponies along the ledge. The storms had washed it down since our guide was here last, years ago. One of the ponies had gone so far that we could not turn him back until we had found a wider place, but at last we got him off. With part of the men, I took the horses back where there were a few bushes growing, and turned them loose. In the meantime the other men were looking for some way by which we could get down to the river. When I returned, one, Captain Bishop, had found a way, and gone down. We packed bread, coffee, sugar, and two or three blankets among us, and set out. It was then nearly dark, and we could not find the way by which the Captain went, and an hour was spent in fruitless search. Two of the men went around an amphitheater more than a fourth of a mile, and started down a broken chasm that faced us who were behind. These walls that are vertical, or nearly so, are often cut by chasms where the showers run down, and the tops of these chasms will be back a distance from the face of a wall, and the bed of the chasm will slope down with here and there a fall, and at some places be choked with huge rocks which have fallen from the cliff. Down such a one the two men started. We worked our way for a time, until we came to the "jumping-off place," where we could throw a stone and hear it faintly strike away below. We feared that we should have to stay there clinging to the rocks until daylight.

There is a curious plant growing out from the crevices of the rocks in this region: a

dozen stems will start from one root and grow to the length of eight or ten feet and not throw out a single branch or twig. At this crisis our little Indian, who seemed fully to comprehend the circumstances, gathered a number of these dry stems and tied them together in a bundle, forming a fascine. Then he lighted one end, and held it up. With this we could see a way out of our trouble; and helping one another, holding torches for one another, and clinging to one another's hands, we worked our way still farther into the depths of the cañon. While we were doing this, we noticed that the party coming down the gulch on the opposite side of the amphitheater would occasionally kindle a fire in a bunch of dried stems, which would flare up for a few moments; and while these fires served them to find a way down difficult points, it marked to us their progress down the gulch. Then Captain Bishop kindled a huge fire in the drift-wood on the bank of the river. Soon every man of our party had a torch of his own, and the light by the river, and the lights in the opposite gulch, and our own torches, made more manifest the awful darkness which filled the stupendous gorge. Still on we went, for an hour or two, and at last we saw Captain Bishop coming up the gulch, with a huge torch-light on his shoulders. He looked like a fiend waving brands and lighting the flames of hell, and the men in the opposite gulch were imps lighting delusive fires in inaccessible crevices over yawning chasms; while our little Indian was surely the king of wizards. So I thought, as I stopped to rest for a moment on a rock. At last we met Captain Bishop, with his flaming torch, and as he had learned the way, he soon piloted us to the side of the great Colorado. We were hungry and athirst and almost starved, and we lay down on the rocks to drink. Then we made a cup of coffee, and, spreading our blankets on a sand beach, were lulled to sleep by the roaring Colorado.

The next morning we looked about us to see if there were no better way by which we could bring rations down to the river, and finally concluded that we could make that point a depot of supplies, should it be necessary; that we could pack rations to the point where we left our animals the night before, and employ Indians to carry them down to the water's edge. While looking about we discovered, on a broad shelf, the ruins of an old house, the walls of which were broken down, and could see where the

ancient people who lived here had made a garden, and used a great spring that comes out of the rocks for irrigation. On some of the rocks near by we discovered some curious etchings. Still searching about we found an obscure trail up the cañon wall, marked here and there by steps which had been built in the loose rock. Elsewhere there were hewn stairways, and we found a much easier way to go up than that by which we came down in the darkness the night before.

We were in the Grand Cañon, by the side of the roaring Colorado, more than a thousand feet below our camp on the mountain-side, eighteen miles away; but the miles of horizontal distance represented but a small part of the day's labor before us. It was the mile and a-quarter of altitude that compassed that made it a Herculean task.

We started early, and soon reached the place where we had left our horses, and found them mad with thirst. It was with difficulty that we were able to catch them, though they were hobbled; but at last they were all secured, and we started up the cañon with our jaded ponies until we reached the second cliff. Up this we climbed by easy steps, leading our animals. Then we reached the vile water-pocket found the day before. Our ponies had had no water for thirty hours, and were eager even for the foul fluid. We carefully strained a kettleful for ourselves, then divided what was left between them, two or three gallons for each, but this did not satisfy them, and they raged around, refusing to eat the scanty grass. We boiled our kettle of water and skimmed it; straining, boiling, and skimming made it a little better, and plenty of coffee took away the bad odor, and so modified the taste that most of us could drink it. Our little Indian, however, seemed to prefer the original mixture. We reached camp about sunset, and were glad to rest.

The next day, September 19, we were tired and sore, and concluded to rest a day with our Indian neighbors. During the inclement season they live in shelters made of boughs or bark of the cedar, which they strip off in long shreds. In this climate most of the year is dry and warm, and during such time they do not care for shelter. Clearing a small circular space of ground, they bank it around with brush and sand, and wallow in it during the day,—and huddle together in a heap at night, men, women, and children, buckskin, rags, and sand. They wear very little clothing, not needing much in this lovely climate.

together these Indians are more nearly their primitive condition than any others on the continent with whom I am acquainted. They have never received anything from the Government; they are too poor to trade with the trader, and their country is so inaccessible that the white man never visits them. The sunny mountain-side is covered with wild fruits, nuts, and native plants, upon which they subsist. The oose, made of the Yucca or Spanish bayonet, is used and not unlike the paw-paw of the West of the Ohio. They eat it raw, and roast it in the ashes. They gather the fruit of a cactus plant which is rich and luscious, and eat them as grapes, or from them they press the juice, making the dry pulp into cakes, and saving them for winter; the wine they drink about their camp-fires until the night is merry with their revelries. They gather the seeds of many plants, such as alfalfa, golden rod, and grasses. For this purpose they have large, conical baskets which hold two or more bushels. The men carry them on their backs, suspended from their foreheads by broad straps, and a smaller one in the left hand, and a wicker woven fan in the right, they walk through the grasses and sweep the seed into the smaller basket, which is emptied now and then into the larger until it is full of seed and chaff. Then they winnow out the seed and roast the seeds by a curious process. The seeds with a quantity of red-hot coals are put into a willow tray, and by a dexterous and dexterously shaking and tossing they keep the coals aglow, and the tray from burning. As if by magic, so skilled are the crones in this work, they roll the seeds to one side of the tray when they are roasted, and the coals to the other. Then they grind the seeds into a flour, and make it into cakes and mush. At the mill they use a large flat rock lying on the ground, and another small cylindrical one in the hands. They sit prone on the ground, holding the large flat rocks between the feet and legs, then fill their laps with seeds, thus making a hopper to the mill with their dusky legs, and grind by rolling the seeds across the larger rock, until it drops into a tray. It is a merry sight to see the women grinding at the mill. I have seen a group of women grinding together, keeping time to a chant, or gossiping and chatting, while the younger lassies jest and chatter and make the pine grove merry with their laughter. Mothers carry their babes curiously in baskets. They

make a wicker board by plating willows, and sew a buckskin cloth to either edge, and this is filled in the middle so as to form a sack closed at the bottom. At the top they make a wicker shade like "my grandmother's sun-bonnet," and wrapping the little one in a wild-cat robe, place it in the basket; and this they carry on their backs, strapped over the forehead, and the little brown midgets are ever peering over their mothers' shoulders. In camp they stand the baskets against the trunk of a tree or hang it to a limb. There is little game in the country; yet they get a mountain sheep now and then, or a deer with their arrows, for they are not yet supplied with guns. They get many rabbits, sometimes with arrows, sometimes with nets. They make a net of twine, made of the fibers of a native flax. Sometimes this is made several hundred yards in length, and is placed in a half circular position, with wings of sage brush. They have a circle hunt, and drive great numbers of rabbits into the snare, where they are shot with arrows. Most of their bows are made of cedar, but the best are made of the horns of mountain sheep. These are taken, soaked in water until quite soft, cut into strips, and these glued together, and such bones are quite elastic. During the autumn grasshoppers are very abundant. When cold weather comes, these insects are numbed, and can be gathered by the bushel. At such a time they dig a hole in the sand, heat stones in a fire near by, put some in the bottom of the hole, put on a layer of grasshoppers, then a layer of hot stones, and continue this until they put bushels on to roast. There they are left until cool, when they are taken out thoroughly dried, and ground into meal. Grasshopper-gruel and grasshopper cake are articles of common food.

Indians of the same race, farther to the east in the Rocky Mountains, obtain grasshoppers in great quantities, collected in another manner. Late in the season, when the wings of the grasshoppers are fully fledged, they rise in vast numbers like clouds in the air and drift eastward with the upper currents. Coming near to these high snow-clad mountains, they are often chilled, and fall on the great sloping sheets of snow that are spread over the mountain-sides, and tumble down these snow banks in vast numbers until they are collected at the foot in huge wind-rows, often containing hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands of bushels. Here the grizzly bears come and gorge themselves on this dainty food. There the In-

dians come and kill the grizzly bears and gather grasshoppers. Grasshopper pudding, with bear-grease sauce, is considered a great delicacy.

Their lore consists in a mass of traditions or mythology. It is very difficult to induce them to tell it to white men; but the old Spanish priests in the days of the conquest of New Mexico, spread among the Indians of this country many Bible stories which the Indians are usually willing to tell. It is not always easy to recognize them. When a Bible story is grafted upon a pagan legend, it becomes a curious plant, and sends forth many shoots, quaint and new. May be, much of their added quaintness is due to the way in which they were told by the "fathers." But in a confidential way, when you are alone, or when you are admitted to their camp-fire on a winter night, you will hear the stories of their mythology. I believe that the greatest mark of friendship or confidence that an Indian can give, is to tell you his religion. After one has so talked with me, I should always trust him, and I felt on very good terms with these Indians from the night on which we heard the legend of One-Two.

That evening, the Shi-wits, for whom we had sent, came in, and after supper we held a long council: a blazing fire was built, and around this we sat: the Indians living here, the Shi-wits, Jacob Hamblin, and myself. This man Hamblin speaks their language well, and has a great influence over all the Indians in the region round about. He is a silent, reserved man, and when he speaks, it is in a slow, quiet way that inspires great awe. His talk was so low that they had to listen attentively to hear, and they sat around him in death-like silence. When he finished a measured sentence, the chief repeated it and they all gave a solemn grunt. But first, I filled my pipe, lit it, and took a few whiffs, then passed it to Hamblin; he smoked and gave it to the man next, and so it went around. When it had passed the chief, he took out his own pipe, filled, and lit it, and passed it around after mine. I could smoke my own pipe in turn, but when the Indian pipe came round I was nonplussed. It had a large stem, which, at some time, had been broken, and now there was a buckskin rag wound around it and tied with sinew, so that the end of the stem was a huge mouthful. To gain time I refilled it, then engaged in very earnest conversation, and all unawares I passed it to my neighbor unlighted.

I told the Indians that I wished to spend

some months in their country during the coming year, and that I should like them to treat me as a friend. I did not wish to trade, did not want their lands. Heretofore I had found it very difficult to make the natives understand my object, but the gravity of the Mormon missionary helped me much. I told them that all the great and good white men are anxious to know very many things, that they spend much time in learning, and that the greatest man is he who knows the most; that they want to know all about the mountains, and the valleys, the rivers, and the cañons, the beasts, and birds, and snakes. Then I told them of many Indian tribes, and where they live; of the European nations, of the Chinese, of Africans, and all the strange things about them that came to my mind. I told them of the ocean, of great rivers and high mountains, of strange beasts and birds. At last I told them I wished to learn about their cañons and mountains, and about themselves, to tell other men at home, and that I wanted to take pictures of everything, and show them to my friends. I told them that I could stay with them but a short time then, but that I should be back again and stay with them many months. All this occupied much time, and the matter and manner made a deep impression.

Then their chief replied: "Your talk is good, and we believe what you say. Your heart is good. We believe in Jacob, and look upon you as a father. When you are hungry you may have our game. You may gather our sweet fruits. We will give you food when you come to our land. We will show you the springs and you may drink; the water is good. We shall be friends, and, when you come, we shall be glad. We shall tell the Indians who live on the other side of the great river that we have seen Kahu-pu-rats, and he is the Indian's friend. We shall tell them he is Jacob's friend. We are very poor. Look at our women and children; they are naked. We have no horses; we climb the rocks, and our feet are sore. We live among rocks, and they yield little food and many thorns. When the cold moons come, our children are hungry. We have not much to give; you must not think us mean. You are wise; we have heard you tell strange things. We are ignorant. Last year we killed three white men. Bad men said they were our enemies. They told great lies. We thought them true. We were mad; it made us big fools. We are very sorry. Do not think of them; it is done; let

friends. We are ignorant, like little children in understanding, compared with you. If we do wrong, do not get mad, and do not punish the children too.

When white men kill our people, we kill them. Then they kill more of us. It is not just.

We hear that the white men are a great number. When they stop killing us, there will be no Indian left to bury the dead. We love our country; we know not other.

We hear that other lands are better; we do not know. The pines sing, and we are glad. Our children play in the warm sun, and we hear them sing, and we are glad. The seeds ripen, and we have to eat, and we are glad. We do not want their good things; we want our rocks and the great mountains where our fathers lived. We are poor; we are very ignorant; but we are very honest. You have horses and many things. You are very wise; you have a good heart. We will be friends. Nothing more have I to say."

Sh-pu-rats is the name by which I am known by the Utes and Shoshones, meaning "bright arm." There was much more conversation than I have given, and much more basis. After this a few presents were given, we shook hands, and the council broke up.

Hamblin then fell into conversation with one of the men, and held him until the others had left, and learned more of the particulars of the death of the three men. It was that they came upon the Indian village that starved and exhausted with fatigue. They were supplied with food, and put on the way to the settlements. Shortly after Hamblin had left, an Indian from the east side of the Colorado arrived at their village and told them about a number of miners having killed a squaw in a drunken brawl, and no doubt these were the men. No person had come down the cañon; that was impossible; they were trying to hide their tracks. In this way he worked them into a rage; they followed, surrounded the miners in ambush, and filled them full of arrows.

That night I slept in peace, although these were the enemies of my men, and their friends, the Ute-ka-rets, were sleeping not five hundred yards away. While we were gone to the west, the pack train, and supplies enough to make an Indian rich beyond his wildest dreams, were all left in their charge, and all safe; not even a lump of sugar was pilfered by the children.

How strangely do virtues and vices grow

together in the human heart; here were savages faithful to a trust on one day, who, but a short time before, had been guilty of horrible, though unconsidered crime. He who sees only their crimes, and studies the history of their barbarities as it has been recorded for the past three or four centuries, can see in the Indian race only hordes of demons who stand in the way of the progress of civilization, and who must, and ought to be destroyed. He who has a more intimate knowledge of Indian character and life sometimes forgets their baser traits, and sees only their virtues, their truth, their fidelity to a trust, their simple and innocent sports, and wonders that a morally degenerate, but powerful civilization, should destroy that primitive life. Social problems are so complex that few are willing or able to comprehend all the factors, and so the people are divided into two great parties, one crying for blood, and demanding the destruction of the Indians, the other begging that he may be left in his aboriginal condition, and that the progress of civilization may be stayed. Vain is the clamor of either party; the march of humanity cannot be stayed; fields must be made, and gardens planted in the little valleys among the mountains of that Western land, as they have been in the broader valleys and plains of the East, and the mountains must yield their treasure of ore to the miner, and, whether we desire it or not, the ancient inhabitants of the country must be lost; and we may comfort ourselves with the reflection that they are not destroyed, but are gradually absorbed, and become a part of more civilized communities.

The next day the train started back to the Elfin Water-Pocket, while Captain Bishop and I climbed Mt. Trumbull. The Ute-ka-ret Mountains are volcanic—great irregular masses of lava, and many cones, one hundred and eighteen in number. On our way we passed the point that was the last opening in this volcanic region. It seemed but a few years since the last flood of fire had swept the valley. Between two rough, conical hills it poured, and ran down the valley to the foot of a mountain standing almost across the valley at its lower end—a great cone; then it parted, and ran on either side. This last overflow is very plainly marked; there is soil with trees and grass to the very edge of it on a more ancient bed. The flood was everywhere on its border from ten to twenty feet in height, terminating abruptly, and from below looking like a wall. On cooling, it shattered into fragments, but

these are still in place, and you can see the outline of streams and waves. So little time has elapsed since it ran down, that the elements have not weathered a soil, and there is scarcely any vegetation on it, but here and there a lichen is found. And yet so long ago was it poured from the depths that, where ashes and cinders have collected in a few places, some huge cedars have grown. Near the crater, the frozen waves of black basalt are rent with deep fissures transverse to the direction of the flow. Then we rode through a cedar forest up a long ascent until we came to cliffs of columnar basalt. Here we tied our horses, and prepared for a climb among the columns. Through crevices we worked, still toiling up, till at last we were on the mountain; a thousand acres of pine-lands spread out before us, gently rising to the other edge. There are two peaks on

the mountain. We walked two miles to the foot of the one that seemed the highest, then made a long hard climb to its summit. And there, oh! what a view was before us. A vision of glory! Peaks of lava all around below us; the vermilion cliffs to the north, with their splendor of colors; the Pine Valley Mountains to the north-west, clothed in mellow perspective haze; unnamed mountains to the south-west towering over cañons bottomless to my peering gaze; and away beyond, the San Francisco Mountains lifting their black heads into the heavens. We found our way down the mountain, reaching the trail made by the pack train just at dusk, and following it through the dark until we descried the camp-fire—a welcome sight.

Two days more, and we were at Pipe Spring, and another, at the bank of the Kanab.

THE "CRADLE TOMB" AT WESTMINSTER.

A LITTLE rudely sculptured bed,
With shadowing folds of marble lace,
And quilt of marble, primly spread,
And folded round a baby's face.

Smoothly the mimic coverlet,
With royal blazonries bedight,
Hangs, as by tender fingers set,
And straightened for the last good-night.

And traced upon the pillowing stone
A dent is seen, as if, to bless
That quiet sleep, some grieving one
Had leaned, and left a soft impress.

It seems no more than yesterday
Since the sad mother, down the stair,
And down the long aisle, stole away,
And left her darling sleeping there.

But dust upon the cradle lies,
And those who prized the baby so,
And decked her couch with heavy sighs,
Were turned to dust long years ago.

Above the peaceful pillowed head
Three centuries brood; and strangers
peep,
And wonder at the carven bed:
But not unwept the baby's sleep;

For wistful mother-eyes are blurred
With sudden mists, as lingerers stay,
And the old dusts are roused and stirred
By the warm tear-drops of to-day.

Soft, furtive hands caress the stone,
And hearts, o'erleaping place and age,
Melt into memories, and own
A thrill of common parentage.

Men die, but sorrow never dies!
The crowding years divide in vain,
And the wide world is knit with ties
Of common brotherhood in pain.

Of common share in grief and loss,
And heritage in the immortal bloom
Of Love, which, flowering round its cross,
Made beautiful a baby's tomb.

MINOR VICTORIAN POETS.

IN TWO PARTS: PART II.

few of the minor poets belonging to the middle division of our period have been of a healthy and independent cast of Horne, Rusley, Thackeray, Thornbury, or Aytoun. They have servilely followed the vocal leader, or even imitated one another,—the law of imitation involving a lack of judgment, causing them to copy the heresies rather than the virtues of their favorites; and we are compelled to observe the devices by which they have striven, often unconsciously, to resist adverse influences, or to hide the poverty of their own invention.

I.

The Chartist or radical poets, of whom we have just spoken, were the forerunners of a more artistic group, whose outpourings are more speedily characterized by the epithet "spasmodic." Their work constantly furnishes examples of the knack of substitution. The poetry of Aytoun reminds us that he did not do service, through his racy burlesque, "milian," in turning the laugh upon the pseudo-earnestness of this rhapsodical school. Its adherents, lacking perception and sympathy, and mistaking the materials of poetry for poetry itself, aimed at the production of glib passages, and crammed their verse with mixed and conceited imagery, gushing on, interjections, and that mockery of wit on which is but surface deep.

Philip James Bailey was one of the most notable of this group, and from his earliest production may be termed the founder of the order. "Festus" certainly made an impression upon a host of readers, and is without inchoate elements of power. The poet exhausted himself by this one effort, his later productions wanting even the semblance of force which marked it and established the new emotional school. The contagion that took the form was mostly young. Alexander Smith years after seized Bailey's mantle, and flaunted it only for a while, gaining by "A Life Drama" as sudden and extensive a reputation as that of his master. This poet

"A Poem round and perfect as a star,"

the work from which the line is taken is of that sort. With much impressiveness

of imagery and extravagant diction that caught the easily, but not long, tricked public ear, it was vicious in style, loose in thought, and devoid of real vigor or beauty. In after years, through honest study, Smith acquired better taste and worked after a more becoming purpose. His prose essays were charming, and his "City Poems," marked by sins of omission only, may be rated as negatively good. "Glasgow" and "The Night before the Wedding" really are excellent. The poet became a genuine man of letters, but died young, and when he was doing his best work. Gerald Massey, another emotional versifier, came on (like Ernest Jones,—who went out more speedily) in the wake of the Chartist movement, to which its old supporters vainly sought to give new life with the hopes aroused by the continental revolutions of 1848. He made his sensation by cheap rhetoric, and the substitution of sentiment for feeling, in an otherwise laudable championship of the working-classes from which he sprang. Sympathy for his cause gained him social verses a wide hearing; but his voice sounds to better advantage in his songs of wedded love and other fireside lyrics, which often are earnest and sweet. He also has written an unusually good ballad, "Sir Richard Grenville's Last Fight."

The latest of the transcendental poets is George MacDonald, who none the less has great abilities as a preacher and novelist, and in various literary efforts has shown himself possessed of deep emotion and a fertile, delicate fancy. Some of his realistic, semi-religious tales of Scottish life are admirable. "Light," an ode, is imaginative and eloquent, but not well sustained, and his poetry too often, when not commonplace, is vague, effeminate, or otherwise poor. Is it defective vision, or the irresistible tendency of race, that inclines even the most imaginative North-Country writers to what is termed mysticism? We have seen that a "Celtic glamour" is veiling the muse of Buchanan, so that she is in danger of confusing herself with the forgotten phantoms of the spasmodic school. The touching story and writings of poor David Gray—who lived just long enough to sing his own dirges, and died with all his music in him—reveal

a sensitive temperament unsustained by co-ordinate power. Possibly we should more justly say that his powers were undeveloped, for I do not wholly agree with those who deny that he had genius, and who think his work devoid of true promise. The limitless conceit involved in his estimate of himself was only what is secretly cherished by many a bantling poet, who is not driven to confess it by the horror of impending death. His main performance, "The Luggie," shows a poverty due to the want of proper literary models in his stunted cottage home. It is an eighteenth-century poem, suggested by too close reading of Thomson and the like. Education, as compared with aspiration, comes slowly to low-born poets. The sonnets entitled "In the Shadows," written during the gradual progress of Gray's disease, are far more poetical, because a more genuine expression of feeling. They are, indeed, a painful study. Here is a subjective monody, uttered from the depths, but rounded off with that artistic instinct which haunts a poet to the last. The self-pity, struggle, self-discipline, and final resignation are inexpressibly sorrowful and tragic. Gray had the making of a poet in him, and suffered all the agonies of an exquisite nature contemplating the swift and surely coming doom.

II.

AFTER the death of Wordsworth the influence of Tennyson and that of Browning had more effect upon the abundant offerings of the minor poets. In the work of many we discover the elaboration and finesse of an art method superadded by the present laureate to the contemplative philosophy of his predecessor; while not a few, impressed by Browning's dramatic studies, assume an abrupt and picturesque manner, and hunt for grotesque and medieval themes. Often the former class substitute a commonplace realism for the simplicity of Tennyson's English idyls, just as the latest aspirants, trying to cope with the pre-Raphaelite leaders, whose work is elevated by genius, carry the treatment beyond conscientiousness into sectarianism, and divide the surface of nature from her perspective, laying hold upon her body, yet evaded by her soul. Balzac makes a teacher say to his pupil: "The mission of Art is not to copy Nature, but to express her. You are not a vile copyist, but a poet! Take a cast from the hand of your mistress; place it before you; you will find it a horrible corpse with-

out any resemblance, and you will be forced to resort to the chisel of an artist, who, without exactly copying it, will give you its movement and its life. We have to seize the spirit, the soul, the expression, of beings and things." Many of Blake's aphorisms express the same idea. "Practice and opportunity," he said, "very soon teach the language of art. Its spirit and poetry, centered in the imagination alone, never can be taught; and these make the artist. * * * Men think they can copy Nature as correctly as I copy the imagination. This they will find impossible. * * * * Nature and Fancy are two things, and never can be joined; neither ought any one to attempt it, for it is idolatry, and destroys the soul."

Coventry Patmore, not fully comprehending these truths, has made verses in which, despite a few lovely and attractive passages, the simplicity is affected and the realism too bald. A carpet-knight in poetry, as the younger Trollope latterly is in prose, he merely photographs life, and often in its poor and commonplace forms. He then falls short of that aristocracy of art which by instinct selects an elevated theme. It is better to beautify life, though by an illusive reflection in a Claude Lorraine mirror, than to repeat its every wrinkle in a sixpenny looking-glass, after the fashion of such lines as these:

"Restless, and sick of long exile

From those sweet friends, I rode to see
The church repairs; and, after a while,

Waylaying the Dean, was asked to tea.

They introduced the Cousin Fred

I'd heard of, Honor's favorite: grave,

Dark, handsome, bluff, but gently bred,

And with an air of the salt wave.

He stared, and gave his hand, and I

Stared too," etc.

This is not the simplicity of Wordsworth in his better moods, nor of the true idyllists, nor of him who was the simplest of all poets, yet the kingliest in manner and theme.

Sydney Dobell, a man of an eccentric yet very poetic disposition, had the faults of both the spasmodic and realistic modes, and these were aggravated by a desire to maintain a separate position of his own. His notes were pitched on a strident key, piping shrill and harsh through all the clamor of his fellow-bards. "Balder" is the very type of a spasmodic drama. "The Roman" is a healthier, though earlier, production, at least devoid of egotism and gush. His lyrics constantly strive for effect. In "How's My Boy?" and "Tommy's Dead," he struck pathetic, natural chords, but more often his

ures and inversions were disagreeably
ore, while his sentiment was tame and
ation slighted. "Owen Meredith,"—
shall be said of the author of "The
erer," "Clytemnestra," and "The Ap-
Life"? Certainly not that "Chron-
and Characters," "Orval," and others
maturer poems are in advance upon
early lyrics which so pleased young
s half a generation ago. They are not
to criticism that will apply to "The
erer," etc., but incur the severer charge
ness, which must preclude them from
elcome given to his first books. "Lucile,"
all its lightness, remains his best poem,
d as the most popular; a really inter-
though sentimental, parlor-novel,
n in fluent verse,—a kind of produc-
exactly suited to his gift and limita-
It is quite original, for Lytton adds
inherited talent for melodramatic tale-
g a poetical ear, good knowledge of
and a taste for social excitements.
ociety-poems, with their sensuousness
ected cynicism, present a later aspect
e quality that commended "Ernest
avers" and "Pelham" to the young
e of a former day. Some of his early
are tender, warm, and beautiful; but
are filled with hot-house passion,—
he radiance, not of stars, but of chan-
s and gas-lights. The Bulwers always
een a puzzle. Their cultured talent
leverness in many departments have
d the genius of other men. We ad-
their glittering and elaborate structures,
h aware of something hollow or stuc-
in the walls, columns, and ceilings, and
suspicious of the floor on which we
Father and son,—their love of let-
determination, indomitable industry,
commanded praise. The son, writing
etry, as naturally as his father wrote in
has the same adroitness, the same un-
ted ambition, the same conscientious-
n labor and lack of it in method. In
etaphysical moods we see a reflection
e clearer Tennysonian thought; and,
d, while interesting and amusing us,
ways was something of an imitator.
yrics were like Browning's dramatic
s; his blank-verse appropriated the
s and cadences of Tennyson, and ven-
on subjects which the laureate was
known to have in hand. The better
ges of "Clytemnestra" were taken
literally from *Æschylus*. Those versed
tential poetry have alleged that his
erings upon its borders are mere forays

in "fresh woods and pastures new." His voluminous later works, in which every style of poetry is essayed, certainly have not fulfilled the promise of his youth, and those friends are disappointed who once looked to him for signs of a new poetical dawn.

III.

THE merits and weakness of the idyllic method as compared with that of a time when a high lyric or epic feeling has prevailed, can best be studied in the productions of the laureate's followers, rather than in his own verse; for the latter, whatever the method, would derive from his intellectual genius a glory and a charm. The idyl is a picturesque, rather than an imaginative, form of art, and calls for no great amount of invention or passion. It invariably has the method of a busy, anxious age, seeking rest rather than excitement. Through restrained emotion, music, and picturesque simplicity, it pleases, but seems to betoken absence of creative power. The minor idyllists hunt for themes,—they do not write because their themes compel them; they construct poems as still-life artists paint their pictures, becoming thorough workmen; but at last we yearn for some swift heroic composition whose very faults are qualities, and whose inspiration fills the maker's soul.

Frederick Tennyson, for example, treats outdoor nature with painstaking and curious discernment, repeating every shadow; but the result is a pleasantly illustrated catalogue of scenic details. It is nature refined by a tasteful landscape-gardener. Few late poets, however, have shown more elegance in verse-structure and rhythm. An artistic motive runs through his poems, all of which are carefully finished and not marred by the acrobatism of the rhapsodic school. Charles Turner (another of the Tennyson brothers) is utterly below the family standard. His sonnets do not conform to either the Italian or English requirements, and have little poetical value. Edwin Arnold's verse is that of a scholarly gentleman. The books of Roden Noel may pass without comment. "My Beautiful Lady," by Thomas Woolner, is a true product of the art-school, with just that tinge of gentle affectation which the name implies. It has a distinct motive,—to commemorate the growth, maintenance, and final strengthening by death, of a pure and sacred love, and is a votive tribute to its theme; a delicate volume of such verse as could have

been produced in no other time. William James Linton's "Claribel and Other Poems," 1865, distinctly belongs to the same school, and is noteworthy as an early specimen of a method frequently imitated by the latest poets. At the date of its appearance, this pretty volume was almost unique; the twofold work of the author, as artist and poet, and dedicated to William Bell Scott, a man of sympathetic views and associations. We have seen that Linton's early writings were devoted to liberal and radical propagandism. The volume before me is a collection of more finished poetry; imbued with an artistic purpose, and with beauty of execution and design. Few men have so much individuality as its author, or are more versatile in acquirements and adventure. He is a famous engraver, and his work as a draughtsman and painter is full of meaning. These gifts are used to heighten the effect of his songs; fanciful and poetical designs are scattered along the pages of this book; nor can it be said that such aids are meretricious, in these latter days, when poetry is addressed not only to the ear but also to the eye. Some of the verse requires no pictures to sustain it. A "Threnody" in memory of Albert Darasz is an addition to the few good and imaginative English elegiac poems; and it may be said of whatever Linton does, that, if sometimes eccentric, it shows a decisive purpose and a love of art for its own sake. Thomas Westwood's "The Quest of the Sangreall" marks him for one of Tennyson's pupils. His minor lyrics are more pleasing. All these poets turn at will from one method to another, and may be classed as of the composite school. George Meredith's verse is a further illustration; he is dramatic and realistic, but occasionally ventures upon a classical or romantic study. He often fails of his purpose, though usually having one. The "Poems of the English Roadside" seem to me his most original work, and of them "Juggling Jerry" is the best. Thomas Ashe is one of those minor poets who catch and reflect the prevailing mode: he belongs to the chorus, and is not an independent singer. His "Poems," 1859, are mildly classical and idyllic; but in 1867 he gave us "The Sorrows of Hypsipyle,"—after "Atalanta in Calydon" had revived an interest in dramatic poetry modeled upon the antique.

IV.

OF those patrician rhymes which, for want of an English equivalent, are termed *vers de*

société, the gentle Præd, who died at the commencement of the period, was an elegant composer. In verse under this he may also be included, for the occasion, grammatic couplets, witty and satirical sonnets and all that metrical badinage which is other poetry what the *feuilleton* is to prose. During the first half of our retrospect it is practiced chiefly by scholarly and finished wits. In the form of satire and parody was cleverly employed, we have seen, Aytoun, in his "spasmodic tragedy" "Firmilian;" merrily, too, by Aytoun and Theodore Martin in the "Bon Gualtie" ballads; by Thackeray in "Love-Sonnet made Easy," "Lyra Hibernica," the "Lads of "Pleaceman X.," etc.; by Hood an interminable string of mirth and nonsense; and with mock-heroic scholarship by the undaunted Irish wit, poet, and Jesuit, "Father Prout," and the whole jovial cohort that succeeded to the foregone worthies in the pages of the monthly magazines. But with the restrained manners of the present time, and the finish to which everything is subjected, we have a revival of the more select order of the society-verse. This is marked by an indefinable air which elevates it to the region of poetic art and owing to which, as to the imperishable essence of a subtile perfume, the light ballads of Suckling and Waller are current to this day. In fine, true *vers de société* marked by humor, by spontaneity, joined with extreme elegance of finish, by a quality we call breeding,—above all, *lightness of touch*. Its composer holds place in the Parnassian hemicycle as legitimate as that of Robin Goodfellow in Oberon's court. The dainty lyrics of Frederick Locker not unfrequently display these characteristics: he is not strikingly original, but at times reminds us of Præd or of Thackeray, and again, in such verses as "My Grandmother," of an American,—L. Holmes. But his verse is light, sweet, graceful, gayly wise, and sometimes pathetic. Charles Stuart Calverley and Austin Dobson are the best of the new *farceurs*. "The Leaves," by the former, contains several burlesques and serio-comic translations that are excellent in their way, with most agreeable qualities of fancy and thought. Dobson's "Vignettes in Rhyme" has one or two lyrics, besides lighter pieces, equal to the best of Calverley's, which show their author to be not only a gentleman and a scholar, but a most graceful poet,—titles that it is to be associated in the thought of country

ad debonair wits. Such a poet, to hold the hearts he has won, not only must maintain his quality, but strive to vary his style; because, while there is no work, brightly and originally done, which secures a welcome instant as that accorded to his charming verse, there is none to which the public ear comes so quickly wonted, and none from which the world so lightly turns upon the arrival of a new favorite with a different note.

Society-verse, then, has been another symptom of cultured and refined periods,—the times of Horace, Catullus, Theocritus, Waller, Pope, Voltaire, Tennyson, and Hackaday. The intense mental activity of our own era is still more clearly evinced by the great number of recent English versions of the poetic masterpieces of other tongues. Oxford and Cambridge have filled Great Britain with scholars, some of whom, acquiring rhythmical aptness, have produced good work of this kind. Modern translations differ noticeably, in their scholastic accuracy, from those of earlier date,—among which Chapman's are the noblest, Pope's the freest, and those by Hunt, Shelley, and Frere, scarcely inferior to the best. The theory of translation has undergone a change, the old idea having been that, as long as the spirit of a foreign author was reproduced, an exact rendering need not be attempted. But to show few it is given to catch that spirit, and hence what wretched versions have appeared from time to time! Only natural poets worked successfully upon the earlier plan. The modern school possibly go too near the extreme of conscientiousness, yet a few have found the art of seizing upon both the spirit and the text. The amount produced is amazing, and has given the public access, in our own language, to the choicest treasures of almost every foreign literature, be it old or new.

In the earlier division, Sir John Bowring was the most prolific, and he has also published several volumes of a very recent date. His excursions into the fields of continental literature have had most importance; but his versions, however valuable in the absence of better, rarely display any poetic fire. The elder Lytton was a fair type of the elegant latinists and minor translators belonging to the earlier school. His best performance was a recent version of Horace, in meters resembling, but not copied from, the original—a translation more faithful than Martin's paraphrases, but not approaching the latter

in elegance. Theodore Martin's Horace has the flavor and polish of Tennyson, and plainly is modeled upon the laureate's verse. Of all classical authors Horace is the Briton's favorite. The statement of Bulwer's preface is under the truth when it says: "Paraphrases and translations are still more numerous than editions and commentaries. There is scarcely a man of letters who has not at one time or other versified or imitated some of the odes, and scarcely a year passes without a new translation of them all." Upon Homer, also, the poetic scholars have expended immense energy, and various theories as to the proper form of measure have given birth to several noble versions—distinguished from a multitude of no worth. Those of Wright, Worsley, Professor Newman, Professor Blackie, and Lord Derby, may be pronounced the best; though admirable bits have been done by Arnold, Dr. Hawtrey, and the laureate. I do not, however, hesitate to say—and believe that few will deny—that the ideal translation of Homer, marked by swiftness, simplicity, and grandeur, has yet to be made; nor do I doubt that it ultimately will be, having already stated that our Saxon-Norman language is finely adapted to reproduce the strength and sweetness of the early Ionic Greek. Professor Conington's Virgil, in the measure of "Marmion," was no advance, all things considered, upon Dryden's, nor equal to that of the American, Cranch. Some of the best modern translations have been made by women, who, following Mrs. Browning, mostly affect the Greek. Miss Anna Swanwick, and Mrs. Augusta Webster, among others, nearly maintain the standard of their inspired exemplar. Maurice Purcell Fitz-Gerald's versions of Euripides, and of the pastoral and lyric Greek poets, may be taken as specimens of the general excellence now attained, and I will not omit mention of Calverley's complete rendition of Theocritus,—undoubtedly as good as can be made by one who fears to undertake the original meters. Among mediæval and modern writers, Dante and Goethe have received the most attention; but Longfellow and Taylor, in their translations of the Divine Comedy and of Faust—and Bryant, in his stately version of the Iliad and the Odyssey—bear off the palm for America in reproduction of the Greek, Italian, and German poems. Of Rossetti's exquisite presentation of the Early Italian Poets, and Morris's Icelandic researches, I have spoken elsewhere, and can only make a passing reference to Denis

Florence MacCarthy's extended and beautiful selections from Calderon, rendered into English asonante verse. Martin has made translations from the Danish, and, together with Aytoun, of the ballads of Goethe. Of modern Oriental explorations, altogether the best is a version of the grave and imaginative *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám, by Edward Fitz-Gerald, who has made other successful translations from the Persian, as well as from the Spanish and the Attic Greek.

The foregoing are but a few of the host of translators; but their labors fairly represent the richness and excellence of this kind of work in our time, and are cited as further illustrations of the critical spirit of an age in which it would almost seem as if the home-field were exhausted, such researches are made into the literature of foreign tongues. I again use the language of those who describe the Alexandrian period of Greek song: men "of tact and scholarship greatly abound," and by elegant studies endeavor to supply the force of nature. Early and strictly non-creative periods of English literature have been similarly characterized,—notably the century which included Pitt, Rowe, Cooke, West, and Fawkes, among its scholars and poets.

In glancing at the lyrical poetry of the era, its hymnology should not be overlooked. Religious verse is one of the most genuine forms of song, inspired by the loftiest emotion, and rehearsed wherever the instinct of worship takes outward form. Written for music, it is lyrical in the original sense, and representative, even more than the domestic folk-songs, of our common life and aspiration. We are not surprised to find the work of recent British hymn-writers displaying the chief qualities of contemporary secular poetry, to wit, finish, tender beauty of sentiment and expression, metrical variety, and often culture of a high grade. What their measures lack is the lyrical fire, vigor, and passionate devotion of the earlier time. Within their province they reflect the method of Tennyson, and, with all their polish and subtlety of thought, write devotional verse that is somewhat tame beside the fervid strains of Watts, at his best, and the beautiful lyrics of the younger Wesley. In place of strength, exaltation, religious ecstasy, we have elaborate sweetness, refinement, emotional repose. Many hymn-writers of the transition period have held over to a recent time, such as James Montgomery, Keble, Lyte, Edmeston, Bowring, Milman, and Moir, and the stanzas of the first-named two

have become an essential portion of English hymnody. The best results accomplished by recent devotional poets—and this also an outgrowth of the new culture—have been the profuse and admirable translations of the ancient and medieval Latin hymns, the English divines, Chandler, Neale, Caswall—the last-named being the deft workman of the three, although the others may be credited with equal poetic gifts. Among the most successful original composers, Dr. Bonar should be mentioned, many of whose hymns are so widely and favorably known; Faber, also, is one of the best and most prolific of this class of poets, notable for the sweetness and beauty of his sacred lyrics. Others, such as Dr. Newman, Dean Trench, Dean Alford, Palgrave, and Mrs. Adams, have been named elsewhere. I will barely refer, among a host of lesser note, to Miss Elliott, that pure and inspired sibyl; to Dr. Wordsworth, Dean Stanley, and Baring-Gould. Bickersteth, whose long poem, like the writings of Tupper, has had a circulation strictly owing to its theme, is in inverse proportion to its poetic merits, has composed a few hymns that have passed into favor. Excellent service also has been rendered by those who work the German field, and it is noticeable that, while the strongest versions from the Latin have been made by the divines before named, the most successful Germanic translators have been women. Among them, Miss Winkworth, who in 1855 and 1858 published the first series of the "Lyra Germanica;" Miss Coleridge, editor of "Sacred Hymns from the German," 1841; and the Bothwick sisters, who "Hymns from the Land of Luther" appeared in several series, from 1854 to 1860. Edward Massie, translator of "Luther's Spiritual Songs," 1854, has been the chief competitor of these skillful and enthusiastic devotees. With respect to English hymnology, I may add that probably there never was another period when the sacred lyrics of all ages were so carefully edited, brought together, and arranged for the use and enjoyment of the religious world.

The success of the dialect-poets is a special mark of an idyllic period. The novel and pleasing effect of the more musical dialect often has been used to give an interest to mediocre verse, and close attention is required to discriminate between the true and the false pretensions of lyrics composed in the Scotch, that liquid Doric, or even in the rougher phrases of Lancashire, Dorsetshire

and other counties of England. Several Scottish bards, of more or less merit,—Thom, James Ballantine, Alexander MacLagan,—flourished early in the period. More lately, Professor John Campbell Shairp's highland and border lyrics, faithful enough and painstaking, scarcely could be ranked with nature-song. In England, Lancashire maintains her old reputation for the number and sweetness of her provincial songs and ballads. Edwin Waugh is by far the best of our recent dialect-poets. To say nothing of many other little garlands of poesy which have their origin in his knowledge of humble life in that district, the "Lancashire Songs" have gained a wide reception by pleasing, thoughtful studies of their dialect and themes. Rev. William Barnes, an idyllic and learned philologist, has done even better work in his bucolic poems of Dorsetshire, and his "Poems of Rural Life" (in common English) are very attractive. The minor dialect-songs of England, such as the street-ballads and the sea-songs of many a would-be Dibdin, are unimportant and beyond our present view.

v.

LEAVING the specialists, it is observable that the voices of the female poets, if not the best-trained, certainly are as natural and independent as any. Their utterance is less finished, but also shows less of Tennyson's fluence, and seems to express a truly feminine emotion, and to come from the heart. The voice of Mrs. Browning grew silent, the songs of Jean Ingelow began, and had instant and merited popularity. They sprung suddenly and tunefully as skylarks from the daisy-spangled, hawthorn-bordered meadows of old England, with a blitheness long unknown, and in their idyllic underflights moved with the tenderest currents of human life. Miss Ingelow may be termed an idyllic poet, her lyrical pieces having always much of idyllic beauty, and being more original than her recent ambitious efforts in blank-verse. Her faults are those common to her sex—to rapid composition, and a diffuseness that already has lessened her reputation. But "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire" (with its quaint and true sixteenth-century dialect), "Winstanley," "Songs of Even," and "The Long White Seam," are lyrical treasures, and their author especially may be said to evince that sincerity which is poetry's most enduring warrant. The gentle stanzas of Adelaide Anne Procter also are spontaneous, as far as they go, but have

had less significance as part of the literature of the time. Yet it is like telling one's beads, or reading a prayer-book, to turn over her pages,—so beautiful, so pure and unselfish a spirit of faith, hope and charity, pervades and hallows them. These women, with their melodious voices, spotless hearts, and holy aspirations, are priestesses of the oracle. Their ministry is sacred; in their presence the most irreverent become subdued. I do not find in the lyrics of Isa Craig, the Scottish poetess, anything better than the ode in honor of Burns, which took the Centenary prize. Christina Georgina Rossetti demands closer attention. She is a woman of genius, whose songs, hymns, ballads, and various lyrical pieces are studied and original. I do not greatly admire her longer poems, which are more fantastic than imaginative; but elsewhere she is a poet of a profound and serious cast, whose lips part with the breathing of a fervid spirit within. She has no lack of matter to express; it is that expression wherein others are so fluent and adroit which fails to serve her purpose quickly; but when, at last, she beats her music out, it has mysterious and soul-felt meaning. Another woman-poet is Mrs. Webster, already mentioned as a translator. For many poetic qualities this lady's work is nearly equal, in several departments of verse, to that of the best of her sister artists; and I am not sure but her general level is above them all. She has a dramatic faculty unusual with women, a versatile range, and much penetration of thought; is objective in her dramatic scenes and longer idyls, which are thinner than Browning's, but less rugged and obscure; shows great culture, and is remarkably free from the tricks and dangerous mannerism of recent verse.

VI.

THE minor poetry of the last few years is of a strangely composite order, vacillating between the art of Tennyson and the grotesqueness of Browning, while the latest of all illustrates, in rhetorical quality, the powerful effect Swinburne's manner already has had upon the poetic ear. We can see that the long-unpopular Browning at length has become a potent force as the pioneer of a half-dramatic, half-psychological method, whose adherents seek a change from the idyllic repose of the laureate and his followers. With this intent, and with a strong leaning toward the art-studies and convictions of the Rossetti group, a Neo-Romantic

school has arisen, and many of the promising younger aspirants are upon its roll.

Among recent volumes decidedly in the manner of Browning may be mentioned "Brother Fabian's Manuscript and Other Poems," by Sebastian Evans. On the other side, George Augustus Simcox's "Poems and Romances" are elaborate and curious romantic studies, resembling works of this sort by Morris and Rossetti. Philip Bourke Marston inherits a poetic gift from his father (John Westland Marston, author of "The Patrician's Daughter" and many other plays). The son is of the new school. I do not remember any experimental volume that has shown more artistic perfection than his "Song-Tide and Other Poems." His sonnets and lyrics approach those of Rossetti in terseness and beauty, and, while he possesses more restraint than others of his group, there is extreme feeling, pathetic yearning, and that self-pity which is consolation, in his sonnets of a love that has been, and is gone—of "the joy that was, is not, and cannot be." It is said that Marston is blind, but not from birth; and certainly his imagination finely supplies the want of outward vision in these picturesque and deeply emotional poems.

Sometimes, in a garden that has changed owners and has been replanted with exotics of brilliant and various hues, the visitor is struck with surprise to see a sweet and sturdy native flower sprung up of itself, amid the new-fangled exuberance, from seed dropped in a season long gone by. It is with a kindred feeling that we examine Dr. Thomas Gordon Hake's volume, "Madelaine, and Other Poems and Parables," so strangely and pleasantly different from the contemporary mode. It is filled with quaint, grave, thoughtful measures, that remind us, by their devotion, of Herbert or Vaughan,—by their radical insight, of the plain-spoken homilies of a time when England's clergymen believed what they preached,—and, by their emblematic and symbolic imagery, of Francis Quarles. "Old Souls," "The Lily of the Valley," and other parables, are well worth close reading, and possibly are the selectest portion of this very original writer's verse. John Leicester Warren's "Philoctetes," an antique drama, is a good example of the excellence attained in this kind of work by the new men. It is close, compact, Grecian, less rich with poetry and music than "Atalanta," but even more statuesque and severe. This poet is of the most cultured type. His "Rehearsals" is a collection

of verses that generally show the influence of Swinburne, but include a few psychological studies in a widely different vein. It is less florid and ornate than his master; all of his work is highly effective, and much of it very effective. Among other successes must be reckoned an admirable use of the stately Persian quatrain. John Payne is a more open and prominent disciple of the Neo-Romantic school. His first book, "The Masque of Shadow," a collection of mystical "romances," containing much old-fashioned diction, in reminding us of Morris's octo-syllabic measures, but pervaded by an allegorical spirit. In his "Intaglios" we have a series of sonnets inscribed, like those of Rossetti, to a common master, Dante. Finally, the volume entitled "Songs of Life and Love" shows the influence of Swinburne, and his works, if brought together, would present a curious mixture and reflection of styles. Nevertheless, this young poet has fire, imagination, and other inborn gifts, and should be entirely competent to maintain a distinction in a manner plainly original. His friend, Arthur W. E. O'Shaughnessy, a young man who appears to have the natural bent for the new school, is moving on a parallel line. "Music and Moonlight," his latest volume, is no exception upon the "Lays of France,"—a highly poetical, though somewhat extravagant imitation of the "Lais de Marie," completed in a new manner, but showing, in style and measure, that the author has a personality of his own. The "Lays" resemble those of Morris rather than that of Swinburne, but "Music and Moonlight," and the author's first venture, "An Epic of William," are full of the diction and suggestions of the last-named poet. When this romantic comes lyrical, he is vague and far less effective than in his narrative-verse. Efforts need to shake off external influences and acquire a definite purpose, before we can attempt to cast his horoscope. Both he and O'Shaughnessy have thus far distinguished themselves, by culture and affinity, as pupils of the French Romantic school, but elaborate in style and subtle in allusion, but not really broad or healthy in manner and design. Its romanticism, as a new element added to English poetry, is something, and I hope that its beauty will survive its defects. It is an exotic in English literature (like English architecture, sculpture, and music) is so thickly laden with exotic scions as to yield little fruit that comes wholly from the parent stock.

In order to test the new method, let us study it when carried to an extreme. This is done by Theophile Marzials, whose poems are the result of Provençal studies. In "The Gallery of Pigeons and Other Poems," he turns his back upon a more serene deity, and vows allegiance to the Muse of Fantasy, or (as he pretends to write it) "Phantasy." At first sight his volume seems a burlesque, and certainly would pass for as clever a satire as "Firmilian." How else can we interpret such a passage as this, which is neither more nor less affected than the greater portion of our author's work?

"They chase them each, below, above,—
Half maddened by their minstrelsy,—
Thro' garths of crimson gladioles;
And, shimmering soft like damoisels,
The angels swarm in glimmering shoals,
And pin them to their aurioles,
And mimic back their ritournels."

The long poem of which this is a specimen is aptly named "A Conceit." Then we have a pastoral of "Passionate Dowsabella," and her rival Blowselind. Again, "A Tragedy," beginning,

"Death!
Plop.

The barges down in the river flop,"

and ending,

"Drop
Dead.
Plop, flop.
Plop."

Were this written by a satirist, it would be deemed the wildest caricature. Read closely, and you see that this fantastic nonsense is the work of an artist; that it has a logical design, and is composed in serious earnest. Throughout the book there is melody, color, and much fancy of a delicate kind. Here is a minstrel, with his head turned by a false method, and in very great danger, I should say. But lyrical absurdities are so much the fashion just now in England, that reviewers seem complacently to accept them. It is enough to make us forgive the Georgian antics their brutality, and cry out for an hour at Jeffrey or Gifford! To see how these fine fellows plume themselves! They intensify the mannerism of their leader, but do not sustain it by his imagination, fervor, and ceaseless poetic growth.

Every effort is expended upon decoration rather than construction, and upon construction rather than invention, by the minor adherents of the romance school. In critical notices, which the British publishers are

went to print on the fly-leaves of their books of verse, praise is frequently bestowed upon the contents as "excellent scholar's work in poetry." Poetry is treated as an art, not as an inspiration. Moreover, just as in the Alexandrian period, researches are made into the early tongue; "antique and quaint words" are employed; study endeavors to supply the force of nature, and too often hampers the genius of true poets. Renaissance, and not creation, is the aim and process of the day.

VII.

In the foregoing review of the course of British minor poetry during the present reign I have not tried to be exhaustive, nor to include all the lesser poets of the era. The latter would be a difficult task, for the time, if not creative, has been abundantly prolific. Of modern minstrels, as of a certain class of heroes, it may be said, that "every year and month sends forth a new one;" the press groans with their issues. My effort has been to select from the large number, whose volumes are within my reach, such names as represent the various phases considered. Although I have been led insensibly to mention more than were embraced in my original design, doubtless some have been omitted of more repute or merit than others that have taken their place. But enough has been said to enable us to frame an answer to the questions implied at the outset: The spirit of later British poetry—is it fresh and proud with life, buoyant in hope, and tuneful with the melody of unwearied song? Again; has the usage of the time eschewed gilded devices and meretricious effect? Is it essentially simple, creative, noble, and enduring?

Certainly, with respect to what has been written by poets of the meditative school, the former question cannot be answered in the affirmative. With much simplicity and composure of manner, they have been tame, perplexed, and more or less despondent. The second test, applied to those guided by Tennyson, Browning, and Swinburne,—and who have more or less succeeded in catching the manner of these greater poets,—is one which their productions fail to undergo successfully. It may be said that the characteristics of the early Victorian schools—distinguished from those of famous poetic epochs—have been reflective, somber, metaphysical, rather than fruitful, spontaneous, and joyously inspired; while those of the later section are more related to culture and

elegant artifice, than to the interpretation of nature or the artistic presentation of essential truth. The minor idyllists, romancers, and dramatic lyrists have possessed much excellence of expression, but do not subordinate this to what is to be expressed. They laboriously, therefore, hunt for themes, and in various ways endeavor to compromise the want of virile imagination. Ruskin, who always has made an outcry against this frigid, perverted taste, established a correct rule in the first volume of "Modern Painters," applying it to either of the fine arts: "Art," he said, "with all its technicalities, difficulties, and particular ends, is nothing but a noble and expressive language, invaluable as the vehicle of thought, but by itself nothing. * * * * Rhythm, melody, precision, and force are, in the words of the orator and poet, necessary to their greatness, but not the tests of their greatness. It is not by the mode of representing and saying, but by what is represented and said, that the respective greatness either of the painter or writer is to be finally determined. * * * * It is not, however, always easy, either in painting or literature, to determine where the influence of language stops and where that of thought begins. * * * * But the highest thoughts are those which are least dependent on language, and the dignity of any composition and the praise to which it is entitled are in exact proportion to its independency of language or expression." Ruskin's own rhetorical gifts are so eminent, formerly leading him into word-painting for their display, that he pronounces decisively on this point, as one who does penance for a besetting fault. He might have added that the highest thought naturally finds a noble vehicle of expression, though the latter does not always include the former. To a certain extent he implies this, in his statement of a difference (which frequently confronts the reader of these late English poets) between what is ornamental in language and what is expressive: this distinction "is peculiarly necessary in painting; for in the language of words it is nearly impossible for that which is not expressive to be beautiful, except by mere rhythm or melody, any sacrifice to which is immediately stigmatized as error." Upon this point Arnold well calls attention to Goethe's statement that "what distinguishes the artist from the amateur is *architectoniké* in the highest sense; that power of execution which creates, forms, and constitutes; not the profoundness of

single thoughts, not the richness of image, not the abundance of illustration."

The rule of architecture may safely be applied to poetry,—that construction may be decorated, not decoration constructed. The reverse of this is practiced by many of these writers, who are abundantly supplied with poetical material, with images, quaint words, conceits, and dainty rhythms and alliteration, and who laboriously search for themes to constitute the ground-work over which these allurements can be played. Having not even a definite purpose, to say nothing of real inspiration, their work, however curious in technique, fails to permanently impress even the refined reader, and never reaches the heart of the people to which all emotional art is in the end addressed. Far more genuine, as poetry, is the rude spontaneous lyric of a natural boy, expressing the love, or patriotism, or awe, to which the common pulse of man has time. The latter outlasts the former; the former, however acceptable for a while, inevitably passes out of fashion,—being to those who, in another age, may admire some equally false production that has come in vogue.

Judged by the severe rule which requires soul, matter, and expression, all combined, does the character of recent minor poetry of itself give us cause to expect a speedy renewal of the imaginative periods of British song? To apply another test, which is like holding a mirror up to a drawing, suppose that the younger American singers were wholly devoted to work of the scholastic dilettant sort, would not their poetry be subjected to still more neglect and contempt than it has received from English critics? On the whole, our poets do not occupy themselves with medieval and classical studies, with elaborate alliterations, curious measures, and affected refrains. At least they have a perfect right to do this,—or at least, every right that an English poet possesses, under the canon that the domain of the artist is boundless, and that the historical themes and treasures of all ages and places are at his disposal. America has no traditional period, except her memories of her motherland. She has as much right to English history, antedating Queen Anne's time, as the modern British poet. Before that epoch, her history, laws, relations, all were English, and her books were printed across the sea. The story of Mary Stuart, for instance, is as proper a theme for an American

for the author of "Bothwell." Yet even the most eminent poets do not greatly avail themselves of this usufruct, and the minor songsters, who are many and sweet, sing to express some emotion aroused by natural landscape, patriotism, friendship, religion, love. There is much originality among those whose note is harsh, and much sweetness among those who repeat the note of others. And the notes of what foreign bard they repeat with a servility that merits the epithet of "mocking-birds," applied to them by a poet whom I greatly admire, and then hinted at by others? There is far less imitation of Tennyson, Browning, and Swinburne in the minor poetry of America than that of Great Britain; the former always has sweetness, and often strength,—and not freedom a freshness and simplicity that are the garb of fresh and simple thoughts. America has been passing through the two phases which precede the higher forms of art: the landscape period, and the sentimental or emotional; and she is now establishing her figure-schools of painting and song. A dramatic element is rapidly coming to light. The truth is that our minor poetry, with a few exceptions, is not well known abroad; a matter of the less importance, since this is the country, with its millions of living readers, to which the true American bard must look for the affectionate preservation of his name and fame. After a close examination of the minor poets of Britain during the last fifteen years, I have formed, most unexpectedly, the belief that an anthology could be culled from the miscellaneous poetry of the United States equal in lasting and attractive with any selected volume from that of Great Britain. I do not think that British poetry is to decline with the loss of Tennyson, Arnold, Browning, and Keats. There is no cause for dejection,

none for discouragement, as to the imaginative literature of the motherland. The sterility in question is not symbolical of the over-ripening of the historical and aged British nation; but is rather the afternoon lethargy and fatigue of a glorious day,—the product of a critical, scholarly period succeeding a period of unusual splendor, and soon to be followed by a new cycle of lyrical and dramatic achievement. England, the mother of nations, renews her youth from her children, and hereafter will not be unwilling to receive from us fresh, sturdy, and vigorous returns for the gifts we have for two centuries obtained from her hands. The catholic thinker derives from the new-born hope and liberty of our own country the prediction of a jubilant and measureless art-revival, in which England and America shall labor hand to hand. If we have been children, guided by our elders, and taught to repeat lispingly their antiquated and timorous words, we boast that we have attained majority through fire and blood, and even now are learning to speak for ourselves. I believe that the day is not far distant when the fine and sensitive lyrical feeling of America will swell into floods of creative song. The most musical of England's younger poets—those on whom her hopes depend—are with us, and inscribe their works to the champions of freedom and equality in either world. Thus our progress may exert a reflex influence upon the mother country; and to the land from which we inherit the wisdom of Shakespeare, the rapture of Milton, and Wordsworth's insight of natural things, our own shall return themes and forces that may animate a new-risen choir of her minstrels, while neither shall be forbidden to follow melodiously where the other may be inspired to lead.

SONG.

A WORD said in the dark,
And hands pressed, for a token:
Now, little maiden, mark
The word that you have spoken:
Be not your promise broken!"

My lips upon her cheek
Felt tears amid their kisses.
"Oh, pardon I bespeak—
If for my doubting this is;
Now all my doubting ceases!"

A MAD MAN OF LETTERS.

THERE are many now living who will remember the hero of this story. He was an elegantly molded and rather athletic gentleman, of five feet six, somewhat slender, lithe as a panther, with blue eyes that darkened or lightened as passion or fancy was uppermost, and a head that might have been set on the shoulders of Apollo: a poem in human form, with the exception of his nose, which was abnormally long and lynx-like, and the index of that wondrous keenness of analysis that answered him in place of the deeper philosophical insight generally associated with the critical faculty. He was a poet, too, though poems in human form are not always such, who sang in strange alliterative strains when the passion beset him. But he generally wreaked his soul on weird prose creations, that, when once the reading was begun, intoxicated the reader like opium, and led him through perplexing mazes of the impossibly beautiful to perplexing conclusions of the impossible; yet, so subtly, and with such rapid and logical progression, that, though the impossibility was apparent from the first, the reader accepted it in the same manner, and for the same reason, that he accepts the disordered fantasies of an opium reverie. On Broadway he was a kind of dandy; in literature, an egotist.

One receives different impressions from the poetry of different men. For Byron, my fancy paints a mocking devil laughing at the world in rhyme. In reading Shelley, it is as if I saw lightning fall from the clouds, mingled with the incessant rush of rain. His "Lines to an Indian Girl" have, with all this, a tropical luxury of landscape, amid which, here and there, by dark and sluggish streams, I see strange serpents writhing uneasily through the tall, rank grass. With Coleridge, it is as if I stood on the top of a mountain about to break into a volcano. The ear hearkens attentively to the rumble beneath; vapors, seething hot, come up in volumes from long irregular fissures; here and there spouts up into the dark a tall and lurid jet of flame, mixed with red-hot boulders; then there is lull. Reading Tennyson is to me like walking all alone by the side of a broad river of molten gold. Longfellow takes me to walk on hazy moonlit eves, through which trembles the music of far-off lutes. The ear strains to hear, yet cannot

hear distinctly; the melody is like something listened to in a dream. These different impressions—and they vary indefinitely, depending upon the associations habitual to the reader—are only so many reflections from the intellectual aura of the poet; and that they exist in the mind of every impressionable reader is only another way of saying that every great poet has his prevalent intellectual aura, which constitutes the subtle and more intangible part of his originality—the soul of his poem.

This mad man of letters had his own intellectual aura, and has described its two essences—the one when the June of life was fresh upon him, the other when madness had converted it into a bleak and terrible December—in an allegorical poem of singular power, sobbing with an undercurrent of pathetic despair. Two contrasting stanzas of the poem portray these two contrasting eras. In green valleys, tenanted by good angels, once stood a palace;

"Wanderers in that happy valley
Through two luminous windows saw
Spirits moving musically
To a lute's well-tuned law,
Roundabout a throne where sitting—
Porphyrogene!—
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen."

Unearthly beautiful as this is, preserving the rhythm, and with slight alteration of terms, rather than of imagery, it is converted into something fantastically terrible. The palace is still there;

"And travelers now within that valley
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody;
While, like a ghastly, rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh—but smile no more."

Critics have described the aura of the poem as weird. The fancy that comes to my mind as I read it is that of a man who, like Anacreon's Cupid, wanders alone under a moonless night, muttering to himself, not with eyes introverted, and scanning his own soul—a dark tarn of Auber in a misty mirror-region of Weir; now with lips moving uneasily, as if the recollection of what might have been, but, alas, can never be, passionately haunted him. The lone night-wind

talks to him in the strange way of night-
 ids, is full of harrowing voices; ghouls
 from every thicket as he threads the
 plate tract through which his journey lies.
 him, alas, a life journey! His own face,
 ected from the tarn, is ghastly, ashen,
 agard, and distorted. Yet, through all
 strange refrains of rhythm and rhyme,
 the vapors about him thrill and tremble
 n a music they distort, but cannot wholly
 press. He wanders on, muttering inco-
 ently, till, as in his own ballad of "Ula-
 e," he has passed to the end of a strange
 a, and is stopped by the door of a tomb.
 e he enters, and lies down to rest, or to
 uneasily in a kind of disturbed slumber.
 uch to me is the impression created by
 prevalent aura of the poems and prose
 s of Edgar A. Poe, with the exceptions
 "Annabel Lee," which has a sweet un-
 hfulness peculiar to itself; of "The Valley
 he Many-colored Grass," which is a prose
 sion of the ballad, and of several of the
 s dependent upon the analytic faculty for
 ur point and effect, and having, therefore,
 special psychological significance. The lat-
 are clever, but—as in the living with M.
 pin in a room forever darkened—betray
 glimpses of the psychical traits that
 lered Poe what he was, and determined
 career, not only in its poetic and literary,
 also in its moral aspects.

Was Edgar A. Poe mad? This is the
 n question that (with occasional critical
 ments by the way) I propose to discuss
 this paper. In other and more exact
 ns, was he the victim of what Dr. Les-
 ls, of the Asylum of Saint Yon, France,
 y happily styles *cerebral epilepsy*, and
 rel describes as larvated or masked epi-
 sy? Its main traits consist of sudden
 tacks of maniacal type, without contem-
 aneous convulsions such as distinguish
 two commoner forms, termed respect-
 y *grand mal* and *petit mal*. Dr. Leblois,
 his thesis on the subject, Paris, 1862, uses
 phrase *mania périodique* (periodic mania)
 synonymous with the larvated form of
 very common nervous disorder. It is
 rriably accompanied by a state of un-
 scious cerebration—the natural product
 a masked or cerebral fit—and, generally,
 singular hallucinations, such as seem to
 n the basis of stories like "The Black
 ," "Ligeia," "Morella," "William Wil-
 ," and the later products of Poe's pen
 lost without exception. When Mr. Low-
 styled the prevalent quality of these pro-
 tions *fantastic invention*, that eminent

writer by no means covered the ground. As
 instances of fantastic invention, they are
 too methodical and too distinctly deter-
 mined by a single idea. There is method
 in their madness, and method is as incon-
 sistent with fantasy as it is with humor, fan-
 tasy's twin-sister. It seems to me that there
 is also madness in their method, and such
 madness as accords exactly with the intel-
 lectual aura that proverbially accompanies
 larvated epilepsy, and is one of its distinctive
 symptoms.

In some cases, for example, the same
 idea, the same recollection, or the same
 hallucination springs up spontaneously just
 before the fit. The patient sees flames, fiery
 circles, red or purple objects, a ghost or a
 phantom; he hears the sound of bells, or a
 determined voice always repeating the same
 word. These ideas and recollections, or
 these false sensations, variable as they are as
 to individuals, reproduce themselves with
 singular uniformity, and are the habitual
 exponents of the malady. They are gener-
 ally of an alarming and sinister nature.
 Fantastic figures address the epileptic in
 words, or mysterious voices of airy origin
 command him to commit some insane act;
 so that, says the eminent M. Boismont, "It
 is probable that many of the misdeeds com-
 mitted by these unfortunate creatures are
 but the results of hallucinations of hearing
 or sight." In cerebral epilepsy the fit is
 mainly represented by a mental aura of this
 kind, no paroxysm supervening, and may
 or may not beget morbid impulses, thus ex-
 posing itself in the external form of insanity.
 To apprehend the nature of the disorder it
 is only necessary to state the principle long
 since insisted upon by Marshall Hall, that
 epileptic paroxysms, like all reflex actions,
 must always be due to peripheral incitations.
 This has been demonstrated by physiologi-
 cal experiment. Brain epilepsy is, there-
 fore, a reflex excitability of the brain, kin-
 dred to somnambulism, to dreaming, and to
 the various morbid phenomena now consti-
 tuting a sort of dreamland to writers of so-
 called psychological fiction. Its aura, usu-
 ally involving the sensorial nerves, accounts,
 no doubt, for many of the morbid phases of
 imagination that occur in literature. Dr.
 Maudsley, the eminent English alienist, for
 example, attributes the visions of Sweden-
 borg—his trances—to periodical attacks of
 this malady; and several eminent scientific
 writers regard the trances of Spiritualism and
 the well-known phenomenon of clairvoyance
 as kindred to the sensorial impressions of

what physicians style artificial epilepsy—that is to say, as epileptic fits induced by artificial means, at the will of the medium.

The same learned gentleman is also very positive in his opinion that the world is indebted for a great part of its originality, and for certain special forms of intellect, to individuals who themselves, directly or indirectly, have sprung from families in which there is some predisposition to epileptic insanity. That which was inspiration to the ancients (even as late as Plato's time) thus appears in medical phraseology as an intellectual aura more or less allied to madness. Aristotle was, perhaps, the first to put the idea (which Maudsley scientifically paraphrases) in the form incident to modern literature, in the well-known apothegm: "*Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiae*," which Dryden draws out in verse in his famous couplet.

So many times has the maxim of Aristotle reverberated "down the corridors of time," that almost every eminent writer has given it voice in some form or other—Madame de Staël, in her *ébranlement*, to which she refers all that is beautiful in poetry and the arts; Hawthorne, in the remark that the world owes most of its onward impulses to men ill at ease; lastly, Poe, the typical mad man of letters, in the venturesome but acute observation, occurring somewhere in his "Marginalia," that one must look for the most wonderful intellects of the past, not among the traditionally great, but among those who dragged out their lives in mad-houses or died at the stake as sorcerers. Moreau de Tours, one of the first alienists in France, elucidates this subject very fully amid the masses of evidence he has collected in reference to epileptic mania, during his long service as an alienist physician at Bicêtre. His testimony is coincident with that of Dr. Maudsley, both holding that the mental aura of poetry and of the more original orders of fiction is near akin to that of madness—under which view of the subject the critic must look for the physiological basis of poetic inspiration in a reflex excitability of the brain, distinguished from other forms of periodic excitability by a tendency to rhythmical expression. A poem, then, according to modern psychology, is a cerebral fit of more or less intensity, having little or nothing to distinguish it from masked epilepsy of a mild type, except the single trait or impulse of musical utterance: the outward exponent of a periodical frenzy en-

gendered by constitutional irritability or sensitiveness of nervous organization.

I have crowded these conclusions of modern scientific investigation into a few preliminary paragraphs, by way of showing that there is nothing specially unusual or specially absurd in the propositions to follow, and that the only just test of them is to be sought in the works and life of the unfortunate man to whom they are applied. They are, that Edgar A. Poe was the victim of cerebral epilepsy, and that the majority of his later tales are based upon the hallucinations incident to that malady; furthermore, that he was always aware, in his later years, of impending dementia, and lived and wrote on amid the impenetrable gloom occasioned by his condition: tortured soul by the imminence of a doom that no medical skill could hope to avert or materially to mitigate, yet exulting at intervals in the strange power thereby imparted to his creations. The events of his singular biography are explainable upon no other hypothesis. The mental aura of all his later productions partakes of the hallucinations and delusion of cerebral epilepsy, and has the peculiar cast of morbid sensorial impression medically associated with that disease. In other words, such tales as "The Black Cat," "William Wilson," "Ligeia" and "Morella," not to mention as many more of the same type, appeal to the critic as the frenzied imaginings of a cerebral epilepsy recollected and wrought out in artistic form at lucid intervals.

The facts of his life, so far as they are accessible, have been thoroughly sifted by his biographers, Mr. Griswold, who knew him well, and Mr. Stoddard, who has tried to find the clue to his irregular perversity in the study of his life and works. So far from having been an habitual drunkard, as is popularly supposed, at the period when he was in the height of his fame a single glass of wine was enough to render him a madman unconscious of what he did, and hence irresponsible; and it seems to me more than probable that, in many instances, when to the non-medical eye he appeared to be deliriously intoxicated, he was simply laboring under the effects of a mental aberration coincident to such a malady.

The conflicting testimony in his case can only be adjusted in this way. Says a gentleman now resident in Brooklyn, who knew him well, and whose testimony corroborates this view of his delinquencies: "He would often drop in at my house along in the eve-

muttering to himself and taking no notice of anybody, and curl himself down on sofa in the corner of the room, where would sit for hours sometimes, muttering incoherently. Sometimes he would get up and leave the house without saying a word to any one; sometimes, after sitting an hour or more in that way, he would come out of his room and talk away another hour or two as busily as possible, then take his leave, like a gentleman he was when the mood wasn't on him." In opposition to this testimony, Mr. Parris, who employed him for several months in the "Mirror," soon after his advent in New York, describes him as of habitually quiet and courteous manners and of pleasant and amiable temper. This was during the earlier part of his career. On the other hand, according to Griswold, who knew him later and corroborates the story of his Brooklyn publisher, he was of excitable temper, and in conversation his eloquence was at times superhuman, eye answering to emotion with brilliant flashes. Griswold represents him, at the death of Mrs. Poe, as calling at the house of a lady to whom he was engaged to be married, and conducting himself in a manner so gross as to occasion his expulsion from the parlor. The inference is that he was in a state of brutal intoxication. This is possible, but not likely. On the contrary, Mr. C. C. Burr, who was intimate with him at that date, assures me as the result of one of Poe's bursts of confidence, that he accepted the idea of a secretary wife only for the sake of his mother-in-law and guardian-angel, Mrs. Clemm. The lady in question had some property; although he could always earn enough with his pen to keep him from want, he was nervous and anxious, in order to soften the declining years of one who clung to him through good and evil report, to give another the place of the lamented Virginia, the Annabel Lee of his most beautiful ballad. To this end he visited his affianced one the fatal evening when his malady once more overtook him and pulled down the castle of life he had erected upon the ruins of the old.

Thus, as the malady made progress, his temper became moodier and moodier, more and more uncertain, until at times it was terrible. In the fall of 1864, William C. Prime, author of "Boat Life in Egypt," and then editor of the "Journal of Commerce," in New York city, related to me an incident illustrative of his irascibility during the last years of his life. Soon after the publication of

"The Raven," some clever metropolitan critic wrote an article for one of the newspapers of the day, in which he professed to test the poem by the author's own standard—that of the verisimilitude imparted to the supernatural by introducing nothing scientifically improbable. The poem turns, it will be remembered, upon the introduction of a raven through the open window; the bird, after many a flirt and flutter, taking its stand upon the pallid bust of Pallas, just over the door in the poet's room, which is presumed to be on the second or third story, and replying, at proper intervals, to the remarks of the lonesome student, with an ever-repeated "Nevermore,"

"Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs
One burden bore"—

that burden being the sonorous trisyllable since so familiar with readers and elocutionists. Thus far it was well enough. It was very natural, too, that the raven's solemn repetition of the refrain should finally recall the poet to saddened reminiscences of his lost Lenore, and startle from the nooks and corners they occupy in every human soul a train of superstitious associations. In this mood—half one of fantastic humor, half one of self-torment—the poet begins to question his sable visitor, and ends by requesting it to leave the room, to take its beak from out his heart, also to take its form from off his door; to which multiplied oburgation the raven rejoins, with the same doleful trisyllable, that it will not. The end is that the bird has its way, and continues to occupy the bust of Pallas just above the door;

"And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's
that is dreaming;
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws
his shadow on the floor."

Says the perplexed poet in conclusion:

"And my soul from out that shadow that lies
floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore."

The question put by the critic was this: How could the raven's shadow be thrown on the floor and lie floating there, when it was sitting on a bust of Pallas above the door? The lamplight in the room would certainly throw it back and upward against the wall, provided the lamp was situated at any point at which, for practical purposes, lamps are ordinarily placed. That this was

intended to be the case in the room occupied by lost Lenore's lover is proved by the fact that, at the moment the tapping of the raven was heard, he was engaged in pondering

"Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore."

Nor is there any record that the lamp was moved during the interview. It is possible, of course, to suppose a window over the door, and a lamp in the hall at such an angle as to throw the raven's shadow on the floor; but, besides the fact that upper rooms are not usually arranged in that way, if there was light enough in the poet's room to enable him to read, then there was light enough to render the hall-light neutral and the bird shadowless. Again, the poem provides for no such light; and it was part of Poe's theory of criticism that every poem should provide for its own understanding; though poets cannot be expected to furnish the brains to write poems, and the brains to comprehend them also.

"I called on Poe, who then had an obscure office in Ann street," said Mr. Prime, after relating the facts, "on the afternoon of the day that the criticism appeared, and never in my life before had I heard such swearing. It was simply appalling—terrible. Such reckless profanity was never listened to outside of a mad-house."

Now, it was not pleasant to be caught in his own trap, as Poe really was in this case; but "The Raven" had been received by almost universal consent of the literary world as a signal hit, and the author could amply afford to laugh at the clever squib of his anonymous assailant. Men had acclaimed the poem one of those rare exotics, which, when life presses hard upon him at some sad crisis, are wrung from the poet's soul, rather than written by him. His fame was henceforth a fixed fact, and yet this puny sting had the power to put him in such a very insanity of passion that his oaths were shocking.

Another fact that seems to witness to his epileptic condition is constituted by the habitual lying that marked the later and best-known part of his career. One instance must illustrate the many. I shall take it for granted that the general reader is familiar with that remarkable analytic paper in which he describes the composition of "The Raven," and the plan upon which it was constructed. American literature contains nothing cleverer in its way, and its cleverness is manifold en-

hanced when it is understood that it is simply and unequivocally fiction, as the actual circumstances under which the poem was written conclusively show.

Poe then occupied a cottage at Fordham—a kind of poet's nook just out of hearing of the busy hum of the city. He walked all the way from New York one afternoon, and, having taken a cup of coffee, went out in the evening and wandered about for an hour or more. His beloved Virginia was sick almost unto death; he was willing to give any money to procure the necessary medicine. He was out until about ten o'clock. When he went in he sat down at his writing-table and dashed off "The Raven." He submitted it to Mrs. Clemm for her consideration the same night, and it was printed substantially as it was written.

This account of the origin of the poem was communicated to me in the fall of 1867 by a gentleman who professed to be indebted to Mrs. Clemm for the facts as he stated them; and in the course of a saunter in the South in the summer of 1867, I took occasion to verify his story by an interview with that aged lady. Let me now drop Mrs. Clemm's version for a paragraph to consider another, resting upon the testimony of Daniel du Solle, who was intimate with Poe during this period, and concurred in by other literary contemporaries who used to meet me for a midday for a budget of gossip at a glass of ale at Sandy Welsh's cellar in the street.

Du Solle says that the poem was produced stanza by stanza at small intervals, and admitted by Poe piecemeal to the criticism and emendation of his intimates, who suggested various alterations and substitutions. He adopted many of them. Du Solle quotes particular instances of phrase that were incorporated at his suggestion, and thus "The Raven" was a kind of joint-stock affair in which many minds held small shares of intellectual capital. At length, when the cornerstone had been placed in position and peered upon, the structure was voted complete.

The reconciliation of these conflicting versions lies, possibly, in the hypothesis that he wrote the poem substantially, as stated by Mrs. Clemm, and afterward, with the stimulus of the idea of stimulating expectation a little, by way of subtle and delicate flattery, submitted it to his friends stanza by stanza, adopting such emendations and substitutions of phrase as tickled his ear or suited his fancy. Such alterations would scarcely affect the general tenor of the text, as Mrs. Clemm first

and, considering the length of the poem, appear to have been very few and of small importance, granting all that Colonel du Soile aims. Besides, it was like him to amuse himself in this way, hoaxing his friends, and then laughing in his sleeve at them.

But, leaving both versions to the reader for what they are respectively worth, there are other considerations fatally destructive

Poe's analytic account of how "The Raven" came to be written; and they are the facts of its intellectual history, happily not dependent on his own testimony. That, whether consciously or unconsciously, he was indebted for the thesis of the poem to the poem in "Barnaby Rudge," the publication of which was then recent, is evident from a single passage in his review of that strange novel, in which he suggests that between the poem and the fantastic Barnaby, its master, might have been wrought out an analogical semblance that would have vastly heightened the effect intended by Mr. Dickens. This analogical resemblance, which he denies to exist in the novel, but which exists there, nevertheless, constitutes the thesis of Poe's great literary hit.

Thus far the thesis of "The Raven." It will be remembered perhaps that "Lenore," which precedes it in his collected works, was written in his youth. "The Raven," appears, then, as its sequel. It was, therefore, the sonorous flow of the dissyllabic "Lenore" that suggested the refrain of "Nevermore," the ordinary laws of association are to be regarded as of any avail in determining the structure and evolution of a poem.* What

* The London "Athenæum" has very recently started the theory that Poe borrowed the germ of "The Raven" from two poems published by Mr. Tennyson in the "Gem" (annual) for 1831, and not included in the laureate's works. The first of these poems, entitled "No More," is supposed to have suggested the refrain of Nevermore that occurs so regularly in Poe's production:

Oh sad No more! Oh sweet No More!
Oh strange No More!
By a mossy brook-bank on a stone,
I smelt a wild-weed flower alone;
There was a ringing in my ears,
And both my eyes gushed out with tears.
Surely all pleasant things had gone before,
Low buried fathom deep beneath with thee, No More."

The second poem is entitled "Anacreontic," and is the same droll mixture of puerility and music. It runs:

"With roses musky breathed,
And drooping daffodilly,
And silver-leaved lily,
And ivy darkly-wreathed,

then becomes of the long train of ratiocination by which he represents himself as fixing upon the word nevermore for the basis of his refrain, and finally upon the raven as the vehicle of its repetition?

To associate any special moral turpitude with acts such as the foregoing would be, if he was epileptic, quite unjust to the memory of one of the most unfortunate beings that ever figured in American literature; for, as any alienist will bear witness, habitual lying is almost invariably a marked symptom of mental aberration, and follows naturally in the train of hallucinations and delusions constituting the intellectual aura of epileptic madness, being sometimes but the direct result of the morbid sensorial phenomena that generally accompany the fit, and sometimes the exponent of a morbid impulse, which the epileptic distinguishes as such, but is unable to deny or to repress.

His audacious plagiarisms deserve a separate paper as so many examples of his mental habit. His "Colloquy of Monos and Una" was taken almost word for word from an obscure German mystic. His "Dreamland," commencing

"By a route obscure and lonely,
Haunted by ill angels only,
Where an Eidolon named Night,"

palpably paraphrases Lucian's "Island of Sleep." Mr. Prime tells me that for the rhythmical form of "The Raven," which he professes to have evolved by an elaborate process of ratiocination, he was indebted to a medieval ballad. Aside from the mental aura that colors them, the reader has

I wove a crown before her
For her I love so dearly,
A garland for Lenora.
With a silken cord I bound it,
Lenora laughing clearly
A light and thrilling laughter,
About her forehead wound it,
And loved me ever after."

It is perhaps in vain to remind the "Athenæum" that the "Lenore" which precedes "The Raven" in Poe's collected works was written when he was a mere boy, and, therefore, long previous to 1831, and that it is the most unlikely thing in the world that the "Gem" was ever reproduced in this country, or that Poe ever saw a copy of it; while, again, there is no affinity between Tennyson's fragment and the American poet's most elaborate production—not even enough to have suggested the structure into which that weird Mesmeric piece of rhyming fell. Indeed, this view is as untenable as that started in 1864 by English journals, that Poe imitated "The Raven" from Mrs. Browning's "Lady Geraldine," when the fact is the very reverse, the former being the model and the latter the imitation.

only to make a study of the literature of Mesmerism to identify the thesis and anatomical structure of many a strange, hallucinative tale. His "Eureka"—regarded by Willis as a masterly philosophical creation—contains scarcely an original thought from egotistic exordium to pantheistic finis. He did not think. He was merely a dreamer, having a singular faculty for the coherent organization of his dreams.

An egotist to the core, his fatalism was (as generally occurs in such cases) the moral exponent of his egotism—that is to say, of the deficiency in ethical emotion that egotism always implies. Again, the æsthetic deficiency noticed by Mr. Lowell in his brief but admirable article on Poe, was but the psychical exponent of the same unfortunate deficiency. By an intimate law of our organization (it would require a volume to show how and why) the moral faculty is the realizing faculty, and perversion of the moral nature fatally perverts our perception of reality. Hence it came to pass that Poe's idea of the beautiful was spectacular and unreal. Hence, also, it came to pass that to him beauty was synonymous with a kind of sensuous insincerity, and poetry a wild word-music to lull the ear with—a farrago of sweet sounds to tickle the auditory nerve.

Judging from these phenomena, as exhibited in his life and works, he habitually lived in a state bordering upon somnambulism—a disorder that cerebral epilepsy closely resembles. He was a denizen of two worlds and the remark of Dr. Maudsley, that the hereditary madman often gives the idea of a double being, rational and underanged when his consciousness is appealed to, and mastered by his unconscious life when left to his own devices, might have been written after a study of him. He lived and died a riddle to his friends. Those who had never seen him in a paroxysm (among them Mrs. Frances Sargent Osgood) could not believe that he was the perverse and vicious person painted in the circulated tales of his erratic doings. To those who had, he was two men—the one an abnormally wicked and profane reprobate, the other a quiet and dignified gentleman. The special, moral, and mental condition incident to cerebral epilepsy explains these apparent contradictions as felicitously as it elucidates the intellectual and psychical traits of his literature. Its mental phenomena supervene after a stage of incubation more or less prolonged, and the fit generally lasts two or three days. Its supervention is evinced by extreme sus-

ceptibility and impulsiveness. Tendency to repeat the same phrase over and over witnesses to the perversion of the will. Distressing delusions and hallucinations prompt to eccentric and impulsive acts. The face is livid, and the eyes have the expression of drunkenness. Monomania may supervene or dipsomania, or erotomania—as when Poe was expelled from the house of Mr. Allan, his friend and benefactor. Finally, the sufferer falls into a prolonged sleep, easily mistaken for that of drunkenness, and wakes up with re-established sanity.

The victim, after coming to himself, remembers these morbid sensorial phenomena as things that happened in a dream, but seldom talks of them; and thus, as (when its symptoms are not strongly marked) only an experienced observer can detect the inception of the fit, and as it always passes off in sleep, a man may be subject to cerebral epilepsy perhaps for years, and impress his friends as merely capricious and eccentric. Edgar A. Poe was just the man to conceal the malady, and convert its mental phenomena to the purposes of fiction. His sleepless and almost abnormal analytic activity took note, even in the exacerbations of his madness, of each distorted fancy and each morbid impulse as it occurred, instinctively tracing out its relations and linking it to its proper and attendant physical and nervous *secousses*. Not a fluctuating shade of his mania eluded him. He studied the writhing of his lips, flecked with foam, and dissected with critical exactness the disordered associations that flitted through his disturbed brain. With apparent deliberation, and with microscopic fidelity, he transferred the morbid delusions of his fit to his store of recollections, and thus established a tremendous warehouse of weird imaginings and fantastic sensations, to be worked in his serener moods into literary form. In almost any organization, except his, these maniac sensorial impressions would have overwhelmed and swamped the analytic faculty; but in his case, so abnormally was it developed, and so fixed the habit of analyzing, that it could not be unseated. Thus it constituted the only part of him that was never mastered and rendered him in the throes of the cerebral attack, not only a double being when his consciousness was appealed to, but a double being to himself—conscious analytically of the unconscious life that had mastered his brain and nervous system. Hence results the fact that at first reading, and until subjected to critical tests, his creation

press the reader like those of a person infected to the opium habit, and have an affinity with those of Baudelaire and De Quincey. That is to say, he writes like a former rational in his dreams. With this superficial trait, however, the resemblance ends.

From this source seems to have arisen the wonderful power in painting a monomania and distinguishes his later reveries, and is peculiarly illustrated by such productions as "The Imp of the Perverse" and "The Que of the Red Death," and in that popular narrative in which he kills an old man because the old man's eye vexes him. As the ground of his marvelous minuteness of psychological analysis, of the peculiarity with which he traced a morbid impulse to its root, and of the terrible felicity of imagination that enabled him to follow step by step, link by link, the hideous chain of associations set in motion by madness. In fiction spun from his own consciousness, as Poe spun his, no man can pass the limits of his own subjective experiences. They bind him to himself on every hand; he can only project what he has within him. In observational fiction, on the contrary, the case is different; a man may study madness for the purpose of writing it, as the greatest actress of this age studied death agonies in the hospitals of the city, that her stage throes might be true to nature. There exists no evidence, save the absurd story of "Dr. Tarr and Professor Fether," that Poe ever observed madness from the inside with a view to artistic perfection of detail. He seems, on the other hand, to have studied it in him and to have pursued it through all its hideous windings, as an element of his own consciousness. His most powerful tale, "The Fall of the House of Usher," in which he traces the subjective and objective phenomena of epilepsy from origin to final catastrophe, sympathy by sympathy, sensation by sensation, delusion by delusion, introduces the psychological series; and is such as could have been written by no man with whom the physiological and psychological traits of the study had not become personal matters of fact—not even by an alienist who had traced them subjects of life-study; certainly, no *littérateur* who had not observed and analyzed them, day by day, in his own person. There existed at that date no ponderous treatises of the literature of epilepsy, such as have been developed during the last thirty years by Delasiauve, Boileau de Castelnau,

Falret, Morel, Legrand du Saulle, Trouseau, Leblois, Dumesnil, Marshall Hall, Van Swieten, Moreau de Tours, Dr. Maudsley, and many others. What is now styled medical psychology then consisted of crude metaphysical speculations, while madness was a metaphysical dreamland, and the unconscious cerebration of epilepsy—with its trances—was dimly supposed to have a supernatural origin. The conclusion from these premises is obvious. With all the materials at hand, which thirty years of careful observation have supplied, no man living, not subject to the malady it paints, could write a "Fall of the House of Usher;" and if critics are to suppose that Poe elaborated his story without facts upon which to proceed, then they must accept the miracle that, by a simple process of analytic ratiocination, he anticipated all the discoveries and observations of the last quarter of a century. If, on the other hand, he was subject to the malady, the story explains itself and furnishes the clue to the fantastic invention incident to all his tales of monomania, through every one of which, thinly draped and enveloped in impenetrable gloom, stalks his own personality—a madman muttering to himself of his own morbid imaginings. This haunting consciousness becomes, with the progress of the malady, an awful *doppelgänger*, as in "William Wilson;" an imp of the perverse, as in the story of that name; a second soul after the loss of his true poetic soul, Ligeia, as in the story of "Ligeia," yet a second soul from whence at fitful intervals rises the image of the first; or a second Morella, as in the tale of that title, drawing her nutrition from the dead corpse of the first, and developing into womanhood with strange suddenness—living, yet the image of the dead—dead, yet identical with the living. Or, again, as in the "Valley of the Many-colored Grass," he lives in happy solitude with his true soul, Eleonora, upon whose bosom is written ephemera. She dies and is buried from sight in the valley; and the scene shifts, and he finds himself in a new world of bustle and tumult, with the haunting memory of the dead pursuing him amid mazes of the living. It is the black cat he cannot kill—the raven that croaks a Nevermore in answer to all his yearnings for the beautiful that once might have been, but is now a lost opportunity.

Were it possible to ascertain the exact order of their production, it would, I think, be no very difficult task to construct from Poe's tales a kind of psychological biography

illustrating the progress of his mental alienation, beginning with the formation of that morbid habit of introspective analysis which grew upon him with years, and finally ended in cerebral disease. A map of the general order presents three well-marked eras of literary production, having distinctive traits, but merging gradually the one into the other:

First. A period during which he seems to depend for artistic effect upon minuteness of detail. To this type belong "A Descent into the Maelstrom," "The Gold Bug," "The Adventures of one Hans Pfaall" (imitated from the "Moon Hoax"), the "Narrative of A. Gordon Pym," "The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar," and some others of less importance. The prevalent motive running through them is that incident to the literary hoax. The egotist glories in his capacity for deception.

Secondly. A period during which minute analysis takes the place of mere minuteness of detail. "Marie Roget" and kindred productions appertain to this period, which gradually merges into the third and last. The egotist now exults in his capacity for intellectual prestidigitation.

Thirdly. A period marked by tales of morbid introspection, which commences with "The Fall of the House of Usher," in which "The Haunted Palace" occurs as a ballad sung by the epileptic hero, and proceeds with the series I have elsewhere named. They are distinguished from the rest by the use of the *first person singular* and by the prevalence of a mental aura of the type so familiar to physicians with whom madness is a speciality. True to himself to the end, he now takes pleasure in startling the world with his own hallucinations.

His last poem, the ballad of "Ulalume," first printed in 1846, and shorn of its final stanza in the existing edition of his poems, appears to embody in an allegorical form the terrible truth that rendered his later years years of secret and gnawing sorrow. It commences:

"The skies, they were ashen and sober,
The leaves they were crisped and sere—
The leaves they were withering and sere;
It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year;
It was down by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty mid-region of Weir—
It was down by the dark tarn of Auber
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

It is here through a Titanic valley that the poet wanders all night with Psyche (his

soul), amid silent and moody trees, himself silent and moody. The moon rises with liquescent and nebulous luster. The poet and his Psyche—the latter stricken with a strange tremor and imploring him not to linger—toil on by moonlight, he pacifying her by expatiating upon the beauty of As-tarte's bediamonded crescent, she alternately listening and sobbing with an agony of dread. It is near morning—that is to say, the night is senescent, and the star-dials point to the morn—when the two find themselves at the end of the vista of the valley, adown which glloats the low-hanging and duplicate-horned moon, and are stopped by the door of a tomb. He asks: "What is written, sweet sister, on the door of this legended tomb?" Psyche answers: "Ulalume, Ulalume; 'tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume." Then he remembers that it is the anniversary of her burial, and the poem leaves him at her grave.

Muffled in an unusual number of thick-nesses of elaborate rigmarole in rhyme, this is the pith of a ballad, which borrows interest from its position as the last exponent of the perpetual despair that enshrouded Poe's manhood, and the last visit of his tortured soul to the tomb of his lost beautiful, typified by the dead Ulalume. The *geist* of the ballad—that which transfuses it with meaning, and redeems it from the criticism so often passed upon it, that it is mere words—lies solely in the fact of its interpenetration with a kind of psychological significance. Thus sang he, then died. It is also the exponent of that passion for refrain and repetition which, itself symptomatic of madness, grew upon him with the progress of his malady, and thus appears as one of its morbid results. The same passion infects his later prose, and renders it in many instances a wearisome series of dashes.

"Had Poe but lived," say many. Believing that intellectual decay had already laid its hand on him when he died, and that he was despairingly aware of it, I am not sorry he went so early. This last poem—a vagary of mere words—seems to me, in its elaborate emptiness, very lucidly to evince growing mental decrepitude.

The causes that led to his madness demand a brief consideration. Did he inherit an epileptic predisposition? This question naturally occurs first. His father was a man of irregular habits, who married an obscure actress and dropped into his grave, leaving to the tender mercies of the world at large a bright, sensitive boy. Of what malady he died it is now impossible to ascertain.

that the habitual use of alcoholic stimulants prevailed with the elder Poe or his first wife, is evident from the fact that the latter was a dipsomaniac of the type having frequent accessions of drunkenness, though not habitual drinkers. Now, according to Dr. H. H. Dowry ("Hereditary Connections between Nervous Diseases"), "Of all depressing agents alcohol has the most decided power to depress the nervous centers of a progenitor of a neurotic type, which will necessarily be transmitted under various forms, and of increasing fatality, to his descendants." The learned master in psychological medicine utters the foregoing as the result of personal observation, expressing the opinion that alcohol is capable, in a generation or two, of fatally perverting the organization of the nervous system.

Under such auspices Edgar A. Poe was bred into the world. Inheriting an impulsive and undisciplined nature, his brain, as a boy constantly exposes a preponderance of emotion over steady intellectual work. His first volume of poems, written in early life, it is impossible to know except from his own witness, evinces this fact very conclusively. With a passion for the beautiful in its sensuous forms, they are the elements of a vague, mystic, and oppressive instinct; of matured passions with immature intellect; of an emotional activity seizing a mad hand upon the problems of life, while yet the mind was incapable of apprehending, still less of comprehending, them. He dreams well, beautifully, though his numbers halt a little now and then; but his work is only dream work. Great room for impulses to grow and wax ungovernable in a childhood such as this.

As he grew older, this want of intellectual training seems to have forced itself upon his attention. Sent to college, he had found his work interfering with his dreams. Hence he ran away. Once matriculated in the great college of life, he tried to atone with cunning

devices for lack of mental culture. His dreams now interfered with his work: rather, he had dreamed so long that he was incapable of honest work. Hence mentally he never grew up. For the altitude and sincerity of intellectual manhood were, on the other hand, substituted puppet-show cleverness and analytic feats of the solve-a-puzzle kind. Thus equipped he came upon the stage, scarcely caring what his words meant, so that they sounded well: not as a man, but as an extremely clever actor of manhood. Without insight, to him the only thing real in life was the stage scenery. Years of vagabond life and privation followed: of alternate work and wassail. The inherited devil of dipsomania, dormant only for a little while, asserted itself. Now and then in a tussle he threw it; generally it threw him. But, with whatsoever result the wrestle ended, it contributed its quantum to the fatal perversion of a nervous system hereditarily determined in the direction of epilepsy. The late J. R. Thompson, among his reminiscences of Poe, witnesses to the fact that at this period he could take an extraordinary dose of brandy without being at all affected by it; but as the nervous degeneration went on, and the epileptic tendency developed, he became (as is generally the case) so sensitive to alcoholic stimulants that a thimbleful of sherry transformed him into a madman, with the unconscious cerebration and the morbidly vicious impulses, the sullenness alternating with fury, associated with epileptic insanity. This was about the date of "The Fall of the House of Usher," and of that singular allegory of madness, "The Haunted Palace." He now abstained, except at fitful intervals. But the malady, accelerated by the habit of morbid introspection which was its exponent, and gathering force from somewhat at least of hereditary predisposition, went on eating into his brain until sanity was only a recollection, and in the gutter he fell and died.

THE ANSWER.

HE said, "Why should your song be always sad,
So plaintive in its flow?
Look outward to the lessons, wise and glad,
That God and nature show.

"Why draw from that immortal fount the force,
To forge anew your chain?
What magic touch shall finally divorce
The spirit from the pain?"

The sweet aroma of the sun-kissed pine
Lived in the viewless air;
The peace and silence of a day divine
Seemed an unspoken prayer.

And gazing up, she saw not shade or light,
But dear eyes looking down;
The splendid brow, the hair where threads of white
Gleamed brightly through the brown.

Sighing she stooped, and from the grass and weeds
That grew about their feet
Gathered a flower as simple as her needs—
A snowy Marguerite.

And while the stainless petals fell, again
His quick ear listening caught
The oft repeated, doubting, old refrain,
"He loves," "He loves me not."

RECOLLECTIONS OF LISZT AND VON BÜLOW.

SEVERAL articles have been written lately upon that most extraordinary being, Liszt. My province is not writing, and yet I feel an irresistible craving to add my mite of experience for the benefit of the musical public, who, at some future time,—and the day is not far distant,—will eagerly snatch at every incident, however slight, in any way connected with his life and character. I shall not represent him in the light of a composer, for there are many who would dispute his claim to greatness on that score at the present day, whatever their views might be in the time to come. As a composer, he might be criticised; as a pianist, never. I am an enthusiast, no doubt, but so would any one be who should once hear him sweep the chords of his instrument. I believe that in this respect there has never been a dissentient voice. I have

known musical people prepared to listen to him for the first time with prejudice in their souls, and determination to cavil; but I have also known them afterward as his most ardent admirers, ready to acknowledge him, what he undoubtedly is, not only the greatest pianist of the age, but the greatest pianist who ever lived—and believing that no other ever will attain to his wonderful power.

I had resided many years in Florence before I had an opportunity of hearing him, as, independently of his living in Rome, he detested the "garden of Italy," and never could be persuaded to live there more than twenty-four hours at a time; even then he crept in and out again in the most conspirator-like style, that not a creature should know of his much-sought-for presence. He had a highly valued friend, Madame L., with whom

stead upon these rare occasions, and he would signify to her whom he would receive during his short stay—some ten or twelve privileged beings at the most; and I have an inexpressible gratification of saying that I was of the select number.

He made his acquaintance in Rome eight years ago under the happiest auspices. I met him under the "happiest auspices" advisedly, for had I happened to tumble in upon him, trusting to my own powers of fascination, or accompanied by uncongenial companions, or during a misanthropic fit, I might have traveled back to where I came from no better off, and much crosser. Madame L., who was invariably kind to me, and solicitous as to my physical welfare, proposed that we should take a trip on to Rome some fine day, and she put our luck with "His Majesty," as we were in the habit of calling him. I accepted this proposal with the most undignified alacrity. Accordingly, the next day we set off, and my good fortune would have it, arrived on the very evening of a concert, to be given by his favorite pupil, a young Roman of great talent, by name Sgambati, at which entertainment the great man himself was to be present. I could scarcely dress, I was in a state of nervous expectation, and when I actually found myself at the door of the concert-room, I do not know whether my feelings were of a pleasurable nature or contrariwise." Now, I wonder whether it would be advisable to tell the truth just at this point or not. I have an inward conviction that writers do not *always* expose their secret feelings down into the very depths of their hearts. But I may wrong them, and, in any case, having no pretensions to being that noble brotherhood (or rather in these days sisterhood), I will offer myself a martyr to the cause of truth, and will confess, although it tears my heart to very small bits, that my first view of Liszt caused me disappointment.

I was anxiously looking around for him, when Madame L. said suddenly: "There he is and there he was, indeed. He was standing in front of the first row of chairs, and I caught sight of him as he bowed to two or three ladies with whom he had been speaking. I am obliged to confess that it was an unpleasant bow—a servile bow—something too courtier-like for such a god-intoxicated genius. He who could hold his head higher than any monarch, would bow it to a lackey. I fear that this is the plain unvarnished truth, and yet he is as contradictory and immoral in his actions as ever stepped on

earth, and I've heard of his snubbing princesses.

One lady of rank, at whose house he was spending the evening, committed the extreme indiscretion of asking him to play, a violation of all rules of etiquette among great musical artists. He had been enchanting her guests with his divine music in the earlier part of the evening, and had just come in from supper, when she preferred her request. "*Madame, j'ai mangé très peu,*" was his answer ("Madame, I have eaten very little"), and, with this implication of having played out the worth of his supper, he left the house. His contradictory elements only prove him to be what he is at the piano—half-demon, half-angel. If his mood happens to be a gloomy one, his fingers fly about as if he had a demoniac imp at the end of each one. His playing becomes almost infernal in its wild passionate power, and he looks furtively at his audience with a malicious expression of delight and triumph, watching the effect he produces. This is his demon side. At other times he will play with the deepest pathos, touching the keys so caressingly, so tenderly, so weepingly, that I've seen men listen with the tears rolling down their cheeks. And yet, when he rises from the piano, not a sound is heard. He is too great to be applauded. He does not need it. He merely walks quietly away from the instrument, waiting until some one recovers breath or self-possession enough to speak, and then perhaps the first break in the silence will be a long, deep-drawn sigh, and "How grand!" spoken in an undertone of awe.

He knows his own power well—none better—and makes no concealment of his opinion. I have heard that upon one occasion a lady asked him whom he thought the greatest living pianist—this was many years ago—and he answered promptly, "Thalberg." "But," she said, astonished, "do you consider him superior to yourself?" And his answer was most commendable in its engaging frankness: "Madame, I had no idea you made any reference to *me*. I stand too high to be compared to ordinary pianists."

But, to come back to my meeting with Liszt. I left him bowing to rank, and I return to him bowing to a democratic American after a formal introduction. I was the democrat, and I fear I was a very pitiable spectacle of embarrassment and trepidation, although, being an American, not usually given to such "tricks and manners." He was very affable,

and I thought a trifle condescending. However, when the concert was over, he made an appointment that we, viz., Madame L. and myself, with Sgambati, should meet at his house the next day.

When I say his house, I mean his church, for his rooms were attached to the Chiesa di Santa Maria Francesca. These were entered by a side door, and were very barely furnished, with the exception of his own particular den, which was crowded with books, musical manuscripts, and artistic souvenirs of all kinds. In the middle of the table stood a superb bouquet—an offering, no doubt, from one of his many devotees. The first room we entered was a tolerably large, and a most intolerably furnished one, containing only a few common chairs, a sofa, a table with nothing on it, and the piano! This was literally all that the room contained; but with that piano, it needed nothing more to make it the most poetic nook, the most luxurious boudoir, or the most fantastic hall of revelry. The moment he touches the keys, you seem to be surrounded with the images of his own wonderful fancy. The plain table and common chairs vanish, and the place becomes crowded with flowers and birds, and peopled with fairies, or, as the freak takes him, with imps and devils.

As we entered, he came forward with outstretched arms, and folded his young pupil, the hero of the evening before, in an affectionate embrace, calling him "Angelo," and congratulating him upon the success of his performance. Then, and not till then, did he turn to us ladies with a few cordial words of welcome. Not more than five minutes had elapsed when he took his seat at the piano—uninvited, of course. What can I say? I could say a great deal. I could write for hours, and yet words would fail utterly to convey the smallest idea of his tremendous power. He makes the piano fairly talk; he makes it weep; he makes it thunder with almost the power of an orchestra. In fact he does with it what no one living has yet been able to do, and always with an ease, with a thorough absence of exertion, which is simply inconceivable. It almost makes one superstitious, and it is hard to believe that he is as other men are, and not something superhuman. It is not his mechanical skill of which I particularly speak, although that in itself is so enormous, but the poetry, the fire, the passion, the soul, of his rendering. His appearance at the piano adds a great deal to the effect, for one recognizes genius in the far off, earnest look

of the upturned eyes, and the proud consciousness of power in the backward bend of the fine old head. He looks like what he is—inspired.

I merely sat and cried, without attempting to conceal my tears, or even my sobs, and probably looked like a fool, and was even proud of it. When he had finished his glorious performance, he came to me, took my hand, and led me to the piano, with the request that I should sing. I obeyed, for he is king in the musical world, and his wish is law. With fear and trembling I sang to him in my desperation one of his own compositions, "Mignons Lied," in which he accompanied me. When I had finished it somehow or other, he expressed his approval most amiably, but, at the same time, told me how he had intended certain parts to be rendered. He sang those passages to me himself in a sort of undertone, but with a fire and intensity of soul I never heard equaled. His eyes were fairly ablaze, and in his earnestness, he seized my wrist, and held it like a vice. I suppose I must have looked a little alarmed, for his manner suddenly changed to the softest grace, and smiling, he said: "My child, you think I am crazy. I only wished to show you the feeling I wanted expressed in those phrases."

He then went to his own room, which I have already described, re-appearing presently with a heart's-ease, which he put into my hand, with these words: "Will you accept this little flower, which I have taken from a bouquet that I keep only for my friends?" I was quite overcome, not dreaming what was in store for me, for when I took my leave, he escorted me to the carriage door, and there put the whole bouquet into my lap. I have it now, faded and falling to pieces, standing near my piano, carefully preserved under a glass case, and I consider it the most valuable thing I possess.

After that memorable interview, I saw him nearly every day during the rest of my stay in Rome. Sometimes he would play, at other times talk, giving us most interesting reminiscences of great musical artists, or relating his own personal experiences in the most amusing manner. He says that he learned more, musically, from hearing Malibran sing than in any other way.

He admitted us one day to the rehearsal of a concert, to be given by one of his pupils, and we had the great advantage of hearing his instructions to the young man at the same time. He walked continually up and down the room, looking up (his favorite

son), and tapping the time very gently with his open hand. His pupil evidently did not satisfy him. He would take his seat at the piano and try to exemplify what he had been telling him. He would perform some short passage with the most absurd ease, and lay his hand over his shoulder at the young man, telling him how it should be done. "Let your hand go," he would say; "turn it round and over loosely; turn the wrist like the movements of a snake, so;" and in exaltation, he would undulate over the keys with the most marvelous rapidity. But for no purpose. The effect of the young man's imitation was ludicrous, and yet he was not a poor performer, by any means, as regards his mechanical skill. But the greatest charm of his performance sounds insipid and tame after Liszt. The genius of the man seems to surround you, and crush you into the narrowest space, and humility becomes your portion. Even the great Von Bülow said to me one day: "After hearing Liszt, I shut up my piano, and never wish to touch it again." After the rehearsal, he invited us to take supper with him the next evening, proposing afterward we should all adjourn together to the concert. We accepted with *empressement*. You may be sure. The guests were, besides ourselves, Mr. and Mrs. M., musical amateurs, who were of our party; a priest, to whom he was intimate; a young Englishman, to whom he had taken a fancy, and a Sabati. He had sent his piano that evening for the concert, and Madame L. and I went to the conclusion, after serious deliberation, that he did it on purpose to avoid playing. He was quite capable of such a thing. However, he made himself very agreeable, and was full of fun and life. One of his jokes was initiating me into the enjoyment of a dish, peculiar to Rome, I think, of which he was very fond himself—fish heads! He got into such a frolic over it, that at last he drew my hand through his and said: "Come, let's go and see the mess," and, before I knew where I was, had dragged me into the kitchen, where I watched the cook at his work.

At supper he was charming, and kept us in a rout of laughter. I think he attempted to be especially agreeable, feeling a guilty consciousness in regard to the piano. After we all went off to the concert, and he had practiced upon me one of his little petty humbugs, of which he is full, and which I did not at all relish. Upon taking my places, he said to me, "Please put my

hat on the chair beside you, as I want that place kept for me. I am going to the other end of the room for a moment." I was, of course, delighted and much flattered; and off he went. And off he staid; for he took up his position at the top of the room with some ladies of rank, and left me sitting meekly at the side of his hat. How Madame L. laughed, and how I didn't laugh! When he enters a concert-room he creates the greatest excitement. Every eye is turned to him, and every movement watched; so, of course, my ignominious position was fully seen.

The morning of the day we left Rome he spent with us. He did not play, and, of course, we could not ask him, as that would have sent him stalking out of the house. We tried our usual tricks to make him go to the piano, by laying on the top of it certain of his favorite pieces; but he was too cunning for us. He made me sing another of his songs. When it was ended, there was not a dry eye in the room, not only on account of the beauty of the composition, but because of his rendering of the accompaniment, which was in itself a complete study, and the absorbed, pathetic expression of his upturned eyes. He turned to me and said, "I will write a song expressly for you, if you will send me the words for it; but let them be gay. I am too old to be serious. I leave that to the young," indicating Sgam-bati. Then he took leave of us, and I shall never forget the scene. After saying a few kind words to Mr. and Mrs. M., he took both my hands in his and said, "Will you add me to the number of your friends?" I am obliged to confess that I could not reply, although I muttered something meant to be an acknowledgment of his unexpected favor. At last, approaching Madame L., whose talents he so thoroughly appreciated, his manner was so affectionate that she seized his hand, and bending over it reverentially, she kissed it, calling him "her dear and great master." And when he quietly left the room, we all looked blankly and tearfully at each other, and said no word. I have no doubt that many will call this "a scene," but unless one has been in the presence of Liszt or seen the absolute sway over those with whom he comes in contact, one cannot realize it. Am I too enthusiastic? Then, what do you think of those ladies who, I have heard, rushed to the public table after he had breakfasted, to secure the coffee-grounds in the bottom of his cup?

I have very pleasant recollections of him during one or two of his visits to Florence, when he was gay and amiable and ready to enchant us with his divine playing. It was on one of these occasions that I extracted from him the promise of sending me the photograph of his house, which he accordingly fulfilled, with the additional favor of his autograph upon the door, which I had not dreamed of asking for. I never remember him to have been disagreeable but once, and then he was very trying. It was on one of his visits to Madame L. She sent me word unexpectedly one day that "His Majesty" had arrived, and begged me to make my appearance at once. I fairly flew to the house, and could scarcely speak when I entered the drawing-room. But no Liszt did I see. He had just gone to his room. While I waited for his re-appearance, several other anxious mortals came in, having also been invited to meet the great man. But, alas! something had gone wrong; he was in a bad humor, and the demon side of him had cropped out suddenly. Whatever it was, he came not, although every subterfuge was employed to entice him from his lair. Madame L. made a young pupil of hers play one of his own works upon the piano, but he pretended not to hear it, and remained obstinately shut up. How enraged we all were, and how dejectedly we took our departure!

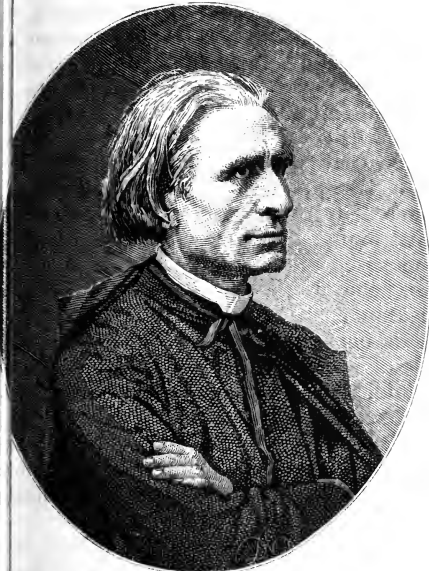
I have never heard him play in public, but I am told that he has been known to improvise at the end of a concert, while the audience were entirely ignorant of the fact, supposing it a regular part of the programme prepared beforehand. Are there two in the world who could do such a thing? I think not. There are many who can improvise, but none, I think, who have the audacity to do so at a public concert, and the capability of carrying it out faultlessly. I have exaggerated not one point in what I have written. My feelings are a mere echo of all who have heard him; and I say most emphatically, he is a man who stands alone in the world.

My original idea was to have written of Liszt alone, but I cannot refrain from adding a few words about Von Bülow, who is so soon to appear among us, and who in Europe is generally looked upon as the greatest living musical artist, always, of course, excepting Liszt.

I met him in Florence, whither he had gone for change of scene after his domestic trials. The poor man was completely broken

down and intensely nervous—at the same time very irritable and hard to deal with. This, at least, I heard from his intimate friends. My own experiences with him were always of the most gratifying nature. Madame L., who had known him well for many years (they were children together), had good influence over him,—and she had used often to put our heads together, and a darkly scheme for means to amuse him, and keep his mind off the one painful subject that was ever present to him. We were, as a general rule, successful in our little artifices, for he had, to a great degree, that civility so frequently accompanying genius. At times, he was like a child, almost, in his enjoyment of trifles. He was very fond of kittens and would amuse himself intensely with them. Knowing this, Madame L. presented him with one, to which he became much attached, gave it some outlandish name and title, and had its cards printed with name, title, and address in full, to send to intimate friends. We had a good deal of amusement out of it, and rung the change on the kitten joke. Among other things, I had asked me several times for my photograph; but having none, I had put him off. One day, however, we were both dining with Madame L., when I took the occasion to slip into the dining-room before dinner was served, and put under his napkin the photograph of a large cat. I then told him that during dinner I intended presenting him with the long-promised picture of myself. When the *dénouement* came, we had a good laugh, and it helped once more to cheer him—momentarily. I must say, however, that I thought it a very weak joke on my part, but he was much pleased, and seemed to think it full of *esprit*.

He is a man of unusual intelligence in other ways than that of music. He is very quick at catching up a foreign language, and speaking it fluently. He had been in Florence but a very few weeks when he began to speak Italian with great ease,—not always grammatically, of course, but quite intelligibly and fluently. This was in a great measure owing to his love of information and his adventure. His delight was in prowling about town, finding out places and people for himself, and they say that in a few weeks he had found out and knew more about Florence than some of the old Florentines. Nature has given a man of that disposition must be full of amusing experience; and, indeed, when he was in a happy vein, he would string off an anecdote after anecdote full of cleverness and fu



FRANZ LISZT.

He is of a high family, and his mother, I believe, was not at all pleased at the life he chose to adopt. He manifested his love of music from the age of eight. He told me that during an illness of two or three days, his mother, to amuse him and keep him quiet, had given him music to copy. This taught him his notes, and at that time his musical career began. He has to a wonderful degree the faculty

of imparting his knowledge, and of interesting his pupils. I know that I, who am ordinarily the laziest of mortals, used to practice while under his tuition six or seven hours a day, and then left the piano only because some imperative duty called me away, and I could long for the time when I should again be able to resume my studies.

While giving a lesson, he would walk up and down the room, slowly approaching the piano, never sitting; but so quick is his ear to detect, not an inaccurate note, for that speaks for itself, but the slightest want of smoothness, that he would know, without seeing, what

finger you have used on any particular note, and pounces upon you at once. He would call from the other end of the room, "Why did you put your third finger on such a note?" and it would be entirely useless

to try to deceive him. He would *know* it to be the third finger and no other. Before beginning my lessons with him, I had a tolerable amount of vanity, and thought I was something of a musician; but after my first lesson I was very humble, and left his room feeling meek and lowly. And this is the case with all his pupils. An Italian lady of high musical repute as an amateur pianist said to me: "It is not a lesson that he gives, it is a revelation." And revelation expresses most accurately his teaching. You feel a sudden waking-up, and a bewildered astonishment at the idea that you have been living on quite contentedly in your mediocrity. It is not that he wishes you to adopt any particular style, or to follow his own especial feeling; for then, when your lesson had ended with him, your capability of progressing without him would end at the same time. He simply tries to make you render the music literally as it is given, in the minutest detail. Not the most insignificant sign is overlooked, nor can you by any strategy pass it over carelessly without an instant discovery, and the incurring of his displeasure. Then there can be no compromising. Away you have to go, retracing your steps, doing it over again and again, until he is satisfied. I think this is the great art of his teaching—his extreme conscientiousness, and unflagging attention. In this way, he insures a clear, firm touch in a marvelously short time.



CHIESA DI SANTA MARIA FRANCESCA (LISZT'S RESIDENCE IN ROME).

To some pupils he teaches a peculiar method of fingering the scales, which is very difficult, but which, once mastered, gives the greatest flexibility of wrist and fingers. Before I ever thought of taking lessons of him,



HANS VON BÜLOW.

I practiced the scales in this way, having heard of it through a former pupil of his, and arrived at a tolerable degree of proficiency. One day, when Madame L. and I were together, he came in, and the conversation turned in some way on his skill as a pianist. As usual, we got into a joking vein, and, finally, I told him that he wanted a few lessons from me to perfect him. I then sat down to the piano, and ran over a few of the scales with his fingering, telling him that he must learn that style of thing before he could ever expect to be a pianist. He laughed, and said: "Ah, then, you know that way of fingering! You have done it well, and deserve something," and he laid a *sou* at my side on the piano. A few minutes afterward I played a waltz of Henselt's. He was talking at the time with Madame L. He stopped as I went on, listening most attentively, and when I had finished he said: "For that you deserve more," and laid down five francs. Then he became serious, and spoke of my small performance most amiably. I felt very much elated, for the slightest word of approbation from him is treasured up with miserly care by those who are happy enough to obtain it. This was the first time I had ventured to play in his presence, and nervous enough I was about it. Indeed, I never could play to him without a certain amount of fright, even during the lessons which I began with him a short time afterward; and all his pupils were affected in the same way.

Buonamici, a young Florentine of most

promising talent, a professor of music, who was in the habit of playing constantly in public, told me that he never took a lesson of him without a horrible nervousness possessing him, which greatly interfered with his performance. I told Von Bülow one day, during one of my lessons, that I always felt as if I was going to the dentist whenever I entered his rooms to go through my studies with him. Whereupon he was delighted, and seized the tongs, brandishing them over his head in the most ferocious way, and making as if he was about to pull all my teeth out on the spot. This was merely one of his sudden flashes of fun, and in the twinkling of an eye it was all over, and he had settled down to serious work. During his lessons, as I said before, his attention never swerves for a moment, and more painstaking instruction, even with uninteresting pupils, cannot be imagined.

He is very careful and judicious in his praise, and is rather sparing of it, making it, of course, all the more valuable to the proud receiver. This rare commendation does not always tend to good morally, whatever it may do musically, for it often causes vanity in those commended, and envy in the others.

His memory is prodigious. He plays everything without notes, and his repertoire is a very large one. I heard that he had been known to say that no one was a thorough pianist who was not able to play eighty pieces from memory. I asked him if he really had said this. "No," he replied, "I did not; I said that a good musician should know over one hundred." I have been to many rehearsals and concerts when he was directing an orchestra of eighty musicians, but I never saw the score before him. He knows the part of each instrument, and when correcting a mistake in any one of them, if unable to make his meaning understood in words, he darts to the piano like a flash, and plays the part as he wishes it done. His energy and passion when directing are magnificent. He is so carried away by enthusiasm that it reaches every member of the orchestra, and every movement of his arm is so graphic that it would be almost impossible not to seize his idea at once, and act on it. The proof of this is, that he can take an orchestra which he has never drilled before, or even musicians who have never played together, and in three or four rehearsals bring them into perfect order.

As a director and a teacher, he is incomparable. As a pianist, he is also very great,

considered by good judges, as has already said, to be the greatest after He is most earnest in his study of at masters, rendering their music care-nd conscientiously, but without ped- One never tires of hearing him, for es not adopt any particular line,— isome thing, whether it be of the ring order like De Meyer, or the dew-droppy sort of thing that Gott- delighted in. He simply carries out rit of the composer, and so thorough st is he, and so genuine his love of

music, that my firm belief is, that his efforts are directed toward interesting his hearers more in the composer than in the performer. Such men are in a sad minority. Had we more of them, the cultivation of good music would increase more rapidly than it does. At his first public performance in Florence, Von Bülow was so distressed that the audience should have begun their applause before he finished the last few notes, that he held up his hand deprecatingly and, when silence was restored, carefully and scrupulously completed the Sonata.

FOR AN ALBUM.

BY WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

UNMEET for me this gilded book,
Unmeet for me this tinsel'd toy,
Where all on which the eye may look
Breathes hope and joy.

I will not then blot its fair page
With any saddening strain of mine;
'Twill come too soon with coming age—
When good hearts pine.

I will not speak of that dark cloud
Which groweth with man's growing years,
Weaving for hope a winding shroud
Of sighs and tears.

Nor will I say how hearts are torn,
Inch after inch, day after day,
As all the dreamings of life's morn
Vanish away.

Nor how the high and generous mind,
With every God-like impulse fraught,
Pursued by rancorous fate will find
Its great aims naught.

I will not speak of hearts that break
In secret without sign or sigh,
That scorn to mourn as they forsake
This world to die.

I once have felt as these do feel,
Whose sunny thoughts herein are written;
But o'er me now Death's shadows steal,
I am heart-smitten.

And therefore 'tis unmeet for me—
This gilded book, this tinsel'd toy,
Where all breathes of young life and glee,
Bright hope, young joy.

A PLEA FOR SLIPPERS.

In popular writing *don't hedge*. In periodical literature especially, it is not well to be too judicial, or to try to be. It is a characteristic of a certain school of contemporary writing to strive too anxiously for unity and reconciliation in thought and statement, to torment itself in the hunt after absolute and irrefragable truth. The rage for bringing things into their relations is one of the features of the time, and in its way is admirable. For the philosopher or the divine, the professor at his desk or the savant in his lecture-room, no tendency can be more laudable. It is his business to get at fundamental and absolute principles when he can, and state them in their purest and most universal expression. But we journalists are another order of men—the light skirmishers and gaudy mobiles, so to speak, of thought. It is our business to reconnoitre the enemy's position, beat up his quarters, and draw his fire, not necessarily to crush him with heavy battalions. What we want in magazine literature is the concrete rather than the abstract: direct, pointed style: novel, startling, even audacious sentiment, picturesque and vivid illustration. We want to stir people up and set their ideas in motion. We want to stimulate their thought and furnish them with suggestive material for reflection, comparison, controversy—not to supply them their thought ready made. So don't be too timid, nor even too conscientious, my dear Wagenlauf; it's a fault of yours to be too much afraid of that dim, impalpable set of hypothetical superior readers who may perhaps refute your reasoning, dispute your facts, or sneer at your illustrations. Go ahead a little more courageously. Take for your motto the stanza you quoted the other day.

"So, if without reserve
The humor fits you
Careless, to say your thought
Just as it hits you."

say it in the Muses' name, sure that, however many wisecracks find you in the wrong, there will be as many good fellows, and those no fools either, to find you in the right. What if your theory be not exhaustive, your rule not of universal application, your inference not beyond controversy, you have struck out a *thought*, and that's the main point gained. Truth ought to be integral,

probably *is*, at the center of things; but are on the surface. We have to take our views and partial glimpses. We see separate facets of the jewel at a time, are glad to get as many flashes as we can without asking too anxiously whether there be other sides reflecting other hues. The man who gives us the most and brightest of them is the best fellow; we'll sit down to analyze the diamond by and by.

Then, in being too anxiously truthful, we are apt to be, in a sense, untrue. Facts, we poor mortals know them, are relative, not absolute, and their whole agency, in nothing of the savor and impressiveness, the statement, is apt to flow from their relativity. When you have painfully refuted away all this high-colored, high-flavored relative element, you have what? A watery and pale abstraction—true enough, no doubt, but too little interesting to contradict; as profound and general, if you please, as a Kantian category, but as bodiless and intangible.

Thus, or to this effect, spoke an editor the other afternoon. After I quitted the office and was sauntering in musing humors on Broadway, it seemed to me that there was much of truth and useful suggestion in the great man's words. In some points I do not quite agree with him. Undoubtedly one of the highest phases of all thoughtful literature is reconciliation—the effort at least to reach an imaginative plane where difference and contradiction shall blend in unity and harmony. I don't see that, on the whole, current literature sins as grievously as the editor imagines by any morbid effort in this direction. Still, it is clear that one of the great attractions of a popular style is directness, clearness and energy, and sharp definition. If it is a virtue in writing to believe profoundly all you say, and know exactly what you wish or do not wish to say, it is often a fair substitute for these good things to so write as if you had them. There is courage, not to say bravado, in literary expression akin to the physical swagger of the swashbuckler or the bully. The writer who sees or believes too much may so exalt the vigor of his statement by understatement and explanation and limitation, to get credit for neither insight nor belief. And in lighter departments especially, there is great room for fragmentary truths and

l or relative statement. Many phases
 timorous or witty, or imaginative, or
 tic expression almost demand it. Not
 thought admits of being set up and
 at, rolled over, and microscoped, and
 scoped, and every-other-sort-of-scoped,
 s robust brethren. There are infinite
 s of delicate and fanciful matter which
 die under the process, and which
 ne faint stars astronomers speak of, dis-
 ar when *looked at too hard*. Much
 is far from being absolutely true, or
 esally applicable even to myself, is yet
 and satisfactory to me at the moment
 in the mood of the writing; and if for me,
 probably for so many other people, at
 time or all times, as to make it
 the saying. Even in more downright
 d and practical matters it is not neces-
 to be timorously anxious lest some one
 ee with us. What you have said
 g be sure some one else will set out to
 it; what you have left unstated another
 ry at least to supply. The more vehe-
 the opposition or recrimination you
 orth, as has been aptly suggested, the
 certainty that you have at least touched
 theme worth ventilating, and in a way
 tterly beneath contempt. There must
 certain pleasure in acting as a sort of
 ry mustard-plaster by rousing others to
 athful irritation and activity, even if we
 p it ourselves. I have sometimes pleased
 af with the fancy of a writer whose en-
 fficiency should consist, like that of a

skillful conversationist, in drawing out other
 people; in judiciously applying such stimu-
 lative perversity or paradox as should rouse
 an opponent to say the fittest thing in
 the fittest place; and, like the *banderillero*
 of the bull-ring, should drive the noble
 creature to the grandest display of all his
 powers.

Commend me, then, to the conversational
 style of essay, the dressing-gown and slip-
 pers of literature, in which one may talk
 with one's reader literally, or very nearly, as
 with one's friend over a pipe at the fireside,
 without pragmatic caution as to the matter,
 or affectation as to the manner. Of course
 I don't claim any merit for the discovery.
 The familiar or dialogue style of essay is
 almost as old as language, and from Athe-
 næus and Aulus Gellius down to Kit North
 or Dr. Holmes, literature can show along
 with it mountains of ponderous disquisition,
 a continuous skirmishing line of entertaining
 fellows who like to doff the academic gown
 and perorate in their shirt sleeves. Every
 one remembers how the rustic who went to
 Paris to see Tom Thumb was wickedly di-
 rected to the apartments of that most pon-
 derous of mortals, Lablache, and how the
 adipose old wag explained the inconsistency
 by declaring that "before the public he made
 himself very small, oh! very small, indeed;
 but here at home (putting his thumbs in the
 arm-holes of his waistcoat, and lazily *bouff-*
ing out his magnificent sphericity) he *liked*
to take his ease!"

 FREEDOM.

WHAT freeman knoweth freedom? Never he

Whose fathers' fathers through long lines have reigned

O'er kingdoms which mere heritage hath gained.

Though from his youth to age he roam as free

As winds, he dreams not freedom's ecstasy.

But he whose birth was in a nation chained

For centuries; whose very breath was drained
 From breasts of slaves that knew not there could be

Such thing as freedom; he knows when its light

Bursts, dazzling; though the glory blind his sight,

He knows the joy. Fools sneer because he reels,

And wields confusedly his infant will.

The wise man, watching, with a heart that feels.

Says: "Cure for freedom's harms is freedom still."

SOME VEGETABLE ECCENTRICITIES.

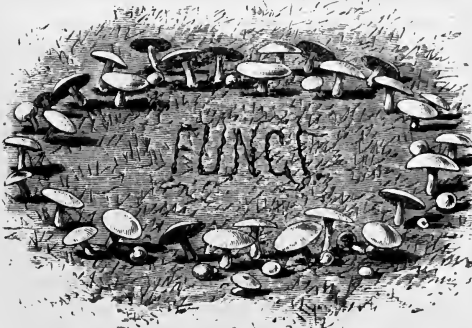


FIG. 1. FAIRY-RING FUNGUS.

IN olden times when men thought of nature they turned their attention to the heavens and there counted and considered the planets and stars; to be reminded, as the fable tells us, that there was an earth upon which they lived, by falling into a well. As the fruits of this persistent star-gazing, the heavenly bodies became the best known of all natural phenomena, and astrology rose to the dignity of astronomy, the first in the rank of ancient sciences.

During the past few centuries in the field of vegetable life, men have been looking with admiration into the tops of the tallest trees, and sketching their outlines against the distant sky, and while thus filled with the stateliness and majesty of the palm or the grandeur and independence of the oak, have been brought suddenly to the ground through some slippery, ignored vegetation at their feet. It is to one of these obscure and down-trodden groups, which has received the name of *Fungi*, that the reader's attention is invited.

In describing this group, with its diversified characteristics, it appears only proper to pass at once to individual examples, saying for the group in general, that they are all parasites, deriving their nourishment directly from the substance upon which they grow; having no green leaves in which the crude material is transformed and fitted for the use of the plant. They are thieves, either stealing their sustenance from the dead, or robbing the living tissue of its vital fluid.

Doubtless there are many who associate with the word *mold*, a disagreeable, despicable something, which is ever springing by magic from their bread and pastry; perhaps some will exercise great caution, believing the cause to be a beautiful plant growing at a prodigious rate. A housewife, to her great dismay, finds the top of her can of fruit a portion is white and worthless; a plant has lost its proper element and has been fed upon her dainties. The wine has leaked from the cask to the cellar floor, and when you go to draw a draught, a carpet of the finest velvet has grown for your feet. Yeast is employed to make our bread soft and healthy, and myriads of little plants do the work, becoming thus our best friends. On the other hand, the farmer learns to dread the rust upon his wheat and the smut upon his corn, changing his ripening ears into great misshapen masses of dusty powder.

Fungi flourish upon our walls, find their way through our books, and pick their way to the frame-work of the stoutest ships. In the animal kingdom is not beyond their reach, and many of its members fall victims to an overpowering vegetation; while it is an established fact that many of our most fatal epidemics are the result of their invasion upon the human family. The rapidity of their growth, which has been the wonder of all who have watched them, is well illustrated by an instance told by Dr. Schweinitz, noted authority in this field of study:

"A blacksmith at Salem, who had thrown aside a piece of iron which he had just rescued from the fire, was called away on business. Upon his return in the morning he was astonished to see on this very piece, lying over a water on his smith's trough, a mass of fungus two feet in length. It had crept from the iron to some adjacent wood, and not from the wood to the iron. This immense mass had grown during the space of twenty hours."

In the Mushroom (*Agaricus campestris*), perhaps better known as the Toadstool, we have a plant of this group, with which every one is familiar. It is the famous *Champignon*, and was known to the ancients by upwards of a score of synonyms; growing also

everywhere from the chilling atmosphere of the north to the hot climate of the tropics, from the Japan islands on the east to our California on the west. Though it is by no means confined to old pastures, with us it is to be found there in the greatest abundance, and especially after a warm shower in the evening. The rapidity of its growth is proverbial. If we go out early in the morning we may see clusters of it exhibiting all gradations from the young "buttons," of a size and color resembling eggs, to those of middle and old age, consisting of a stalk somewhat larger than a man's middle finger, bearing at the top a broad umbrella-like expansion, which has received the name of *pileus*. When young, the outer edge of the *pileus* is united with the stalk, but as it approaches maturity it breaks away, leaving a ring to mark its former place of attachment. Figure 2 shows one of full growth, and another in the process of breaking, while a third is still quite young. If one of these large ones be taken and the under surface of the *pileus* examined, it will be found to consist of a multitude of radiating gills of a beautiful pinkish color. It is on the surface of these gills that the reproductive bodies are borne—bodies which, though different in structure, perform for this plant the same office which the acorn does for the oak; that, instead of being called *seeds*, they have, like this and all other species of fungi, received the name of *spores*. It is a little remarkable that the spores in this species are always borne in clusters of four each, but the fact will have to be taken for granted by all those who are unable to gain the assistance of a powerful microscope. At the base of the stalk, hidden from sight, is always to be found a mass of fine threads which make up the true vegetative portion, and are termed *mycelium*, common to all the members of this group.

In France, where the satisfaction of the palate and stomach is thought to be a matter of no secondary consideration, this plant has received the greatest care and attention and is most extensively grown, furnishing one of the finest dishes for the table. After the mushroom beds have been prepared the *mycelium*, or *spawn*, as it is called with us, is planted, and in from four to six weeks the crop is ready for many daily harvests. If the spores are used in place of the *spawn*, the time required for returns is much increased. In this peculiar market gardening, caves are often put to valuable use, and old deserted mines have been ap-

propriated for the winter culture of the champignon.

The growth and consumption of the mushroom in the United States are rapidly increasing. It must be a very enviable sight to the butcher to see his customer gathering his morning steak from his bed of mushrooms, and the raiser of beef must turn with contempt upon his rival who thus brings into the market the rarest of cutlets.

In Italy, this species of fungus is always rejected in the markets as being poisonous, while its place is filled with another upon which the French look with distrust,—showing how greatly the element of prejudice may come in to mar the comfort, and influence the best interests of men. The fact that some species of toadstools are poisonous is as patent as that others possess real worth as articles of diet. The dread of being poisoned, a considerable amount of superstition, and the difficulty of distinguishing the good varieties from the bad, have all combined to prevent justice to this family of plants.

The Fairy-ring Fungus, Fig. 1 (*Marasmius oreades*), is one of the smaller toadstools, but enjoys a good reputation among



FIG. 2. MUSHROOM.

the lovers of delicate dishes and fine-flavored soups and sauces. The main feature which seems to warrant its further notice is the peculiar form in which a cluster of these plants is distributed. These *fairy rings* are so called because of the old belief that elves and goblins held their festivities within and around these circles of fungi. One old writer states: "They always had fine music among themselves, and danced in a moonshiny night around or in a ring,

as may be seen at this day upon every common in England where mushrooms grow." These rings, which vary in size from a few feet to as many hundred in diameter, and which often exist for many years, consist of a circle of toadstools surrounding a plot of grass of feeble growth. It is believed that these rings have their origin in a single plant; the fungi soon increase in number, exhaust the nourishment from directly beneath, and for their very existence are obliged to spread out on all sides. They thus assume the form of a ring, which continues to enlarge as its present position fails to furnish food, leaving the interior in a barren state, the grass generally being of a pale, sickly hue, in striking contrast with the deep green without.

Among the poisonous toadstools the *Amanita muscaria* holds a leading place, getting its specific name from the fact that it is frequently steeped, and the solution used in the destruction of the house-fly. The pileus is raised upon a long stalk, and often attains the diameter of four to six inches, having its upper surface studded with large white protuberances, making the plant, if only richness of color and beauty of outline are considered, better fitted for the throne of a fairy than the stool of an ugly toad. Greville, a noted English student of fungi, says in his description of this plant: "In the Highlands of Scotland it is impossible not to admire it, as seen in long perspective between the trunks of the straight fir-trees; and should a sunbeam penetrate through the dark and dense foliage, and rest on its vivid surface, an effect is produced by this chief of an humble race which might lower the pride of many a patrician vegetable." Though so tempting in its beauty, its poisonous effects have become well understood through the sad experience of many who have eaten freely of its tender tissue, to suffer the severest pain, sometimes only relieved by death. A variety of this species grows to some extent in Northern Asia, and especially in Kamtchatka, where it is highly prized by the natives, who use it for its exhilarating effects, as it possesses the power of producing a peculiar intoxication. The fungus is gathered and dried with great care, and when a state of inebriation is desired, a small piece is swallowed, and in the course of one or two hours the drunkard is in his glory. This fungus has a peculiar effect over muscular exertion. In his "Vegetable Kingdom," Dr. Lindley tells us: "A talkative person under its influence cannot keep silence

or secrets, one fond of music is constantly singing, while he who wishes to step over a straw takes a stride sufficient to clear a tree."

In Fig. 3 is given an illustration of the Touch-wood (*Polyporus fomentarius*), perhaps more generally known as *punk*, especially by the school-boys, who gather with much delight these woody excrescences from the trunks of the trees upon which they cling in beautiful and fantastic shapes, and bear them home as brackets for the



FIG. 3. TOUCH-WOOD.

or drawing-room. The property this has of being luminous in the dark is a well-known fact to the young naturalists who associate with it a mystery too deep to be seen by the feeble light given out by the subject of their wonder. Amadou, or man tinder, is a commercial product of this species, and consists of slices of the plant beaten out and saturated with a solution of saltpetre. Its use as a means of starting fires is familiar to all, and for this purpose its consumption in Germany is great. When one sees a large tree covered with these conspicuous bodies, it is safe to conclude that the vigorous growth of the tree is over. A fungus of smaller size, the Rot, closely allied to this, is very destructive to trees; it sends its mycelium through the toughest fiber, soon reducing it to a crumbling state, when the Touch-wood follows and feeds upon the ruins.

Let us now look at some of the smaller members of this assemblage of plants. *Puccinia graminis*, one of the most widely distributed and generally known, is one of the many species of that mysterious and destructive agency, vaguely spoken of as "the

Agriculturists who have had the raising of grain as their leading employment will at once turn in thought to the time when their whole field of growing wheat or oats, the pride of their vocation, was turned, as by the stroke of some unseen demon, into a yellow, premature old age. The rust has struck his gain, and the farmer in his disappointment cannot dream of the rich harvest the mycologist is reaping from a table spread with this same death-dealing vegetation. The different stages in the growth of this plant are quite distinct and peculiar, and though somewhat complicated, it would not be justice to the art or to science to omit the history of the forms through which the rust-plant passes from the perfect state to the perfect state again. The transformations in the growth of a butterfly are so evident that the merest school-boy may try the experiment and observe the truth of it for himself; but in the case of the objects are so very small that the changes can only be seen by the keen eyes of skilled observers, aided by the best powers of the microscope. Beginning with the spores of the mature rust-plant, as seen in the black stains on the old stubble of any grain-field, it will be found that when the warm and moist days of spring come these spores germinate, producing in a few days a short stem bearing a crop of other spores of very much smaller size. To avoid confusion, these must be called by their scientific name, *sporidia*, while the parent spores are the *teleutospores*. The *sporidia* have never been seen or made to grow upon the grain; but when they find their way to the leaves of a barberry bush, they soon begin to germinate, and make themselves manifest on the under surface of the leaves in what are commonly known as "cluster cups." The interior of these pretty little cups is closely packed with spores of a still different kind, styled the *æcidium* spores. These will not grow upon the barberry, but when they fall upon a blade or stalk of grain, they soon produce the yellow rusty covering often seen as the grain is beginning to ripen, and caused by a multitude of *uredo* spores. Later in the season this *uredo* state produces the final, perfect teleutospores, thus completing the circuit of life in this little rust-plant. Long before this rust was discovered to be a plant, farmers had noticed that there was a close relation between it and the barberry, and at present the latter is being rapidly destroyed with good results, though it can scarcely be expected that the rust-plant will thereby become extinct, as probably the *æcidium* state grows on other

than the barberry, though not yet discovered elsewhere. This is an excellent illustration of polymorphism, so common among fungi, and it also answers well to show the vast number of spores these microscopic plants produce. The teleutospore usually bears from five to ten sporidia, and allowing that only one of these finds the barberry leaf, there may be from one to fifty cluster cups as the result. In our case suppose only *one*, and a low estimate for its contents would be 250,000 *æcidium* spores, and if only one in a thousand finds a place on the grain-stalk, and each brings forth its 250,000 fold, there would be under such circumstances 62,500,000 spores from the single *one* with which we started. Taking the same teleutospore, and supposing every spore in all the stages found its place to fill it, the result would be 1,562,500,000,000,000,000 spores, which may be looked upon as its true descendants for the season. Or giving each inhabitant of the globe his equal share of these reproductive bodies, he would have nearly as many as there are individuals in the whole human race. This may seem like a very large story about a very small matter, but it is not the only strange truth the microscope has revealed.

The *Ustilago maydis*, generally known as *smut*, is another one of these microscopic plants which often grows in fields of ripening corn. Though less prevalent than the rust, it is considered, like it, a sworn enemy



FIG. 4. CORN-SMUT.

of the farmer. The thief takes possession of the kernels while they are still quite young, transforming the tissue into its own long mycelium threads, which at maturity

produce in infinite numbers the minute blackish spores. Frequently, only a few of the grains are affected, making a striking contrast with those of natural size, as the artist has represented in Fig. 4. It was long supposed that this smut was a morbid, diseased state of the plant; but there is no longer reason to doubt that it is a small, dirty plant, growing at the expense of one of the most useful members of the vegetable kingdom.



FIG. 5. PUFF-BALL.

In all cereals, to some extent, but especially in the rye, may be found a fungus which has long been known under the name of *spurred rye* or *ergot*. Like the corn-smut, this plant attacks the young grain and causes it to assume a very much enlarged form, protruding far beyond the husks, and resembling a cockspur, whence its common name. The whole enlarged mass is made up of hard mycelium, which, under favorable conditions of warmth and moisture, produces small projections, bearing the spores of the plant in great abundance. This ergot is one of the most poisonous of the smaller fungi, having a peculiar and powerful action on the spinal cord, for which purpose it has become a standard drug, largely used by the medical practitioner. In several provinces of France and Germany, epidemics of nervous derangement resulting in gangrene and frequent loss of limbs, and even life, have been traced to the consumption of this plant in the bread made from rye, which was largely *spurred*, the result of an extremely favorable season for the pernicious fungoid growth.

The Puff-balls furnish an interesting group

of several species, the largest of which is called, on account of its size, the Giant Puff-ball (Fig. 5). When this plant attains its full growth, it assumes the dimensions of a foot-ball (for which, as boys can testify, it is a poor substitute). A few monstrous ones have measured two feet in diameter, and weighed twenty-five pounds. Like all others, this puff-ball passes rapidly through its stages of growth, from the white gelatinous mass while young, to the dry, brown, dusty condition of maturity, when by compressing the sides the minute spores will spirt out in a smoky cloud from the rupture at the top. But little use has been made of these curious plants. In the young state, they are sometimes eaten, and the powdery mass, when ripe, has in the hands of the surgeon been successfully applied to stopping the flow of blood; while to the rising generation, who wonder as they kick or squeeze the powder out of the puff-ball, it furnishes a plaything, which arouses their curiosity and interest in nature.

There is another species of this group of puff-balls, which has received the very appropriate name of *star fungus* or *starry puff-ball*, Fig. 6, and is an object of wonder and admiration to all who have seen it. Nature has provided this lowly and unobtrusive plant with three distinct coats or coverings, and,

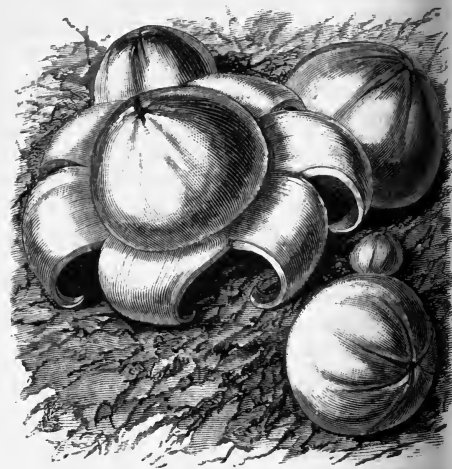


FIG. 6. STARRY PUFF-BALL

besides all this, keeps it while it is young beneath the surface of the ground, in the shape of a spherical ball of the size of an apple. As it approaches maturity, the two outer coverings are thrown off together by splitting from the center of the top into from six to ten pieces, making a star-shaped

ansion. At the same time the thin film
earth is broken, and the peculiar plant
comes to the light as seen in Fig. 6. If
visit these plants in wet weather, you

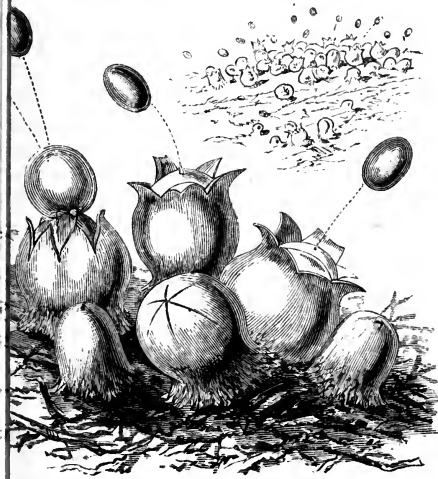


FIG. 7. SHOOTING FUNGUS.

not be likely to have the pleasure of
ing them with their coats spreading; but
en the moisture has evaporated, they
e on, by contraction, their more attrac-
e starry form. It is quite amusing, on a
m, dry day, to produce artificially alter-
e humidity and dryness of the atmos-
ere around these plants, causing them to
en and close in very short intervals of
e.

The spores which are within the inner coat,
l make up the interior of the sphere in
center of the star, find their means of
ape, as in the other puff-balls, through a
ture at the top. There are other species
ving the same starry form, with their cen-
e spheres raised on a short stem; while
ers, instead of having the two coats ex-
ended together, are united only by the tips
the rays, and the upper of the two in-
ted, raising the ball upon its top some
tance from the ground; the whole is
ely illustrated by the touching of the
o hands by the tips of the thumbs and
ngers extended.

Perhaps the most curious and interesting
all the puff-balls is a very small one of
e size of small peas, called the *shooting*
fungus (Fig. 7). These plants grow in groups,
l when quite young they appear as white,
olly patches, attached to the substance
on which they grow. As the ball en-
ges, it becomes free from these fine
leads; and when the mature state is

reached, the outer covering opens at the
top by a star-shaped rupture; the second
coat, not being closely united to it, and con-
vex on the under surface, is, by the ten-
sion caused by the opening of the outer,
suddenly turned inside out, and the con-
tents, in the shape of a small ball, shot
into the air to a considerable distance, at-
tended with an audible noise. It will not
be difficult to imagine these minute vege-
table mortars projecting their spore shells
against the sides of bugs and beetles, which,
when the firing is at its highest, retire for a
time to a more quiet and less dangerous
place.

One of the leading fungi recognized as
valuable for food is the Morel (*Morchella*
esculenta). It has a short, thick stem, ter-
minating in a large ovoid top, very irregular
on the exterior, owing to the many com-
pressed folds of which it is composed, which
thus form a surface of numerous indented
polygons (Fig. 8). They are found to some
extent in most countries, but those in com-
merce come almost entirely from the states of
Germany. They show a peculiar preference
for those portions of woodland or sandy
soil over which fire has passed. This fact
became so evident to the peasants who
gathered them, that, in order to increase the

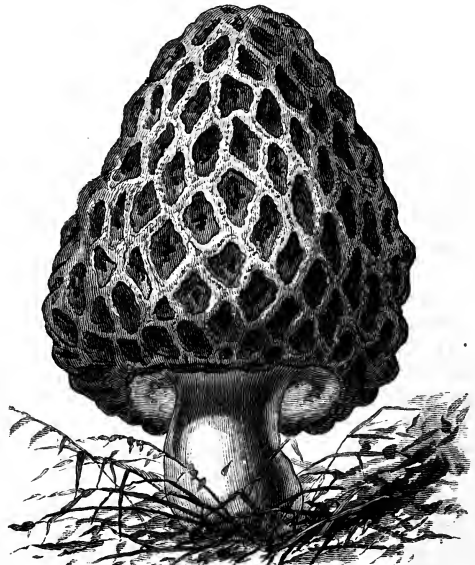


FIG. 8. MOREL.

range of growth, they set fire to the forests to
such an alarming extent that severe damage
was incurred, and rigid laws were enacted
against such depredations. The morel is ex-

tensively used as a flavoring for sauces and soups, but chiefly in the manufacture of one of the finest qualities of catsup.

The most highly prized of all edible fungi

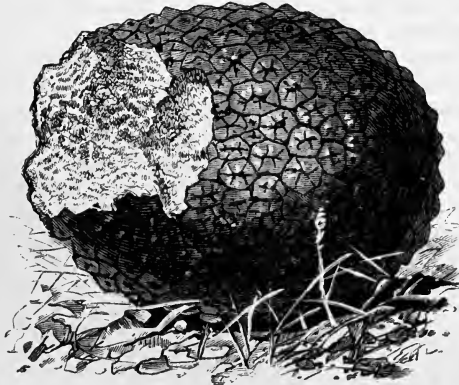


FIG. 9. TRUFFLE.

are Truffles, of which there are several species, the most common one being *Tuber aestivum*, represented in Fig. 9. They are roundish in outline, of the size of a large black walnut, having the surface black and much wrinkled, as if by pressure. The interior is quite solid, of a brownish color, and exhaling, when cut, a very agreeable odor. Their habit of growth is peculiar, as during their whole existence they are buried beneath the soil to the depth of from six to twelve inches. The condition most favorable for the growth of truffles is a soil of a calcareous character, permeated by the roots of the oak; and the method pursued in France, the only country where the culture has proved successful, is to select the required quality of soil and sow it with acorns; when the saplings have attained a few years' growth, the truffles begin to grow.

In this country they are found to some extent, but not in sufficient quantities to pay for hunting, so that all found in our markets are imported. The price of these plants is usually about three dollars per pound; and though a rare dish when cooked alone, they are generally used as a flavoring and condiment.

There are many other species of fungi that have won a general acceptance into the list of those that are fit for food. Such is *Boletus edulis*, which is common in shady places of the woods, and easily noticed because of its beautiful outline and the yellow color of the little tubes which occupy the same position and perform the same office as the gills in the mushroom. It has a fine

savor, and, when properly prepared, the texture and taste of veal. The *Chanterelle* is a special favorite among the French, possessing a fine texture, and an odor much resembling that of ripe apricots.

Dr. Badham, near the close of his work on "Esculent Fungi," remarks upon the importance and neglect of these edible plants in the following words: "I have indeed grieved, when I reflected on the straitened conditions of the lower orders this year, to see pounds innumerable of extempore beef-steak growing on our oaks in the shape of *Fistulina hepatica*; *Agaricus fusipes* to pickle, in clusters under them; puff-balls, which some of our friends have not inaptly compared to sweet-bread, for the rich delicacy of their unassisted flavor; *Hydna*, as good as oysters, which they somewhat resemble in taste; *Agaricus deliciosus*, reminding us of tender lamb-kidneys; the beautiful *chanterelle*, that *kalon kagathon* of diet, growing by the bushel, and no basket but our own to pick up a few specimens in our way; the sweet nutty-flavored *Boletus*, in vain calling himself *edulis*, when there was none to believe him; these were among the most conspicuous of the *trouvailles*."

In *Clathrus cancellatus*, Fig. 10, we have a fungus very beautiful in color and outline, disgusting in odor, noxious in properties, and happily rather scarce. The richness of its color and the peculiar latticed manner of growth are the direct opposite of all the other qualities; and many naturalists have been induced to sacrifice present comfort that they might make sketches and descriptions of its pleasant features. It is related of one of

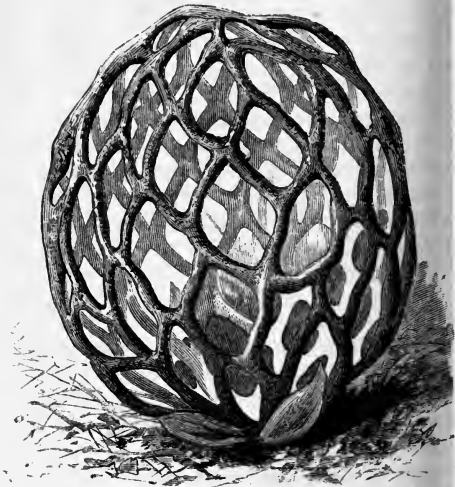


FIG. 10. LATTICED FUNGUS.

these enthusiasts that he took a young latched fungus to his room in order to watch its stages of growth, only to be awakened

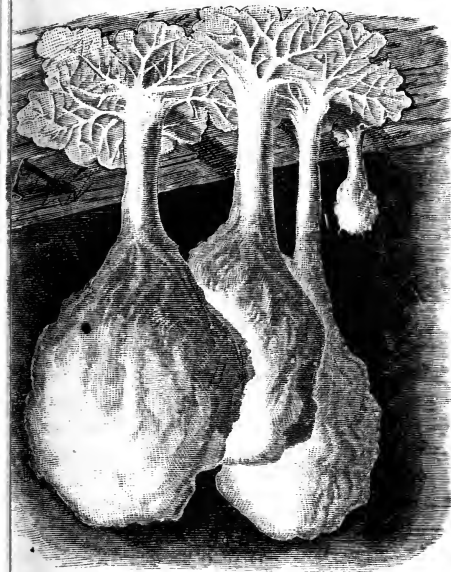


FIG. 11. CAVE FUNGUS.

the night by its developments, and find address in throwing the miserable offender from the window.

Closely allied to this is the *Phallus impudicus*, which commonly bears the not over-assisic, though very expressive name of *Stinkhorn*. It has a stalk of five to eight inches in length, bearing at the top a small cap, which, when young, is covered with a green slime that soon liquefies, and, dropping off, covers the ground with an offensive mass, to be eagerly sought for and devoured by carrion insects. The top, when thus relieved of its green outer covering, exhibits a surface in outline much like a honey-comb, but unlike it in exhaling the most disgusting of odors. It is occasionally found on sandy soil along the sides of woods and hedges, and is seldom allowed by the stinging flies to pass undisturbed through its natural existence.

Many stories are told of the encounters of botanists and collectors have had with this peculiar plant. A lady of a scientific turn of mind, together with great powers of endurance, or perhaps imperfect olfactories, undertook the task of sketching one in her room, and by the other inmates of the house was obliged to remove her work to a distant field. Another case is told of a botanist of wonderful enthusiasm, who, while on a tour,

found one of these plants of unusual size, and, wishing to preserve it, placed it in his box; returning home by rail, it caused such great discomfort to the inmates of the car, that each occupant left it as soon as possible, with amazement and disgust.

Passing from the stinkhorn to the Potato Rot (*Peronospora infestans*), is like going from bad to worse, as far as human comfort is concerned, though the stench produced may not be so great. This is one of the small microscopic fungi, only known to the naked eye by its terrible effects. Its first general appearance was in the summer of 1845, when it was seen in the Isle of Wight, and a few weeks after was observed with great wonder and dismay by all growers of the potato throughout Europe. The first indication of the presence of this vegetable is seen in the blackening and withering of the potato leaves, followed in a few days by the entire destruction of the foliage. When the young forming tubers are unearthed, they are found not to have escaped the pest. This disease has long been known to the South American Indians dwelling in the region of the Andes, showing that it is not of recent origin, and that the land which gave us the small and wild potato has also produced a plant which has followed it across the seas to feed upon it.

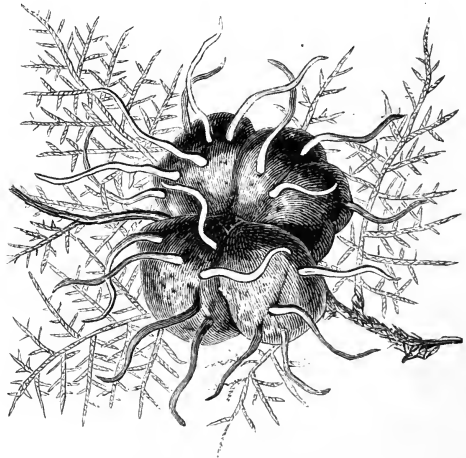


FIG. 12. CEDAR APPLE.

And yet, to-day, the list is long of those who fail to recognize in it a member of the vegetable world. This is especially the case with those who have an "unfailing remedy" which they desire to introduce into general use. But when the plant can be cultivated, the spores sown on sound potatoes, and the

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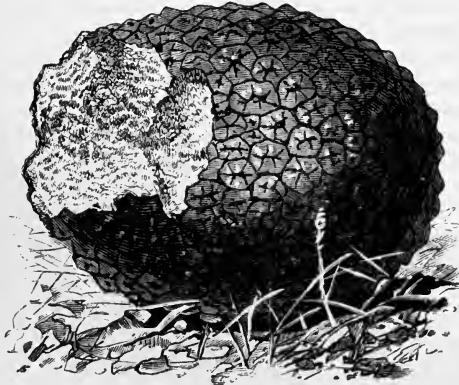


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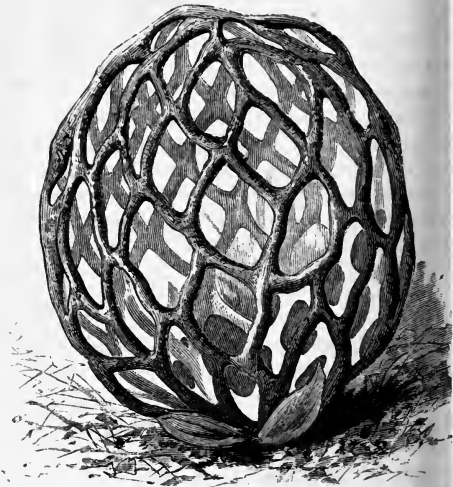


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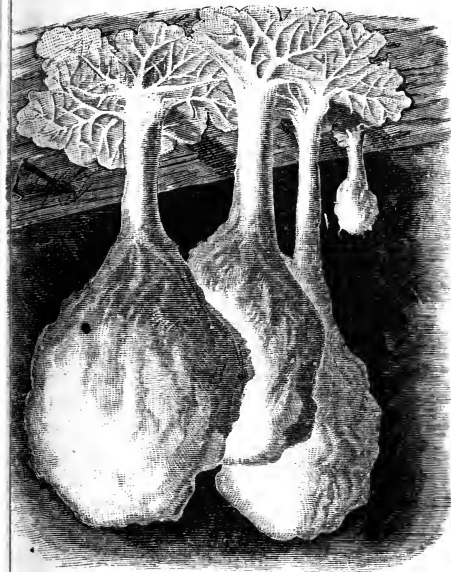


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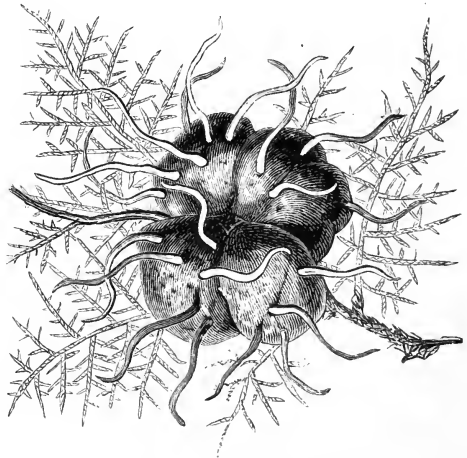


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vegetable watched through its whole existence, culminating in the dire disease, it is time to believe it is as much a plant as the one upon which it grows.

In Fig. 11 is given an illustration of a peculiar vegetable growth, which, from its place of habitation, has received the name of Cave Fungus. In the interior of the limestone caverns near Lewistown, Penn., it has



FIG. 13. BIRD'S-NEST FUNGUS.

been found quite extensively, clinging to old beams, stairs, and other like wooden structures. It is upward of six inches in length, of a pure white color, and soft and light like cotton. The most peculiar feature is the pendent manner of growth; it is suspended by a small neck, which spreads out in a leaf-like expansion on the timber.

Our American cedar is frequently the abode of a species of fungus (Fig. 12), which, under the name of *cedar apple*, will be remembered by many persons as an irregular mass about the size of a walnut, and of a beautiful brown color. They may often be seen in considerable quantities clinging to the branches; and in wet and stormy weather present an attractive appearance, as they are then covered with long orange-colored gelatinous filaments, as may be seen in the illustration. By the ignorant, these excrescences are thought to be the true fruit of the cedar-tree.

No doubt many readers have found in their rambles through old neglected gardens, in places where the gardener's hoe or rake has not disturbed the surface, clusters of small cup-shaped bodies (Fig. 14) of the size of an army percussion-cap, filled with small flattened balls, making the whole bear a very strong resemblance to a bird's nest, though of diminutive size. Because of their shape they have received the name of Bird's-nest Fungus. In the young state, the upper por-

tion of the cup is filled with a thick liquid, held in place by a thin covering at the top, which in time passes away, exposing the "eggs" within, or allowing them to leave the "nest," as they sometimes do, and hang suspended upon the outside by a long slender thread attached to one of the two flattened sides. These egg-like bodies are not simple spores, as their shape might suggest; but receptacles in which are contained millions of the reproductive bodies of the plant. Certainly, if there is a spark of love for the curious and obscure, the pleasure-seeker will stop as he passes along and admire these little wonders at his feet.

Every one has seen the house-flies in autumn crawling slowly upon the wall with their bodies covered with a white powder, making them appear as if they had made a visit to the flour-barrel; or later still, has found them fastened in death to the wall or window-pane. It has been but a struggle between the animal and vegetable and has been won by the latter; to die in its turn when the substance of the former has passed away.

The tender and valuable silk-worms have long been subject to epidemics, by which large quantities have perished, causing extensive panics in the silk trade. Like that on the flies, it is a fungus, growing within the living body of the worm, extending and

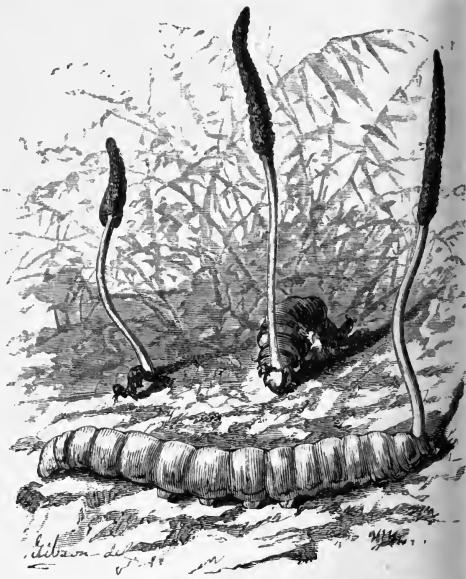


FIG. 14 CATERPILLAR FUNGUS.

bursting through the skin, and in the end producing death.

One of the most curious of these insect-

ing fungi is the Caterpillar Fungus, upon the head of the larva of the Zealand swift moth. It feeds upon substance of the insect to such an extent that its vital fluid, passing into the tissue of the parasite, causes the animal to become exhausted, and dooms it to give up the last drops of life's blood that this funny creature may live. Leaving out of sight the fact that the plant being a destructive and dreadful enemy to the young insect, it is a curious spectacle to behold the heavy-burdened

larva bearing erect upon the front of its body a vegetable growth often three or four times its own length; color-bearers as they look to be, bearing not the ensign of victory, but the signal of individual distress, telling plainly the slow but inevitable approach of death.

There are many other members of this group well worthy a place among the few here mentioned; but perhaps enough has been said to show that, as containing food-producing plants, this group deserves and is receiving much earnest attention.

UNDER THE SEA.

THOU art here still, jewel mine,
 And here evermore shalt be,
 There are flowers Persephone might wear,
 There are pearls might shine in Thetis' hair;
 Nor those for sweetness, these for grace,
 Shall e'er usurp thy chosen place
 Till thou and I enclaspèd lie
 Where a thousand jewels be;
 Thou, mine own jewel, forever pressed
 By a pulseless hand to a painless breast,
 By the rocking billows lulled to rest,
 In the cool blue dark of the sea!

The babes and the flowers shall be fair,
 The winds and the birds shall be free;
 The world shall whirl its olden round,—
 Love shall be trampled, Force shall be crowned,
 Man's hand with man's blood shall be red,
 Souls shall be bartered; brides shall be wed;
 And at last shall come the glorious fight
 'Twixt powers of darkness and of light;
 And Truth shall conquer, Love shall reign,—
 Truth without harshness, Love without stain;
 But we shall not see it—thou and I;
 We are weak and weary; we shall lie
 In that blessed, cool blue dark of the sea,
 Joyless and moanless, safe and free;
 While down in the halls of the ocean old
 The nymphs of the seas shall carnival hold,
 Nor waken thee and me.
 Or if some white nymph, in her floating grace,
 Should turn one moment a wondering face,
 And her eyes—that sweet blue dark of the sea—
 Drop pearls one moment for thee and me,
 She will spare my jewel, forever pressed
 By a pulseless hand to a painless breast,
 By the rocking billows lulled to rest,
 In the cool blue dark of the sea!

PIERROT, WARRIOR AND STATESMAN.*



THE INFANT SOLDIER.

PIERROT, son of a miller, and beloved of Fortune, was happy in many things; and, in this connection, may be mentioned the fact that he had his history written by that most admirable biographer, the great Alcofribas. This history was translated from the

original Sogdian by Alfred Assollant; it was put into English by A. G. Munro, and is now briefly arranged and clearly set forth by the present writer, so that all may read and enjoy it. So many men are never thoroughly understood. Nothing of this kind shall happen to Pierrot.

To be a true biographer one must be able to dissect the mind of his subject as a doctor would dissect his body. It is as necessary, sometimes, to know what a man lived for as to know what he died of. All this has been done for Pierrot. If you will read his life, you may be able to see how a man's biography may be written so as to give a tolerably correct idea of him.

As has been said, he was the son of a miller. His soul, when he was born, was as white as the inside of a flour-bag. As he grew older it became a little dingy, like the outside of the same bag. But that sort of thing happens to all of us. I only wish to tell of the extraordinary portions of Pierrot's career.

From the very beginning of his life he was attended by a fairy—known as Aurora among her intimate friends, though her last name was Fortune. She never left him altogether, although there were times, to be sure, when she was obliged to absent herself for a time. Pierrot was born in France, but the scene of his great exploits was China. Fortune was the cause of this. How often and how wisely does she beckon us from our native places!

Pierrot was just eighteen when Fortune—but we will call her Aurora, and pretend, at

any rate, that we are well acquainted with her—came to him, and said:

"My friend Pierrot, your education is now finished; you know all you ought to know; you speak Latin like Cicero, Greek like Demosthenes; you know English, French, Italian, Coptic, Hebrew, Sanscrit, Arabic, Chaldee; you thoroughly understand physics, metaphysics, chemistry, chiromancy, magic, meteorology, dialectics, sophistry, clinics, and hydrostatics. You have read all the philosophers, and can repeat all the poets. You run like a steam-engine, and your wrists are so strong and well set that you could carry on your outstretched arms a ladder with a man at the top of it. You have good teeth, good feet, and good eyes. What line do you propose to take?"

"I want to be a soldier," said Pierrot. "I want to go to war, kill a great many enemies, become a great general, and win immortal glory, which will hand my name down for ever and ever."

This was true. From his infancy Pierrot had wanted to be a soldier. We can judge of that from a picture drawn of him when he first put on trowsers.

His father and mother did not want to leave them to be a soldier, but he would leave them for that purpose. However, this is nothing unusual, and we will not stop to consider it.

He followed Aurora, as we have said, to China.

There, by a piece of good fortune, he became one of the king's pages. In reality he was a horse-guard, but his actual rank was only that of a page. Shortly after obtaining this position he attracted the honorable notice of King Vantripan, who called for him one day after dinner.

The King sat in his easy-chair, with an umbrella of state over his head, and surrounded by his family and court.

When Pierrot arrived, he was accorded a short interview, and then, much to his astonishment, he received an appointment as Captain of the Guards, and had a company of soldiers assigned him.

This was a critical position for our friend. He had not been in the habit of commanding, and he had been commanded, only a short time. But he did not hesitate; just as a true hero never does. With the coolness of a tailor who raises a company at the be-

* Scribner, Welford & Armstrong.

of a war, he took command of his men, what he did not know he made believe now.

Such men rise rapidly; so did Pierrot. He was a soldier by nature—one of the most combative of men. In a country like China of that day, he soon had an opportunity of showing that when he became a warrior he had not mistaken his vocation. The occasion was this: A giant, by name Pantafilando, who filled the position of

governor of the Un-own Isles, had heard of the rare beauty of Doline, the daughter of Vantripan, and came, accompanied by a detachment of one hundred thousand soldiers, to demand the hand of the princess.

Now, it happened that Pierrot was in the palace with this princess. Consequently, of course, the arrival of the giant afforded him no satisfaction whatever.

He might have felt at his ease had it not been for the presence of the guard of one hundred thousand men. What could he, with his small company, or the other officers, do against fellows like those that you see in the picture?

The situation was very annoying. There was no hope that Vantripan would deny the demand of a vigorous giant, backed by an army of one hundred thousand men, which the great Alcofrifus translated by M. Brillant, and rendered in English by Mr. Gurno, says:

This army was so admirably disciplined that each soldier ate, drank, slept, and spoke at the same hour and minute as his comrades. It was a model of order. Every morning they were told what they were to think about during the day, and every evening there was no example of a soldier ever disobeying the orders of his superior officer for the least in the world."

The negotiations did not last long. When Vantripan heard the mission of the giant, saw his guards who flocked into the palace, and listened to his tremendous opening speech, which was enlivened by flourishes of a tremendous sword, he acceded at once. He offered his daughter to Pantafilando, together with half his kingdom.

"I am delighted!" cried Pantafilando, "and the dowry pleases me no less than the bride. Between ourselves, old Vantripan,



THE KING WAITS FOR PIERROT.

you are a little too aged to govern such an empire much longer, and you will do well to rest. In a united family a son-in-law is like a son. Is not everything in common between a father and his children? China is therefore in common between us. Then, when a good thing is shared by two people, if one of them is paralyzed, the other must

administer the common property. You are paralyzed in spirit and broken in body. Therefore I, who am whole in body and spirit,



PANTAFILANDO'S GUARD.

take your place in the government and the administration of the kingdom. It is a heavy burden, but, with the help of heaven, I hope to support it."

"But I am not paralyzed," Vantripan tried to explain.

"Not paralyzed!" said Pantafilando, feigning astonishment. "Then I am misinformed. If you are not, draw your sword and defend yourself."

"Alas, sire," said poor Vantripan sadly. "I am paralyzed, consumptive, and in decline, if you like. Take my states, but don't hurt me."

All now seemed lost, but Pierrot did not lose his courage or his impudence. Infuriated, he drew his sword and cried to the giant:

"Take the kingdom of China, Thibet, and Mongolia; take the kingdom of Nepaul, where the rocks are made of diamonds; take Lahore and Cashmere, which is the valley of paradise on earth; take the kingdom of the Grand Lama, if you will, but take not my dear princess, or I will kill you like a pig."

Then followed a scene. Pantafilando gazed for an instant on the audacious captain, then made a wild cut at him with his

great sword. Pierrot skipped to one side and the sword came down, cut through the floor of the room and stuck fast in the wall. Then Pierrot hurled at the giant's head a great bronze goblet; but, although he hit him fairly, he hurt him no more than would be hurt if a boy were to blow a bubble at you and hit you fairly.

The giant retaliated by picking up a Tartar guard and hurling him at Pierrot. The shot missed, but the Tartar was crushed against the opposite wall. Then, as it was evident there was going to be a fight, everybody fled. The giant rushed to the door and called for his guards. Pierrot did not wait for them; but, seizing Bandoline, jumped from a window into the Yellow River, which flowed tranquilly by the palace walls.

He swiftly swam with his precious booty to the opposite shore, and then, by the aid of Aurora—that Fortune who is always at hand in these important epochs in the lives of true heroes—he made his way to the camp of the Chinese army.

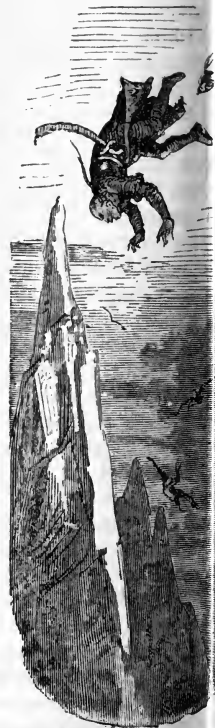
This army, which consisted of five hundred thousand of Vantripan's picked soldiers, had promptly changed its base on the arrival of the giant and his guards, and was now encamped at a safe distance from the scene of disturbance.

When Pierrot arrived at the camp and made known his business, a fresh complication arose.

Barakhan, the commander, comprehending the situation in an instant, gave the command to revolt.

The army obeyed.

Then he made a short speech, in which he stated that as Vantripan and his son, the prince, were doubtless prisoners in the hands of the giant, the old government was at a



BARAKHAN'S DISCOVERY.

and he was the lawful heir to the throne. He would therefore assume the crown, and would marry the beautiful Bandoline, there present.

But Pierrot had a word to say about this. He said it, and it hurt Barakhan's feelings. The army was ordered to advance upon the spot.

It advanced, but did not go far. Pierrot waved his sword around his head, sliced off the heads of the soldiers nearest him, and then sheathing his weapon, made a dash for Barakhan, who was on horseback near

the scene that follows is thus described by Alcofribas :

"The commander pushed his horse upon the spot, but our friend avoided it, and seized the bridle with one hand, and Barakhan by the leg with the other, he lifted him from the saddle, whirled him round and round in a sling, and hurled him away with such force, that the unhappy prince went up in the air higher than the clouds. As he came down he saw to the right the snowy peaks of Kawalagiri, reflecting the rays of the sun, and to the left the Koelnup Mountains overtopping the great Manchuri, hitherto unvisited by travelers ; but he had no time to inform the Academy of his discoveries, because in a few minutes he was dashed into a thousand pieces."

When the army saw the result of Pierrot's attack, the officer second in command assumed the position made vacant by the death of Barakhan, and gave the order to return to allegiance.

The army returned to allegiance.

Pierrot now recommended that the faithful soldiers of Vantripan should immediately march to his assistance.

But the faithful army declined. There were one hundred thousand reasons why they should stay where they were.

So they staid. No entreaties of Pierrot and Bandoline could move them. Therefore the princess and our hero returned by themselves.

On reaching the capital, they found that Pantaflando had taken possession of everything, and had issued decrees, and savage laws, too. Among other things, he had set a price on Pierrot's head.

Bandoline went home and went to bed. Pierrot stuck up the following notice on the palace wall :

In the name of his eternal and invincible Majesty, Vantripan IV., legitimate King of Siam, Thibet, Mongolia, the Peninsula of

Corea, and of all the Chinese, crooked or straight, black or yellow, white or tawny, whom it has pleased Heaven to place between the Karkounoor and Himalaya Mountains, Pierrot, Commander-in-Chief to his Majesty, challenges the giant, Pantaflando, Emperor of the Unknown Isles, self-styled King of China, to mortal combat."

He thought it better to announce himself as Commander-in-Chief, because, in case of



THE FIGHT WITH THE GIANT.

his success in the mortal combat, it would save time and trouble in the selection of his reward.

The challenge was promptly accepted the next morning by the giant, and the combat appointed for three o'clock that afternoon. If Pierrot conquered, all the Tartars were to leave China. If the giant should be the

victor, Bandoline and the Empire were to be his prize.

Now let us pause one moment. Do you begin to see into the secret of Pierrot's success as a warrior? It is very simple. He not only does all the fighting but all the thinking. Did you ever try to think?

When all was ready, and the spectators had assembled, the giant and Pierrot entered the arena. Pantafileando was armed with his great sword, and a lance a hundred feet long. Pierrot had but his sword.

The giant began the combat. He made a tremendous thrust at Pierrot with his lance, and if our hero had not been very nimble, he would have been speared like an eel. But it is very difficult to spear an eel, and so it was to spear Pierrot, who jumped nimbly to one side, leaving only his doublet dangling from the point of the lance. Then, giving one wild jump, like a maddened grasshopper springing at a turkey-cock, he hurled himself at the giant, and struck him, head first, fair in the breast. Pantafileando was so astounded at this method of attack that he stumbled and fell backward. Then Pierrot ran up to finish him, but with one kick the giant sent our hero flying into the air. But Pierrot came down safely, and by this time the giant was on his feet again. The combatants now paused and refreshed themselves. The giant tossed off a barrel of wine, and Pierrot took a moderate drink. Then they went at it again.

Pantafileando seized one of the great gates of the arena and hurled it at his adversary, who seized one of the little gates and let fly at the giant. The big gate missed its mark, but Pierrot's gate struck the giant and knocked him down. Then up stepped Pierrot and sliced off his head!

Wild rang the plaudits; cheer after cheer for the brave Pierrot rose on the summer air.



PIERROT THINKS.

Bandoline, struck with love and admiration, arose to embrace her hero; but she was about to rush into his arms when she stopped.

"Take him away!" she cried. "him away!"

The trouble was in Pierrot's ear. In the fight it had been nearly cut off, although he had not noticed it. But Bandoline noticed it, and she would have none of him.

But he had his reward. The King made him Grand Constable, Grand Admiral, Grand Cup-bearer, and he went to the hospital to have his wound dressed. But he was not satisfied. His loved one rejected him on account of the ear he had lost in saving her from the giant.

He wandered sadly about the palace, thinking over his misfortunes until he grew thin and wan.

He had conquered; the Tartars had been driven from the country; he had rank and power, but he had not Bandoline. Yet he remained faithful. Tempted by the King's son to join up a rebellion, he scornfully rejected the proposition, and made an enemy for himself of the prince. In the meantime, owing to the intervention of his guardian, Aurora Fortune's ear grew on again all right. So he determined to make another effort to gain the princess. He asked her father for her hand. The old man consented without hesitation. Then Pierrot went to find Bandoline, who was seated in the midst of her family. When he proffered his suit, she remarked that he could not marry a man with only one ear.

"But I have now two ears," said Pierrot.

"This one has grown on again, tight and all right. Pull it."

The princess pulled it.

"That is magic!" she cried. "I will not like to marry a magician."

In some way or other she had discovered that Pierrot was the son of a miller.

Pierrot was disgusted. He turned his back on the princess, and asked of the King permission to go fight Kabardantes, your brother of Pantafileando, who, it was reported, was about to attempt to revenge his brother's death, and to invade China.

The King gave his permission.

So away went Pierrot on a splendid horse, accompanied only by his constant attendant, Aurora F.

The real object of his journey was a secret one. He intended, as Grand Constable, to survey the kingdom, reform abuses, and see for himself whether or not there was likely to be a Tartar invasion.

errot was delighted to get away from the capital, and from all its confusion and vicissitudes. He rode through the beautiful country, and was charmed with the rural loveliness of everything around him.

On the way, the fairy gave him lessons in political and political economy. Thus, he gradually grew up within the first sprouts of statesmanship.

He reached a city and entered in disguise with the people. A defenseless stranger, he was invited by a mandarin, taken by soldiers, fined, executed, and sentenced to be impaled. He rescued the mandarin, and led the officers into his own jail, knocked down the soldiers, and, in the presence of the Governor of the province, he threw off his disguise and stood forth in the uniform of a Grand Constable.

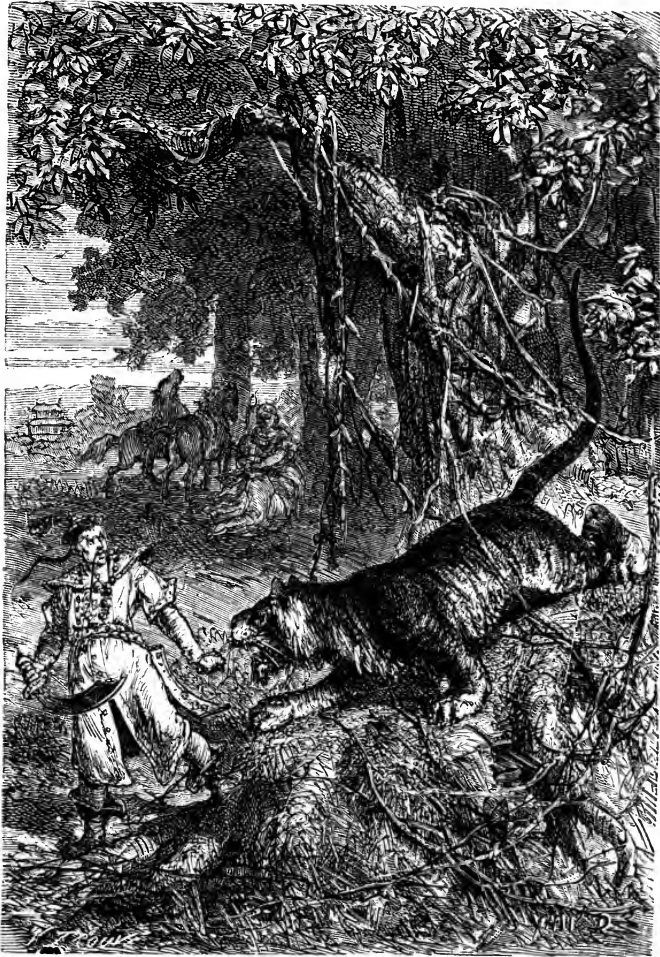
The Governor, thoroughly corrupt, was humiliated. The cruel officers were punished, by a grand decree, the abuses of the province were reformed. The oppressed people hailed him as a deliverer, who, having made a lot of suits, laws and appointed a number of suitable officers, continued his journey, favored by the thanks and delivered populace. He may be accepted as an axiom that a

roughly corrupt government offers better opportunities of reform than one almost good and correct. Persons educating themselves for reformers should think of this. Before many days, Pierrot and the fairy reached a beautiful wood. Here they rested and admired the scene. At a short distance was a lovely country-seat, surrounded by gardens, lawns, and well-kept grounds. Nothing could be more lovely than this spot of earth more different from the hot and crowded city which Pierrot had left.

But while he and Aurora were mingling

their admiration, something startling occurred. The magician, Alcofribas, as translated by M. Assollant, and done into English by Mr. Munro, relates this incident so admirably, that I will give it in his own words:

"They suddenly heard a great noise in



THE FIGHT WITH THE TIGER.

the woods, and saw a young girl running, pursued by a royal tiger, who was making enormous springs to reach her. Seeing the fairy, she threw herself into her arms, and cried:

"Save me!"

"Pierrot," said the fairy, "now is the time to show what you can do."

"Pierrot, who did not need encouragement, threw himself in front of the tiger. It was a splendid sight to see these two adversaries confront each other; both man and tiger were perfectly proportioned and very

handsome; both possessed remarkable power and agility; both were well armed, the one with his talons, the other with his Damascus blade, with hilt of gold mounted with diamonds.

"The tiger, crouching like a cat that is



THE SAILOR POINTS OUT THE ADMIRAL'S FLEET.

going to jump on a table, suddenly sprang and leapt upon Pierrot, who, with his feet firmly planted, received him on the point of his sword, which he ran into the tiger's belly up to the guard. The wound was severe, but not mortal. The tiger fell to the earth on his paws and prepared to spring again, but Pierrot was too quick for him. Taking his sword by the blade, he struck his enemy's head with the hilt with such violence that the tiger was felled to the ground, and his head was flattened like a dried fig. He died directly.

"Pierrot, wiping his sword, which dripped with blood, on the grass, went back to the fairy, and found her holding the young girl in her arms, for she had fainted. Pierrot could thus look at her at his ease, without annoying her."

But we cannot look at her as long as Pierrot did. Suffice it to say that she was very lovely. She soon recovered from her swoon, and told her little story—how she lived with her mother in the country-seat before them, and how she had been surprised by the tiger. Not that tigers were at all common in that part of the country. She denied this as earnestly as a property-holder in ———, or along the banks of the ———, will deny that chills and fever are ever known in his neighborhood. But one tiger,

and, fortunately, one brave soldier, did open that way that morning. And so Pierrot had his glorious opportunity.

Of course the young lady was grateful, and she invited her deliverer and Mac-Aurora to rest at her house, or rather at her mother's house.

Her mother was a wealthy and lovely widow. Rosine was her only daughter. Here, surrounded by evidences of wealth and refinement, very common indeed in the country, she lived this happy life in a family of two.

Pierrot was delighted with everything here. He had the daughter, the most beautiful grounds, admirably managed gardens, the fruitful orchards, the picture-herds and flocks, and all else.

It is astonishing how quickly he forgot that he was a soldier and be-

coming to be a statesman. He put away his sword, and, taking up a spade, he worked in the garden. As long as the lovely Rosine was there to look, he was content to dig.

He rambled through the orchards, and helped gather the fruit and milk the cows. He prolonged his visit for fifteen days.

How much longer he would have stayed, if nothing had interfered with the smooth course of his delights, I cannot tell. He had totally forgotten his office and his mission.

But it so happened that they began to tell stories in the evening, and, when it came to Pierrot's turn to tell a story, he had none to tell but his own, which he related very interestingly.

Then spoke Rosine's mother in a way that utterly astounded Pierrot.

She thanked him for the great service and honor he had done them, but she begged him to remind him of something of his modesty, which had caused him to forget, and that was the reason that the administration of a great court was committed to his charge, and that he had already, for more than a fortnight, given to them the time that belonged to the public.

In vain did Pierrot declare that it made no difference whatever; that there was nothing that particularly required his attention just then, and that, if it should be a

to consult with him, his associate officers could come there and transact the public business quite as well as in the city. The good lady would allow no such excuses. She assured Pierrot that no respectable ruler would attend to the needs of his country and neglect properly the duties of his office in that manner.

If he wished to idle away his time in these places, he should resign his position.

She was a kind and hospitable woman, but she had strict ideas about duty.

Poor Pierrot, finding that his arguments had no weight, and, knowing in his heart, that what she said was entirely correct, took leave of the good lady and her lovely daughter. But he obtained permission to return when his official tour should be concluded and he had settled matters satisfactorily with Kabardantes, the warlike brother and successor of Pantafiledo, the giant.

So away he rode, and in a few days he reached the mouth of the Yellow River, where he intended to inspect the Chinese

and now we will allow the magician to fibras, as translated by M. Assolant, to be done into English by Mr. Munro, to describe the way in which he inspected the

The simplicity of his manners and equanimity in no way showed him to be a great man: no one went in front of him, and he lodged at an inn like all ordinary travelers.

The next day, without telling any one of his attendants, he went toward the coast, and asked a sailor, who was smoking opium, where he should find the Chinese fleet of war. The sailor laughed, and pointed out with his hand a splendid ship, decked with flags, gilded outside, and adorned inside with velvet.

"Well, that's the Admiral's ship," said Pierrot, "but where is the fleet?"

"The fleet and the Admiral's ship are one and the same," said the sailor.

Pierrot could not believe his eyes. He took a boat to go to the flag-ship. A single sailor guarded it: the others were on shore waiting the arrival of His Excellency the Lord Admiral. Pierrot then went to the palace of the said

Lord, and was introduced, after waiting three hours.

"My Lord," he said, approaching the Admiral, "I am charged by King Vantripan to inform Your Excellency that you are to set sail this evening, and descend on the coast of Japan."

"And what are we to do at Japan?" asked the Admiral.

"My Lord, I was charged to give you the order, and not to discuss it."

"My good fellow," said the Admiral, slapping Pierrot familiarly on the shoulder, "you tell the King that the fleet is not ready."

Now Pierrot did not fancy such an answer as this, and he pressed the Admiral so closely that the gallant sailor became annoyed. He offered Pierrot his choice between taking one hundred thousand dollars and going home to tell the King that the fleet was in perfect order and ready for action, and being instantly impaled.

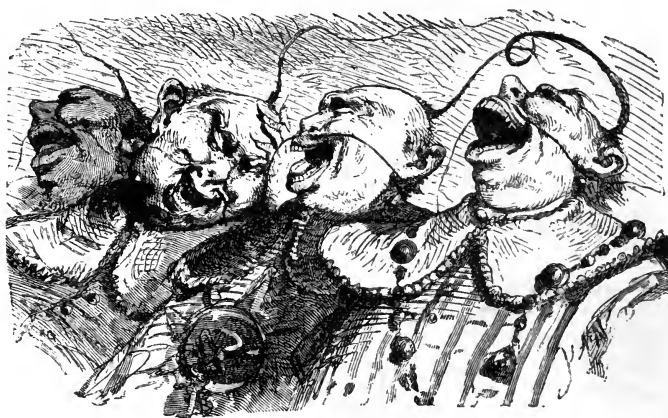
Pierrot declined to accept either proposition. Then the Admiral waxed angry, and ordered six negroes to seize the impertinent scoundrel. Pierrot seized the negroes, two at a time, one in each hand, and hurled them through the window into the garden.

Then the Admiral trembled.

"Now, sir," thundered Pierrot, "what have you done with the fleet, the sailors, and the money?"

"Sold it, dismissed them, and put it in my coffers," whimpered the trembling Admiral.

"Very well," said Pierrot. "Take your



THE EFFECT OF A CONUNDRUM.

cloak and leave the country. If in twenty-four hours I find you here, I will have you hanged."

The Admiral took his cloak and left the country.

Pierrot then went to work. He recalled the dismissed sailors, took the Admiral's stealings and built a new fleet, and finished up the business in the most admirable manner. Then he continued his journey amid blessings from the people and curses from the mandarins and office-holders generally.

Old Alcofribas thinks it very wonderful that a minister, armed with so much power, should really administer true justice, punish the wicked and protect the weak. It was a very remarkable state of affairs.

Pierrot's tour was scarcely finished, when he heard that Kabardantes was marching

reached the palace of Vantripan, he found that fat monarch surrounded by the court and the royal family. They were busily engaged in making puns. I will not tell you any of these puns. They would either make you sad, or you would laugh too much. Neither of these effects is desirable now. Let it suffice to say that on Pierrot's entrance the King had just asked a conundrum. No one could guess it. Then the King announced that he, too, was ignorant of the answer. This was regarded as such a capital joke that the courtiers all burst out into paroxysms of merriment. The fat rascals roared and shook their great sides, while their pigtails wobbled wildly in the air.

But when Pierrot appeared all was quiet. He was the incarnation of war and business. Laughing is not entirely compatible with either of these.

The Grand Constable reported himself ready for action. The King accepted the report, and told him to take the army and go to work.

But there was some opposition to this. The Prince Horribilis wanted the command of the army. There was no reason why he should not have it, except that he did not know how to fight or to command an army.

So, in spite of his family, his son and a portion of his court, the King gave the chief command to Pierrot.

You see he liked his family and his son, and, in a measure, his court, for the courtiers laughed at his puns as much in public as they laughed at his wisdom in private. But he also liked his kingdom, and having a laudable desire to keep it for himself and his heirs, he put the army into the hands of Pierrot.

Our worthy friend lost no time; but, putting himself at the head of eight hundred thousand Chinamen, he marched to the great wall. You know all about the great wall of China.

On the other side of this wall Kabardantes had assembled his army, five hundred thousand in number. So you see it was likely that there would be a big fight.

Kabardantes was not quite so large as his late brother Pantafilando, but he was a terrible giant. He rode an immense horse, flourished a tremendous club like the trunk of an oak, and was vulnerable only in the pit of his stomach. The rest of his body was as tough as a restaurant steak. It could not be penetrated.

After some speech-making on each side,



THE GIANT AND HIS ARMY ATTEMPT TO ASCEND THE WALL.

on the capital at the head of five hundred thousand Tartars, and that King Vantripan, half dead with terror, had sent for him to take charge of the Chinese army.

So he hastened to the capital. When he

great deal of useless braggadocio about our army intended to go and where her army intended to stay, Kabard determined upon a general assault the whole line of the wall. Followed by a myriad horsemen, he made a grand charge; but the wall was too high. He could not mount it. Pierrot stood on a parapet and laughed.

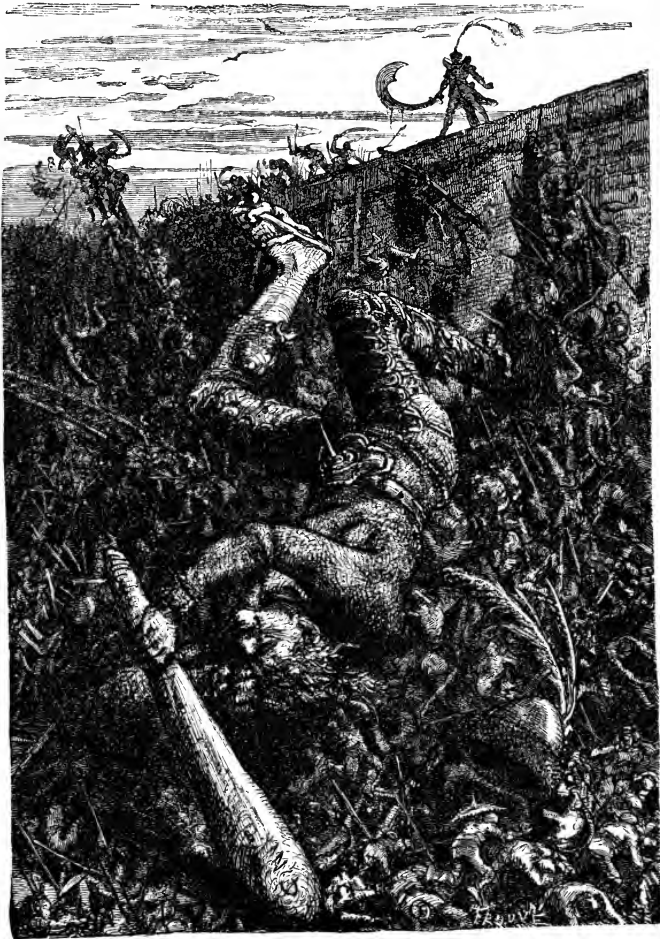
Then the giant determined upon a new

translated by M. Assollant and done into English by Mr. Munro, should describe this assault and its results.

"When Kabardantes reached the top of the ladder, he seized the battlement with his hand, and said to Pierrot, who was waiting for him:

"Ah, you cur! It was you who killed Pantafilando. You shall die now."

"At the same minute he put his foot on



THE GIANT AND HIS ARMY COME DOWN THE WALL.

He constructed one thousand ladders, each one hundred and forty feet long, and planted them against the wall. Then his army got down from their horses and mounted the ladders. Up they came, moving like ants. The ladders were broken with them, but Pierrot stood bravely on the top of the wall.

He preferred that the magician Alcofribas, as

the wall. Pierrot caught hold of it, lifted it up in the air, upset the giant's equilibrium, and threw him into the moat, head foremost. By this tremendous fall any one else would have been smashed to pieces, but the Tartar was only stunned by the blow.

"Well," cried Pierrot to him, 'how high is the wall? You ought to know now.'

"With these words, he seized by the two

uprights a ladder swarming with Tartars, who were climbing up after their emperor, and balanced it in the air for a while, as if he did not know what to do with it. The wretched people on it screamed with rage and terror. At last Pierrot flung it violently upon a neighboring ladder; they both fell upon a third, which fell on a fourth, which displaced a fifth.

"At this terrible sight there was silence on all sides; the ladders fell one on the other till the very last was upset, though they extended for half a mile, along the whole line of battle."

Thus fell twenty thousand Tartars, and the fall killed most of them.

Kabardantes arose to his feet and glared at Pierrot; then he stooped, and, picking up an enormous boulder, he hurled it at the Grand Constable. It missed him, went over the wall and killed a few Chinamen. Then the Tartar army retired.

The war did not end here, by any means. Kabardantes, in the course of a month, brought up catapults and battering-rams, made a breach in the wall, charged through it, was repulsed by the strategy and bravery of Pierrot and his men, who were wonderfully encouraged by his example, and, at last, retired to make arrangements for a still more formidable attack.

In the meanwhile, Pierrot suffered from treachery in his camp.

The curious part of this story is that it is so much like other stories. Treachery in the camp seems to come as natural as measles in childhood.

The Prince Horribilis, mad with jealousy at the honors showered on the Grand Constable by the officers and men of the army, did his best to ruin him. He tried to have him assassinated, but no one dared to attack him. He would have killed him himself, if he had been a different kind of a man, or if Pierrot had been a different kind of a man.

At last, however, he found a means of touching his rival in a very tender point. Being a prying and inquisitive wretch, he had discovered Pierrot's little love affair with Rosine.

By the aid of a vile magician who was his friend, he had Rosine and her mother taken up in a cloud one damp morning, and shut up in a castle which was iron-clad, being covered with plates of steel, and guarded by infernal spirits. More than this, the castle was invisible.

"Now," said Horribilis, "when the scoundrel hears of the fate of his beloved,

he will be glad enough to leave the army, and go to her rescue—and much glad he will do her, ha! ha!"

Pierrot did hear of it, but, although his heart was wrung with anguish, he did not betray his trust and leave the army. He awaited the next attack of Kabardantes, which was a very formidable one.

The Tartar giant very wisely made up his mind that his army could not fight to advantage except on horseback. Therefore he determined that his next assault on the great wall should be a cavalry charge.

But, in order that his horsemen should ride to the top of the wall, extraordinary measures were necessary. He took extraordinary measures.

Alcofribas thus describes the giant's engineering work, and Pierrot's method of defense:

"He [Kabardantes] got together all the wagons and carts he could find. He had them dragged by oxen and taken to the top of the wall, filled with enormous stones. In a short time they made a great heap, which Kabardantes had covered with gravel and earth from the country round. This heap of rock, gravel, and earth heaped up together, sloped gently from the top of the Chinese wall down to the Tartar camp. This enabled the cavalry to walk and even gallop without fear to the top of the wall. Then they must fight hand to hand, and in a combat of that kind Kabardantes and his men did not doubt they should be victorious.

"On the other side, Pierrot carefully watched the progress of the work. He had the earth undermined under the great wall heaped up by the enemy; the works were supported by vaults of very solid masonry, and he put five or six hundred tons of lead into the vaults, which were nearly a hundred feet deep. At the same time, at a distance of fifty feet inside the great wall he had a second wall constructed like it. The space of fifty feet between the two walls was meant to act as a ditch into which the Tartar cavalry, going at full gallop, would be obliged to leap. He also had drawbridges made, which could be pulled up or down at will, and which would give the Chinese means of retreat in case of attack.

"More than a month passed while the preparations on each side were going on. Each army remained on guard, but avoided attacking its enemy. At last Kabardantes thought a good opportunity presented itself, and he gave the signal for the attack. The

hundred thousand mounted Tartars (the others had died of fatigue, or under Pierrot's blows), with one movement, cantered on the esplanade made for them. It was a splendid sight; all the horses galloped together; and the riders, with lances in rest, and uttering fearful cries, struck terror into the hearts of the Chinese. Pierrot, perceiving this, gave the word to retreat. They retired in good order by means of the drawbridges, though closely pursued. The cavalry, angry at seeing them retire, broke into full gallop, and arrived just as the drawbridges disappeared, and the drawbridges were being pulled

The consequences of this tremendous charge were disastrous. The Tartar army. The forward ranks, unable to stop themselves, went headlong down into the space between the two walls. After them came other bravely charging riders, and soon they went all in a fearful mass, while the Chinese busied themselves in hurling great bowlers down upon them, from the top of the inner wall.

Most of the Tartars in the trench were killed. The rest surrendered—all but Kabardantes. He had had a fall like the rest, but his tough frame received no injury. He stood and roared defiance through all the storm of battle.

But the Tartar army was not all destroyed. A great part of them reined up at the top of the wall, and the order was now given to fill up the trench between the walls with stones and earth.

Pierrot, however, did not wait for this order to be obeyed. He lighted the slow match which communicated with his mine, and blew up the battle-field. One hundred and fifty thousand Tartars were hurled into the air, and the rest galloped away at the top of their speed.

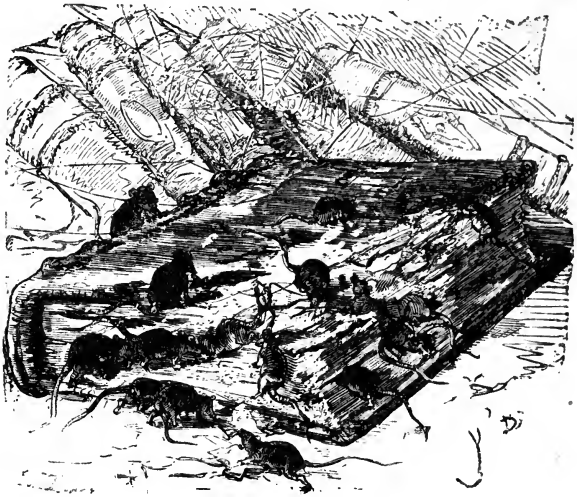
Even the Chinese camp was shaken as by an earthquake. Kabardantes was blown out of the trench, but alighted on his feet without injury, and immediately followed his flying army.

This affair ended the campaign. The Tartars, what were left of them, returned to their own country, and left Pierrot master of the situation.

The army almost worshiped him. They

crowned him with leaves and flowers, and they carried him and his horse in triumph through the camp.

Everybody was delighted with the result, excepting the wretched Prince Horribilis. He sat in his tent eagerly awaiting an answer to a letter he had written to the King.



THE BOOK AND THE MICE.

The answer soon came, and with it the carrier brought a dispatch for Pierrot. It was from the King; it recalled him and ordered him to give up the command of the army to Horribilis. When the army heard the contents of this dispatch, it immediately revolted.

Every officer and every man was shocked and disgusted. More than that; they were frightened, for, if Pierrot should leave them, they feared that Kabardantes would come back and kill them all. They desired to kill Horribilis and even Vantripan, and to proclaim Pierrot their king. But the Grand Constable would listen to none of this. He made a speech and resigned his command to Horribilis.

His speech is said to have been a model in its way, and would be given here, but for an accident. Just at this place there is a gap in the manuscript of Alcofribas. Some mice got at the book and nibbled away a good portion of it. Among other things, they ate Pierrot's speech.

As for Pierrot, he mounted his horse and rode away to seek and succor Rosine. But even then he did not forget his duty. On the way he stopped at the capital to report to the King. Vantripan received him angrily. He looked upon him as a rebel. He

had not heard of the repulse of the Tartars, but only thought of the lies that Horribilis had written.

But when Pierrot told all that had happened, the joy and gratitude of the King and the court knew no bounds. Vantripan offered him all the honors of his kingdom; he even offered him his daughter, Bandoline.

But Pierrot declined everything. Even when poor Bandoline, at the command of her father, but by her own free-will as well, offered herself, Pierrot was obliged to decline the honor.

Then the King arose in his wrath and banished Pierrot. Pierrot was perfectly satisfied, although he was sorry to have displeased the King and hurt the feelings of the lovely Bandoline, and he departed.

His great trouble now was to know where to find the enchanted palace. But here, as in so many other difficulties, he had the assistance of his good friend, Aurora Fortune. The fairy quietly conducted him to the castle, and by her magic art gave him the power of seeing it.

And it was a sight to see. Thus Alcofribas describes it:

"The castle was covered with polished steel reflecting the sun's rays. * * * At the bottom of the moat an enchanted stream ran around the castle; it ran perpetually, although it was circular, and consequently

water's surface the walls were six hundred feet high, and they were three hundred feet wide at the base. At the top there was a large parapet, which was broken at intervals by towers of double the height of the walls. Each tower was used as barracks for the army of infernal spirits, who kept guard in turns, half of them changing every twenty-four hours. These towers were sixty number."

"How on earth shall I ever get into the castle?" said Pierrot, in despair.

But Aurora was equal to the emergency. She pronounced certain solemn words taught her by the learned Solomon, and Pierrot instantly felt a change take place in himself. He seemed like a man who suddenly found an answer to a problem that he had been working at all his life. He knew what he ought to do, and he felt the courage to do it. This is one of the rare gifts of fortune. Then Aurora left him.

Pierrot instantly made up his mind that he must get inside of the castle by stratagem. So he dressed himself up like a travel-worn pilgrim and knocked at one of the gates.

After a little parley, he was admitted by the porter-devil, who thought he saw a good chance of getting the premium on a lost soul. These devils got two days' liberty for every soul they inveigled; for three souls, three days and a chromo.

The porter was a sly fellow and was eating his dinner, which consisted of a bottle of wine, some bread, and Mayence ham. It was Friday, and the devil very politely offered Pierrot a seat on the bench beside him, and cut him a slice of ham.

But Pierrot had his eyes open. He upset the bottle, and, when the porter turned suddenly to look at the broken glass and the wasted wine, Pierrot gave the ham to a great dog who had jumped up beside him on the bench, and hurriedly filled his mouth with bread.

When the porter turned again to him and saw him munching, he thought he had him.

"Ha! ha!" he cried, "you have eaten meat on Friday! Get up and come along with me."

And he brandished a stick over the poor pilgrim.

Then up jumped Pierrot.

"I have eaten no meat; I gave it to the dog. I tasted nothing but bread. No, old fellow, I have got you!"



THE VIGILANT PORTER.

had neither source nor mouth. It seemed more like a watch-dog than a river, and answered the same purpose. It was very deep, and its waters were always hot, so that you could not even put your foot in it without being boiled at once. Above the

o he tripped up the devil, tied him with
magic cord that Aurora had given him,
clapped him into a kneading trough,
lid of which he sealed tight with a magic



THE DEMON SENTINEL.

g. Then he took the porter's keys and
fearlessly walked into the castle proper.
He first entered the kitchen and made
friends with the cook, who was so used to
strangers that he thought nothing strange
of Pierrot's appearance. However, after
Pierrot had discovered in what room Rosine
and her mother were confined, a quarrel arose,
and Pierrot was obliged to beat the cook
and knock a lot of devils around generally.
He then ran upstairs at the top of his
speed, and soon reached the apartments of
the captives. Here he was received truly
with open arms. Nothing could rejoice

these two women so much as to see Pierrot,
although they felt an anxiety lest he too
would now share whatever fate was reserved
for them. But Pierrot was perfectly satis-
fied with this. It was what he desired.

Meanwhile, Beelzebub had been informed
of the audacious conduct of Pierrot, and it
was determined that, as the rascal was safe
enough for the present, his punishment
should be reserved for the morrow.

At night Pierrot left his friends and went
to wander and ponder upon the battlements.
This was easy enough, as the ladies' rooms
were in the top story.

While thus engaged, he noticed a gigantic
sentinel, who stood on a battlement beneath
him.

This fellow also noticed Pierrot, and hav-
ing heard that he was to be dealt with the
next day, he began to jeer at him.

Pierrot answered him back quite sharply,
so that the sentinel soon became incensed,
and he made a vigorous punch at our friend
with his long spear. But Pierrot nimbly
jumped to one side, and seizing the spear
by the head, he gave it a tremendous jerk.
As the battlement, on which the tall and
somewhat gawky sentinel was standing, was
very narrow, he lost his balance in trying to
hold on to his spear, and down he went,
head foremost, into the court-yard beneath.

This little affair caused a great commotion
in the castle, and, as it was now daybreak,
the whole force of the establishment was
summoned to take vengeance on the intru-
der.

Pierrot armed himself with an immense
spiked club that he found in one of the rooms,
and awaited at the top of the stairs the ap-
proach of his assailants.

Old Alcofribas at this point remarks very
aptly :

“What are our combats between man and
man in comparison with this sublime struggle
between a single man and demons !”

And I remark that it should be remem-
bered that the sublimity in cases of struggles
between men and demons, depends very
much upon who whips.

The combat which soon ensued was ter-
rible. I cannot describe it. Rosine and
her mother wept and prayed.

At last, not wishing to have any more of
his creatures demolished by the club of Pier-
rot, and having received some pretty rough
usage himself, Beelzebub ordered fires to be
built around the tower which contained
the three mortals. Thus they would soon
be roasted.

It would now seem as if nothing could save Pierrot, Rosine, and her mother. But something did save them.

We must go back a little in our story. When Kabardantes heard that Horribilis was in command of the Chinese army, he lost no time in turning back on his tracks,

him to go after Pierrot as fast as magic could carry him. This Tristemplète did, and reached the devils' castle just as the fire started around the tower which held his friends.

The flames were crackling up merrily. Tristemplète entered the court-yard.

He immediately costed Beelzebub, and Alcofribus thus described the interview:

"Where is Pierrot?" cried Tristemplète.

"Look, he is about to be fried. You see how we have carried out your orders."

"Unfortunate!" claimed Tristemplète. "Quench the fire directly!"

"Ha! Why?"

"Quench the fire," said Tristemplète. "The explanation will make it too late."

"I sha'n't," said Beelzebub, proudly. "He thrashed me, he has killed and wounded more than sixty of my soldiers. I only owe my life to a steel helmet, whose temper is superior to any other known. He shall die."

"He shall live," said Tristemplète.

"He shall die!"

"He shall live!"

"He shall die!"

"With these words the two friends fell on each other.

"In the name of Eblis, King of the Infernal Spirits, and rival of Solomon; in the name of the power you will have over me after my death; in the name of the magic ring, which can light in your bones the fire of eternal destruction, obey, Beelzebub, and quench the flames!"

"Beelzebub, conquered, blew out the flames, growling, and drew to one side, like a dog when any one tries to take a bone away from him."

After Pierrot and his friends had had an interview with the magician, they came down and gladly took their departure, walking proudly through the crowd of disappointed cursing devils.

Thus, as it often happens, did interest in wickedness triumph over wickedness. This was merely malicious.



THE COURT WEEPS.

and leading the remnant of his Tartars—and there were a good many of them left—against the amateur commander.

When he came near the Chinese army, he found it comfortably encamped outside of the great wall, and in nowise expecting him. As soon as Horribilis and his soldiers saw the Tartars coming, they dropped everything and made for the wall at the top of their speed, eight hundred thousand of them flying helter-skelter over the plain.

Before they reached the wall, one hundred thousand of them were killed or taken prisoners. The remnant got on the right side of the wall just as night closed in upon them, and gave them a little chance to rest and breathe. And when they got their breath, they used it to wail and moan. In the morning Kabardantes would come over the wall and finish them! Pierrot was not there, and nothing could save them!

Poor Horribilis, trembling at every pore, saw no safety but in getting Pierrot back as soon as possible. So he called on his magician friend, Tristemplète, and prevailed upon

Wickedness without an object is like a thunder-storm or an earthquake, terrible indeed. But wickedness with an object is like a fle-shot or the kick of a mule.

At first, Pierrot declined to go to the assistance of the Chinese army. He had had enough of it, and had much rather go home with Rosine.

But the fairy, Aurora Fortune, who always seemed up to direct his steps in the right way when he was about to go wrong, advised him to go to the King, and to do his best to save the country. So he left Rosine and her mother at their country-seat, and hurried to the palace of Vantripan, where he arrived in the course of the evening. To see he and his party traveled on a magic rapid transit road.

When the King, who had heard the sad news from the army, and was sitting sadly and miserably among his courtiers, saw Pierrot, he sprang up, threw himself upon the hero's neck, and wept. Then all the court went to work and wept also.

Pierrot wasted no time, but, armed with proper authority, rode swiftly away to the Chinese camp.

When he reached it the next morning, a terrible battle was in progress. Kabardantes and thousands of Tartars were over the wall, and were rapidly making mince-meat of the Chinese.

Suddenly Pierrot appeared among the Chinese.

"Forward!" he shouted, in a voice that could be heard throughout both armies.

Then all the Chinamen fell into a solid phalanx, and charged with a triumphant yell.

Then all the Tartars trembled, and began to break. The tide of battle now turned,

and soon Pierrot found himself face to face with Kabardantes.

Thereupon they fell to, and had a tremendous fight. All the others stopped fighting, and formed a ring around the great champions.

The combat lasted a long time. Pierrot did wonderful deeds, but found his immense antagonist invulnerable wherever he attacked him.

At last a happy thought struck him. He seized a long lance lying on the field, and pierced the giant in the stomach. This was his tender point, and Pierrot laid him dead on the field.

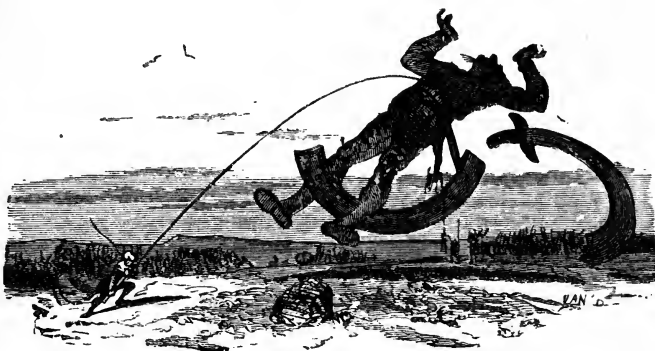
This fortunate stroke ended the war. Peace was declared, and each army went home, after making treaties of perpetual friendship.

Pierrot's great work was done. Crowned with honors by Vantripan, he married Rosine, the King and all the court attending the wedding. Then he retired to private life in the loveliest of villas. He was happy.

Some years afterward Vantripan died, and Horribilis being also dead, the people wished Pierrot to take charge of their destinies again, and become their king, if he chose. But our hero declined. Twice had he led the country to victory and honor, and that was enough for him. He did not wish to try his fortune a third time.

"Let some one else now assume the position," he said. "It is no longer necessary for me to hold it."

Pierrot was not only brave, but wise. And being so brave and so wise, shall he stand alone? There are other statesmen and warriors in the world. Let them read this story.



END OF KABARDANTES AND THE STORY.

THE STORY OF SEVENOAKS.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.



THE GENERAL AS A TRANCE MEDIUM.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN WHICH THE GENERAL GOES THROUGH A GREAT MANY TRIALS, AND MEETS AT LAST THE ONE HE HAS SO LONG ANTICIPATED.

THE fact that the General had deposited the proceeds of his foreign sales of arms with a European banking house, ostensibly subject to draft for the materials of his manufactures, has already been alluded to. This deposit had been augmented by subsequent sales, until it amounted to an imposing sum, which Mrs. Dillingham ascertained, from the little account-book, to be drawing a low rate of interest. With the proprietor, this heavy foreign deposit was partly a measure of personal safety, and partly a measure of projected iniquity. He had the instinct to provide against any possible contingencies of fortune or crime.

Two or three days after his very agreeable call upon Mrs. Dillingham, he had so far mastered his difficulties connected with

the International Mail that he could find time for another visit, to which he had looked forward with eager anticipation.

"I was very much interested in your little book, Mr. Belcher," said the lady, boldly.

"The General is one of the ablest of our native authors, eh?" responded that factious person, with a jolly laugh.

"Decidedly," said Mrs. Dillingham, "and so very terse and statistical."

"Interesting book, wasn't it?"

"Very! And it was so kind of you, General, to let me see how you men manage such things!"

"We men!" and the General shrugged his shoulders.

"One man, then," said the lady, on seeing that he was disposed to claim a monopoly in the wisdom of business.

"Do you remember one little item—modest little item—concerning my foreign deposits? Eh?"

"Little item, General! What are you doing with so much money over there?"

Nothing, or next to nothing. That's anchor to windward."

"It will hold," responded the lady, "if weight is all that's needed."

"I intend that it shall hold, and that it will be larger before it is smaller."

"I don't understand it;" and Mrs. Dillingham shook her pretty head.

Mr. Belcher sat and thought. There was a curious flush upon his face, as he cast his eyes to hers, and looked intensely at her, in the endeavor to read the love hid behind them. He was desperately in love with her. The passion, a thousand times repelled by her, and a thousand times diverted by the distractions of his large affairs, had been raised to new life by his last meeting with her; and the determinations of his will grew strong, almost to fierceness. He did not know what to say, or how to approach the subject nearest to his heart. He had always frightened her so easily; he had been so quick to resent any approach to undue familiarity; she had so readily ignored his insinuations, that he was disarmed.

"What are you thinking about, General?" "You've never seen me in one of my trances, have you?" inquired Mr. Belcher, with trembling lips and a forced laugh.

"No! Do you have trances?" "Trances? Yes; and visions of the most stunning character. Talbot has seen me in two or three of them."

"Are they dangerous?" "Not at all. The General's visions are rays of a celestial character,—warranted not to injure the most delicate constitution! I feel one of them coming on now. Don't disturb me."

"Shall I fan you?" "Do, please!"

The General closed his eyes. He had never before betrayed such excitement in her presence, and had never before appeared so dangerous. While she determined that this should be her last exposure to his approaches, she maintained her brave and unsuspecting demeanor, and playfully waved her fan toward him.

"Behold," said the General, "a business man of great ability and great wealth, who discovers too late that his wife is unusually yoked with an unbeliever. Love leads not in his home, and his heart is at sea on the fierce, rolling sea. He leaves his abode in the country, and seeks in the bustling life of the metropolis to drown his disappointments. He there discovers a

beautiful woman, cast in Nature's finest mold, and finds himself, for the first time, matched. Gently this heavenly creature repels him, though her heart yearns toward him with unmistakable tenderness. She is a prudent woman. She has a position to maintain. She is alone. She is a friend to the wife of this unfortunate gentleman. She is hindered in many ways from giving rein to the impulses of her heart. This man of wealth deposits a magnificent sum in Europe. This lady goes thither for health and amusement, and draws upon this sum at will. She travels from capital to capital, or hides herself in Alpine villages, but is found at last by him who has laid his wealth at her feet."

The General revealed his vision with occasional glances through half-closed eyes at the face that hung bowed before him. It was a desperate step, but he had determined to take it when he entered the house. Humiliated, tormented, angry, Mrs. Dillingham sat before him, covering from his sight as well as she could the passion that raged within her. She knew that she had invited the insult. She was conscious that her treatment of him, from the first, though she had endeavored to change her relations with him without breaking his friendship, had nursed his base passion and his guilty purpose. She was undergoing a just punishment, and acknowledged to herself the fact. Once she would have delighted in tormenting him. Once she would not have hesitated to drive him from her door. Once—but she was changed. A little boy who had learned to regard her as a mother, was thinking of her in the distant woods. She had fastened to that childish life the hungry instincts of her motherly nature. She had turned away forever from all that could dishonor the lad, or hinder her from receiving his affection without an upbraiding conscience.

Mr. Belcher's instincts were quick enough to see that his vision had not prospered in the mind to which he had revealed it; and yet, there was a hesitation in the manner of the woman before him which he could not explain to himself, if he admitted that his proposition had been wholly offensive. Mrs. Dillingham's only wish was to get him out of the house. If she could accomplish this without further humiliation, it was all she desired.

"General," she said, at last, "you must have been drinking. I do not think you know what you have said to me."

"On the contrary, I am perfectly sober," said he, rising and approaching her.

"You must not come near me. Give me time! give me time!" she exclaimed, rising and retreating.

Mr. Belcher was startled by the alarmed and angry look in her eyes.

"Time!" he said, fiercely; "eternity, you mean."

"You pretend to care for me, and yet you disobey what you know to be my wish. Prove your friendship by leaving me. I wish to be alone."

"Leave you with not so much as the touch of your hand?" he said.

"Yes."

The General turned on his heel, took up his hat, paused at the door as if hesitating what to do; then, without a word, he went down-stairs and into the street, overwhelmed with self-pity. He had done so much, risked so much, and accomplished so little! That she was fond of him there was no question in his own mind; but women were so different from men! Yet the villain knew that if she had been easily won his heart would have turned against her. The prize grew more precious, through the obstacles that came between him and its winning. The worst was over, at least; she knew his project; and it would all come right in time!

As soon as he was out of the house, Mrs. Dillingham burst into a fit of uncontrollable weeping. She had passed through the great humiliation of her life. The tree which she had planted and nursed through many years of unworthy aims had borne its natural fruit. She groaned under the crushing punishment. She almost cursed herself. Her womanly instincts were quick to apprehend the fact that only by her own consent or invitation could any man reach a point so near to any woman that he could coolly breathe in her ear a base proposition. Yet, with all her self-loathing and self-condemnation, was mingled a hatred of the vile man who had insulted her, which would have half killed him had it been possible for him to know and realize it.

After her first passion had passed away, the question concerning her future came up for settlement. She could not possibly remain near Mr. Belcher. She must not be exposed to further visits from him. The thought that in the little account-book which she had copied there was a record that covered a design for her own destruction, stung her to the quick. What should she do? She would consult Mr. Balfour.

She knew that on that evening Mr. Belcher would not be at home, that after excitements and disappointments of the day he would seek for solace in any place, but that which held his wife and child. So, muffled in a slight disguise, and followed by her servant, she stole out of her home during the evening, and sought the house of the lawyer. To him she poured out her heart; to him she revealed all that had passed between her and the proprietor. To him she committed the care of the precious document of which she had possessed herself, and the little note that accompanied it.

Mr. Balfour advised her to leave the city at once, and to go to some place where Mr. Belcher would not be able to find her. He knew of no place so fit for her in every respect as Number Nine, with his own family and those most dear to her. Her boy and his father were there; it was healthful at home, and she could remain away as long as it might be necessary. She would be wanted as a witness in a few months, at the least, in a suit which he believed would leave her persecutor in a position where, for good or others, he would be absorbed in the effort to take care of himself.

Her determination was taken at once. Mr. Balfour accompanied her home, and gave her all the necessary directions for her journey; and that night she packed a suitcase in readiness for it. In the morning, leaving her house to the care of trustworthy servants, she rode to the station, while Mr. Belcher was lolling feverishly in his bed. In an hour was flying northward toward the place that was to be her summer home, into a region that was destined to be associated with her future life, through changes and revolutions of which she did not dream.

After her thirty-six hours of patient and fatiguing travel, the company at Jim Fentes hotel, eager for letters from the city, stood on the bank of the river waiting the arrival of the guide, who had gone down for the mail, and such passengers as he might find in waiting. They saw, as he came in sight, a single lady in the stern of the little boat, deeply veiled, whose name they could not guess. When she debarked among the curious group, Harry was the first to detect her, and she smothered him with kisses. Mr. Benedict stood pale and trembling. Harry impulsively led her toward him, and in a moment they were wrapped in a tender embrace. None but Mrs. Balfour, of

were present, understood the relation existed between the two, thus strangely excited; but it soon became known, and a little romance added a new charm to the life in the woods.

It would be pleasant to dwell upon the happy days and the pleasant doings of the summer that followed—the long twilights with Mr. Benedict and Mrs. Dillingham seated upon the water, their review of the events of the past, the humble confessions of the proud lady, the sports and diversions of the wilderness, and the delights of society brought by circumstances into the closest sympathy. It would be pleasant to remain with Jim and the "little woman" in their enterprise, and their new housekeeping; but we must return to the city to follow the fortunes of one who, if less interesting than the one we leave behind, is more important in the present stage and ultimate resolution of the little drama.

Soon after Mrs. Dillingham's departure from the city, Mr. Belcher missed her. Not content with the position in which he had left his affairs with her, he called at her house three days after her disappearance, and learned from the servants either did not know or would not tell whither she had gone. In his vain self-conceit, he could not suppose that she had run away from him. He could not conclude that she had gone to Europe without a word of her purpose breathed to him, even that was possible. She had hid herself somewhere, and he should hear from her. Had he frightened her? Had he been precipitate? Much as he endeavored to explain her sudden disappearance to his own advantage, he was left unsatisfied and uneasy. A few days passed away, and then he began to doubt. Thrown back upon himself, deprived of the solace of her society, and released from a certain degree of restraint which she had always exercised upon him, he indulged more freely in drink, and entered upon more recklessness upon the excitements of speculation.

The General had become conscious that he was not quite the man that he had been. His mind was darkened and dulled by crime. He was haunted by vague fears and apprehensions. With his frequent and appalling losses of money, he had lost a measure of self-faith in himself. His coolness of calculation had been diminished; he listened with a bolder credulity to rumors, and yielded more easily to the personal influences around him. Even the steady prosperity which attended his regular business became a factor

in his growing incapacity for the affairs of the street. His reliance on his permanent sources of income made him more reckless in his speculations.

His grand scheme for "gently" and "tenderly" unloading his Crooked Valley stock upon the hands of his trusting dupes along the line worked, however, to perfection. It only required rascality, pure and simple, under the existing conditions, to accomplish this scheme, and he found in the results nothing left to be desired. They furnished him with a capital of ready money, but his old acquaintances discovered the foul trick he had played, and gave him a wide berth. No more gigantic combinations were possible to him, save with swindlers like himself, who would not hesitate to sacrifice him as readily and as mercilessly as he had sacrificed his rural victims.

Mrs. Dillingham had been absent a month, when he one day received a polite note from Mr. Balfour, as Paul Benedict's attorney, requesting him, on behalf of his principal, to pay over to him an equitable share of the profits upon his patented inventions, and to enter into a definite contract for the further use of them.

The request came in so different a form from what he had anticipated, and was so tamely courteous, that he laughed over the note in derision. "Milk for babes!" he exclaimed, and laughed again. Either Balfour was a coward, or he felt that his case was a weak one. Did he think the General was a fool?

Without taking the note to Cavendish, who had told him to bring ten thousand dollars when he came again, and without consulting anybody, he wrote the following note in answer:

"TO JAMES BALFOUR, ESQ.:

"Your letter of this date received, and contents noted. Permit me to say in reply:

"1st. That I have no evidence that you are Paul Benedict's attorney.

"2d. That I have no evidence that Paul Benedict is living, and that I do not propose to negotiate in any way, on any business, with a fraud, or a man of straw.

"3d. That I am the legal assignee of all the patents originally issued to Paul Benedict, which I have used, and am now using. I hold his assignment in the desk on which I write this letter, and it stands duly recorded in Washington, though, from my ignorance of the law, it has only recently been placed upon the books in the Patent Office.

"Permit me to say, in closing, that, as I bear you no malice, I will show you the assignment at your pleasure, and thus relieve you from the danger of entering upon a conspiracy to defraud me of rights which I propose, with all the means at my disposal, to defend.

"Yours, ROBERT BELCHER."

Mr. Belcher read over this letter with great satisfaction. It seemed to him very dignified and very wise. He had saved his ten thousand dollars for a while, at least, and, as he sincerely believed, bluffed his dreaded antagonist.

Mr. Balfour did more than indulge in his professional smile over the frank showing of the General's hand, and the voluntary betrayal of his line of defense. He filed away the note among the papers relating to the case, took his hat, walked across the street, rang the bell, and sent up his card to Mr. Belcher. That self-complacent gentleman had not expected this visit, although he had suggested it. Instead, therefore, of inviting Mr. Balfour to his library, he went down to the drawing-room, where he found his visitor quietly sitting with his hat in his hand. The most formal of courtesies opened the conversation, and Mr. Balfour stated his business at once.

"You were kind enough to offer to show me the assignment of Mr. Benedict's patents," he said. "I have called to see it."

"I've changed my mind," said the General.

"Do you suspect me of wishing to steal it?" inquired Mr. Balfour.

"No; but the fact is, I wrote my note to you without consulting my lawyer."

"I thought so," said Mr. Balfour. "Good-day, sir."

"No offense, I hope," said Mr. Belcher, with a peculiar toss of the head, and a laugh.

"Not the least," said the lawyer, passing out of the door.

The General felt that he had made a mistake. He was in the habit of making mistakes in those days. The habit was growing upon him. Indeed he suspected that he had made a mistake in not boldly exhibiting his assignment. How to manage a lie, and not be managed by it, was a question that had puzzled wiser heads than that of the General. He found an egg in his possession that he was not ready to eat, though it was too hot to be held long in either hand, and could not be dropped without disaster.

For a week he was haunted with the expectation of a suit, but it was not brought, and then he began to breathe more easily, and to feel that something must be done to divert his mind from the subject. He drank freely, and was loud-mouthed and blustering on the street. Poor Talbot had a hard time in endeavoring to shield him from his imprudences. He saw that his effort to make his

principal "last" was not likely to be successful.

Rallied by his "friends" on his ill-luck, the General declared that he only speculated for fun. He knew what he was about, and never risked any money that he could not afford to lose. Everybody had his amusement, and this was his.

He was secure for some months in his seat as President of the Crooked Valley Railroad, and calculated, of course, on buying back his stock in his own time, at his own price. In the meantime he would keep his position for carrying on his private schemes.

The time came at last when he wanted more ready money. A grand combination had been made among his own unprincipled set for working up a "corner" in the Maccogee Air Line, and he had been invited into it. He was flattered by the invitation, and saw in it a chance for redeeming his position, though, at bottom, the scheme was one for working up a corner in Robert Belcher.

Under the plea that he expected, at a distant day, to go to Europe for rest and amusement, he mortgaged his house in order, as he declared, that he might handle it more easily in the market. But Wall Street knew the fact at once, and made its comments. Much to the proprietor's disgust, it was deemed of sufficient importance to be mentioned in the daily press.

But even the sum raised upon his house, united with that which he had received from the unloading his Crooked Valley stock, was not sufficient to give him the preponderance in the grand combination which he desired.

He still held a considerable sum in Crooked Valley bonds, for these were valuable. He had already used these as collaterals, in the borrowing of small sums at short time, to meet emergencies in his operations. It was known by money-lenders that he held these. Now the General was the manufacturer of these bonds. The books of the corporation were under his control, and he intended that they should remain so. It was very easy for him to make an over-issue, and hard for him to be detected in his fraud by any one who would be dangerous to him. The temptation to make this issue was one which better men than he had yielded to in a weak moment, and to the little conscience which he possessed, the requisite excuses were ready. He did not intend that any one should lose money by these bonds. He only proposed a temporary relief to himself.

manufactured the bonds, and raised the money he wanted.

Meantime, the members of the very combination in which he had engaged, having learned of his rascally operation with the stock, were secretly buying it back from the market along the road at their own figures, with the purpose of ousting him from the management, and taking the road to themselves. He did not learn of this movement until it was too late to be of use to him.

It was known in advance by the combination that the working up of the corner in the Muscogee Air Line would be a long operation. The stock had to be manipulated with great care to avoid exciting a suspicion of the nature of the scheme, and the General had informed the holders of his notes that it might be necessary for him to renew them before he should realize from his operations. He had laid all his plans carefully, and looked forward with an interest which none else and those of his kind could appreciate to the excitements, intrigues, marches, and counter-marches of the mischievous campaign.

And then came down upon him the prosecution which he had so long dreaded, and for which he had made the only reparation consistent with his greedy designs. Ten thousand dollars of his ready money passed once into the hands of Mr. Cavendish, and Mr. Cavendish was satisfied with the whatever may have been his opinion of the case. After a last examination of his alleged assignment, and the putting of Phipps to an exhaustive and satisfactory trial of his memory with relation to it, he passed it into the lawyer's hands, and went about his business with uncomfortable forebodings of the trial and its results.

It was strange, even to him, at this point of his career, that he felt within himself no power to change his course. No one knew better than he that there was money enough in Benedict's inventions for both inventor and manufacturer. No one knew better than he that there was a prosperous course for himself inside the pale of equity and law, and he found no motive to walk there. For the steps he had taken there seemed no retreat. He must go on, on, to the end. The doors that led back to his old life had closed upon him. Those which opened before were not inviting, but he could not stand still. So he hardened his face, braced his nerves, stiffened his determination, and went

Of course he passed a wretched summer.

He had intended to get away for rest, or rather for an exhibition of himself and his equipage at Newport, or Saratoga, or Long Branch; but through all the burning days of the season he was obliged to remain in the city, while other men were away and off their guard, to watch his Wall street operations, and prepare for the *coup de grace* by which he hoped to regain his lost treasure and his forfeited position. The legal trial that loomed up before him among the clouds of autumn could not be contemplated without a shiver and a sinking of the heart. His preparations for it were very simple, as they mainly related to the establishment of the genuineness of his assignment.

The months flew away more rapidly with the proprietor than with any of the other parties interested in the suit, and when, at last, only a fortnight was wanting to the time of the expected trial, Mr. Balfour wrote to Number Nine, ordering his family home, and requiring the presence of Mr. Benedict, Mrs. Dillingham, Harry, and Jim.

Just at this time, the General found himself in fresh difficulty. The corner in Muscogee Air Line was as evasive as a huckleberry in a mouth bereft of its armament. Indeed, to use still further the homely but suggestive figure, the General found that his tongue was in more danger than his huckleberry. His notes, too, secured by fraudulent collaterals, were approaching a second and third maturity. He was without ready money for the re-purchase of his Crooked Valley stock, and had learned, in addition, that the stock had already changed hands, in the execution of a purpose which he more than suspected. Large purchases of material for the execution of heavy contracts in his manufacturing had drained his ready resources, in the department of his regular business. He was getting short, and into a tight place. Still he was desperate, and determined to sacrifice nothing.

Mr. Benedict and Jim, on their arrival in the city, took up their residence in Mrs. Dillingham's house, and the landlord of Number Nine spent several days in making the acquaintance of the city, under the guidance of his old companion, who was at home. Jim went through a great mental convulsion. At first, what seemed to him the magnitude of the life, enterprise, and wealth of the city depressed him. He declared that he "had be'n growin' smaller an' smaller every minite" since he left Sevenoaks. "I felt as if I'd allers be'n a fly, crawlin' round on the edge of a puddin'."

he said, when asked whether he enjoyed the city. But before the trial came on, he had fully recovered his old equanimity. The city grew smaller the more he explored it, until, when compared with the great woods, the lonely rivers, and the broad solitudes in which he had spent his life, it seemed like a toy, and the men who chattered in the market, and the women who thronged the avenues, or drove in the park, or filled the places of amusement, came to look like children, engaged in frolicsome games. He felt that people who had so little room to breathe in must be small; and before the trial brought him into practical contact with them, he was himself again, and quite ready to meet them in any encounter which required courage or redress.

CHAPTER XXV.

IN WHICH THE CASE OF "BENEDICT *vs.* BELCHER" FINDS ITSELF IN COURT, AN INTERESTING QUESTION OF IDENTITY IS SETTLED, AND A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE TAKES PLACE.

"OYEZ! Oyez! All-persons-having-business-to-do-with-the-Circuit-Court-of-the-United-States-for-the-Southern-District-of-New-York,-draw-near,-give-your-attention-and-you-shall-be-heard."

"That's the crier," whispered Mr. Benedict to Jim.

"What's the matter of 'im?" inquired the latter.

"That's the way they open the court."

"Well, if he opens it with cryin', he'll have a tough time a shuttin' on it," responded Jim, in a whisper so loud that he attracted attention.

There within the bar sat Mr. Balfour, calmly examining his papers. He looked up among the assembled jurors, witnesses and idlers, and beckoned Benedict to his side. There sat Robert Belcher with his counsel. The great rascal was flashily dressed, with a stupendous show of shirt-front, over which fell, down by the side of the diamond studs, a heavy gold chain. Brutality, vulgarity, self-assurance and an overbearing will, all expressed themselves in his broad face, bold eyes and heavy chin. Mr. Cavendish, with his uneasy scalp, his white hands, his scornful lips and his thin, twitching nostrils, looked the very impersonation of impatience and contempt. If the whole courtroom had been thronged with vermin instead of human beings, among which he

was obliged to sit, he could not have appeared more disgusted. Quite reserved among the audience, and deeply veiled Mrs. Dillingham. Mr. Belcher detected her, and, though he could not see her, felt that he could not be mistaken as to her identity. Why was she there? Why to notice the progress and issue of the trial in her anxiety for him? He was not to see her there.

He beckoned for Phipps, who sat uneasily with a scared look upon his face, among the crowd.

"Is that Mrs. Dillingham?" he asked in a whisper.

Phipps assured him that it was. Mr. Belcher wrote upon his card the words "Do not, for my sake, remain in this room."

"Give this to her," he said to his servant. The card was delivered, but the lady, to his surprise, did not stir. He thought of his little book, but it seemed impossible to find his idol, who had so long been hidden from his sight and his knowledge, could betray him.

A jury was impanneled, the case of Benedict *vs.* Belcher was called, and the counsel of both parties declared themselves ready for the trial.

The suit was for damages, in the sum of half a million dollars, for the infringement of patents on machines, implements and processes, of which it was declared that the plaintiff was the first and only inventor. In answer to the complaint alleged the disappearance and death of Benedict, and declared the plaintiff to be an impostor, and refused the assignment of all the patents in question to the defendant, and denied the presence of the plaintiff.

The Judge, set somewhat deep in his collar, as if his head and his heart were wedged enough together to hold easy communication, watched the formal proceedings listlessly, out of a pair of pleasant eyes, when they were completed, nodded to Mr. Balfour, in indication that he was ready to proceed.

Mr. Balfour, gathering his papers before him, rose to make the opening for the prosecution.

"May it please the Court," he said, "gentlemen of the jury, I have to present to you a case, either issue of which it is not pleasant for me to contemplate. Either the client or the defendant will go out of this court, at the conclusion of this case, a broken man; and, as I have a warm friendship for one of them, and bear no malice to the other, I am free to confess that, while

seek for justice, I shrink from the results of its vindication."

Mr. Cavendish jumped up and interjected spitefully: "I beg the gentleman to spare us his hypothetical sentiment. It is superfluous, so far as my client is concerned, and offensive."

Mr. Balfour waited calmly for the little explosion and the clearing away of the smoke, and then resumed. "I take no pleasure in making myself offensive to the defendant and his counsel," said he, "but, if I am interrupted, I shall be compelled to call things by their right names, and to do something more than hint at the real status of this case. I see other trials, in other courts, at the conclusion of this action,—other trials with graver issues. I could not look forward to them with any pleasure, without acknowledging myself to be a slave. I could not refrain from alluding to them, without convicting myself of carelessness and frivolity. Something more than money is involved in the issue of this action. Whether the plaintiff or the defendant will go out of this court wrecked in character, blasted in reputation, utterly ruined. The terms of the bill and the answer determine this result."

Mr. Cavendish sat through this exordium as if he sat on nettles, but wisely held his tongue, while the brazen-faced proprietor talked carelessly over, and whispered to his counsel. Phipps, on his distant seat, grew white around the lips, and felt that he was on the verge of the most serious danger of his life.

"The plaintiff in this case," Mr. Balfour went on, "brings an action for damages for the infringement of various patent rights. I shall prove to you that these patents were sued to him, as the first and only inventor; that he has never assigned them to any one; that they have been used by the defendant for from seven to ten years, to his great profit; that he is using them still without a license, and without rendering a just consideration for them. I shall prove to you that the defendant gained his first possession of these inventions by a series of misrepresentations, false promises, oppressions and wrongs, and has used them without license in consequence of the weakness, illness, poverty and defenselessness of their rightful owner. I shall prove to you that the owner was driven to insanity by these perplexities and the persecutions of the defendant, and that even after he became insane, the defendant tried to secure the execution of the

assignment which he had sought in vain during the sanity of the patentee.

"I will not characterize by the name belonging to it the instrument which is to be presented in answer to the bill filed in this case, further than to say that it has no legal status whatsoever. It is the consummate fruit of a tree that was planted in fraud; and if I do not make it so to appear, before the case is finished, I will beg pardon of the Court, of you, gentlemen of the jury, and especially of the defendant and his honorable counsel. First, therefore, I offer in evidence certified copies of the patents in question."

Mr. Balfour read these documents, and they were examined both by Mr. Cavendish and the Court.

The name of Paul Benedict was then called, as the first witness.

Mr. Benedict mounted the witness stand. He was pale and quiet, with a pink tinge on either cheek. He had the bearing and dress of a gentleman, and contrasted strangely with the coarse, bold man to whom he had been indebted for so many wrongs and indignities. He was at last in the place to which he had looked forward with so much dread, but there came to him a calmness and a self-possession which he had not anticipated. He was surrounded by powerful friends. He was menaced, too, by powerful enemies, and all his manhood was roused.

"What is your name?" asked Mr. Balfour.

"Paul Benedict."

"Where were you born?"

"In the city of New York."

"Are you the inventor of the machines, implements and processes named in the documents from the Patent Office which have just been read in your hearing?"

"I am, sir."

"And you are the only owner of all these patent rights?"

"I am, sir."

"What is your profession?"

"I was trained for a mechanical engineer."

"What has been your principal employment?"

"Invention."

"When you left New York, whither did you go?"

"To Sevenoaks."

"How many years ago was that?"

"Eleven or twelve, I suppose."

"Now I want you to tell to the Court, in a plain, brief way, the history of your life in Sevenoaks, giving with sufficient detail an

account of all your dealings with the defendant in this case, so that we may perfectly understand how your inventions came into Mr. Belcher's hands, and why you have never derived any benefit from them."

It was a curious illustration of the inventor's nature that, at this moment, with his enemy and tormentor before him, he shrank from giving pain. Mr. Cavendish noticed his hesitation, and was on his feet in an instant.

"May it please the Court," said he, "there is a question concerning identity that comes up at this point, and I beg the privilege of asking it here."

The Judge looked at Mr. Balfour, and the latter said:

"Certainly."

"I should like to ask the witness," said Mr. Cavendish, "whether he is the Paul Benedict who left the city about the time at which he testifies that he went away, in consequence of his connection with a band of counterfeiters. Did you, sir, invent their machinery, or did you not?"

"I did not," answered the witness—his face all aflame. The idea that he could be suspected, or covertly charged with crime, in the presence of friends and strangers, was so terrible that he tottered on his feet.

Mr. Cavendish gave a significant glance at his client, whose face bloomed with a brutal smile, and then sat down.

"Is that all?" inquired Mr. Balfour.

"All, for the present," responded Mr. Cavendish, sneeringly, and with mock courtesy.

"May it please the Court," said Mr. Balfour, "I hope I may be permitted to say that the tactics of the defendant are worthy of his cause." Then turning to Mr. Benedict, he said, "I trust the witness will not be disturbed by the insult that has been gratuitously offered him, and will tell the history which I have asked him to tell."

Mr. Cavendish had made a mistake. At this insult, and the gratification which it afforded Mr. Belcher, the inventor's pity died out of him, and he hardened to his work.

"When I went to Sevenoaks," said he, "I was very poor, as I have always been since. I visited Mr. Belcher's mill, and saw how great improvements could be made in his machines and processes; and then I visited him and told him what I could do for him. He furnished me with money for my work, and for securing the patents on my inventions, with the verbal promise that

I should share in such profits as might accrue from their use. He was the only man who had money; he was the only man who could use the inventions; and he kept me at work, until he had secured everything that he wished for. In the meantime, I suffered for the lack of the necessaries of life, and was fed from day to day, and month to month, and year to year, on promises. He never rendered me any returns, declared that the patents were nearly useless to him, and demanded, as a consideration for the money he had advanced to me, the assignment of all my patents to him. My only child was born in the midst of my early trouble, and such were the privations to which my wife was subjected that she never saw a day of health after the event. She died at last, and in the midst of my deepest troubles, Mr. Belcher pursued me with his demands for the assignment of my patents. He still held me to him by the bestowal of small sums, which necessity compelled me to accept. He always had a remarkable power over me, and I felt that he would lead me to destruction. I saw the hopes of years melting away, and knew that in time he would beat down my will, and, on his own terms, possess himself of all the results of my years of study and labor. I saw nothing but starvation before me and my child, and went down into a horror of great darkness."

A cold shiver ran over the witness, and his face grew pale and pinched, at this passage of his story. The court-house was as still as midnight. Even the General lost his smile, and leaned forward, as if the narration concerned some monster other than himself.

"What then?" inquired Mr. Balfour.

"I hardly know. Everything that I remember after that was confused and terrible. For years I was insane. I went to the hospital, and was there supported by Mr. Belcher. He even followed me there, and endeavored to get my signature to an assignment, but was positively forbidden by the superintendent of the asylum. Then, after being pronounced incurable, I was sent back to the Sevenoaks alms-house, where, for a considerable time, my boy was also kept; and from that horrible place, by the aid of a friend, I escaped. I remember it all as a long dream of torture. My cure came in the woods, at Number Nine, where I have ever since lived, and where twice I have been sought and found by paid emissaries of Mr. Belcher, who did not love him

nough to betray me. And, thanks to the ministry of the best friends that God raised up to a man, I am here to-day in my rights."

"These rights," said Mr. Balfour, "these which you hold in your patented inventions, for all these years used by the defendant, you say you have never assigned." "Never."

"An assignment executed in due form will be presented to you, what should I say?"

"Object to the question," said Mr. Cavendish, leaping to his feet. "The document has not yet been presented to him."

"The gentleman is right," said Mr. Balfour, "the witness has never seen it. I will draw the question. And now tell me how you know about Mr. Belcher's profits from the use of these inventions?"

"I cannot tell much," replied Mr. Benedict. "I know the inventions were largely sold to him; otherwise he would not have been so anxious to own them. I have never had access to his books, but I know he became rapidly rich on his manufactures, and that, by the cheapness with which he sold them, he was able to hold the market, and to force his competitors into bankruptcy."

"May it please the Court," said Mr. Balfour, "I am about done with this witness, and I wish to say, just here, that if the defendant stands by his pleadings, and denies the profits, I shall demand the production of his books in court. We can get definite information from them, at least." Then, turning to Mr. Benedict, he told him that he had no further questions to ask.

The witness was about to step down, when the judge turned to Mr. Cavendish, with the question:

"Does the counsel for the defendant wish to cross-examine the witness?"

"May it please the Court," said Mr. Cavendish, rising, "the counsel for the defendant regards the examination so far simply as a farce. We do not admit that the witness Paul Benedict at all, or rather the Paul Benedict named in the patents, certificates of which are in evidence. The Paul Benedict therein named has long been dead as dead. This man has come and lived for months in Sevenoaks among the neighbors of the real Paul Benedict unrecognized. He says he has lived for years within ten miles of Sevenoaks, and at this late day he advances forward his claims. There is nobody in court, sir. We believe the plaintiff to be

a fraud, and this prosecution a put-up job. In saying this, I would by no means impugn the honor of the plaintiff's counsel. Wiser men than he have been deceived and duped, and he may be assured that he is the victim of the villainies or the hallucinations of an impostor. There are men in this room ready to testify in this case who knew Paul Benedict during all his residence in Sevenoaks, and the witness stands before them at this moment unrecognized and unknown. I cannot cross-examine the witness without recognizing his identity with the Paul Benedict named in the patents. There is nothing but a pretender in court, may it please your Honor, and I decline to have anything to do with him."

Mr. Cavendish sat down with the air of a man who believed he had blasted the case in the bud, and that there was nothing left to do but to adjourn.

"It seems to the Court, gentlemen," said the Judge, in a quiet tone, "that this question of identity should be settled as an essential preliminary to further proceedings."

"May it please your Honor," said Mr. Balfour, rising, "I did not suppose it possible, after the plaintiff had actually appeared in court, and shown himself to the defendant, that this question of identity would be mooted or mentioned. The defendant must know that I have witnesses here—that I would not appear here without competent witnesses—who will place his identity beyond question. It seems, however, that this case is to be fought inch by inch on every possible ground. As the first witness upon this point, I shall call for James Fenton."

"Jest call me Jim," said the individual named, from his distant seat.

"James Fenton" was called to the stand, and Mr. Benedict stepped down. Jim advanced through the crowd, his hair standing very straight in the air, and his face illumined by a smile that won every heart in the house except those of the defendant and his counsel. A war-horse going into battle, or a hungry man going to his dinner, could not have manifested more rampant alacrity.

"Hold up your right hand," said the clerk.

"Sartin," said Jim. "Both on 'em, if ye say so."

"You solemnly swear m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m so help you God!"

"I raaly wish, if ye ain't too tired, that ye'd say that over agin," said Jim. "If I'm agoin' to make a Happy David, I want to know what it is."

The clerk hesitated, and the Judge directed him to repeat the form of the oath distinctly. When this was done, Jim said: "Thank ye; there's nothin' like startin' squar'."

"James Fenton," said Mr. Balfour, beginning a question.

"Jest call me Jim; I ain't no prouder here nor I be at Number Nine," said the witness.

"Very well, Jim," said Mr. Balfour, smiling, "tell us who you are."

"I'm Jim Fenton, as keeps a hotel at Number Nine. My father was an Englishman, my mother was a Scotchman, I was born in Ireland, an' raised in Canady, an' I've lived in Number Nine for more nor twelve year, huntin', trappin', an' keepin' a hotel. I hain't never be'n eddicated, but I can tell the truth when it's necessary, an' I love my friends an' hate my enemies."

"May it please the Court," said Mr. Cavendish, with a sneer, "I beg to suggest to the plaintiff's counsel that the witness should be required to give his religious views."

Mr. Belcher laughed, and Mr. Cavendish sniffed his lips, as if they had said a good thing.

"Certainly," responded Mr. Balfour. "What are your religious views, Jim?"

"Well," said Jim, "I hain't got many, but I sh'd be s'rprised if there wasn't a brimstone mine on t'other side, with a couple o' picks in it for old Belcher an' the man as helps 'im."

The laugh was on Mr. Cavendish. The Court smiled, the audience roared, and order was demanded.

"That will do," said Mr. Cavendish. "The religious views of the witness are definite and satisfactory."

"Jim, do you know Paul Benedict?" inquired Mr. Balfour.

"Well, I do," said Jim. "I've knowed 'im ever sence he come to Sevenoaks."

"How did you make his acquaintance?"

"He used to come into the woods fishin' and huntin'. Him an' me was like brothers. He was the curisest creetur I ever seen, an' I hope he takes no 'fense in hearin' me say so. Ye've seen his tackle, Mr. Balfour, an' that split bamboo o' his, but the Judge hasn't seen it. I wish I'd brung it along. Fond of fishin', sir?" And Jim turned blandly and patronizingly to the Court.

The Judge could not repress a little ripple of amusement, which, from a benevolent mouth, ran out over his face. Biting his lips, he said:

"The witness had better be confined the matter in hand."

"An' Jedge—no 'fense—but I like looks, an' if ye'll come to Number Nine it's a little late now—I'll—"

Mr. Cavendish jumped up and said fiercely:

"I object to this trifling."

"Jim," said Mr. Balfour, "the defendant counsel objects to your trifling. He has right to do so, particularly as he is responsible for starting it. Now tell me whether Paul Benedict you knew was the only man of the name who has lived in Sevenoaks since you have lived in Number Nine."

"He was the only one I ever heard of. He was the one as invented Belcher's machines, any way. He's talked about with me a thousand times."

"Is he in the room?"

"Mostly," said Jim, with his bland smile.

"Give me a direct answer, now."

"Yis, he's in this room, and he's a-sett there by you, an' he's been a-stannin' where I stan' now."

"How do you know that this is the same man who used to visit you in the woods, and who invented Mr. Belcher's machines?"

"Well, it's a long story. I don't mind tellin' on it if it wouldn't be too triflin'," with a comical wink at Mr. Cavendish.

"Go on and tell it," said Mr. Balfour.

"I knowed Benedict up to the time when he lost his mind, an' was packed off to the 'Sylum, an' I never seen 'im agin till I saw 'im in the Sevenoaks poor-house. I caught acrost his little boy one night on the street when I was a trampin' home. He had nothin' on but rags, an' he was as blue as hungry as a spring b'ar. The little fellow teched me, ye know—teched my feelin' an' I jest sot down to comfort 'im. I told me his ma was dead, and that his father was at old Buffum's as crazy as a locust. Well, I stayed to old Buffum's that night an' went into the poor-house in the morning with the doctor. I seen Benedict there, an' knowed him. He was a-lyin' on the straw an' he hadn't clo'es enough on 'im to put tea. An', says I, 'Mr. Benedict, give your benediction;' an', says he, 'Jim?' The doctor floored me, an' I jest cried and swar'd myself. Well, I made a little r'angement with him an' his boy to take 'im to Abram's bosom. Ye see he thought he was in heaven an' it was a reasomble thing in 'im too; so I telled 'im that I'd got a settlement on Abram's bosom, an' I axed 'im over to spend the day. I took 'im out of the poor-house

carried 'im to Number Nine, an' I cured 'em. He's lived there ever sence, helped me build my hotel, an' I come down with 'im to attend this court, an' we brung his little boy along too, an' the little feller is here, an' I know him better nor I do."

"And you declare, under oath, that the Paul Benedict whom you knew in Sevenoaks, and at Number Nine—before his insanity—the Paul Benedict who was in the poor-house at Sevenoaks, and notoriously escaped from that institution—escaped by your help, and lived with you ever since, and has appeared in court here this morning," said Mr. Balfour.

"He's the same feller, an' no mistake, if he be he hain't slipped his skin," said Jim, "an' no triffin'. I make my Happy David out o' it."

"Did Mr. Belcher ever send into the woods to find him?"

"Yis," said Jim, laughing, "but I choked 'em off."

"How did you choke them off?"

"I telled 'em both I'd lick 'em if they ever blowed. They didn't want to blow away, to speak on, but Mike Conlin come in with a hundred dollars of Belcher's money in his jacket, an' helped me nuss my man for a week; an' I got a Happy David out o' Sam Yates, an' ther's the dockyment;" and Jim drew from his pocket the instrument with which the reader is already familiar.

Mr. Balfour had seen the paper, and told him that it was not necessary in the case. Mr. Belcher looked very red in the face, and leaned over and whispered to his lawyer.

"That is all," said Mr. Balfour.

Mr. Cavendish rose.

"You helped Mr. Benedict to escape, did you, Jim?"

"I said so," said Jim.

"Did you steal the key when you were here first?"

"No; I borrowed it, an' brung it back an' left it in the door."

"Did you undo the fastenings of the outside door?"

"Yis, an' I did 'em up agin."

"Did you break down the grated door?"

"I remember about somethin' squeakin' an' givin' way," replied Jim, with a smile.

It was purty dark, an' I couldn't see exactly what was agoin' on."

"Oh, you couldn't! We have your confession, then, that you are a thief and a burglar, and that you couldn't see the man you took out."

"Well, now, Squar, that won't help ye

any. Benedict is the man as got away, an' I saved the town the board of two paupers, an' the cost of two pine coffins, an' sent old Buffum where he belonged, an' nobody cried but his picktler friend as sets next to ye."

"I beg the Court's protection for my client against the insults of this witness," said Mr. Cavendish.

"When a man calls Jim Fenton a thief an' a bugger, he must take what comes on't," said Jim. "Ye may thank yer everlasting stars that ye didn't say that to me in the street, for I should 'a' licked ye. I should 'a' fastened that slippery old scalp o' yourn tighter nor a drum-head."

"Witness," said the Judge, peremptorily, "you forget where you are, sir. You must stop these remarks."

"Jedge, look 'ere! When a man is insulted by a lawyer in court, what can he do? I'm a reasonable man, but I can't take anybody's sarse. It does seem to me as if a lawyer as snubs a witness, an' call's 'im names, wants dressin' down too. Give Jim Fenton a fair shake, an' he's all right."

Jim's genial nature and his irrepressible tongue were too much for the Court and the lawyers together. Mr. Cavendish writhed in his seat. He could do nothing with Jim. He could neither scare nor control him, and saw that the witness was only anxious for another encounter. It was too evident that the sympathy of the jury and the increasing throng of spectators was with the witness, and that they took delight in the discomfiture of the defendant's counsel.

"May it please the Court," said Mr. Cavendish, "after the disgraceful confessions of the witness, and the revelation of his criminal character, it will not comport with my own self-respect to question him further."

"Paddlin' off, eh?" said Jim, with a comical smile.

"Witness," said the Judge, "be silent, and step down."

"No 'fense, Jedge, I hope?"

"Step down, sir."

Jim saw that matters were growing serious. He liked the Judge, and had intended, in some private way, to explain the condition of his hair as attributable to his fright on being called into court as a witness, but he was obliged to relinquish his plan, and go back to his seat. The expression of his face must have been most agreeable to the spectators, for there was a universal giggle among them which called out the reproof of the Court.

"Helen Dillingham" was next called for. At the pronouncement of her name, and her quiet progress through the court-room to the stand, there was a hush in which nothing was heard but the rustle of her own drapery. Mr. Belcher gasped, and grew pale. Here was the woman whom he madly loved. Here was the woman whom he had associated with his scheme of European life, and around whom, more and more, as his difficulties increased and the possibilities of disaster presented themselves, he had grouped his hopes and gathered his plans. Had he been the dupe of her cunning? Was he to be the object of her revenge? Was he to be betrayed? Her intimacy with Harry Benedict began to take on new significance. Her systematic repulses of his blind passion had an explanation other than that which he had given them. Mr. Belcher thought rapidly while the formalities which preceded her testimony were in progress.

Every man in the court-room leaned eagerly forward to catch her first word. Her fine figure, graceful carriage, and rich dress had made their usual impression.

"Mrs. Dillingham," said the Judge, with a courteous bow and gesture, "will you have the kindness to remove your veil?"

The veil was quietly raised over her hat, and she stood revealed. She was not pale; she was fresh from the woods, and in the glory of renewed health. A murmur of admiration went around the room, like the stirring of leaves before a vagrant breeze.

"Mrs. Dillingham," said Mr. Balfour, "where do you reside?"

"In this city, sir."

"Have you always lived here?"

"Always."

"Do you know Paul Benedict?"

"I do, sir."

"How long have you known him?"

"From the time I was born until he left New York, after his marriage."

"What is his relation to you?"

"He is my brother, sir."

Up to this answer she had spoken quietly and in a voice that could only be heard through the room by the closest attention; but the last answer was given in a full, emphatic tone.

Mr. Belcher entirely lost his self-possession. His face grew white, his eyes were wild, and raising his clenched fist he brought it down, with a powerful blow, upon the table before him, and exclaimed: "My God!"

The court-room became in an instant as silent as death. The Judge uttered no reprimand, but looked inquiringly, and with unfeigned astonishment, at the defendant.

Mr. Cavendish rose and begged the Court to overlook his client's excitement, as he had evidently been taken off his guard.

"Paul Benedict is your brother, you say?" resumed Mr. Balfour.

"He is, sir."

"What was his employment before he left New York?"

"He was an inventor from his childhood, and received a careful education in accordance with his mechanical genius."

"Why did he leave New York?"

"I am ashamed to say that he left in consequence of my own unkindness."

"What was the occasion of your unkindness?"

"His marriage with one whom I did not regard as his own social equal or mine."

"What was her name?"

"Jane Kendrick."

"How did you learn that he was alive?"

"Through his son, whom I invited into my house, after he was brought to this city by yourself."

"Have you recently visited the cemetery at Sevenoaks?"

"I have, sir."

"Did you see the grave of your sister-in-law?"

"I did."

"Was there a headstone upon the grave?"

"There was an humble one."

"What inscription did it bear?"

"Jane Kendrick, wife of Paul Benedict."

"When and where did you see your brother first, after your separation?"

"Early last summer, at a place called Number Nine."

"Did you recognize him?"

"I did, at once."

"Has anything occurred, in the intercourse of the summer, to make you suspect that the man whom you recognized as your brother was an impostor?"

"Nothing. We have conversed with perfect familiarity on a thousand events and circumstances of our early life. I know him to be my brother as well as I know my own name and my own identity."

"That is all," said Mr. Balfour.

"Mrs. Dillingham," said Mr. Cavendish, after holding a long whispered conversation with his client, "you were glad to find your brother at last, were you not?"

"Very glad, sir."

"Why?"
 "Because I was sorry for the misery which had inflicted upon him, and to which I exposed him."

"You were the victim of remorse, as I understand you?"

"Yes, sir, I suppose so."

"Were you conscious that your condition had unfitted you to discriminate? Were you not so anxious to find your brother, in order to quiet your conscience, that you had easily imposed upon?"

"No, sir, to both questions."

"Well, madam, such things have happened. Have you been in the habit of receiving Mr. Belcher at your house?"

"I have."
 "You have been in the habit of receiving gentlemen rather indiscriminately at your house, haven't you?"

"I object to the question," said Mr. Balfour quickly. "It carries a covert insult to the witness."

Mrs. Dillingham bowed to Mr. Balfour in acknowledgment of his courtesy, but answered the question.

"I have received you, sir, and Mr. Belcher. You have been indiscriminate in my courtesy. A lady living alone cannot always tell."

"A titter ran around the court-room, in which Mr. Belcher joined. His admiration was too much at the moment for his self-restraint.

"Did you know before you went to Number Nine that your brother was there?" inquired Mr. Cavendish.

"I did, and the last time but one that Mr. Belcher called upon me I informed him of the fact."

"That your brother was there?"

"No, that Paul Benedict was there."

"How did you know he was there?"

"His little boy wrote me from there and told me so."

"Mr. Cavendish had found more than he sought. He wanted to harass the witness, who had been withheld by his client, and had on one hand, and restrained on the other—for Mr. Belcher could not give her up and learn to hate her in a moment—he told the witness he had no more questions to ask. Mrs. Dillingham drew down her veil, and walked to her seat.

"Harry Benedict was next called, and after giving satisfactory answers to questions concerning his understanding of the nature of the oath, was permitted to testify.

"Harry," said Mr. Balfour "were you in Mr. Belcher's house?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell us how it happened that you were there."

"Mr. Belcher stopped me in the street, and led me up the steps, and then up stairs into his room."

"What question did he ask you?"

"He wanted to know whether my father was alive."

"Did he offer you money if you would tell?"

"Yes, sir; he offered me a great gold piece of money, and told me it was an eagle."

"Did you take it?"

"No, sir."

"Did he threaten you?"

"He tried to scare me, sir."

"Did he tell you that he should like to give your father some money?"

"Yes, sir."

"And did you tell him that your father was alive?"

"No, sir; I ran away," and Harry could not restrain a laugh at the remembrance of the scene.

"Harry, is your father in this room?"

Harry looked at his father with a smile, and answered,

"Yes, sir."

"Now, Harry, I want you to pick him out from all these people. Be sure not to make any mistake. Mr. Belcher has been so anxious to find him that I presume he will be very much obliged to you for the information. Go and put your hand on him."

Harry started at a run, and, dodging around the end of the bar, threw himself into his father's arms. The performance seemed so comical to the lad that he burst into a peal of boyish laughter, and the scene had such a pretty touch of nature in it, that the spectators cheered, and were only checked by the stern reprimand of the Judge, who threatened to clear the room if such a demonstration should again occur.

"Does the counsel for the defense wish to cross-examine the witness?" inquired the Judge.

"I believe not," said Mr. Cavendish, with a nod; and then Harry went to his seat, at the side of Jim Fenton, who hugged him so that he almost screamed.

"Ye're a brick, little feller," Jim whispered. "That was a Happy David, an' a Goliath into the bargain. You've knocked the Ph'listine this time higher nor a kite."

"May it please the Court," said Mr. Cavendish, "I have witnesses here who knew

Paul Benedict during all his residence in Sevenoaks, and who are ready to testify that they do not know the person who presents himself here to-day as the plaintiff in this case. I comprehend the disadvantage at which I stand, with only negative testimony at my command. I know how little value it has when opposed to such as has been presented here; and while I am convinced that my client is wronged, I shall be compelled, in the end, to accept the identity of the plaintiff as established. If I believed the real Paul Benedict, named in the patents in question in this case, to be alive, I should be compelled to fight this question to the end, by every means in my power; but the main question at issue, as to whom the title to these patents rests in, can be decided between my client and a man of straw, as well as between him and the real inventor. That is the first practical issue, and, to save the time of the Court, I propose to proceed to its trial; and first I wish to cross-examine the plaintiff."

Mr. Benedict resumed the stand.

"Witness, you pretend to be the owner of the patents in question in this case, and the inventor of the machines, implements, and processes which they cover, do you?" said Mr. Cavendish.

"I object to the form of the question," said Mr. Balfour. "It is an insult to the witness, and a reflection upon the gentleman's own sincerity, in accepting the identity of the plaintiff."

"Very well," said Mr. Cavendish, "since the plaintiff's counsel is so difficult to please! You are the owner of these patents, are you?"

"I am, sir."

"You have been insane, have you, sir?"

"I suppose I have been, sir; I was very ill for a long time, and have no doubt that I suffered from mental alienation."

"What is your memory of things occurring immediately before your insanity?"

Mr. Benedict and his counsel saw the bearings of this question, at once, but the witness would no more have lied than he would have stolen, or committed murder. So he answered:

"It is very much confused, sir."

"Oh, it is! I thought so! Then you cannot swear to the events immediately preceding your attack?"

"I am afraid I cannot, sir; at least, not in their order or detail."

"No! I thought so!" said Mr. Cavendish, in his contemptuous manner, and rasping voice. "I commend your prudence.

Now witness, if a number of your neighbors should assure you that, on the day before your attack, you did a certain thing, which you do not remember to have done, how should you regard their testimony?"

"If they were credible people, and not unfriendly to me, I should be compelled to believe them."

"Why, sir, you are an admirable witness! I did not anticipate such candor. We are getting at the matter bravely. You have your confession, then, that you do not remember distinctly the events that occurred the day before your attack, and your assertion that you are ready to believe and accept the testimony of credible witnesses in regard to those events."

"Yes, sir."

"Did you ever know Nicholas Johnson and James Ramsey?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you see them last?"

"In Mr. Belcher's library."

"On what occasion, or, rather, at what time?"

"I have sad reason to remember both the occasion and the date, sir. Mr. Belcher had determined to get my signature to an assignment, and had brought me to his house under another pretext entirely. I suppose he had summoned these men as witnesses."

"Where are these men now?"

"Unhappily, they are both dead."

"Yes, unhappily indeed—unhappily my client. Was there anybody else in the room?"

"I believe that Phipps, Mr. Belcher's man, was coming and going."

"Why, your memory is excellent, is it not? And you remember the date of the event too! Suppose you tell us what it was."

"It was the 4th of May, 1860."

"How confused you must have been," said Mr. Cavendish.

"These are things that were burnt into my memory," responded the witness. "There were other occurrences that day, of which I have been informed, but of which I have no memory."

"Ah, there are! Well, I shall have an occasion to refresh your mind upon still another, before I get through with you. Now if I should show you an assignment, signed by yourself on the very day you have designated, and also signed by Johnson, Ramsey and Phipps as witnesses, what would you say to it?"

"I object to the question. The court

show the document to the witness, and ask his opinion of it," said Mr. Balfour. The Court coincided with Mr. Balfour's and ruled accordingly.

"Very well," said Mr. Cavendish, "we get at that in good time. Now, witness, will you be kind enough to tell me you remember that all this occurred on the 10th of May, 1860?"

"It happened to be the first anniversary of my wife's death. I went from her grave to Mr. Belcher's house. The day was associated with the saddest and most precious memory of my life."

"What an excellent memory!" said Mr. Cavendish, rubbing his white hands together. "Are you familiar with the signatures of Thomas Johnson and James Ramsey?"

"I have seen them many times." "Would you recognize them, if I were to show them to you?"

"I don't know, sir." "Oh! your memory begins to fail now, does it? How is it that you cannot remember things with which you were familiar during a series of years, when you were perfectly sane, and yet can remember things so clearly that happened when your mind was confused?"

Mr. Benedict's mind was getting confused again, and he began to stammer. Mr. Cavendish wondered that, in some way, Mr. Balfour did not come to the relief of his distress, but he sat perfectly quiet, and apparently unconcerned. Mr. Cavendish rummaged among his papers, and withdrew two letters. These he handed to the witness. "Now," said he, "will the witness examine the letters, and tell us whether he recognizes the signatures as genuine."

Mr. Benedict took the two letters, of which he had already heard through Sam Yates, and very carefully read them. His quick, analytical eye measured the length and the peculiarity of the signatures. He waited so much time upon them that even the Court grew impatient.

"Take all the time you need, witness," said Mr. Balfour.

"All day, of course, if necessary," replied Mr. Cavendish, raspingly.

"I think these are genuine autographs of both of them," said Mr. Benedict.

"Thank you; now please hand them back to me."

"I have special reasons for requesting the Court to impound these letters," said Mr. Balfour. "They will be needed again in this case."

"The witness will hand the letters to the Clerk," said the Judge.

Mr. Cavendish was annoyed, but acquiesced gracefully. Then he took up the assignment, and said:

"Witness, I hold in my hand a document signed, sealed, and witnessed on the 4th day of May, 1860, by which Paul Benedict conveys to Robert Belcher his title to the patents, certified copies of which have been placed in evidence. I want you to examine carefully your own signature, and those of Johnson and Ramsey. Happily, one of the witnesses is still living, and is ready, not only to swear to his own signature, but to yours and to those of the other witnesses."

Mr. Cavendish advanced, and handed Benedict the instrument. The inventor opened it, looked it hurriedly through, and then paused at the signatures. After examining them long, with naked eyes, he drew a glass from his pocket, and scrutinized them with a curious, absorbed look, forgetful, apparently, where he was.

"Is the witness going to sleep?" inquired Mr. Cavendish; but he did not stir. Mr. Belcher drew a large handkerchief from his pocket, and wiped his red, perspiring face. It was an awful moment to him. Phipps, in his seat, was as pale as a ghost, and sat watching his master.

At last Mr. Benedict looked up. He seemed as if he had been deprived of the power of speech. His face was full of pain and fright.

"I do not know what to say to this," he said.

"Oh, you don't! I thought you wouldn't! Still, we should like to know your opinion of the instrument," said Mr. Cavendish.

"I don't think you would like to know it, sir," said Benedict, quietly.

"What does the witness insinuate?" exclaimed the lawyer, jumping to his feet. "No insinuations, sir!"

"Insinuations are very apt to breed insinuations," said the Judge, quietly. "The witness has manifested no disinclination to answer your direct questions."

"Very well," said Mr. Cavendish. "Is your signature at the foot of that assignment?"

"It is not, sir."

"Perhaps those are not the signatures of the witnesses," said Mr. Cavendish, with an angry sneer.

"Two of them, I have no doubt, are forgeries," responded Mr. Balfour, with an excited voice.

Mr. Cavendish knew that it would do no

good to manifest anger; so he laughed. Then he sat down by the side of Mr. Belcher, and said something to him, and they both laughed together.

"That's all," he said, nodding to the witness.

"May it please the Court," said Mr. Balfour, "we got along so well with the question of identity that, with the leave of the defendant's counsel, I propose, in order to save the time of the Court, that we push our inquiries directly into the validity of this assignment. This is the essential question, and the defendant has only to establish the validity of the instrument to bring the case to an end at once. This done, the suit will be abandoned."

"Certainly," said Mr. Cavendish, rising. "I agree to the scheme with the single provision on behalf of the defendant, that he shall not be debarred from his pleading of a denial of profits, in any event."

"Agreed," said Mr. Balfour.

"Very well," said Mr. Cavendish, "I shall call Cornelius Phipps, the only surviving witness of the assignment."

But Cornelius Phipps did not appear when he was called. A second call produced the same result. He was not in the house. He was sought for in every possible retreat about the house, but could not be found. Cornelius Phipps had mysteriously disappeared.

After consulting Mr. Belcher, Mr. Cavendish announced that the witness who had been called was essential at the present stage of the case. He thought it possible that in the long confinement of the courtroom, Phipps had become suddenly ill, and had gone home. He hoped, for the honor of the plaintiff in the case, that nothing worse had happened, and suggested that the court adjourn until the following day.

And the court adjourned, amid tumultuous whispering. Mr. Belcher was apparently oblivious of the fact, and sat and stared until touched upon the shoulder by the counsel, when he rose and walked out into a world and into an atmosphere that had never before seemed so strange and unreal.

(To be concluded in the November number.)

HEATHER BLOOM.

WHEN autumn breezes crisply blow,
And autumn suns are mellow,
When maple-leaves begin to glow,
And all the woodland spaces show
Their pomp of red and yellow,

I drop my knitting on my knees,
I fold my hands together,
And far beyond the maple-trees,
And far across the rolling seas,
I smell the moorland heather.

The purple heather, blown about
By warm winds off the border—
Ah me! what memories blossom out,
What ordered thoughts are put to rout
In tremulous disorder,—

By just a color in the air,
An atmospheric glamor—
That, spite of wrinkles and gray hair,
Has thrilled old heart-beats unaware
With new and noisy clamor.

First love is sweet! It came to me
In breezy autumn weather:
Across the moor the wind swept free,
Warm shone the sun where I and he
Sat knee-deep in the heather.

A waving, fragrant sea, it spread
All round in purple splendor;
White clouds went sailing overhead,
A lark was soaring, when he said
"I love you," low and tender.

I wondered, dumb with glad surprise,—
Could I have heard him clearly?
He saw the blissful color rise,
He drew me, kissing lips and eyes—
"You know I love you dearly!"

And earth and sky seemed echoing
Those words of sweetest meaning;
The blackcock trilled them on the wing,
The very blossoms seemed to ring,
While, on his bosom leaning,

I built the airy towers that youth
Can fashion so sublimely;—
Nor dreamed how love would end in ruth,
For joy that had no root in truth,
And hope that died untimely.

His grave was made long years ago
Beneath his English willows:
For me the scarlet maples glow,
And evermore between us flow
The wide Atlantic billows.

My life has had its share of gain,
No less perhaps than losses;
Its pleasure has alloy of pain,
But haply I have learned to train
Some flowers around my crosses.

And still, when maple-boughs are red
In breezy autumn weather,
Once more the moorland ways I tread;
Once more I hear the words he said
That day amongst the heather.

THE WINTHROP-DRURY AFFAIR.



"GOOD-NIGHT! I AM SO GLAD TO HAVE MET YOU."

the Book Club in our day was not merely a circulating library, but also a fortnightly assembly of the members. These little informal parties were not too bookish, and ended by a modest supper of coffee, topped oysters, sandwiches, and cake, these prescribed limits were transgressed on pain of expulsion.

On the evening when my tale begins, the Book Club met at the Merrimacks', and, although the charming hostess dared not risk an additional, she did venture, as she had a young people from out of town visitor, to introduce a fiddler just before the clock struck ten, our hour for dispersion.

"Did orthodox ministers' daughters dance these days?"

"Come! no. To be sure, it was once the subject of an awful accusation against papa, by the affected deacon, that he had been present at the house-warming of a parishioner who was dancing in order, and that "his daughter danced every set, and Dr. Draper looked and looked on just as if he enjoyed it, but this, I regret to say, was an invention so far as our dancing was concerned. Notless, had we so chosen, papa would have only reiterated his formula, "as you see, my daughters," but we were all the more careful not to offend even the prejudiced of the parish, because of his blessed influence on us, and our reciprocal loyalty to him in his professional interests. Still, it was the subject of a trial (greater at the time than now seems credible) for such merry-making as we, to only stand and wait while all our friends were moving through a cotillon. However, we were apt to have compassion-

ate acquaintances who gallantly proposed to "stand out" a dance with us, so that we never had a very painful sense of wall-flowerage.

We were under the Von Tassels' care, and, of course, remained with them to Mrs. Merrimack's appendix.

Leslie Von Tassel was the daintiest little creature in person and appointments, but keen in discerning flaws and sometimes ruthless in her thrusts, so that often her more sweet tones had the sting of a blow. Trust and tenderness melted her into child-like humbleness and sweetness, but these, unluckily, she rarely elicited, because so few besides ourselves saw her genuine self.

I had noticed throughout the evening that Leslie was in one of her moods, when the boldest held his breath at her word.

As subsequently appeared, her brother (her only relative within four degrees, who embodied in himself an immense accumulation of ancestral pride and authority, which he now and then exercised toward her overwhelmingly at unexpected moments) had had one of his severest spasms of governance.

He wished to go to Europe at once, and his lone little sister must needs be taken, an unwelcome burden, and he had spent the day in dictating minute statutes for her conduct by the way in such an utterly selfish, tyrannical spirit, that she was almost beside herself.

There was a subdued gentleness in her always courteous manner, which to eyes that knew her well foreboded danger, and, although I was not within range, it was evident that she was making ears tingle on all sides. Just as the impromptu dance was

breaking up, however, she came and sat down by me to confess, as she was apt to do, some of her misdeeds; but, as we were obliged to wait for our carriage, two or three other lingerers soon joined us and the conversation became general. Among them was a Miss Roper, from Cambridge, the most marvelously pretty girl I ever saw, but utterly vapid. It seems that this lovely stranger had previously roused Leslie's ire, not only by her amusingly open attempt to fascinate Mr. Von Tassel in particular, but by her patronizing manner in general, and her naïve and profuse expressions of surprise at the unexpected civilization of our beloved little city's society. There was no malice, only crass ignorance in the Beauty; but Leslie was beyond distinctions that night.

When, therefore, Miss Roper, by way of gracious furtherance of acquaintance with Mr. Von Tassel's sister, lisped out the inquiry: "What is your favorite pursuit, Miss Von Tassel?" we were shocked to hear Leslie respond in her blandest tone: "Swinging on a gate, Miss Roper; do you do it very much in Cambridge?" When Miss Roper murmured some inaudible reply, Leslie went on:

"But I suppose you who live on Mount Parnassus really cannot understand with what delight we Lowell girls enter into such humble recreations, after our confinement during the long day at the loom and the spinning-jenny."

Miss Roper beamed compassion, evidently holding the delusion of all foreigners, which none of us failed to encounter at one time or another, that Lowell girls, of every degree, had something to do with spindles.

"But I know you dote on music, Miss Von Tassel. I watched you and your brother last night at the Quintette Club Concert, and you were perfectly absorbed."

"That obligato accompaniment was the best thing they gave us, don't you think, Miss Roper?" interrupted Stephen.

"Oh, *magnifique*," squealed the Beauty with her great lustrous eyes uprolled and her hands clasped.

"Yes, it was as you say," said Leslie, meditatively; "but did you ever in your life see such a big, shiny one?"

Whereupon, incredible as it may seem, Miss Roper, who was too pretty to need much wit, musical or otherwise, fell into the trap and innocently replied:

"Oh, yes; indeed, I really think the obligato they always use in their Concerts

at home [such emphasis!] is fully a larger."

Of course it was, and under these circumstances, Stephen, glowering savagely at the peaceful sister, strode to the door to after the missing carriage, and we who remained all began to talk at once, to prevent further horrors.

Mr. Von Tassel speedily came back to announce that no carriage was at the door; he remarked incidentally, that it was raining furiously, and the hackman was in a somewhat something of a temper in consequence whereupon Miss Roper, whose cup, it seemed, was not yet full, simpered out:

"How considerate you are, Mr. Von Tassel! I am afraid I don't sympathize with that sort of people as I ought; I don't know, it never quite seems as if they were of the same flesh and blood as ourselves!"

Mr. Von Tassel was not as yet so enured as to have lost his sense, and he lifted his patrician eyebrows a little and bowed to the fair savage; but Leslie marked with pathetic cadence: "You notice, perhaps, Miss Roper, that my brother looks surprised and somewhat grieved; he was once a hackman himself," and the victim was faltering out, "Oh, I'm sorry—I—I think that some hackmen are very nice," the naughty girl added, "Good night! I am so glad to have met you, and retired to the dressing-room.

The hackman's temper seemed to have invaded his vehicle, and we had any amount of a cheerful drive.

Mr. Von Tassel did not of course give voice to his fraternal rage before us, but his silence was more awful. When we reached home, to our surprise, he followed us into the parlor, begged an interview, late as it was, to see his papa, the result of which was, to make a long story short, that Leslie was given up to his priestly offices by her brother and was incorrigible, and was to make her peace with us whether she would or no, during his absence in Europe. But, poor Beauty, she was more than willing to come.

About a week before her arrival, her father, who was a sort of bishop in the region round about, was besought to spend the next Sunday with a church long without a pastor about twenty miles away, and to administer the sacrament. Chancing to be on the street an Andover student of some repute and, receiving his promise to supply our pulpit, he departed, taking sister Beauty with him for a little visit with friends in the neighborhood of the destitute church, and

as left behind to entertain the minister, the hospitable custom of clergymen's beholds.

had come to be nearly nine o'clock on Friday night, and I had long been turn- over in my mind the name and fame of all the superannuated clergy in town of any orthodox persuasion, in despair of finding a substitute for the non-appearing substitute, when the bell rang vehemently. She slowly came back from answering it, her shoulders thrust back and a quick sweep of her yellow turban at every step, in a conscious mimicry of the stranger,—an ineradicable habit of hers, which sometimes did good service when she had forgotten or pronounced the name of a caller.

It's sure enough quality this time, Miss Dinah: none of those common 'postles which she had an inexplicable prejudice against [among divines]; this yere's St. Mark, and he called after Missie [her unchangeable name for her mamma, whose memory she worshiped]; and Miss Fanny can't have chance for him,

Dinah, you grow absurder every day; do you call the gentleman St. Mark? His name is Mr. Charles,"—for so it was inscribed in plain script on the card she had covered with a final dislocating toss of her head. It was idle at any time to attempt to trace Dinah's analogies. I hastened into the parlor, puzzling over the name: "Mr. Charles? Why, it was Mr. Drury who was to come." When I entered, Dinah's "St. Mark" was critically examining a crayon portrait of his hostess, who had before time to inventory the remarkably broad, square shoulders, the curly brown hair, and with its already familiar toss, and, to the least, the not obtrusively clerical bearing and air of her guest.

"Mr. Charles?" At the sound of my voice the stranger turned suddenly, with as much surprise in his eyes as if I were the intruder; but, after gazing in a bewildered fashion for a moment or two, recovered himself sufficiently to say:

"Miss Draper, I presume. Mr. Drury, who was to supply Dr. Draper's pulpit to-morrow, was taken suddenly sick to-day as we were walking together in Boston, and I could not be able to leave his room for some time. He sent me—that is—I came to fill my engagement as far as possible. I think it would be as well,—it would be better if I should go to the Merrimack House and spend Sunday. I simply came here because Mr. Drury assured me that I was ex-

pected—that the clergyman was expected at Dr. Draper's."

Now, here was a new type of young minister. I was familiar with the shyness of the recluse, the insoluble dignity of the magnifier of his office, the more awful sprightliness and condescension of the "lady-killer," and, I am happy also to say, with not a few specimens of more agreeable orders; but here was obviously a well-bred man,—“sure enough quality,” as Dinah had affirmed,—rendered painfully ill at ease by my simple entrance. This was more piquant than pleasing, as I was not sufficiently in the habit of striking terror to men's bosoms to find material for self-flattery in the sensation produced, and, indeed, the expression of "St. Mark's" face was rather that of annoyance than admiration. However, I had been a minister's daughter far longer than I had been a woman, and was able to say coldly, but, I am informed, with the irresistible authority of a tragedy queen:

"Of course not, Mr. Charles. Sit down, please. Clergymen always stay at our house under such circumstances. Is Mr. Drury seriously ill?"

With an air of immense relief, Mr. Charles launched upon the subject of Mr. Drury's past, present, and future.

In spite of pique and perplexity, I soon became thoroughly interested in the story of this homeless, friendless genius, and religious enthusiast, who, poor as poverty, but with the instincts and self-respect of the "bluest" blood, had declined, not ungraciously but positively, all charity-crutches, and made his own way, slowly but honorably, through preparatory schools, and the university, and was now nearly ready for the foreign missionary service to which he had been self-devoted for fifteen struggling years.

"He has positively but one weakness," affirmed the enthusiastic *raconteur* at last, "and that has to do with his sentiment toward women. He had no sister or cousin, not even the memory of a mother, and has actually never spent a half-hour in a lady's company, and yet no knight of chivalry ever approached the ardor of devotion which burns in his breast for his ideal."

"Did I understand you to say 'weakness,' Mr. Charles?" asked I.

"Yes, weakness,"—with a disarming smile—"not the sentiment, if you please, but its investiture of hazy romance and impossible glory. He actually goes mooning about, in expectation that a divine maid will bid him hail from out some cloud or magic wood,

and yet, at the same time, perfectly understands and acquiesces in the fact that the entire Missionary Board are mousing among the corridors of various female seminaries, and the sewing societies of every New England parish, in search of the inevitable commonplace Mrs. Drury, who will sail with him, sure as fate, next October. And he consents to this unrighteousness in the most simple, dutiful, matter-of-fact manner; offering oblation with one hand to his ideal, and actually writing letters with the other to some unknown female 'highly recommended by Secretary ——,' as he calmly assures me. Indeed, I think he was intending to meet her face to face next week, if this blessed sickness hadn't mercifully interposed."

This profanation of matrimony was one of my pet antipathies, and its discussion with the sympathetic "St. Mark" might have been too prolonged, if my official instinct hadn't recalled me.

"By the way, Mr. Charles, our chorister has already called twice for your list of hymns, and I promised he should have them before breakfast to-morrow. Will you select them, please?"

It is amazing how vacant an intelligent face can instantly become under favorable circumstances! Mr. Charles exhibited this phenomenon beautifully, so that I really should not have been surprised had "anon" issued from his parted lips. But I knew my duty, and brought pencil and paper, and the old Church Psalmody—peace to its ashes!—and presented them with the reassuring remark that we sang six times during the two services. Thereupon ensued an awkward silence, and a more awkward manipulation of the poor book, until I pitifully proposed that, as he was apparently unfamiliar with that selection of hymns, he should bring forth his sermons and give me their subjects to be fitted as the old hymnal and I could agree. After some hesitation and playful parryings, the young man frankly confessed that the sermons were as yet slumbering in the depths of his moral consciousness, although he had fixed with more or less definiteness upon the themes!

It was my turn now to look bereft of reason.

Extemporaneous preaching was far less common in those days than now, and one who has never "felt the halter draw" cannot in the least comprehend the horrible fear of failure—failure in my father's pulpit—which oppressed me at the spectacle of this debon-

nair youngster, as he smilingly announced that he "hadn't the remotest idea what he should preach about to-morrow!" I gasped with dismay as my fancy painted the probable effect of the novel experiment upon certain typical faces in the congregation which I was wont to watch furrowed from that coigne of vantage, "the parson's pew."

Mr. Charles's smile faded under my gaze, and his old embarrassment returned.

"You obviously haven't much confidence in my powers, Miss Draper, and I do not think it strange. I haven't myself. If you will tell me of some clergyman in town to whom I can apply, you will make me perfectly happy."

This was cheerful. I hurriedly assured Mr. Charles that I had already canvassed the city in mental agony before his arrival, finding no possible substitute except a certain clergyman of the —— —— persuasion, excellent good, but whose intellectual capacity may be inferred from the fact that he had recently applied at a druggist's for "a couple of ounces of caloric," which remedy had been recommended for his rheumatic afflictions.

With this we returned to our Psalmody, and by the help of "opening," "closing," and "general" hymns, the formidable volume was made ready. We grew once more comfortable and chatty over the hymn-book, and by a natural transition my transportation of enthusiasm for the Brownings was suggested, and when Mr. Charles had solemnly shaken hands with me in token of like feelings, he proceeded to draw out from the pocket where a well-filled sermon-case ought to have been, a new volume, and began to read from it that of which I had only heard tantalizing whispers heretofore—"Some Sermons from the Portuguese."

The mercilessly clear bells of the vaulted "Corporations" rang out eleven, and the spell was broken—the spell of the most perfect of "pure womanly" love-poems, shattered by what I still think the most musical voice in the world.

I started up with an exclamation at the lateness of the hour, and somewhat summarily substituted a Bible for the beguiling brown book in the reader's hand, with a glance to me, most familiar of household words, "We will have prayers now, please." "No," he had said we will now dance a saraband. St. Mark could not have looked more dismayed, anxiously inquiring—even horrified. But as I was sitting expectant, and if at

sted witness's testimony can be received, fully rigid and judicial," the young man used back and forth through the Bible as if were as new to him as he had confessed



"WE WILL HAVE PRAYERS NOW, PLEASE."

Church Psalmody to be, and at lastammered out :

"Shall I read—shall I read anything in secular?"

"Papa reads a psalm at night;" and a slim read papa's enigmatical successor, one the bloodthirstiest (the psalm, I mean) as happened, and, as he shut the book, gazed me with an accession of beseeching inquiry in his eyes. I made a slight inclination of my hostess's head, as if to say to this finishing creature that I had no idea of relieving him of any part of his priestly office, and then knelt, as I had been used to do at daily worship every night and morning of my life.

Awful silence ensued, but I, of course, felt on, not knowing what better to do; and at last he who had so readily lent to the name of the poet the music of his voice, and could talk so fluently on every theme (aside from his profession), faltered out the Lord's Prayer—only this and nothing more—and we both arose from our knees in depressed spirits, and ill enough at ease, although the oddness of the situation was very inadequately realized at the time, by me at least. Now, I confess, I grow red under my curls every time I think of the tableau then and there presented, and should I see reproduced in this final quarter of the century by my daughter, or any other girl of the period, and any youth whatsoever, I could think it preposterous.

A little solitary damsel of nineteen on one side of the table, and a big, handsome stranger of twenty-three, whose person, character,

and antecedents were utterly unknown to her and all her friends, on the other, all alone in the house, except Dinah asleep in the third story,—having prayers "together" after this very homely Darby-and-Joan fashion!

Yet my occupancy of my mother's place had been so unavoidable, and became, through daily, hourly, and yearly custom, so much a matter of course, that I only vaguely felt its incongruity with my young maidenhood even then in the presence of Mr. Charles's obvious uneasiness.

I am confident that our clerical guests also ordinarily accepted the situation as not at all singular; and I fancy I must have had a prematurely aged and semi-maternal air, for I know the young theologues often grew quite confidential, and received much excellent counsel from my wise lips.

On Sunday morning Mr. Charles seemed to have recovered his self-possession and spirits, although, as afterward appeared, he had, thanks to my distrust of his improvising talent, spent most of the night upon his sermons.

He suffered a brief relapse when I bowed him into the solitary chair opposite mine at the foot of our tête-à-tête breakfast-table and bade him "ask a blessing;" but, on the whole, affairs went very well, much as they were used to go in papa's exchanges, only there was a peculiar thrill of excitement, altogether new and strange, partly owing to the uncertainty as to what St. Mark might possibly do next.

Morning prayers were more successful than our vespers had been. Mr. Charles had obviously "found his place" in anticipation, and his prayer was of more canonical length and originality, possibly because he was re-assured by black Dinah's matronly presence.

He abounded, however, in phrases from the Prayer-Book, and I was thankful to notice did not put up any of those minutely personal petitions in behalf of "thy young servants," with which Fanny and I were often affronted at the mouths of divinity babes and sucklings.

My fears in regard to the substitute's public services were quieted very soon after we entered the church. I had thoroughly drilled him in the order of exercises, which seemed his weakest point, and his prayers, though singularly brief and formal, were unexceptionable; but when the sermon began

he was thoroughly self-possessed, and apparently quite at home. The congregation all agreed with me, I believe, in finding Mr. Charles's sermons delightfully fresh, original, and exhaustive studies of character, and, as I came out of church, I was questioned on all sides as to who and whence he was.

Sunday evening in the parsonage was like unto Saturday, only even more abundant in pleasant conversation and studies from the Portuguese, as there chanced to be a "union service" at one of the other churches, at which neither the minister nor I felt bound to assist. So it was more surprising than gratifying when, shortly after the nine o'clock bells had rung, my companion rose and, offering his hand, said: "Will you excuse me, please, if I say good-night," and vanished from my sight.

In coming down Monday morning a little late, I noticed that the door of the guest-room was open, and that Mr. Charles's hat and coat were not in the hall. Supposing him to have gone out for a morning walk, although Dinah declared the street door had not been heard to shut since her early rising, I waited some time, and then sent to his room. Dinah returned with the announcement that St. Mark and all his belongings had gone.

In anything but a peaceful frame of mind, I sat down at my lonely breakfast-table (which was always laid, so far as china and silver went, the night before), and mechanically poured the coffee.

As I was trying to help myself to sugar (the frequency of which indulgence on my part had been remarked by my late visitor), I became suddenly conscious of a portentous lump in the bowl—nothing less than a three-cornered note, which read as follows:

"MISS DRAPER: I can never forgive myself for the last two days, which yet are, and must always be, the most delightful memory of my life. I dare not ask you to pardon my despicable offense (the nature of which I can but hope will always be concealed from you); but now that the only atonement possible to me is to withdraw from your hospitality [*'precious hospitality,'* he had written, but laboriously erased the adjective], I pray you to remember as leniently as possible your miserably repentant
"SUNDAY VISITOR."

I turned it up and I turned it down; I gazed into the milk-pitcher and into the coffee-pot in frantic pursuit of further communications from my incoherent correspondent. Wild terrors as to the possible color and dimensions of his mysterious offense swept over me. Wolves in sheep's clothing,

fascinating impostors and insinuating beglars were not absolutely unknown even those days. And yet, when Dinah, forgetting her admiration, proceeded to count spoons and search the closets, and lay open the bureau drawers, I resented the aspersions as if the fugitive had not been an inexplicable enigma to myself.

My father and sister did not return until Tuesday afternoon. Fanny came up alone from the station, saying that papa had gone around by the post-office. He was very late in coming home, and it appeared to me he had found a long epistle from Mr. Charles, which had sent him down to Mr. —'s counting-room for consultation with his parishioner and confidential adviser.

The cross-examination to which I submitted in St. Mark's behalf was intolerable. So closely did papa press his inquiries that Heaven forgive me!—I actually began to suspect him, for the first time, of clerical jealousy.

"Well, Bertha, you seem to have been much bewitched as the rest of the people with the new preacher."

"He preached two of the best sermons ever heard from that pulpit," I responded pertly.

"John the Baptist's magnanimity was the subject in the morning," Mr. — said. "How did he treat it?"

I gave a remarkably full report for my part, and my undutiful doubt of my father was rebuked by the heartiness with which he exclaimed now and then: "Capital!" "Admirably put!" "Andover, Princeton, and New Haven combined couldn't improve upon that," etc., etc., and finally: "It is a great pity that his ministerial career is likely to be so brief."

Papa was also unnaturally curious as to domestic affairs during Mr. Charles's stay, and when I chanced to mention incidentally that he hadn't seemed specially at home at the family altar, I regret to say that Mr. Draper went off in an exceedingly jolly mood of laughter, highly unbecoming his dress and the subject, and stubbornly refused to explain himself, although Fanny joined her entreaties to mine. Neither would he vouchsafe a word in regard to the contents of the letter he had received, except to say at last:

"I am astonished that you at least, Bertha, should urge me to betray what the gentleman himself begs me particularly to keep from you. But I will preserve the letter to you; and if you are as eager about it, say twenty years from now, you shall read it."

read it before twenty weeks were over, not until I had ceased to have much curiosity in regard to the subject, although I will preserve the document.

There was little need of father's cautious suggestion, that we should not introduce Mr. Charles's name in general conversation, for Fanny had only heard of him through a guarded report, and I was quite too sensitive in the matter to do more than parry as quickly as possible any chance allusions to the eloquent preacher.

As I am not writing a sensational novel, perhaps the burden of St. Mark's letter, and the head and front of his offending, had better be revealed at this point.

"BOSTON, May —, 185—.

Rev. Dr. DRAPER,

LOWELL, MASS.

MY DEAR SIR: I have the miserable confession to make to you, that I have stolen into your pulpit on your home on false pretenses. I can only tell you the ugly facts, and leave it to your well-known ability to discern the very slightly extenuating circumstances attending them. Business at the Misery-House brought my friend Drury to Boston on Saturday last, and, as we were walking down Washington street together, he suddenly fell upon the sidewalk in a dead faint. I had him carried at once to the Marlboro' and called a physician, who, after careful examination, declared the attack to be owing to inadequate nourishment and intense mental application. Again and again he lost consciousness; but, whenever he rallied, he was painfully agitated by the thought of the breach of his engagement with yourself, and his effort to devise some remedy. I assured him that I would find a substitute, and went to various places in the city, where, as he suggested, I might find or hear of some available man. I made three attempts in vain; but, when I reported this to my friend, it excited him so dangerously, that I determined that whatever happened, he should be at ease on that score, and said I would go out again on my quest. But it was by that time so late on Saturday that everybody was engaged or otherwise out of reach, and I turned away from Dr. Kirk's door with such despair in my face, that that sympathetic divine said: 'It really seems, as if you would have to go yourself!'

"Now, this instigation of the arch-adversary could have taken no root had I not met the physician in the office of the hotel as I returned, and learned that his patient was so intensely apprehensive as to the result of this my last effort in his behalf, that he must be re-assured at all hazards, or the consequences might be fatal to the over-wrought brain and spent body. Thinking only of this, we went up to his room together, and I had the satisfaction of seeing his frenzy abate as I declared: 'It is all right; there's a first-rate fellow going up on the next train; Dr. Kirk recommended him. Now, you just go to sleep. I have to go out of town to spend Sunday, but Dr. — has the room next yours, and will take the best care of you.'

"I had only time to run home for my traveling-bag and catch the last train for your city. My heart

failed me more than once by the way, but there seemed nothing to be done but go straight forward. I should have stopped at the hotel, but Mr. Drury had been very strenuous in his directions that his substitute should report at once at Dr. Draper's, where various instructions would be given him; and, to tell the truth, I had the vision before my fancy of a benign, compassionate, elderly Mrs. Draper, with whom, perhaps, I might venture to throw off my false pretenses, and by whose aid some way of escape might yet offer.

"You can possibly imagine something of my dismay when I was received instead by your daughter, and began to realize the sacrifice to which I seemed helplessly committed. I made some floundering attempts to deliver myself even then, but so evident was it that should I fail to put in an appearance, your pulpit must be empty, and my poor friend Drury disgraced in his own eyes, and so impossible did it seem to expose myself to your daughter's just indignation, that I silenced my scruples and yielded to the delight which Miss Draper's dignified, yet most friendly hospitality afforded. You will do me the justice to believe that I did not know until late on Sunday morning that your family was so small, or I should not have been so rude as to intrude upon Miss Draper's solitariness, and by that time, I must confess, it had become so delightful to me to remain, that I presumed upon the evidently accepted custom.

"Forgive me, if I seem to magnify my offense against your family, above that against your sacred office. The truth is, that as my associations have been heretofore altogether with the Episcopal Church, my notions of the conduct of other denominational services were very crude, and it was only when I found myself about to offer audible prayer in public, that my consciousness of the impiety of my impudently came home to me.

"I glanced down at Miss Draper and met such a troubled look in response to my almost agonized gaze, that I instantly determined that she at least should be spared, so far as I was able to shield her, any wound to her sweet piety and beautiful loyalty to you and your official interests. So, rallying all my courage and force, I prayed and preached as well perhaps as a law student of my caliber could be expected to do, but you will readily believe that I can never have a sharper trial of nerve than that Sunday's service cost me.

"And now, if I dared ask a favor of one so deeply wronged, I should beg you to withhold the fact of my criminal masquerade from Miss Draper, for, although, when my avenging conscience drove me from your house in the early dawn of Monday morning, I yielded to irresistible impulse and wrote a little note, telling her I was a worthless scamp, yet it would kill me should she know how I had wronged her ['ever-precious' again carefully erased] hospitality. And if the time should ever come when your righteous anger at my impious presumption should soften so that you could tell her that my, to her, unknown crime was born of ignorance and compassion for a suffering friend, it would be the best hope possible to

"Your obedient servant,

"CHARLES WINTHROP.

"P. S.—I gave my first name only to Miss Draper, but I am the unworthy son of Endicott Winthrop, of Boston. Any reparation possible, or any public acknowledgment which you may ordain, it is my earnest desire to render at once. C. W."

It seems that papa, after the consultation with his friend of which I have already spoken, wrote Mr. Winthrop a rather stately letter, without reproaches, however,—which would have been superfluously cruel,—informing him that it was not thought advisable to proclaim his unlicensed craft upon the housetops, since it was evident that the offense was not likely to be repeated, and so condoning, in this case, seemed less dangerous than open confession.

And thus "St. Mark" was "numbered with the aborigines before the Flood" (according to the disposition which old Deacon — habitually made of departed brethren in his conference-room prayers), and in all human probability, his vehement protestations to the contrary notwithstanding, would never again have drifted within my field of vision, if it had not been for Leslie Von Tassel. Stephen sailed, and his sister came to us and at once gracefully adapted herself to our simple home life, and, more remarkably, to our complex outside relations.

She became an enthusiast in her attendance upon church and Sunday-school, and conference meetings, and sewing societies, and even volunteered to make parish calls with papa, until we, who were to the manner born, and not always gushing in our delight over these trite old duties, were altogether distanced by this fresh little zealot.

About a month after "St. Mark's" meteoric vanishing, father was absent in attendance upon "the General Convention," when a letter arrived from Mr. Drury. We opened this, as we were accustomed to deal with father's letters, most of which we had also to answer, and found the contents of such peculiar interest that I am glad to find it preserved among dear papa's papers, and to be able to give it entire:

"ANDOVER SEMINARY, June —, 185—.

"MY DEAR DR. DRAPER: I have been intending to write to you every day since my convalescence began, but various accumulated duties and anxieties have prevented until now. I wished to express my deep regret at my unavoidable failure to supply your pulpit according to my agreement, and to beg you to send me, if possible, the address of the substitute whom my noble friend Winthrop procured for me. This clergyman, whose name W. inexplicably withholds, hearing of my illness, generously transmitted to me the honorarium received from your Committee of Supply (passing in munificence customary fees, so far as my own experience goes), which I reluctantly accepted in order to lighten somewhat Winthrop's own charges for my expensive illness, which he, with more than a brother's tenderness, assumed.

"But while I seek to accept as freely as it is offered this loving-kindness of a tried friend (in whom I can find no fault, save that he will not be

persuaded to devote his rare talents to our sacred profession), yet I confess it irks me to receive bounty from a stranger without opportunity for acknowledgment. I hope that you and yours found my substitute (a protégé of Dr. Kirk's, as I understood at the time, but Dr. K. now disclaims all knowledge of him) far more acceptable in his ministrations than I could have been, and that therefore my illness inflicted no injury upon you.

"And now, my dear sir, will you suffer me to submit to your well-known kindness of heart and wisdom of judgment a personal matter?

"I am, as you are aware, appointed to missionary work in —, and am to sail, D. V., in October next, with no wish ever to leave the field until God shall call me to Himself. It is according to precedent, and in every way desirable, that a missionary who goes to his field for life should not go alone. It has never been my privilege to be thrown into friendly intercourse with any lady. Even a mother's kiss is but a dream to me, the sweetest dream my fancy can compass; yet I have an impression, which I dare not cherish lest it be sinful, that there must be somewhere in the world, not only many women, good, tender, and true, but *the woman*—made for me as truly as was Eve for Adam—with whom alone I could be perfected in human happiness. I have for months made this the burden of daily prayer, and while preaching a sermon in Groton the Sunday before I was taken ill, from the text, "*Ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you,*" great freedom of utterance was granted me, and a sudden conviction sprang up in my heart that a believing son might ask even a so purely personal blessing as a helpmate at His hands without fear of disdain—perhaps with assurance of hope. But, as yet, no guiding light is vouchsafed me.

"I hope I am not stubborn and rebellious in this thing. Indeed, when kind friends have planned for me interviews with estimable females not averse to missionary work, I have invariably performed my part without conscious prejudice, and I think with an honest hope of mutual satisfaction. However, up to this date, all these schemes have, for one reason or another, come to naught.

"I have just returned from a trip into the country, whither I went to see a lady, to whom Dr. — had mentioned me, and proposed our correspondence. We had already exchanged two or three letters before my illness, and during that interim of enforced rest it occurred to me before resuming the correspondence to go to her place of residence in hope that Providence would grant me an opportunity of unsuspected observation. As soon as I was able to travel, accordingly I carried out this plan. On inquiry, I found that the lady was boarding at the village inn, and as I arrived, just as the dinner-gong had sounded, I begged the landlord to tell me which of the guests was Miss Smith. He pointed to the extreme end of the table, where sat two ladies, and said: 'That's her next to Mrs. Jones.' I sought a seat as near them as possible, and it was, I confess, with profound relief and, I fear, unworthy self-gratulation, that I dismissed Mrs. Jones from my particular consideration, and welcomed the fact that her companion was comely in person, and pleasant-voiced.

"Fragments of their animated conversation came to me, and she evinced not only intelligence (which Dr. —'s recommendation and her own excellent letters had given me the right to expect), but a graciousness of speech which was in marked contrast to the manner of the matron at her side. I fear I was guilty of compassionating Mr. Jones.

favorably was I impressed, that my intention were reconnaissance, from which I should with-
 un- seen, was overborne, and no sooner had the
 left the table than I set up my name to Miss
 with a request for an interview, which I
 with increasing emotion, in the public par-
 a short time the two ladies came down-
 together, both dressed for walking; but, to my
 ment, my Miss Smith went out the street
 with a pleasant good-bye to her companion,
 came into the parlor with an embarrassedly
 manner, perhaps not unnatural under the cir-
 cumstances. As she approached I rose and said:
 Mrs. Jones, I believe; will Miss Smith return,
 she prefer to see me at her school-room?
 The interlocutor looked bewildered, as well she
 for, as you will have already divined was
 to happen, she exclaimed:
 Why, are you not the Rev. Mr. Drury? I am
 with. My friend Mrs. Jones has gone over
 her husband's drug store to take his place while
 she goes to dinner.
 I sat with this she seated herself in a remote
 of the room.

My dear sir, you cannot conceive the agony of
 moment. It was only after a spiritual struggle,
 well-nigh overwhelmed my still feeble frame,
 was able to crucify self. I hope it is not pre-
 cious for me to say that I then and there per-
 formed an act of surrender to God's will such as my
 business had never known before. How long
 elapsed I can only guess; I partially recovered
 on hearing my companion say in a magiste-
 rian manner: 'At Dr. _____'s earnest request I
 allowed myself to enter into a correspondence
 with you, Mr. Drury, with a view to further ac-
 currence.'

There followed a silence which I felt in my honor
 as a man and a Christian must be broken by myself,
 at in one way; so I said, not daring to raise
 my voice lest my strength should again fail: 'Yes,
 Miss Smith, and having just recovered from an ill-
 ness which interrupted our correspondence, I have
 a person to thank you for the honor and the
 kindness you have thereby shown me,
 _____' I stopped here to consider how far
 truthfulness would allow me to go beyond



A SPIRITUAL STRUGGLE.

When Miss Smith in her turn took up the
 conversation, but in a new tone, hesitating, and so
 more gentle, that I involuntarily looked at her,
 and her face quite softened by a womanly
 and her eyes suffused with tears. I was
 overcome with remorse at the thought that my cold
 and cutting manner had wounded her sensibilities;
 after wrestling again with my inner self, was
 able to urge the desirableness of more intimate
 acquaintance, when she faltered out:

"Mr. Drury, I owe you a most humble apology
 for suffering this to go so far. I had not heard from
 you for some time, and I had no thought of your
 leaving Andover at this season, and—and, in short,
 I had really forgotten how far I was committed to
 you, and—and the truth is—I have made other ar-
 rangements. The Principal of our Academy has
 persuaded me that his motherless family offers a
 field for all my missionary fervor, and we are to be
 married during the summer vacation.'

"My dear Dr. Draper, I am not ashamed to say
 that I burst into tears. I could hardly command
 myself sufficiently to make re-assuring replies to Miss
 Smith's apologies and regrets, and the moment the
 Academy bell had called her from me, I threw my-
 self on my knees even in that public room, and
 thanked God with all my heart.

"Now, can you honestly comfort me with the
 assurance that I am not sinfully self-indulgent and
 stiff-necked in determining that I will never run
 such a risk again after this miraculous interposition?

"In short, to what degree has a Christian mis-
 sionary the right to consult his own natural tastes
 and inclinations in the choice of his wife?

"Pardon my long letter on matters so personal.
 I throw myself upon your compassions, *for reproof,*
for correction, for instruction in righteousness, as you
 shall see my need to be.

"I am, yours respectfully,

"SAMUEL DRURY."

Fanny and I read this letter but laid it
 aside; of course to be answered by papa's
 own pen. As I remember, we said little
 about it to each other; but it seems that it
 made a very different impression upon my
 sister than I received from it. Fanny was
 much younger than I and full of fun, seeing
 always the ludicrous side of a thing first;
 and besides, she had not heard Mr. Charles's
 pathetic story of Mr. Drury's life of singular
 isolation and heroic self-development, and
 the candid simplicity and sublime, if mis-
 taken, self-sacrifice of the letter quite es-
 caped her. Without my knowledge, and
 with no thought of possible harm, she re-
 hearsed the epistle to Leslie, with sundry
 unconscious interpolations and flourishes of
 her own, and thereby hangs a tale.

As I have said, Leslie, during the first
 weeks of her life in the parsonage, had iden-
 tified herself so thoroughly with us that we
 often forgot entirely that she had been so
 recently grafted in, and nothing grieved her
 more than any recognition on our part of
 the fact that she could not be expected to
 be intensely interested in minute details of
 our past and present family history and
 parochial affairs.

Papa's "sweet reasonableness" of speech,
 which, I regret to say, was oftener admired
 than imitated by his daughters, carried Les-
 lie captive, and wrought a noticeable change
 in her demurely saucy tongue, until we, that
 had begun with fearing lest her keen sense

of the ridiculous might work us woe in the occasional exhibitions of patronage, harmless absurdity, and mischievous meddling, which are among the perquisites of a minister's family all the world over, ended with admiring her self-restraint and all-conquering tact under trying circumstances.

But, as the summer came on, Leslie's spirit flagged, and strange symptoms manifested themselves. She went out alone at twilight for long walks, refusing all companionship, and at last could scarcely be coaxed outside the gate at all. Her nerves seemed painfully sensitive; the mere ringing of the door-bell, which, in the house of a city pastor (who is at the same time chairman of the school committee, trustee of two or three seminaries, and secretary of various benevolent societies), must be frequent, invariably startled her, so that she would at last even fly up to her own room at the mere click of the gate. I more than once found her in tears, and her appetite became slight and fickle.

Her brother's letters were not too frequent; and, indeed, he had already intimated that his travels might be indefinitely extended, and she had best make as agreeable arrangements as were possible in her own behalf; but she had learned long before to lean lightly upon him, and, when we had charged her with homesickness, had protested so earnestly, that we could not doubt that never, in all her lonely life, had she felt so blessedly at home as with us.

Fortunately, papa's vacation was at hand, and when I was suddenly inspired, probably by a letter or two from Dr. Todd, to exclaim: "I go a-fishing to the Adirondacks," Leslie, even more eagerly than the others, cried: "I go with thee," and we went. Ah, you may well believe it something worth to have seen that now overthronged and world-bedusted paradise in its dewy bloom, undespoiled by the fatal trail of the Saratoga trunk.

But it is enough for our present purpose to say that early in August, after sundry changes of car and boat and a drive of forty miles straight into the heart of the mountains, we were set down at Colonel Baker's inimitable inn. Inimitable indeed! with plump deer prancing into the oven from the forest in the rear, and silvery trout leaping into the very frying-pan from the Saranac River at the front! Here, too, had fire-escapes and ventilation reached a perfection unattainable by all modern improvements. A baby's hand could have thrown down

every partition, and through friendly offices above and around we were "visited" night by troops of stars."

Early the next morning, after a delectable breakfast, we went on to Martin's, at the head of the Lower Saranac, where we were introduced to the Natty Bumpo of that region—he was surnamed Moody in a day, and to Wood, the gallantest of caterers and chamberlains, who were to "carry" and "keep" us all at the modest charge of \$1.50 per diem! It was tasking to wit and skill to stow away into their two-gigle boats ourselves and our impedimenta consisting of bales of robes, blankets, wraps, and an immense barrel—a tierce, more technically correct, I believe—of bright vermilion hue, wherein were bags of flour, corn meal, coffee, sugar, crackers, and pork enough for the commissariat of a battalion. Do not scowl, fair ignoramus! to every woodsman and even woodswoman there comes a time when venison and tripe, mutton, and pork, more especially "frizzled" pork, is the sweetest cate imaginable. I regret to say that the blazing tierce, which was our pride and hope, was not appreciated in those parts, and was only admitted to the boat after demonstration of its stoutness and remarkable powers of revolution, together with papa's promise to exert



DR. DRAPER'S PROMISE.

his feet upon it in all "carries," and we then continued to excite mirth and irreverent profanity from the guides.

As I have said, I cannot suffer myself to discourse on the glories of the scenery and our ecstatic delight as we passed down the "Lower," through the "Round," and up the "Upper" Saranac. There were a dozen different islands and mainland nooks which seemed each in its distracting turn the *plus ultra* of camping-grounds, until, in

of choice, we resigned ourselves to our guides, who knew every least shrub and rock of both shores, and every "carry," and every lily-pad and reed of the watery high-

They, with wise consideration of black-flies and mosquitoes, chose an island, and with an eye to certain table luxuries which neither our tierce nor their still more comprehensive little tin-kettles (as magical in their way as Signor Blitz, his hat) could supply, selected that particular island, which lay only a mile away from the hut of a woodsman, whose wife beguiled her solitude by the management of a miniature dairy—thanks to the one cow within a range of ten acres and more.

After we had disembarked, scarcely an hour elapsed before our guides (with ignorant and fitful essays by ourselves, "something between a hindrance and a help," as Wordsworth has it) had felled two or three trees, cleared away the undergrowth, pitched up two tents, unpacked our stores, made fires of soft odorous boughs, kindled a brave fire, boiled the kettle, brewed coffee, "stirred up" and baked before the fire a pan of biscuits, and stewed some jerked venison which came out of one of their little enchanted kettles, all of which savory dishes they proceeded to serve on a table also of their own clever handiwork, and we to eat and drink therefrom what we all pronounced the best supper of our lives.

"That our blessed island must have a name we had all declared the moment we took possession, but the "Eden," and "Isola Bella," and "Clear-Comfort," and "Treasure-Trove," and what not, which each suggested, seemed to the whole inadequate. But, when papa finally looked about over the snug quarters with all their canny conveniences for our comfort, which the guides had so rapidly created out of this "sportive wood run wild," he christened it "Camp Gumption," to our horror; but Camp Gumption it remained, against all protest.

Several days and nights of indescribable rest and delight followed,—long boat-rides, explorations on the main-shore, up the Rack-tuck River, Long Lake, and along the Indian Trail, with essays in deer-driving by torch-light, fire-light chats, and games, and slugs, and invigorating sleep on our luxurious beds—those beds which sister Fanny had interpreted to her the otherwise meaningless phraseology of the hymn,—“carried up to the skies on flowery beds of ease.”

One morning, as we damsels had formi-

dable arrears of letter-writing, we decided to stay "by the stuff" while our braves went to the hunting-grounds, to which they the more readily assented because the larder needed supplies, and we were too tender-hearted or cowardly to be helpful in the real business of the chase. So papa, with the two guides, took the larger boat, as soon as Camp Gumption was tidied for the morning, and left us to our fate until sunset.

We had long been accustomed to unlocked doors, and, indeed, no doors at all, and had no more apprehension of any conceivable danger in our unmanned condition, than has an infant in its mother's arms. Indeed, I have never in all my life, since that blessed summer, been so hapless as to lose that which I then and there gained,—a vivid consciousness that the Heavenly Father is not a God afar off, but the "Lover of Souls," brooding over us with a tender delight, infinitely surpassing all human loves. And to Leslie it brought a transformation too sacred for detail in such a chronicle as this.

Our day passed very swiftly. Late in the afternoon, Leslie, whose spirits had revived the moment we had left civilization behind us, and who was now equal to the longest "carries" and wildest tramps, suddenly announced the purpose to go and seek her fortune.

There was a little gem of an island about one-third of a mile above us, which she averred had been her secret aim for days. Her fancy was to row herself out to this island, and remain long enough in solitary possession to enable her to appreciate in some degree Robinson Crusoe's tragic fate. In vain we protested, offering ourselves to retire to the outer rim of our own island or even to betake ourselves to the boat, leaving her monarch of all she surveyed from Camp Gumption. Go she would, and go she did. We watched her anxiously as she put out from the shore, for, although we all had daily practice with the oars, yet no one of us had ventured alone beyond the watch and reach of our natural protectors. But her progress was safe, though slow, and we at last saw her, after circling the island in apparent search for the best landing, come around again to the southern side and cautiously paddle up into a little cove, and pull herself in by the overhanging shrubbery, and finally disappear behind it.

Two hours passed, and we had often turned the field-glass toward the mysterious island in hope that the child had wearied

of her whim, but no token of her return appeared.

At last Fanny, whose watch it chanced to be, dropped the glass with a little shriek of terrified surprise. I caught it up to discover for myself what she seemed incapable of explaining, and, to my mingled amazement and distress, saw Leslie seated in the boat, and the figure of a MAN standing in the bow and pushing off from the shore. We had agreed upon a signal of distress to be displayed on either side in case of necessity (what we boatless ones could have done in Leslie's behalf, however sore her need, does not appear), but no glimpse appeared of the white handkerchief, which surely ought to flutter aloft under such appalling circumstances as the apparition of a man! Not a single human figure had intruded upon our privacy during all the days of our sojourn, so that we had forgotten the possibility of an invasion from the world.

Our intense curiosity may be imagined as we watched the little boat's return, somewhat more energetically pulled than on its outward voyage. Sister Fanny and I went down in solemn silence to the shore to meet the prodigal and her mysterious oarsman. He proved to be a tall, thin youth, whose singular refinement of face at once relieved our vague alarms. The guest lifted his straw hat to us deferentially, but Miss Von Tassel was provokingly silent during the landing. When her companion had deposited her safely on dry land, and fastened the boat, she nonchalantly remarked:

"You see, girls, I was quite right about that Juan Fernandez Island, and I have brought away man Friday in proof of my divination. Mr. Friday, these are the other Miss Crusoes; pray do your duty, girls, for Mr. Friday is hungry even to cannibalism, having been forsaken by his savage companions, and only saved from death by my 'crazy freak,' as you cruelly called it."

Mr. Friday laughed pleasantly, and protested that his six o'clock breakfast had luckily been so ample that he might safely hope to survive until supper-time; but when Leslie brought him a cup of cold coffee and some crackers, and proposed to feed him drop by drop unless he should at once prove himself not utterly incapable of self-feeding, he quite eagerly yielded, even to the replenishing of his cup. Leslie was so gay, and the stranger so gentle and agreeable, that my sister and I were soon beguiled out of our first primness, and we were all chatting at once about nothing in particular, and all

pleasing things in general, in the most conventional manner, when suddenly a voice from our other boat, which had come so quietly that we had not observed it, shouted:

"Good gracious, Sam, I had forgot all about you till about half an hour ago! How did you ever get over here?"

My cheeks flamed, and I did not notice the testimony which my eyes next gave me that whatever other game our sportsmen had missed, they, too, had bagged a man. Mr. Friday, who was no other than that implacable offender "St. Mark" himself! The general hub-bub which ensued, explanations were in order. Papa said:

"Bertha, my dear, you remember Mr. Winthrop? Ha! ha! ha! One would think you might! We met him out hunting with our dairy-man, Richards, and he made himself known, to our mutual confusion at first, but we have had a capital afternoon's sport together, and I insisted on his coming back with us to Camp Gumption to divide the spoil and share our supper. He was very troublesome on account of his fear that you had not yet forgiven his escapade, but I assured him it had quite slipped your mind and here he is."

I could not do otherwise than shake hands with Mr. Winthrop; neither could I help remarking that papa had been talking Sam to me, for I had no knowledge of an escapade, forgivable or otherwise, of Mr. Winthrop's, except that he had once treated my breakfast-table with despite, and fled the house at daybreak rather than risk its perils. "Sam," as it appeared Leslie's man Friday was uclept, here interrupted Mr. Winthrop's half-inaudible reply, but very eloquent gaze, by saying:

"Mr. Winthrop, will you be kind enough to explain why you brought me out to perish in the wilderness?—why you saw fit to leave me on a desert island, and never to return with the provisions and the shelter-tent which you went back to Richards's to get?"

"And Mr. Winthrop," said I, "will you be so good as to introduce your friend whom we only know as Miss Leslie Von Tassel's man Friday?"

"Why, Miss Draper, hasn't he introduced himself? This is my friend, Rev. Samuel Drury—the best fellow in the world."

Mr. Drury, instead of responding, as he should, to the little chorus of welcomes which this formal introduction awakened, and to father's apology for not having recognized him in the excitement of the return

such trophies from the chase, gazed at him with a wild air, and maundered at himself:

Leslie Von Tassel! Leslie Von Tassel! Miss Draper, can that really be Miss Von Tassel?"

was at my wit's end, and looked about for Leslie to restore my reeling senses; but, to my further amazement, she was not to be seen.

However, papa, who was too triumphant over his sporting success to notice such minor matters as his daughter's despair, and the epidemic insanity which had fallen upon Camp Gumption, called us all to go with him and inspect the day's trophies where the guides had hung them for safe-keeping, in the sheltered thicket which served as our pantry and refrigerator.

Mr. Drury followed mechanically, but soon drew me aside, and in the most beseeching manner said:

"Miss Draper, I must have an interview with Miss Von Tassel. If you would only go and find her, and tell her that she need not fear that I shall persecute her. It kills me to have her run away from me as if I were a merciless fiend; but really I can't help feeling that she owes me a few minutes' conversation."

"A few minutes' conversation," indeed, after their long co-occupation of the mysterious island and the homeward row! I was so bewildered to do anything more than say: "I will tell Miss Von Tassel what you wish," and walk away in search of her. As I passed Fanny, I stopped a moment, and requested her to pinch me until I had evidence that I was actually awake in a commonplace world, instead of the sport of a fevered dream.

Awake I was, it seemed, so on I went, leaving my sister almost as confused as I; but, no Leslie could I find. In the tent, behind the tent, down on the shore where the wood had screened for us a charming dressing-room, and in all our favorite nestling places, no trace of her appeared. Vague thoughts of calling for help, and dragging me like her body, associated themselves with Mr. Drury's frenzied petitions as I came back toward our tent, still calling her name. Suddenly a smothered voice, as if from the earth beneath, set my heart beating suffocatingly:

"O, Bertha, what shall I do! what shall I do!—are you alone?"

"Leslie Von Tassel, where under heaven are you, and what do you mean by driving me mad?"

"Mad! don't talk of madness to me. Oh, don't—don't go away—here I am, Bertha dear, in this dreadful, musty, fusty, old barrel; come nearer, so I can talk with you. No, no; don't lift the cover any higher; I think I shan't suffocate, and, if I should, perhaps it is the best thing left for a wretch like me to do."



THE DISCOVERY.

Such a wan, frightened little face as peered up at me from beneath the cover of our gorgeous red tierce, which Leslie's tremulous head slightly uplifted! How she had contrived to get in without upsetting it and rolling down into the lake, like the little pig's churn in the "Chinny, chin, chin" nursery tale, I cannot imagine, but there she was bodily. I did not speak, because I was too astounded; and, if the truth must be told—with Mr. Winthrop inhospitably deserted by his proper hostess, while I was away on this literal wild-geese chase—too angry for words.

"Don't, darling, make such awful eyes at me. It is horrible, I know, but I couldn't help it! Really and truly, Bertha, that dreadful creature must be made away with, even if you have to drown him. I shall die, if we ever meet again."

"And he, if you mean your man Friday by 'that dreadful creature,' says he shall die if you don't meet again, and at once! Now, will you have the kindness to tell me what all this dying means? Here you both were as cozy and comfortable together as possible until the others came, and then you suddenly fly off on a tangent and dramatically expire or propose to, at opposite ends of this bewitched island."

"Oh, I know it is dreadful," interrupted Leslie, from out of the depths, "far more dreadful than I can ever tell you!"

This was the last drop. I desperately dragged away the cover; I tipped over the barrel and pulled out my wretched little pig more dead than alive. When I had shaken

and beaten off the various patches of flour, meal, sugar, etc., etc., with which her fluffy tresses and entire dress were diversified, I seated her behind the tent and myself by her, and solemnly said :

"Now, Leslie, I give you five minutes to explain yourself, or I will go and bring Mr. Drury and see what light your combined craziness will throw on all this mystery."

What she told me in her incoherent, broken manner, together with further particulars, which were added afterward in calmer moods, I will now repeat.

On hearing sister Fanny's thoughtless rehearsal and perversion of Mr. Drury's letter to papa, Leslie declared, and saw no reason at the time to deny, that, instigated by the devil, and not having the fear of God before her eyes, she wrote this unknown clergyman a letter which purported to come from one who had been a delighted hearer of the sermon he had preached at Groton (to which he had alluded in writing father), and who could not refrain from expressing her intense gratitude. She further indulged in some apparently restrained self-betraysals; hints of dissatisfaction with her present spiritual status, and of her longings for some trustworthy guide.

I cannot myself conceive of Leslie's doing such an unlady-like deed. Although so young, and for years without the least shadow of restraint, yet, of all girls I ever knew, she seemed least capable of a vulgar frolic or school-girl trick. But once admitting the possibility of the deed, I am sure that it must have been done in the most decorous and beguiling manner, which a man of less sensibility and far more worldly wisdom than Mr. Drury would never have suspected of trickery, or been able to resist. Mr. Drury at least could not withstand her.

Leslie had signed herself Talitha Cumi Pidge, and her letter was dated and posted from Dracut, which, although on the opposite side of the river, was within walking distance from our door. No sooner was the letter beyond recall than her senses returned, and she became wretchedly ashamed of her wicked folly, but she had finally quieted herself with the decision that she would never apply at



TALITHA CUMI PIDGE.

the Dracut Post-Office for a chance answer, and thereby she should at least escape the

knowledge of any ill-effect produced by her missive. But the fates were against her. About a fortnight after she had made this comfortable arrangement with her conscience Fanny, who was reading the morning paper, suddenly exclaimed: "Isn't this odd? You remember how we were talking two or three weeks ago about absurd names, and we would hardly believe papa when he said that one of the members of his first church was named Talitha Cumi Pidge? Well, here it is, in black and white, and that mis-christened creature actually has a letter advertised; but, luckily, it is in the Dracut list." Leslie heard this with conflicting emotions; but at last her curiosity triumphed. Carefully veiled, she crept out of the house furtively that evening and made her way across the long bridge, which was ordinarily a terror to her even by daylight, and secured the letter. It was quite unlike the epistle which she had fancied, of course, for she had totally misconstrued the character of the man from the beginning. It was so simple and genuine, and yet so wise and helpfully suggestive, that it piqued her desire for further correspondence with such a mind, and I am sorry to say half a dozen letters rapidly passed between them in the same clandestine manner on her part. She was all the time restless and miserable in her duplicity, but did not at all realize its double-edged danger until one night she received a letter from her dupe, assuring her that she had won his heart in its entirety, and begging her permission to come and plead his cause in person. He would, if she pleased, request Dr. Draper, whom she must know by reputation, if not personally, to introduce him to her family.

A full consciousness of her ignoble treatment of a stranger, and he a clean-hearted, clear-headed, heavenly-purposed man, overwhelmed her. She dared not ask counsel. Fanny was too young, and I, she was pleased to say, "too awfully calm and righteous," and papa's approbation too indispensable to be sacrificed by confession. So she struggled on alone.

She made a full, humble, abjectly humble, I suspect, statement of the whole affair from its impulsive beginning through all its reckless course, and signed to it her own proud name in full. A week passed, and then came a few words from Mr. Drury, so sublimely magnanimous and compassionate in tone, that the poor sinner was humbled still lower in the dust. He further begged that she would permit the correspondence

to continue, and as early as possible grant him a personal interview. This she absolutely refused, and threw herself on his unmerited mercy to spare her any further communications, which could only intensify her remorse and life-long shame and self-contempt.

Although unbroken silence followed this final letter, yet she had endured agonies of apprehension lest Mr. Drury should come to the parsonage to see papa on some business of his own, if not in actual search for her, and had not a moment's respite from this terror, until we had left town and were safely within the then unfrequented wilds of the Saranac. She further affirmed, and I have no doubt with truth, that she would have been less implacable toward herself had the offense been committed anywhere else than in my father's house, and I suspect I could have more readily forgiven her had it been a freak of her old, idle, lonely life. However, the deed was irrevocably done, and it now only remained to hear how the doers had met, and then to make the best possible disposition of its present complications.

When Leslie had landed on her island she wandered about a little, picking here and there a blossom and some new variety of dainty fern or graceful leaf, and then seated herself to arrange them. While in the midst of this fascinating occupation she looked about for something to give color to her bouquet, and espied not only precisely her desire, realized in amazing sprays of the "checkerberry," lustrous of leaf, and immense and brilliant of fruitage beyond its kind, but on the mossy rock which these beauties surrounded, an open book. She started up in fright, but there was nothing human to be seen, and perfect silence all about her. Thus re-assured, she ventured to examine the book, which proved to be "The Excursion," with no hint of ownership, but abundant pencil-marks, and here and there an annotation. She sensibly concluded that even if the late reader had not left the island, as seemed certain, so small was it in extent, and so ill-adapted for ambushade, she had little to dread from so earnest a disciple of Wordsworth. But her trustful repose was abruptly broken by the sound of a very prolonged yawn, and over on the northern shore the yawner himself slowly uprose from his moss couch, still yawning and stretching his long arms. This interesting pantomime ceased instantly when the performer caught sight of the little lady, who, resisting her first impulse to fly, sat nursing the Wordsworth and eyeing the owner. The face

which looked down upon her was so benignant amid all its sleepy amazement that Leslie was quite at her ease, and calmly remarked:

"I am left till called for on this island, just to play at Robinson Crusoe; but it is quite too good to be true that I have found a man Friday also."

He entered into the situation at once, and, without any troublesome introductions or explanations, they were soon absorbed in a botanical conference—they were both enthusiasts in this science, and he an expert—mingled with Wordsworthian sympathies, which continued until the lengthening shadows reminded Miss Von Tassel that, although this was very romantic and quite congruous with the paradisaical simplicity of life among the Saranacs, yet it behooved her urbane self to return to camp.

But "what's his name, or where's his name," it never occurred to Mr. Drury's unconventional soul to tell; and, as for Leslie, she said she couldn't bear to spoil the idyllic simplicity of the scene by commonplace formalities. Thus it happened that they had spent more than two hours in eager conversation, blessedly ignorant of any previous bond between them, until each heard the other's name announced after their arrival at Camp Gumption.

I spare you the recital of my disciplinary measures with the penitent. They were effectual in bringing her speedily to the point of bathing her tear-stained, befloured, and besugared visage, smoothing her Ophelia-like locks, and appearing at the supper-table in the guise of a rational being. As for me, my self-possession was almost as sorely tasked as was Leslie's; for there sat I, amicably eating salt with the self-accused perpetrator of an unnamed crime against me, who, even while satisfying his noble hunger, gazed deprecatingly at me. To increase my discomfort, papa's hospitality, always prodigal, became positively offensive.

"Now, Mr. Winthrop, we will not take no for an answer. Here it is Saturday night, and what better can you and Mr. Drury do than bring your tent and traps over to Camp Gumption, and at least spend Sunday with us? Your friend is obviously not a well man, and, I beg your pardon—but, my dear fellow, after to-day's experience you can hardly be regarded as the most trustworthy of guardians. The girls will like nothing better than to try their hand at nursing him," etc., etc., etc.

I tried to touch papa warningly beneath

the table, and to catch his eye forbiddingly above it; but the guileful creature, ignorant of the Drury complications, and thinking only that I was needlessly nervous about "St. Mark's" former imposition, skittishly avoided my every effort.

Mr. Winthrop, looking at my anxious, knitted brows, could only parry papa's invitations, and at last, that being no longer possible, he said:

"Nothing could give me greater pleasure than to accept your hospitality, Dr. Draper; but having once offended against your daughter's, I must first have her pardon and permission. Miss Draper, if I understood you aright just now, you know too much, and know too little, about the why and wherefore of my *débüt* as preacher in your church last spring. Will you be so good as to take a little walk with me, and give me opportunity to make full confession?"

Leslie, in terror of being forsaken by me, clutched my dress so beseechingly that I was forced to say:

"If you please, Mr. Winthrop, Miss Von Tassel and I will take you to our favorite rock, and there listen to your defense."

Whereupon, up springs Mr. Drury, saying:

"I can't understand what you mean by your 'preaching,' Winthrop, so you had best add me to the party as *shrift-father*."

It was too late then for poor Leslie to retreat, so on we went almost in silence until we reached the rock, and then the crafty impostor said:

"Miss Von Tassel, I confide my friend Mr. Drury to you, as he ought not to walk a step further after the exposure of the day, and, between you and me [this was in a stage whisper], it is the one aim of my life to keep from him the awful secret which I now wish to impart alone to Miss Draper."

And before the astonished Leslie could recover herself, he had hurried me away, and her knight of the sorrowful countenance had seized the advantage afforded him, and was deep in his plea for sufferance.

As for St. Mark, his story was told in very honest fashion, and the result was, that although I am informed that the invitation I was constrained to add to my father's was of the chilliest, yet he accepted with alacrity and such humility as I have never seen in him since. After the confession, Mr. Winthrop went on to say that his one pulpit effort proved to have demoralized him, physically at least:

"No, thank you, not 'clerical sore-throat,' at all, but general debility, if you please, and

listlessness and disgust at all the world and the inhabitants thereof, with one exception—ahem! Then one day Drury appeared to me utterly run down and miserable; what ailed the boy I have never found out, although it is the first secret he ever kept from me. I saw that he must be saved at once if at all; so I interviewed the Mission people, and got his exile postponed for a year, during which he is to get well, and hear medical lectures, and canvass the State for missionary recruits [poor Leslie! thought I, October will not bring you deliverance after all!] and then I brought him up here. It was fool-hardy to come in without a guide,



A QUOTATION FROM THACKERAY.

although I spent two months here last year, and know the country thoroughly. We were such a disconsolate pair of ghosts that I fancied we should get on more comfortably alone, but I have proved myself a dangerous friend. We rowed over to that island this morning, and were so charmed that we decided we would venture to camp out there (I had been afraid to risk Drury at first in his debilitated state) rather than spend another night in Richards's stifling hut. So back I went for our traps and, as luck would have it, found Richards just starting off on a hunting excursion. I thought it would be a grand idea to surprise Drury with a deer of my own shooting for our housewarming, so off I went. I had excellent luck, and we were just about returning when we encountered your father, and this was at once so confusing and delightful to me, and our sport was so fascinating, that I quite forgot poor Drury till our faces were turned homeward, and then I was base enough to send Richards to his rescue, because I could not resist, etc., etc., etc. And now it certainly must be evident to you that common humanity demands that you should take pity

on Drury at least, and deliver him from the peril of solitary confinement with such a harmful wretch as I. If you will only be so good-natured as to let us accept Dr. Draper's invitation, I will promise——"

"Not to preach?" quoth I.

We dispatched Wood with Mr. Winthrop to be sure that Richards was informed that the islander, whom he had of course failed to find, was not devoured by wild beasts, and to bring extra supplies of butter, milk, etc., for our increased family. At nine o'clock they were back again, and a third tent already gleamed among the dark evergreens, and the blessed patriarch had gathered his family and the stranger within his gate, about the blazing camp-fire, and we all, with quiet faces, but two or three of us with tumultuous hearts, were singing, "Glory to Thee, my God, this night," and bowing our heads under the open heavens while "the saint, the father, prays!"

Having spent a happy Sunday with us (Mr. Drury had obviously been bound over to keep the peace, for Leslie, though very quiet, seemed by no means to long for her

own particular retreat in the red barrel, and to be less miserable, in short, than she deserved), it was quite easy for our guests to stay on and on, and on.

"What came of it?" Well, what usually comes of propinquity between young folk under favoring circumstances, and of manly pertinacity under most circumstances?

"We, others?" Oh, special pleading was even then Mr. Winthrop's forte, and as for myself, I have luckily been re-reading "The Virginians," and chance upon these conveniently transferable words: "*Eh ma fille*, and what did I say? * * * I said yes—that is what I said."

NOTE TO "THE WINTHROP-DRURY AFFAIR."

N. B. The above, it must be remembered, is *Mrs. Winthrop's story*, for which Mrs. Walker is not responsible beyond a certain point. The latter thinks best to affirm furthermore, in her capacity of editor, that the incident of clerical masquerading therein recorded, although an actual fact, was transplanted by Mrs. Winthrop from the place of its nativity for her own purposes, and has not the remotest connection with any Lowell clergyman or pulpit, past or present.

DE LUNATICO.

THE squadrons of the sun still hold
The western hills; their armor glances,
Their crimson banners wide unfold,
Low-leveled lie their golden lances.
The shadows lurk along the shore,
Where, as our row-boat lightly passes;
The ripples, startled by my oar,
Creep, murmuring, under drooping grasses.

Your eyes are downcast, for the light
Is lingering round your face, forgetting
How late it is; for one last sight
Of you the sun delays his setting.
One hand hangs idly from the boat,
While round its white and swaying fin-
gers—
Like half-blown lilies gone afloat—
The amorous water, toying, lingers.

I see you smile behind your book,
Your sunny eyes concealing under
Their drooping lids, a fleeting look,
That's partly fun, and partly wonder
VOL. X.—50.

That I, a man of presence grave,
Who fight for bread 'neath Themis' ban-
ner,
Should, all at once, begin to rave
In this, I trust, Aldrichian manner.

You say our lake is—sad, but true!—
The mill-pond of a Yankee village;
Its swelling shores devoted to
The various forms of kitchen tillage;
That you're no damsel bright and fair,
And I no lover young and glowing,
Just an old, sober, married pair,
Who, after tea, have gone out rowing.

Ah, dear, when memories old and sweet
Have fooled my senses thus, believe me,
Your dark eyes only help the cheat,
Your voice could never deceive me.
I think it well that men, dear wife,
Are sometimes with such madness smitten,
Else little joy would be in life,
And little poetry be written.

A SONG OF THE EARLY AUTUMN.

WHEN in late summer the streams run yellow,
 Burst the bridges and spread into bays;
 When berries are black and peaches are mellow,
 And hills are hidden by rainy haze;

When heavy and hollow the robin's whistle,
 And thick lies the shade in the heat of noon;
 When the air is white with the down o' the thistle,
 And the sky is red with the harvest moon;

When the golden-rod is golden still,
 But the heart of the sun-flower is browner and sadder;
 When the corn is in stacks on the slope of the hill,
 And over the path slides the striped adder:

O then be chary, young Robert and Mary;
 Let no time slip—not a moment wait!
 If the fiddle would play it must stop its tuning,
 And they who would marry must be done with their mooning:
 Mind well the cattle, let the churn go rattle,
 And pile the wood by the barn-yard gate!

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND.—PART II.

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER XIV.

PENCROFF shouted lustily; but no reply was made. He then struck a light and set fire to a twig. This lighted up for a minute a small room, which appeared perfectly empty. At the back was a rude fireplace, with a few cold cinders supporting an armful of dry wood. Pencroff threw the blazing twig on it, and the wood crackled and gave forth a bright light. This revealed a disordered bed, the damp and yellow coverlets proving that it had not been used for a long time; in a corner were two kettles covered with rust, an overthrown pot, and a cupboard with a few moldy sailor's clothes; on the table, a tin plate, and a Bible, eaten away by damp; in another corner, a few tools, a spade, a pickaxe, and two fowling-pieces, one of which was broken; on a plank forming a shelf, stood a barrel of powder still untouched, a barrel of shot and several boxes of caps, all thickly covered with the dust of many long years.

It was then agreed that the night should be passed in the deserted dwelling, and a store of wood found in a corner was sufficient to warm it. The door was closed, and the party remained there, seated on a bench, talking little, but pondering much.

Day dawned. Pencroff and his companions immediately proceeded to survey the dwelling. It had certainly been built in a favorable situation, at the back of a little hill, and sheltered by five or six magnificent trees. In front of it the axe had prepared a wide clearing through the trees, which gave a view of the sea. A little lawn, surrounded by a wooden fence, falling to pieces, led to the shore, on the left of which was the mouth of the stream.

The hut had been built of planks, and it was easy to see that these planks had been obtained from the hull or deck of a ship. It was probable that a vessel had been wrecked on the coast of the island, that at least one of the crew had been saved, and, by means of the wreck, had built this dwell-

ing. And this became still more evident, when Gideon Spilett, after having walked round the hut, saw on a plank—probably one of those which had formed the armor of the wrecked vessel—these letters, already half effaced :

Br. tan. . a

"Britannia!" exclaimed Pencroff, whom the reporter had called.

They returned on board, breakfasted, so that it should not be necessary to dine until very late; and the exploration was then continued with the most minute care. But the search was vain. There was scarcely any doubt, that if the castaway was dead, no trace of his body now remained.

The next day it was agreed that Harbert should gather some of the vegetables which they had seen on the first day of their visit, while the sailor and the reporter were capturing pigs in the forest. After an hour's chase the hunters had just managed to get hold of a couple, lying in a thicket, when cries were heard resounding from the north part of the island. With the cries were mingled horrible yells, in which there seemed to be nothing human.

Pencroff and Gideon Spilett were at once on their feet, and the pigs profited by this movement to run away, at the moment when the sailor was getting ready the rope to bind them.

"That's Harbert's voice," said the reporter.

Both immediately started at full speed toward the spot from which the cries proceeded.

They did well to hasten, for, at a turn of the path near a clearing, they saw the lad thrown on the ground, and in the grasp of a savage being, apparently a gigantic ape, who was about to do him some great harm.

To rush on this monster, throw him on the ground, snatch Harbert from him and then bind him securely was the work of a minute for Pencroff and Gideon Spilett. The sailor was of Herculean strength, the reporter also very powerful, and, in spite of the monster's resistance, he was firmly tied so that he could not even move.

"Are you hurt, Harbert?" asked Spilett.

"No! no!"

"Oh! if this ape had wounded him!" exclaimed Pencroff.

"But he is not an ape," said Harbert.

At these words, Pencroff and Gideon Spilett looked at the singular being which lay on the ground. Indeed, it was not an

ape! It was a human being, a man! But, what a man! A savage, in all the horrible acceptance of the word, and so much the more frightful, that he seemed fallen to the lowest degree of brutishness!

Shaggy hair, untrimmed beard descending to his chest, the body naked except a rag around the waist, wild eyes, enormous hands with immensely long nails, skin the color of mahogany, feet as hard as if made of horn,—such was the miserable creature which must be called a man!

"Are you quite sure that this is a man or that he has ever been one?" said Pencroff to the reporter.

"Alas! there is no doubt about it," replied Spilett.

"Then this must be the castaway?" asked Harbert.

"Yes," replied Gideon Spilett; "but the unfortunate man has no longer anything human about him!"

The reporter spoke the truth. It was evident that if the castaway had ever been civilized, solitude had made him a savage.

Gideon Spilett spoke to him. He did not appear to understand, nor even to hear. And yet, on looking into his eyes, the reporter thought he could see that all reason was not extinguished in him.

After some discussion, they decided to take him with them back to Lincoln Island. As he evinced no desire to escape, the cords which shackled his feet were cast off, his arms remaining securely fastened. He got up by himself, his hard eyes darted a piercing glance at the three men who walked near him, but nothing denoted that he recollected being their fellow-man.

Harbert and Spilett returned to the islet to finish their work, and some hours after, came back to the shore, carrying the utensils and guns, a store of seeds and vegetables, some game, and several pigs. All was embarked, and the *Bonadventure* was ready to weigh anchor and sail with the morning tide.

The prisoner had been placed in the fore-cabin, where he remained throughout the voyage, quiet and silent.

The passage was very stormy and tedious, but about two o'clock in the morning of the day on which they should reach Lincoln Island, Pencroff started forward and shouted:

"A light! a light!"

Indeed, a bright light appeared about twenty miles to the north-east. Lincoln Island was there, and this fire, evidently

lighted by Cyrus Smith, showed them the course to be followed.

Pencroff, who was bearing too much to the north, altered his course, and steered toward the fire, which burned brightly above the horizon like a star of the first magnitude.

CHAPTER XV.

On the 20th of October, the *Bonadventure* gently glided upon the beach, at the mouth of the *Mercy*, where they were met by Cyrus Smith and Neb, who had been watching for them from the top of Prospect Heights.

Then Harbert, after greetings and congratulations on both sides, related briefly the incidents of the voyage, ending with the announcement that the stranger was at that moment in the cabin of the vessel.

When he had been led out upon the shore, he manifested a great desire to escape.

But when Cyrus Smith approached and placed his hand on his shoulder with a gesture of authority and a look of compassion, the unhappy man, submitting to the superior will, gradually became calm, his eyes fell, his head bent forward, and he made no more resistance.

It was decided that the castaway, or rather the stranger, as he was henceforward termed by his companions, should live in one of the rooms of Granite House, from which he could not escape. He was led there without difficulty; and it was hoped that, with careful attention, some day he would be a companion to the settlers in Lincoln Island.

During breakfast, which Neb had hastened to prepare, Cyrus Smith heard in detail all the incidents which had marked the voyage of exploration to the islet. He agreed with his friends on this point, that the stranger must be either English or American, the name *Britannia* leading them to suppose this; and besides, through the bushy beard, and under the shaggy, matted hair, the engineer thought he could recognize the characteristic features of the Anglo-Saxon.

Breakfast over, Smith and his companions left Granite House and returned to the beach. They there occupied themselves in unloading the *Bonadventure*, and the engineer, having examined the arms and tools, saw nothing which could help them establish the identity of the stranger.

The capture of pigs made on the islet was looked upon as very profitable to Lincoln

Island, and the animals were led to the sty, where they soon became at home.

The two barrels containing the powder and shot, as well as the boxes of caps, were very welcome. It was agreed to establish a small powder-magazine either outside Granite House or in the upper cavern, where there would be no fear of explosion. However, the use of pyroxylyte was to be continued; for, this substance giving excellent results, there was no reason for substituting ordinary powder.

It was decided to run the *Bonadventure* into the harbor of Port Balloon, which though farther away, was better protected from the winds and the surf. Then, too, there was a direct road to this point from Granite House.

At first, accustomed to the open air, and the unrestrained liberty which he had enjoyed on Tabor Island, the stranger manifested a sullen fury, and it was feared that he might throw himself upon the beach out of one of the windows of Granite House. But gradually he became calmer and was allowed more freedom.

Cyrus Smith had profited by a moment when he was sleeping, to cut his hair and matted beard, which formed a sort of mane, and gave him such a savage aspect. He had also been clothed more suitably. The result was that, thanks to these attentions, the stranger resumed a more human appearance, and it even seemed as if his eyes had become milder. Certainly, when formerly lighted up by intelligence, this man's face must have had a sort of beauty.

Every day Smith imposed on himself the task of passing some hours in his company. He came and worked near him, and occupied himself in different things, so as to fix his attention. Sometimes one of his companions, sometimes another, sometimes all joined him. At times the stranger gave some slight attention to what was said, and the settlers were soon convinced that he partly understood them. Sometimes the expression of his countenance was deeply sorrowful—a proof that he suffered mentally for his face could not be mistaken; but he did not speak, although at different times they almost thought that words were about to issue from his lips.

CHAPTER XVI.

A few days later, on the 3d of November, the stranger, working on the plateau, had stopped, letting his spade drop to the ground

and Smith, who was observing him from a little distance, saw that tears were flowing from his eyes. The engineer touched his arm lightly.

"My friend!" said he.

The stranger tried to avoid his look, and drew away his arm.

"My friend," said Smith, in a firmer voice, "look at me!"

The stranger looked at the engineer and seemed to be under his power, as a subject under the influence of a mesmerist. He evidently wished to run away. Then his countenance suddenly underwent a transformation. His eyes flashed. Words struggled to escape from his lips. He could no longer contain himself. At last, he folded his arms; then, in a hollow voice:

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Castaways, like you," replied the engineer, whose emotion was deep. "We have brought you here among your fellow-men."

"My fellow-creatures! I have none!"

"You are in the midst of friends."

"Friends! for me! friends!" exclaimed the stranger, hiding his face in his hands. "No—never—leave me! leave me!"

Then he rushed to the side of the plateau which overlooked the sea, where he remained alone on the shore, evidently under the influence of recollections which recalled all his past life,—a melancholy one, doubtless,—and the colonists, without losing sight of him, did not attempt to disturb his solitude. However, after two hours, appearing to have formed a resolution, he came to find Cyrus Smith. His eyes were red with the tears he had shed, but he wept no longer. His countenance expressed deep humility, and his eyes were constantly fixed on the ground.

"Sir," said he to Smith, "your companions and you,—are you English?"

"No," answered the engineer, "we are Americans."

"Ah!" said the stranger, and he murmured: "I prefer that!"

"And you, my friend?" asked the engineer.

"English," replied he, hastily.

And, as if these few words had been difficult to say, he retreated to the beach, where he walked up and down between the cascade and the mouth of the Mercy, in a state of extreme agitation.

Then, passing one moment close to Harbert, he stopped, and in a stifled voice,

"What month?" he asked.

"December," replied Harbert.

"What year?"

"1866."

"Twelve years! twelve years!" he exclaimed. Then he left him abruptly.

During the following days, the stranger did not speak a word, and did not once leave the precincts of the plateau. He worked away, without losing a moment, without taking a minute's rest, and always in a retired place. At meal-times he never came to Granite House, although invited several times to do so, but contented himself with eating a few raw vegetables. At nightfall, he did not return to the room assigned him, but remained under some clump of trees, or, when the weather was bad, crouched in some cleft of the rocks. It was a long time before he re-appeared at Granite House, to which he gradually became more accustomed, though never indulging in conversation.

On the 15th of November, the third harvest was gathered in; the last half of the month was devoted to the work of converting it into food for man. They now saw clearly that for the production of flour, the establishment of a mill was necessary. After some consultation, it was decided that a simple wind-mill should be built on Prospect Heights. They set to work by choosing timber for the frame and machinery of the mill. Some large stones found at the north of the lake could be easily transformed into millstones, and, as to the sails, the inexhaustible case of the balloon would furnish them. The tools were good, materials were plenty, and the work was not difficult, for, in reality, the machinery of such a mill is very simple. When finished, the mill was put to immediate use, for the settlers were eager to taste the first piece of bread. So one morning two or three bushels of wheat were ground, and the next day at breakfast a magnificent loaf, a little heavy, perhaps, although raised with yeast, appeared on the table at Granite House.

CHAPTER XVII.

ON the 10th of December, a week after his return to Granite House, the stranger approached Smith, and, in a calm voice and an humble tone, said to him:

"Sir, I have a request to make."

"What is it?"

"You have, four or five miles from here, at the foot of the mountain, a corral for your domesticated animals. These animals need to be taken care of. Will you allow me to live there with them?"

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The stranger tried to avoid his look, and drew away his arm.

"My friend," said Smith, in a firmer voice, "look at me!"

The stranger looked at the engineer and seemed to be under his power, as a subject under the influence of a mesmerist. He evidently wished to run away. Then his countenance suddenly underwent a transformation. His eyes flashed. Words struggled to escape from his lips. He could no longer contain himself. At last, he folded his arms; then, in a hollow voice:

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Castaways, like you," replied the engineer, whose emotion was deep. "We have brought you here among your fellow-men."

"My fellow-creatures! I have none!"

"You are in the midst of friends."

"Friends! for me! friends!" exclaimed the stranger, hiding his face in his hands. "No—never—leave me! leave me!"

Then he rushed to the side of the plateau which overlooked the sea, where he remained alone on the shore, evidently under the influence of recollections which recalled all his past life,—a melancholy one, doubtless,—and the colonists, without losing sight of him, did not attempt to disturb his solitude. However, after two hours, appearing to have formed a resolution, he came to find Cyrus Smith. His eyes were red with the tears he had shed, but he wept no longer. His countenance expressed deep humility, and his eyes were constantly fixed on the ground.

"Sir," said he to Smith, "your companions and you,—are you English?"

"No," answered the engineer, "we are Americans."

"Ah!" said the stranger, and he murmured: "I prefer that!"

"And you, my friend?" asked the engineer.

"English," replied he, hastily.

And, as if these few words had been difficult to say, he retreated to the beach, where he walked up and down between the cascade and the mouth of the Mercy, in a state of extreme agitation.

Then, passing one moment close to Harbert, he stopped, and in a stifled voice,

"What month?" he asked.

"December," replied Harbert.

"What year?"

"1866."

"Twelve years! twelve years!" he exclaimed. Then he left him abruptly.

During the following days, the stranger did not speak a word, and did not once leave the precincts of the plateau. He worked away, without losing a moment, without taking a minute's rest, and always in a retired place. At meal-times he never came to Granite House, although invited several times to do so, but contented himself with eating a few raw vegetables. At nightfall, he did not return to the room assigned him, but remained under some clump of trees, or, when the weather was bad, crouched in some cleft of the rocks. It was a long time before he re-appeared at Granite House, to which he gradually became more accustomed, though never indulging in conversation.

On the 15th of November, the third harvest was gathered in; the last half of the month was devoted to the work of converting it into food for man. They now saw clearly that for the production of flour, the establishment of a mill was necessary. After some consultation, it was decided that a simple wind-mill should be built on Prospect Heights. They set to work by choosing timber for the frame and machinery of the mill. Some large stones found at the north of the lake could be easily transformed into millstones, and, as to the sails, the inexhaustible case of the balloon would furnish them. The tools were good, materials were plenty, and the work was not difficult, for, in reality, the machinery of such a mill is very simple. When finished, the mill was put to immediate use, for the settlers were eager to taste the first piece of bread. So one morning two or three bushels of wheat were ground, and the next day at breakfast a magnificent loaf, a little heavy, perhaps, although raised with yeast, appeared on the table at Granite House.

CHAPTER XVII.

On the 10th of December, a week after his return to Granite House, the stranger approached Smith, and, in a calm voice and an humble tone, said to him:

"Sir, I have a request to make."

"What is it?"

"You have, four or five miles from here, at the foot of the mountain, a corral for your domesticated animals. These animals need to be taken care of. Will you allow me to live there with them?"

Cyrus Smith gazed at the unfortunate man for a few moments with a feeling of deep commiseration.

"My friend," said he, "the corral has only stables hardly fit for animals."

"It will be good enough for me, sir."

"My friend," answered Smith, "we will not constrain you in anything. You wish to live at the corral. So be it. You will, however, be always welcome at Granite House. But since you wish to live at the corral, we will make the necessary arrangements for your comfort."

On the evening of the 20th of December, the arrangements at the corral having been completed, the colonists were gathered in the dining-room of Granite House discussing the work, when a light knock was heard at the door. The stranger entered, and, without any preamble, said :

"Gentlemen, before I leave you, it is right that you should know my history."

"We ask you nothing, my friend," said the engineer. "It is your right to be silent."

"It is my duty to speak."

"Sit down, then."

[Here follows the narrative of the stranger, who gave his name as Ayrton. It appears that he was the boatswain's mate of the "Britannia," an English vessel, commanded by Captain Grant, by whom, in the year 1853, for an attempt at mutiny, he had been put ashore on the Australian coast, where he became the ringleader of the convicts, under the name of Ben Joyce. Meanwhile the "Britannia" had been wrecked at sea, and, six months later, a Scotch steam-yacht had picked up a bottle containing the information that Captain Grant and two men were still living on land, situated in latitude 37°, the longitude having become illegible. Lord Glenarvon, the commander of the yacht, determined to follow the thirty-seventh parallel in search of the castaways. In the course of his voyage he met Ayrton, who, upon hearing of the loss of the "Britannia," and the discovery of the bottle, assumed a knowledge of the shipwreck, which he located on the east coast of Australia, instead of the west, his intention being to separate Lord Glenarvon from his ship, and to seize and make a pirate of her. But the plan was frustrated, and the "Duncan" set sail eastward along the thirty-seventh parallel. During this voyage Ayrton attempted to raise a mutiny, and, being foiled, begged to be put ashore instead of delivered to the English authorities. Upon reaching the first land, which was Tabor Island, Captain Grant and his men were found in an exhausted condition, and Ayrton was left in their place.]

At the conclusion of this narrative, by which all had been greatly moved, the engineer rose and said :

"Ayrton, you have been a great criminal, but Heaven must certainly think that you have expiated your crimes! You are forgiven! And now will you be our companion?"

Ayrton drew back.

"Here is my hand!" said the engineer.

Ayrton grasped the hand which Smith extended to him, and great tears fell from his eyes.

"Will you live with us?" asked Cyrus Smith.

"Captain Smith, leave me still some time longer," replied Ayrton; "leave me alone in the hut in the corral!"

"As you like, Ayrton," answered Cyrus Smith.

Ayrton was going to withdraw, when the engineer addressed one more question to him :

"One word more, my friend. Since it was your intention to live alone, why did you throw into the sea the document which put us on your track?"

"A document?" repeated Ayrton, who did not appear to know what he meant.

"Yes, the document which we found enclosed in a bottle, giving us the exact position of Tabor Island!"

Ayrton passed his hand over his brow. Then, after having thought, he answered :

"I never threw any document into the sea!"

"Never?" exclaimed Pencroff.

"Never!"

And Ayrton, bowing, reached the door, and departed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE next day, the 21st of December, the colonists descended to the beach, and, having climbed the plateau, they found nothing of Ayrton. He had reached his house in the corral during the night, and the settlers judged it best not to agitate him by their presence. Time would doubtless perform what sympathy had been unable to accomplish.

The month of January arrived. The year 1867 commenced. The summer occupations were assiduously continued. During the days which followed, Harbert and Spillett having gone in the direction of the corral, ascertained that Ayrton had taken possession of the habitation which had been prepared for him. He busied himself with the numerous flock confided to his care, and spared his companions the trouble of coming every two or three days to visit the corral. Nevertheless, in order not to leave Ayrton in solitude for too long a time, the settlers often paid him a visit.

It was not unimportant either—in consequence of some suspicions entertained by

the engineer and Gideon Spilett—that this part of the island should be subjected to surveillance of some sort, and that Ayrton, if any incident occurred unexpectedly, should not neglect to inform the inhabitants of Granite House of it. Independently of facts bearing on the mystery of Lincoln Island, many others might happen which would call for the prompt interference of the colonists, such as the sighting of a vessel, a wreck on the western coast, the possible arrival of pirates, etc. Thereupon Cyrus Smith resolved to put the corral in instantaneous communication with Granite House. He would establish a telegraph line!

The iron of Lincoln Island, as has been said, was of excellent quality, and, consequently, very fit for being drawn out. Smith began by manufacturing a draw-plate—that is to say, a plate of steel, pierced with conical holes of different sizes, which would successively bring the wire to the wished-for tenacity. This piece of steel, after having been tempered, was fixed in as firm a way as possible in a solid frame-work planted in the ground, only a few feet from the great fall, the motive power of which the engineer intended to utilize.

It was a delicate operation and required much care. The iron, prepared previously in long thin rods, the ends of which were sharpened with the file, having been introduced into the largest hole of the draw-plate, was drawn out by a beam, which wound it round itself, to a length of twenty or thirty feet, then unrolled, and the same operation was performed successively through the holes of a less size. Finally the engineer obtained wires from forty to fifty feet long, which could be easily fastened together and stretched over the distance of five miles, which separated the corral from the bounds of Granite House.

It was necessary to obtain a battery with a constant current. It is known that the elements of modern batteries are generally composed of retort coal, zinc, and copper. Copper was absolutely wanting to the engineer, who, notwithstanding all his researches, had never been able to find any trace of it in Lincoln Island, and who was therefore obliged to do without it. Retort coal—that is to say, the hard graphite which is found in the retorts of gas manufactories after the coal has been dehydrogenized could have been obtained, but it would have been necessary to establish special apparatus, which would have involved great labor. As to zinc, it may be remembered that the

case found at Flotsam Point was lined with this metal, which could not be better utilized than for this purpose. Cyrus Smith, after mature consideration, decided to manufacture a very simple battery, resembling as nearly as possible that invented by Becquerel in 1820, in which zinc only is employed. The other substances, nitric acid and potash, were all at his disposal.

The way in which the battery was composed was as follows, and the results were to be obtained by the reaction of acid and potash on each other. A number of glass bottles were made and filled with nitric acid. The engineer corked them by means of a stopper through which passed a glass tube, closed at its lower extremity, and intended to be plunged into the acid by means of a clay stopper secured by a rag. Into this tube, through its upper extremity, he poured a solution of potash, which he had previously obtained by burning and reducing to ashes various plants, and in this way the acid and potash could act on each other through the clay.

Cyrus Smith then took two slips of zinc, one of which was plunged into nitric acid, the other into a solution of potash. A current was immediately produced, which was transmitted from the slip of zinc in the bottle to that in the tube, and the two slips having been connected by a metallic wire, the slip in the tube became the positive pole, and that in the bottle the negative pole, of the apparatus. Each bottle therefore produced as many currents as, united, would be sufficient to produce all the phenomena of the electric telegraph.

On the 6th of February was commenced the planting along the road to the corral, of posts, furnished with glass insulators, and intended to support the wire.

The receiver and manipulator were very simple. At the two stations the wire was wound round a magnet, and the communication was thus established between the two poles. It was now sufficient to place a plate of soft iron before the magnet, which, attracted during the passage of the current, would fall back when the current was interrupted. This movement of the plate thus obtained, Smith could easily fasten to it a needle arranged on a dial bearing the letters of the alphabet, and in this way communicate from one station to the other.

All was completely arranged by the 12th of February. On this day Smith, having sent the current through the wire, asked if all was going on well at the corral, and

received in a few moments a satisfactory reply from Ayrton. Pencroff was wild with joy, and every morning and evening he sent a telegram to the corral, which always received an answer.

At this time Gideon Spilett, aided by Harbert, took several views of the most picturesque parts of the island, by means of the photographic apparatus found in the case, which was complete in all its appointments.

CHAPTER XIX.

It was now agreed that before the stormy weather came on, their little vessel should be employed in making a voyage round the island. Up to this time a complete survey of the coast had not yet been made, and the colonists had but an imperfect idea of the shore to the west and north.

The plan of this excursion was proposed by Pencroff, and Cyrus Smith fully acquiesced in it, for he himself wished to see this part of his domain.

The departure was fixed for the 16th of April, and the "Bonadventure," anchored in Port Balloon, was provisioned for a voyage which might be of some duration. Smith informed Ayrton of the projected expedition, and proposed that he should take part in it; but Ayrton, preferring to remain on shore, it was decided that he should come to Granite House during the absence of his companions. Master Jupe was ordered to keep him company, and made no remonstrance.

It was agreed also, that as they were anxious for a minute exploration of the coast, they should not sail during the night, but would always, when the weather permitted it, lie at anchor near the shore.

The colonists knew this beautiful wooded coast, since they had already explored it on foot, and yet it again excited their admiration. They coasted along as close in as possible, so as to notice everything, avoiding always the trunks of trees which floated here and there. Several times, also, they anchored, and Gideon Spilett took photographs of the superb scenery. Pencroff took notice of the rocky character of the coast, and one evening said:

"Ah, if there were only a light-house on the coast it would be much more convenient for sailors."

"Yes," replied Harbert, "and this time we shall have no obliging engineer to light a fire to guide us into port!"

"Why, indeed, my dear Cyrus," said Spi-

lett, "we have never thanked you for it; but, frankly, without that fire, we should never have been able to reach."

"A fire?" asked Harding, much astonished at the reporter's words.

"We mean, Captain," answered Pencroff, "that on board the 'Bonadventure' we were very anxious during the few hours before our return, and we should have passed to windward of the island if it had not been for the precaution you took of lighting a fire in the night of the 19th of October on Prospect Heights."

"Yes, yes! That was a lucky idea of mine," replied the engineer.

"And this time," continued the sailor, "unless the idea occurs to Ayrton, there will be no one to do us that little service!"

"No, not one," answered Cyrus Smith.

A few minutes after, finding himself alone in the bow of the boat with the reporter, the engineer bent down and whispered:

"If there is one thing certain in this world, Spilett, it is that I never lighted any fire during the 19th of October, either on Prospect Heights, or any other part of the island!"

CHAPTER XX.

A FEW days after the exploration, on the 25th of April, in the evening, when the settlers were all together, the engineer began by saying:

"My friends, I think it my duty to call your attention to certain incidents which have occurred on the island, on the subject of which I shall be happy to have your advice.

"Have you understood," he continued, "how it was that after falling into the sea, I was found a quarter of a mile into the interior of the island, and that, without my having any consciousness of my removal there?"

"Unless, being unconscious"—said Pencroff.

"That is not admissible," replied the engineer. "But, to continue: Have you understood how Top was able to discover your retreat, five miles from the cave in which I was lying?"

"The dog's instinct," observed Harbert.

"Singular instinct!" returned the reporter, "since, notwithstanding the storm of rain and wind which was raging during that night, Top arrived at the Chimneys dry, and without a speck of mud!"

"Let us continue," resumed the engineer.

"Have you understood how our dog was so strangely thrown up out of the waters of the lake, after his struggle with the dugong; how that bullet got into the body of the young peccary; how that case happened to be so fortunately stranded, without there being any trace of a wreck; how that bottle containing the document presented itself so opportunely, during our first sea excursion; how our canoe, having broken its moorings, floated down the current of the Mercy and rejoined us precisely at the very moment we needed it; how, after the ape invasion, the ladder was so obligingly thrown down from Granite House, and lastly, how the document which Ayrton asserts was never written by him, fell into our hands?"

As Cyrus Smith spoke, Harbert, Neb, and Pencroff stared at each other, not knowing what to reply, for this succession of incidents, grouped thus for the first time, could not but excite their surprise to the highest degree.

"'Pon my word," said Pencroff at last, "you are right, Captain; it is difficult to explain all these things!"

"Well, my friends," resumed the engineer, "a last fact has just been added to these, and it is no less incomprehensible than the others!"

"What is it, Captain?" asked Harbert, quickly.

"When you were returning from Tabor Island, Pencroff," continued the engineer, "you said that a fire appeared on Lincoln Island?"

"Certainly," answered the sailor.

"And you are quite certain of having seen this fire?"

"As sure as I see you now."

"You also, Harbert?"

"Why, Captain," cried Harbert, "that fire was blazing like a star of the first magnitude!"

"But, was it not a star?" urged the engineer.

"No," replied Pencroff, "for the sky was covered with thick clouds, and, at any rate, a star would not have been so low on the horizon. But, Mr. Spilett saw it as well as we, and he will confirm our words"

"I will add," said the reporter, "that the fire was very bright, and that it shot up like a sheet of lightning."

"Yes, yes! exactly," added Harbert, "and it was certainly placed on the heights of Granite House."

"Well, my friends," replied Cyrus Smith, "during the night of the 19th of October, we did not leave Granite House, and, if a fire appeared on the coast, it was lighted by another hand than ours!"

Smith also reminded his companions of the singular behavior of Top and Jupe when they prowled round the mouth of the well which placed Granite House in communication with the sea, and he told them that he had explored the well without discovering anything suspicious. The final resolve taken in consequence of the conversation by all the members of the colony was, that as soon as the fine season returned, they would thoroughly search the whole of the island.

The winter passed without adding to this list of inexplicable things, and, by the approach of spring, the anxieties of the colonists were somewhat allayed.

On the 17th of October, toward three o'clock in the afternoon, Harbert, enticed by the charms of the sky, determined to take a photograph of Union Bay.

The horizon was beautifully clear, and the sea undulating under a soft breeze. The apparatus had been placed at one of the windows of the dining-room at Granite House, and, consequently, overlooked the shore and the bay. Harbert proceeded as usual, and, the negative obtained, went away to fix it by means of the chemicals deposited in a dark nook of Granite House. Returning to the bright light, and examining it well, Harbert perceived on his negative an almost imperceptible little spot on the sea horizon. He endeavored to make it disappear by continued washing, but could not accomplish it.

"It is a flaw in the glass," he thought.

And then he had the curiosity to examine this flaw with a strong magnifier, which he unscrewed from one of the telescopes.

But he had scarcely looked at it when he uttered a cry, and the glass almost fell from his hands.

Immediately, running to the room in which Cyrus Smith then was, he extended the negative and magnifier toward the engineer, pointing out the little spot.

Smith examined it; then, seizing his telescope, he rushed to the window.

The telescope, after having slowly swept the horizon, at last stopped on the looked-for spot, and Cyrus Smith, lowering it, exclaimed:

"A vessel!"

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Church-Debts.

THE way in which church edifices are built nowadays really necessitates a new formula of dedication. How would this read? "We dedicate this edifice to Thee, our Lord and Master; we give it to Thee and Thy cause and kingdom, subject to a mortgage of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars (\$150,000). We bequeath it to our children and our children's children, as the greatest boon we can confer on them (subject to the mortgage aforesaid), and we trust that they will have the grace and the money to pay the interest and lift the mortgage. Preserve it from fire and foreclosure, we pray Thee, and make it abundantly useful to Thyself,—subject, of course, to the aforesaid mortgage."

The offering of a structure to the Almighty, as the gift of an organization of devotees who have not paid for it, and do not own it, strikes the ordinary mind as a very strange thing, yet it is safe to say that not one church in twenty is built in America without incurring a debt, larger or smaller. A more commodious and a more elegant building is wanted. A subscription is made that will not more than half cover its cost, and money enough is borrowed to complete it. The whole property is mortgaged for all that it will carry, the financial authorities are saddled with a floating debt which they can only handle on their personal responsibility, and then comes taxation for interest, sufficient to keep the church always in distress. This sort of church enterprise is so common that it has become commonplace. The children of this world do not build railroads with capital stock paid in, but they build them with bonds. The children of light really do not seem to be less wise in their generation, in the way in which they build their churches. Indeed, we think the latter can give the former several points and beat them; for the paying success of a church depends upon more contingencies than the success of a railroad, and its bonds really ought not to sell for more than fifty cents on the dollar "flat."

If we seem to make light of this subject, it is only for the purpose of showing how absurd a position the churches have assumed in relation to it. It is not a light subject; it is a very grave one, and one which demands the immediate and persistent attention of all the churches until it shall be properly disposed of. In the first place, it is not exactly a Christian act for a body of men to contract a debt which they are not able to pay. It is hardly more Christian to refuse to pay a debt which they know they are able to discharge. It can hardly be regarded as a generous deed to bequeath a debt to succeeding generations. The very foundations of the ordinary church-debt are rotten. They are rotten with poor morality, poor financial policy, and personal and sectarian vanity. Does any one suppose that these expensive and debt-laden churches

were erected simply for the honor of the Master, and given to Him, subject to mortgage?

The results of building churches upon such an unsound basis are bad enough. The first result, perhaps, is the extinguishment of all church beneficence. The church-debt is the apology for denying all appeals for aid, from all the greater and smaller charities. A church sitting in the shadow of a great debt, is "not at home" to callers. They do not pay the debt, but they owe the money, and they are afraid they shall be obliged to pay it. The heathen must take care of themselves, the starving must go without bread, the widow and the fatherless must look to the God of the widow and the fatherless, the sick must pine, and the poor children grow up in vagabondage, because of this awful church-debt. All the meanness in a church skulks behind the debt, of which it intends to pay very little, while all the nobleness feels really poor, because it is conscious that the debt is to be paid, if paid at all, by itself.

Again, a church-debt is a scare-crow to all newcomers. A stranger, taking up his residence in any town, looks naturally for the church without a debt. He has a horror of debt of any sort, perhaps, and, as he had no responsibility for the church-debts he finds, he does not propose voluntarily to assume any. So he stays away from the debt-ridden church, and the very means that were adopted to make the edifice attractive, become, naturally and inevitably, the agents of repulsion. Debt-ridden churches, with good preachers, do not need to look beyond their debts for the reason which prevents more frequent and remunerative accessions to their number.

Still again, church-debts are intolerable burdens to their ministers. They must "draw," in order that the debt may be paid. If they do not "draw," they must leave, to make place for a man who will. The yearly deficit is an awful thing for a sensitive minister to contemplate, and puts him under a constant and cruel spur, which, sometimes swiftly and sometimes slowly, wears out his life. The feverish desire, on the part of churches, for brilliant or sensational preaching, is more frequently generated by the debt than by any other cause. In many instances the minister is forced into being a politician, a manager, an intriguer, a society-hunter, rather than a soul-seeker. This latter point is a painful one, and we do not propose to dwell upon it; but the deference to the man of money, shown in some churches, is certainly very pitiful, when its cause is fully understood.

Now, isn't it about time to make a new departure? Isn't it about time for the debtor churches to take up their debts like men, and discharge them? Isn't it about time to stop dedicating church edifices to Jehovah, subject to a mortgage of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars? Isn't it about time that churches become sound in their moralities, as they

relate to the contraction of debts which they either will not, or cannot, pay? We say "yes" to all these questions, and we know that the good sense and Christian feeling of the country will respond Amen! Let that "Amen" be put into practical shape at once, so that a thousand churches, now groaning under their debt, may go into the next year with shoulders light, and hearts not only lighter, but ready for all the good work that is going on around them.

Offensive People.

THERE is a world of difference between a good man and a good fellow. A good man—well, he is nothing but a good man, while a good fellow may be almost anything. He may be picturesquely bad; he may swear in a hearty, good-natured, inoffensive way; he may neglect to pay his honest debts; he may be amiably loose in the finer moralities; he may have a spree occasionally, but he remains through it all a good fellow. Of course he is a good fellow. Isn't he jolly? Isn't he free with all the money he can either earn or borrow? Do not the women take to him in a wonderful way? There's a certain dash of sin or weakness in him which gives him a human flavor. The good man, on the contrary, is not only uninteresting, but he is absolutely offensive. Of course a good man is "white-blooded." He has no temptations, otherwise he would not be good. He pays his debts; he never gets drunk; he obeys the golden rule; he does not covet his neighbor's wife; and he goes about flaunting his disgusting perfections in the face of a world that knows itself to be not so good. Of course, he indulges himself in some private vice in compensation for his voluntary deprivations. Of course he does; but a good man is offensive whether we suspect him of being a hypocrite or not. A man who is good is not a man at all. He might as well be a piece of putty. His purity is incapacity; his honesty is simplicity; his sobriety is economy; his equanimity is lack of spirit. Away with him! What a stupid, wretched world this would be if it were filled entirely with good men! What right has a man to be better than his neighbors? Such airs!

There is another class of men who are very offensive—namely, the successful. What greater insult can be offered to the world of unsuccessful men than to succeed, "in their very faces and eyes," in a field in which they have miserably failed? There is an idea abroad that it is a good thing to succeed—to succeed in winning money in a legitimate way, in achieving a good reputation, in acquiring social distinction. This is a grand mistake. To succeed is to make one's self offensive to nine people out of every ten in the community. A man has only to rise, to excite the jealousy of those who are above him, and the envy of those who are around or beneath him. We can conceive of nothing more offensive to the average mind than a personal success. Why, a successful man is brighter than we are! or he has compassed his success in some illegitimate way! What right had he to succeed where we failed? His success is a reproach to us. There-

fore let us cheapen him and his success in all possible ways. Let us demean and dirty ourselves to any extent to accomplish this end. Let us charge him with sordidness, meanness, trickery—anything to punish him for leaving the fraternity of disappointment and misfortune. And if misfortune should ever come to him—but that is too sweet to think of! The ease with which we reconcile ourselves to the misfortunes of others affords us one of the proudest aspects of human nature. We are so friendly to the fallen! And we knew he would be obliged to come down!

If to be a good man and a successful man is offensive to the world at large, to be praised is exasperating. No greater unkindness can be done to any man than to praise him much. People generally will stand a moderate compliment paid to a neighbor, while they are left to qualify it, or to admit it as a matter of generosity or courtesy; but praise persisted in will ruin the reputation of anybody. There is nothing more offensive to the average human being than persistent laudation bestowed upon another. To hear a man warmly praised is sufficient usually to make us hate him; and it is only necessary to have the praise repeated often enough to make us desire to shoot him. Praise is one of the articles we would like to have distributed a little—not that we want it, but the object of it is not the best man—if we know ourselves. Virtue is a good thing, temperance is a good thing, genius is not a bad thing altogether; but no man is to be mentioned so many as ten times as having either of them in possession without making his name a stench and an offense to the nostrils of a sensitive world. The true way of getting along well in the world is not to make one's self offensive to one's friends by excellence of character and habits of life, by success, or by doing anything praiseworthy. Let us strike the average as nearly as possible. Let us be good fellows rather than good men, and choke the first man who dares to ascribe to us a single virtue. Let us all keep down and out of sight. All that we do for ourselves, and all that we do for mankind, only feeds hell with slanderers, and so betrays the baseness of human nature that we may well blush to think that we are members of the human race.

A Word for the Women.

DOES it ever occur to those good ladies who delight in helping young men to get an education, and in endowing scholarships and professorships in the multiplied academic institutions of the country, that they are forgetting and neglecting their own sex? We are providing colleges for young women, and talking about "the higher education" for them, and theorizing in a large way over the matter, but we are making them pay high tuition fees, and compelling their teachers to live on those fees, if they live at all, or half live. We may be forgetful, or poorly informed, but we are not aware of the existence of an endowed professorship or scholarship in any of the new women's colleges.

A great deal of injustice has been done to existing

schools for young women in the public discussion of the woman's-college question. Practically, it has been assumed that there are no schools in the country capable of educating women as they ought to be educated. We talk of "the higher education" as unattainable by any existing means and institutions, when, in fact, we can hope for no better results than those we are already capable of achieving. There are many institutions and private schools in the country where a young woman may have every desirable advantage in every necessary or desirable branch of study—where she may obtain the highest education, in fact. We know of no woman's college yet established so good as some private schools we could name, if called upon to do so—so good, we mean, for the purpose of giving a young woman the best education. The trouble with these schools is that they cost too much. A girl can hardly get along in them for less than a thousand dollars a year. Some of them, especially in the cities, charge that sum for board and ordinary tuition alone. No poor girl can enter them, or in any way enjoy their advantages. They are exclusively the privilege of the rich. The best of them are always filled, and the best educated women of the country come forth from them.

Now, if the colleges are to be useful, they must give a chance to the poor. "The higher education" has for fifty years been within the reach of the rich. Nay, we do not hesitate to say that the average woman, educated in the better class of schools in this country, is a better scholar, and a more capable and accomplished person, than the average college graduate of the other sex. What we want is cheaper schools of an equal excellence. The farmer's boy goes to college, finds cheap tuition, wins a scholarship perhaps, boards in commons, earns money during vacation, and gets through, while his sister stays at home, because the only places where she can get an equal education are expensive beyond her means. There is no college that needs to be so richly endowed as a woman's college. Women are not men, quarrel with the fact as we may, and they cannot get along so cheaply and with such self-helpfulness as men while going through the processes of their education. If we are to have women's colleges, we must have well-paid professors, philosophical apparatus, cabinets, collections, art-galleries, laboratories, and they must be provided for by private munificence. Provision should be made for the poor, so that high education shall come within the reach of all. There is not a woman's college, or an advanced public institution for the education of women, that is not to-day in need of a large endowment for the purpose of bringing its advantages within the reach of those whose means are small.

Now we commend this matter particularly to rich women. There are many, scattered up and down the country, who are wondering what they shall do with their money when, and even before, they die. To all these we beg the privilege of commending this great object. Let the boys alone. They have been pretty well taken care of already, and the men will look after them. It is for you, as women wish-

ing well to your own sex, and anxious for its elevation in all possible ways, to endow these institutions that are springing up about the country in its interest, so that the poor shall have an equal chance with the rich. You can greatly help to give the young women of all classes as good a chance as their brothers enjoy, and you can hardly claim a great deal of womanly feeling if you do not do it.

The Slow Times.

THE slowness with which business revives; the sudden closing of large mills where work had been resumed; the operation on half-time of other mills; the competition of railroads for freight and passengers, all point, unmistakably, to the fact that by slow and painful processes the national industry is to be re-adjusted. The waste of the war, and the sudden and temporary removal from their usual pursuits of two millions of active and productive men, who ceased to be producers and became large consumers, gave an enormous stimulus to manufactures and to business. The mercantile and manufacturing centers grew with marvelous rapidity; money was plenty and easily accumulated. Consequently, it was a great time for new railroad projects, for gigantic manufacturing projects, for all sorts of money-making projects. When the war ceased, it found the country, in its facilities for business, adjusted, not to a peace basis, but to a war basis. We had manufactures and trade all established upon the conditions of a most wasteful war. The Government ceased to buy and pay wages, and the question of panic, disaster, and universal stagnation became only a question of time.

We have had the panic, the disaster, and the stagnation, and the country has looked in vain for a revival. We have had a measurably prosperous agricultural interest, which promises continuance, but trade and manufactures do not move. The almost incalculable amount of money invested in railroads, in mills, in business, lies unproductive; and it is becoming every day more evident that much of it must remain so. We have more railroads than we need, more mills than can be employed, more facilities for business and more men to do business than the country in a state of peace has use for. There can be but one end to this—a great loss of capital and a re-adjustment of the national industry. With this change there must also come greater economy, and contentment with smaller profits. The scale of living must come down. Men who used to spend twenty thousand dollars a year must live on ten thousand; those who spent ten thousand must make themselves comfortable on five thousand; those who thought themselves straitened on the latter sum must manage to get their expenses within twenty-five hundred, and so on to the lowest. The laboring men whose wages were so high during the war must stop striking, or they will get no work at all, simply because the paying of high wages is an impossibility. Men who have money will not invest it in business that pays nothing. Men who own mills will not run them at a loss.

There is no royal highway to a better condition

of things. Neither a sea of rags nor a sea of gold can float a business that does not need to be done. Of course no country can live on paper lies. They have been a curse to us, and cursed be they who strive to make the curse perpetual; but even if we move squarely back upon a specie basis, the old "good times" would not, could not, return. Business that does not need to be done cannot be done without disaster. If we have more mills than we need, more railroads than we need, more commercial agencies and middle-men than we need, the surplus must necessarily be unused, or it must be used without profit, and in such a way as to destroy the profit of all engaged in common lines of interest.

So we do not look for a sudden revival of business any longer. If our diagnosis of the case is correct, there can be no sudden cure. We of this generation will hardly live to see the country genuinely prosperous. Great masses of property are to be abandoned. The capital stock of multitudes of corporations will be sunk, and their property will pass into the hands of bondholders and creditors, at such a price that they may possibly be made remuneratively useful. Hundreds of millions of invested funds will practically cease to exist. The things in which these funds have been invested cannot be used, and they might just as well have been thrown into the fire. Thus the means of living have been enormously reduced among capitalists, and more men need work to do than used to need it. With this fact on one side, we find set over against it the other fact, that, of the multitude who had adjusted their industry to the conditions of war, only a part are needed under the conditions of peace. Tens, twenties, fifties are to be counted out of the mills, the factories, the shops, and sent either into idleness, or into some other field of industry. In other words, our national industry is to be re-adjusted.

The cities and centers which have grown so rapidly will naturally cease to grow. The larger cities will grow, perhaps, as London grows, by their attraction for men of wealth, but the men of enterprise will not crowd into places where there is no work or reward for them. The boys will stand by their fathers' farms better than they have done, and hundreds of thousands of men and women who have left the farm and the farm-house must return to them. It is pleasant to reflect that a living can be won from the ground, and that agriculture holds a certain cure for all our troubles. Mr. Greeley's old advice, "Go West, young man," was based upon a philosophy whose soundness the people of this time cannot question. The tendency in his time was to overdo business, and that tendency went on, to the distressing results of which all of us are the witnesses and the victims.

It is pitiful to see men and women lying idle. It is pitiful to see them in great masses thrown out of employment. We wish they could be made to understand how hopeless the situation is for at least half of them—how necessary it is that they should seek employment in agricultural pursuits, in lives of industry adapted to the present circumstances of the country—in anything and any place except that which is proved to be insufficient for their needs. This change must come, and the quicker it comes the better for them and the better for the country. Let us leave nothing to the political doctors. They cannot help us with any of their schemes, except by giving us an honest financial system. Even this cannot work the miracle of making people consume more than they want, and of supplying work where it is not needed. The American people are not lacking in shrewdness, patience, adaptiveness, and industry, and the good time will come, though it is likely to be long delayed.

THE OLD CABINET.

"I AM always being surprised at how badly we do it," said my artist friend to me one fine spring morning, when we were looking at the waters of the bay from the deck of a steamboat; and, although my friend had gained no small repute for doing it well, I may say wonderfully—water, and sky, and trees, and grass, and flesh, and all—yet, confronted by the original in nature, I must confess I could not be surprised at his chagrin.

He had, indeed, done it wonderfully. I think I have never seen elsewhere, outside of nature itself, such a deep, pure, blue June sky as I came upon once in a picture of his. The writers, too, have done it wonderfully, and notably the poets; take, for instance, a touch like this:

"Haply I think on Thee,—and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate."

But, is there any monger in words, who, when brought face to face with nature, does not say in his heart: "How badly we do it?"

I was thinking of this the other evening while we were sitting on the hill-side, around a fire which it had taken a good deal of trouble to make, on account of the dampness of the dead leaves used for kindling, of the sticks, of the logs, and of everything in general. What is hard to gain we, of course, are apt to pay more attention to; and it happened that never before, it seemed to me, had I paid so much attention to flames. I noticed that the flames from an open-air fire, made of straw, damp leaves, moldering fences, and what not, are very various in color—red, yellow, blue, white, pink, black; that they curve and curl in the most graceful and curious manner; that they have a metallic, filmy, transparent and exceedingly sensitive and delicate quality; that they

are, in a word, inexpressibly suggestive and beautiful. And, as I looked into that bonfire, in all the pride and possession of fresh observation, I had a feeling of scorn for those modern poets who use so constantly and lightly the symbol of fire and flame. Certainly, any use I myself had made or might be able to make of such symbols, appeared in all its flatness and insufficiency.

When one gets a sense of insufficiency like this in the presence of the natural object, it is a consolation to remember that a sketch from nature never looks so poorly as it does on the easel opposite the landscape. Climb down the hill with it, and hang it upon the walls of your summer studio—or, still better, take it back with you to the city, and a charm from the sky seems to hallow it there.

A WRITER who has to live most of the year in the city, when turned loose in the country for a few days at a time in the summer, is in some such danger as a literary friend of mine was, an American by adoption, who went to visit his family in the Old Country. He found it necessary to fight against a tendency to make literary use of his so peculiarly excited and interesting emotions.

If anything is unpleasant, it is a literary use of nature.

There has sprung up in this country a very detestable sort of "natural description," which, I suppose, is partly owing to these summer vacations. Certain clever people who, doubtless, once had the youthful power of receiving impression and the enthusiasm of youth, have found it convenient to set off their editorials, sketches, and stories, with bits of flaming color from the wood, delicate tracteries of fern, flush of sunsets, pomp of golden-rods, green boscages, perfect days, and various and sundry lush and luxuriant, shadowy and shimmering things, that, if it were possible, would darken the very face of nature, and keep gentle souls within doors.

WHEN one considers what a splendid part nature may be made to play in a romance, it is surprising that she is given so little to do. It is still more surprising to behold with what audacity the story-wright will label with her name the waxen and ill-dressed puppet he pulls about among his other figures on the fictitious stage. Not so do the great masters. In their stories there is no character more winning, none more tragic.

Do you remember the chapter in "The Scarlet Letter" entitled "A Forest Walk," and what a part in the story is taken by the brook. Hester and Pearl have come into the wood, and have sat down near the little stream. "The trees impending over it had flung down great branches, from time to time, which choked up the current and compelled it to form eddies and black depths at some points; while, in its swifter and livelier passages, there appeared a channel-way of pebbles, and brown, sparkling sand. Letting the eyes follow along the course of the stream, they could catch the reflected light from its water, at some short distance within the forest, but soon lost all traces of it amid the bewilderment of tree-

trunks and underbrush, and here and there a huge rock covered over with gray lichens. All these giant trees and bowlders of granite seemed intent on making a mystery of the course of this small brook, fearing, perhaps, that, with its never-ceasing loquacity, it should whisper tales out of the heart of the old forest whence it flowed, or mirror its revelations on the smooth surface of a pool." So, through all the chapter, flows on the stream, with its mysterious human suggestion—its melancholy prophetic voice.

THE literary use of nature, to which allusion has been made, is an affectation, but not exactly a sentimental affection. It is not as pure, it is not as enduring, as sentimentality. A school-girl's or a school-boy's gushing, imitative prattle about the woods, the streams, the hill-tops, the cerulean vaults—if it is not sincere in its relation to its subject, it is sincere in being the outcome of a youthful and enthusiastic mood. The older we grow the more lenient we become toward youth and enthusiasm, in whatever way manifested.

There is still another use of nature in literature differing in its quality from both youthful sentiment and decorative slang. It is the manner, or a manner, of some of our most finished and scholarly writers. These people certainly know a great deal about nature—so much about it that it behoves us to be modest in criticising them. But there is in their behavior toward her I know not what of patronage and condescension. To adapt an adaptation of the "Overland Monthly's" critic, you feel that they look from nature up to nature's Robinson.

ONE difference between a great poet's use of natural symbols, and another, not so great, poet's use of them, we feel to be this. The latter looks at an effect in nature and says to himself: I must remember this, in order to use it as a figure of so and so. On the other hand, Dante had a thought, and his thought reminded him of some effect in nature which he must needs recount, and which thus became a symbol. Of course, I do not say that the use of the note-book is impossible; but I should think it would take extraordinary genius to overcome its tendency.

ONE of the most obviously mischievous effects of bad art is that it leads us to see nature falsely. I have before me a very beautiful hilly and wooded landscape of a peculiarly American type. I saw it for the first time not long ago, and it has taken me several days of out-door life to see it as it should be seen, and not as the second-rate painters have seen it—not with a taint upon it of the conventional American landscape of the chromo order. The fact is that the painting of the chromo school does not really look like nature, although the distorted presentation in it of some one phase of a landscape gives a certain false air of likeness and reflects through the memory upon the original.

There was, last night, over these hills a very beautiful moonlight. The moon was at the full, the sky was of a deep blue, and the large clouds were tinged

with rich and mellow color. But the peculiar quality of the moonlight effects, their vaporous, uncertain masses and outlines,—this is the very quality curiously absent from most of the pictures of moonlight effects that one sees in the galleries.

I HAVE just happened upon a piece of writing about nature so penetrating in its vision and so

nearly perfect in its expression, that it haunts the memory like a strain of music. It occurs in an essay on "New York and London Winters," by E. S. Nadal:

"There is a vital hour of the landscape, which, at summer sunsets, is very evanescent. The day concentrates into its parting glance a swift, intense meaning. Turn your back upon it a moment, or shut your eyes, and it is gone."

HOME AND SOCIETY.

A Lost Method of Expression.

CITY readers of SCRIBNER no doubt labor under the impression that the "homes" of America are being opened and cleansed just now after a summer of dust and darkness and quiet; and that "society" is coming back to them like a scattered flock of brilliant birds to their nests, from mountain and seashore, the Yosemite, and Europe. The fact is, that the number of people who leave home in summer, large as it is, is but as the foam upon the ocean current, compared to the vast quiet mass who stay in their houses the year round, and make, and want to make, no especial bruit therein at any time. In these houses, the summer is the busiest, cheerfulest, most hospitable time; and the fall, instead of bringing re-unions and state dinners brightened with reminiscences of Newport, or Paris, or Mount Desert, is given over to canning, pickling, and preserving. City people who order their table luxuries and deserts from outside, as regularly as their coal and butter, have little idea of the momentous stir and excitement which pervades the kitchens in towns and villages all over the country when the fall fruits and vegetables come in; the anxious consultation between housekeepers as to the relative merits of different glass jars, or the probable crop of quinces, or the rumored failure of Bartlett pears. For this higher branch of housewifery is seldom handed over to servants; it is the fine art of cookery, in which, in the West and South, the matrons are artists and young girls are instructed as a necessary qualification to marriage. When we remember a certain sunny, airy Pennsylvania kitchen that we have seen, with the wind from the autumn-tinted hills sweeping through it, and a bright-eyed little woman surveying her store of vegetables in shining cans and glass jars of yellow and crimson fruit; or a great pantry in Virginia, with a rosy-cheeked little girl in white apron and tucked-up hair, ranging proudly on its shelves the rows of glasses of translucent jellies, amber, sea-green, and ruby; the mammoth jars of mysterious soys, and catsups, and pickles, which she has evolved with infinite skill and patience out of a myriad of brass kettles, and weights, and spices, and all the products of the farm,—we protest the pictures are very pleasant to our eyes, and we feel that the women have done work as wholesome and fine as though they had conducted a public tea-party for the

Centennial, or written a sickly poem, or delivered a lecture full of sound and hyperbole, meaning nothing.

It has been too much the fashion of late to decry this department of the work of housekeeping as useless and menial, and to insist that money ought to buy its result, leaving to the wife and daughter time for self-improvement and higher duties. There can be no doubt that the average American housekeeper often becomes a slave to her store-closet, one-third of the year being spent in preparing food for the remainder; canned vegetables, salted meat, pickles and preserves are often the millstone which drags her soul and body down to a very low level. But there is another side to the subject, and we may strike the just middle-ground on it as on any other. Nobody wants a George Eliot, or Florence Nightingale, or Jessie Fremont, to give her time to compounding piccalillis or preserves. But, while one woman is a leader in society, literature, or philanthropy, ninety-nine adopt some smaller way to make themselves useful and helpful in bettering and brightening the little world about them, and these smaller ways in city life are frequently incessant devotion to visiting, to music, to making horrible and exhausting efforts at house decoration. We confess that when we have sat down to feasts where the vegetables smacked too strongly of the professional canner's art, where the meats were ill-cooked, the offense of the pickles was rank with vitriol, and the desserts bore that inextinguishable flavor of the confectioner's shop, and when, after dinner, we have been called on to listen to feeble strumming of the piano, or weak criticisms on the last exhibition, or to admire works of art in the shape of spatterdash, or Persian embroideries on Turkish toweling, we have remembered the busy Pennsylvania kitchen and the bountiful tables of old Virginia matrons; the delicious flavor, idiosyncrasy, if we may call it so, of every dish; the care with which the father's taste in soups, and the boys' fancy for certain jams, were remembered from year to year; the thousand ways in which skill and good taste and affection were shown in this base art of cookery; the genuine, home-made flavor of the dishes, the talk, the very fun,—we are not at all sure that women in ignoring this ancient craft so utterly, have not slighted one of their strongest modes of expression.

Home Illuminations.

It is possible (writes one of our correspondents) to secure, with but little money, a window that will be very beautiful in color, and artistic in character, which will give an opportunity for the exercise of home talent and industry, and yet be inexpensive in cost. The window itself ought to be in an effective position, say on a staircase, in a hall, at one end of a library or sitting-room, behind a stand of flowers, and certainly where the sunlight will stream through it as many hours as possible.

Having secured the window, it will be necessary to duplicate its panes, choosing glass that is as clear as possible. This is the only expensive item on the list of materials, and probably will not be very formidable. The other materials are autumn leaves, Hartford fern, some gum-arabic, and a lump of putty. The glass is carefully cleaned and laid upon a table, following the shape of the window in placing the panes. The leaves are then grouped on the panes in whatever designs you please. It will not be easy to prevent them from being stiff, as the figures upon each pane are necessarily separate; but it is safe to follow the natural growth upon the twig, taking pains to have the stems as closely joined as possible. If the window contains more than two or four panes, a cross, a half-wreath, or a graceful bouquet of pressed flowers, could be used for the center panes, and sprays of maple, oak, poplar, and other forest leaves, placed in the others. It would be equally effective to follow one design through the whole window, but then care would have to be taken to keep it definite. Space may be left to trail the Hartford fern around the outside panes of the window, so as to make a continuous wreath, and in working this up, much care must be given to the points where the sash will break the pattern. If the edges here are ragged, or if they do not meet in a natural, continuous, and graceful manner, the window will be "spotty," and all unity of effect will be lost. The leaves can all be secured in position by having a little of the gum-arabic lightly brushed over the stems and midribs. When they are dry, and the design is entirely finished, the glasses are placed in position—the leaves, of course, being between the panes—and your extra panes must be neatly and safely puttied in. The effect of such a window, it is hardly necessary to say, will be most brilliant and beautiful. We all know how exquisite a single transparency, made of autumn leaves, can be in a sunny window; but when the whole window is wreathed in green, and ablaze in autumnal colors, the effect is very brilliant indeed.

Among the flowers, the scarlet geranium, or the sage, violets, pansies, buttercups, larkspur, tulips, and many others as bright, will be found to keep their color for a long time, while ordinary ferns, strawberry, rose, and some other green leaves, soon become white and ineffective. The forest leaves, if properly prepared, will last for several seasons; but one of the advantages, it seems to us, in such a window is the possibility of making changes, and each year producing new combinations.

Ventilation.

WE are surrounded with a pure atmosphere many miles deep, but we seldom use it without first abusing it. In our houses we bottle up a portion of it, and seclude ourselves within it in such conditions as to render it poisonous, and then complacently ask one another, "Is not this domestic comfort?" If one excludes air from his lungs longer than three minutes death soon follows, but impure air may be breathed for many years and the patient continue to live. Is it not a pity that he continues to live?—for if poisoned air did its work quicker, and in a more striking way, men might be deterred from wantonly breathing it.

In the great majority of our school buildings, workshops, court-houses, hotels, railway coaches, alms-houses, concert-halls and churches, the air is unfit for breathing. Time was when our dwellings and public buildings were so constructed that ventilation came as a matter of course; the loose-fitting doors and windows rattled with every breeze. What thanks are sometimes due to green lumber and indifferent mechanics! In private houses the broad fire-place sucked up and carried off unwholesome gases. Then, too, men and women lived much in the open air, and were not afraid of it. Now, we make our doors and windows air-tight; our rooms are heated by air-tight stoves and furnaces; fire-places are seldom seen, or are made for ornament and closed up with fire-boards, and our food is cooked in air-tight stoves. These modern improvements cost us dearly on the score of health, and will continue to do so until we conform more closely to the laws of right living.

To provide fresh air for a dwelling-house in winter, some would say, knock out a panel from every door and a pane of glass from every window. But it is important to bring in a constant supply of fresh air, as well as to expel that which is vitiated by use, and to introduce it in such a way as not to let in also the influenza and pneumonia. It is generally unwise to open a window in winter upon a household or a public assembly to let in fresh air. In dwellings where grates are used, it is sometimes customary to bring a current of out-door air into a hollow space in the chimney behind the fire, where it becomes warmed before entering the room. But for the majority of country-houses grates are the exception, and close stoves the general rule; how, then, can we ventilate rooms warmed by stoves? One simple method is this: Surround a common iron stove with a neat Russia iron case, leaving a space of four inches between the two, and cover the whole at the top with an ornamental grating. Connect this stove with the air out of doors by a tin conductor four or five inches square, leading from a cellar window along under the parlor floors, and up through the floor into the open space before described. A damper should be inserted in this tube to regulate the amount of air brought in. By some method like this we can introduce an abundance of pure air, which, when warmed in the air-chamber around the stove, will flow out in a general current into the

apartment. To complete this arrangement, however, a register should be inserted in the chimney flue to carry off impure air as fast as the fresh is brought in.

The grate, or the close stove arranged in the above manner, will answer well when only one or two rooms are to be heated; but when a whole house or a large public building is to be warmed and ventilated, the hot-air furnace will do the work better. The furnace, properly constructed, with gas-tight joints, and a large copper pan in the air-chamber for evaporating water, will furnish a constant supply of fresh, summer-like air, sending its wholesome tide hour after hour through all the building.

It is also an essential requisite of this method that provision be made for a current of air to flow out of every room as well as for one to flow in, for the original body of cold air must be expelled before its place can be supplied by a body of warm air.

To properly ventilate a house warmed by a furnace, the rooms occupied should be provided with registers leading into a ventiduct starting near the floor, and carried up by the side of the smoke flue. The heat of the flue will furnish the necessary motive power for carrying up the waste air in the ventiduct. Sometimes an interior chimney, in which no constant fire is kept, will be so warmed by the heat of the adjoining rooms as to serve for a ventilating shaft. If apartments are not provided with efficient escapes for the cold air, not only will it be hard to force warm air up into them, but that which is forced up will soon be drawn down into the furnace-chamber to be heated over again, whence it will be returned to the rooms above, and so be made to traverse back and forth in continuous succession.

In order to force warm air up into a room which has no aperture for the escape of the cold air, it often becomes necessary to heat the furnace red-hot. This drives a portion of the air upward, but compels a corresponding amount of cold air to descend from the room above into the furnace chamber below. Of course, then, a portion of the register is obstructed by the descending current of cold air, while the other half carries up the warm air. Any one can satisfy himself of the truth of this statement by holding a lighted candle or match over such a register. On one side the flame will be drawn upward, and on the other side downward.

It may be added, in this connection, that the opening for the escape of impure air, which had better be near the floor than the ceiling, for impure air is heavier than fresh, should be on the side of the room opposite the register of the furnace, so as to insure the greatest amount of circulation with the least possible loss of heat. Also, any chimney may be made a good ventilating shaft by kindling a fire on the hearth. Indeed, this arrangement—the furnace and a fire on the hearth—constitutes the best known method of warming and ventilating a dwelling-house, the furnace affording a comfortable heat to the halls and rooms of the entire building, while the ruddy light of the fire-place gives a cheerful,

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home-like expression to the apartments occupied, and both together furnish ample ventilation.

Before leaving our subject, we wish to protest against the practice, widely prevalent, of taking air into the furnace-chamber (and thence into the apartment above) directly from the cellar, instead of from the pure atmosphere outside of the building.

Letters from Correspondents.

A MINIATURE FERNERY.—“We were out in the woods for a day’s pleasuring—riding along neglected old roads, leading to nowhere in particular; stopping in a shady glen beside a cool dark brook to eat our hearty lunch, and wandering about in search of whatever we could find. Our search was amply rewarded, for we had soon loaded ourselves with woodland treasures in the shape of moss, grasses, delicate vines, tiny two-leaved maples, and baby evergreens, clusters of ferns, which we dug up with the roots and some of the soil adhering to them; and long sprays of ground pine, and glossy ‘squaw-vine,’ with its bright crimson berries. We brought home our trophies in triumph, and proceeded to make a ‘fernery’ after our own fashion. Taking a large platter, we arranged the ferns carefully on it, filling in with the green moss and graceful, drooping grasses, which also had roots (as, indeed, had everything we brought), and trailing the vines over all; then we placed it on a little stand, which was twined with the evergreen ground pine, and had a lovely ‘woody’ affair at no cost but the pleasure of gathering and arranging. We watered the platter every day, and, after the lapse of several weeks, the ferns and all are as fresh and healthy as when first gathered, and every day some new wonder unfolds itself: new ferns are coming up out of the mold; little wood violets are growing, and the pipsissewa has had a blossom that rivals the trailing arbutus in delicacy and sweetness, while the bright berries glow in the green mosses.”

AUTUMN LEAVES AND FERNS.—A Newark correspondent writes to us: “I have tried several ways of preparing the leaves, and find that they have the most natural appearance when prepared in the following manner: Immediately after gathering them, take a moderately warm iron, smear it with bees-wax, rub over each surface of the leaf *once*, apply more wax for each leaf; this process will cause the leaves to roll about as they do when hanging on the tree. If pressed more, they will become brittle, and remain perfectly flat. Maple and oak are among the most desirable, and they may be gathered any time after the severe frosts; but the sumac and ivy must be secured as soon after the first *slight* frost as they become tinted, or the leaflets will fall from the stem. Ferns may be selected any time during the season. A large book must be used in gathering them; if carried in the hand, they will be spoiled for pressing. A weight should be placed on them until they are perfectly dry; then, excepting the most delicate ones, it will be well to press them the same as the leaves, as they are liable to curl when placed

in a warm atmosphere; these will form beautiful combinations with the sumac and ivy. If cedar can be secured, it will add very much to these autumn decorations. Festoons are very pretty

made of the cedar and dark leaves combined; a narrow strip of cloth will serve as a foundation, and will be covered by sewing the trimmings on both sides."

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Schliemann's "Troy and its Remains."

WE do not need to enter into the discussion whether the treasure found by Schliemann at Hissarlik was actually a part of the wealth of King Priam, and whether the identical Scean Gate has been laid open by his excavations. These questions will be differently answered, according as the reader is more or less inclined to the speculative view of comparative mythology and of the folk-lore of nations. If we were to believe some scholars, the existence even of the ancient city of Troy is doubtful, while Kings Priam and Agamemnon are as much the creatures of poetic fable as the swan egg of Leda, from which was hatched the fair bane of the city of the Simois and Scamander. But the strange discoveries of the present day have, one by one, put flesh and blood on the shadowy heroes of the East. Sardanapalus and Gyges now stand before us veritable kings of antiquity, as distinct as Alfred or Charlemagne. It is too much to hope that we shall ever find the annals of Ulysses in Ithaca, or that the story told to Herodotus by the Egyptian priests and confirmed long afterward by their descendants to Diodorus, that King Prætus detained Helen in Egypt during the Trojan war, will ever be found recorded written in the hieroglyphics of the Nile. But that there was a city of Troy, and that it had a commanding power on the Mediterranean, admits of no historical doubt. Not a few lines of evidence unite to prove that it was overthrown at about the time recorded on the Parian marble, or 1208 B. C. We know from Egyptian sources just the centuries in which the inhabitants of the Troad were called Dardanians, and the Greeks were called Achæians. That, as Max Müller says, there has been a large amount of fable and mythology mixed up in the Iliad, is probable enough; but it is not unlikely that some part of the story is actual history, and Schliemann has certainly done something to make the basis of the story secure.

Admitting simply, what we must admit, that the actual Troy of the Dardanians was at Hissarlik, where Schliemann has found it, but not accepting his nomenclature of its palaces and gates, we yet find an extremely important addition to our knowledge of the early inhabitants of the Troad in the researches of Mr. Schliemann. The city burnt and re-

burnt by its conquerors is before us. Here are actual palaces, and streets, and gates. Here are not only the earthen jars and lamps which we find in so many old excavations, but the golden drinking cups, the silver basins, and the copper shields of royal and heroic luxury and war. Here are not merely the knives and spear-heads in flint, but in bronze, and with them the very molds in which they were cast. As we descend through layer after layer from the Greek period to that which we will call Archaic or aboriginal, for we are not sure that it is Dardanian, we seem to come to the very beginning of the arts and of civilization, when vessels of clay were fashioned by hand without the aid of the potter's wheel, and when, as on children's slates, the figures of animals and men were represented by the simplest lines.

What the people, and their civilization, were, we are not quite so sure as Mr. Schliemann is. It may be that these aborigines were not of the Greek or even Aryan stock at all. It may even be that the first semi-civilized inhabitants of Asia Minor, as of Mesopotamia, were Turanians; but, whatever their race, this book, with its profuse illustrations, gives us a new and most important insight into the history of the beginnings of human civilization. The American reader will get no little assistance in apprehending the importance of this element in the book, by examining the very similar prehistoric remains found in Cyprus by Mr. Di Cesnola, and forming the most interesting part of the Cypriote Collection in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in this city.

Perhaps the most charming thing about the volume is the intense and simple enthusiasm that pervades it, and which fairly illuminates the brief autobiography. An early passion for Greece and the Greek language, somehow ignorantly caught before he knew anything about them, has inspired his whole life. He became an apprentice and afterward a merchant, only that he might have money and leisure to study Greek. As soon as he had acquired a competency, he hastened to the scene of the tale of Homer, that he might, like a loyal Greek, unbury the poet and the heroes whom he worshipped from the graves where criticism was burying them. His success has been the wonder of modern archæology. He was willing to sacrifice himself even to his love of the epic bard; and his sacrifice was his gain. He announced in Athens that he would marry the girl who would commit to memory the whole of the Iliad, and the wife he thus secured has proved of the greatest aid to him in his explorations. Still, like a knight-errant, is he vigorously attacking in English, French, and German period-

* * * Troy and its Remains. A Narrative of Researches and Discoveries made on the site of Ilium and in the Trojan Plain. By Dr. Henry Schliemann. Translated with the author's sanction. Edited by Philip Smith, B. A., etc. With map, plans, views, etc. London: John Murray. New York: Scribner, Welford & Armstrong.

icals indifferently, all disbelievers in his Scæan Gates, or his Owl-headed Minerva. The last number of the "Revue Archéologique" renews against the latest skeptic the claims of Hissarlik against Bunarbashi. No doubt he will find his path clear, before long, to return and renew his excavations. For he is right in believing that now the spade has become to the archæologist mightier than the pen.

"Talks on Art."*

MR. HUNT'S book is a curiosity as much for its getting up as for its contents. The pages are printed sidewise, on yellowish-white paper, with a broad margin at the left side (or bottom of the book), for annotations, we suppose; and to add to the bewilderment of the thing, some quotations from the Brownings and Blake, beginning on the margin at the end of the book, run forward toward the beginning. It is eminently an artistic-looking *brochure*, however, and makes a pleasant innovation. The plan, of course, is Japanese; but had the cover been more flexible and the paper thinner, we should have had a really successful novelty. We think, too, that with many readers the marginal space will be in frequent requisition, for, with the true artist's desire to give point to all sides of a truth, Mr. Hunt freely disputes himself, and is at all moments almost aggressive in his enunciation of principles. He quarrels with Ruskin, saying that his "receipts make a book, but never made a painter." But, surely, Mr. Hunt's own "receipts" will never make a painter; the most essential characteristic of this collection of sayings being that it is one to which the student and painter will be able to have useful recourse only at certain moments and at particular crises of artistic experience. If read for systematic instruction, by an inexperienced person, it must produce, we should think, a hopeless and disastrous irritation. Yet, every student of art will do well to keep it by him, as a sort of scripture from which a text now and then will be of great value. "Look at the *boy*. Don't look at his nostrils. That little hole is where the nostril isn't!

* * You seem to say, 'What is it that the Lord didn't intend me to see? Oh, I have it: the nostril!' You make me think of the Irishman who said that 'somebody had stolen his key-hole.'" Again: "Decide what you're going to have! When you have decided, turn off the difference between face, coat, and background." In another place, he exhorts painters to dash and enthusiasm, and says, "Hang *duty!*" A few pages farther on, he proves that nothing can be done without incessant, incalculable labor, and praises duty thus. Then, again, he declares that there is no use in talking about art. "I would as soon listen to a lecture on art as to *smell of music*, or to *eat the receipt of a plum-pudding*." Yet, the very publication of his book shows that he recognizes the value of talking. He has, however, a wonderfully lively and delightful spite against the Boston and Cam-

bridge *littérateurs*, whose idea of criticism "is fault-finding." Among other things, he says: "A Greek professor who doesn't know what Greek art is, isn't a Greek scholar. I don't know just what Greek was a ruler during a certain period, but I have some literary science and *ensemble*. Ignorant as I am, I know more about Homer than a Greek professor can know about Phidias. He might tell me when he was born. Well, a rat was born about that time." It will be seen from these fragments how discursive Mr. Hunt's pages are; but they are also effervescent with suggestion. In this suggestiveness they resemble his painting. He is the advocate of inspiration, though he does not deny knowledge. Inspiration and knowledge in alliance make fine pictures, and this Mr. Hunt understands; but he seems to counsel a sort of hit-or-miss practice, which has its bad features. He would make pictures as Nature does apples, wasting twenty where one is saved. As a *teacher* of art, Mr. Hunt does not appear strong in this little book; his influence is not for a moment to be compared to that of Ruskin or of Taine; but as a racy, epigrammatic, quaint talker he stands high, and these rambling maxims, apothegms, protests against dry criticism, and satirical remarks are a substantial acquisition, which we hope will be, as they deserve, permanently prized by painters and connoisseurs.

Assyria.*

BETTER work could not be assigned than the writing of a popular short history of Assyria, and the person chosen by the editors of the series called "Ancient History from the Monuments" is as familiar with the subject as any one that could be selected. Mr. Smith has had the unusual advantage of being custodian of the Oriental antiquities deposited in the British Museum, and in that capacity has translated not a few of the tile inscriptions, or clay books, discovered at Nineveh. The full text of one is given in this volume, and is a remarkable example of Assyrian superstition. Mr. Smith has done his work well; the small handy volume he has turned out has the merit of some picturesqueness, a difficult matter enough in dealing with monotonous annals of conquest and bloodshed; these very annals, moreover, being in many cases imperfect. A connected whole lies before us in the history we get from his pen, but the author would be the last to claim for it completeness. In fact, such a thing is at present impossible; even the records which eventually will be available are not yet all deciphered, and those that have been attempted are, in many cases, subjects of controversy. The study of cuneiform is still in its infancy. Of course, to the great Bible-reading public it is not necessary to insist on the importance of a knowledge of Assyria, practically the mistress of Palestine from the beginning to the end of her greatness, nor on that of the side light thrown on the elected people by the close race connection between Jews and Assyrians. It gives a saner out-

* W. M. Hunt's Talks on Art. Boston: H. O. Houghton & Company. Cambridge: The Riverside Press.

*Ancient History from the Monuments. Assyria. By George Smith, of the British Museum. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

look on Biblical history, to be forced to see what an insignificant parcel of tribes were those of Israel and Judea, from whom, nevertheless, came the religion which conquered all the West, and crossed the ocean to every corner of the New World; that even worked eastwardly across Asia, and flourished long in the heart of the Middle Flowery Kingdom. Hence the frequent references to the Bible, which are given with commendable discretion, open up new views of Scriptural subjects. Aside from the religious interest is another, which has to do with general theories of ethnology. Thus the history of Assyria has surprising analogies with that of Indian empires in Central and South America, to a consideration of which Americans give so little heed. From a political stand-point Assyria is also full of interest. It might form a fair question whether the Assyrian kings had not their cruel external wars as often forced upon them by the rude tribes on their borders, as they were guilty themselves of unprovoked lust of conquest. The same might be said of many other central nations surrounded by natural enemies; have not circumstances compelled them into aggressive campaigns in order to avoid a gradual disintegration through the continuous agitation of savage tribes or restless peoples on their frontiers? But this is only one of a host of questions that arise when one considers the ancient despotisms of Asia, Africa, and America, of which the Assyrian exhibits so striking an example. The tendency to refer this invention or that art to a certain antique historical name is somewhat checked, when we find back of the furthest possible age in which such person could be put, a close civilization, which must have used those arts and inventions to reach the standard it won. The names of Orpheus and Cadmus can only be applied to men who learned from an ancient civilization, and in their own land came to be regarded as the authors of their borrowed skill. Even the statement, not here made, that "to the Egyptians is due the art of writing" is one which, though often heard, means either narrowness or carelessness in the speaker; he has found it easier to use inaccurate simplicity than to wrestle with a complex problem.

Yale Lectures on Preaching.*

FOR three successive years the students of the Yale Theological Seminary have had the advantage of special instruction in the art of preaching, from the lectures of the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher, on the foundation provided by Mr. Sage, of Brooklyn, and known as "The Lyman Beecher Lecture-ship." The three volumes in which these lectures have been published, taken together, afford probably the very best special equipment for their work with which students of theology have ever been furnished. But the volumes have an additional interest, as revealing more clearly than it was ever before revealed, the secret of the great Brooklyn

preacher's wonderful success and usefulness. If any body has ever supposed that success to be owing to any mere felicity of manner, or to any superficial gifts of facile and attractive speech, a study of this third volume of the series ought to correct such a mistake. It reveals a profound, and careful, and consistent habit of thought in regard to the matter of preaching, which entitles the author to very high rank among those who have labored to vindicate the ways of God to men. It is because he has had something to say, and not merely because he has known how to say it, that he has become the foremost preacher of his time. Every page of this volume—by far the most valuable of the three—is full of suggestion, born evidently of the author's own personal experience and deep and honest conviction. From first to last, his conceptions of doctrine are sure to be, above all things, practical. For example, instead of following the method of John Calvin, in the "Institutes"—the method after which our religious thinking, ever since, has been so largely fashioned,—and beginning first with *a priori* ideas of God, and of the divine nature and relations, he considers first what man is, and what man needs, and what the human meaning is of words which are employed to convey a revelation of divine truth. God is a Father, we are told; but before that statement can have any meaning to us, we must first have learned by human experience what fatherhood is. So always "the interpretation of the Bible is not in itself, but outside of itself" (pp. 48-9). From human analogies, from human relationships, from facts of experience and of observation, must the revelation of the divine being and character get its vocabulary and its method.

This third volume of the lectures has a very deep and even painful interest, from the fact that they were given, as has since appeared, at a time when the greatest possible personal anxiety and trouble were burdening the mind of the lecturer, in view of that conspiracy against his good name, and against the peace and good morals of the community, which (as he knew) was steadily advancing toward its incredible culmination. It is profoundly interesting to see how, during those months of troubled apprehension, he maintained not merely the most perfect self-control in the exercise of his intellectual faculties, but also a moral steadiness and a power of clear and penetrating spiritual discernment which under any circumstances would be wonderful, and under the given circumstances was especially wonderful. Of the direct and hortatory counsel to young preachers, which this volume contains, much, evidently, if not the whole, is born of the lecturer's own experience. We cite one noteworthy example (page 58):

"A young man who goes out to preach is never ordained when the consecrating hand has been laid on his head, and he has entered upon the ministry. The ceremony of ordination is all very well as far as it goes; but not until the providence of God has put its hand upon you; not until you have asked and wept, and prayed in secret places; not until you have realized your weakness and unworthiness

* Lectures on Preaching. By Henry Ward Beecher. Delivered before the Theological Department of Yale College. Third Series. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

and said, 'Would God that I were dead;' not until you have felt that your appointing is as nothing; not until with unutterable desire you have turned to God with the meekness, and humility, and gentleness, and sweetness of a child, and been conscious that you were carried in the arms of his love,—not until then will you be fully ordained."

"Social Life in Greece." *

THIS is another work in the direction of popularizing the ancients. The Rev. Mr. Mahaffy takes them by the hand and claps them on the back in the manner of one who knows them so well that familiarity has bred contempt. He acknowledges that by taking homely and common-sense views he has aimed at results which he considers the opposite of sentimentalism or pedantry,—a very good direction, be it said, as long as a man does not fall into the opposite extreme. Under his remorseless quotations the Greek becomes literally brother to the North American Indian. Like him, in early days, he indulged in human sacrifices; like him, he murdered captives and sold their wives and children into captivity; like him, he was harsh and ungrateful to his worn-out parents. Herodotus is championed, and Thucydides treated as a cold-blooded prig of a historian who does not represent his time, but himself. The dramatists are lauded, but the Greeks, as seen in Homer, come in for the harshest treatment; taking them one by one, he proves them utter cowards and liars, and contrasts them with Germanic civilization. If Mr. Mahaffy would contrast them with Germanic *heathendom* he would find that the folk-heroes of that race, in song and fairy tale, are as thorough liars as any Greek. Thus his book is full of bright, interesting, instructive points, and is well worth reading, but the writer is not up to the greatness of his subject. He writes with his century, but he is not equal to his century, nor is there any reason why we should expect it. We should be glad of getting a book which is excellent in its way, which will stimulate the classical student, and bid him go dig for himself by daylight.

"Three Feathers." †

THE story of Wenna Rosewarne, by the author of "The Princess of Thule," has been running through "Lippincott's Magazine." It shows no lack of skill on the part of the writer, but will not bear invidious comparison with that fresh scene in which Sheila played her sweet rôle. The character of Mr. Roscorla is, perhaps, a more thoughtful piece of work than anything we have yet had from William Black, while the landscapes of a certain bit of Wales (hence Three Feathers, the crest of Princes of Wales) are brought before us with the same happy touch, the same finish of word painting, we

have seen in his other books. As usual, the plot is a slight one, and the result anything but moving; it is simply a gentle charm that holds one well to the end. The ultimate triumph of two such badly behaved young persons as Trelyon, the hero, and Mabyn, the heroine's sister, is deprived of its dubious moral by the reform of Trelyon and the manifest want of heart in prim, elderly, Mr. Roscorla. True-love wins, and a rough, generous youth is schooled by love and world-work into a fit husband for plain Wenna, beautiful in her deeds.

French and German Books.

Briefe aus der libyschen Wüste. Von K. A. Zittel.—Very interesting reading are these easily written letters by a member of Rohlf's Expedition into the Sahara during the winter of 1873-4. Zittel was geologist to the caravan sent by the Khedive to seek a direct path westward from the Nile above Minieh to the oasis Kufarah. The oasis was not reached. A great sand-sea was found some twenty camelrests westward of the Nile, and beyond the plateau called the Libyan Desert, which contains oases well known to antiquity, but, through Arab misrule and bigotry, lost to the modern world. This waste was entered and found impracticable. Rohlf therefore turned north-westward and laid a straight course by compass to the celebrated oasis of Jupiter Ammon, which he reached after a remarkable forced march diagonally across the east and west sand ridges of the "sea." Thence the Expedition returned by the smaller oases of Bacharieh, Farafrah, Dachel, and Chargeh to the Nile, near Thebes. In what is little more than a thick pamphlet we get a very clear picture of desert travel, and the effect of the landscape and atmosphere on plants and animals. The history of the various Libyan oases, so long buried, is given with a sufficiently sparing hand to make us wish for more, while greater problems of geology and ethnology are only touched upon. Noticeable is a quotation from Bayard Taylor to give a fit rendering of the impression made by the desert. A good map of the Libyan Desert completes a very entertaining sketch. (L. W. Schmidt, 24 Barclay street.)

Naturwissenschaft gegen Philosophie. Von Dr. Med. George C. Stiebeling. New York: L. W. Schmidt, 1871.—The Germans in the Fatherland are wont to speak of American Germans with some superciliousness, regarding them in the light of vulgar money-getters, who have no heads for *wissenschaft* or even *philosophie*. They thus assume the position that Englishmen have taken toward Americans; but, either by reason of a more generous temperament, or because there has been no war to embitter colonist and motherland, they recognize merit quicker than our British cousins. Dr. Stiebeling is an instance of the German scientific mind militant cropping up in the United States. The theory which has sharpened his pen is that of Hartmann, whose "Philosophy of the Unconscious" has had more success in Germany than ever was heard of before in a work of the kind. Among

* Social Life in Greece. By Rev. J. P. Mahaffy, of Trinity College, Dublin. London: Macmillan & Co.

† Three Feathers: A Novel. By William Black. Harper & Brothers.

other things, Hartmann has been roundly abused as a materialist, but Dr. Stiebeling attacks him because he is an "enemy of materialism and realism." In his endeavor to reconcile philosophy and science, the inductive and deductive methods, "Hartmann assumes that impression and will exist without a groundwork of material" to stand upon, and that this purely spiritual activity is unconscious. This it is that arouses Dr. Stiebeling's positivistic wrath, and he makes a strong assault upon his opponent; not without words of scorn for the whole tribe of chamber philosophers who, "brooding out their brain-cobwebs behind the stove, attempt to explain the connecting links of the universe." The same author publishes a pamphlet on the "So-called Instinct of the Hen and Duck," in which he shows that the acts of the young of these birds called instinctive are really learned by experience.

A First German Book. By C. A. Schlegel, Professor in the Normal College of the City of New York. (L. W. Schmidt, 1875).—This is to supply a want resulting from the decision that German shall not cease to be taught in our common schools, and the writer is a person who has had many years' experience in teaching his own language. Everything superfluous has been cut out, in order to bring into prominence the points found to be of the greatest importance to a beginner, the effort being to give some command of language before grammar and the more difficult constructions are reached in a second part. It appears to be thoroughly practical, and might do well for beginners in self-instruction, although meant for class exercise. Its cost is one dollar.

Die Entdeckung Ilioms zu Hissarlik. Von Otto Keller.—A powerful support is here brought to Schliemann, whose discoveries at Troy have occasioned much battle among scholars. Otto Keller has visited Hissarlik, seen the accumulation of relics due to the perseverance of Schliemann, and decides unquestioningly that Schliemann is right, and those who have placed the site of Troy at Bunarbashi wrong—that they are flying in the face of tradition, of discoveries, and of possibilities connected with the geological formation of the neighborhood. Speaking of the doubts expressed by Hahn, after he had dug unavailingly at Bunarbashi, as to the existence of any site of Troy, he says: "It is very easy to slip on the treacherous surface of legendary research and fall into over-great skepticism. Meet-

ing with poetical additions of a legendary nature, one readily looks upon the historical and geographical kernel as mere lies and fiction, instead of carefully hoarding it." He is equally positive of the composite nature of Homer—that is, of the fact that there were more than one or two poets with a hand in the Iliad and Odyssey. The essay is supported by numerous foot-notes, which show the writer's wide acquaintance with classical authorities.

Un Vaincu. Mme. B. Boissonnas.—We have every reason to expect that a French writer of souvenirs of General Robert E. Lee will be guilty of the greatest extravagance; it is therefore with much pleasure that we find what is in truth a panegyric, but is nevertheless an apology as well. The whole tone of the book is most admirable. There are many errors, of course, such as the statement that in politics the blacks brought no additional weight to their masters, the imperfect description of Bull Run, an allusion to the "Monitor," etc., etc.; but in a sketch of the kind such trifles are nothing compared to the clear moral drawn by a hand that, setting out to be instructive, is never tiresome, and avoids cant. We should be grateful to a lady who can write with such virility, and who begins the preface to her sons with these words: "You know that I love whatever makes one dream of good; I love honest people; I believe something is always to be gained in the company of noble souls; and so, as you have already, without doubt, divined, the conquered man of whom I intend to tell you was a man of heart—one of those whose pure and wholesome memory should be saved from oblivion. And yet, at the time of the war that rent America asunder, this conquered man, while defending the land of his birth, fought for the South, the country of slavery!" It is needless to say with what effect the history of the Confederate General is applied to France in her present state. The very qualities that made Lee formidable to the last are those that France requires—justice, self-sacrifice, moderation; and the conduct of the Southern people in the days of their distress is held up as a model, although careful distinction is made against the virulent attitude of the women of the South. Nothing could be more opportune than this record of a noble life of mistaken duty. In the language used the modern tendency of placing adjective before noun, which the French are importing from English, is more than usually noticeable. (F. W. Christern, 77 University Place.)

THE WORLD'S WORK.

New Surface Condenser.

A WATER-HEATER and steam-condenser has just been patented, that, for simplicity of design, merits

attention. A circular iron casing of any desired diameter or length is set up, and provided with a steam inlet at top and outlet at bottom. Inside of this is placed a central rod having round baffle-

plates nearly filling the casing, fixed at intervals along its length. From the sides of the casing project V-shaped cast-iron plates, so arranged that each pair incloses one of the baffle-plates. By drawing the central rod tight, these castings are pressed together steam-tight. Another set of baffle-plates in rings are fixed to the casing between the castings, and at the top and bottom are placed inlets and outlets for the water. When steam is let in at the top it enters the central core, and, meeting the baffle-plates, is thrown against the castings and thus, alternately driven from side to side, it passes down and is condensed on the way. The water of condensation passes out of a suitable escape, and any steam left over finds its way to the open air through another outlet. The cold water entering below passes up the casing next the outside, and is, by the ring-shaped baffle-plates, deflected against the steam-heated surfaces, and escapes at the top, after having adsorbed a large part of the heat of the steam. The merits claimed for this condenser and heater are the precipitation of the sediment in the water by its upward movement, and the ease with which the apparatus may be taken apart and extended in length at pleasure. To economize heat, the exterior is designed to be jacketed.

The Cecil Bread.

THIS process of flouring and bread-making has been officially approved by the French Minister of War, and is to be adopted in the army. The loss of nutritive matter by the common system of grinding is calculated at twenty per cent. The loss by the Cecil process is claimed to be only five per cent. The grain is first steeped in water and then placed in revolving disintegrators that quickly remove the husks. It is then formed into a thin sponge and kept for six or eight hours at 77° Fahr. It may be then crushed under rollers and made up into bread in the usual way.

Actinic Copying Paper.

UNDER the name of Ferro-Prussiate paper, dealers in photographic materials now offer a cheap and convenient article for copying designs, etc. It is furnished in sheets 65x50 centimeters, or in rolls, 65 centimeters wide and 10 meters long; and if kept dry and in the dark, it will maintain its usefulness for a long time. The paper is faced with a greenish-gray preparation of ferro-prussiate of potash, and may be used in three different ways. The most simple and easy method is to place the drawing, face down, over a sheet of the prepared paper, and to expose them both to the full sun in a photographic press, or under a thick piece of clear glass. The exposure varies from thirty minutes in the full sun to three hours in a diffused light. If the design or other matter is on transparent paper, the sunlight is not essential, as a simple skylight will do the work quickly. The design comes out a grayish-olive color, and must be fixed at once by washing in a bath of clear water. The copy by this process gives

a white outline on a blue ground. To obtain a blue outline on a white ground an inverted negative of the design must be employed. To get a black copy on a white ground, the copy obtained by the negative is treated in a bath of 4 grammes of potash in 100 of water, when the blue color becomes rusty by the appearance of the oxide of iron. A final dipping in a bath of 5 grammes of tannin in 100 of water brings the last color. The iron oxide takes up the tannin and turns black, when the copy may be fixed by washing in pure water. Documents copied on this paper are reversed, and must be read by the aid of a mirror.

Tempered Glass.

THIS tempered or hardened glass has been recently subjected to scientific investigations by the aid of the polariscope. In all the differently shaped pieces of glass examined, the same chromatic phenomenon was observed. Lines of tension and balanced tension were seen, showing that the tempering of the glass had resulted in a contraction of the exterior, and the whole or partial compression of the interior. Under mechanical investigation this optical examination proved to be correct. A piece of glass that showed under the polariscope lines of unbalanced tension submitted to a file, but fell to pieces in the curious manner this glass displays as soon as grinding on the other side approached the lines shown by the polariscope. When treated with hydro-fluoric acid the glass was etched unequally, showing wavy lines corresponding to the lines of tension exhibited optically, and the interior was found to be in no wise different from common glass. These experiments tend to show that this material is a kind of chilled glass, and that the toughness is mainly on the outside. This glass, it must be here noticed, is not yet commercially available, though a number of glass firms are erecting works for its manufacture.

Frameless Houses.

WHILE many changes have been made in interior decoration and convenience within the last few years, house-building itself has not materially departed from the "balloon-frame" idea for a long time. Recently, a method of construction that dispenses with framing, boarding, lathing, and plastering, has been patented, and is already attracting some attention. By this method, the substructure up to the sill is prepared as for an ordinary wooden house. The sill is then placed, and firmly bolted down to the masonry. Solid wooden staves, 2½x4 inches, and of different lengths, are then prepared, and in each is cut a groove 1½x1½ inch the whole length on each side. One-inch holes are then bored through the sides at intervals of eighteen inches. These, with a number of iron rods, bolts, nuts, and tongues, make the entire materials for the house, excepting the ornamental work that may be put on without or within. Three staves, equal in length to the intended height of the house, or the first story, if it is

a high one, are set up outside of the sill, and firmly bolted to it. Between each piece is placed the iron tongue, reaching the whole length, and between the three are placed iron rods through the horizontal holes. Three more staves, each with its iron tongue, are then set up, and more rods are inserted, while those extending through the six staves are screwed up tight. In this manner the entire exterior wall is set up. The tongues close the cracks tight, and the rods (arranged to break joints) hold everything firm and solid. For doors and windows, spaces are left, to be closed and finished afterward in any style desired. The first floor, made of the same materials, is laid in the same way, and tension-rods, secured to the walls, are placed below to give support and strength. The partitions are set up in the same manner, and over these the second floor is laid as before. The roof (of any pitch) is laid down in the same way, except that each stave is channeled, and each crack is covered with a half-round batten to shed the rain. To secure the roof from spreading, tension-rods are placed under each pitch, and fastened together by tie-rods. Balconies, piazzas, and porches, made in any desired style, may be added, and all the ornamental work, base and weather boards, etc., are fastened directly to the wall. The iron work is designed to be galvanized, and all the bolts and nuts are countersunk. When tension-rods are used under the floors, they may be bronzed, painted, or otherwise ornamented, or may be treated as part of the gas fixtures. By this method of construction it is seen that there is no lathing or plastering, no dead spaces in the wall for fire or rats to creep unseen in, no opportunities for the builder to hide poor work. All the material is visible, and the walls are alike outside and in. The exterior may be painted, and the interior oiled, varnished, or papered. The natural wood—spruce, pine, etc.—makes a good interior finish, and for sea-side cottages, railway stations, and small churches, varnishing would be sufficient. A building of this character can be erected in sixty days after the substructure and cellar are ready—thirty days for getting out the materials, and thirty days for setting up. In cost, a saving of 33 per cent. is claimed over a frame building of the same size. For sea-side and summer houses, stations, churches, etc., this method of building presents points of interest and value. How such buildings will compare with others in point of comfort in winter remains to be seen.

Electric Registration.

THE usual method of counting and recording votes in legislative bodies is always slow and often uncertain. To overcome these defects, an electric apparatus has been devised that at once collects, records, and adds up the votes, and presents the result visibly before the entire assembly. Upon the wall at each side of the Speaker's desk is a large frame resembling a hotel annunciator, each containing as many numbers as there are members. One frame gives the "ayes," the other the "nays." On each member's desk is a push-knob—one for the affirma-

tive and one for the negative. Each is upon an electric circuit, and on touching them the number of the desk is displayed upon the annunciator. By this device each member transmits his vote instantly, and the collective votes can be seen and counted by the whole assembly. The adding up and recording are performed at the same time, and by a similar device. Behind each figure in the annunciator (or in some other convenient place) is a set of small boxes charged with wooden or metallic balls. Each of these is connected with a member's desk, and the same electric impulse that moves the annunciator releases one of these, and it falls into a pipe that leads to a large box below. As it enters this box, it passes and moves an ordinary recording instrument. All of the balls sent down pass the recorder, and the last one gives, automatically, the number of votes cast. If it is desired to prove the vote the balls can be examined and counted, first taking care that the balls from previous votes are removed. At the close of a vote a movement of a lever restores the annunciator to its former position, and the voting may be repeated. After the session the balls may be restored to their compartments ready for the next meeting. To insure further information each ball may have the number of the member's desk or his name printed upon it if desired. There can be no deception or misstatement by this device, as it is automatic, self-counting, and plainly visible before the whole house. To record the votes two electrochemical presses are employed. A sheet of paper, sensitized by a salt easily decomposed by electricity, is laid on a metallic table or press. Beneath this is a hard rubber plate pierced with iron or copper studs, each having a member's name engraved upon it. On establishing a current through the press the salt on the paper in contact with the stud is decomposed, and the member's name appears in red or blue upon the paper. In one press the print is blue and records "for," in the other red and records "against." After all have voted, and it may be simultaneous, the metallic plate is lifted, and each sheet contains a full list of all who voted on that side of the question. The other sheet has the names of those who voted on the opposite side. These sheets may be preserved for some time, or they may be entered upon the records. In case secret voting is desired, the annunciator and the recording-press may be "switched off," and only the numbers recorded by the balls employed. Then only the value of the vote is known, and if the balls are blank each individual vote is effectually covered. To enable each member to see that his vote is recorded upon the press, a compass-needle on his desk is deflected to the right or left, according to the vote. If the needle fails to move he knows his wire is broken or out of order, and he may announce his vote in some other way. To prevent tampering with the apparatus an electric alarm is placed on the Speaker's desk, and any injury to the works is at once made known. Several different plans have been announced in this direction. This one is from France. Some American efforts in the same field are said to be superior, though particulars have not been made known.

Memoranda.

CAR-WHEELS in England have been hitherto a source of danger by breakage of the tires. They are usually put on by shrinking, but this is found injurious to the life of the wheel. An improved method, recently advanced, is to use hydraulic power to squeeze the tire on to the wheel cold. The space between wheel and tire is very small, and the tire is driven on with such force as to fit tight. The use of solid cast-iron wheels in this country makes this device useless, except in the case of driving-wheels for engines and other tired wheels.

In decorative materials there is a new composition under experiment at the National Museum, Munich, that is said to be fine in grain, very plastic, and of a brilliant white. It takes well on stone, terra-cotta, glass and wood, and its excessive hardness has led to its adoption as a shot-proof covering with good results. Its composition is to be soon announced. In this connection, it may be noticed that the Prussian Government has offered a prize of 10,000 marks for a new art-plaster that will not discolor or deteriorate by washing or exposure.

A new mineral compound for uniting stone and resisting water, one that is said to be superior to hydraulic cement, is made by mixing 19 lbs. of sulphur with 42 lbs. of powdered glass or stone ware. Over a gentle heat the sulphur melts, and the whole is stirred till a homogeneous mass is obtained, when it may be run into molds. It melts at 248° Fahr., and becomes hard as stone, and will resist boiling at 230° Fahr. It may be reformed indefinitely by remelting.

The uses of paper seem to increase every month. Sheets of paper dipped in a bath of ammoniac solution of copper, and run together between rolls, make a tough board, quite as hard as plank of close-grained wood of the same thickness. By the use of fibrous fabrics between the sheets, they are rendered still tougher, and in this form seem destined to become useful in many branches of manufacture.

Improvements are offered in the treatment of the by-products of beet-root sugar-making. Hitherto they have been treated for the mineral salts they contain, and then abandoned. The residuary liquor is now concentrated, and by a process of dry distillation acetic acid, methyl, alcohol and ammonia are

obtained. The by-product is then treated for the mineral salts as before.

The use of a second boiler to supply feed-water for the larger boilers in ships is becoming general. The steamers of the Italian Navy now use a small vertical boiler with traverse tubes for this purpose. By removing a nut, the outer shell may be taken off, and the boiler readily cleansed. When not in use, these boilers are often employed on donkey-engines, etc.

Experiments have proved that the radiation of heat from sod land is much slower than from plowed land. This has led to the planting of early-blooming fruit-trees in grass for the purpose of retarding the growth, and thus escaping spring frosts. The blanket of sod has been found advantageous in this direction.

In the examination of organic tissues, whether in health or disease, it has been found that methyl-aniline violet may be made useful. On application the color separates into violet-red and violet-blue; and as each tint fixes itself upon a different portion of the tissue, its structure is exhibited vividly.

A new cattle-pen for steamers presents some features of interest in a rubber band secured to the back of the stall to prevent the cattle from injury by the motions of the ship. Alternate strips of wood and thick rubber are laid on the floor to prevent injury from a fall, and to give a good foot-hold.

An English boiler-maker slits the tops of his bolts with a saw, and drills a taper hole in the center of the saw-mark. Into this a taper plug is driven home, and the bolt spreads at the saw-mark, and becomes securely locked in place.

It is suggested that an enlarged diamond drill might be used in the manufacture of the small marble columns now so much used in building. The core turned out by the ordinary diamond drill first led to this idea.

A locomotive steam-crane, designed to do the ordinary heavy lifting at a railway station, and also adapted to the metals, so as to take itself from station to station along the line, has been put in practical operation in England.

Bottles for volatile fluids are now made with long slender necks, and, when filled and corked, a blow-pipe is used to fuse the glass above the cork, and so close the bottle hermetically for sea carriage, etc.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Bret Harte's stories have found their way to Hungary. His American friends will not be surprised to learn from the translator that, in that country, Bret Harte has the reputation of being pár év óta nagy hírűvé lett az Amerikai. This, is exceedingly flattering; but, what will his readers think, when they find such a statement fol-

lowed by the remarkable assertion that this popular author is known in Hungary as szerencsésen kikerüli? After this, of course, we are prepared to learn, from the same source, that Mr. Harte is a Kaliforniai beszélyekben; or, in other words, an Egyéb munkái; that, although somewhat tevékenységét jellemezni, he still, occasionally, in his more fortunate

moods sajátságos beszélyekbol. After this, we should like to know in what terms Paul Liptay would refer to William Cullen Bryant or Sergeant Bates.

Some of Luther's Proverbs.

THE fewer words, the better prayer; the more words, the worse the prayer.

HE must have strong legs that can carry good fortune.

OF this be sure, if you wrestle with a sweep, whether you throw or be thrown, you will come off befouled.

To do so no more is the truest repentance.

On Names and their Owners.

WE have often asked ourselves why it was that the modern orthographical reformer did not proceed a step further, and, while suggesting a phonetic spelling by which words should be written as they are pronounced, complete his project and devise a plan by which names also should be reduced to a closer correspondence between the sign and the thing signified. A symbol becomes more or less appropriate as it approaches or recedes from the object which it represents. A name, however, as it is now used, can hardly be called a symbol, as it seldom denotes a single quality in the individual represented. Our aim is to awaken the serious attention of the learned and the unlearned in the hope of inducing all, especially parents, name-givers and guardians, to review, and, as far as possible, to remove the glaring inconsistencies in the existing nomenclature.

What can be more absurd than the arbitrary and unmeaning imposition of certain names on persons who can produce no claim to them whatever? What an advantage would it be to the readers and compilers of our city directories if they were to find that every name was a true description of the appearance and occupation of its owner, that *Mr. Taylor* was true to his calling, a maker of clothes, and *Mr. Miller* was what he professed to be, a dealer in flour. Reviewed in this light, three-fourths of mankind are living under appellations which do not belong to them. Nevertheless, in the present decay of society, a few bright examples of an opposite character have been spared to us to be picked up here and there out of "the rubbish of the times." We give the reader the following instances, all perfectly genuine, which we collected recently from the streets of three or four towns in England. The writer has enjoyed personal dealings with a *Mr. Bake*, and a *Mr. Jelly*, who were confectioners; with *Mr. Orange*, a fruiterer; *Mr. Beardsworth*, a barber; *Mr. Brown*, a butcher; *Mr. Goldman*, a jeweler, and *Mr. Kettleband*, a tinker. He has well-nigh wept for joy to find that truth is yet on the earth, and that *Mr. Slack*, is still a coal-merchant; *Mr. Flight*, a coach-builder; *Mr. Carr*, a cab-proprietor; *Mr. Whip*, a choir-master; *Mr. Stiff*, a starch-maker, and *Mr.*

Stout, a porter merchant. There must be some honesty left in poor human nature, so long as Messrs. *Lightbody & Bolt* are house-agents, *Mr. Dodge*, an attorney, *Mr. Tipple*, a publican, *Mr. Waukenphast*, a bootmaker, and *Mrs. Motion*, a ball-dress maker; so long as *Mr. Scattergood* is the editor of a newspaper, and *Mr. Heavyside*, a mathematical professor.

Awkward.

AND so she's engaged to be married

To one of our class! I'm afraid

That if very much longer she tarried

Her degree would be O. M.—Old Maid.

"I know her?" Oh, yes, or I thought so;

But I'm more than inclined to believe

I was wrong. I'm the fellow she sought so,

But couldn't deceive.

"You're surprised?" I imagined you would be;

It's a thing I say little about;

'Twas as open a case as well could be—

"Did she love me?" There wasn't a doubt.

Why, she just threw herself at my head, Bill!

But I knew she'd no heart and less brains;

And though money will settle a bread bill,

It won't wash off stains.

"You're astonished at this?" My dear fellow,

What the deuce did I care for her age!

I like women like apples—when mellow.

But the fact was, I knew every page

Of her history. "Flirted?" You'd think so.

There was Harry McKeown, sixty-three;

It was she that drove him to the drink so;

"Am I sure?" As can be.

She's a scheming coquette, and I know it;

She hasn't the least bit of soul

Or an atom of truth. "Doesn't show it?"

No; her feelings are under control.

Then it's nonsense to say she has beauty,

I pity the fellow she's caught.

It must be a matter of duty

With him, or he's bought.

Who the deuce can it be? There's Fred Baker;

You remember him?—scored for the Nine;

But there isn't much fear that he'd take her;

He wants blue blood, and not a gold mine.

"Chicken" Jones? No, he's married. 'Twas funny,

How he ran a tie race with Jim Prout,

For the "class cradle," wasn't it? Money

He's got, and the gout.

"Tub" Abbott was sweet on her. Sandy

McGillum!—he must be the one,

By Jove, it's old "Sandy, the dandy!"

It's not he? I give up, then. I'm done.

Is it one of our class, are you sure,

That the vixen has seized for her prey?

Who's the fellow? let's have it! What! *you are?*

The dickens you say!

J. CHEEVER GOODWIN.

That quaint old English book, "Nuts to Crack," tells the following stories of inveterate smokers:

"Both Oxford and Cambridge have been famous for inveterate smokers. Amongst them was the

learned Dr. Isaac Barrow, who said 'it helped his thinking.' His illustrious pupil, Newton, was scarcely less addicted to the 'Indian weed,' and everybody has heard of his hapless courtship, when, in a moment of forgetfulness, he popped the lady's finger into his burning pipe, instead of popping the question, and was so chagrined, that he never could be persuaded to press the matter further. Dr. Parr was allowed his pipe when he dined with the first gentleman in Europe, George the Fourth, and when refused the same indulgence by a lady at whose house he was staying, he told her, 'she was the greatest *tobacco-stopper* he had ever met with.' The celebrated Dr. Farmer, of *black-letter* memory, preferred the comforts of the parlor of Emmanuel College, of which he was master, and a '*yard of clay*' (there were no *hookahs* in his day), to a bishopric, which dignity he twice refused, when offered to him by Mr. Pitt. Another learned lover of tobacco, and eke of wit, mir h, puns, and pleasantry, was the famous Dr. Aldrich, Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, the never-to-be-forgotten composer of the good old catch:

'Hark, the merry Christ-Church bells,'

and of another to be *sung by four men smoking their pipes*, which is not more difficult to sing than diverting to hear. His pipe was his breakfast, dinner, and supper, and a student of Christ Church, at ten o'clock one night, finding it difficult to persuade a 'freshman' of the fact, laid him a wager, that the Dean was at that instant smoking. Away he hurried to the deanery to decide the controversy, and on gaining admission, apologized for his intrusion by relating the occasion of it. 'Well,' replied the Dean, in perfect good humor, with his pipe in his hand, 'you see you have lost your wager: for I am not smoking, but filling my pipe.'

In the latest volume of the "Bric-à-Brac" series (Scribner, Armstrong & Co.) Pitman tells the following anecdote of William Hazlitt's morbid sensitiveness to criticism:

"He carried his dread of the supposed personal and private results of these attacks to a pitch that, while it lasted, amounted to a sort of monomania,—many of the effects of which would have been perfectly ludicrous, had they not been so painfully the opposite to the object of them. For instance,—during the first week or fortnight after the appearance of (let us suppose) one of 'Blackwood's' articles about him, if he entered a coffee-house where he was known, to get his dinner, it was impossible (he thought) that the waiters could be doing anything else all the time he was there but pointing him out to other guests as 'the gentleman who was so abused last month in "Blackwood's Magazine."' If he knocked at the door of a friend, the look and reply of the servant (whatever they might be) made it evident to him that he or she had been reading 'Blackwood's Magazine' before the family were up in the morning! If he had occasion to call at any of the publishers, for whom he might be writing at the time, the case was still worse,—inasmuch as there

his bread was at stake, as well as that personal civility, which he valued no less. Mr. Colburn would be 'not within,' as a matter of course; for his clerks even to ascertain his pleasure on that point beforehand would be wholly superfluous; had they not all chuckled over the article at their tea the evening before? * * * * Then, at home at his lodgings, if the servant who waited upon him did not answer his bell the first time—ah! 'twas clear—she had read 'Blackwood's,' or heard talk of it at the bar of the public-house when she went for the beer! Did the landlady send up his bill a day earlier than usual, or ask for payment of it less civilly than was her custom—how could he wonder at it? It was 'Blackwood's' doing. But if she gave him notice to quit (on the score, perhaps, of his inordinately late hours), he was a lost man! for would anybody take him in after having read 'Blackwood's?' Even the strangers that he met in the street seemed to look at him askance, 'with jealous leer malign,' as if they knew him by intuition for a man on whom was set the double seal of public and private infamy; the doomed and denounced of 'Blackwood's Magazine.'

"This may seem like exaggeration to the reader; but I assure him that it falls as far short of the truth as it may seem to go beyond it; that not one of the cases to which I have alluded above but has been in substance detailed to me by Hazlitt himself, as (according to his interpretation of it) a simple matter of fact result of the attacks in question."

Lamb and Coleridge were once talking together on the incidents of Coleridge's early life, when he was beginning his career in the Church, and Coleridge was describing some of the facts in his usual tone, when he paused, and said: "Pray, Mr. Lamb, did you ever hear me preach?" "Damme," said Lamb, "I never heard you do anything else."

"I do not know," writes Pitman, "whether Lamb, had any Oriental blood in his veins, but certainly the most marked complexional characteristic of his head was a *Jewish* look, which pervaded every portion of it, even to the sallow and uniform complexion, and the black and crisp hair standing off loosely from the head, as if every single hair were independent of the rest. The nose, too, was large and slightly hooked, and the chin rounded and elevated to correspond. There was altogether a *Rabbinical* look about Lamb's head which was at once striking and impressive.

"Just before the *Lambs* quitted the metropolis for the voluntary banishment of Enfield Chase, they came to spend a day with me at Fulham, and brought with them a companion, who, 'dumb animal' though he was, had for some time past been in the habit of giving play to one of Charles Lamb's most amiable characteristics, that of sacrificing his own feelings and inclinations to those of others. This was a large and very handsome dog, of a rather curious and singularly sagacious breed, which had belonged to Thomas Hood, and at the time I speak of, and to oblige both dog and master, had been transferred to the *Lambs*,—who made a great pet of

him, to the entire disturbance and discomfiture, as it appeared, of all Lamb's habits of life, but especially of that most favorite and salutary of all, his long and heretofore solitary suburban walks, for Dash (that was the dog's name) would never allow Lamb to quit the house without him, and, when out, would never go anywhere but precisely where it pleased himself. The consequence was, that Lamb made himself a perfect slave to this dog, who was always half a mile off from his companion, either before or behind, scouring the fields or roads in all directions, up and down "all manner of streets," and keeping his attendant in a perfect fever of anxiety and irritation, from his fear of losing him on the one hand, and his reluctance to put the needful restraint upon him on the other. Dash perfectly well knew his host's amiable weakness in this respect, and took a due dog-like advantage of it. In the Regent's Park in particular Dash had his quasi-master completely at his mercy, for the moment they got within the ring, he used to squeeze himself through the railing, and disappear for half an hour together in the then inclosed and thickly planted greensward, knowing perfectly well that Lamb did not dare to move from the spot where he (Dash) had disappeared till he thought proper to show himself again. And they used to take this walk oftener than any other, precisely because Dash liked it, and Lamb did not."

"I believe one reason," observes Walter Scott, "why such numerous instances of erudition occur among the lower ranks is, that, with the same powers of mind, the poor student is limited to a narrower circle for indulging his passion for books, and must necessarily make himself master of the few he possesses, before he can acquire more."

An Irish lawyer, brilliant and talented, was arguing a case before an ignorant Judge. The Judge decided against him, and his decision was in the face and eyes of the law. After the decision had been rendered, the lawyer picked up a volume of "Blackstone" and read aloud a passage which strongly sustained his position. "What," exclaimed the Judge, "do you presume to make citations to the Court, after your case has been disposed of?" "No,

indeed, your Honor," calmly replied the indignant lawyer, "I am only reading a few sentences to show you what an unsophisticated old fool Sir William Blackstone was!"

One day, Sheridan, the author, went up to Lord North and said that he had taken a new house, and that everything would now go on like clock-work. "Ay," replied his witty lordship, "tick, tick."

A sailor once had a high dispute with his wife, who wished him to the devil. "Plague on me, Peg," said he, "if I don't think I should fare pretty well with the old fellow, as I married into his family."

When the question was agitated in London, which would be the safest place to put Napoleon, so that he could not get out, a gentleman, who had a suit pending, advised them to put him in a Court of Chancery.

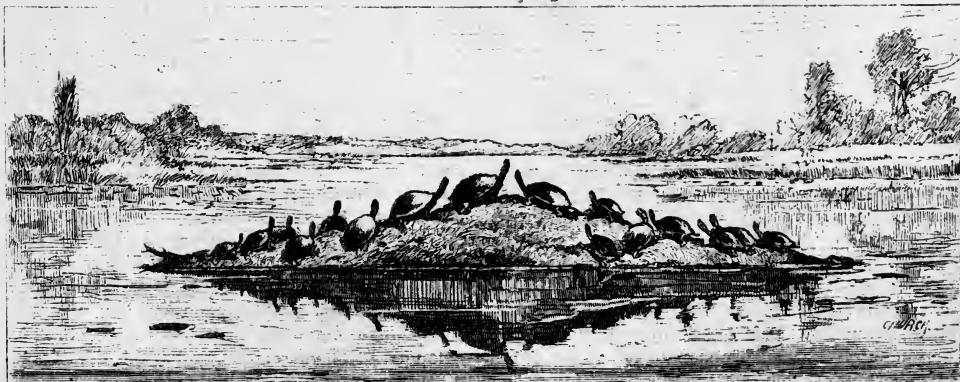
O'Connell had obtained an acquittal for one of his clients; the fellow's joy knew no bounds. "Och, Counsellor," said he, "I've no way here to show you my gratitude; but I wished I saw you knocked down in my own parish, and may be I wouldn't bring a faction to the rescue."

The Young Schoolma'm's Soliloquy.

How sweet it is to instruct the infant mind!
 ("Teacher, Jim's poking me behind.")
 To watch the intellect like a bud unfold;
 ("Say, mayn't I warm my hands? They're cold.")
 Teach tiny feet to walk in Wisdom's path,
 ("Mith Thmith, pleath hear the primer clath.")
 Guileless and fresh, and innocent and fair,
 ("Bell Brown's a pullin' of my hair.")
 Earnest, young souls for me to guide aright:
 ("Schoolmarm, Bob says he's gwine to fight.")
 Eager young minds that must be taught to think.
 ("I'm sirsty; can't I have a drink?")
 Truly my lines have fallen in pleasant places.
 ("Teacher, Polly Jane's making faces.")
 Oh, my, there's John, fixed up from tip to toes!
 Those stupid young ones! Well, its time to close.

ELSIE VERNON.

36
19¹⁴



THE CONSERVATIVES IN CONVENTION.







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