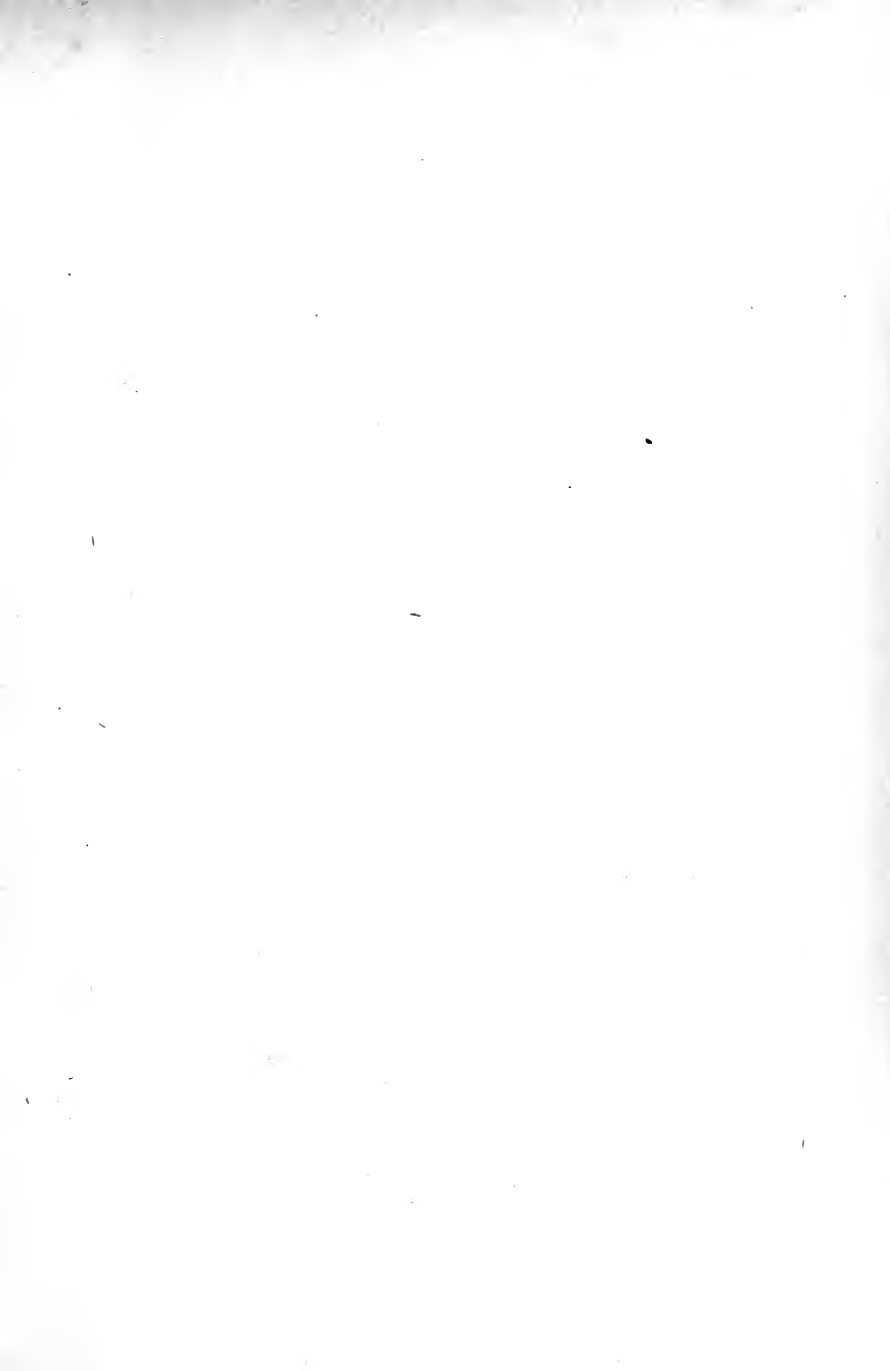


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Frederic H. Hodge

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VOLUME VII JANUARY - JUNE



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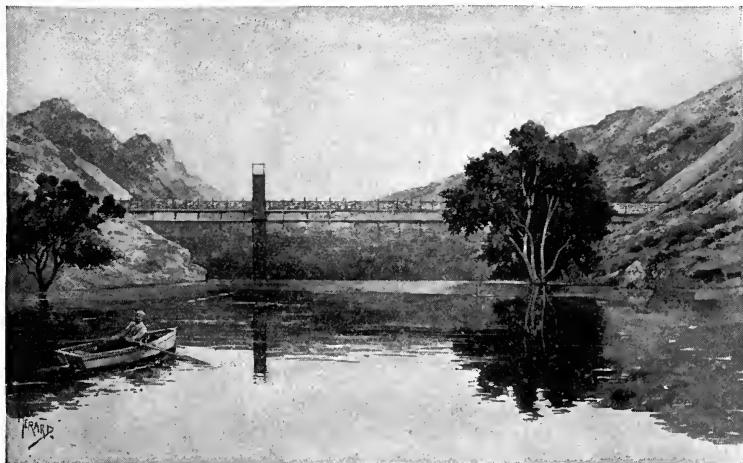
DAM ACROSS THE BEAR VALLEY, SAN BERNARDINO COUNTY, CAL.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

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JANUARY, 1890.

No. 1.



Dam Partly Finished—with Reservoir Allowed to be Partially Filled. Walnut Grove, Ariz.

WATER-STORAGE IN THE WEST.

By Walter Gillette Bates.

FOR various purposes, scientific and historical, we find writers treating of the United States under the three great divisions of the Eastern Highlands, the Central Plain, and the Western Plateau. This rough natural division is also useful from an agricultural stand-point. These three sections show certain general differences in climate, in the lay of the land, in the fertility of the soil, in the presence or absence of forests, and in the water-supply, which, in turn, lead to a marked diversity in crops, in the size of farms, and in the methods of working them.

Take, for instance, the problem of the water-supply, which is probably, little as

Eastern farmers realize it, the most important factor in agriculture. Along the Atlantic coast there is an abundance, in some places an over-abundance, of rain. Heavy snows fall in winter, and are retained by the forests covering the hills. The streams do not run dry in summer, and a drought of a month is a rare occurrence.

In the Mississippi Plain the rainfall is in most places lighter. The smaller streams at times dry up in summer, and a drought of over a month is not uncommon. Still, the lack of rain has never yet caused a failure of crops over any extended area.

As we approach the one-hundredth

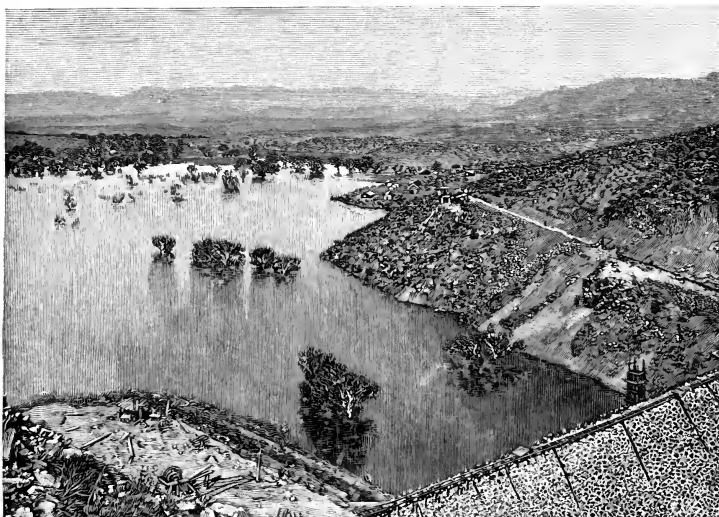


View of Lake Basin, Walnut Grove, Ariz., Before Building of Dam.

meridian, however, we discover a new phase of the water-supply. The one-hundredth meridian cuts into two parts Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Indian Territory, and Texas. Somewhere in the western half of these States there runs an irregular, shifting line, across which the unaided natural rainfall is not sufficient to raise a crop every year. To the west of this line lie about one million two hundred thousand square miles of land, over two-fifths of the entire United States. Of course, this vast territory is not all arid. One block of magnificent land, including northern California, western Oregon and Washington, has an ample rainfall. And scattered everywhere, on rich bottomlands close to rivers, on high *mesas* partly covered with forests, or in narrow mountain-valleys, lie many farms which depend for water on the rainfall and the natural humidity of the soil.

Nevertheless this great territory is properly called the arid region of the United States. The annual rainfall is not only small, ranging from about twenty inches in the north to a little over two

inches in southwestern Arizona, but is exceedingly variable. Signal-service reports that show a rainfall of forty inches in one year will show perhaps not more than ten inches the following year. The greater part of the rain falls at one time, in the winter, when it cannot be used. A large portion of the country is overdrained. The streams do not flow on the surface of the ground, but have cut their way deep into the bed-rock—in the case of some of the larger rivers, like the Colorado, thousands of feet. The country is completely overlaid with a net-work of these artificial drains. Whenever a heavy rain happens to fall in summer the water at once rushes off the thin soil into these washes or cañons, which for a few hours or days are raging torrents, but before a week is past are entirely dry. The water that has fallen, perhaps several inches, has disappeared without doing the slightest good to the soil. In the Southwest, where the streams flow through sandy rather than rocky beds, many of them reverse the natural conditions, being largest at their source and gradually dwindling to noth-



Walnut Grove, after Partial Filling of the Artificial Lake.

ing as they sink beneath the sand. In short, the rainfall of the arid region is not only small and variable but it comes at unseasonable times and drains away almost as soon as it falls.

Until very recently the people of the United States have not been much interested in this section, from an agricultural stand-point. Up to this time there has been an abundance of good land unoccupied in the Mississippi Valley. The far West has been the land of mines and ranches—a desert terrible in its vastness and barrenness. But nearly all the good farming-land of the Central Plain has now been taken up. The Dakotas, which have been receiving and absorbing the mass of immigrants since the lands of Nebraska, Kansas, and Minnesota have been appropriated, are now well-settled States. When Oklahoma was recently opened, twice as many settlers stood ready as there was land for them to occupy. Still the great stream of European immigration rolls in upon us. The Eastern States still send their young men west. Where are all these new farmers to find the farms to work? In their search for them they are making

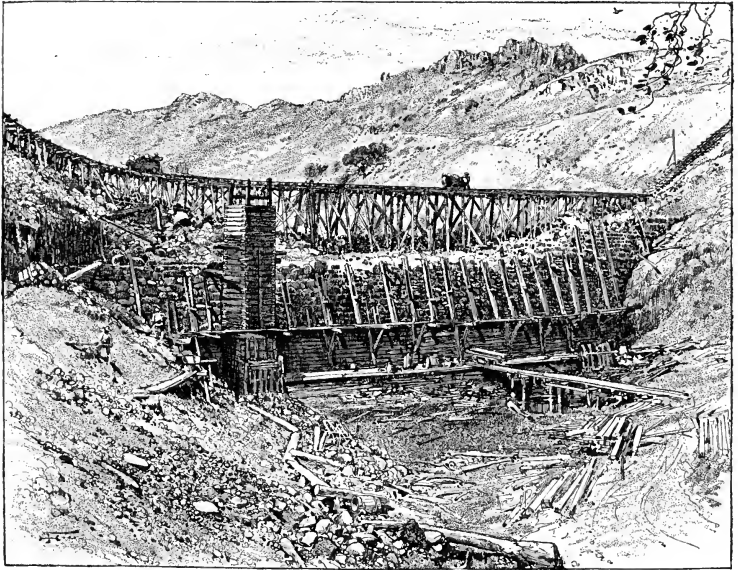
their way into every part of the Western Plateau. They are at last, by necessity, forced to turn to the arid region, hitherto unthought of as a field for agriculture.

As these pioneers press on into this unknown land, they find the common picture of it misleading. They find that, if the country be a desert, it is so only from lack of water and not from the sterility of the soil. Wherever water is found in sufficient quantity, they see crops in nowise inferior to the best grown in the Eastern or Central States. In the Southwest they find many productions which cannot be grown anywhere else in the country. Most important of all, they find that the rainfall, though small, is almost everywhere sufficient for farming, if it did not mass itself in unfavorable times of the year and disappear so rapidly.

The problem is so to regulate, increase, or store this small water-supply as to make fruitful this rich but idle soil. It is a problem full of interest to every farmer in the great West, but, on a larger scale, a problem of the utmost moment to the whole United States, if not to the

world. All land in the East is either in the hands of private owners or covered with forests on mountain-sides which are almost untillable. Nearly all the land of the Central Plain that can be

ing this has yet been suggested. In practice, the search is first of all for a subterranean supply of water. Wells are sunk, and if, by any peculiar formation of the soil, water is found near the surface,



Construction of the Walnut Grove Dam.

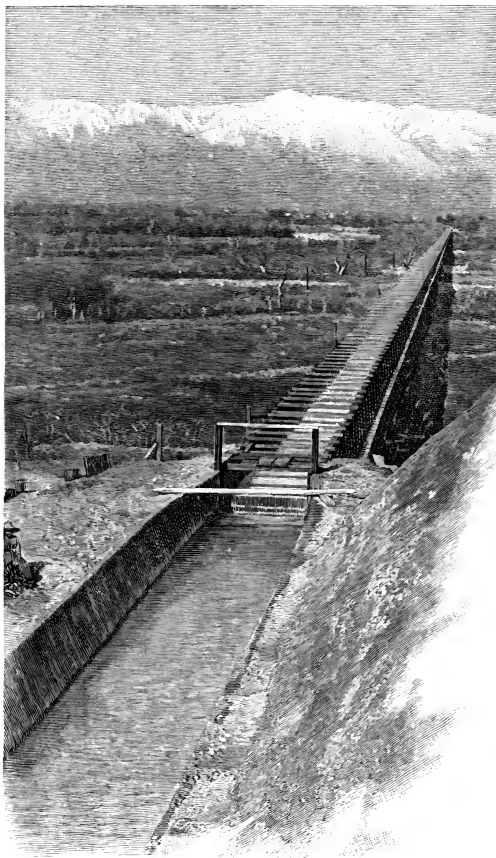
cultivated by the natural water-supply is already appropriated, and every acre will be taken up within a decade. In the West lies this immense territory—two-fifths of the whole—the greater part of whose soil is capable of rich return but which now lies unproductive. Can this land, in any way, be covered with farms, and these millions of acres made productive? What a problem is this, both for the present and, still more, for the future of our country and the overcrowded world. It is the problem of the reclamation of an empire.

The people of the West, in their restless, American way, are attacking this problem from every side. The simplest theoretical solution would be to increase the rainfall or to shift it from the winter to the spring and summer months, but no practical method of accomplish-

windmills are used to irrigate small farms. Artesian water is sought for persistently everywhere, in some places with great success, in many more with blank failure. Private companies are boring holes in every level, unwatered mesa. Territorial legislatures offer rewards for the first artesian well flowing so many gallons an hour. Again, a trial-well may be driven in the bed of a dry wash and disclose a stream of water flowing below. If so, a tight dam sunk to bed-rock brings this to the surface, to be drawn away in the irrigating ditch. A deep, narrow trench dug directly across a narrow valley will often fill with a good-sized stream.

Water "developed" from any of these subterranean sources is applied to the soil by the well-known method of irrigation. But these methods are unimpor-

tant compared with irrigation from such living streams as exist. These living streams are either small creeks, high in mountain-valleys, or the larger rivers which do not run dry at any time of the year. The corresponding system of ir-



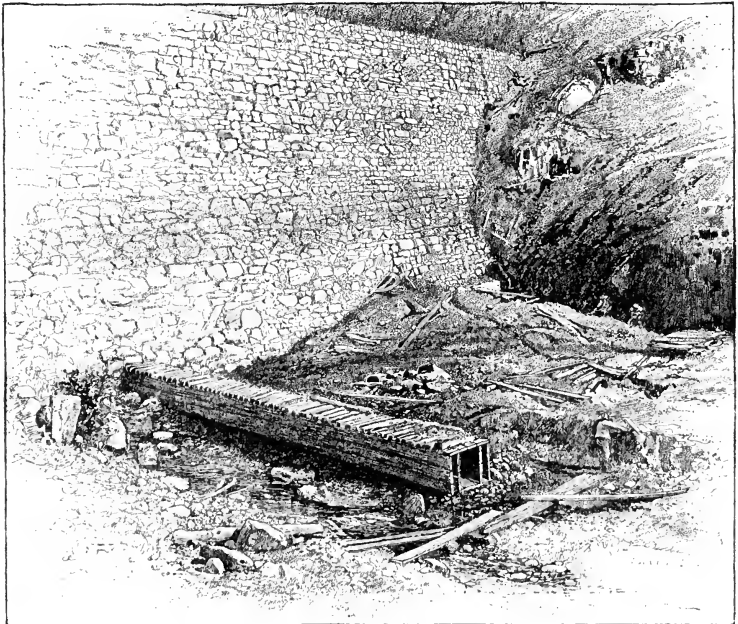
Flume across the Santa Ana River, Riverside Water Company, Cal.

rigation is either on a small or a large scale. The settler in the mountain-valley throws a rude dam of sand or brush across the little creek that flows through his land, digs a ditch a few feet wide along the hill-side as far as his farm runs, turns the water out of it across his land as he needs it, and, as long as the stream flows, raises his crops independent of the cloudless sky. The dam very likely washes out every year and the ditch must be redug each spring, but this work is slight compared with the certainty of a good crop.

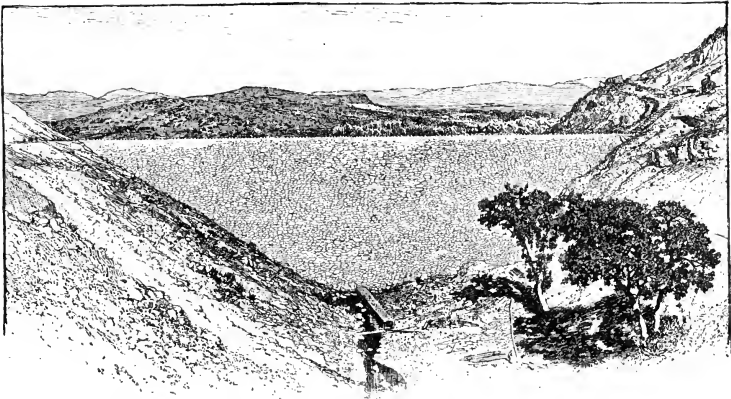
But this is not the system of irrigation whose fame by much advertisement is spread everywhere. This is irrigation on the characteristically large scale of

the West. Its genesis is simple. The laws of the Western States and Territories everywhere recognize and protect the rights of the first or "prior appropriator" of water. If the first settler on the banks of a stream draws off, in his ditch, one half or the whole of the customary flow to irrigate his farm, he has the right to take this one-half or the whole flow forever, to the entire exclusion of any subsequent settler. But the same rule applies to rivers of large size. As the quick-witted Westerner stands by the side of one of the great rivers and looks over thousands of acres of desert land along its banks, he sees a fortune in the situation. Only get capital enough together, organize a great company, dig an immense canal which will "appropriate" all the water in the river, and you command the whole valley. It is the position of the Western railroads repeated. Instead of waiting for settlers to come and dig little ditches

as they need them, an immense capital digs one huge canal watering thousands of farms, and then draws settlers by advertisement and boom. So all over the West, throughout Colorado, in central and southern California, in Montana and Idaho, on the Salt and Gila Rivers in southern Arizona, there are great companies, with capitals running into the millions, putting this idea into effect. The canals they dig are twenty, thirty, or even fifty miles long. The largest are a hundred feet wide and ten feet deep, very rivers in themselves. They follow the contour of the country, running back farther and farther from the river as the latter falls away. The main canal gives off lateral branches at frequent intervals, and by an ingenious system of gates, crossings, and ditches sends water to every foot of arable ground between it and the river. The land belongs to the Government, and is taken up by individual settlers at mere-



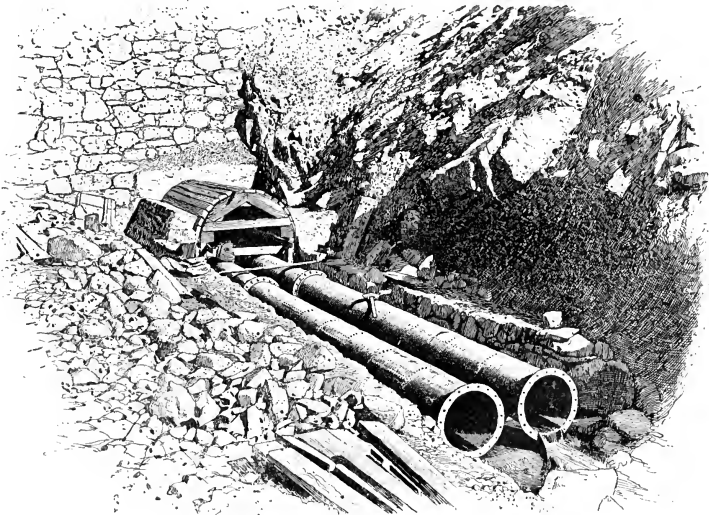
Beginning of a Flume at Walnut Grove.



Completed Dam at Walnut Grove, rear view (410 feet across, at top; 110 feet high).

ly nominal prices under the "Desert Land Act." But the water belongs to the canal company, and it is this water that the settler really pays for. He sows his one hundred and sixty acres with grain or alfalfa, or plants his twenty acres with grapes, oranges, or olives, and under a cloudless sky in a few years has a farm producing as no Eastern farm ever does. A dozen or a hundred square miles of desert are transformed in five years into a wonder of blooming fruitfulness.

Yet even this meagre description of the marvellous development of the power



Two 25-inch Delivery Pipes Running through the Walnut Grove Dam.

of water through irrigation shows its limitations. It is of necessity confined to those streams that never run dry, and is confined to a comparatively narrow strip of level land along such rivers. Even the largest canals seldom run more than ten miles away from the stream and, of course, irrigate only on

that can be cultivated from subterranean water is limited, so the amount that can be irrigated from living streams is also limited; and, at the present rate, that limit will be reached in a comparatively short time. The problem of making the great arid region productive must be attacked upon some other side.



Irrigating Orange Grove, Riverside, Cal.

one side, toward the river. It is not too much to say that this system of irrigation from living streams is already approaching its limit. The first large canals were built only a few years ago; yet so fast does enterprise move in the West that it is probable that every available river of any size either has its canals already in operation, or all of the water appropriated and the canals laid out. The Southern Pacific Railroad was built across southern Arizona in 1880, practically opening up a new country. There are now over two hundred and fifty miles of main canal in the Salt and Gila Valleys of that region, and many more under way. Colorado in 1886 had nearly one thousand miles of irrigating canal.

In short, just as the amount of land

The latest solution of the problem is that of water-storage. Its idea is this. Although not many of the streams carry water throughout the year, they all run full at some time within the year. As described before, many of them are raging torrents in the early spring or for a few days in summer after a "cloud-burst" in the mountains. This water is now wasted or worse than wasted, denuding the land of its soil and carrying destruction to dams and irrigating canals. The plan of water-storage is to impound this water as it runs to waste in the season of flood and use it in the season of drought. Select the proper valleys for water-basins, close their outlets with dams, store great lakes of water when the mountain-snows melt, and then let it out slowly and at will

through flumes and ditches to the lands below—this is the essence of the new idea. It is to this solution of the problem of aridity that all eyes are now turning in the West. Governors are urging its importance in their messages, and legislatures are memorializing Congress to turn their attention to the unrivalled fitness of their particular State or Territory for its trial. The Government is investigating its feasibility, both through a Congressional commission and by a hydrographic survey. Private companies are locating dam-sites, laying out colonies and towns, and building enormous dams.

The main essentials of successful water-storage on a large scale are three: a water-basin, a lake-site, and the land to be irrigated, in proper relation to one another. The water-supply must be sufficient to fill the dam every year; if possible, twice a year. The "catchment basin" or area drained by the stream to be dammed should therefore be as large as possible. To ascertain the supply that can be relied upon, the flow of water in the stream should be carefully measured many times during the year. If possible, the average of several successive years should be taken, for it must never be forgotten that the efficiency of any system of water-storage is measured by the very smallest amount of water stored in the very driest year.

As to the lake-site, this must generally be a large and level valley, everywhere enclosed by hills except where the water escapes, which should be through a cañon narrow enough to be dammed at a reasonable expense. The valley must widen out at once above the dam-site, or the lake-capacity will be small whatever the height of the dam; its bottom must be nearly level for a long distance, or the dam will have to be built too high. The larger the lake-surface and the smaller the gap to be closed, the cheaper the dam and the more water stored.

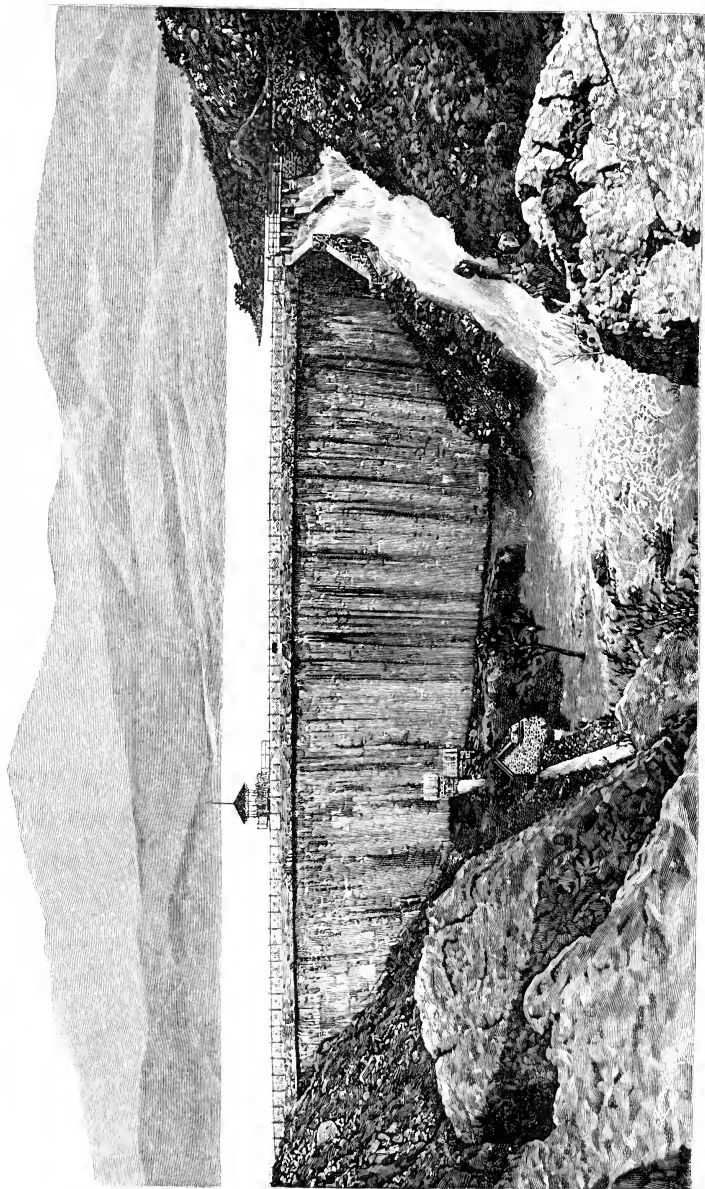
Finally, the dam must be situated somewhere near and at a higher level than the land to be irrigated. For there must be some cheap and easy way of transferring the water from the point of collection to the point of application.

It is obvious from this that every

cañon in the West is not a natural dam-site, nor every mountain-valley capable of becoming an artificial lake. It is to ascertain more accurately where these natural dam-sites are that the present hydrographic survey is being made. The Government at present does not propose to build any dams, but to "investigate the extent to which the arid lands of the West can be redeemed by irrigation, to select sites for storage-reservoirs, and to segregate the irrigable from the non-irrigable lands." The survey corps will measure proposed lake-basins, find out how many gallons of water they will hold with dams of various heights, measure the flow of water in streams, and determine the amount of arable land commanded by any particular reservoir. This is work which corresponds very closely to that done by the Hydrographic Survey in mapping the coast-lines of the country. It is well that it should be carried on by the Government, as such work is generally done badly or not at all by individuals eager to complete their proposed design and get "returns." Whether the Government should build such dams and irrigating works as are found feasible is a very different question.

But Western enterprise has not waited for Government aid. Although the storing of water for the purposes of irrigation is a new idea in this country, private capital is already making the experiment. In particular, there have been four very large dams finished within the last few years which it may not be uninteresting to describe briefly—particularly as each of them represents a different type of structure, and the four together, probably all the kinds that are likely to be built. They show clearly, moreover, the influence of their situation on the type followed—such as the presence or absence of abundant building-stone, and the cheapness or dearness of cement, as the dams lie near to or far from railroads.

Near Merced, in central California, a large irrigating canal, seventy-five miles long, has been in process of construction for six years. A few miles from the city the course of the canal lay across a wide valley or depression, around which the canal must either make a wide de-



The Sweetwater River Dam, near San Diego, Cal.

tour or cross it by an expensive flume. It was finally decided to dam up the lower end of the valley and convert it into a storage-reservoir. The dam, of necessity, is one of earth, which was scraped and hauled into place by men and teams. It is nearly a mile long and, in places, sixty feet high. It took five years to build and, as its position is not a favorable one, was very expensive. The lake formed covers six hundred and fifty acres, and holds five thousand five hundred million gallons when full.

At Walnut Grove, forty miles south of Prescott, Ariz., a dam was completed in 1888 which also depends upon gravity as the principle of its construction, but is built of stone instead of earth. It lies in the typical position for such structures, closing the narrow outlet of a wide valley. Its situation, in the interior and many miles from a railroad, precluded the use of cement, while the sides of the very cañon it closes furnished an inexhaustible supply of the best granite. The dam is a huge wedge-shaped core of loose rock thrown in just as it was blasted from the hill-sides, and kept in place and shape by wide back and front walls. These walls are hand-laid, but are without cement. With no further protection the water would, of course, flow away almost as fast as if no dam were there. This protection is supplied by a double apron or skin, of three-inch planks, lined with tarred felting; calked, and painted with water-proof paint, covering the whole water-face of the dam, and resembling in many ways the side of a ship. The dam is one hundred and ten feet high, and the lake, which now forms the largest body of water in Arizona, covers a surface of seven hundred and fifty acres, and impounds four thousand million gallons.

The third dam is the one across the Bear Valley in San Bernardino County, Cal. Its principle, that of the arch, is entirely different from that of the two dams already described, and the structure would attract attention anywhere for the boldness of its design. Popularly speaking, it is a carefully constructed but surprisingly thin wall, curving upstream and keyed securely into the rocky banks. It holds back the water not on account of its weight, but

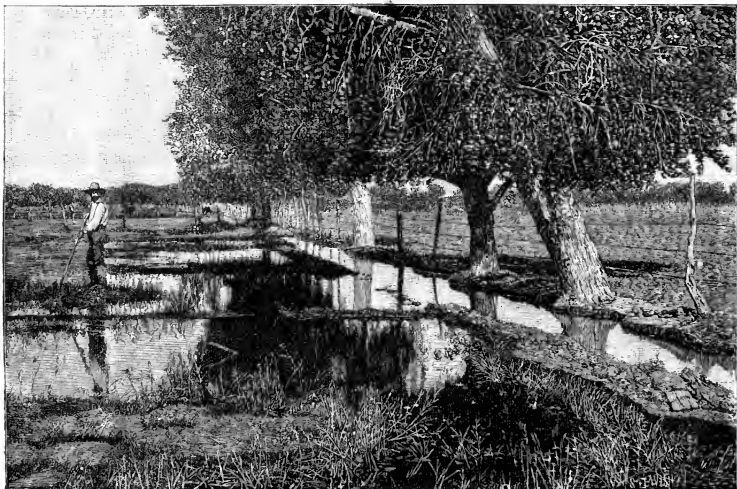
because the arch which it forms transmits the pressure to the sides of the cañon. It is but twenty feet thick at base and less than three at the top. By occupying a position of great natural advantage this reservoir, with a dam but sixty feet high, covers an area of two thousand two hundred and fifty acres, and holds ten thousand million gallons.

The aristocrat of the four, however, lies near San Diego, Cal. It has been built by a company closely allied to the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad Company, across the Sweetwater River, and commands a large tract of land owned by it about National City. It is most carefully constructed of cut rock laid in Portland cement. It combines the two mechanical principles already mentioned, depending upon its weight for stability, but being built in the form of an arch for additional security. The dam is about ninety feet high, and the lake, now full, covers seven hundred and twenty-five acres and holds six thousand million gallons. The water is conveyed to the land below in iron pipes instead of the cheaper flumes and ditches. Of these there are already sixty miles in place.

This brief description of these four dams already constructed may show something of the variety and magnitude of the work begun, but it shows little of the peculiar and picturesque conditions which surround it. The building of a great dam anywhere is a most difficult task, involving the best, and often the boldest, engineering skill, great administrative ability, and the most scrupulous fidelity in minute details. But the difficulty is multiplied many times when we transfer the point of operation to some wild, unopened mountain-cañon in the extreme West. The railroads are far away; even a wagon-road must be cut for miles in the sheer mountain-side. The engineer and his assistants must be brought together from distant places and will probably be totally unfamiliar with the region, its climate, and the class of labor employed. In the Southwest this labor must be largely Mexican, now that public opinion prevents the employment of Chinese. If not Mexican, then it must be the scarce, highly paid, independent white labor of the West.

With a road constructed to the scene of action, work must begin at the very foundation. The ground must be cleared of trees, a camp laid out, sleeping and eating houses built for work-

essential adjuncts of camp-life, must be gathered together and their work organized. If it is considered necessary to "push the work," as it generally is, with impatient stockholders awaiting



Irrigation for Alfalfa, by Flooding the Ground, Arizona Canal Company, Salt River Valley.

men, a store and saloon provided and stocked—a little town, in fact, built up in a day, and this on land that was but yesterday an unbroken mountain-cañon. Work on the dam begins at once, and, if it is to be pushed forward to any advantage, must be carried on under the most thorough system of oversight and division of labor. One gang of excavators attack the dam-site and push their way rapidly to bed-rock; another begin to blast the stone to be used in the dam from the quarries, to be transferred by carmen, and placed in the hands of a fourth gang of masons or stone-layers as fast as place is made for them. Dynamite or giant powder is used freely and recklessly, and the air resounds with tremendous blasts at all times of the day and night.

If lumber is to be used, either in the dam or flume, timber must be located, a saw-mill put up, and a complete lumber camp equipped, often many miles from the dam. Freighters, those most

results, then operations must be carried on by night as well as by day, and electric lights shine over rocks which have seldom seen even the camp-fire of the hunter or cowboy. Much expensive machinery must be hauled in over the steep mountains. This machinery must be put together and worked under the rudest and most primitive conditions, at a time when the slightest delay may mean great loss. The stoppage of a single pump may allow a hole to fill up which has taken weeks to excavate. The breaking of a single important piece of machinery at that distance from the place of manufacture often causes intolerable delay.

Moreover, the several hundred workmen must be well housed and fed, especially the latter, if they are Americans. Indeed, the wishes and prejudices of these laborers must be catered to in every particular. The work must always be hurried, not only to satisfy stockholders, but in order to complete

a substantial portion during the dry season. The engineers are at the mercy of the laborers, for the latter are few and most offensively independent. They work when they choose and lay off in the same way. A pay-day sees saloons and gambling-houses in full blast, and but little work is forthcoming for a week.

Yet, notwithstanding all these drawbacks—the extreme roughness of the country, the distance from the base of supplies, the lack of experienced foremen, the turbulence of the laborers—if the engineer in charge has true American administrative ability the work goes forward with astonishing rapidity. Supplies, tools, and machinery are ordered by car-loads and hauled in from the railroad by twenty-mule teams. Men adapt themselves quickly to new positions and are made foremen of the various gangs, store-keepers, or managers of the food-supply. The store, the boarding-house, the “corral,” even the saloon, if moral principles do not interfere, are managed by the company and turned into a source of profit. A stage-line to the nearest railroad station is started, a post-office is established—in short, a town of four or five hundred inhabitants springs, full-grown, into existence.

As the dam rises from its firm foundation on bed-rock, it is time to think of the means of transferring the water to the irrigable lands below. If the country is rolling, this will be by means of a ditch or canal; if rocky, by a flume or pipe-line. The surveying corps, which up to this time have been engaged in plotting the lake-basin in order to ascertain its exact capacity at every level, are now put to work in the field. As many surveys are necessary for a flume-line as for a railroad, and the final one must stake out the ground with the utmost precision. If a ditch is the plan adopted, gangs of excavators, aided by machinery where the country is level, are started simultaneously on sections of convenient length; if a flume, the excavators level off a flume-bed and are followed by gangs of lumbermen and carpenters. At places, as in the case of the Merced Canal, long tunnels must be cut through impeding high-

lands. Supplies, pipe or lumber, tools and machinery, must be rapidly and continuously forwarded to all these moving camps.

So the work, more and more systematized and simplified as it goes on, comes finally to an end. The dam and flumes are finished, the floods come, the lake fills, and at last the water is drawn off to do its appointed work on the lands that are waiting for it with the thirst of centuries.

Of these great reservoirs, although many are planned, not many have been completed, no others as large as the four described. But these are looked upon only as the forerunners of a great system. The prescient Western eye, as it looks across one of these artificial lakes, sees not one dam but hundreds, not a billion of gallons of water stored but thousands of billions, not one waste turned into a garden but a Sahara made to bear fruit. To a large extent this enthusiasm is justified. Congress is acting in the matter in a most commendable way. Private enterprise is eager to seize the golden opportunity before it is too late. One can scarcely pick up a newspaper without reading of the organization of a water-storage company, or the beginning of work on some reservoir.

Many of the projects thus gravely put forward would seem the wildest folly to conservative Eastern men. This company proposes to close a certain valley by an enormous dam, then pierce the enclosing mountains with a tunnel several miles long, throwing the water thus stored into the valley next across the ridge, but lying at a lower level. Another proposes to tap and drain in the same way a large natural lake in the Sierras. A third plans the diversion of a river as large as the Colorado, and the reclamation of a whole territory by irrigation. The West never shrinks from a proposal on account of its boldness, and, indeed, is often justified by its success.

It is, however, possible that these people are too sanguine in their new faith, and that the storing of water is not destined all at once to convert a million square miles of desert into a garden of plenty. If this is so, it will not be be-

cause there is not fertile land in abundance. Nor will it be because the rainfall is not sufficient when properly conserved to irrigate the soil. But it is possible that sites for storage-reservoirs which can be utilized by private enterprise will not be found in as great numbers as is confidently expected. This fact will be authoritatively settled by the hydrographic survey now in progress. The gist of their work is to locate possible reservoirs, and criticism must be suspended until their work is completed, at least in part. Their survey will undoubtedly point out many valuable reservoir-sites and not a few surprisingly fine ones, but it is also likely to demonstrate that the mountains are not full of them. The conditions of success which have been mentioned—a stream affording enough water, a large lake-basin, a very narrow dam-site, and proximity to irrigable lands—are rigid conditions and absolutely essential to any development by private capital. If the supply of water is not large enough, if the storage-capacity is too small, if the dam or the flume costs too much, the enterprise will not pay, and that is the end.

This, of course, is from the stand-point of private enterprise, which asks, Will it pay, and pay quickly? There remains the question of Governmental construction, the building of permanent dams on a large scale at public expense. To this there are, of course, obvious objections—the enormous outlay involved, the opportunity for jobbery, the danger that the work would be badly done. Yet the arguments in favor of Governmental construction are not without force. The main one is that governments can afford to do what private enterprise can not. It is not absolutely necessary that their work should pay dividends from the first or second year, nor that it should pay at all, in the strict commercial sense. The Government, therefore, could build reservoirs where none would otherwise be built, and look for returns in the water-rents of hundreds of years to come.

Another argument is found in the fact that the United States owns the land, which private speculators do not. The latter must look for dividends from

the rent of the water—the land, however valuable, being sold by the Government at a nominal price. But the Government, if it owned the dams, could not only charge a yearly rental for the water, but could sell the land at greatly increased prices.

Again, it is urged that the publicity of Governmental construction would result in better work than can be hoped for under any other system. If there are any engineering works that call for the most scrupulous honesty in their construction they are these reservoirs, which are planned to stand for ages, and whose destruction menaces not only the property but the lives of whole communities. A private company is always anxious to spend as little as possible, and so gravitates toward the lowest limit of safety and expense. It may be that under Governmental construction, notwithstanding the great temptation for jobbery, the very magnitude and publicity of the undertaking would enforce more careful designing and sounder work.

Whether it is best for the Government to enter upon this momentous work is a question not to be answered in a day. Nor is this necessary. Although nearly all the available land in the country which can be cultivated by the natural rainfall has been appropriated, it is by no means all in full cultivation. Yet this state of affairs is approaching, and it will approach all the faster if the present immigration from Europe is allowed to go on unchecked.

When this time comes, when the great Mississippi Valley begins to feel some of the European evils of over-population, which the East already feels, and cannot relieve itself, as the East has always done, by drafting off its surplus population to the West, the Government may well ask itself whether it can any longer afford to leave one-third of its domain a desert. It may seem far better to begin the construction of public works on the very largest and most extended scale, on a plan which aims, from the first, at the utilization of every drop of water that falls within the area of the arid region. Such a system would require very many years for its completion, many years even for elaborating the plan.

It would perhaps be an undertaking as foreign to the present character of our Government as the system of agriculture it contemplates is to the good old methods we have inherited from England. But with the future in view, the growth of population, the filling up of all the countries which now welcome colonists, the consequent dearth of land, the impossibility of desert-reclamation by private capital, it is not altogether visionary to say that Governmental interference on the largest scale will be the inevitable result.

AN OLD-FASHIONED LOVE-SONG.

By H. C. Bunner.

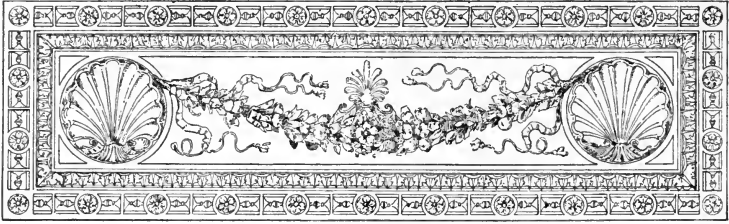
TELL me what within her eyes
 Makes the forgotten Spring arise,
 And all the day, if kind she looks,
 Flow to a tune like tinkling brooks ;
 Tell me why, if but her voice
 Falls on men's ears, their souls rejoice ;
 Tell me why, if only she
 Doth come into the companie
 All spirits straight enkindled are,
 As if a moon lit up a star.

*Tell me this that's writ above,
 And I will tell you why I love.*

Tell me why the foolish wind
 Is to her tresses ever kind,
 And only blows them in such wise
 As lends her beauty some surprise ;
 Tell me why no changing year
 Can change from Spring, if she appear ;
 Tell me why to see her face
 Begets in all folk else a grace
 That makes them fair, as love of her
 Did to a gentler nature stir.

Tell me why, if she but go
 Alone across the fields of snow,
 All fancies of the Springs of old
 Within a lover's breast grow bold ;
 Tell me why, when her he sees,
 Within him stirs an April breeze ;
 And all that in his secret heart
 Most sacredly was set apart,
 And most was hidden, then awakes,
 At the sweet joy her coming makes.

*Tell me what is writ above,
 And I will tell you why I love.*



THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

NOTES AND IMPRESSIONS.

By W. C. Brownell.

I.



It was fitting that one of the very greatest events of modern history should be celebrated by one of the greatest spectacles of modern times; but it is a little curious that the political should exceed even the spectacular interest of the latter. This was, nevertheless, true of the recent Paris Centennial Exposition, I think. At least its political importance was very great, and that a mere world's fair should have had such an importance is a phenomenon positively unique. The Exposition, in fact, appealed to the mind as forcibly, as brilliantly, as it did to the eye. Its significance was as salient as its splendor, and it was very splendid indeed. It was a great national reassurance, the embodied triumph of the Republic at home and abroad, the witness of the present Republic's soundness and strength, and the attestation of the practical puissance of, in general, the republican ideal.

The Republic and republicanism were very fortunate. The commemoration of 1789 is a very different thing from a commemoration of 1793. Only to a pedant, one would say, can even the fall of the Bastille seem typical of anarchy, and really the celebration might have been taken as the apotheosis of constitutional gov-

ernment—a fête in which every nation of Europe, but that of Russia, might, one would think, cordially join. Every cabinet of importance, however, held aloof; and the effect of the monarchical abstention was very dramatic. It gave France at once a position of relief and distinction. Her isolation in reality placed her on a pedestal. It gave her the same position in the impartial imagination that she occupied a century ago, when she was preaching the emancipation of "the people" everywhere, before she had begun to enslave the nations they composed. European hostility, in a word, did her the very great service, in this practical age of politics, of rendering her politically interesting. And republicanism shared the benefit of this service with her.

The opposition and the lukewarmness of the monarchical world, moreover, gave a distinctly French aspect to the Exposition. It was not so much universal as national. Except the exhibits of South American republics, and the sensational Oriental contributions, there were in the general and cursory view of the grounds and buildings, almost no elements that were not French. Speaking loosely, wherever one wandered idly, or whatever department he inspected closely, the most interesting and admirable objects were French. And, of course, in mere mass, French preponderance was overwhelming. In this way a very strong

impression of French superiority was very subtly instilled. So that by frowning on the Republic, Europe not only gave it relief and interest, but indirectly magnified France herself in every civilized and impressionable mind.

The domestic opposition was equally maladroit. There can be but little doubt but that, could they have divined the great success of the Exhibition, the conservatives and anti-parliamentarians would have united with the Government in its support, in order to have reaped a share of the credit for it. Had they done so they would certainly have minimized it as a political event. As it was, when the enterprise was in its inceptive stages they "gambled on" its failure. They withdrew a support which would have assured success at the outset (though, as the event proved, it was really needless), and thus, instead of discrediting the government with the sober classes for extravagance and display, it demonstrated not only how admirably the government could get along without them, but how well France herself had got along all the years that she had been deprived of the benefit of their direction. With such resources, and such an admirable development of them as the Exposition witnessed, the demand for a "saviour" of the country, in the person of either the Comte de Paris or of General Boulanger, became ridiculous. The country appeared to have been already saved, and the monarchists and anti-parliamentarians did their best to prove that it had been saved by the Opportunists. The electors seemed, at all events, to take this view on September 22d, in the result of which election the success of the Exposition, made as it was by Europe and by the domestic Opposition the test of the parliamentary Republic's efficiency, was a factor whose importance it is probably difficult to exaggerate. Defamation and detraction at home and abroad, the necessity of keeping "authoritative measures" within the limits of republican liberty, of preserving order and freedom together, of washing in public a certain amount of soiled linen, dissensions in the ranks of its own followers—all these phenomena, from which in countries less alive or more despotic government is free, had had an un-

doubted discrediting effect on the prestige of the government. The success of the Exposition, by demonstrating a national prosperity and improvement wholly inconsistent with inefficient administration, restored the people's faith in its representatives and its system.

It is interesting to note, furthermore, that the Exposition's success throws a good deal of light on our habit of applying certain principles of our own Anglo-Saxon political philosophy to French politics. These principles clearly have not the *a priori* universality which we attach to them if what we deem "stability of government" is not necessary to a nation's progress and prosperity. To many foreign observers—especially to England, the old ally of Napoleon III., from whose journals we hear the most about French politics—the state of French affairs during the past few years has seemed extremely alarming on account of the "instability of the government"—a phrase referring partly to the short life of French ministries, but particularly to the existence of large and powerful political parties opposed to the very form itself of the government. A country in this condition—to say nothing of M. Zola, whose eccentricities fascinate English attention—must be in rapid decadence, it is argued, because this is what decadence is. Yet the Exposition is a monumental demonstration of the contrary. In its five months of existence it probably convinced many per cent. more Anglo-Saxon political philosophers than any amount of written exposition could do, that if France is in decadence her decadence is one which it would be grotesque in any other European country to commiserate—certainly in one which has still to settle its land, its social, its religious, and its Irish questions. What is "stable" in France is *institutions*, and the Exposition is a convincing proof of the comparative unimportance of the "very form of the government itself," important as this is, and as Frenchmen feel it to be, as is witnessed by the heat and violence of their discussion of it. Owing to the Exposition, as I have implied, the so-called fundamental differences between French political parties will seem less significant than they have seemed. This is witnessed by the recent

elections, with the consequent disappearance of the grosser side of Boulangism. And if there should also result a practical acceptance of the Republic by any considerable share of the reactionary party, of which there are now some signs, the political effect of the Exposition would be in the highest degree sensational. But what it has already proved, and proved abundantly, is, that these differences are in reality much less fundamental and significant than we are apt to fancy them.

For no such concrete exhibition of a nation's power and civilization could have been created by one political party alone. The Republicans deserve the credit of it, in the way I have indicated: because it was abandoned to them by the Opposition, and because they conceived, created, and administered the enterprise. At the same time it was pre-eminently the work of the whole nation, politicians apart, and stood as a monumental attestation of that prodigious force, French patriotism. Whatever differences might divide it as to the form of government best in itself, or best adapted to the needs of France, the great mass of Frenchmen forgot these so soon as the project took shape and the honor of France was engaged. The politicians apart, there were no abstentions. Every class, from the artist to the artisan, contributed its best, and the result was the product of national enthusiasm on a grand scale and carried into minute detail. The hostility of Europe probably served only to fan the flame of this enthusiasm among even the ranks of the reactionaries; French royalists are essentially more democratic than most European liberals who are liberal through conviction merely, and not interest, and they have found the rule of the Republic so elastic that practically they have little fault to find. Doubtless, had the *régime* been monarchical instead of republican, there would have been the same striking consensus of patriotic effort, the same evident predominance of patriotic over partisan feeling. But the *régime* had been republican, truly republican since 1877, and the result not only proved the prosperity and progress of the country under it—not only proved that very great

industrial and intellectual eminence could be attained under it in the face of quite unparalleled difficulties; that a nation, eschewing militarism on the one hand, and making of every citizen a soldier on the other, might nevertheless excel nobly in the arts of peace—but proved also that under it French patriotism was as puissant as ever, and could so show itself in rational, and, so to speak, routine, as well as in dramatic impressiveness.

II.

As a spectacle the striking feature of the Exposition was the Exposition itself—the *ensemble*, the general *coup d'œil*, its unity, in a word. The advantageous side of the French passion for subordinating the detail to the mass was never better illustrated. One need only think of the enormous scale on which this was done, the dimensions of the elements of the gigantic organism, to appreciate how grandiose must have been the effect of composition, scrupulously manifest in every part. Such an effect is the end and aim of whatever is truly pictorial, of course. And such a picture as the Champ de Mars and the Trocadéro in this sense presented can never have been composed. The sense was constantly impressed by it, even in moments of special study of particular exhibits. Interesting as these were in detail, there was always something more interesting, more absorbing, namely, the whole to which they contributed. The Tour Eiffel itself took its place tranquilly and sedately among the members of the organism.

It need hardly be said that this effect was not fortuitous. It was, of course, very carefully calculated; and this calculation, as felicitous as it was careful, was distinctly and sensibly one of the chief elements in the delight of the eye which it produced. There was probably never so large a space of the earth's surface, covered by works by the hand of man, from which the element of the picturesque was so definitely absent. One felt that everything had been arranged, considered, combined, composed, as I say—that nothing had been left to itself, to the inequalities of the

ground, to the necessities of hampered means, to the chances of conflicting interests, to the whim of individuals or the notions of cliques, to the haphazard of independent initiative and private enterprise. This is the first, and perhaps the most essential, effect of a work of art, and an international exhibition is, as a whole, a work of art or it is nothing; constructed picturesqueness on the one hand, or a mere convenient medium for the display of industrial and æsthetic objects on the other, can never attain the effect of unity which gives to a composition its attractiveness and its independent *raison d'être*.

You entered the grounds anywhere, and were in the presence of this picture. At first, and remembering the convenience of the little railroad at Philadelphia in 1876, I was inclined to moralize on our superior sense of utility and necessity. There was a steam tramway, to be sure, which united the Champ de Mars with the Esplanade des Invalides, but it was useful chiefly to convey persons from one end of the Exposition to the other when they found the grounds between them and home. It conducted no one to "points of interest." There were, I soon found, no points of interest. There were, that is to say, no interstitial waste places. Large as the grounds were, the buildings were not scattered over them in isolated individual interest, but were interdependently combined. They fringed the great parallelogram of the Champ de Mars in almost unbroken succession; a fence was needed only to secure places of entrance and exit; the only view was, like that of any other theatre, from the inside. On the Esplanade des Invalides they were arranged in files and ranks like a town, with outlying suburbs of cafés, and the slighter colonial structures. Standing under the great arch of the Tour Eiffel, with your back to the Trocadéro, stretching its enclosing and concentrating wings around one end of the quadrilateral, you faced the Central Dome, which rose some two hundred and twenty-five feet into the air, with a diameter of over one hundred feet. On either side of it were the wings of the Palais des Industries Diverses, of which it formed the central entrance. At

their lateral limits the porticos which bordered these joined those of the buildings devoted to foreign industries, which came toward you till they reached on either hand the Palais des Beaux Arts and the Palais des Arts Libéraux. These, identical in general structure, and thus contributing a very marked effect of symmetry, extended nearly to the Tower. Around and back of you were numberless buildings, mainly the special pavilions of the Spanish republics, those of the French aquarellists and of the French pastellists, of the different theatres and casinos, deftly distributed among grassy mounds and clumps of trees. The lawn between the Tower and the Central Dome was a carpet of brilliant green bordered by broad gravel walks, and accented by gleaming sculpture, glistening fountains, and a decorous profusion of flowers that seemed to have strayed down from the Trocadéro gardens, where they formed an essential part of the display. The concentric effect of the spectacle, the manifestly contributory function of each part, may be readily imagined.

This effect of unity was powerfully assisted by the general excellence of all the structural details of the Exposition. There were no jars, no discordant notes of eccentric taste, nothing to break the agreeable uniformity of a high level of competence and cultivation. The color effect was particularly charming. The Central Dome was a dusky gold bronze, heightened by the brilliant bits of burnished gold and primary color which decorated the portal it surmounted. It left, in color, something like the general impression created by the interior of St. Mark's at Venice. The twin domes of the Fine Arts and Liberal Arts Palaces were of a delicate blue-green faïence pricked out with fretwork of yellow and white, not unlike Persian tiling, and, indeed, bearing a strong resemblance to the color of the Dieulafoy find recently set up in the Louvre. The palaces themselves were of masonry, made of large bricks of terra-cotta delightfully mottled in tints of gold and fawn and salmon, and flecked here and there with the white of sculptured figures in relief and in the round, the piers carrying the sumptuous entablatures running along the build-

ings on either side of the arcaded portals being of skeleton iron painted a pale flat blue, and inclosing light terra-cotta tiling decorated in relief with much structural sense. So that in color as well as in form the great mass of buildings was a composition indescribably bright and gay as a whole, and in detail exhibiting a crescendo of gravity and richness, from the clear transparent notes of the extremities to the sober sumptuousness of the Central Dome.

The architecture was architecture in the sense in which few modern buildings are, namely, perfect expression of purpose—the style developed out of the necessities of the problem rather than a conventional style arbitrarily adopted and adapted. Its origins were traceable enough, of course, and it was clearly enough French. But it was, as one may say, of the Universal Exposition style. It was open to strict criticism here and there, no doubt—as, for example, the unstructural impostos of the central portal, which seemed more like mammoth modelling than true construction, and such a building as the pavilion of the aquarellists, which was a trivial even if a dainty bit of pistache stucco. But ordinary criticism was hardly in order, so important an element of the general expression was the transitoriness that is so essential a trait of a Universal Exposition. If the architraves of the Liberal and the Fine Arts Palaces were carried on piers of skeleton iron-work filled in with terra-cotta, their portals made of brick and decorated with plaster, and if terra-cotta garlands and cupids ornamented their friezes; if the imposing building of the War Department was of plaster modelled in forms consecrated to lasting stone; if much of the purely decorative sculpture of the grounds was of the same material; if the Central Dome was too laden with gold and color to serve as anything but the focus of a prodigious fête—the sense of nice adjustment of form to function was so much the greater. Just such a light and gay and airy effect was in this way secured as the inner feeling of fitness demanded. Everything was simply as solid, as substantial, as thorough, as complete as its motive demanded, without the excess

of simulating a permanence foreign to its idea.

And yet so lavishly had the oil in the “lamp of sacrifice” been burned, so little compromise had been made with inevitable impending demolition, that, to an American at least—accustomed to a much more radical expression of transitoriness—perhaps the liveliest impression to be obtained from the Exposition was that it was as fine as the French people could make it. If it had faults or shortcomings—and I believe Mr. Edison found the machinery ill-arranged in some respects—their conception and not at all the execution of it was responsible. They, at all events, illustrated their ideal of a world's fair. They had just what they wanted. No expense of time, care, patience, talent, or money had been spared. In these regards the consideration that a building was to be erected for only a temporary purpose had manifestly been allowed no weight. Attention had obviously been concentrated on the end to be attained. No detail was neglected, no general effect deemed too costly. Had the Tour Eiffel sprung from the motive of the Tower of Babel it could not have been constructed and decorated with severer scrupulousness. Had the twin palaces of the Liberal and the Fine Arts been designed for the permanent housing of the treasures that for less than half a year filled their spacious halls, they could not have worn a more unstinted and exuberant aspect.

The buildings, indeed, were decorated with a freedom and fulness of fancy in the highest degree creditable to French architects, who certainly do not usually err on the side of the *rococo*. Not only were they decorative and festal in color and general conformation, but they were ornamented with a gay profusion of gala whose prodigality was nevertheless strictly subordinate to decorum and good taste. There was no hint of the note which German, Italian, or Spanish Universal Exposition architecture would be sure to strike. One need hardly speak of the decoration which the French sculpture of the past ten years, variously distributed about the grounds, constituted; or of the special decorations of the grounds and buildings by

the numerous and cultivated guild of French sculptors and painters, except to chronicle the success of the monumental fountain by Coutan—a work full at once of *brio* and of elevation, besides being immensely clever in more conventional respects. One need only mention that the façade of Machinery Hall was decorated with a group representing “Electricity,” by Barrias, and one personifying “Steam,” by Chapu; that the Central Dome was surmounted by a “France Distributing Crowns,” by Delaplanche; that Rodin contributed a heroic “Architecture” to the Fine Arts, and Aubé a “Printing” to the Liberal Arts building; and that the interior of the Central Dome was decorated by Lavastre with a fine frieze representing the procession of the nations. Few of these works were to be regarded as masterpieces. It is, indeed, difficult to conceive of a masterpiece by M. Delaplanche. But as decoration of a world’s fair they, of course, far surpassed the result that any other people could hope to obtain. And the lavish work of the well-known sculptors and painters aside—though it should be added that this was often invoked by private exhibitors as well as by the administration—the taste displayed in the general framework of the Exhibition was very noteworthy. The exhibits were classified with that order for which the French are famous. Each department of art or industry counted as a separate whole in the general spectacular composition. Each had its own kind of portal, hangings, cases, and canopies, all designed with the taste obtainable only where this sort of thing is a tradition, and thus, even in the most industrial portions of the Exhibition, contributing to the general effect of unity and excellence.

III

IN ability to secure these qualities the French have, it will hardly be denied, an advantage over any people in the world. As one of our commissioners remarked to me, “the French are naturally exhibition ‘sharps.’” Doubtless the Exhibition of '92 will be an extremely interesting one. It may attest

our progress, and indeed our eminence, in many fields besides the industrial and material ones. It will, of course, offend those who have the interests of art deeply at heart more than did even the Tour Eiffel at Paris. If it is representative it will have its share of corn-palaces and butter-women; perhaps the slight success obtained at Paris by our reproduction of the Venus of Milo in chocolate will not discourage those to whom Parisian taste seems deficient in imaginativeness. But these may very well be taken as superficial incidents in what may very well prove a truly important, interesting, and significant display. I hope, however, it will be deemed neither supercilious nor unpatriotic if I suggest that, should the Exhibition of '92 as a spectacle possess the unity and excellence of the Paris Exposition, we shall certainly have cause for congratulation.

There are three disadvantages against which, as compared with the French, we shall be compelled to struggle. One is the disadvantage of possessing no site which can be compared for fitness with that which Paris possesses *en permanence*, and the impossibility of our constructing one. A fit site for a Universal Exhibition is not a *belvedere*; nor are topographical inequalities and sylvan potentialities pertinent features of such a site. We have been talking for the past few months as if they were; but the moment we get down to practicality we shall discover that we have been using the word “site” as if it were a universal “norm,” so to speak, and that a “site,” and a site for a Universal Exposition are two different things. The site at Paris is in the latter sense an ideal one. The Trocadéro palace, with its tall towers and wide sweep, dominates a large acreage of gardens which decline toward the Seine and communicate by the Pont d’Iéna with the vast space of the Champ de Mars immediately opposite. Along the left bank of the river extends, as far as the large Esplanade des Invalides, a sufficient width of unoccupied ground to prevent any interruption of the Exhibition, so that whether you are in the Trocadéro gardens, the Esplanade des Invalides, or the Champ de Mars, you are merely in a part of a compact exhibition divided formally rather than really into

three grand divisions, which thus furnish opportunity for grouping in a large and effective way without the disadvantage of mutual isolation. But the great advantage of this site is that it is within so few minutes' walk from the centre of Paris that it may be justly called central, and the advantages of a central site in Paris are simply incomparable. No site in the world for a world's fair can compare with that which makes it the nucleus of Paris. And this by no means because of accessibility by land and water, by tramway, cab, bus, and walking—which nevertheless means that the Exhibition may be as much an evening as a day exhibition—but because Paris itself is a perpetual spectacle, and merely incloses in its inner *enceinte* the spectacle of the moment. The parks, the boulevards, the theatres, the museums—everything in the way of distraction and instruction for which Paris is famous—border a Universal Exhibition at Paris with a zone of far greater attractiveness for a world's fair crowd than can elsewhere be obtained. A Universal Exhibition in Paris, in a word, has not only the interest of being for the moment the nucleus of the greatest spectacle in the world, but the advantage of sharing the burden of entertaining its guests with surroundings which are in themselves of unequalled attractiveness and interest.

A second spectacular disadvantage which it would be greatly to our credit in any substantial degree to overcome is the fact that, unlike the French, we have no competent organization, directed by a long and splendid tradition of æsthetic dignity and taste, to create and control the Exhibition of '92. For everything but formal initiative we are dependent on that immense, that salutary, but in some respects that ineffective force known as "private enterprise." There is no need to praise the manifold beneficence of private enterprise. An American can hardly open his mouth on this subject without uttering commonplaces. And we may maintain that not only in such matters as building ever so many more miles of railway than we really need, or in fighting a gigantic war on an essentially militia basis, we have demonstrated the utility of private

enterprise, but also that officialism is very disastrous in the sphere of æsthetics itself—and at the same time appreciate the fact that, for the creation and control of an immense spectacle whose worst dangers are dissonance and heterogeneity, officialism with a conservative and cultivated æsthetic tradition has an immense superiority. In such a matter officialism is not divorced from general enthusiasm, it directs it. It is not an artificial but a co-ordinating influence. Compared with a world's fair due to the "private enterprise" of a number of public-spirited plutocrats and interested business houses, one born of "government interference" is intensely popular, and has a rational and natural sanction. The French Government, in the case of the Paris Exposition, was eminently a "popular exponent," as our phrase is, and merely organized the national enthusiasm, which its machinery, in already perfect condition for such a function, enabled it to do with admirable ease and efficiency. It was not embarrassed by the selection of a site, nor by the question of raising funds, nor by the best means of employing the funds at its disposal. Sure, like ourselves, of the national and popular support, but able to dispense with the cumbersome and snail-like necessity of assurance of it, it could attack the problem of organization with directness. All it had to do was to call together the engineers, architects, sculptors, and decorators, and lay the general problem before them. To say that a "committee," however representative, enthusiastic, and intelligent, can do this as easily and effectively, is like saying that training and experience are of no value in the conduct of enterprises of this kind. The architects of the Exhibition of 1892 will doubtless be the last functionaries appointed.

The absence of any body of engineers, architects, sculptors, and decorators at all commensurate in numbers, solidarity, and æsthetic tradition, is the third, and perhaps the chief disadvantage, the recognition of which is a first step toward overcoming it. We are famous for our engineering feats, and no doubt we can look forward to something as interesting and impressive in this sense as either the Tour Eiffel or the Palais des Ma-

chines. But spectacular composition is quite another matter (and it will be understood that it is of this exclusively that I am speaking) and it may certainly be doubted if to this end our engineers and architects would pull together as sapiently and harmoniously as the famous corps of the Paris Exposition. Possibly the engineers would feel that they had little to learn from the architects, even in the direction of æsthetic adaptation. Speculation aside, however, and engineering apart, it is clear that the city which in architecture, painting, and sculpture is the world's school at the present day, must, for that reason, possess an amount of "talent" to be drawn upon far in excess of that existing elsewhere. If we had anything corresponding in amount, we might argue advantages from our freedom from the dry and sapless character of "official art." We certainly have no "official art," and certainly what art we have is free as the air of heaven. But it happens that not only is "official art" the ideal kind for the construction and decoration of a Universal Exhibition, up to a certain point, but that beyond that point Paris has the advantage of the free art which the present extremely liberal Ministry of the Fine Arts is doing so much to encourage. Still, "the greatest poem," says Scherer, speaking of "Faust," "is not that which is most skillfully constructed, but that in which there is the most poetry;" and however little a poem and a world's fair resemble each other, perhaps in 1892 the contents of our Exhibition will atone for any possible shortcomings in form. We may be sure they will, in any case, in the eyes of persons who think it will need no great effort to eclipse the Paris spectacle even as a spectacle.

IV.

So much had been said against it that a visitor to the Exposition might have been excusably surprised not to find the Tour Eiffel vulgar. But the unprejudiced visitor must have been still more surprised to find it a positively agreeable object. It was, however, not only not vulgar, but agreeable. *A priori* objections to it were certain-

ly reasonable enough. Everyone must have sympathized with the protest of the Paris artists made before the Tower was begun. The chances were entirely against the æsthetic success of something that was supposed to aim exclusively at height; though after all, nowadays, since we have discovered that motive is of no importance in art, what does it matter if the motive of a work of art be height? Do we not all know—certainly, if we do not we are not "modern"—that technic is what counts? If technic be generally competent and specifically admirable, the result must be successful. And technically the Tour Eiffel was superb. It may have been intended merely to be astonishing, but in reality it was in the highest degree impressive.

Height, indeed, was not its sole motive. M. Eiffel has said, I believe, and there are advocates of essaying such an enterprise at our Exhibition in 1892, that it would be perfectly easy to erect a tower twice as high. The English, as usual perhaps not quite seizing the point of view in a non-utilitarian and foreign matter, consoled themselves by reflecting that it would take two Tours Eiffel to make a single span of the great Forth Bridge. Its motive was impressiveness. To the end of impressiveness size is certainly an important consideration. No one would pretend that a model of the Brooklyn Bridge would be as impressive as the original, any more than people who care chiefly about the looks of things (and who were the chief critics of the Tower in advance) would maintain that its utilitarian function is an element of its impressiveness. And size rather than height, was the main source of the Tower's impressiveness as an extraordinary structure. It did not appear extraordinarily high; probably it would not have done had it been double its actual height; everyone who saw it for the first time expressed disappointment; its height was something which had to grow on one, so largely had the imagination discounted it. But it appeared from the first extraordinarily big. The immense anchorage and piers, the tremendous spans of the lower arches, the enormous mass of iron wreathing upward, the vast platforms, containing spacious

cafés and promenades and a large permanent population, hardly required the reflection that all this was a mere mechanical necessity to the end of placing a stationary point a thousand feet in the air to impress one with a sense of the grandiose in pure construction such as few other works can.

Impressiveness on this scale and of this unique sort seems to me, I confess, all æsthetic theorizing aside, an extremely laudable end for the main feature—the novelty—of a universal exhibition. There is a certain dignity in a mammoth object of the kind erected solely for a commemorative purpose, provided it be kept within the limits of taste and sense, provided, that is to say, it be, although a monster, distinctly not a monstrosity. The mere fact that the Tour Eiffel was a prodigious structure, and gave to thousands of people, through its mere size and height, such a sensation as they had never experienced in their lives, without appearing architecturally absurd, is, I think, its very sufficient excuse. But in addition to this the tower was, as I have said, a distinctly agreeable object. Its lines were fine, its proportions harmonious, the entire structure agreeable in its evident slenderness and obvious strength. From some points of view—sufficiently distant for one to lose the sense of construction—the curve of the outline seemed perhaps weak, owing to the spread of the base and the tenuity of the top. But it should be remembered that it is particularly true of architecture that the mind has always to come to the assistance of the eye, or, in other words, that the eye should be a trained one. In the numerous reductions of the Tower the base undoubtedly appears too heavy for the top; but in looking at the Tower itself one instinctively recalls the tremendous service the base has to perform, and the curve becomes thus truly a line of beauty. If the essence of architectural beauty were, as is sometimes maintained, the complete expression of function, then the Tour Eiffel would rank high as a work of architecture. This is not, however, the essence of architectural beauty, but only an essential condition of it; and perhaps the most that one can say of the Tower, accordingly, is that it is a beautiful work

of engineering. But it can be said of it with entire sobriety that in virtue of its obviously logical structure it far surpasses in beauty such works of architecture as are essentially constructed decoration instead of decorative construction. Eliminate the pleasure to be derived from association and from the sculptures and mouldings and foliations—the thousand felicities which belong to stone and belong to stone alone—and I am not sure that the delight to be obtained from looking at the myriad thrusts and points of resistance, the bolts and rivets, the long upward-springing shafts, the manifest communication of accumulated power from tier to tier of rods and girders, was not in its way worthy to be compared with that to be derived from standing before the façade of a cathedral.

Moreover, the Tower was eminently a part of the Exposition. It dwarfed nothing. It composed delightfully. It dominated easily, but not arrogantly, the buildings and landscape, and though you were generally, when out-of-doors, half conscious of its presence, it did not obtrude itself. In a word, it took its place—the place that had been provided for it in the general plan. It was a central point of interest from its character, and of observation from its prominence; but it distinctly contributed to the *ensemble* rather than formed an eccentric and discordant note. Its eminence had nothing exclusive and egoistic about it. It helped, indeed, to decorate, to embellish the Champ de Mars, which was by no means merely its abject environment. This effect was due partly to the interest of the other constructions, the beauty of the Central Dome, the charming color and delightful aspect of the lateral palaces, the brilliance of the lawns, the fountains, the groups of sculpture, the scores of isolated structures scattered about; but it was due also to the sobriety and good taste with which it was itself decorated.

V.

No part of the Exposition was more conspicuous than that contributed by what it is convenient to call the Orient—though in this case the Orient ex-

tended to the Pillars of Hercules. Paris, especially artistic Paris, was delighted with these examples of an exotic civilization. Cairo Street was in some respects the centre of the Exhibition, though it only fringed a portion of one of its sides. It was very well done; the illusion was as complete as possible. There was nothing cynical about the reconstruction of an Egyptian or other street—nothing obviously superficial and clumsily imitative. The street was, to use the current slang, manifestly sincere. The bronze Egyptian donkey-boys, clad in long blue tunics, were very genuine. They thumped and shouted to their beasts, laden with most incongruously Occidental freight, as it is probable they do on the banks of the Nile. The carved jealousies and oriels, glued to the perpendicular walls of whitewash, and hanging over and just out of the reach of the bustling, elbowing, clamorous crowd below them, were express importations. The caves and cellars and gloomy recesses, redolent of perfumes and dusky with pastilles, contained indubitably genuine carpets and trinkets, and were presided over by genuine, if polyglottic, followers of the Prophet. Genuineness must have been the only excuse for the hoarse cries, the strident calls, the orchestral cacophony, which bewildered the sense of hearing even more than the barbaric color and form did the eye.

But in spite of the genuineness of it all—in spite, moreover, of the typical nature of it all—it was impossible, I think, for the wholly sane sense to avoid being depressed by a feeling of its essential artificiality. Is this, after all, what Islam has to give us? Is this the sum of its contribution, to the delight of the eye, the pride of life, or the gayety of nations? These raucous girls and decrepit men pressing upon our attention filigree, little boxes, scent-bottles, cigarettes, pipes, bits of laquer, beads, bangles, slippers, embroideries, and the thousand Oriental “notions” of their trivial bazaars are melancholy in direct proportion to their reality and representative character. Pass on to the stucco India Palace, filled with Hindostan stuffs and inlaid gewgaws, varied, marshalled, and commercially organized by English commercial tact, and the

same sensation—the same impression of the Orient—oppresses you. It is picturesqueness run to seed, the scum of a civilized decadence, the flotsam and jetsam of a worn-out world, the frivolity and cynical puerility of a taste grown absolutely mechanical, the sordid squalor of an intelligence utterly disillusioned.

This effect was of course immensely heightened by the incongruousness of the whole Asiatic exhibit. Over all hung the gray sky of Paris, the white mud of the Champ de Mars was underfoot, the crowd was a crowd of *badauds* and foreigners from the three remaining quarters of the earth, Paris showers sprinkled the court-yards and pattered against the chiselled lattices—in the fairest of fair weather the Paris atmosphere was cruelly indiscreet and uncompromising beside the intense sunlight and warm blending of the Eastern air. Apart from its environment, at any rate, one concluded, the things that Cairo Street and its dependencies stood for were not properly to be appreciated. Just what they need, namely, a subordination and absorption into an *ensemble* which retreats and retires and does not justify itself in such emphatic and defiant fashion as here, here is lacking. Judged by the criteria which the *rue du Caire* supplied, Gautier, Fromentin, Regnault, Pierre Loti are incomprehensible. The grime was more salient than the color, the chaos more prominent than the picturesqueness. Perhaps, indeed, the reason why the Orient pleases artists so much is because it furnishes only the elements of a picture; because it is magnificently heterogeneous and haphazard; because, in a word, it is so truly unpictorial. Perhaps, even in the Orient, as well as in the *rue du Caire*, it is the imagination that is stimulated rather than the sense that is pleased. But so far as the ordinary amateur is concerned I don't know that it makes much difference in the resultant effect on the sense and nerves whether the barbarism that one is experiencing be rudimentary or decayed. We may say, perhaps, that crudity is more refreshing morally, because one is accustomed to think of it as the beginning of better things and unconsciously credits it with the virtues of a fancied future. On the other hand,

there is undeniably a certain harmony in the *débris* of elements once composed and still united which is æsthetically a shade more agreeable; the picture has tone, however the parts may lack distinction, and however purposeless and puerile the *ensemble*.

But to appreciate how utterly lacking in distinction was all this vaunted picturesqueness, this fancied romanticism of color and costume and custom which made up the *rue du Caire*, one had only to turn into the neighboring rooms of the Japanese exhibits. The contrast afforded one of the acutest and most elevated sensations of æsthetic pleasure it is possible to experience. One was at once in a rarer atmosphere, and exchanged tumultuousness for serenity, a ragged and dishevelled disorder for intelligence, refinement, elegance; the dregs of a dissipated relaxation for the true tension of cultivated exertion; an abandoned orgy for the repose and sanity of the pursuit of perfection. This general effect of the Japanese rooms was perhaps more remarkable than the excellence of the special exhibits, though this was, of course, very great indeed, and—as the tickets on bronzes and porcelains disclosed—many museums and private collections will be the richer for treasures of delicate and sensitive art. Outside and right and left was glitter and tinsel—the gaudy *grotesquerie* of Siamese imagination, the trumpery trinkets of Egypt, Morocco, Asia Minor; within, space and quiet; beautiful objects grouped, without sacrifice of individual interest, in tall black and glass cabinets; wide passage-ways between these, the courtesy of civilization manifest in the demeanor of the attendants, and the purely decorative features of the framework of the whole distributed with a chaste abstention from profusion and a dignified reserve in display in the highest degree impressive. It seemed difficult to fancy the *danse du ventre* going on amid the abominable cacophony of gongs and castanets a dozen steps away.

Going on, however, it was the live-long day. Every hour, every half-hour of the afternoon and evening, in half a dozen grimy cafés the Terpsichorean ideal of the Orient was illustrated anew, and so absolutely mechanical and list-

less was the spirit that infused the performers that, to a reflecting person, it was the audience that was really the spectacle. The audience was at all events a study. The number of women was ludicrously disproportionate, and the number of American women was noticeable. Some of them seemed slightly pensive, but all were interested. Their large eyes grew larger still. They almost forgot decorum in crowding for a better view, in leaning over the backs of chairs, in concentrated, absorbed attention. They seemed to be making the acquaintance of a new world of phenomena, to be learning something—which it is well known is the state of mind most exciting to the American girl. But it is perhaps doubtful if their acquisition was capable of formulation. In most cases it must have remained in the state of pure impression; and probably most of them will agree that, important as impressions are, this one was, on the whole, unsatisfactory.

If there were anything distinctly sensuous about the *danse du ventre* it might be more reprehensible, but it could not fail of being more interesting. Greater reprehensibility would have secured what was, in fact, most lamentably lacking, namely, a *raison d'être*, and a *raison d'être* always makes a thing more interesting. Doubtless, in its origin, its primordial idea, this series of contortions had significance, just as much of the symbolism of more spiritual ceremonial which now subsists in equally empty though more decorous fashion was once full of meaning, however esoteric and Eleusinian. At Paris and to-day it is absolutely hollow and dull. Fatima had the air of a bored contortionist. Her movements were extraordinary, and I was not surprised to hear that one of her comrades, forced to perform them from morning till night, and thus robbed of the recuperating repose which undoubtedly she enjoyed in Cairo or Salonica, had died of peritonitis at one of the hospitals. But anatomical paradox has in itself really no excuse for existence if it be both ugly and insignificant, and if in addition there be no heart in it.

There was, on the contrary, "heart," and little else, at the other end of the

Champ de Mars, where the *Gitanas* were—appropriately—installed in the Palais des Enfants. These Spanish gypsies, mainly female, with enough of a masculine intersprinkling to give variety and conventional point to their performances, seemed veritably to have *le diable au corps*—which is perhaps merely a modern rendering of the old phrase “possessed of the devil.” Their entertainment seemed the incarnation of caprice. Nothing more riotous, formless, and abandoned can be imagined. It was impossible at first to get the thread of it, to reduce it to anything like coherence. After a time one became habituated or demoralized enough to fancy he could divine the point of view. But this point of view once seized appeared all the more wildly extravagant, all the more impudent and atrocious. The noise was deafening. The music, to whose accompaniment the antics of the dancers were adjusted, was furnished by little tambourines absolutely echoless and non-vibrant, the national castanets, and a remorselessly persistent handclapping, which was first mystifying, then maddening, and finally, by dint of tireless continuance, stupefying. Its measures were marked at irregular intervals, suggested by the whim of the individual members of the company, by shouts and cries of the most epileptic violence. Happily, to most of the audience they probably seemed inarticulate. The dancing was mostly of a kind whose essential indecorousness was no doubt essentially modified by its calm deliberation and technical correctness. But I think the fondness for it of artistic Paris was an acquired taste.

The Javanese dancers were a troupe of an altogether different character, and it is only just to credit the *goût faisandé* of the Parisians with preferring them to the flagrant and turbulent contortions just mentioned. They were neither noisy nor abandoned. The music was slow, regular, and savage only in *timbre*. It tortured the nerves in an insidious and unsuspected way only—like certain forms of Chinese punishment, which at first seem wholly bearable—and did not assail them violently, as did that of the Spanish and Egyptian *virtuosi*. And to its unphrased, unmodulated monotony

the dancers moved with trailing steps in slow—ininitely slow—curves, wreathing their arms, or rather their hands, with the wrist as a pivot, in a sinuous sedateness quite impossible to characterize or describe. As they circled about the little stage, a solemn-visaged youth in—perhaps—full canonicals, surrounded by a group of attendant girls, they seemed to be performing a series of barn-yard evolutions, as of a slowly strutting cock encircled by his harem of hens. It was decorous to the point of solemnity, and the sense of measure was certainly preserved to an almost measureless degree. The dancers were never carried beyond themselves by the *entrain* of the dance, but very visibly and agreeably controlled and regulated their gestures and poses. In this sense the performance was clearly an artistic one. But at the end of a half hour the observer who did not find it monotonous must have been a determined seeker after sensations. The elaborate but limited sinuosity of the waving hands and flexible wrists seemed at last perfectly insipid, and, instead of being intentional, merely the reduction to a factitious appearance of order, of movements in reality hap-hazard and fortuitous, by a slowing of the pace to such an extent that the sense of slowness disguised the lack of character in the design. After the *Gitanas* any exhibition of decorum was agreeable, but before long the emptiness of pure decorum made itself dismally perceived, and one could not help thinking that the Parisian amateurs who went into ecstasies over the Javanese did not analyze their sensations with sufficient assiduity. They must have seemed a little *naïfs* to the Javanese themselves, whose resigned expression was now and then apparently varied by a shade of amusement at the simplicity of their audiences.

In themselves, however, the dancers were more interesting than their serpentine posturings. There was one, especially, a girl of fourteen or fifteen, but evidently at the acme of maturity, over whom all artistic Paris was excited. Her skin, of which a great deal was visible, was of the most beautiful golden hue, with citron shadows, and her arms were modelled with an extraordinary delicacy.

Her face was decidedly of a moon-like character, with eyes wide apart, and a rudimentary nose of concave outline. But, as a venerable and philosophic Frenchman who sat behind me remarked, "What difference does it make—a line like this or a line like that? What is really beautiful is youth." And this young woman was the incarnation of youth. It seems that our noses appear ridiculous to Javanese connoisseurs, and that the unvarying mark of a Batavian caricature is an exaggerated nose; perhaps it was our noses as well as our *naïveté* that amused the performers. It is well to have a standard, an ideal, even of noses, however; it is a great simplifier; and one reflected that even people who believe in concave noses have an advantage over those who believe only in "youth." In the first place, they have more "youth" themselves. In this sense the Parisian delight in all this transplanted irrelevance seemed extremely old.

VI.

THE industrial display was doubtless very good, though special competence is required in order to speak of it intelligently. Our own exhibit made a poor showing, for example; but judging by the *grands prix* and medals it obtained it must have been a valuable contribution to a world's fair, considered as an institution for the development of industry and manufactures. No one, however, could fail to note the immense commercial preponderance of Great Britain in these respects over the protected countries of the Continent—even that part of the Continent which enjoys the superiority over England of artistic instincts, a tradition of culture, and the *Code Napoléon*—and as at Philadelphia, in 1876, the English exhibit constituted a vast object-lesson in political economy which the dullest might learn by mere dint of looking. The educational side of the Exposition, too, was extremely prominent. Everyone has read of the street of the habitations of man in all ages, of the history of labor series, of the scientific congresses held in almost unbroken succession from the opening to the close of the Exposition, and of

such conspicuous importance as to induce the *London Spectator* to speculate in a long article on the worth of such congresses after all. But for the ordinary observer, of all the contents of the Exhibition, the art therein gathered was the most interesting—whether this be or should be the case at a world's fair or not.

Naturally here France reigned unrivalled, both because the French attach so much value to art, and the Exposition was so eminently French, and because there is, comparatively, so little modern art outside of France. But the French display was rendered far more impressive than otherwise it would have been, more impressive indeed than its warmest admirers could have expected it to be, by the happy idea of the retrospective exhibition of French masterpieces in painting and sculpture executed during the past hundred years. The *Centenaire* was, in truth, the very core and centre of the Exposition. The Louvre and Luxembourg together give no such vivid sense of the value of French art, of the title of French schools to rank with those of Italy and Holland, as the splendid array of sculptures and canvases spread out under the spacious blue dome of the Fine Arts Palace and overflowing into the contiguous galleries on either side. Here only could one get a just notion of the richness, the long career, and the vitality of distinctly French art after its emancipation from Italian leading-strings. For Fragonard, who was painting in 1789, almost carries it back to the days of reaction from Italian influence, and from Fragonard to Rodin stretched a line of works illustrating every phase of its later evolution amply and splendidly. How much, too, there was in each successive phase was a lesson in catholic appreciation hardly otherwise to be obtained. The *Centenaire* was almost a demonstration of the truth of Mr. Henry James's wise remark, that "art is only a point of view, and genius mainly a way of looking at things." Prudhon, David, Ingres, Delacroix, Couture, Corot, Millet, Courbet, Manet, Puvion de Chavannes—how much to say for itself here had each of these interhostile points of view over which

such fierce battles have been fought, and such heated intolerance exhibited. Fragonard's witchery and abandoned *insouciance*; Prudhon's grace and lambent color; David's sense of self-control and perfect power of expressing what he deemed worthy of expressing; Ingres' linearly beautiful demonstrations of his sincerity—his sanity, indeed—in proclaiming that drawing was the "probity of art;" Delacroix's splendid proofs that color and action are alone worth attention; Corot's triumphant assertion that blithe serenity is nature's truest note; Courbet's superbly stated proposition that only the petty lies without the domain of artistic subject, and that one motive is as good as another—even elegance itself—provided you take it largely enough—all these various points of view seemed invincible when you stood before the splendid illustrations of them that the *Centenaire* contained. You might theorize at your leisure, and note among other things the steady evolution of technic which these masterpieces of French art attested during the past hundred years; but philosophizing in their presence seemed professional and almost priggish.

Both the *Centenaire* and the exhibition of current French art, the paintings and sculpture of the past ten years, showed one tendency or trait of the utmost significance, namely, a perfect catholicity of official selection. Canvases and statues figured in each which had either been rejected at the *Salon* or treated with contumely there. Courbet and Rodin had apparently become the head of the corner. It is impossible to overestimate the importance of this apparent divorce between the Government and the Institute, this enthusiastic adoption, and not mere countenancing, by the former of "free," in spite of the frowns of academic art. It is not fanciful to say that it would never have happened under a monarchical *régime*, that the republican faith and its triumph have broadened the artistic as well as the political horizon, and in the field of aesthetics as well as of politics now reigns the genius of liberty and an ideal impatience of restrictions and conventions so far as these tend to hamper, hinder,

or exclude *talent* of any kind. The careful cherishing of salutary, the careful curbing of dangerous influences, the timid and perhaps selfish trades-union spirit, which hitherto the Administration has more or less warmly supported in the Institute, have for the moment given way. Ultramontanism has indeed given place to radicalism, one may say, and possibly the pendulum has swung over far in the direction from which it has so long by main strength been withheld. But no one can doubt that whatever extravagance may be considered to accompany the change will, in its turn, be sufficiently curbed by the great forces of conservatism always at work in French art, and in the public to which French art appeals, and that the Institute knows its trade too well, and really possesses too fine a sense of sobriety and measure to lose more than the surplusage of power which official aid once gave it and gives it no longer. So that the change I speak of cannot fail to be as salutary as it is notable. Much dissatisfaction was expressed at the prominence of Manet and the presence of Monet at the Exposition, and there need be no fear that any school of "free" art will permanently receive the government support which will make it in turn "official."

This, however, does not imply acquittal of the "modernists" themselves of the charge of intolerance, and in their contributions to the exhibition of current art there was, I think, abundant evidence of the fanaticism which is perhaps an inevitable accompaniment of the energy requisite for effective Protestantism. What can you accomplish in attacking any system unless you attack it systematically? And the French *plein-air* painters, as a rule and in the mass, seem really to paint as if nothing else in the world were worth a moment's thought except the just reproduction of out-of-doors "values." These painters made the most vivid impression of any of the various French schools to whose works gallery after gallery was devoted, perhaps owing to our having grown familiar with the Bonnats and Benjamin Constants, and Henners and Laurenses and Detailles. They are the painters not, I think, of the indefinite, but prob-

ably of the immediate future. They date from Manet as a matter of fact, though, as so often happens in a movement of this kind, Bastien-Lepage's modification of Manet's uncompromising attitude has been adopted by most of them. Monet and *luminarisme* are yet to come, perhaps, and though it is hard to imagine what phase of nature will be left after that upon which a "school" may concentrate its attention, yet as the phases of nature are infinite the succession of schools will doubtless continue.

No one not a traditional adherent of the academic conventions can fail to appreciate the excellence of the *plein-air* painters. It is not to be doubted that their procedure is worthy of a scientific age, and mathematical to the last degree. The doctrine they advocate and illustrate simply demands an exact *correspondence* in the light and dark scale of a picture to that of the natural scene represented, exact *imitation* both of local tints and general tone being impossible, owing to the difference between nature's highest light and lowest dark, and the potentialities of the palette. In other words, as you can squeeze absolute white out of no tube, you must first determine the scale of your picture, and then make every note in it bear the same relation to every other that the corresponding note in nature bears to its fellows in its own different scale. And what this "value" of the note should be, you can figure out with mathematical precision. Only in this way can the effects of light and air—those two most pictorial of nature's effects—be caught, it appears; and some of the painters, indeed, sketch in figures instead of colors, marking the values of their different notes; for example, "65," "80," "45," etc., instead of endeavoring to match local tones. Color? One scheme of color is as good as another; it is light that brings colors into harmony, and harmony is the end to aim at. Form? Get the "value" right, and let the object model itself. Chiaro-oscuro? An antiquated artificiality! Sentiment? Mere literature! Pedantry here naturally results in the phenomenon known as *trompe l'œil* (optical illusion is hardly so good a term), but it is undeniable that the *plein-air* painters have established a technical

standard by their undivided attention to "values" which must prove of very great importance in painting. They have spoiled for everyone the old, hot, studio-painted works. They have raised the standard of naturalistic representation by still another degree, and have accordingly performed a service comparable with those associated with the names of the great technical innovators in the same line of development—Giotto, Signorelli, Ghirlandaio, Claude, Rembrandt, Velasquez. And they have imposed their view everywhere—Germany, Norway, Russia, America most of all—and even England.

At the same time much honor as is the due of reformers who raise the standard of technic in painting, it is impossible not to reflect that technic is, after all, machinery, and that in art what a man says is of importance, as well as how he says it. We may hereafter require of painters that in attempting naturalistic representation they commit no solecisms, and that to that end they pay as much attention to atmosphere as to form, color, and chiaro-oscuro. We may come to find M. Gérôme as *naïf* in this sense, as we do Cimabue in drawing. But something else may be demanded as well, something besides machinery, something besides good painting. In this something the French painters who are now the leaders in their art are distinctly lacking. They show you how nature looks to you, if you have looked closely at her manifestations. What *they* think and feel, how *they* are impressed, seems a matter of no importance. Their art is objectivity reduced to system, and consequently to artistic barrenness. For what permanently interests and attaches in art is personal impression, or, in the case of a "school," the sharing of some personal impression, some way of looking at things by a number of artists that is not *the* way, the scientific way—the way in which Raphael and Michael Angelo were impressed by line and form and mass; Titian and Tintoretto by color; Velasquez by reality; Rembrandt by chiaro-oscuro; Corot by the morning; Millet by toil and resignation; Delacroix by energy; the "school" of Leonardo, of the Della Robbia, of the fifteenth-century Floren-

tines, by some spiritual view of life, appealing indirectly to the mind through the eye, as formal poetry appeals to it directly. In a word, the essence of painting is poetry and not science. And the French painting of the day, with its preoccupation with the niceties of naturalistic representation, can be regarded only as a powerful agent in perfecting the medium through which the painting of the future will have to express itself. This in itself is a very honorable distinction, it need not be said, and perhaps it is inconsistent with a more spiritual accomplishment. But it was impossible to avoid turning with pleasure, and, indeed, with a certain sense of relief, at the Exposition, from the galleries of clever and sapient current French art to the *Centenaire*, where from every canvas you got a personal impression, a definite and distinct "point of view;" where, in fine, every picture was a synthesis instead of an exhibition of impersonal cleverness, and where imagination counted for more than observation.

After the French galleries the American rooms I should think would have been found by an impartial spectator the most interesting, partly because they were interesting for other than purely aesthetic reasons. They furnished subject for much discussion that was really of an ethnological character. Whatever we do in an æsthetic way interests Europeans in this way first of all perhaps; their attitude to it is one of curiosity. To the mass of the French especially, perhaps, Chateaubriand is still an authority on America; America still suggests to them red-skins and virgin forests, an environment of wildness and savagery modified in these later days by an enviably successful philistinism. As a matter of fact our artists are infinitely less attracted by wildness and savagery than theirs, of course; but the very natural reason for this is something they quite fail to comprehend. They are constantly reproaching us with our imitativeness and demanding originality of us, quite forgetting that a certain objectivity, necessary in order to secure artistic appreciation, depends solely on unfamiliarity, and that originality in art demands art even before originality.

Our material may have immense potentialities — though I confess to a feeling sometimes that Europeans exaggerate these — but "the point of view" demands a perspective that intimate association to some extent forbids.

It was inevitable, at any rate, that as soon as we began to pay any systematic attention to painting we should be preoccupied with the endeavor to learn how to paint rather than to be original. Painting is, after all, a difficult matter, and painting well is as necessary as it is difficult, if you are to satisfy any interest more abiding than that of mere curiosity. The American exhibit showed at any rate that Americans have learned how to paint, and French critics who object to their cleverness in imitation modestly forget that it is difficult to paint well nowadays without imitating the French *plein-air* painting. It would be as rational to object to the adoption by a European War Department of the latest invention in arms or ammunition. France has been the pioneer in the progress of realistic rendering of nature, and as nothing but the realistic rendering of nature is thought of nowadays — by Frenchmen at all events — it seems a little superficial in them to reproach artists of other nationalities with a prompt and elastic recognition of the fact. It is true that the defects of the great and distinguished French quality of "modernity" appear rather sharply accentuated in the work of the Franco-Americans, as, artistically, the Americans who paint in Paris may be called. You feel, I am bound to acknowledge, the limitations of this quality more in the Franco-American than in the French rooms. It is a little more express and external, a little less spontaneous and native as exhibited by Mr. Charles Sprague Pearce or Mr. Alexander Harrison than it is as illustrated even by Manet himself. You are more obsessed by the preoccupation with values, *et præterea nihil*. The illusion is more striking and therefore less illusive. The effect of *trompe l'œil* is more arrogant and unabashed. But this is perhaps due to the exaggeration of objective enthusiasm, and as soon as things take their places a little better, as soon as *plein-air* painting becomes as conventional among the Franco-Ameri-

cans as it has among the Frenchmen themselves, we may fairly expect to see less of the machinery of their work. Meantime the machinery is in admirable order, and is the best machinery to be had. It does not so much matter, after all, who invented it.

As to specific imitation, the imitation, that is to say, by certain Americans of certain French masters, that, I think, was greatly exaggerated by the French critics. To say, as M. Maurice Hamel does, in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, that "Cabanel and Manet, Gérôme and Carolus Duran, Bouguereau and Dagnan, Whistler and Munkacsy, Jules Breton more than Millet, are in turn or simultaneously consulted" by American painters is clearly confused and mechanical rhetoric. Mr. Whistler is himself more of an American than anything else, and much more so than Mr. Sargent, who may be accused of being an imitator of Carolus Duran only in so far as a pupil who far surpasses his master may be. No one imitates Bouguereau or Jules Breton or Munkacsy. But in saying that American painting as exhibited at Paris showed "the gift of assimilation, a quick eye, manual dexterity, the assurance of precocious virtuosi, a liking for effect and sensationalism, little meditation in the presence of reality, slight reflection upon phenomena, few passionate confidences, resulting in æsthetic gymnastics and samples of pure cleverness," and that, finally, it appeared "alert, adroit, and superficial," M. Hamel must be admitted to be on surer ground.

Still, the French critics made the mistake of judging of the American exhibit by the room kept for themselves by the Franco-Americans, to the neglect of that devoted to American painters painting at home. There were three very sufficient reasons for this. Probably we should have to put first of all their *a priori* conviction that America is a veritable Nazareth in art matters, and therefore it would pay only to inspect the work of Americans painting in Paris, whence the induction that as these painters showed more imitativeness than originality, America must be a Nazareth indeed—a kind of symmetrical and circular logic especially French perhaps. In the second place, it was impossible

to see any of the paintings in the purely American room as satisfactorily as all of those in the Franco-American gallery, and impossible to see many of them at all; the Franco-Americans had had everything their own way. In the third place, the Franco-Americans paint so much better than their stay-at-home compatriots that anyone to whom, as to French critics, insufficient technic is a dispensation from any scrupulous examination of motive, would naturally devote himself principally to the works of the former. All the same, it is, I think, regrettable that these gentlemen were not as generous as they could well have afforded to be. Our exhibition would certainly have gained had there been no such arbitrary and unpatriotic division of forces in the presence of the enemy. I think, indeed, the French critics would have been more impressed had the Franco-Americans surrendered the better room to their less fortunate fellows, though doubtless that would have been a refinement of patriotic feeling not to be exacted of "foreign colonists" of any kind.

The Dutch pictures were not the most interesting of the Exposition, but I think possibly they were the most sincere. A serene atmosphere pervaded the rooms, a tranquil sense of haven-like aloofness from the storms and whirling eddies of technical discussion; something of the placid quiet that pervades as a decorous mist the tree-lined avenues of the Hague, where most of the distinguished Dutchmen have their studios, and catches up the soft and sober reflections of the low-toned objects it enshrouds; something of the breezy reaches and gusty dunes of Scheveningen and of the sedate picturesqueness of Amsterdam streets. After Manet's staccato how soothing is Mesdag's utmost animation! After Mr. Melchers's astonishing *trompe l'œil* how large and free seem Mauve's stretches of plain and cool gray cloud-filled skies! This is what it is to be in harmony with nature, one reflects, as he remarks the absence of all effort to spy out her secrets, to solicit over-anxiously her intimacy, to treat her as a model and make of her a spectacle. What good sense, what good taste

every canvas attested! How markedly absent any trace of vulgarity, of intellectual fret, of insecurity, of special and urgent appeal, of pose of any kind!

And at the same time it need hardly be said that the impression made by the Netherlands galleries was very far removed from that produced by an art essentially *bourgeois*. Dutch technic has always saved Dutch art from that reproach; and though it had more power in the days of Van der Meer of Delft, and De Hooghe, to say nothing of such strenuous personalities as Rembrandt and Franz Hals, it never had more distinction than it has at the present time. Distinction is, indeed, one of its very salient characteristics. Clear, cool color, firm and free drawing, a nice instinctive sense of values, without over-emphasis in this regard, never separating, as it were, space and the air that fills it in order to show that you appreciate both, and a certain deft precision of touch bordering on elegance were noticeable in scores of canvases. But, on the other hand, what the Dutchmen, too, seem really lacking in is imagination. Their attitude toward nature is very fine, but it is a trifle tranquil. They sacrifice, efface themselves in nature's presence. They are impressionable, but half-consciously so, by assimilation and absorption as it were, rather than through positive enthusiasm. Enthusiasm, indeed, is a word hardly to be found in their vocabulary. They are rather sympathetic even than impressionable. One feels that they have lived long in the environment they paint, that they were born in it, that they have never left it, that they love it as the son who was not "prodigal" must have loved his home — appreciatively, affectionately, but a little unemotionally. And they might, of course, show far more impressionability than they do and still show a defective imagination; the impressionable and the imaginative genius being so different as sometimes to seem mutually exclusive. They exhibit less temperament, less personal feeling, even than the Frenchman, who is given over to technic, and whose great

defect is the sacrifice of temperament to technic, because the latter, however impersonal and unsympathetic his attitude toward nature, nevertheless pursues technic with a personal ardor quite absent from the composed competence of the Netherlands painters. But how triumphantly they rise above the defects of their admirable qualities must be one's last reflection as he turns from the Netherlands rooms to those wherein he will find more imagination, more enthusiasm, and more perturbation.

The French appreciation of the English pictures was significant — both of the catholicity of French appreciation and of the merit of English pictures. The extreme unlikeness of the American and English contributions struck everyone, but it was curious to note how much more the French cared for that foreign art which differed most from their own than they did for that which resembled it most. The reason clearly was the individuality of the English pictures which as a whole, however they might witness either antiquated or elementary technic, nevertheless testified to a belief in the imagination as the most important factor in the production of fine art. And it would be difficult to conceive a more striking attestation of the value of imaginativeness in painting than the manifest respect which the French showed for works which in many other respects invited their clemency. Elsewhere the French ideal reigned supreme. Madrazo and Rico illustrated it in the Spanish rooms, though, of course, a decided trace of Fortuny was noticeable in the canvases of each of them. The Germans, too, and Russians, who were nevertheless very impressive — especially counting the striking street-studies of Marie Bashkirtseff — were more careful about expression than about idea. Finally, and I confess that to me the fact was disappointing, both Segantini and Nono showed that Italy is still occupied mainly with technical problems. That, after all, one must conclude, is the "note" of the moment in art.

ATONEMENT.

By Edith M. Thomas.

Thou repentest, and thy tears
Flow for those misfeatured years
That, with old reproach and taunt,
Thine amended footsteps haunt.
But thou mayest not, in sooth,
Placate thine aggrieved Youth.

Thou repentest, and wouldst heap,
From thy bin and coffer deep,
Store upon their nakedness
Whom thou spurnedst all pitiless.
But thou mayest not find peace
In late doles of thine increase.

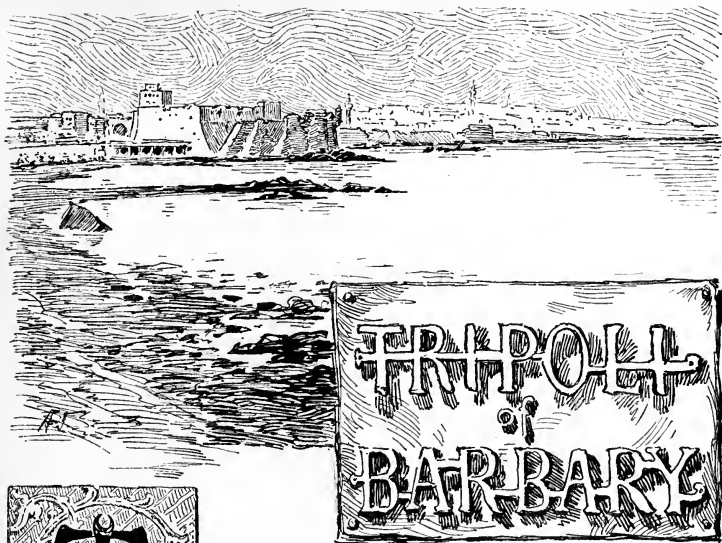
Thou repentest, and wouldst yield
All the trophies of the field
Where a great heart veiled to thee
That thy fame upreared might be.
But thou mayest not rebuild
What thy lustier growth has killed.

Thou repentest, and thy breast
Heaves for one that (well at rest)
Once thy crossed or wanton will
Could with cruel tremor fill.
But thou mayest not confer
Aught upon that slumberer.

Thou repentest!—dost thou deem
Heaven is lent unto thy scheme
That thou mayest now undo
What thy writhing heart-strings rue,
And with dealings sooth and kind
Of their aim thy Furies blind?

Thou repentest, and wouldst press
Forward to a sweet redress.
Ay; but if a God prefer
In thy wakened breast should stir
Grief to keep thy purpose pure,
What for thee but to endure?

Thou repentest! Well, repent.
Urge naught else, but be content
That the callous chord did break,
That thy heart at length could ache.
Ache! thou heart long proof to pain,
Though thy prayer no God constrain.



AFRICAN STUDIES.—I.

By A. F. Jacassy.

THE traveller passing for the first time out of the boisterous wintry storms of an Atlantic voyage into the glowing tranquility of the Mediterranean cannot but feel its spell steal over him. The winds and surges of the mighty ocean have perhaps left on his mind a sense of disquietude, but at the gates of this Southern sea the goblins of ice and storm that haunt the dark imagination of the North shrink back discomfited. Incongruous hues, violent contrasts of outline and color no longer startle the eye; the sea sleeps on beaches of ruddy sand, vast skies of tender blue reach out boundlessly, and between them the line of the shore stretches away like a bank of mother-of-pearl. Even in her capricious and dangerous moods the Mediterranean fascinates like a Cleopatra and in frowns does not lose her bewitching beauty. Who can withstand the magic of this Sacred Sea? Who that has felt the uneasy strife of a

Northern nature can resist the soft influences of this sunny climate, the gentle conspiracy of its elements lulling to rest cares, regrets, ambitions, even the stern call to Duty? Effort, strife, find no place here, and with the souvenirs of most of the history of the human race written on its shores, the old world and the new are blended into one and the tyranny of Time is forgotten.

Our course lies to the southward. The ripples that fret the burnished surface of the long undulating billows tinkle continually on the sides of the black vessel. All day we have gazed upon the light that never wearies, and now in the late afternoon we begin to be aware of a low-lying, spectral-pale band of shore. That portion of Africa whose nudity is only covered by the fallow mantle of the desert gives, notwithstanding its tenderness of color, a most sad impression, the Moors have found its true name—they call it "Bled el Ateusch," the Country of Thirst; and, as there is an intimate relation between the character

of a country and that of its people, one realizes that the race who dwell here must be different from those of the rest of the world. The struggle against the rough and adverse elements of Northern

thoughts travel to far away natal lands and contrast their busy scenes with this African torpor. In the profound silence, the most trifling sounds of earth are heard with perfect distinctness. At a



Outside the Walls at Sunset.

climates, the necessity of fighting them in order to live, the possibility of finally mastering them, have developed the best capabilities of the human race; while the contemplation of this desolate land, lying prostrated like a helpless slave under the tyranny of a sun implacable, has engendered idleness and fatalism—pure vegetative life.

At twilight, Tripoli, the last Turkish town of northern Africa, outlines itself faintly, then disappears in dusky haze. One by one the stars come into luminous life until the heavens are all a twinkling blaze; the sea, murmuring ever her soft and vague refrain, sleeps with the transparency of a mirror, flecked here and there with fugitive traces of phosphorescence. In the morning we enter an open space pompously called harbor: no forest of masts, hardly three or four ships at anchor, no signs of activity, and involuntarily our

few cable lengths Tripoli, shimmering in a luminous atmosphere, smiles at us in her matinal parure; she is circled with an oasis of palms studded with hundreds of domes and minarets that the rising sun kindles into dots of scintillating light: behind old Spanish walls the houses stand forth white and delicate against a sky of amethyst: the slightest details are visible, and all touches one with a penetrating charm. It is the eternal enchantment of the cities of the Orient seen at a distance; but, alas! set foot within them, the illusion vanishes and disgust seizes you. They are like beautiful bodies having the appearance of life but within which the worm of death and decay eats ceaselessly. It is related of a dilettante that, during his sojourn at Constantinople, he contented himself with admiring the marvellous aspect of the city from the deck of his yacht refusing to go ashore,

lest closer acquaintance would bring disillusionments too cruel. He was right; the Orient of dreams and poesy is not the Orient of reality; magic appearances conceal the desolate spectacle of a society arrived at the last limits of decadence. The depravity of manners, the immorality and corruption of the administration, the enervation of character, have ruined Turkey. It is not only an Empire which is falling, but a civilization which is passing.

Willing or not, you are made to take part in the noisy scene on deck when a horde of dirty rascals try to waylay you. How much talent is then wasted! how many ruses and combinations of all sorts over the few cents they make by carrying you and your luggage to the Custom House. There also what jostling, what a noise; all this little world is in uproar, everyone signalling, gesticulating, speaking at once. Such a fray bewilders a civilized man, but those familiar with Southern exuberance regard it tranquilly, well knowing the disorder is more apparent than real and that these people who bawl so loudly always end by understanding one another. The traveller who has acquired that most necessary art not to be in a hurry procures rapidly enough the examination of his luggage. An instant after, following some robust porter, he



A Gunsmith.

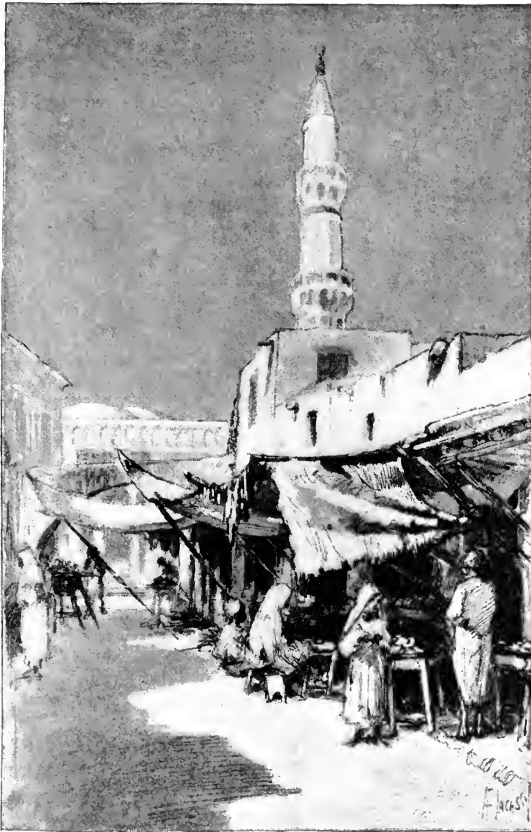
traverses an open place encumbered with the tables and benches of a "café," and is not a little surprised to find himself the object of general curiosity to the international representatives of the Christian colony. Coffee and nargiles are there merely as a pretext, in reality the gathering is in his honor—the arrival of a respectable traveller being an event rare enough to interest an entire population. The name, the quality of this novelty are known before he reaches land. "Will he do this, will he do that? He has a smart look. Who knows but



On the Beach.

he is one of these *spies!*" France and Italy covet this country and, as seems to be the custom of the day, have sent officers hither on secret missions. As a result, all conscientious tourists making

gives them an original aspect, is that the houses, scarce six feet apart in the widest streets, are connected by numerous arcades, felicitously preventing the walls from nearing each other in



Minaret of the Mosque el Gourdj.

slight inquiries as to what they see run the risk of being taken for spies.

The portal passed—Tripoli being a fortress, as one infers from the wretched-looking soldiers seated about cross-legged, mending stockings—one enters a maze of crooked and irregular streets. What is nowhere else seen, and what

a too dangerous kiss. All is a trifle primitive here, the architecture like the rest. There are scarcely any handsome or even decent-looking houses except consular residences and a few habitations of wealthy merchants, which are rich and vulgar. However, what some despise others enjoy. If one cannot ex-

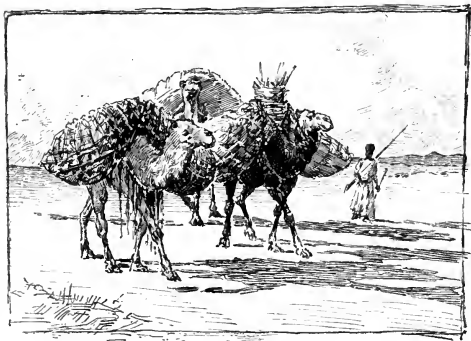


In a Shop.

pect to live comfortably in Tripoli, as in Tunis or Cairo for example, at least it has the advantage of not being half-civilized like them. Under the Sultan's rule it has remained the capital of a truly barbaric state, still virgin of improvements and with just enough dilapidated abandon, dirt, and picturesqueness to make the delight of the artist.

In the variegated crowd filling the streets scores of types may be distinguished: Arabs of the town, draped in their blankets like Romans in their togas, and, in fact, the "jaram" is the direct descendant of the toga and, judging from its looks, seems to have retained all the dirt of those intervening centuries; others, whose costume consists simply of a flowing robe, generally white, or, to be precise, which was once white! Sometimes this robe is of silk of vivid hue, and the effect of that gay note in a bit of street is like a poppy in a wheat-field. Bedouins, whose limbs, wiry and strongly muscled, shine a superb bronze color through

their scanty coverings, elbow Jews in ridiculous costumes, half native and half European. In a few moments one has met with an infinite variety of negroes, from the pure type almost without nose and with enormous jawbones and huge lips to those whose lineaments are absolutely Caucasian. Porters, in simple tunics corded about the waist, carry heavy swinging bales on long poles resting on their shoulders, cheering their progress the while with an invocation to Allah and his innumerable prophets, chanted by an old man and repeated by the chorus; a true song of savages, bursting forth like a fanfare of trumpets. Veiled women, voluminously wrapped, pass by like ambling bundles of clothes. Officers by scores, those of the new school stiff but neat, trying to resemble their German confrères, since the fashion in Turkish circles is to imitate the lions of the day; the older officers kindly looking enough, but in what miserable costumes! Moorish dandies stroll and pose languidly about, seemingly absorbed in preserving their immaculate patent-leather slippers from any impertinent fleck of dirt. Crafty-featured Greeks and Levantines thread their insinuating way among the motley groups. At each step it is a new tableau, and the desire seizes you to stop while the eyes follow a curious type, and turning from it with regret fall on ten as



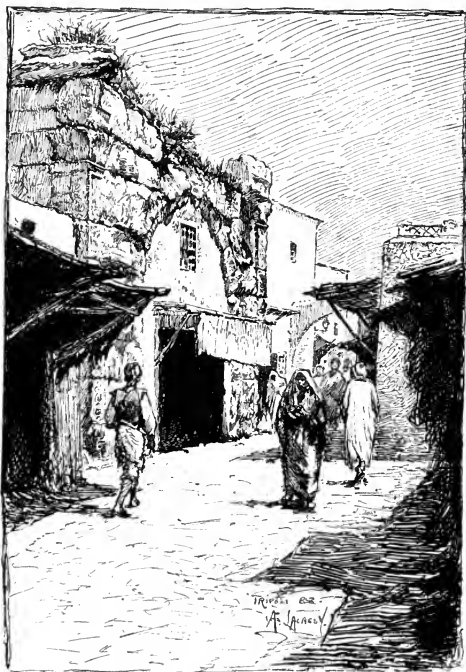
Carrying "Halfa."

interesting. We must move on, however, but not without looking at that fat bon-

bon merchant squatted in a corner before a little table whereon are spread unrelishable sweets. He stirs them lazily with fingers of doubtful cleanliness, psalmoding the while the Pharisee's prayer, interlarded no doubt with maledictions addressed to us "dogs of infidels!" Notwithstanding his dirtiness, he does not lack a certain dignity; his eyes are half-closed, but their glance is fine and piercing. Is he not a fitting personification of that enigmatic Orient, bountifully gifted by nature, but which chooses to remain immobile among the peoples who march forward?

tive of houses and gives an air of nobility to the most vulgar and common details. The light, vivid as it is, does not hurt like the reflections from our skies of tin. The shadows bathed in such light become cool and transparent; caressing zephyrs pass from time to time. What is better than to abandon ourselves a whole day to that irresistible charm, eloquent preacher of Horace's philosophy?

Only a portion of the Mediterranean coast has remained out of the beaten track of tourists, yet thousands of them pass every month within a day's sail of it. It is that long reach of shore which extends from Tunis to Egypt, and nowhere in the entire length of northern Africa does the Great Desert advance so near the sea. The dike of the Atlas range, rising from the Atlantic Coast and extending far eastward, protects a large strip of fertile lands, once the granary of Rome, against the invading Sahara. This range loses itself and is finally effaced at the gulf of the Little Syrta, and the vast, long-pent up element, knowing no more barrier, spreads its yellow, sandy waves as far as the Nile, enveloping the last half-submerged summits which form a rosary of oases. That estuary of the Sahara is the port of the Black Continent. It is the natural road by which central Africa has been attacked by many illustrious explorers: Clapperton, Dr. Barth, Gerhard Rohlfs, Nachtigall, to cite only a few, have taken Tripoli as their starting-point because of the relative facility of communication with the "Baad el Aabid," the Country of the Blacks. That fact explains



The Roman Triumphal Arch.

From the window of our chamber in the *Locanda* we see a bit of blue sky, deep and luminous as a precious stone, against which a "koubba," melon-shaped, outlines itself all white and incandescent. The sun makes resplendent a perspec-

the past and present importance of the town. The only vestige of antiquity spared by the iconoclastic mania of the Moslems is a triumphal arch erected to the glory of a forgotten Emperor Aurelian. It rises amid minarets, and the



Ruins at Leptis Magna.

little shops of a Maltese market, and, despite its mutilations, its disfigured bass-reliefs, and the butcher's stall that finds shelter under its marble blocks, that hoary witness of the past preserves a stamp of noble grandeur. Groaning camels stalk slowly past it, and crowds of noisy Moors take the place of the Roman legions. Under the domination of Rome Tripoli, however, was not the most important town of the province. It was from Leptis Magna, situated some sixty miles to the east, that the caravans of Phœnicians, those sturdy traders of antiquity, and of Greek and Roman merchants started for the interior. Leptis, sharing the fate of the once prosperous African colonies, is to-day but a heap of ruins buried in the solitude, majestic and without boundaries, of the



The Castle.

desert. A young Bedouin, watching his meagre flock at their scant pasturage of herbs, was the only human being I saw there. Leaning on his staff, he seemed to listen, like Virgil's shepherd, to the

the home where floats the flag for which one dies, in short, that chain of traditional solidarities linking the cradle of the child with the venerated tombs of the fathers of the country, the land of which we speak has no other name for the million of men she sustains than that of "Bled el Mouley," the Country of the Master. Between the state of things this one fact reveals and the social conditions implied by our ideas of nationality there is, therefore, an abyss.

The nomads are bent on avoiding tax-paying, which is easily done. Who cares about pursuing them in a district without roads, water, towns, resources of any sort? The Governor insists on the payment of taxes only when his soldiers can make such insistence successful. On this condition alone can he accomplish his other duties, protect the caravans and oases against the aggressive pirates of the desert, and prevent fights and thefts among the tribes. It is easy to understand that beyond the collecting of taxes along the coast he can do nothing. The little he can do he does only too well. The country which fifty years ago was prosperous under the Arab rule has fallen into terrible misery. The Pashas, one after another, have pressed the life out of her so that she is now like a squeezed lemon.

The Turkish shepherd of the Tripolitan flock has at command about ten thousand men, a force much greater than necessary to retain the country in vassalage, and intended chiefly to resist a possible annexation by France or Italy. These soldiers remind one of their ancestors, those disordered hordes who hurled themselves like a devastating torrent on the Lower Empire. Their life, encampments, manœuvres are an anachronism that would amuse a man of the profession. To say that they are dressed in rags is but to hint at the truth. Their shoes, for example — but have they any shoes? What name can be applied to those pieces of wood, shreds of stuff or skin, that are nailed,



In a Negro Village.

noise this vanished past had once made in the world. A destiny as mysterious as that of the distinguished generations of which these ruins are the forgotten remains leaves them to disappear slowly under the gnawing breath of that infinitely small—the sand! and a near century will not perceive even the traces of their obliteration.

The province of Tripoli, if measured by its official frontiers, which exist only in theory, presents an area larger than the German Empire; but while the name Germany signifies for Germans the work of unity elaborated during centuries, the ideal of right and duty,

glued, pieced together with marvellous ingenuity? The appearance of a marching regiment is like that of a flock of



A Negro King.

sheep, each going according to his fancy if not pushed by his neighbor. These poor wretches can every day study the value of the proverb of *Harpagon*, *Shylock's* brother, that it is necessary to eat in order to live, but not to live in order to eat: indeed, they prove it is not necessary to eat much to live. At least, their lives pass untroubled by gout, if gout comes, as is said, from excess of table. Even their pay, ridiculously small as it is, exists only on paper. The pay-days are as rare as the happy days in the life of Abd el Rhaman, the Magnanimous, Caliph of Cordova, who, the Arab historians assure us, found, after careful search, but fourteen in his whole life. The same rule applies to the officers, the highest only escape it. A field-marshal gets his 3,400 francs a month, but the captains do not receive their 80 francs, and being married, without fortune, and disqualified for other occupations, how do they manage to live? The weak point of the army is there, in its officers, whose daily fight against misery destroys their devotion and emulation. But here we see conscientious Turkey, always full of good intentions that are never realized, seeking a remedy (naturally not the needed

one) by asking of Germany superior officers to organize and instruct her own. This little story is typical enough to be worth telling: The Prussian staff sent men of *élite*, among them the celebrated Van der Goltz, whose military writings are classical, they were largely and regularly remunerated, gifts, decorations, flatteries were showered upon them, but, of course, their advice was not listened to. As men of conscience and endeavor they were chagrined at this result and, finding themselves unable to fulfil their mission, have wanted to resign. The Turks tried to retain them with gold, which proved a secondary consideration to men of such stamp, and formal orders from Berlin were necessary to keep them at their posts. A Pasha said one day to one of these Teutons: "Dear Excellence, why do you lament? You are paid, consideration is heaped upon you, and in return but one thing is asked of you—to do nothing. Go to the Brasserie, drink your beer, smoke your pipe, and trouble no more the tranquillity of your conscience."

Yet, despite its vices and shortcomings, the Turkish army presents a redoubtable mass; other armies treated in like manner would revolt, but it preserves its spirit of passive obedience. If the resources of tactics are lacking, the soldiers do their duty with admirable *ensemble*, enduring privations and sufferings, fighting with stubborn fury, dying cheerfully, because of a perfect unanimity of sentiment and a common tie, less elevated but more powerful than patriotism—fanaticism! This was proved in Turkey's last war. The time of conquest is past with her, but there is no doubt that she will resist an invading enemy with a glory, even an efficacy, born of her despair.

The gnawing worm of the army, that misery, making of the soldiers mendicants who solicit public charity in



Type of Negro.

a sometimes brutal manner, is also that of the administration, whose employes ought to receive a regular salary, but do not. They have to do something to procure the necessities of life, and have no other resource except to sell their influence. It is easy to believe that such a state of affairs engenders injustices, arbitrary acts, and that the Turks, as a result, are not loved by the natives whom it would have been so easy to conciliate. Although they cleverly inspire themselves with the Machiavellic principle of Louis XI. of France, "de diviser pour régner," and, like the English in India, adroitly use the tribes one against another, yet had they been Christians their rule would have been brief. But their force lies in the fact that dominators and vassals belong to the same religion. It is also fanaticism that unites them. Very unlike the Christians, the Faithful of today are *en masse* the same fervid Faithful as in the time of Omar and Mohammed. Incredulity, indifference, so widely spread among other sects, are unknown among them.

Mohammedanism, already twelve centuries old, has, after a period of inactivity, awakened anew in Africa, and is rapidly spreading. The reason of this vitality is found, I believe, not so much in the Koran, which contains, among incoherencies, many grand and beautiful things, as in the genius of the Arab race. It was not alone the beauties of the Koran that made the success of the religion which surrounded the Mediter-

ranean with a crescent, extended over Africa, whose points were at Saragossa and Stamboul. No! behind the New Idea was the Scimitar, that most histo-

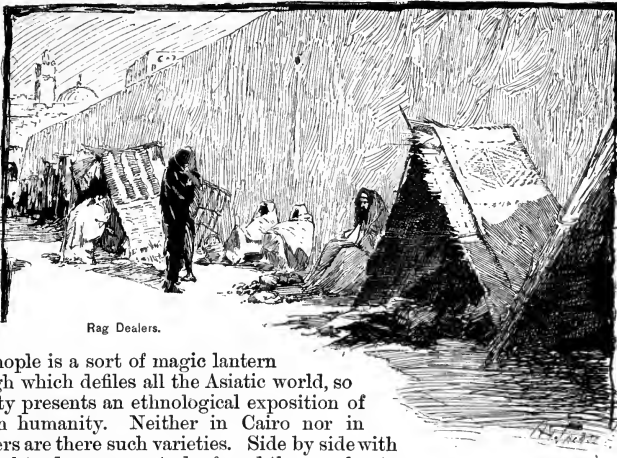
rians have seen alone, and above all, there was a luminous pleiad of scientists and artists, its best propagators. It is necessary to study the places subservient to Arab rule to gain an adequate idea of that civilization which followed the lieutenants of Mohammed, simple men of the sword, and agents of a progress they probably did not themselves see. The Unique God (for Mohammed, imitating Moses and preceding Luther, instituted the cult of the One God) was affirming himself through the most beautiful literary and scientific con-

ceptions, the perfecting of agriculture, manufactures of all kinds, a new architecture, algebra, medicine, the intelligence of practical things united to a lofty idealism. Such was the civilization the Cid destroyed in Spain, the Turks have allowed to die in their hands, the Arabs have forgotten. It is with the Turks, that is to say, with the Tartars, of Turkestan, that Islam is waning. Those invading Tartars never knew how to realize prosperous results from their conquests, while the Arabs at one time almost civilized Europe. It is in Constantinople Mohammedanism lowers her crescent, and there she will fall, but to revive again among the Arabs, and through them yet play a great rôle in Africa.

The characteristic note of Tripoli is its diversified population, and as Con-



A Snake Charmer.



Rag Dealers.

stantinople is a sort of magic lantern through which defiles all the Asiatic world, so this city presents an ethnological exposition of African humanity. Neither in Cairo nor in Tangiers are there such varieties. Side by side with the local tradesmen are to be found the merchants of the interior and the caravaneers, fierce types, with wild looks and noses like eagles' beaks. It is from the centre of Africa, that little known home of exclusiveness and barbarism, where nature imprints on man her rudeness and savagery, that come the passers-by you meet with in the bazaars of Tripoli. Untouched by our refinement of thought, possessing violent organizations, listening to all appeals of the brute nature, they examine you insolently, nor move aside to let you pass. But beware how you treat them, and God forbid your jostling them unthinkingly, for here you are in an enemy's country. Yet in view of the fact that the large Asiatic element, composed mostly of convicts, is of the same unsavoury order, it is remarkable that the town should be so quiet. Murders are almost unknown, and as to theft, sad to say, Europeans of the lower order have the monopoly of it.



An Arab Merchant.

I have said that the Arabs are oppressed by their masters, the Turks; these in turn, as well as the Arabs, are victimized by the Jews. The Eastern Jew has remained what he was in mediæval times, a scourge; and the hatred he excited then, a hatred understood in visiting these countries, had other than purely religious grounds. He disgusts us to-day by his sordid habits as he did Tacitus (*Judeorum mos sordidum*). No matter what his trade is, apparent or confessed, he is essentially an usurer—the perpetual motion of the duro (dollar). The Moslem, having the bad habit of contracting debts which he never troubles to pay, is seldom ready to meet his obligations; our Hebrew knows that, and cheerfully consents to prolong the loan, naturally doubling or trebling the rate

of interest. Thus the fortune of the Arab is like the sand in the hour-glass, and dribbles atom by atom into the pocket of the usurer.

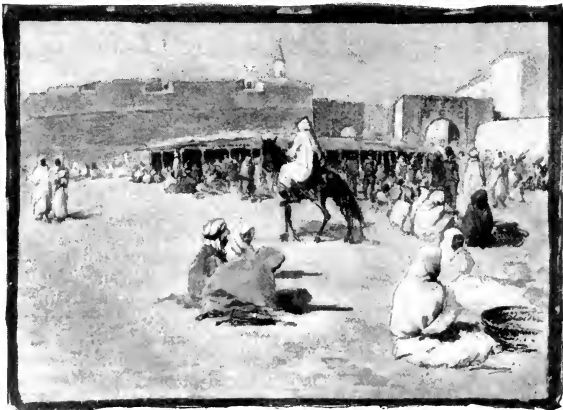


A Corner of an Arab School.

In the Jewish quarter we find ourselves in a new world, for the rest of the town, by contrast, is cleanliness itself. If elsewhere, walking is often difficult on account of the narrowness of the streets, here it is a torment to drive one mad. Flocks of scrofulous children of all ages cry, shout, roll in the gutters. As soon as a foreigner is seen, they gather around him, looking curiously at every detail of his costume, guessing at the significance of his gestures or glances, and begging in all possible styles, from the most heartrending to the most impudent. On all sides a hundred petty

trades find shelter in fetid holes, haunted by types that seem to have just escaped from Rembrandt's brush. Through the open doors of the schools one sees the little ones bending over their Hebrew text, spelling, with guttural modulations and rhythmic movements of the head, the verses of the Prophets that promise the re-establishment of Zion. The Jewish, as well as the Moslem universities preserve intact the great divisions of the scholastic, all based on the Holy Book, and are copies of European universities of the thirteenth century. That immobile Orient always keeps the key and illustration of our past.

In the synagogues, crowded during hours of service, the people walk about, talking business as if in an exchange, while nasal detonating voices scan the lessons of the Old Testament. What a contrast the mosques offer to such a spectacle, with the long series of white-robed Faithful, their simple and dignified gestures, their repose and meditations soothed by the trembling voice of an old *imam* murmuring a prayer. The large Maltese population is the bulk of a flourishing Catholic church, and there are also many other sects, but all, without exception, have that point in common, fanaticism. These faiths, degraded as they are by superstition, nevertheless offer to the miserable, consolations the rationalistic sciences cannot give, a res-

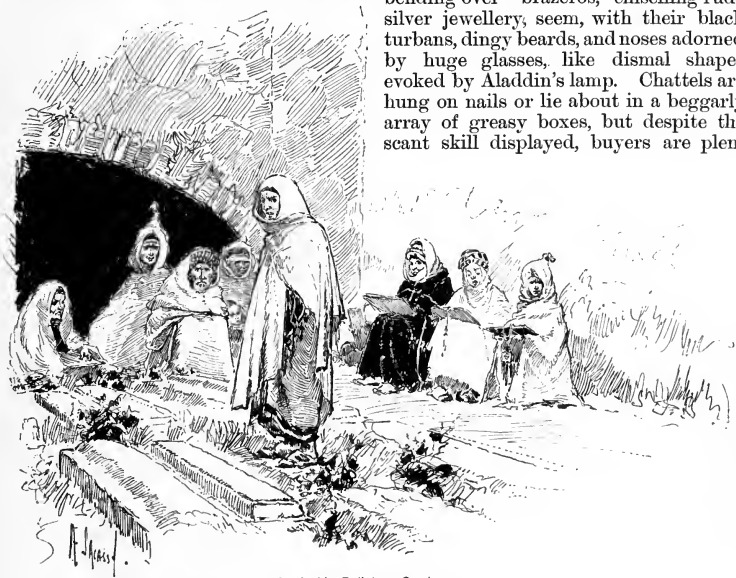


Outside the Gates of Tripoli.

ignation to the evils of the present life because of the blessed hope that foresees at the end of it a paradise of reward and happiness.

I cannot leave the subject without speaking of the admirable devotion of the Sisters who come to pass a life of

with here and there small coffee- and barber-shops. Gaudy cotton goods attract the Oriental taste, and dark-skinned Bedouins haggle fiercely about them with calm Moors sitting cross-legged and imperturbable. In dusky holes bordering a narrow lane, the old men bending over "brazeros," chiselling rude silver jewellery, seem, with their black turbans, dingy beards, and noses adorned by huge glasses, like dismal shapes evoked by Aladdin's lamp. Chattels are hung on nails or lie about in a beggarly array of greasy boxes, but despite the scant skill displayed, buyers are plen-



An Arabic Religious Seminary.

sacrifice in this exile. They dedicate themselves to the education of little Christian girls, a task rendered nearly hopeless by the spectacle of vice constantly before these children. Rolling without complaint their rock of Sisypus, insulted by the crowd, hardly respected by their co-religionists, they excite our truest sympathy, and one bows with respect to these charitable women, who pass in that Oriental mire as the personification of purity and sacrifice, giving an example unfortunately too sterile.

The life and animation of the town centres at the *Souks* (bazaars), and it is most interesting to walk through their vaulted galleries, watching the Tripolines at their different vocations. As each trade has its section the shops of competing tradesmen are side by side,

Especially on market-days, the street is crowded with villagers who have come to sell their products, and who never fail to invest what little money they have made in presents for their wives—from gallantry? Oh, no! but because Arab women fulfil the office of the family safe, and carry on their backs the common fortune in silver ornaments. These peasants press together like a flock of sheep before each shop, scrambling one upon another, the better to see, and turning the desired object many times in their hands before buying it.

The Tuesday market, held outside the gates, is the event of the week. Early in the morning a large open space near the sea is invaded by a swarm of people and beasts; little by little the merchan-



A Marabout.

dise is unloaded and spread on the sand under the shelter of mats or small tents, and the merchants squat, cigarette in mouth, patiently awaiting customers. "Esabrou min Allah!" Patience is a gift of God! The Friday market, held in the oasis, a little distance from the town, is a less important replica of this in all but the situation, which is picturesque in the extreme. The sandy roads, that form a tangled net through the gardens, are on that day traversed by cavalcades of all kinds which make a continuous procession of charming little pictures. This feast of the eye has its thorns of discomfort, for in these incased roads the heat is extreme, the least motion raises the dust in whirlwinds, and the vegetation exhales a heavy, suffocating odor. On all sides the exasperating grating of well-pulleys produces a motif too Wagnerian for uneducated ears, in a pastoral symphony played by a full orchestra of buzzing insects, grasshoppers whirring shrilly, and the sun-scorched palms crackling their dry branches. In each garden rise the two arms of a well, between which an enormous leathern bag mounts and descends on a rude wooden pulley, the chief instrument of the above-mentioned music, discharging at each trip a flood of water. The negro laborer uses a camel, an ox, sometimes his wife, to give the motion to the machine by going up and down an inclined plane. The move-

ment does not stop day nor night during the nine months of the dry season, and it is thanks to that water, which is life, thanks to constant care, that the verdure of a semi-tropical vegetation blooms gaily in the sand. Under the protection of pomegranate, fig, orange, lemon, and banana trees, through whose heavy foliage the sun percolates, flourish maize and wheat, vegetables and flowers of all sorts. Above it all, the stately palms balance their heads in the superheated atmosphere.

The nomads often pitch their encampments on the limits of the oasis; under the protection of some "zaptié" (policemen) we could approach their black tents, raised but a few feet above the ground, without fearing either the hostile attitude of the inmates or the dogs, whose hair bristled fiercely at sight of the Christian. These miserable tents, furnaces in summer, ice-chests in



The Pipe Bearer.

winter, are preferable as a habitation to the hovels of the villages, for the wind at least, carrying away the deleterious miasma, purifies them. The dwellers under tents are certainly more robust

each have some novel mode of prayer, and promenade the streets with flags and drums. Of course, they deign to receive the offerings of the Faithful, for it is well understood that God's chosen



A Douar, or Bedouin Encampment.

and better built than the Arabs of the oases. Although poor as Job, they consider themselves free men, their lives are passed in perpetual travels and fights, while the town-people live where they are born and *work*—for which the nomads despise them as poor devils of “*mercantis*,” merchants, workers, a very insulting epithet, and they maltreat and plunder them as well as the Christians. Indeed, the Bedouin is in perpetual warfare with all, even with his own kin, fulfilling the prophecy of the angel to Hagar, that Ishmael “will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man’s hand against him.”—Gen. xvi. 12.

Town and oases are studded with small domes piously adorned with floating rags and tatters marking the tombs of saints. Marabout is the name for the tomb and its saintly occupant. The genus marabout has not been inaptly described as either a drivelling idiot or a predatory fanatic, more commonly the first. In fact, the greater lunatic, the holier saint! “Allah has taken his senses aforetime to paradise!” They

people cannot work like common mortals. One is thankful that they do not assail passers-by with the wail of the professional mendicants. These latter are intolerable with their eternal “Give alms, in the name of God.” Most of these beggars are strong and healthy, except for the prevalent Oriental disease of laziness. Asking one of them what is his profession, he will answer tranquilly, “*chemmess*,” a substantive that can only be translated by the phrase, “I sun myself.” Another will naively say: “I have a brother who is a camel conductor,” meaning, “My brother works, I am dispensed from doing the same.”

The best idea to be had of the flat-lying city is from the lofty minaret of the Djemā el Gourgi, largest and most modern of the mosques. It is difficult to obtain permission to visit these sanctuaries, but the Pasha’s word was a powerful *Sesame*. Up the narrow, winding staircase we climbed until our limbs ached, but at last we stood on the sacred spot where the *Muezzin* calls to prayer, and, leaning over the parapet, were rewarded by a splendid panorama.

The doves came flying round us, and into the stillness of height the hum of the city rose from the busy bazaars, while from the strong lungs of street dealers came up strange Oriental cries. A plain of blazing white roofs lies baking under the sun ; here and there rise

at the bottom. Yonder a dangerous reef encircles the harbor ; it might easily be formed into a useful pier, but a former Pasha decided that the rocks were *too old to bear the weight of masonry!*

Framing the town between two bands of sand, like an emerald necklace on the



A Negro Orchestra.

creamy domes and a few delicate minarets ; narrow streets wind between them where camels kneel and Arabs gesticulate. The city walls engirdle all, and beyond them, in the harbor, are two sad-looking Turkish men-of-war, a few Levantine craft of queer shape and rig, and occasionally a European steamer. The sea is of the loveliest turquoise blue imaginable, and near the shore transparent, light-green patches show the rocks

brown breast of a Bedouin girl, lie the greatest oases of palms in the world. The dunes of the Sahara rise faintly, shadows trembling in an atmosphere of diamond dust. Though so *chatoyantes* from afar, they are, nevertheless, nude and arid. Thus it is with that Orient made so enchanting and fascinating through poetical distance. Is it not a little the same with all that dazzles us at a distance in life?



THE BALLAD OF TONIO MANZI.

By *Graham R. Tomson.*

But the folk *nell pianura*,
Two leagues distant, who will tell them?
Who will brave the rush of waters
Should, perchance, the flood outstrip
him?

Who will bear the news to Rocca,
Far beneath us on the lowlands,
That the reservoir is broken,
And the water rushing, roaring,
Like a wild bull in his madness,
Like the sea let loose upon us,
Wasting farm, and field, and village,
Soon must speed to overwhelm them?
We are safe enough, God willing,
By the grace of the Madonna
Warned beforehand of the danger:
Ay, but who will warn the others,
For the way is long and weary,
And the path is full of peril?

In the blazing summer sunlight,
Swift adown the rugged footway,
Down the rocky road and barren,
Through the scattered, gnarled gray
olives
Leaning low, their twisted branches
Stretched, like withered hands, to stay
him,
On and on sped Tonio Manzi,
Fleet of foot and gay of courage,
In the race with Death for rival.

At the entrance to the hamlet,
Where the tavern-door stands open,
In the dusty golden sunshine
Blithely went the game of *morra*,
With a quick, uneven cadence,
Short and same as dropping water:
Eager voices, outflung fingers—
“*Uno—quattro—otto—cinque!*”
By the door a hooded wine-cart

Waited, and the beasts in harness
Now and then awaking, stirring,
Set their listless bells ajingle.

Blithely went the game of *morra*,
To a quick, uneven cadence—
“*Due—otto—quattro—nove—*”
Till the hard, short thud of footsteps
Hastening toward the village
Roused the players from their pastime:
And, behold! a dusty figure
Running breathless and exhausted;
Bare his breast, his lips were parted,
Gaspng on the windless noontide,
And his feet were bare and bleeding.

Laughing rose they up to seize him,
Drew him, laughing, in among them;
Noisily they strove together,
In a jovial contention
Drowned with jests his breathless plead-
ing;
Laughed to scorn his words of warning.
Boon companions, mad and merry,
Still they held him there among them
In the dusty golden sunlight;
Challenged him to drink and gamble,
Dazed him with their empty laughter,
Till, at last, he strove for freedom,
Roused to wild despair and anger.

“Let me go! oh, fools, unloose me!
Save yourselves, the flood is coming;
Loose me, I have come to warn you.
Holy Gésu! listen to me—
Let me go to warn the others—
Curses on you! it is coming,
And you hold me here among you,
Waste the precious time in brawl-
ing—”

"Hear the fellow, Giaconino!
Is he drunken or demented?"

"What, *birbante!* would you strike us?"

"*Aiuto!* call the *Guardia!*
Rid us of this foolish fellow.
For the knave comes running, look you,
Stumbles, panting, in upon us,
Stammers out some idle story,
Raves of floods, and prates of dangers
Was he drunken or demented?
Chi sapera? Maledetto!
Yet we rose to bid him welcome,
Bade him join our bout of *morra*,
Set a flask of wine before him—
And the stubborn beast requites us
With his fury and his curses,
And his lies about a deluge.
Mad he is, or drunk—believe us!
Let him cool his frenzied fancies
On the stone flags of the prison."

Still, exhausted and despairing,
Piteous, he told the story
Of his fruitless strife to save them,
And the fast-approaching danger—
Of his race—with Death for winner.
None would hear him, none would heed
him,
Who would heed a drunkard's ravings?
Mad or drunken—nay, what mattered?
Through the village street they haled
him,
Bound his feet with iron fetters,
Bound, and cast him into prison.

And the swart, black shadows length-
ened,
And the wine-cart started homeward
With its tinkling chime of mule-bells.
Sprang a cry athwart the voices

Of the players—sharp and sudden—
"Nove—cinque—" "God of mercy!"
"Fly! the waters are upon us—
Run! the reservoir is broken—
We are lost!—are lost already!"

All the twilight rang with voices;
Shouting men and sobbing women,
Like a herd of frightened cattle
Running headlong all together,
Each one striving to be foremost,
Filled the street awhile, but quickly
Passed, and left it blank and silent,
Till the flood roared down upon it.

When the fear was past and over,
And the folk flocked back to Rocca,
Wailing for their ruined homesteads,
And the gear all waste and worthless,
Some there were that gossiped, "Surely
There was one who ran to warn us,
But he stayed to brawl and gamble,
And they thrust him into prison—
And—so quickly came the waters—
They forgot him, *poverino!*"

On the gray stone floor they found him,
Stark hands clinched, and face turned
downward—
Poor dead face! distorted, blackened,
With the agony of drowning.

In the dusty golden sunlight,
Where the tavern-door stands open,
Blithely goes the game of *morra*—
Eager voices, outflung fingers,
"Uno—quattro—otto—cinque!"
And beyond there, in the prison,
Thus it was—like many another—
All in vain, by all forsaken,
For his world died Tonio Manzi.



EXPIATION.

By Octave Thanet.

I



ONLY the puddles and sluices of water showed, unless the rider flashed his lantern down the road. Then a disk of landscape, a kind of weird etching, was struck out of the night. Huge gum-trees dripped on either side; a stealthy patter of rain-drops dribbling through the thicket of trumpet-vines, "tar-blankets," and briar which masked the swamp beneath. The rain had ceased, but not a star appeared to illumine this surly and dismal nature.

North and south, as the lantern-bearer knew, the rotten corduroy was drawn in a straight line across the morass. North and south, east and west, only a few lonely cabins with their clearings broke the monotony of the forest between the Village River and the Black. Wherever the land was creased by a depression, the water covered the roots of the cypresses and tupello-gums.

"What a country to live in!" muttered the rider; "is all Arkansas like this, I wonder?"

Anyone could guess from the voice that he who spoke was not a Southerner. It was a very pleasant voice, however, with nice modulations, and when the lantern rays swerved at a stumble of the horse, they showed a slender, well-knit figure, and a delicate, bright young face, with gentle brown eyes, and not enough down on the upper lip or cheek to hide a mobile mouth and rounded chin; altogether a handsome young fellow. Tiny wrinkles at the corners of the eyelids and a dimple in the cheek hinted that this was also a young fellow who laughed easily. He was laughing now, swinging the lantern above his mud-splashed legs.

"What a figure of fun you are, Fairfax Rutherford," said he, gayly, "and yet you don't look half the native either."

With a praiseworthy notion of suiting his dress to the country, Fairfax, before he left England, had bought such an outfit as they sell you in Regent Street "for the bush." Therefore he was clad in a wide, cream-colored soft hat, a shooting-jacket of brown duck which bristled with pockets, and corduroy trousers pushed into leggins.

"Father will laugh at me, I dare say"—so his thoughts rambled on—"but I *think* he will be glad; what a bore to be a stranger to one's own father!"

He tried to recall his single youthful visit to his father's plantation. Only a few pictures would come. A great, white, ill-built house and mysterious clutter of outbuildings; bare-footed negroes tumbling over each other, in their efforts to "make haste wid de dinner;" outside, the river noises behind the willows, the wind in the cypress brakes, the reckless hunts through the cane, the grinning black faces among the cotton bolls, the hogs rooting under the peccan trees, and cattle browsing on the wide fields; the unkempt figures which used to loiter round the store and gin; that good little romp his step-mother's daughter, Adèle; those two mischievous, riotous, soft-hearted lads, his brothers, and the jocular, shabby, easy-going planter, his father; such were the pictures that all at once made Fairfax Rutherford sigh, for the old barbarous, plentiful days were gone forever, and the boys lay in their unmarked soldiers' graves.

Soon his thoughts strayed to a conversation which he had heard that afternoon, just before he started. He had passed through the Federal lines, and his day's journey ended with sunset at a poor tavern, post-office and "store" as well, where he hoped to procure another horse and a guide. Guide there was none to be had, but the woman who kept the house, when she was told his name, greeted him warmly, and bestowed on him her only horse, "a broken-down Texas pony with the string-halt." She set before him her

best of food, also, fried pork, and corn bread, and chicory coffee. While he ate he could overhear his hostess talking to some wayfarer. The man, with the vigilant curiosity of rustics and of the troublous time, had noted Rutherford's hat in the gallery.

"Who all you got in thar?" said he.

"He done come," answered the woman, briefly.

"Fair Rutherford? Mymy! Mymy! Wun't the ole man be chirked up! What like's he, onyhow? Favor Jeff or Rafe?"

"Naw, he pintedly does favor his maw. But he got the same pleasant laffin' turn like his paw. He ain't so tall an' stout like Jeff an' Rafe, but he are a mighty pretty young man."

The man laughed good-naturedly.

"Women folkses is all fur looks. Now t' my mine, Jeff an' Rafe ben the purties' young fellers I ever did see. Run an' ride an' shoot—law me, they warn't nuthin' they'd orter know they didn't done, by gum! An' fightin'—my Lord! I cayn't git satisfied, nohow, with them boys bein' killed up! I ben with Jeff at Springfield—leadin' the charge with three wyounds onto him—jess like the ole man, them boys. He's mighty gayly an' pleasant, but I tell ye he are a painter* in battle. He didn't quit fightin' till he must. An' I stuck tew him, blame my skin!"

"You did, shore, Mist' Fowler," responded the woman, warmly; "better'n some of his own kin. Look at Mr. Fairfax Rutherford stayin' over to Europ stiddier comin' home an' fightin'—not that he'd a got are good neether by comin'."

"I heard tell he ben a abolitionist, an' that's how come he went tuh Europ."

"Shucks, naw, sir. Aunt Hizzie she tole me a plumb diff'rent tale; sayd he ben waitin' on Mis' Rutherford that's dead—warn't she the third?"

The man laughed, and asked how was he to know? he couldn't keep up with the old man's marryings.

"Yes, sir, she ben the third, an' she belonged down t' Little Rock; an' the cunnel he jes' loved her tew kill, but Mist' Fairfax Rutherford got her word

tew marry *him*, an' when he diskivered her mind ben a turnin' tur the cunnel, he taken it mighty hard, but he give her back her word an' lit out an' went t' Europ. Didn't do nare meanness tew the cunnel."

"Must a ben a durned fool!" was the man's contemptuous comment; but whether his contempt was excited by Fairfax Rutherford's forbearance or his going to Europe did not appear.

"He was a mighty pretty man," continued Mrs. Crowder, meditatively. "I kin jes' see the way he looked when he come yere on a visit. Never did come but twicet. Hit ben in the fall of the year. Yes, sir. An' if ye please, he wears a coat all trimmed up with fur, kase of it bein' so cole up North. They all sent the kerridge, an' little Fair hopped aout an' ben a limpin' raoun, like he uster. He gives a sorter styart like, when he fust seen the chile, an' I heerd him say t' hisseff, 'Yes, he's got the eyes.' Eyes like hern, ye onderstand. Anybuddy cud see he jes' sot the world an' any t' by that ar boy, from the fust minnit. The cunnel let him cyar 'way kase he sayd the doctors in Lunnon cud cure his laig; and they done it fur a fac'. He came back oncet on a visit an' didn't halt a bit. Looked like his paw cudn't bar ter pyart with him that time, nohow, but I reckon he'd guv his word."

"Then he'd stick tew hit," said Fowler, doggedly; "the ole man never rues back.† Reckon the young feller will be goin' aout by sun up?"

"He are goin' aout this evenin', Mist' Fowler. He's heerd his paw done broke his laig an' is right feeble, an' he cayn't stop. Says it's a straight road an' he doan' mind mud. He's fixin' t' go naow."

"Looks like he got grit. I lowed he had when I heerd baout his letter t' the ole man. Writ it soon's he heerd baout Rafe. Say, wisht I cud cyar the boy longer me, but 'twudn't be bes', I reckon. Waal, mud ain't more'n shoe-mouth deep moster the way, an's ye say, Mis' Crowder, hit's a straight road. An'—it's me they all's ayfter, not him. Say, Tobe's like ter be a spell gittin' of that, cudn't I jes git a squint at him?"

* Panther. They were not uncommon in Arkansas at this date—in the sixties.

† Any is often used for "all."

‡ "Rue back" is to try to get out of a bad bargain.

"Come by and see him."

"Better not, better not, some un mought come by an' see us t'gether, but I'd like fur t' see him."

Apparently Mrs. Crowder acquiesced ; for Fairfax, whose ears were abnormally acute, heard cautious footsteps outside, and had a sense of being inspected through the window.

He had listened to the whole conversation with a mingling of interest and amusement. How the half-forgotten dialect returned to him, with its soft drawl and nasal accent, and those singular inflections which seemed to leave the voice poised in mid-air, as it were, at the close of a sentence.

At some parts of the talk he winced. His father's many marriages were a sore point to him, as human nature's compromises with the ideal always are to youth. To be the third Mrs. Rutherford's son seemed bad enough, but to have the fourth Mrs. Rutherford moving about the house, and, in a painstaking way, dusting the portraits of her predecessors, was almost indecent. "I dare say it's the country," he muttered, "everybody seems to be marrying his or her third or fourth—Hello !"

He reined in his horse sharply, and looked down the road. Certainly that was the splash of hoofs through the mud. Instinctively he let the lantern, which was slung about his neck, drop into its natural position, while with his free hand he drew a pistol. The Federal troops had forced Marmaduke and Shelby to retreat ; but bands of guerillas infested the country. Offscourings of both armies, outlaws of all kinds, under the pretence of patriotism, they stripped the miserable citizens of what dregs of property war had left them.

Fairfax, hearkening, felt an ominous tremor run through his horse's limbs. In a second the pursuing horse galloped into the circle of light. A man, hatless and coatless, was clinging to the beast's neck ; his arms clasped about the neck, his head hanging. The horse, a powerful bay mare, galloped recklessly over the rotten timber. Fairfax shouted ; he saw that the man must be wounded, because there was blood on his hair and his shirt. Simultaneously he caught at the flying bridle.

The mare stopped and flung up her head ; the rider lay like a limp rag.

"I say, are you hurt?" called Fairfax ; "do you want some brandy?" Then he started violently, bent over the man, and touched his hand.

"Great heavens!" he muttered, "what a horror!"

It was the man who had talked with Mrs. Crowder that afternoon, and he was stone-dead. Somebody had lashed the unfortunate creature to the horse, tying his wrists together about the neck, and his feet by the ankles.

The young fellow looked at him with a quivering face. He was shaken by a confusion of pity and horror. It was his first sight of violent death. Bred in the daintiest and smoothest of old-world civilization, bloodshed and personal peril were only printed words to him. Here he was, flung into the arena. And he was conscious of an excited curiosity, besides his pity and his horror. At the same time another obscurer emotion threaded his sensations, more personal, with an edge of pain to it ; an emotion haunting and subtle like a nightmare recollection, gone before it can be viewed distinctly.

Back, far back in his childhood, in dark rooms, in negro cabins listening to hobgoblin yarns of conjured victims ; once, wringing his hands on a river bank while a girl, hardly a year older than he, wades into the current, branch in hand, and rescues a drowning boy ; or on horseback galloping after dogs and hounds toward the horrible tusks at bay ; in a hundred similar experiences that intangible terror had its springs. How far back yesterday seemed the old childish spectre ; but now—

"I believe I'm afraid of being afraid!" cried young Fairfax.

His thoughts, which take longer in the telling, did in fact occupy the briefest space ; and all the while he was holding the bay mare's rein and staring at the livid face flung over her neck.

When the young man shifted his lantern for better examination—not with any hope of finding a lingering of life, for no creature could live a minute with that jagged tear in his brain—he perceived a folded paper pinned very carefully to the back of the dead man's shirt.

To Rutherford's amazement the paper bore his own name. He unpinned it and opened the folds to find these words:

"This is Mr. James I. Fowler—he was shot by the graybacks. He was a right good friend of your father. For Gods sake, take him to his wife and six children. *This is important.* They live on the yon side of Runing Watter. Ride on your road, the horse knows the way."

The handwriting was cramped and uneven, and there was no signature.

"Well, here is a pretty mess," said Fairfax; "Running Water? where the deuce is Running Water? and does the 'yon' side mean *this* side or the further side? Confound it, I used to know!"

His vague terrors had all disappeared; he was occupied entirely with the distasteful errand proposed to him. But he did not consider, for a second, the refusing of it; even had the man not been his father's friend, there were the miserable wife and six children waiting "on the yon side of Runing Watter."

Dismounting, he bound up the man's head with his silk handkerchief, as decently as he could; after which he got on his sorry hack again, and rode on, leading the bay mare.

It did flash across him once that it might be a trap; but he could see no motive for the needless pains, since any guerillas minded to capture and plunder him need only wait on the road. No, it was more likely that some helpless witness of the murder had taken such strange means of sending the murdered man's body home.

Yet, as he pored over the note again, he was struck with the impression of something underlying the words.

"*This is important,*" he repeated, "and why marked? What an extraordinary way to express himself. By Jove, it may be herself, for anything I know."

He wondered if the writer could be Mrs. Crowder. "The man must have been shot directly after I left"—so he made out the story—"and it must have been somebody who knew me and knew where I was going, and what an old signpost I was riding. Overtake me! by Jove, a cow could overtake this brute."

The road grew better for a little

space, but presently dipped into a denser forest. Fairfax's lantern showed him the gleam of water. A dark stream wound among the cypress trunks into the night. Plainly, this was Running Water, and on the other side should be poor Fowler's house; yes, he could see the twinkle of a light.

Riding nearer, the shape of a house took outline—a large, low, gambrel-roofed house—and at a window the light. A pang struck the young man's heart as he thought how the light was shining for the father thus taking his woful last ride. A child's white head was close to the lamp, and a woman held up a baby to make futile clutches at its own little laughing face in the window-pane.

Fairfax could have groaned. "How can I tell them?" he thought. "Confound the kind-hearted meddler that saddled this nasty business on me." But there was nothing for it now but to go on. Moreover, at this moment, a couple of yelping hounds burst out of the shadows to plunge at their master's legs with a tumult of howls.

The door was opened, showing a woman who held a rude lamp on high. Even at that moment Fairfax perceived that she was young and pretty. Above the voices of another woman and the elder children rang a sweet, high little treble—"Daddy comin'! Daddy comin'!" Fairfax felt heart-sick.

"We all reckoned you weren't coming to-night," said the young woman, shading her eyes with a slim white hand, while the other lifted the lamp for a wider view. The light brought her a picture which made her run swiftly to the horse's head.

"He's been hurt?" she said, in a very low voice; "oh, poor fellow!"

Fairfax was aware of a quick relief, a sense of companionship; this wasn't the way that a sister or wife would talk; the girl must be some neighbor; and afterward he remembered how sure he felt, with the first glance, that she was a woman to help one.

A few nervous, brief sentences told her all that he knew of the tragedy. She took the note. As she read, the lamplight was on her fine profile, and loosened hair, and the lovely oval of one cheek.

How admirably pretty she was, to be sure! But it was not her beauty that made the young fellow stare at her. He was looking at the fingers on the note—white, smooth fingers, with almond-shaped nails.

"Why, it's a lady!" he exclaimed.

Just then she lifted her eyes. They were swimming in tears.

"Oh, Cousin Fair, that I should not have known you!" she said.

"It is Adèle, then," cried he. Of course; how could he have failed to recognize her before, his little cousin who was his step-mother's daughter?

He might have taken his childhood's privilege on her soft, pale cheek, but a voice from the doorway recalled him, like a blow.

"Looks like you all a long spell out thar," said Jim Fowler's wife; "come on in, I'll be shore chillin'* ef I stan' yere much longer. Fotch the gentleman by, Miss Della, please, wile Jim putts up the hosses."

The young man and the girl exchanged a glance of miserable confidence, each conscious of a touch of relief in the other's presence.

"You stay here," whispered Adèle, "get between him and the light so she cayn't see; I'll tell her."

The light wavered above her brown head as she ran into the house. The door was shut behind her. Outside, to Fairfax waiting while the hounds crouched at their dead master's feet, whimpering, and the wind was rising in the cypress brake, it seemed a long time before the door opened again; and, during it all, he could not hear a sound from within.

"I feel as I used to feel when I was a cowardly little cub," was his involuntary comparison; "if only Adèle would come!"

She had come; at least she was on the threshold. A lad of thirteen or fourteen stood behind her, crying bitterly but silently. He held the rude "grease lamp" of the country; and Adèle helped Fairfax lift poor Jim Fowler from his horse. Together they bore him into the house and laid him on his

bed, where the widow came and bent over him. She was dreadfully calm, though the children made a din of grief about her. She did not seem to know when the boy coaxed them into another room. But Fairfax saw Della send a compassionate glance after the little fellow.

"They's things t' be done," the widow said, in a dull, hard voice, "things; help me, Miss Della."

"It would be in his boots," said the girl.

"Yes, we 'lowed to putt it in his stocking," said the woman, bending over him, dry-eyed, but trembling, and straining at the boots. They were the very raggedest, forlornest boots that Fairfax had ever seen; and removed there were revealed strips of rag twisted about the feet in place of stockings, as is done in some parts of Arkansas to this day. Yet otherwise the man's attire was whole, and cleaner than common. The woman fell to unwinding the rags with desperate haste. All at once she straightened herself and pushed something at Adèle, saying: "Didn't you tole me yon was young Rutherford?"

"Yes, madam," Fairfax interrupted, "I am Fairfax Rutherford."

"Then thar's you' paw's money," said she.

Fairfax was at a loss for words. The woman had thrown the package at him, perforce he had caught it and held it, dumbly.

"Caount hit," she said, sharply; "thar had orter be twenty-one thousan' five hundred dollars. Look if hit's thar!"

More and more bewildered, Fairfax assured himself that the roll of "greenbacks" contained the exact sum mentioned.

"Certainly," he said, gently, "you are right, but——"

"He offered Jim five hundred for to go and get it," said the woman, dully, "an' he got it. Gimme that ar five hundred an' git on you' hoss and fly! Them that killed him will be ayfter you. Ye better make haste."

The ambiguous wording of the note grew plain to Fairfax. The writer knew the secret and was trying guardedly (for the paper might fall into hostile hands) to help him to his father's money.

* "Chilling," in Arkansas, does not mean catching cold or being cold; but having the chill, which is part of the ague common in low lands.

But the rest was as dark as ever; he was only sure that he could not leave the widow of the man who had been murdered on his father's errand in such a plight. So he told her.

Her tense mood had snapped the instant her search ended, and she was sitting on the bed now, stroking the dead man's face and whispering in the deaf ears pitiful broken sentences: "Ye know I tole ye—tew great a risk, tew great, tew great—we cud of made out without the money, Jim, if the stock be gone—but what'll I do with the children, Jim, without you? Oh, I cayn't bar it! I cayn't! I cayn't!" And so writhed herself down to the floor and grovelled there.

It was a most painful sight to see, but not so painful as to see her, the next moment, totter to her feet and clutch both Rutherford's arms, fairly shaking him in her deadly vehemence, while her voice rang through the room.

"'Twas Dick Barnabas done it! He fund aout an' done it fur the money. Ye kin keep ever' cent er that ar five hundred ef ye'll kill Dick Barnabas! Kill him, kill him!"

"Hush, Mrs. Fowler, the children will hear," said Adèle, quietly; "we'll kill him, sure." She slipped her strong young arm about the poor soul's waist and very gently pulled her away.

Fairfax would have pushed the five hundred dollars into her hands. "I will do all I can to bring the assassin to justice," he murmured, feeling sure that he was not saying the right thing, but knowing nothing better.

He saw her eyes glitter. "I want 'em killed!" she screamed, "killed and a layin' dead. I want t' see it, myself!"

"I will do all I can to give you that pleasure, madam," replied Fairfax, dryly. "Dear me, what a Rob Roy Macgregor's wife sort of woman she seems to be!" he was thinking.

"An' I'll help you, mister," piped a shrill little voice. It was the boy, who had stolen back and was listening, unperceived.

"In this extraordinary country the very babes seem to thirst for blood," thought Fairfax.

The boy was a sallow, white-haired lathe of a youngster, such as one may

see by the dozen in the Arkansas River bottoms, but his insignificant presence dilated with passion. He went on: "Baby an' Jim's t' sleep, an' sis is a gyardin' of 'em. I tole 'er the big bear'd git her, ef she come outer the room. I—I know suthin' she—" he looked at his mother—"doan know."

"Tell us, Bud, honey," Adèle said, laying a white hand on the sharp little shoulder. So the boy told: "Yestiddy evenin',* ayfter you come, baout a hour, I reckon; I ben aout in the patch snatchin' cotton; an' I heerd two hosses acomin'. One on 'em was that thar big black with a blazed face——"

"Dick Barnabas' horse!" cried Adèle.

"Yaas, ma'am, I ben sorter skeered up, an' I hid 'hind the cotton so they all didn't see me, an' they warn't nare critter raoun', an' Dick he got off his hoss an' projekted raoun the yeard wilst you all ben in the haous, ean' I cudn't git tew ye. Then he went back an' they all rid off agin." The poor wife of the murdered man pushed her hair off her forehead, struggling to catch the meaning of the boy's words.

"How came ye didn't tole me?" said she, "ye'd orter."

"I tole paw, right straight."

"What d' he say?"

"Nuthin'; jes' whistled. That thar ain't all. Paw done suthin' you uns doan know. He came out 'fore he went off; an' he guv me a right nice sheet of paper an' a pencil. Sayd he taken 'em frum Miss Della. An' he axed me write on it. I 'member whut I writ. 'Twar like this—jes' good's I cud write. 'Dear Cunnell, the money is gone, yestiddy, by'—then he made me make some queer raound tricks on the paper; sayd they didn't mean nuthin', but they all would reckon they *did*—an' the rest war 'Look aout!' an' it ben signed by two big crosses. That's all."

"What did your paw do with the letter, Bud?" said Della.

"He put it insider the money belt he got frum the Yankees when he ben pay-roled."

Adèle stooped over the form on the bed. "The belt is gone," she said, quietly; "I thought as much. Oh, it's plain

*There is no afternoon South. Morning, evening, and night are the parts of day.

enough. He didn't tell us of the danger, he only told us that he would put on those old boots and rags instead of stockings, because he might meet some of those villains and they would be for robbing him, and would find the money stripping his clothes. But he knew all the time, and he took that letter to mislead them and save the money, whatever happened to him. Oh, while there is a Rutherford living we will never forget how he laid down his life for us; nor shall his wife and children want while we have anything left."

"An' you all will kill Dick Barnabas?" the wife cried, "you *will*?"

"We will," said Adèle, between firm lips, "I swear it." She raised her right hand.

"We all swar it!" squeaked the boy's shrill, excited voice.

Their hands were in the air, even Fairfax's, who felt the melodramatic twang of it all as jarring.

The picture remained with him his life through: a bare room where the unplastered walls and uncarpeted floor were of the same rough boards; huge logs crackling and spouting flame in the great crooked fireplace; and the fire-light, rather than the feeble glow of the lamp, displaying the table spread for supper; the "split-bottom" chairs, the coarse, bright quilt that had been half-wrapped about an indistinct and distorted shape, the white pillows shining beneath a ghastly head, and, back in the shadow, these dark figures with their uplifted hands and glistening eyeballs. Enough, also, of the atmosphere of the studio (the elder Fairfax was an artist) had affected young Rutherford's sensibilities to cause a quick perception of the grace of Della's pose and the noble lines of her neck and shoulders.

"We swear it," they said, together, Fairfax's lips moving with the others.

"Now, Cousin Fairfax," said Adèle, all emotion disappearing from her manner, "you *must* go."

"And leave you here alone with the chance of those scoundrels returning," cried Fairfax. "No, thanks, Adèle; you will have to submit to my society for to-night."

"But you *must* go, Cousin Fair," said she, quietly; "there is almost no show

of Barnabas troubling us; we have no money. He don't know of the five hundred dollars you have left here. He thinks it has gone to Unk' Ralph. *That's* why you must go, Cousin Fair, *he* may need you the worst kind, and I don't need you the least bit on earth."

"But if you should be attacked?" The young man was torn between two motives. He must save his father, yet how could he leave this delicate girl to such unspeakable risks?

"I reckon we can make out," said Adèle; "can't we, Bud?"

"I reckon," said the solemn boy; "she killed a wild cat onct. I kin shoot too; an' we know a place in the woods to hide."

"That's so, Cousin Fair," Adèle added; "don't wait here, fly back to Montaigne. I don't need you, and Uncle Ralph does, for I expect they will have gone straight there. Oh, I'm sending you into danger," she said, choking, "but it's your *place* to help *him*!"

"An' you'll fotch a heap more danger on we uns, mister," said the boy, bluntly, "jes' a bein' here, than you'll be holp. Fur Dick 'll be ayfter *you nex*'."

That argument conquered. Five minutes later the bay mare was carrying Fairfax swiftly through the night.

II.

THE plantation of Montaigne is on the Black River. High hills roll back from one shore, the rich, flat, "bottom land" darkens the other with its exhaustless forest of gum and cypress. Long ago the old house was burned; but in Colonel Rutherford's day it was the great house of all the country round. Where the forest receded—for a mere breathing space as it were—stood the little settlement, while from a knoll crowned with sycamores the planter's house overlooked the plantation. A beetling roof shaded the piazza, that is to say, the upper story of the piazza, which was in two stories in front of the house, having a lattice below where honeysuckle climbed and sent out floating tendrils to grasp the rude pillars above, and being bisected by a wide, open hall—gallery, such a hall is named in Arkansas. The gallery, when Colonel Rutherford ruled at Montaigne, bore the sena-

blance of a museum of arms. There, used to hang the shot-guns, rifles, revolvers, and powder-horns; there, were



"Dat ar ben de mostis powerfullis mixtery dat ebber done pass my lips."

stored hatchets, meat-saws, and axes—supposing them to be in their appointed place, which, to be sure, was not the most likely thing in the world on a plantation; and, there, swung all the finery of a Southern rider, in saddle, spurs, and blanket—truly a pretty sight. Not so pretty, I dare say, were the heaps of flour-sacks and meal-bags and the like stores of provisions which Aunt Hizzie, the cook, never would keep in any other spot than the "back gallery;" or her dingy and tousled bunches of yarbs depending from the ceiling; and, certainly, nothing pretty, only dark mystery, occupied that corner shelf whereon, from a time so far back that no memory of the young Rutherfords ran to the contrary, had rested Aunt Hizzie's "mixteries."

Aunt Hizzie herself regularly swallowed any drugs left by the family, "to sabe dem;" and there was a tradition that she had been cured of a sorrowful attack of "de conjure sickness" by the

half bottle of horse liniment which Rafe Rutherford threw into the ash-barrel.

"My word," she was overheard to narrate, "dat ar ben de mostis powerfullis mixtery dat ebber done pass my lips. Hit strike me so heavy I se a wrastlin' wid it de enjurin' night. But it sho' sen' de sickness off a runnin'. Bress de Lawd, I ain't got take no mo'!"

Aunt Hizzie, in her white turban (economically made out of a castaway flour-sack), with a blue apron trying to define a waist for her rotund shape, was always a figure in the gallery when dinner was under way.

On one side of the gallery was the dining-room, unplastered, as were all the rooms, but painted, and having a wainscoting put up by a clever carpenter from the North, in the Rutherfords' palmy days. He it was who built the tall sideboard in the wall, which made the expensive black walnut sideboard from Little Rock look like a dwarf craning its neck up at a giant. "Before the war" the sideboards held a glittering show of glass and silver. Hues of tawny brown and amber and dusky reds gleamed like jewels in old-fashioned decanters, welcome to every comer.

All the rooms were on the same generous scale, high-studded, with wide windows and deep-throated fireplaces, big enough to hold half a forest; and relics of the faded pomp of old Virginia days were scattered among the primitive furniture of a new country, suggesting gold embroidery (a thought tarnished) on a linsey-woolsey gown.

There were signs of a woman's presence also, fresh curtains draping the windows (by this time darned with a pathetic care), bunches of swamp hackberries and holly twigs in showy vases bought on some of the Colonel's trips to New Orleans or Memphis, a little flutter of feminine fancies in needlework over tables or chairs. And, on the library walls, three expensive frames of dingy gilt enclosed three landscapes in oil, painted by the present Mrs. Rutherford when young. They all had deep-blue skies with cotton-wool clouds, and a rolling green landscape and puffy dark trees. In fact they were about as dreadful as even a young lady's work can be; but it was the custom of the

Colonel to sit and smoke before them, and contemplate them with innocent pride. From thence most commonly his eyes would go (after a second's pause before his father in his Mexican war regimentals) to the row of the three former mistresses of Montaigne.

The first two were rosy and smiling young matrons, wearing their hair (black or yellow) in short round curls, and shrugging their plump shoulders out of their low-necked frocks; but the third Mrs. Rutherford had been painted by another hand. Fairfax Rutherford, during their brief betrothal, had made this picture. He had painted her, a slender girl in a white frock, plucking flowers in an arbor, and smiling over her shoulder at some unseen comer. Composition and handling were as crude as the treatment was ambitious; but perhaps because the artist's heart was in the work he had succeeded where a more skilful hand might have failed, and captured the evanescent and pensive loveliness of his subject. Long afterward, in a moment of expansion, Fairfax said of his brother's wives: "Ralph was married by father to his first, his second married him, but he married poor Daisy."

"And the fourth Mrs. Rutherford?" asked the friend.

Fairfax shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, she just happened," said he. "My brother is the most chivalrous of men, and Mrs. Peyton Rutherford was his second cousin's widow without a penny. He married her to take care of her; and really it hasn't proved such a bad arrangement; she is a silly sort of creature, but she has done very well by Ralph."

Besides the pictures the library walls were further adorned by what in antebellum days was known as "a landscape paper," representing innumerable castles on the Rhine. There was one drawback, however, to the impressive beauty of this paper; inasmuch as the plantation painter who hung it, being new to the business, had misplaced some of the rolls, a large proportion of the castles were made to stand on their heads. The library, like the other rooms, had an enormous fireplace and a cypress mantel painted black. Library

may seem rather a courtesy title for a room containing only a single case of books; but there had been a library in his Virginia home, and a library the Colonel would have in Arkansas. The book-shelves held such books as Montaigne's "Essays," the "Waverley Novels," the poems of Tom Moore and Lord Byron (that was how the Colonel referred to him), Shakespeare's works and Milton's "Paradise Lost," Macaulay's "History of England," some old volumes of Congressional Reports, presented by friends in "the House," "Youatt on the Horse," the "Medical Encyclopædia," and "Niles's Register."

The Colonel (when he was ill or of a rainy Sunday) would occasionally dip into the other books; but Montaigne, according to his wife, he read "every day in the world." And she was sure she couldn't imagine why, because it certainly was a scandalous book, and the Colonel was the most moral of men; he wouldn't even repeat any of those wicked stories gentlemen are so fond of telling among themselves—not unless they were very funny indeed. Doubtless the honest man, of his own motion, had hardly discovered the "Essays;" but he inherited Michel Montaigne, like the family prejudices, his traditions of honor, and his father's sword. His own edition (the English translation of Coste, A.D. 1759) was bequeathed to him by his grandfather, a man of scholarly tastes, for whom he always entertained a tender affection, and who valued the genial old wit and gossip, and often would season his own conversation with Montaigne's high flavors.

At first Ralph Rutherford read for the sake of the old man and his comments, pencilled here and there. It was a labor of reverence and gratitude. But presently, from poring over the book he began to admire it; at last, to love it, as only the men of few books love their favorite. Many was the doughty battle that he had fought with his chief crony, a Presbyterian minister, who owned a farm hard by, concerning the "Essays." Parson Collins called them a profligate book, and gave Montaigne no quarter. It was a sly delight to the Colonel to cull virtuous maxims or worldly sense from his treasure, and

display them, unlabelled, until the parson was ensnared to praise them, when he would remark: "Yes, sir; Montaigne usually *is* sound. Glad you approve of him!" "Tut! tut! Ralph," the parson used to answer warmly, "of course he has some decent sentiments, but approve of that atheistical, unprincipled old rake, no, sir, never! I'd be ashamed to read him!"

But as for the Colonel, he was vainer of his knowledge of Montaigne than of his shooting, which is a good deal to say in the back woods. He liked to quote from the "Essays," though he seldom stuck closely to the text, and he told Montaigne's classical fables with a beautiful faith. But his crowning proof of affection was to give the essayist's name to his plantation.

A few of the books overflowed into the combination book-case and writing-desk which the Colonel called his "secretary." He was sitting before it on the morning following Fairfax's ride. Mrs. Rutherford had the rocking-chair opposite, her back to the row of portraits; but this attitude was from no design, she was incapable of jealousy, and bestowed the same painstaking dustings and yearly washings and wrapping in pink mosquito netting, which she did upon her own pictures. She did not grudge the dead ladies of Montaigne any posthumous affection. "He likes me better than either of you, you poor things," was the unspoken thought, as she sewed quietly before the painted faces, "and I reckon he cared more for Daisy than for all three of us together. Well, I can't make *him* quite like Peyton either."

Perhaps the fourth Mrs. Rutherford was hardly the fool Fairfax senior esteemed her, notwithstanding her silence, her inability to understand epigrams, and her awful landscapes. At any rate she was pleasant to look upon, being a fair, placid woman, whose hair was still a lively brown, whose cheeks kept a pinkish tinge, and whose eyes were soft as her voice. She was not talking much this morning, but at intervals the Colonel would look up from his book, and then she would smile and make some remark out of her thoughts.

Near them was an open window, for in October the Arkansas sun will for-

get, for days, that the season is not summer.

A belated bluebird twittered and hopped on the window-sill. Then he rose, spread his wings, and flew past the big white store, over the black chimney of the gin and the whitewashed negro quarters, and grew into a black speck above the cypress wall beyond.

The Colonel's eye followed the mite and his brow contracted. Only a little beyond the brake was the grassy field where the white headstones stood guard over his dead wives and the four little children who had died; but the Colonel was thinking that his two tall boys lay far from their kindred. The wife watching him could have echoed his sigh, because she, in her turn, thought how her husband was changed. "His hair is right gray," she said to herself, sadly, "and he stoops; he never did stoop before."

The Colonel's massive head, with its curly silver hair, thick as a boy's, was bent slightly, but not for better seeing; no, Ralph Rutherford's brilliant black eyes could catch the glint of a "possum's" fur by moonlight still. The eyes were gentle and kind as well as brilliant, and held a twinkle of humor; Colonel Rutherford being, in fact, the famous story-teller of the country, and loving a good joke better than bread. He was a keen hunter also, and the best rider in his regiment, which need not disparage hundreds of good horsemen. Rather below than above the common stature, his figure inclined to heaviness, but showed iron muscles in the deep chest and long arms. His face, fringed by a short gray beard, was a round oval; the chin and jaws were square, but the mouth was small, the nose delicate, and the brows candid and beautiful. There was about the whole air of the man an extraordinarily winning expression of frankness and humanity, though just now the features were darkened into sadness.

"He ain't reading, he's studying," thought Mrs. Rutherford, "always studying about the boys. Oh, dear, if we'd only had a child! Maybe it wouldn't have been a boy, though, and Della's like his own daughter. But a little boy—he'd be fifteen, now. Well,

there's Fair." She changed a sigh into a smile, as women learn to do, and said aloud: "I reckon there was a crowd round the mill this morning when they heard about the meal."

The Colonel nodded, his face brightening. "You may say so. I didn't know there were so many folks left in the country. We haven't enough left to feed a chicken."

"Dear me, Colonel, I hope you left enough for ourselves," cried Mrs. Rutherford, all the housekeeper aroused.

"Oh, Aunt Hizzie took care of that," answered the Colonel, laughing. "She had Unk' Nels on hand with a wheelbarrow plumb full of sacks. But those folks, they did seem terrible pleased to get the meal, and specially the flour. The poor critters have been eating the wheat in the dough."

"I hope you didn't take any of our money," said Mrs. Rutherford.

"Greenbacks or gold," said her husband. Then he laughed. "What I did take," added he.

"I expect you let them have it whether they had money or not."

"Well, yes, ma'am; those that had a little money wanted to get close to me for the first show; but, says I, 'N-no, p-poor folks get just as hungry as rich!'"

The Colonel always stuttered a little when excited.

"We will all be as poor as the rest of them, soon, if you go on that way, Ralph."

"We are better off than most of them, honey," answered the Colonel, easily; "there's that twenty——"

But Mrs. Rutherford stopped him with a frightened look, drawing her chair nearer.

"There ain't a wall with plaster on it in the house, Colonel; do remember that."

"Nor there ain't a thief on this plantation either, black or white, Hettie. Oh, don't you worry; Della's all right at Fowler's, and she and Jim will be round this evening, peart as peart."

"Well, I hope so," answered Mrs. Rutherford, her voice lowered to a whisper. "Has Dick been doing anything lately?"

"Deviling round about as usual," said

the Colonel; "heard he hung a poor Jew pedler down on Cash* tother day. He'd sold his cotton, and Dick lowed he had ought to have some money. 'Twas told me they hung him up four times, and ever' time they let him down he howled for mercy, but he wouldn't tell a word about the money, and the last time they let him down he was dead, and they couldn't do no more with him. They're fiends incarnate, those fellers, and if it hadn't been for this cursed leg I'd have had Dick Barnabas swinging! Look at it, we all sitting down at home a-shaking, w-waiting for Dick to come and murder us! I shan't wait——"

"Oh, hush!" cried the lady, imploringly; "if anybody was to hear and tell, Dick would——"

"He—w-wouldn't do nothing more than he's aiming to do now, my dear!" was the Colonel's answer, with a chuckle; "he's as mad as he can be, anyhow, and has been ever since he lit out of the army to escape being shot. A b-bad bargain for Arkansas he wasn't, too."

"Oh, dear, I wish he had been," sighed Mrs. Rutherford.

"There's a right smart of scoundrel in the country to carry on the devil's trade besides Dick Barnabas; but he's got a heap of 'em with him, and once hang his gang up we may have peace. The others are just ornery scamps, not sense enough to keep from stealing from each other; but D-Dick has a head on him. And I'm not denying that Dick has his good qualities."

"Dick Barnabas!"

"Yes, ma'am, Dick Barnabas; they ain't very many, but they're like old Aunt Tennie's teeth; she ain't got but three, you know, but they're on opposite sides, so she makes out to do a p-power of eating with 'em. That's the way with Dick's good points, not many, but they're jest where they'll do the most good. He's brave as the devil, and he's tolerable kind to beasts (knows a heap about them, too), and he'll stick to his bargains. I don't think I ever knew Dick to rue back. Not even his bad trade with Parson Collins. Say, Hettie, did I ever tell you about that trade?"

"If you did I must have forgotten,"

* Cash is a small river. They never say *The Cash*, but *Cash* simply.

said Mrs. Rutherford, who had heard the story half a dozen times; but it was true enough also that she did forget her husband's stories; and true or not, the good Christian soul could have found warrant with her conscience for stretching a point if she might help him lose his sorrows, even for a little while.

He settled himself comfortably in his chair, with a twinkle of the eye. "Must 'a' been six or seven years ago that it happened," said he. "Yes, ma'am, I remember it was 'bout two years after Parson lost his wife, and there was talk of his marrying the Widow Bainbridge; I don't believe he ever did think of her, but you know the talk. That's how I fix the date. She married old man Warner in the spring, and this was the fall before—not that it's any consequence on earth.

"Dick, he was renting of me then, a m-mean Jew Injun, same like he is now, and getting most his livelihood swapping horses. Parson had a big white mule, they called her Ma'y Jane. She wasn't none too young, but she was terrible strong and spry, and the most remarkable animal for in-intelligence you ever saw. She wasn't exactly *ill*,* as they call it down here, but she had got a right smart of tricks like all those old mules—only, being so much cuter, she had more.

"One of her monkey-shines was to always refuse to go past a fence corner. I don't know why, but you couldn't get her past a fence corner no way on earth. If you pushed her *too* hard, she'd begin rearing and kicking, and finally lay plumb down on the ground, her four legs kicking away like boiling water. The only way with her was to get off and pat her and much her, and *lead* her round the corner. Then she was all right, and would step out right well until the *next* corner. Another trick was, she'd take a notion into her head that she had done travelling enough in one direction, and if you didn't politely turn round, she'd like's not run you spang up against a fence-rail and scrape your leg. But the blamedest fool notion she had was about the dinner-horn; whenever she'd hear the Parson's horn go, no

matter where the critter might be—middle of the row ploughing, maybe—off she'd go, just the same, bullet line back to the barn. All such like tricks made her, in spite of her cuteness, a sorter uneasy beast for to have on a fyarm. So, Parson 'lowed he'd sell her. He tried to sell her to me, and for some reasons I'd have liked right well to buy the pesky critter. We'd a screw press then, and I never *did* see a mule on earth could pull down's big a bale as Ma'y Jane but Dad gum 'er—b-begging your pardon for the expression, my dear—if you left her by her lone a minnit, she'd break the gears, and jest naturally split the mud to the byarn. That's Ma'y Jane! So I wouldn't buy. Well, Parson he didn't know quite how he *could* fix it. Happened one day he was at the store and praising of Ma'y Jane, as usual, and, as his ill-luck would have it—providentially, I daresay he would put it—Dick Barnabas came along with a load of cotton. He saw the mule, and Parson looks out of the window, and there's Master Dick studying of his mule. He never let on. But he wags his finger at Unk' Nels and asks if we all didn't want Ma'y Jane up to the press for a spell that morning. Well, of course we did, for she could work powerful well. And just as Unk' Nels was going off Parson says, carelessly, 'Oh, Unk' Nels! If Mr. Dick Barnabas should look round to see how she can pull, I trust you all won't putt her under a bad character.' You had ought to see that nigger's teeth flash; he hopped onto the notion in a second. All the niggers jest naturally hated Dick always, he used to knock 'em about so. Well, directly Dick santers over to the gin, where he finds Ma'y Jane pulling with all the power, and every nigger praising her. He gits her out and looks her over—oh, we could see him from the store, riding her round and walking about her. Dick was of the opinion nobody knew as much about a horse or a mule as he did. In a little while he goes back to the Parson, with trade in his eye. Kinder old mule; how'll Parson swap? Well, Parson shook his head, 'lowed he wouldn't trade—valuable mule, very intelligent, perfectly sound, etc. 'That's all right, Parson,' said Dick, growing eager; 'how's my

* Ill—ill-tempered, cross. They say of a patient in Arkansas, "He must be getting better, he is so *ill*!"

clay back hoss?' 'No, thank you, Mr. Barnabas,' says the Parson; 'looks like we couldn't trade, and I must be going.' So Dick offered some more, but Parson grew cooler, the hotter he grew. 'I'll tell you all about that mule, Mr. Barnabas,' said the Parson, 'her good points and her bad.' 'Naw, ye don't,' says Dick, 'I kin see fur myself, ye ain't no need to praise the critter.' He was so suspicious he 'lowed the Parson meant to lie to him, and he reckoned himself to be smarter. Well, so they had it back and forth, till finally Dick offered two yearling steers that the Parson had been trying to get. Now, Parson knew that was the biggest kind of a trade, and the

rest of us was nearly choking with laugh to see Dick getting stuck so neatly; but Parson wasn't going to seem too eager, so he wanted a calf thrown in; and finally they compromised; trade even, and Dick fetch over the steers. He done it that very evening before sundown, he was so possessed to get the mule. And when he discovered Ma'y Jane's little playful ways with fences and dinner-horns, he was the maddest man you ever saw. He was rarin' and chargin'. Accused the parson of swindling. I assure you, my dear, I was within an inch of pitching the scoundrel out of the window. Would if I hadn't wanted to hear what Collins would say. He was as cool as cool. 'Softly, softly, Mr. Barnabas,' says he, 'I told you the mule was intelligent—you won't deny she is; and perfectly sound—well, ain't she? And I offered to tell you her good and her bad points, but you wouldn't listen. Is it my fault you wouldn't?' says Parson, while the whole storeful of men laughed. 'But I'll tell you what,' says he, 'if you want to swap over again and have it said that Dick Barnabas rued back, you can.' 'Naw, by —;' never mind, Dick always did swear like a

steamboat captain; he swore a big oath and said he never had rued back, and he never would. The most comical pyart



"Ma'y Jane's little playful ways with fences and dinner horns."

of the story is, Parson had been eying those steers for all summer, and wanting for Dick to trade for a horse he had that was nearly 'bout a hundred years old and a stump-sucker to the bargain, and Dick wouldn't look at it; but he got so terrible sick of Ma'y Jane's deviltry that he traded her off back to Parson for that identical aged horse. It made Dick most sick, that trade did. He swore he would get even with Parson Collins if it took him a hundred years."

"I wonder he hasn't done Mr. Collins a meanness before now," said Mrs. Ruth-erford.

"Oh, well," said the Colonel, gayly, "even graybacks have got to have some excuse, and Collins is the most popular man in the country. Chaplain all through the war and mighty kind to our boys, and brave as they m-make them. Then he knows more 'bout the beastis than any man around. He's doctored most everybody's horse or colt or cow—never charge a cent; and he's a mighty good, pious man, liberal and stirring, free house to everybody. No, ma'am, I don't guess even Dick could get the boys to do him mean unless they were to get a heap of money by it—and

Collins is poor as the next man, nowadays. Why, the feller toted his own cotton to be burned when the order came. That's more than we did, honey, hey?"

"Well, I hopeso, Colonel Rutherford," answered the lady. "You might have made such a useless sacrifice, but Adèle said General Marmaduke and General Shelby hadn't any right to burn our cotton."

"They did it for the best, undoubtedly, my dear; still, it certainly was too late, and it has only increased our hardships without helping the Confederacy."

"I don't see, Colonel, why you didn't wait and have the Federal colonel who is coming this way bring our—it."

"The money?" said the colonel, in his jovial loud voice, and Mrs. Rutherford actually had to lay her slim hand over his mouth. He gallantly kissed the fingers.

"I would," said he, "if I'd known I'd have smashed my leg and have to let Della go for me. But it looked like it was a good chance, the money coming far as Crowder's with the Yanks; and if I and half a dozen men could have gone out—but nobody will suspect Jim, nobody knows the money is coming, anyhow. Oh, Jim's safe enough. Don't you reckon he had better go out after Fair when he comes?"

"When do you expect Fair?"

"That's the trouble. I cayn't tell. He writes he will start immediately, but when will he get to St. Louis, and from there on here? Don't s-see what we all can do but wait."

"If Fair would only let us know in time," said Mrs. Rutherford, "there's a heap of things he could fetch us from St. Louis—little things he could bring in his saddle-riders, like soda and needles and pins; but I expect he won't think to do that. Pins we do need the worst; but, now, pepper and spices and thread—he wouldn't have a bit of trouble, if we could only get him word. And vanilla extract, we have been out of such things so long I've nearly forgotten they exist, and we used to call them necessities."

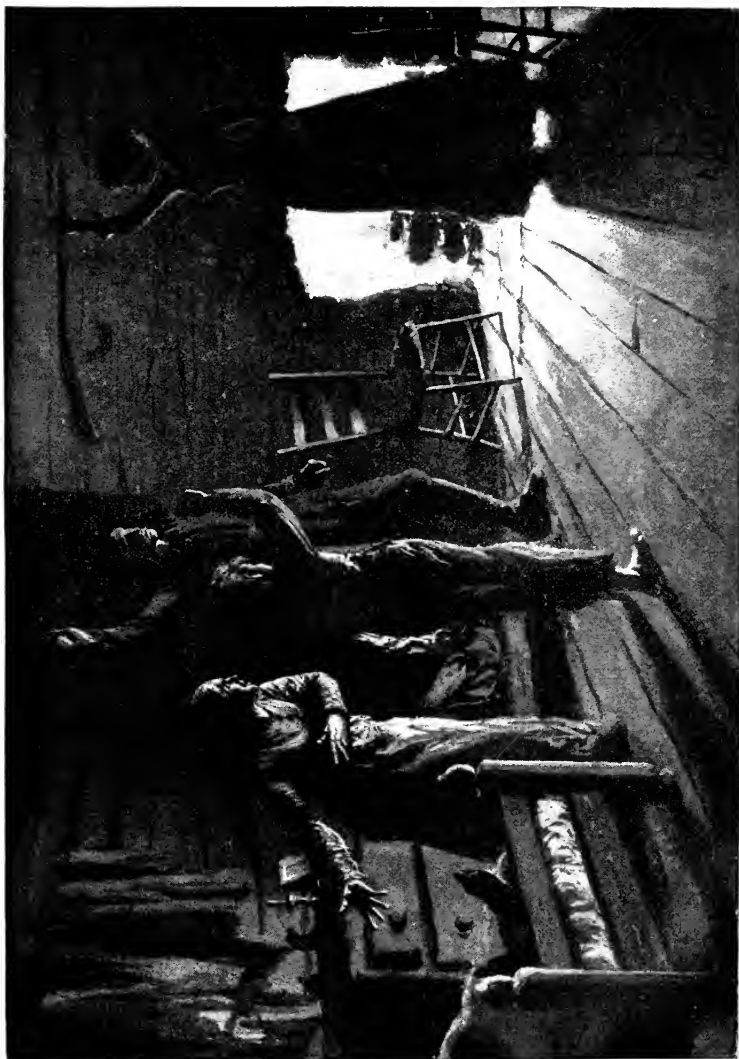
"Nothing is a necessary but salt," said the Colonel; "we have to get that, *some way*, soon. If it wasn't for the Gray-

backs we could have a boat on the river and supplies regular. My lord, we're licked, and every man who aint a c-crazy fool knows it! What is the use of rarin' and chargin' round the country and burning the cotton? These precious jewels of Dick Barnabas are enough sight worse than the Yankees. Half of them d-deserters, too. Well, I wisht I had another chance at D-Dick!"

There was silence for a little space, because Mrs. Rutherford was absorbed in counting her stitches while the Colonel revolved fresh plans for Barnabas's destruction. From them he looked up again at the picture on the wall, the young girl in her white gown, with her sweet face. Had he been her lover, finding enough favor in her sight to win her heart from his handsome brother, ten years younger than he? Of all his life, full as it had been of robust exhilaration and ambition and emotion, what time had matched that with its sweetness and its pain? All the inarticulate poetry of the man's nature groped backward toward those years when she was with him. Only three years; Fair was a baby when she died; he could see the little trick playing on the floor with his father's great boots, the sunshine on his curls. The Colonel uttered a sigh like a groan, not conscious that he sighed.

"I reckon Della and Jim will fetch a letter from Fair," said Mrs. Rutherford, quickly, dropping her count.

"He will be grown a young man," said the Colonel; "they tell me he is a young man of very distinguished appearance and an elegant gentleman." The Colonel's diction, become slipshod during years of careless living in the wilderness, had fits of stiffening into that dignity which pertained to a Virginia gentleman's speech when he was young, and, long ago, Mrs. Rutherford had noted that such occasions of fine language were likely to accompany any mention of Fairfax. In truth, the Colonel was fonder and prouder (so Mrs. Rutherford often thought) of this lad, who had spent almost all his life away, than of the dutiful sons who had never left him, and who had fought and fallen at his side. She knew that he always carried Fair's letters in his pockets, ready to come out for reading aloud to



"We all saw it."—Page 61.



"And wound about the creature's neck, a gleaming and hissing snake."

anyone who might be interested in them, and in default of such listener to be pored over and chuckled over by the Colonel himself. If anything could have irritated her placid amiability it would have been her further knowledge that the Colonel often had gone shabby himself, in order to send money to Fair.

"And he doesn't need it the least bit on earth," was Mrs. Rutherford's silent comment; "Fairfax Rutherford's rich; he gets enormous prices for his pictures, and that rich old aunt left him all her New York property; he has ten times as much as poor Ralph." But she admitted that the Colonel only stinted himself for his Rachel's boy, he never took from the portion of Leah's sons.

"Ralph is right just and upright," said Mrs. Rutherford, "and I don't believe the boys ever suspected he didn't love them just as much as Fair. They thought Fair was the finest young gentleman in the world, too. Dear boys, they were so good!"

The poor lady felt the tears stinging her eyelids, and rose up hastily on a pretext of hearing Aunt Hizzie. She would

not have her husband see her wet eyes. When two people have been through deep sorrow and trouble together, often each, for the other's sake, clings to a makeshift of cheerfulness. It is as if they hung by a board balanced over a precipice; let one loosen his hold, the safety-plank must fly up, and it will be all over with the other.

"There's Hizzie disputing with Unk' Nels again," cried Mrs. Rutherford. Then her simulated interest grew real, for she caught a few words.

"Bad news *you* reckons, does ye? How come ye ain't fotch 'im by tuh *me*?"

A mutter in a man's deeper tones was indistinguishable. Aunt Hizzie's voice rose again:

"Naw, ye wun't go tell ole marse or ole miss, needer. 'Pears like ye ain't got no sense. Whut ye sayin'? Ye talk so gross nobuddy on yearth kin foller you wuds—mum—mum—mumble—mum! Folkse got good sense cayn't, let lone igits. Lemme talk tuh 'im!"

Up went Hizzie's voice, as if she were talking to a foreigner or a deaf man. "Ye seekin' Miss Della, Slick Mose? Ole Miss? Ole Miss fo' sho'? Look at

de critter, Nels. Well, *sah!* dar's blood all over 'im, sho's you bawn, Nels."

"My Lord, is there more affliction for this unhappy house?" the Colonel groaned, involuntarily struggling to rise.

"Oh, hush," said Mrs. Rutherford, soothing him, although she was visibly paler and trembled; "you stay still. It's only Slick Mose. I'll go out."

In the gallery the negro man and woman were staring at a truly hideous figure. It was the shape of a man, ragged, soaked, with blood-stains on the arms and on the tattered shirt; a crouching thin thing, bareheaded and barefooted; and wound about the creature's neck, a gleaming and hissing snake. The face, with its tangle of pale red hair, its little vacant eyes and working mouth, held the plain signs of Slick Mose's unhappy condition. He was an idiot lad whom Mr. Collins had found chained to a staple in his father's yard, and had given a good mule to rescue. He divided his time between the plantation and Mr. Collins's farm, and Adèle Rutherford was the only person, save the minister, who had any control over him. These two he would follow and obey like a dog. They understood the gibberish which passed for speech with him. The creature had a mania for hiding things, and so cunningly that it was the rarest thing in the world for them to be found unless Parson Collins or Adèle interfered. Thanks to them his idiosyncrasy did little mischief. Another trait was his grewsome liking for snakes. Between him and all the brute creation existed a strange sort of understanding, such as sometimes does exist between the lowest order of human kind and animals; but Mose peculiarly affected snakes. Half the terror the harmless, timid fellow inspired (and it was excessive) was due to this trait. For the other half, came his extraordinary phys-

(To be continued.)

ical agility and his uncanny wood lore, mocking the beasts' calls so well that they would answer him; familiar with every lead of timber* and every glade † in the swag; ‡ climbing like a racoon and diving like an eel. Mrs. Rutherford shared the general shrinking, although she had always been kind to Mose. Now he ran to her, pulled at her gown, grovelled at her feet, and pointed toward the door, all the while uttering a harsh, inarticulate cry. "Lada," he repeated numberless times. Lada was his word for Adèle. It was supposed to be his effort to say "Lady." Then, gesticulating wildly, he poured out a torrent of incoherent sounds, of which the word "kill" was the only one to be distinguished.

"Who is killed?" cried Mrs. Rutherford. "Not—not Della?" In her sudden agony of anxiety she grasped Mose's shoulder.

He shook his head violently.

Instantly Mrs. Rutherford's fears flew to the money, the loss of which, indeed, meant nearly ruin to them. "Is it Jim Fowler?" she asked; "try, Mose, *try* to speak plain!"

Again the idiot shook his head, and with a look of agony repeated "Parson," "kill," and "Fair." He clasped his hands together, shrieking, "Oh, Fair! oh, Fair!" He extended his arms, the most violent grief and horror depicted on his countenance. Finally, he hurled himself on his knees and appeared to be straining to lift something from the ground.

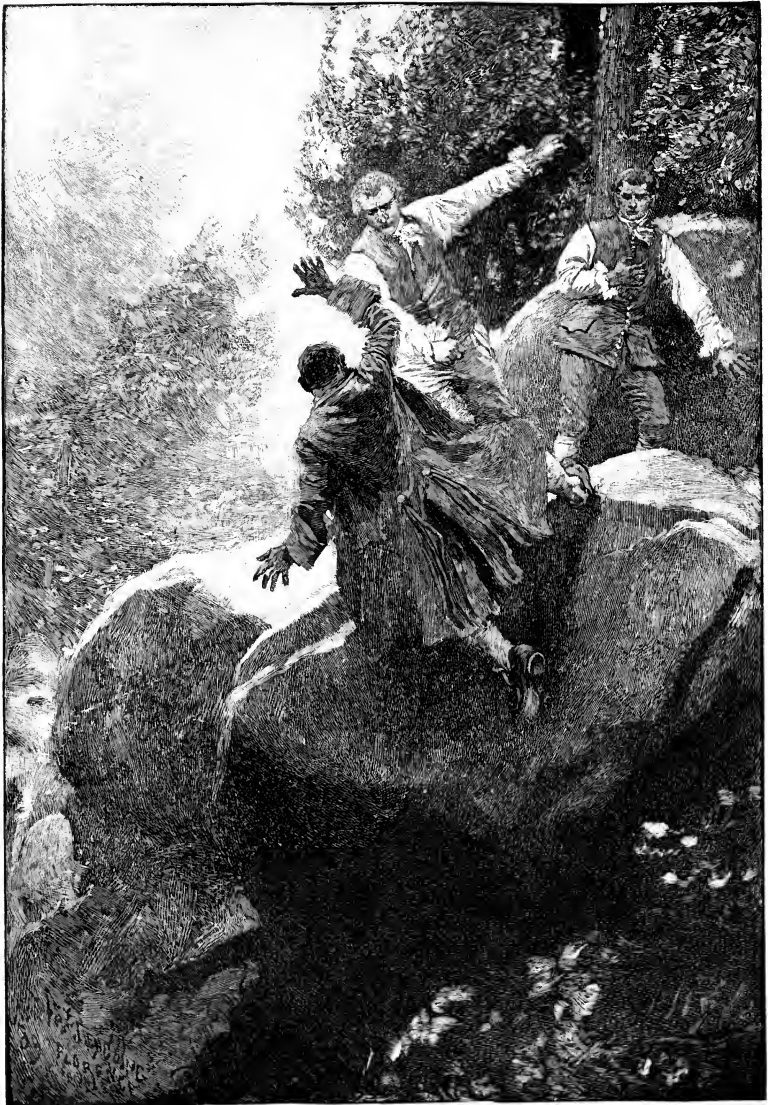
"Dat Slick Mose aimin' tuh tell we uns how somebuddy done!" exclaimed Aunt Hizzie.

"Lord send nothing has happened to Fair," cried Mrs. Rutherford; "if there has it will kill the Colonel. But one thing is sure; he wants us to follow him, and we've got to do it."

* Timber grows in kinds on the Black River, here oaks, now ash, now gum; such a strip is called a lead.

† The old English word is retained for an open space in the wood.

‡ Low, damp place.



"The negro boy, arms whirling wide in air, shot over the side of the cliff."—Page 80.

IN THE VALLEY.

By *Harold Frederic.*

CHAPTER XV.

THE RUDE AWAKENING FROM MY DREAM.



LOOK back now upon the week which followed this home-coming as a season of much dejection and unhappiness. Perhaps at the time it was not all un-

mixed tribulation. There was a great deal to do, naturally, and occupation to a healthful and vigorous young man is of itself a sovereign barrier against undue gloom. Yet I think of it now as all sadness.

Mr. Stewart had really grown aged and feeble. For the first time, too, there was a petulant vein in his attitude toward me. Heretofore he had treated my failure to grow up into his precise ideal of a gentleman with affectionate philosophy, being at pains to conceal from me whatever disappointment he felt, and, indeed, I think, honestly trying to persuade himself that it was all for the best.

But these five months had created a certain change in the social conditions of the Valley. For years the gulf had been insensibly widening, here under our noses, between the workers and the idlers; during my absence there had come, as it were, a land-slide—and the chasm was now manifest to us all. Something of this was true all over the Colonies: no doubt what I noticed was but a phase of the general movement, part social, part religious, part political, now carrying us along with a perceptible glide toward the crisis of Revolution; but here in the Valley, more than elsewhere, this broadening fissure of division ran through farms, through houses, ay, even through the group gathered in front of the family fireplace—separating servants from employers, sons from fathers, husbands from wives.

And, alas! when I realized now for the first time the existence of this abyss, it was to discover that my dearest friend, the man to whom I most owed duty and esteem and love, stood on one side of it and I on the other.

This was made clear to me by his comments—and even more by his manner—when I told him next day of the great offer which Mr. Cross had made. Not unnaturally I expected that he would be gratified by this proof of the confidence I had inspired, even if he did not favor my acceptance of the proffered post. Instead, the whole matter seemed to vex him. When I ventured to press him for a decision, he spoke unjustly and impatiently to me, for the first time.

“Oh, ay! that will serve as well as anything else, I suppose!” he said. “If you are resolute and stubborn to insist upon leaving me, and tossing aside the career it has been my pleasure to plan for you, by all means go to Albany with the other Dutchmen, and barter and cheapen to your heart’s content. You know it’s no choice of mine, but please yourself!”

This was so gratuitously unfair and unlike him, and so utterly at variance with the reception I had expected for my tidings, that I stood astounded, looking at him. He went on:

“What the need is for your going off, and mixing yourself up with these people, I fail for the life of me to see. I suppose it is in the blood! Any other young man but a Dutchman, reared and educated as you have been, given the society and friendship of gentlefolk from boyhood, and placed, by heaven! as you are here, with a home and an estate to inherit, and people about you to respect and love—I say nothing of obeying them—would have appreciated his fortune, and asked no more. But no! You must, forsooth, pine and languish to be off-tricking drunken Indians out of their peltry, and charging some other Dutchman a shilling for fourpence worth of goods!”

What could I say? What could I do but go away sorrowfully, and with a heavy heart take up farm affairs where I had left them? It was very hard to realize that these rough words, still rasping my ears, had issued from Mr. Stewart's lips. I said to myself that he must have had causes for irritation of which I knew nothing, and that he must unconsciously have visited upon me the peevishness which the actions of others had engendered. All the same, it was not easy to bear.

Daily contact with Daisy showed changes, too, in her which disturbed me. Little shades of formalism had crept here and there into her manner—even toward me. She was more distant, I fancied, and mistress-like, toward my poor old aunt. She rose later, and spent more of her leisure time upstairs in her rooms alone. Her dress was notably more careful and elegant, now, and she habitually wore her hair twisted upon the crown of her head, instead of in a simple braid as of old.

If she was not the Daisy I had so learned to love in my months of absence, it seemed that my heart went out in even greater measure to this new Daisy. She was more beautiful than ever, and she was very gentle and soft with me. A sense of tender pity vaguely colored my devotion, for the dear girl seemed to my watchful solicitude to be secretly unhappy. Once or twice I strove to so shape our conversation that she would be impelled to confide in me—to throw herself upon my old brotherly fondness, if she suspected no deeper passion. But she either saw through my clumsy devices, or else in her innocence evaded them—for she hugged the sorrow closer to her heart, and was only pensively pleasant with me.

I may explain now, in advance of my story, what I came to learn long afterward—namely: that the poor little maiden was truly in sore distress at this time—torn by the conflict between her inclination and her judgment—between her heart and her head. She was, in fact, hesitating between the glamour which the young Englishman and Lady Berenicia, with their polished ways, their glistening surfaces, and their attractive, idlers' views of existence, had

thrown over her, and her own innate, womanly repugnance to the shallowness and indulgence, not to say license, beneath it all. It was this battle the progress of which I unwittingly watched. Had I but known what emotions were fighting for mastery behind those sweetly grave hazel eyes—had I but realized how slight a pressure might have tipped the scales my way—how much would have been different!

But I, slow Frisian that I was, comprehended nothing of it all, and so was by turns futilely compassionate—and sulky.

For again, at intervals, she would be as gay and bright as a June rose, tripping up and down through the house with a song on her lips, and the old laugh rippling like sunbeams about her. Then she would deftly perch herself on the arm of Mr. Stewart's chair, and dazzle us both with the joyous merriment of her talk, and the sparkle in her eyes—or sing for us of an evening, upstairs, playing the while upon the lute (which young Cross had given her) instead of the discarded piano. Then she would wear a bunch of flowers—I never suspecting whence they came—upon her breast, and an extra ribbon in her hair. And then I would be wretched, and gloomily say to myself that I preferred her unhappy—and next morning, when the cloud had gathered afresh upon her face, would long again to see her cheerful once more.

And so the week went by, miserably, and I did not tell my love.

One morning, after breakfast, Mr. Stewart asked Daisy to what conclusion she had come about our accepting Philip Cross's invitation to join a luncheon-party on his estate that day. I had heard this gathering mentioned several times before, as a forthcoming event of great promise, and I did not quite understand either the reluctance with which Daisy seemed to regard the thought of going or the old gentleman's mingled insistence and deference to her wishes in the matter.

To be sure, I had almost given up in weary heart-sickness the attempt to understand his new moods. Since his harsh words to me, I had had nothing

but amiable civility from him—now and then coming very near to his old-time fond cordiality—but it was none the less grievously apparent to me that our relations would never again be on the same footing. I could no longer anticipate his wishes, I found, or foresee what he would think or say upon matters as they came up. We two were wholly out of chord, be the fault whose it might. And so, I say, I was rather puzzled than surprised to see how much stress was laid between them upon the question whether or not Daisy would go that day to Cairncross, as the place was to be called.

Finally, without definitely having said "yes," she appeared dressed for the walk, and put on a mock air of surprise at not finding us also ready. She blushed, I remember, as she did so. There was no disposition on my part to make one of the party, but when I pleaded that I had not been invited, and that there was occupation for me at home, Mr. Stewart seemed so much annoyed that I hastened to join them.

It was a perfect autumn day, with the sweet scent of burning leaves in the air, and the foliage above the forest-path putting on its first pale changes toward scarlet and gold. Here and there, when the tortuous way approached half-clearings, we caught glimpses of the round sun, opaquely red through the smoky haze.

Our road was the old familiar trail northward over which Mr. Stewart and I, in the happy days, had so often walked to reach our favorite haunt, the gulf. The path was wider and more worn, now—almost a thoroughfare, in fact. It came to the creek at the very head of the chasm, skirting the mysterious circle of sacred stones, then crossing the swift water on a new bridge of logs, then climbing the farther side of the ravine by a steep zigzag course which hung dangerously close to the precipitous wall of dark rocks. I remarked at the time, as we made our way up, that there ought to be a chain, or outer guard of some sort, for safety. Mr. Stewart said he would speak to Philip about it, and added the information that this side of the gulf was Philip's property.

"It is rough enough land," he went

on to say, "and would never be worth clearing. He has some plan of keeping it in all its wildness, and building a little summer-house, down below by the bridge, within full sound of the waterfall. No doubt we shall arrange to share the enterprise together. You know I have bought on the other side straight to the creek."

Once the road at the top was gained, Cairncross was but a pleasant walking measure, over paths well smoothed and made. Of the mansion in process of erection, which like Johnson Hall was to be of wood, not much except the skeleton framework met the eye—but this promised a massive and imposing edifice. A host of masons, carpenters, and laborers, sufficient to have quite depopulated Johnstown during the daylight hours, were hammering, hewing, or clinking the chimney-bricks with their trowels, within and about the structure.

At a sufficient distance from this tumult of construction, and on a level, high plot of lawn, was a pretty marquee tent. Here the guests were assembled, and thither we bent our steps.

Young Cross came forth eagerly to greet us—or, rather, my companions—with outstretched hands and a glowing face. He was bareheaded, and very beautifully, though not garishly clad. In the reddish, dimmed sunlight, with his yellow hair and his fresh, beaming face, he certainly was handsome.

He bowed ceremoniously to Mr. Stewart, and then took him warmly by the hand. Then with a frank gesture, as if to gayly confess that the real delight was at hand, he bent low before Daisy and touched her fingers with his lips.

"You make me your slave, your very happy slave, dear lady, by coming," he murmured, loud enough for me to hear. She blushed, and smiled with pleasure at him.

To me our young host was civil enough. He called me "Morrison," it is true, without any "Mr.," but he shook hands with me, and said affably that he was glad to see me back safe and sound. Thereafter he paid no attention whatsoever to me, but hung by Daisy's side in the cheerful circle outside the tent.

Sir William was there, and Lady Berenicia, of course, and a dozen others. By all I was welcomed home with cordiality—by all save the Lady, who was distant, not to say supercilious in her manner, and Sir John Johnson, who took the trouble only to nod at me.

Inquiring after Mr. Jonathan Cross, I learned that my late companion was confined to the Hall, if not to his room, by a sprained ankle. There being nothing to attract me at the gathering, save, indeed, the girl who was monopolized by my host, and the spectacle of this affording me more discomfort than satisfaction, the condition of my friend at the Hall occurred to me as a pretext for absenting myself. I mentioned it to Mr. Stewart, who had been this hour or so in great spirits, and who now was chuckling with the Lady and one or two others over some tale she was telling.

"Quite right," he said, without turning his head, and so, beckoning to Tulp to follow me, I started.

It was a brisk hour's walk to the Hall, and I strode along at a pace which forced my companion now and again into a trot. I took rather a savage comfort in this, as one likes to bite hard on an aching tooth. For I had a profound friendship for this poor black boy, and to put a hardship upon him was to suffer myself even more than he did. Tulp had come up misshapen and undersized from his long siege with the small-pox, and with very rickety and unstable legs. I could scarcely have sold him for a hundred dollars, and would not have parted with him for ten thousand, if for no other reason than his deep and dog-like devotion to me. Hence when I made this poor fellow run and pant, I must have been possessed of an unusually resolute desire to be disagreeable to myself. And in truth I was!

Mr. Jonathan Cross made me very welcome. His accident had befallen on the very day following his return, and he had seen nobody save the inmates of the Hall since that time. We had many things to talk about—among others, of my going to Albany to take

the agency. I told him that this had not been quite decided, as yet, but avoided giving reasons. I could not well tell this born-and-bred merchant that my guardian thought I ought to feel above trade. His calm eyes permitted themselves a solitary twinkle as I stumbled over the subject, but he said nothing.

He did express some interest, however, when I told him whence I had come, and what company I had quitted to visit him.

"So Mistress Daisy is there with the rest, is she?" he said, with more vigor in his voice than I had ever heard there before. "So—so! The apple has fallen with less shaking than I thought for!"

I do not think that I made any remark in reply. If I did, it must have been inconsequential in the extreme, for my impression is of a long, heartaching silence, during which I stared at my companion, and saw nothing.

At last I know that he said to me—I recall the very tone to this day:

"You ought to be told, I think. Yes, you ought to know. Philip Cross asked her to be his wife a fortnight ago. She gave no decided answer. From what Philip and Lady Berenicia have said to each other here, since, I know it was understood that if she went to him to-day it meant 'yes!'"

This time I know I kept silence for a long time.

I found myself finally holding the hand he had extended to me, and saying, in a voice which sounded like a stranger's:

"I will go to Albany whenever you like."

I left the Hall somehow, kicking the drunken Enoch Wade fiercely out of my path, I remember, and walking straight ahead as if blindfolded.

CHAPTER XVI.

TULP GETS A BROKEN HEAD TO MATCH MY HEART.

WITHOUT heed as to the direction, I started at a furious pace up the road which I found myself upon—Tulp at my heels. If he had not, from utter weariness, cried out, after a time, I

should have followed the track straight, unceasing, over the four leagues and more to the Sacondaga. As it was, I had presently to stop, and retrace my steps to where he sat on a way-side stump, dead-beat.

"Don't you wait for me, Mass' Douw, if you're bound to get there quick!" he said, gasping for breath. "Don't mind me! I'll follow along the best I can."

The phrase "get there"—it was almost the only English which poor Tulp had put into the polyglot sentence he really uttered—arrested my attention. "Get where?" I had been headed for the mountains—for the black water which dashed foaming down their defiles, and eddied in sinister depths at their bases. I could see the faint blue peaks on the horizon from where I stood, by the side of the tired slave. The sight sobered me. To this day I cannot truly say whether I had known where I was going, and if there had not been in my burning brain the latent impulse to throw myself into the Sacondaga. But I could still find the spot—changed beyond recollection as the face of the country is—where Tulp's fatigue compelled me to stop, and where I stood gazing out of new eyes, as it were, upon the pale Adirondack outlines.

As I looked, the aspect of the day had changed. The soft somnolent haze had vanished from the air. Dark clouds were lifting themselves in the West and North beyond the mountains, and a chill breeze was blowing from them upon my brow. I took off my hat, and held up my face to get all its cooling touch. Tulp, between heavy breaths, still begged that his infirmity might not be allowed to delay me.

"Why, boy!" I laughed bitterly at him, "I have no place to go to. Nobody is waiting for me—nobody wants me."

The black looked hopeless bewildered at me, and offered no comment. Long afterward I learned that he at the moment reached the reluctant conclusion that I had taken too much drink in the Hall.

"Or no!" I went on, a thought coming to the surface in the hurly-burly of my mind. "We are going to Albany! That's where we're going!"

Tulp's sooty face took on a more du-

bious look, if that were possible. He humbly suggested that I had chosen a roundabout route; perhaps I was going by the way of the Healing Springs. But it must be a long, lonesome road, and the rain was coming on.

Sure enough, the sky was darkening: a storm was in the air, and already the distant mountain-tops were hidden from view by the rain-mist.

Without more words I put on my hat, and we turned back toward the settlements. The disposition to walk swiftly, which before had been a controlling thing, was gone. My pace was slow enough now, descending the hill, for even Tulp, who followed close upon my heels. But my head was not much clearer. It was not from inability to think; to the contrary, the vividness and swift succession of my thoughts, as they raced through my brain, almost frightened me.

I had fancied myself miserable that very morning, because Mr. Stewart had spoken carelessly to me, and she had been only ordinarily pleasant. Ah, fool! My estate that morning had been that of a king, of a god, in contrast to this present wretchedness. Then I still had a home—still nourished in my heart a hope—and these *were* happiness! I laughed aloud at my folly in having deemed them less.

She had put her hand in his—given herself to him! She had with her eyes open promised to marry this Englishman—fop! dullard! roysterer! insolent cub!—so the rough words tumbled to my tongue. In a hundred ways I pictured her—called up her beauty, her delicacy, her innocence, her grace, the refined softness of her bearing, the sweet purity of her smile, the high dignity of her thoughts—and then ground my teeth as I placed against them the solitary image my mind consented to limn of him—a brawling dandy with fashionable smirk and false blue eyes, flushed with wine, and proud of no better achievement than throwing a miller in a drunken wrestling bout. It was a sin—a desecration! Where were their eyes, that they did not read this fellow's worthlessness, and bid him stand back, when he sought to lay his coarse hands upon her?

Yet who were these that should have saved her? Ah! were they not all of his class, or of his pretence to class?

Some of them had been my life-long friends. To Mr. Stewart—and I could not feel bitterly toward him even now—I owed home, education, rearing, everything; Sir William had been the earliest and kindest of my other friends, eager and glad always to assist, instruct, encourage me; John Butler had given me my first gun, and had petted me in his rough way from boyhood. Yet now, at a touch of that hateful, impalpable thing, “class,” these all vanished away from my support, and were to me as if they had never been. I saw them over on the other side, across the abyss from me, grouped smiling about this newcomer, praising his brute ability to drink and race and wrestle, complimenting him upon his position among the gentry—save the mark!—of Tryon County, and proud that they had by never so little aided him to secure for a wife this poor trembling, timid, fascinated girl. Doubtless they felt that a great honor had been done her; it might be that even she dreamed this, too, as she heard their congratulations.

And these men, honest, fair-minded gentlemen as they were in other affairs, would toss me aside like a broken pipe if I ventured to challenge their sympathy as against this empty-headed, satined, and powdered stranger. They had known and watched me all my life. My smallest action, my most trivial habit, was familiar to them. They had seen me grow before their eyes—dutiful, obedient, diligent, honest, sober, truthful. In their hearts they knew that I deserved all these epithets. They themselves time out of mind had applied them to me. I stood now, at my early age, and on my own account, on the threshold of a career of honorable trade, surely as worthy now as it was when Sir William began at it far more humbly. Yet with all these creditable things known to them, I could not stand for a moment in their estimation against this characterless new-comer!

Why? He was a “gentleman,” and I was not.

Not that he was better born—a thousand times no! But I had drawn from

the self-sacrificing, modest, devoted man of God, my father, and the resolute, tireless, hard-working, sternly honest housewife, my mother—the fatal notion that it was not beneath the dignity of a Mauverensen or a Van Hoorn to be of use in the world. My ancestors had fought for their little country, nobly and through whole generations, to free it from the accursed rule of that nest of aristocrats, Spain; but they had not been ashamed also to work, in either the old world or the new. This other, this Englishman—I found myself calling him that as the most comprehensive expletive I could use—the son of a professional butcher and of an intriguing woman, was my superior here, in truth, where I had lived all my life and he had but shown his nose—because he preferred idleness to employment!

It was a mistake, then, was it, to be temperate and industrious? It was more honorable to ride at races, to play high stakes and drain three bottles at dinner than to study, and to do one’s duty? To be a gentleman was a matter of silk breeches and perukes and late hours? Out upon the blundering playwright who made Bassanio win with the leaden casket! Portia was a woman, and would have wrapped her picture—nay, herself—in tinsel gilt, the gaudier the better!

But why strive to trace further my wrathful meditations? There is nothing pleasant or profitable in the contemplation of anger, even when reason runs abreast of it. And I especially have no pride in this three hours’ wild fury. There were moments in it, I fear, when my rage was wellnigh murderous in its fierceness.

The storm came—a cold, thin, driving rain, with faint mutterings of thunder far behind. I did not care to quicken my pace, or fasten my coat. The inclemency fitted and echoed my mood.

On the road we came suddenly upon the Hall party, returning in haste from the interrupted picnic. The baronet’s carriage, with the hood drawn, rumbled past without a sign of recognition from driver or inmates. A half-dozen horsemen cantered behind, their chins buried in their collars, and their hats pulled down over their eyes. One of the last

of these—it was Bryan Lefferty—reined up long enough to inform me that Mr. Stewart and Daisy had long before started by the forest-path for their home, and that young Cross had made short work of his other guests in order to accompany them.

"We're not after complaining, though," said the jovial Irishman; "it's human nature to desert ordinary mortals like us when youth and beauty beckon the other way."

I made some indifferent answer, and he rode away after his companions. We resumed our tramp over the muddy track, with the rain and wind gloomily pelting upon our backs.

When we turned off into the woods, to descend the steep side-hill to the water-fall, it was no easy matter to keep our footing. The narrow trail was slippery with wet leaves and moss. Looking over the dizzy edge, you could see the tops of tall trees far below. The depths were an indistinct mass of dripping foliage, dark green and russet. We made our way gingerly and with extreme care, with the distant clamor of the falls in our ears, and the peril of tumbling headlong keeping all our senses painfully alert.

At a turn in the path, I came sharply upon Philip Cross!

He was returning from The Cedars: he carried a broken bough to use as a walking-stick in the difficult ascent, and was panting with the exertion; yet the lightness of his heart impelled him to hum broken snatches of a song as he climbed. The wet verdure under foot had so deadened sound that neither suspected the presence of the other till we suddenly stood, on this slightly widened, overhanging platform, face to face!

He seemed to observe an unusual something on my face, but it did not interest him enough to affect his customary cool, off-hand civility toward me.

"Oh, Morrison, is that you?" he said, nonchalantly. "You're drenched, I see, like the rest of us. Odd, that so fine a day should end like this;—and made as if to pass me on the inner side.

I blocked his way and said, with an involuntary shake in my voice which I could only hope he failed to note:

"You have miscalled me twice to-day. I will teach you my true name, if you like—here! now!"

He looked at me curiously for an instant—then with a frown. "You are drunk!" he cried, angrily. "Out of my way!"

"No, you are again wrong," I said, keeping my voice down, and looking him square in the eye. "I'm not of the drunken set in the Valley. No man was ever soberer. But I am going to spell my name out for you, in such manner that you will be in no danger of forgetting it to your dying day."

The young Englishman threw a swift glance about him, to measure his surroundings. Then he laid down his cudgel, and proceeded to unbutton his great-coat—which by some strange freak of irony happened to be one of mine that they had loaned him at The Cedars for his homeward journey.

If the words may be coupled, I watched him with an enraged admiration. There was no sign of fear manifest in his face or bearing. With all his knowledge of wrestling, he could not but have felt that, against my superior size and weight, and long familiarity with woodland footing, there were not many chances of his escaping with his life: if I went over, he certainly would go too—and he might go alone. Yet he unfastened his coats with a fine air of unconcern, and turned back his ruffles carefully. I could not maintain the same calm in throwing off my hat and coat, and was vexed with myself for it.

We faced each other thus in our waistcoats in the drizzling rain for a final moment, exchanging a cross-fire sweep of glances which took in not only antagonist, but every varying foot of the treacherous ground we stood upon, and God knows what else beside—when I was conscious of a swift movement past me from behind.

I had so completely forgotten Tulp's presence that for the second that followed I scarcely realized what was happening. Probably the faithful slave had no other thought, as he glided in front of me, than to thus place himself between me and what he believed to be certain death.

To the Englishman the sudden movement may easily have seemed an attack.

There was an instant's waving to and fro of a light and a dark body close before my startled eyes. Then, with a scream which froze the very marrow in my bones, the negro boy, arms whirling wide in air, shot over the side of the cliff!

Friends of mine in later years, when they heard this story from my lips over a pipe and bowl, used to express surprise that I did not that very moment throw myself upon Cross, and fiercely bring the quarrel to an end, one way or the other. I remember that when General Arnold came up the Valley, five years after, and I recounted to him this incident, which recent events had recalled, he did not conceal his opinion that I had chosen the timid part. "By God!" he cried, striking the camp-table till the candlesticks rattled, "I would have killed him or he would have killed me, before the nigger struck bottom!" Very likely he would have done as he said. I have never seen a man with a swifter temper and resolution than poor, brave, choleric, handsome Arnold had—and into a hideously hopeless morass of infamy they landed him, too! No doubt it will seem to my readers, as well, that in nature I ought upon the instant to have grappled the Englishman.

The fact was, however, that this unforeseen event took every atom of fight out of both of us as completely as if we had been struck by lightning.

With a cry of horror, I knelt and hung over the shelving edge as far as possible, striving to discover some trace of my boy through the misty masses of foliage below. I could see nothing—could hear nothing but the far-off dashing of the waters, which had now in my ears an unspeakably sinister sound. It was only when I rose to my feet again that I caught sight of Tulp, slowly making his way up the other side of the ravine, limping and holding one hand to his head. He had evidently been hurt, but it was a great deal to know that he was alive. I turned to my antagonist—it seemed that a long time had passed since I last looked at him.

The same idea that the struggle was postponed had come to him, evidently,

for he had put on his coats again, and had folded his arms. He too had been alarmed for the fate of the boy, but he affected now not to see him.

I drew back to the rock now, and Cross passed me in silence, with his chin defiantly in the air. He turned when he had gained the path above, and stood for a moment frowning down at me.

"I am going to marry Miss Stewart," he called out. "The sooner you find a new master, and take yourself off, the better. I don't want to see you again."

"When you do see me again," I made answer, "be sure that I will break every bone in your body!"

With this not very heroic interchange of compliments we parted. I continued the descent, and crossed the creek to where the unfortunate Tulp was waiting for me.

CHAPTER XVII.

I PERFORCE SAY FAREWELL TO MY OLD HOME.

THE slave sat upon one of the bowlders in the old Indian circle, holding his jaw with his hand, and rocking himself like a child with the colic.

He could give me no account whatever of the marvellous escape he had had from instant death—and I was forced to conclude that his fall had been more than once broken by the interposition of branches or clumps of vines. He seemed to have fortunately landed on his head. His jaw was broken, and some of his teeth loosened, but none of his limbs were fractured, though all were bruised. I bound up his chin with my handkerchief, and put my neckcloth over one of his eyes, which was scratched and swollen shut, as by some poisonous thing. Thus bandaged, he hobbled along behind me over the short remaining distance. The rain and cold increased as nightfall came on, and, no longer sustained by my anger, I found the walk a very wet and miserable affair.

When I reached The Cedars, and had sent Tulp to his parents with a promise to look in upon him later, I was still without any definite plan of what to say or do upon entering. The immensity of

the crisis which had overtaken me had not shut my mind to the fact that the others, so far from being similarly overwhelmed, did not even suspect any reason on my part for revolt or sorrow. I had given neither of them any cause, by word or sign, to regard me as a rival to Cross—at least, of late years. So far as they were concerned, I had no ground to stand upon in making a protest. Yet when did this consideration restrain an angry lover? I had a savage feeling that they ought to have known, if they didn't. And reflection upon the late scene on the gulf-side—upon the altercation, upon the abortive way in which I had allowed mastery of the situation to slip through my fingers, and upon poor Tulp's sufferings—only served to swell my mortification and rage.

When I entered—after a momentary temptation to make a stranger of myself by knocking at the door—Daisy was sitting by the fire beside Mr. Stewart; both were looking meditatively into the fire, which gave the only light in the room, and she was holding his hand. My heart melted for a second as this pretty, home-like picture met my eyes, and a sob came into my throat at the thought that I was no longer a part of this dear home-circle. Then sulkiness rose to the top again. I muttered something about the weather, lighted a candle at the fire, and moved past them to the door of my room.

"Why, Douw," asked Daisy, half-rising as she spoke; "what has happened? There's blood on your ruffles! Where is your neckcloth?"

I made answer, standing with my hand upon the latch, and glowering at her:

"The blood comes from my Tulp's broken head; I used my neckcloth to tie it up. He was thrown over the side of Kayaderosseros gulf, an hour ago, by the gentleman whom it is announced you are going to marry!"

Without waiting to note the effect of these words, I went into my room, closing the door behind me sharply. I spent a wretched hour or so, sorting over my clothes and possessions, trinkets and the like, and packing them for a journey. Nothing was very clear in my mind, between bitter repining at the

misery which had come upon me and the growing repulsion I felt for making these two unhappy, but it was at least obvious that I must as soon as possible leave The Cedars.

When at last I re-entered the outer room, the table was spread for supper. Only Mr. Stewart was in the room, and he stood in his favorite attitude, with his back to the fire and his hands behind him. He preserved a complete silence, not even looking at me, until my aunt had brought in the simple evening meal. To her he said briefly that Mistress Daisy had gone to her room, weary and with a headache, and would take no supper. I felt the smart of reproof to me in every word he uttered—and even more in his curt tone. I stood at the window, with my back to him, looking through the dripping little panes at the scattered lights across the river, and not ceasing for an instant to think forebodingly of the scene which was impending.

Dame Kronk had been out of the room some moments when he said, testily:

"Well, sir! will you do me the honor to come to the table, or is it your wish that I should fetch your supper to you?" The least trace of softness in his voice would, I think, have broken down my temper. If he had been only grieved at my behavior, and had shown to me sorrow instead of truculent rebuke, I would have been ready, I believe, to fall at his feet. But his scornful sternness hardened me.

"Thank you, sir," I replied, "I have no wish for supper."

More seconds of silence ensued. The streaming windows and blurred fragments of light, against the blackness outside, seemed to mirror the chaotic state of my mind. I ought to turn to him—a thousand times over, I knew I ought—and yet for my life I could not. At last he spoke again:

"Perhaps, then, you will have the politeness to face me. My association has chiefly been with gentlemen, and I should mayhap be embarrassed by want of experience if I essayed to address you to your back."

I had wheeled around before half his first sentence was out, thoroughly

ashamed of myself. In my contrition I had put forth my hand as I moved toward him. He did not deign to notice—or rather to respond to—the apologetic overture, and I dropped the hand and halted. He looked me over now, searchingly and with a glance of mingled curiosity and anger. He seemed to be searching for words sufficiently formal and harsh meanwhile, and he was some time in finding them.

“In the days when I wore a sword for use, young man, and moved among my equals,” he began, deliberately, “it was not held to be a safe or small matter to offer me affront. Other times, other manners. The treatment which then I would not have brooked from Cardinal York himself, I find myself forced to submit to, under my own roof, at the hands of a person who, to state it most lightly, should for decency’s sake put on the appearance of respect for my gray hairs.”

He paused here, and I would have spoken, but he held up his slender, ruffled hand with a peremptory, “Pray, allow me!” and presently went on:

“In speaking to you as I ought to speak, I am at the disadvantage of being wholly unable to comprehend the strange and malevolent change which has come over you. Through nearly twenty years of close, and even daily observation, rendered at once keen and kindly by an affection to which I will not now refer, you had produced upon me the impression of a dutiful, respectful, honorable, and polite young man. If, as was the case, you developed some of the to me less attractive and less generous virtues of your race, I still did not fail to see that they were, in their way, virtues, and that they inured both to my material profit and to your credit among your neighbors. I had said to myself, after much consideration, that if you had not come up wholly the sort of gentleman I had looked for, still you were a gentleman, and had qualities which, taken altogether, would make you a creditable successor to me on the portions of my estate which it was my purpose to entail upon you and yours.”

“Believe me, Mr. Stewart,” I interposed here, with a broken voice, as he paused again. “I am deeply—very deeply grateful to you.”

He went on as if I had not spoken:

“Judge, then, my amazement and grief to find you returning from your voyage to the West intent upon leaving me, upon casting aside the position and duties for which I had trained you, and upon going down to Albany to dicker for pence and ha’pence with the other Dutchmen there. I did not forbid your going. I contented myself by making known to you my disappointment at your selection of a career so much inferior to your education and position in life. Whereupon you have no better conception of what is due to me and to yourself than to begin a season of sulky pouting and sullenness, culminating in the incredible rudeness of open insults to me, and, what is worse, to my daughter in my presence! She has gone to her chamber sick in head and heart alike from your boorish behavior. I would fain have retired also, in equal sorrow and disgust, had it not seemed my duty to demand an explanation from you before the night passed.”

The blow—the whole crushing series of blows—had fallen! How I suffered under them, how each separate lash tore savagely through heart and soul and flesh, it would be vain to attempt to tell.

Yet with the anguish there came no weakening. I had been wrong and foolish, and clearly enough I saw it, but this was not the way to correct or chastise me. A solitary sad word would have unmanned me; this long, stately, satirical speech, this ironically elaborate travesty of my actions and motives, had an opposite effect. I suffered, but I stubbornly stood my ground.

“If I have disappointed you, sir, I am more grieved than you can possibly be,” I replied. “If what I said was in fact an affront to you, and to—her—then I would tear out my tongue to recall the words. But how can the simple truth affront?”

“What was this you called out so rudely about the gulf—about Tulp’s being thrown over by—by the gentleman my daughter is to marry? since you choose to describe him thus.”

“I spoke the literal truth, sir. It was fairly by a miracle that the poor devil escaped with his life.”

“How did it happen? What was the

provocation? Even in Caligula's days slaves were not thrown over cliffs without some reason."

"Tulp suffered for the folly of being faithful to me—for not understanding that it was the fashion to desert me," I replied, with rising temerity. "He threw himself between me and this Cross of yours, as we faced each other on the ledge—where we spoke this morning of the need for a chain—and the Englishman flung him off!"

"Threw himself between you! Were you quarrelling, you two, then?"

"I dare say it would be described as a quarrel. I think I should have killed him, or he killed me, if the calamity of poor Tulp's tumble had not put other things in our heads."

"My faith!" was Mr. Stewart's only comment. He stared at me for a time, then seated himself before the fire, and looked at the blaze and smoke in apparent meditation. Finally he said, in a somewhat milder voice than before: "Draw a chair up here and sit down. Doubtless there is more in this than I thought. Explain it to me."

I felt less at my ease, seated now for a more or less moderate conference, than I had been on my feet, bearing my part in a quarrel.

"What am I to explain?" I asked.

"Why were you quarrelling with Philip?"

"Because I felt like it—because I hate him!"

"Tut! tut! That is a child's answer. What is the trouble between you two? I demand to know!"

"If you will have it"—and all my resentment and sense of loss burst forth in the explanation—"because he has destroyed my home for me: because he has ousted me from the place I used to have, and strove so hard to be worthy of, in your affections; because, after a few months here, with his fine clothes and his dashing, wasteful ways, he is more regarded by you and your friends than I am, who have tried faithfully all my life to deserve your regard; because he has taken—" but I broke down here. My throat choked the sound in sobs, and I turned my face away that he might not see the tears which I felt scalding my eyes.

My companion kept silent, but he poked the damp, smudging sticks about in the fireplace vigorously, took his spectacles out of their case, rubbed them, and put them back in his pocket, and in other ways long since familiar to me betrayed his uneasy interest. These slight signs of growing sympathy—or, at least, comprehension—encouraged me to proceed, and my voice came back to me.

"If you could know," I went mournfully on, "the joy I felt when I first looked on the Valley—our Valley—again at Fort Stanwix; if you could only realize how I counted the hours and minutes which separated me from this home, from you and her, and how I cried out at their slowness; if you could guess how my heart beat when I walked up the path out there that evening, and opened that door, and looked to see you two welcome me—ah! then you could feel the bitterness I have felt since! I came home burning with eagerness, homesickness, to be in my old place again near you and her—and the place was filled by another! If I have seemed rude and sullen—that is the reason! If I had set less store upon your love, and upon her—her—liking for me, then doubtless I should have borne the displacement with better grace. But it put me on the rack. Believe me, if I have behaved to your displeasure, and hers, it has been from very excess of tenderness trampled underfoot!"

At least the misunderstanding had been cleared up, and for a time, at all events, the heart of my life-long friend had warmed again to me as of old. He put his hand paternally upon my knee, and patted it softly.

"My poor boy," he said, with a sympathetic half-smile, and in his old-time gravely gentle voice. "Even in your tribulation you must be Dutch! Why not have said this to me—or what then occurred to you of it—at the outset, the first day after you came? Why, then it could all have been put right in a twinkling. But no! in your secretive, Dutch fashion you must needs go aloof, and worry your heart sore by all sorts of suspicions and jealousies and fears that you have been supplanted—until, see for yourself what a melancholy pass you have brought us all to! Suppose

by chance, while these sullen devils were driving you to despair, you had done injury to Philip—perhaps even killed him! Think what your feelings, and ours, would be now! And all might have been cleared up, set right, by a word at the beginning!”

I looked hard into the fire, and clinched my teeth.

“Would a word have given me Daisy?” I asked from between them.

He withdrew his hand from my knee, and pushed one of the logs petulantly with his foot. “What do you mean?” he demanded.

“I mean that for five years I have desired—for the past six months have, waking or sleeping, thought of nothing else but this desire of my heart—to have Daisy for my wife.”

As he did not speak, I went on with an impassioned volubility altogether strange to my custom, recalling to him the tender intimacy in which she and I had grown up from babyhood; the early tacit understanding that we were to inherit The Cedars and all its belongings—and his own not infrequent allusions in those days to the vision of our sharing it, and all else in life, together. Then I pictured to him the brotherly fondness of my later years, blossoming suddenly, luxuriantly into the fervor of a lover’s devotion while I was far away in the wilds, with no gracious, civilizing presence (save always Mr. Cross) near me except the dear image of her which I carried in my heart of hearts. I told him, too, of the delicious excitement with which, day by day, I drew nearer to the home that held her, trembling now with nervousness at my slow progress; now with timidity lest, grasping this vast happiness too swiftly, I should crush it from very ecstasy of possession. I made clear to him, moreover, that I had come without ever dreaming of the possibility of a rival—as innocently, serenely confident of right as would be a little child approaching to kiss its mother.

“Fancy this child struck violently in the face by this mother, from whom it had never before received so much as a frown!” I concluded; “then you will understand something of the blow which has sent me reeling.”

His answering words, when finally he spoke, were sympathetic and friendly enough, but not very much to the point. This was, doubtless, due to no fault of his: consolation at such times is not within the power of the very wisest to bestow.

He pointed out to me that these were a class of disappointments exceedingly common to the lot of young men; it was the way of the world. In the process of pairing off a generation, probably ninety-nine out of every hundred couples would secretly have preferred some other distribution; yet they made the best of it, and the world wagged on just the same as before. With all these, and many other jarring commonplaces, he essayed to soothe me—to the inevitable increase of my bitter discontent. He added, I remember, a personal parallel:

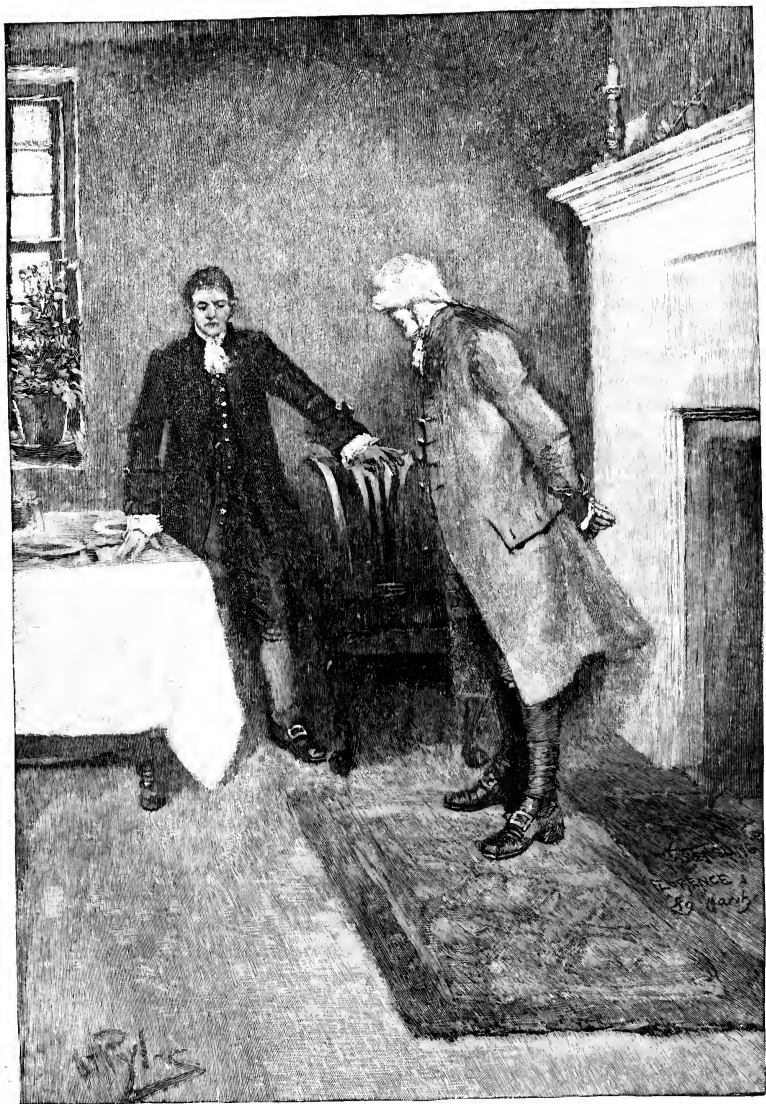
“I have never spoken of it to you, or to any other, but I too had my grievous disappointment. I was in love with the mother of this young Philip Cross. I worshipped her reverently from afar; I had no other thought or aim in life but to win her favor, to gain a position worthy of her; I would have crossed the Channel, and marched into St. James’s, and hacked off the Hanoverian’s heavy head with my father’s broadsword, I verily believe, to have had one smile from her lips. Yet I had to pocket this all, and stand smilingly by and see her wedded to my tent-mate, Tony Cross. I thought the world had come to an end—but it hadn’t. Women are kittle cattle, my boy. They must have their head, or their blood turns sour. Come! where is the genuineness of your affection for our girl, if you would deny her the gallant of her choice?”

“If I believed,” I blurted out, “that it was her own free choice!”

“Whose else, then, pray?”

“If I felt that she truly, deliberately preferred him—that she had not been decoyed and misled by that Lady Ber—”

“Fie upon such talk!” said the old gentleman, with a shade of returning testiness in his tone. “Do you comprehend our Daisy so slightly, after all these years? Is she a girl not to know



"The blow—the whole crushing series of blows—had fallen!"—Page 82.

her own mind? Tut! she loves the youngster; she has chosen him. If you had stopped at home, if you had spoken earlier instead of mooning, Dutch fashion, in your own mind, it might have been different. Who can say? But it may not be altered now. We who are left must still plan to promote her happiness. A hundred bridegrooms could not make her less our Daisy than she was. There must be no more quarrels between you boys, remember! I forbid it, your own judgment will forbid it. He will make a good husband to the girl, and I mistake much if he does not make a great man of himself in the Colony. Perhaps—who knows?—he may bring her a title, or even a coronet some of these days. The crown will have need of all its loyal gentlemen here, soon enough, too, as the current runs now, and rewards and honors will flow freely. Philip will lose no chance to turn the stream Cairncross way."

My aunt came in to take away the untouched dishes—Mr. Stewart could never abide negroes in their capacity as domestics, and soon thereafter we went to bed—I, for one, to lie sleepless and disconsolate till twilight came.

The next morning we two again had the table to ourselves, for Daisy sent down word that her head was still aching, and we must not wait the meal for her. It was a silent and constrained affair, this breakfast, and we hurried through it as one speeds a distasteful task.

It was afterward, as we walked forth together into the garden, where the wet earth already steamed under the warm downpour of sunlight, that I told Mr. Stewart of my resolution to go as soon as possible to Albany, and take up the proffered agency.

He seemed to have prepared himself for this, and offered no strong opposition. We had both, indeed, reached the conclusion that it was the best way out of the embarrassment which hung over

us. He still clung—or made a show of clinging—to his regret that I had not been satisfied with my position at The Cedars. But in his heart, I am sure, he was relieved by my perseverance in the project.

Two or three days were consumed in preparations at home and in conferences with Jonathan Cross either at Johnson Hall, or at our place, whither he was twice able to drive. He furnished me with several letters, and with voluminous suggestions and advice. Sir William, too, gave me letters, and much valuable information as to Albany ways and prejudices. I had, among others from him, I remember, a letter of presentation to Governor Tryon, who with his lady had visited the baronet during my absence, but which I never presented, and another to the uncle of the boy-Patroun, which was of more utility.

In the hurry and occupation of making ready for so rapid and momentous a departure, I had not many opportunities of seeing Daisy. During the few times that we were alone together, no allusion was made to the scene of that night, or to my words, or to her betrothal. How much she knew of the incident on the gulf-side, or of my later explanation and confession to Mr. Stewart, I could not guess. She was somewhat reserved in her manner, I fancied, and she seemed to quietly avoid being alone in the room with me. At the final parting, too, she proffered me only her cheek to touch with my lips. Yet I could not honestly say that, deep in her heart, she was not sorry for me and tender toward me, and grieved to have me go.

It was on the morning of the last day of September, 1772, that I began life alone, for myself, by starting on the journey to Albany. If I carried with me a sad heart, there yet were already visible the dawnings of compensation. At least I had not quarrelled with the dear twain of The Cedars.

As for Philip Cross, I strove not to think of him at all.



A Belle of Tarragona.

THE BEAUTY OF SPANISH WOMEN.

By Henry T. Finck.

THE beauty of Spanish women has long been proverbial, and no question is so frequently asked of a tourist returning from Spain as, "Did you really find the women as pretty as they are said to be?" The writers of travel-sketches, and even the guide-books to Spain, instead of confining themselves, as in other countries, to such staple topics as railroads, hotels, palaces, parks, promenades, theatres, and galleries, seldom describe a province or a city without specially noting the characteristics of the women, and dwelling on their beauty. To give only a few instances: Ford, who perhaps knew Spain as thoroughly as any foreigner or native ever knew it, says, in speaking of Galicia, that "many of the maidens of from fifteen to twenty are strikingly handsome." In Andalusia "the female, worthy of her mate,

often presents a form of matchless symmetry, to which is added a peculiar and most fascinating air and action." "The Valencian women, especially the middle and better classes in the capital, are by no means so dark-complexioned as their mates; singularly well formed, they are among the prettiest and most fascinating in all Spain." Schmidt-Weissenfels, in his "Charakterbilder aus Spanien," devotes a whole chapter to the women of Spain, in which he notes the disappointment which he, in common with many tourists, felt, because he had fancied that all the women of Spain must be beautiful; but ultimately he joins the chorus of discriminating worshippers. Another German, Dr. Moritz Willkomm, in his elaborate three-volume treatise on "Die Pyrenäische Halbinsel," never loses an opportunity to discourse on the phys-



The Moorish Type—Granada.

ical and mental peculiarities and charms of the señoritas of each province. "The women of Malaga are noted for their beauty and grace," as are those of San Roque, Almeria, Baza, etc.; while to the maidens of Cadiz is accorded the rare distinction of being "the most graceful of all Andalusians." The most cosmopolitan of French writers, Théophile Gautier, in his delightful "Voyage en Espagne," records on every other page the impression made on his poetic mind

by the black-eyed belles of Spain; and even Signor De Amicis, though he hails from a country in which beautiful women are much more abundant than in France, gives vent in every chapter to his rapturous admiration—so that, in coming across a book like the Rev. E. E. Hale's "Seven Spanish Cities," in which no reference is anywhere made to Spanish women and their appearance, one feels as if one had read a description of California in which no mention was

made of the Yosemite Valley or Lake Tahoe.

The opinion seems to prevail that the women of northern Spain are less attractive than those of Andalusia, but my own observation did not bear out this belief. The Andalusian maiden is more animated and coquettish, and a shade more graceful, although the Castilian is by no means deficient in grace; but, on the other hand, regular, finely chiselled features are more common in Madrid than in Seville. Yet the mixture of types is so great everywhere that it is difficult to make general assertions with a satisfac-

tory degree of accuracy; and in Spain the difficulty is increased by the climatic conditions which induce women to seek the seclusion of their cool and shady rooms and patios and avoid the streets, so that it is not easy to collect data unless one is familiar with all their haunts and habits. Formerly the bull-ring was a good place to study feminine types, and Gautier's happy sketch of the Malagueña was made in the Plaza de Toros; but at present, I am happy to say, the number of women who go to witness this vulgar spectacle is comparatively small. I attended only one fight, but I often made it a point to be outside the ring when the sport was over, and I estimated that not more than two or three per cent. of the spectators who passed out were women. Formerly, too, picturesque groups of women could always be found in the cathedrals, not too much absorbed in their devotions to shun the admiring gaze of strangers. But Spain is at present in a period of indifference, if not antagonism, to religion, and the consequence is that one may visit the most famous cathedrals at any hour and find only a small group of worshippers, except on the principal holidays. Walking along the streets in the evening one may catch a glimpse of a family group having their *tertulia*, or reception, in the patio or central court of their house; or, in the afternoon, see

here and there on a shady balcony a couple of dark-eyed damsels not averse to fan-and-eye flirtations at a safe distance, when the duenna is out of sight.

But these are only scattered cases, and if one wishes to see a multitude of women together in a Spanish city, the only place where one can feel certain of finding them is in the alameda, or public promenade, generally framed in with fine trees and adorned with semi-tropical flowers, which every city, town, and village possesses. Busy and cosmopolitan Madrid alone (perhaps I should add Barcelona) affords an opportunity to review

its women in the streets, namely, in the Puerta del Sol, the principal square of the city, into which half a dozen streets from every point of the compass converge, and which therefore receives from the different quarters of the city constant streams of all classes of the population, from the aristocratic young lady out shopping with her mamma or chaperon, to the factory-girl, or the peasant-woman on a visit to the capital. Among the most interesting types to be seen here are the *manolitas*, who correspond to the Parisian grisette, though they are infinitely more graceful and pretty.

True, it is said that the *manolitas* have passed away, but it is only their picturesque costumes which have disappeared; the girls themselves are there, as fresh and lively, and plump and saucy, and black-eyed as ever.

But to see the women of the well-to-do classes (with a good sprinkling of the others), the best place in Madrid,



From "At the Ball," by Madrazo.



From "A Spanish Marriage," by Fortuny.

as elsewhere, is the public promenade, or the Prado. Every afternoon, when the sun approaches the horizon and the air becomes cooler, they come out in swarms from their shuttered houses and form in procession in the alameda, which



From "In a Corner of the Garden," by Casanova.

soon becomes as crowded as upper Fifth Avenue on Sunday afternoon. The stranger may join the procession, or for a penny occupy one of the thousands of seats which line the promenade, and observe the crowd at ease. Occasionally a carriage of aristocratic appearance passes by, holding among its occupants a striking beauty; but, as a rule, it is not among the degenerate nobility, but in the more democratic pedestrian throng, that the finest gems are to be found. The first thing that strikes a foreigner is that, except in the case of some family groups, the sexes are separated, the women and girls walking apart from the men, in couples or groups. This seems the stranger in view of the fact that this daily promenade is indulged in by Spanish society less from the hygienic motive of getting exercise and fresh air than as a sort of public reunion or reception—an open-air *salon*. But though the ladies do not walk or talk with the men, they know that they are the observed of all observers, and that none of their beauty is wasted on the desert air. Nor are they afraid to look at the men in return—for Spanish girls have none of the bashful timidity and coy hesitation which distinguish French and German, and most English girls. Rather do they resemble American girls in their frank natural gaze and uncon-

strained bearing; a trait which has the same cause in both countries—the polite and chivalrous treatment of the women by the men. American women, on first arriving in Spain, may feel inclined to doubt this, because the men stare at them so unblushingly on the street and in public vehicles. But it must be remembered that in Spain it is not considered rude to stare at a woman. On the contrary, it is taken by the women as a compliment, and a just tribute to their beauty. And, within limits, there is something to be said for this view. The Spanish women, half a century ago, appeared even in their promenades in low dress, and Théophile Gautier wrote that at first he had some difficulty in accustoming himself to "seeing women, *décolletées* as at a ball, with bare arms, satin shoes on their feet, flowers in the hair, and a fan in hand, promenading without an escort in a public place." If we may believe Augustus Hare, the Sevillanas appeared in low dress in the alameda as late as twenty years ago; but to-day these shapely arms and gracefully curved neck and shoulders are no longer to be seen out-doors, and the mortality from pneumonia has doubtless decreased considerably among the women since the fashion changed.



From "The Spanish Maiden," by Sonn.



A Peasant Girl of Maragata.

With few exceptions the Madrileñas are neatly and tastefully dressed, so far as this is possible with the Parisian dresses which have almost entirely taken the place of the picturesque national costumes, except among the peasants. Unless a reaction sets in it will soon be difficult to distinguish a Spanish from a French lady by her dress. But it seemed to me as if a reaction had already set in at Madrid. I had read in several books that French hats and bonnets were worn by most of the Madrileñas, and that the mantilla was rapidly disappearing; but I found that, although the fashionable women in the carriages all wore hats, of those in the promenade the majority wore mantillas, while about ten in a hundred went bare-headed.

How any one can frequent the Prado of Madrid and say that feminine beauty is rare in that city, as some have done, is to me a mystery which can only be solved by supposing that in the eyes

of those who passed this judgment the ideal of feminine beauty is a tall, stately blonde. With such an ideal a man must necessarily be disappointed in Madrid, where tall blondes are as rare as brunettes are in Sweden. The women of Madrid are in most cases petite or medium-sized brunettes, and those that specially attract the attention have plump, symmetrical figures, full busts, small hands and feet, and a complexion sometimes dark, sometimes as light as a blonde's; but blue or gray eyes and golden hair are far to seek. True, Théophile Gautier remarks, in his chapter on Madrid, that "you cannot walk down the Prado twice without meeting seven or eight blondes of all shades, to glaring red—*au roux barbe de Charles Quint*. It is a mistake to suppose that there are no blondes in Spain. Blue eyes abound there, but they are not so much admired as black eyes." This was fifty years ago, and the fact that I saw very few blue eyes and blondes in Ma-



From Murillo's "Immaculate Conception," in the Louvre.

drid seemed to me a striking confirmation of the theory which I have endeavored to establish in my work on "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty," that in every country the blondes have diminished and the brunettes gained in numbers during the last few generations. The circumstance noted by Gautier, that blue eyes are less prized in Spain than black eyes, helps to explain this.

To gain further light on this subject, I spent several hours in the magnificent galleries of Madrid, Seville, etc., studying the heads of female portraits and fancy paintings. In the canvases of Velasquez the hair, like the eyes, is generally dark, but in the portraits of royal personages occasionally light, and

even flaxen, which may be accounted for, however, by the fact that female royalty is very apt to be an imported article. Female portraits are remarkably rare in Spanish galleries, owing, perhaps, to the jealousy of husbands, and one has to content himself, therefore, with Madonnas and other fancy types. An examination of the Murillos might lead to the inference that two or three centuries ago blondes were the typical women of Spain, for the hair of his Madonnas (as of his angels) is generally yellowish, or brown with a yellowish streak, and rarely black; although the Jewish nationality of the Virgin suggests a special reason why realistic art should have given her raven locks. But this inference would go too far, inas-

much as there are other ways of accounting for Murillo's predilection for golden hair. It was one of the rules of his predecessor, Pacheco, that the Virgin should have light hair, and perhaps Murillo found the golden hue more fascinating to paint. Moreover, it is possible that the Italian fashion, which in those days favored blond hair, may have extended to Spain, and influenced Murillo. The Madrid gallery is full of master-works by Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese, Guido Reni, and other Italians, in all of which the hair of the women is blond, although their eyes are black, while the men have black hair as well as eyes. Now we all know how extremely rare is the combination of black eyes with yellow hair. Black-haired women very often have the eyes of blondes—gray, violet, or blue—but black-eyed women are almost always brunette in hair and complexion too. Hence we may suspect that the Italian women of that period dyed their hair; a suspicion which is confirmed by historic information. Taking all these facts into consideration, we can see that Murillo's Madonnas do not throw any light on the relative number of blondes and brunettes in his day. But they are interesting in a hundred other ways. Though a realist in his sketches of contemporary life, Murillo was not a realist in the historic sense, and there is no more of the typical Jewish nose in his Virgins than of the Jewish hair, and of the Oriental eye only so much as has found its way into that most glorious product of nature's workmanship, the Andalusian eye. These Madonnas are simply faithful portraits of young Andalusian girls of his time, and it is astonishing to see how little the type has changed in almost three centuries, for to-day you can see these self-same girls walking about in Seville and other Andalusian cities, and even as far east as Murcia. Spain has lost the finest of the Murillos, and the hundred and twenty thousand dollars of French money she received in return seems but a poor compensation for it. The Immaculate Conception in the Louvre is the most perfect Madonna ever put on canvas, not only on account of the general arrangement of the picture and the marvellous beauty of the

features, but because of the natural, unaffected expression, so different from the simpering, pathologic facial contortions of many Italian Madonnas, which seem like portraits of hysterical nuns.

Although Murillo makes no special concessions to the Semitic type in his Virgins, a trained eye can find plentiful evidence that there are some drops of Jewish blood in the international compound of Spanish beauty. This is more obvious in some cities than in others, and especially so in Toledo, which harbored a large number of Israelites before the time of their expulsion from Spain. As a German writer with a French name, G. von Beaulieu, remarks: "To-day we still find, in the narrow faces, the dark, almond-shaped eyes, and the clear-cut, almost contiguous eyebrows, traces of Arabic and Semitic blood." Few of the Jews, however, have ever returned from their exile, and to find their descendants one has to go to Morocco, where Jewesses may be seen of such rare beauty that one cannot but congratulate the Spanish women of to-day that some drops of Semitic blood were contributed to their veins by the ancestors of these African Jews, who still preserve the Spanish language and Spanish usages.

Cordova generally follows Toledo on the tourist's programme, and here he enters Andalusia, that wonderfully interesting province which includes five cities so widely known yet so diverse as Cordova, Seville, Cadiz, Malaga, and Granada, and famed more than any other part of Spain for the grace, beauty, and vivacity of its women. When I said, in a preceding page, that the alameda, in the evening, was the only place where one could get a good view of the women of Spain, I should have added, excepting on holidays or fairs. On these occasions the peasants and other *payesas*, or country-folks, flock into the cities by the thousand, and mingle with the burghers in the streets at all hours till long after midnight. I happened to be in Cordova on a holiday, but among the numbers that crowded the streets and the brilliantly illuminated alameda in the evening I saw far fewer beauties than in similar crowds at Madrid. The average face had features less regular, an expression

less bright and quick, than in the capital. Evidently I had not yet reached the head-quarters of Andalusian beauty, and the city which, "during the darkest periods of European barbarism, was the Athens of the West, the seat of arts and science," had obviously degenerated. Still, there were many faces and figures that arrested the admiring attention; but I was disgusted to notice the encroachments of the French hat on the mantilla. The women in the two- and four-horse carriages of course wore hats, and of those in the promenade a much larger proportion than in Madrid; so that, if there really was a reaction against French hats at the capital, as I fancied, it had not yet reached Cordova, nor—as I discovered later—the other cities of Andalusia. Now, if there is one æsthetic opinion that I would defend with my last drop of ink, it is that the Spanish mantilla is infinitely more becoming to all women, and especially to brunettes, than the French hat or bonnet. Nor have I ever met a man who did not cordially agree with me on this subject. I have spoken with Spaniards of all classes, who regretted the disappearance of the mantilla; and of all the English, French, Italian, and German books on Spain that I have read, there is not one which does not go into raptures over the effects of the mantilla, and lament its displacement by the hideous, unbecoming Parisian hats.

There is little space for quotation in a magazine article, but I cannot refrain from citing two or three corroborative sentences. Mr. J. S. Campion, in his "On Foot in Spain," speaks of the mantilla as "a fashion giving even to the plainest a certain air of refinement;" and of the bonnet-wearing belles at Saragossa he says that "their appearance is not, as they fondly fancy, improved by their Paris coiffure—quite the contrary. Among the elegant head-dresses of lace veils and mantillas, the bonnets, though as pretty ones as the centre of French taste ever sent forth, look flaunting, vulgar, almost barbarous." But as French testimony against French fashions is no doubt more valuable than that of an Englishman, let us hear what two competent French judges have to say. M. Germond de Lavigne,

who wrote the valuable Hachette guide to Spain, and who is a member of the Académie Espagnole, exclaims: "As for the mantilla, may it please heaven to make its reign eternal, and that it may come out victorious in this war of bad taste and *ridicule audace* which is waged against it by French fashion, and the hat trimmed with ribbons and feathers." And how Théophile Gautier's artistic sensibilities were wounded by being pursued, even in Spain, by the products of Parisian "civilization," which, like Rousseau, he detested with all his soul, is indicated by several passages in his book. "The Spanish coiffure," he exclaims in one place, "is the most charming that could be imagined. With a mantilla a woman must be ugly as the three *vertus théologiques* not to seem pretty." And when he arrived at Gibraltar, after tarrying in Andalusia for several months, he broke out into the following tirade: "For a long time I had not seen on the heads of women these horrible *galettes*, these odious paste-board caps, covered over with a piece of cloth, which go by the name of hat, and within which the beautiful sex shroud themselves in these so-called 'civilized' countries. I cannot describe the disagreeable sensation I felt at sight of the first Englishwoman I met, a hat with a green veil on her head, marching along like a grenadier, on her large feet shod in big boots. Not that she was ugly—on the contrary; but I had become accustomed to the purity of race, the delicacy of the Arab horse, the exquisite grace of gait, the Andalusian delicacy and grace, and this rectangular figure, with its *regard étamé*, lifeless physiognomy, angular gestures, with her prim and precise bearing, her flavor of cant, and the absence of all naturalness, produced on me a comically disagreeable impression."

The essence of Andalusian feminine charms could not be better described, positively and negatively, than in this sentence. Heaven knows, the stiff, clumsy hat looks ungraceful enough on the head of our women, who are used to be thus caged; but on the dark Andalusian head, hitherto entirely free, or but lightly covered by a silk veil, it seems like a saddle or harness thrown

over a wild colt of the pampas. Fortunately, there are still some national festive occasions when all Spanish women wear the mantilla, so that there is hope that the opportunity for comparison may aid the survival of the fittest head-dress. In Spanish cathedrals, too, none but foreigners ever wear a hat, and at the bull-fights the audience does not allow anything but mantillas—a custom which almost reconciles one to this barbarous sport; and which makes one wish that our audiences would follow the example. Why should not American women wear mantillas at the theatre, and thus end the reign of the odious and impertinent big hat? The peculiar value of the mantilla lies in this, that it can be adapted to the style of each individual face, like the hair itself; indeed, it may be looked upon as an addition to the hair; and everyone knows how much a fine crop of hair adds to a woman's beauty and apparent youth.

Even if the Parisian hats did not detract so much from the beauty of the women of Cordova, it would be hardly worth while to spend much time in studying the Andalusian type of beauty in this city, whose million inhabitants (in the days of Mohammedan rule) have dwindled down to 48,000, when Seville, with its 135,000 typical Andalusians, is only five hours distant by rail. Oddly enough, in Seville, so renowned for the charms of its *majas*, *cigareteras*, and other classes of girls, a tourist unacquainted with the habits of Spanish women might walk about for days and only see a few hundred. For Seville is the warmest city in Spain, and more than elsewhere the women love the cool seclusion of their rooms, where they can lounge in *deshabille*, gossip, read, sing, and eat sweetmeats at their ease. Moreover, they have a slice of nature with the blue sky and plenty of fresh air right in the centre of their houses, in their patios adorned with flowers, statuary, and fountains, so that they do not feel tempted to go out except for the social five-o'clock promenade in the *alameda*. A glance at this promenade suffices to show that no reaction in favor of the mantilla has yet reached Seville. Still there are not a few who cling to that becoming garment, and it is they who chiefly attract

the admiring gaze of strangers—to which, by the way, they are by no means indifferent. Indeed it is amusing to observe how quick Spanish girls are in noticing that they are observed. The eyes of these Andalusians, in which Oriental sensuousness is blended with European refinement, are the chief glory of Spain, and fortunately as abundant as blackberries in Oregon. Even young men and boys here often have eyes that would be the pride and the fortune of belles in other countries, and Murillo surely did not have to seek five minutes for the models of his lovely beggar-boys. Blue eyes, southern skies and oceans, and northern glacier centres, are deep and fascinating, but not so mysterious and unfathomable as these dark eyes behind the long, black-fringed curtain of their amorous lashes. No wonder the Spaniards care naught for blue eyes, though they have the advantage of rarity and novelty; for no blue eye can ever rival the color of the Spanish sky or the Mediterranean, but what is there in nature to match the black eyes of Seville? Hazel, horse-chestnut, ebony, even the lustrous coal-black stem of maidenhair fern—how dull and lifeless they all seem in comparison! One may tire of the eternal blue sky and the unshaded ocean, and long for a few clouds; but never of the Andalusian eyes; they are never monotonous; they have their passing clouds, their storms, and heavenly frowns. Gautier, indeed, seems to object that they are not sufficiently discriminating; that they smile on all and everything alike: "An Andalusian girl will fix her passionate eyes on a passing cart, a dog that runs round after its tail, children who play bull-fight. The eyes of northern people are dull and empty by the side of these; the sun has never left its reflection in them." But I am convinced that when this girl turns her eyes on her favored *caballero*, they are still more passionate and intense, and that this explains all the incredible stories of Spanish jealousy and dagger episodes.

Every nation seems to have a special æsthetic mission. England stands in the front line in literary and poetic development. Italy has achieved the highest in painting, and Germany in music. The mission of Spain has been to evolve

the most perfect type of personal beauty and grace, the petite brunette, and to transmit to Europe what is best in Oriental and African physiognomy, especially the large black eyes and the long dark lashes, and arched black brows, without which no eyes, whatever their color, can be perfect. But the eyes are by no means the only features in which Andalusian brunettes are pre-eminent. In symmetry of figure they have no rivals in Spain or out of Spain. The complexion, though sometimes too dark and swarthy, is in most cases remarkably free from blemish, and the dark hair is luxuriant, long, and always neatly done up. In the market-place of Seville you will wonder at the long rows of flower-stands, mostly with red pinks and roses, the favorite Spanish flowers. Most of the girls wear one of these flowers in the hair; and a red pink or rose in the dark tresses of an Andalusian maiden is more beautiful than a cluster of rubies or diamonds. This simple device enhances the beauty of a girl more than the artifices of a dozen French milliners, and I have often wondered why the women of other countries so rarely follow this example. But it is with the art of personal adornment as with all other arts—simplicity of style is the test of perfection, and the most difficult to acquire.

The part of the Andalusian face which is least apt to be perfect is the nose, which often has a pronounced convex curvature of the bridge, so that in this feature the average Sevillana is inferior to the Madrileña and Valenciana. This, however, is only one type of the Sevillana; others have straight noses, while snub noses appear to be rare here as in other parts of Spain. It is true of Europe, that the lower part of the face is less apt to be good than the upper. Among the lower classes in Andalusia the chin is very apt to be fat and clumsy and the mouth large and vulgar, this being the unfavorable aspect of the æsthetic bequest from Africa. In the upper classes the mouth is smaller and more refined, and the lips less African. Their teeth, irreproachable as their eyes and hair, are as dainty as a mouse's, their foreheads more apt to be too low

than too high; but the forehead is of secondary importance in the estimation of personal beauty, because its shortcoming can be so easily remedied by the arrangement of the hair and mantilla.

As regards her stature and mould, the Andalusian girl is almost invariably a petite brunette, and although not all are plump, and many are too stout, the majority have exquisitely symmetrical tapering limbs, well-developed busts (flat-chested women are almost unknown in Spain), and the most dainty and refined hands and feet. Regarding these feet Gautier makes the most astounding assertion, that "without any poetic exaggeration it would be easy here in Seville to find women whose feet an infant might hold in its hands. A French girl of seven or eight could not wear the shoes of an Andalusian of twenty." I am glad to attest that, if the feet of Sevillian women really were so monstrously small fifty years ago, they are so no longer. It is discouraging to see a man like Gautier fall into the vulgar error of fancying that, because a small foot is a thing of beauty, therefore the smaller the foot the more beautiful it must be. Beauty of feet, hands, and waists is a matter of proportion, not of absolute size, and too small feet, hands, and waists are not beautiful, but ugly. We might as well argue that since a man's foot ought to be larger than a woman's, therefore the larger his foot the more he has of manly beauty. If Andalusian women really had feet so small that a baby might hold them in its hands, they would not be able to walk at all, or, at least, not gracefully. But it is precisely their graceful gait and carriage for which they are most famed and admired. All Spanish women are graceful as compared with the women of other nations, but among them all the Andalusians are pre-eminent in the poetry of motion, and this is probably the reason that, although regular facial beauty is perhaps commoner in Madrid than in Seville, I found that you cannot pay a greater compliment to a girl in northern Spain than by asking her if she is an Andalusian. It would be useless to seek among land-animals for a gait comparable to that of



A Peasant Girl of Tarragona.

the women of Seville, Cadiz, Malaga, and Granada; and when you compare it to the motion of a swan on the water, a fish in the water, a bird in the air, it is the birds and the fishes that must feel complimented. There is an easy, elastic movement of the neck, trunk, and limbs, with no more sense of conscious effort than in the drooping branches of a weeping-willow swaying

about in the wind. In these two things, the avoidance of angularity and jerkiness, and the absence of conscious pose and effort, lies the essence of grace, and it is noteworthy that all classes in Spain have their share of it, even the peasants. Lest I be accused of exaggeration, let me cite the testimony of Mr. Campion, who, in speaking of a peasants' dance at Saragossa, says: "Vales, polkas, ma-

zurkas, were danced with an agility, grace, and precision far superior to anything of the kind I have seen in France. Indeed, the worst dancing of these common peasants was better than the best English ball-room performances."



From "A Spanish Marriage," by Fortuny.

One of the sights of Seville which no tourist misses is the cigar factory, in which the Government employs about five thousand women and girls. The showing about of visitors is accordingly looked upon as a regular source of income by the porter and the matrons. After getting permission to enter, you are placed in charge of a matron

who shows you through her own department, and then passes you on to another, and so on, until your stock of pesetas and half-pesetas put aside for fees is exhausted. These matrons accompany the visitors, not in order to prevent the girls from flirting with them (nothing could do that), but to see that no tobacco or bundles of cigarettes may disappear. Before entering each room a bell is rung to warn the girls, who are in great *deshabillé* on account of the heat, to put on their wrappers, and as the door opens scores of round arms and pretty shoulders are seen disappearing, while several hundred pairs of coal-black eyes are fastened on you. The passages are lined with cradles, and the poor young girl-mothers to whom they belong implore us with eyes and hands for a penny for the Murillos of the future lying in them. These girls are more frank than subtle in their flirtations. There is not one in the crowd who will not be immediately conscious of a man's gaze fixed on her, nor will she be the first to turn her eyes away. Some will wink, and even throw a kiss from a distant corner at the rich Ingleses (all foreigners are supposed to be wealthy Englishmen). They are a merry lot, on the whole,

these poor girls, the cleverest of whom make only two pesetas, or forty cents a day, for which they have to toil twelve or fourteen hours in a tobacco-reeking atmosphere. Not that they object to the tobacco at all. They are allowed to smoke if they wish, and many make use of this privilege. They are remarkably deft at rolling the cigarettes, but not all seem eager to make as many as possible; for some are idling, and others are asleep; but no one cares, as each is paid according to the number she rolls.

Cadiz, like Seville, has a cigar factory, which harbors about two thousand women. But as it is not mentioned in the guide-books as one of the "sights," it is rarely visited, and the porter and matrons have not yet taken to exploiting tourists. The lot of these girls is happier than that of the Sevillian *Carmens*, for their factory is built right by the bay, so that they have a fresh sea-breeze all day long through the open windows. Possibly the superior hygienic conditions of Cadiz are responsible for the fact that the average of beauty seemed higher here, and there were certainly fewer of those hideous old crones and vulgar-mouthed young women who lowered the average in the Seville factory. Among the most striking beauties was one of the matrons, over forty years of age—a proof that not all Spanish working women lose their charms with the first bloom of youth.

The Malagueñas, like the Gaditanas, seemed to me somewhat less petite and coquettish than the Sevillanas, and to approach in regularity of physiognomy somewhat nearer to the Madrileñas, though with a few more drops of African blood in their veins. Here I found myself thoroughly of a mind with Gautier when he wrote that he saw "admirable heads, superb types of which the painters of the Spanish school have not sufficiently availed themselves, and which would yield to a talented artist a series of valuable and entirely new studies." I may add in this connection that it is extraordinarily difficult in Spain to get satisfactory typical portraits or photographs of the abundant beauties. Even in Laurent's famous photographs, which are otherwise so good, attention appears to have been rarely paid to the faces,

the costumes alone being considered. In these respects Italian women have been much more fortunate.

Owing to its world-wide commercial relations, and its fame as a winter resort, Malaga has a large foreign population, many of whom have intermarried with natives. One evening I was sitting on a bench in the alameda, wondering whether these foreigners exerted any perceptible influence on the manners and customs of the Spaniards, when an incident occurred which seemed to answer the question in the affirmative. Two young ladies, evidently of good family and breeding, were walking along, when an officer met them, bowed politely, faced about, and joined them. His officious gallantry toward both indicated that he was not a relative, and for a mere acquaintance or friend to join ladies in the alameda is entirely contrary to Spanish etiquette. The next day my suspicions regarding foreign influences were confirmed by the story of an American merchant whom I met at a club. He said he had lived in Malaga more than twenty years, and had married a Spanish girl. Spanish methods of courtship, however, did not meet his approval, and so he made up his mind to do his love-making in his own fashion. Accordingly he intimated to the parents, whom he knew to be favorably disposed toward him, that he had no desire to spend his evenings "eating iron," but wished to woo the maiden in the American style. The parents, who had travelled and seen the New World, agreed to his request, and allowed him to meet their daughter in the parlor, unchaperoned. Tourists who get their information out of old books will tell you that the Spanish lover courts his girl by planting himself under her window and serenading her with voice and guitar or mandolin. This was true a century ago; but even in Washington Irving's day it was a rare sight, as he tells us, and to-day you would have to go to regions very remote from railways to see it. And it seems as if even the Orientalish custom of "eating the iron," with its insulting insinuations against masculine honor and feminine discretion, were fast becoming obsolete; for although I spent many hours in the evening walking about the streets in

search of such scenes, I came across only one. It was at Cordova, and the young lady was sitting on a chair in her iron cage, engaged in languorous conversation with her adorer outside.

The opinion prevails that Spanish girls are as restricted in their opportunities for meeting young men, and as little considered in the choice of a husband, as French girls; but this belief is utterly erroneous. In Spain, it is true, young girls of the "best" families are not allowed to go across the street without a chaperon, nor do they walk with the men in the alameda; but in other respects they have almost as many opportunities to meet the men as German and English girls. Instead of being deliberately secluded from the masculine eyes, as in France, they are placed on daily exhibition, as it were, in the alameda. In the evening a young man, if a relative, or if he has been once invited by a family, may meet all its members at the *tertulia*, or reception in the patio, and while the elders discourse politics or play cards, the young folks talk and flirt and sing and dance *ad libitum*. Should he be a total stranger he may even thus seek to win her favor by "eating the iron." He has perhaps repeatedly seen her on the alameda, and her



From a painting by Worms.

eyes may have told him that she certainly does not abhor him. So he follows at a respectful distance, notes where she lives, and in the evening seeks a stolen interview at the barred window. If he finds her agreeable he calls again, and after he has been there half a dozen

times he becomes known as a *novio*, which is something half-way between an admirer and an accepted lover. A girl may have as many *novios* as she chooses to encourage, and if one of them tires of her he simply stays away, and no harm is done nor breach-of-promise suit instituted. There is no formal and public engagement, as in some European countries, but after the young man has come to an understanding with the parents he is permitted to see her inside of the iron bars. The Spaniards are a conservative nation, and their iron bars have been exported to their American colonies, where the young lovers likewise are compelled to "play the bear" before them before being admitted into the house. But ultimately these bars will rust away, and the *tertulia* become more and more accessible as a preamble to courtship. The modern Spanish novelists are gradually enlightening their countrymen regarding the march of civilization and the manners and customs of other countries, and in due time, without doubt, the American method of courtship will come into vogue in Spain, as it is now gradually gaining ground in England and Germany.

At Granada I was struck by seeing a larger number of blue and gray eyes than in other Andalusian cities, though this may have been accidental; for, on the other hand, it seemed as if there were an extra drop of African blood in the veins, darkening the complexion and intensifying the mysterious lustre of the large black eyes. History repeats itself in Granada, for, just as this city was the last stronghold of the Moors, four centuries ago, so to-day it has become the head-quarters of another vanishing race, the Spanish gypsies, whose number is now estimated at forty thousand. It is probable that, as the best authority on the subject, George Borrow, suggests, there is a sprinkling of gypsy blood in Andalusian veins; and if he is right in holding that "the race of the Romany is perhaps the most beautiful in the world," it would be an unpardonable oversight to omit reference to the *Gitanas* in an essay on Spanish women. The Granadan gypsies dwell, like animals, in caves dug into the hill-side

opposite the Alhambra. It is a "street" where all are beggars, and the visitor soon finds himself surrounded by a mob of men, women, and children, all howling for coppers, and crowding him impudently with uplifted palms. Their clothes are filthy rags, and the first man who accosted me had on nothing but a pair of trousers. The young women are plump, petite, and cast in symmetrical moulds, and if they wore the mantilla (which they never do) it would be difficult in some cases to distinguish them from Andalusians. Those that I saw agreed with the generalization in which Borrow summed up his wide experience, that "their forms, their features, the expression of their countenances are ever wild and sibylline, frequently beautiful, but never vulgar;" for even the ugliest had characteristic lines and gestures which made them interesting. One girl of sixteen, noticing that I was studying her face with an admiring glance, immediately saw her opportunity, and based her claims for a copper on the fact that she was so pretty. She had regular features, but her nose and lips were a trifle too thick. Her eyeball, mirroring a smile in its dark-brown iris, was beautiful, but the upper lid was somewhat irregularly shaped, and neither the brows nor the lashes so long and graceful as the Andalusian. Yet she was the prettiest of the group, with the exception of one sitting in front of a cave and having her hair done up by her mother. This one was of striking beauty, but the majority were plain, and the oldest ones positively hideous. I had a notion that all gypsies were black-eyed, but several of those in the Albaicin had gray eyes. They are of medium size, and have none of the Oriental features of the Andalusian eye, and the expression, too, is utterly different. Of the generality of gypsy eyes I should say that their chief peculiarity was the absence of a definite expression, possibly owing to an imperfect mobility of the upper lid, or to the fact that the pupil seems not clearly defined, causing a vacant gaze like that of a cat, which never seems to look directly at you but to squint, as it were. Borrow describes it as a "strange staring expression, which to be understood

must be seen, and a thin glaze, which steals over it when in repose, and seems to emit phosphoric light."

Catalonia, the last Spanish province before reaching French soil, is already half-French in the aspect of the cities as well as the inhabitants. The Catalonians are a solemn, industrial people, with little of the animation and artistic impulses of the Andalusians. In regard to the beauty of the women the doctors once more disagree; for while one pronounces them "superbly beautiful," another denies them both the classic beauty of the Valencian profile and the poetic grace of the Andalusian. The truth, as usual, lies midway, and may be most pregnantly expressed by saying that if you come to Barcelona directly from France you will find the women more beautiful than you will if you come *via* Granada and Valencia. Contrast and comparison have much to do with our general estimate of beauty; and when I left Spain, and spent a few days in Marseilles and Geneva, I could not see any beauty or grace at all in French and Swiss women, though under other circumstances I would, perhaps, have been less fastidious. Yet, although I came to Catalonia direct from Valencia, I noted many striking beauties, not only in Barcelona but also in the country districts, especially during an excursion to Montserrat. Among the pilgrims to that elevated shrine were some of the handsomest and loveliest country-girls it had ever been my good luck to see; girls with sparkling black eyes, rosy cheeks, regular noses and mouths, and superb figures — the very embodiment of exuberant health.

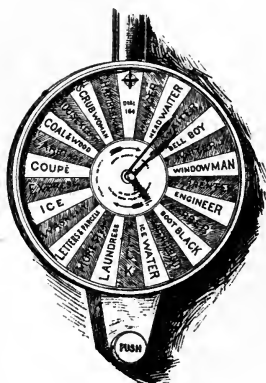
What was, perhaps, most noticeable in these country-girls was their clear soft skin and delicate complexion. Yet these were by no means exceptional, for I had found that almost all Spanish women, except those who still persist in the nasty and suicidal use of paint and powder, had charming complexions. Nowhere in the world is there so much sunshine and so little shade as in tree-

less Spain, where you will constantly see crowds of country-women standing in the broiling sun without any head-dress, fan, or parasol to shade them; yet in no country will you find the women so free from freckles and other skin blemishes. This affords most convincing proof of the theory, which I have elsewhere advocated, that the sun is not the cause of freckles, but is in reality a beautifier of the skin, which needs it as much for its healthy action and proper coloring as does a plant. And lest it be supposed that my faculties of observation were obscured by a preconceived theory, let me quote the remarks of Mr. Campion, who on his foot-tour through Spain had the best of opportunities for observation, and who had no theory: "The personal appearance of the females of the peasantry is a daily source of astonishment to me. They are continually exposed to the weather, wear nothing to protect their faces, their head-dress is but a parti-colored kerchief, bound round their back hair; yet the majority of them have really beautiful complexions, not swarthy, not rough, but fair and quite delicate, with a rosy tinge and very smooth skin."

The Spanish complexion, in a word, is almost as sure to be fine as are Spanish eyes and teeth and hair. If I were asked to state in one sentence wherein lies the chief advantage of Spanish women over those of other countries, and to what they chiefly owe their fame for beauty, I should say that if a Spanish girl has round cheeks, and a medium-sized, delicately cut nose and mouth, she is almost certain to be a complete beauty; whereas, if an American or English girl has a good nose, mouth, and cheeks, the chances are still against her having a beautiful complexion and fine eyes, hair, and teeth, which Spanish girls are always endowed with, as a matter of course. But over and above everything else, it is the unique grace and the exquisite femininity, unalloyed by any trace of masculine assumption or caricature, that constitute the eternal charm of Spanish women.

ELECTRICITY IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

By *A. E. Kennelly.*



An Electrical Call.

IT would be strange, indeed, if so readily controlled an agent as electricity, an Ariel before whom time and space seem to vanish, did not cross the threshold of our homes and enter into our household life. We find, in fact, that the adoption of electrical household appliances is daily becoming more widespread, here adding a utility, and there an ornament, until in the near future we may anticipate a period when its presence in the homestead will be indispensable.

The first application of electricity to household purposes was presented by the electric bell, early in the century, and annunciators of various kinds soon followed. For many years this was the only convenience it afforded, but the discoveries of the telephone, the electric light, and the electric transmission of power within the last thirteen years, have given it a tremendous impetus whose ultimate consequences are not yet within view. Even if, as seems unlikely, these brilliant achievements are destined to stand alone, not succeeded by further discoveries, many years must elapse before their full use shall have been reached; just as in the case of the

pianoforte, which took more than a hundred years from its first invention to become the common guest we find it in the household of to-day.

In the electric bell, the pressure of the finger on a button brings two strips of metal into contact and completes a circuit, forming as it were an electrical endless chain from the battery through the wires, bell, and annunciator. The whole circuit instantly gives passage to a current of electricity, and in consequence becomes endowed with magnetic properties throughout. By means of an accumulation of wire, as a coil round a horseshoe bar of iron, the magnetism is locally intensified to an extent necessary for the attraction of the iron hammer bar, and by a simple automatic device the blow on the bell is reduplicated. A similar electro-magnet in the annunciator releases by its pull a shutter, indicating the room whence the call has come. No system can be imagined more simple, and in spite of many an overtaken battery or dust-invaded indicator, it everywhere holds its own. To put mechanical pull-bells into a modern dwelling, is an anachronism.

The same principle is the basis of every annunciator system, with such modifications as improvement in the particular direction of the design may have suggested. Even those complex-looking annunciators to be met with in large hotels, which by means of a dial in every chamber enable its inmate to call for almost any common requirement, from a newspaper to a complicated beverage, differ from the general plan only in their power to signify a particular summons by the aid of a definite number of successive contacts and corresponding electro-mechanical impulses. A good example is afforded by the burglar alarm apparatus. Every door and window through which entrance could be forced is fitted with a simple clip, adjusted to make, on the least opening, a metallic contact which sets an alarm

bell in operation, and at the same time indicates the room where the invasion is being made. By means of a small key, or "switch," the battery is cut off during the day. Such a system adds greatly to the security of a household, and only needs occasional regular supervision, since all the contacts are necessarily somewhat exposed to dust and moisture. A trial once a week is a matter of a few minutes only, and is amply repaid by the greater sense of security it gives. It has been said that a burglar would soon ascertain whether a house were so guarded, and that before opening a window he could, by removing a pane, find means to cut the electrical wire connection at the sash. This objection is, however, invalid, for the system can be easily arranged to give the alarm equally well for any disconnection so made.

Another most useful system, on the same plan, controls the automatic regulation of temperature. How much discomfort and indisposition would be saved in many a household if the temperature were constantly maintained in every apartment at the desired point, both in summer and winter, independent of irregularities of the season! So far as concerns our winters this is quite within practicable limits, while in summer the temperature can always be moderated, if not actually kept uniform, by utilizing the controlling power of electricity. Thus in winter time, whether a house be warmed by water, hot air, or steam, it is only necessary to place in each room an automatic thermometer which makes a contact as soon as the temperature reaches the desired point, and to arrange that the contact so made shall electro-magnetically cut off the supply of heat from that chamber. The subsequent cooling of the room below the limiting temperature causes the thermometer to break the circuit and readmit the heat, and it is only necessary to keep an abundant supply in reserve in order to obtain a practically equable temperature. Such a thermometer, generally called a thermostat, is made by riveting side by side two strips of different materials—generally brass and rubber—which expand differently at the same degree of heat. The compos-

ite strip so formed is warped by changes of temperature which unequally affect the lengths of the components; and being free at one extremity while firmly fixed at the other, the effect of this warping is magnified into an appreciable range of movement at the free end. This enables a contact to be made at any point within that range, while a screw adjustment and dial arrange for the contact to take place at any temperature within desirable limits. The parlor thermostat can therefore be set at 70° while that in the hall is fixed for 60°. It is generally claimed by those who have adopted the system that a decided saving in fuel is effected, in addition to the comfort gained through the absolute prevention of overheating in any part of the house. The thermostats are so sensitive as to respond to the change of a single degree in temperature. The maintenance of the equilibrium, then, depends on the supply of heat and the facility for its distribution through each room when once admitted.

In the same way, during the summer months, this thermostat can, by an additional contact, control the supply of fresh or, if possible, ice-cooled air, so as to maintain a pleasant temperature within doors. Such a system has for two years been in successful operation at a large country house near Greenwich, Conn. In winter-time it is warmed by fresh air drawn in through an underground pipe, and heated by passing through a reservoir in which a long steam-pipe circulates. Thence it is fanned into the different rooms through dampers, each controlled electro-magnetically by a separate thermostat. In summer the water-supply of the house, as it comes from deep wells, takes the place of the steam in the circulating pipe of the reservoir, and so cools the incoming air; the same thermostats adjusting the distribution. In this way the temperature is maintained throughout the house at 70° in winter, and does not exceed 75° in summer; while the ventilation is controlled by the same apparatus.

The fire-alarm system depends upon a similar thermostat set for higher temperatures, usually from 120° to 160°. The contact in this case rings an alarm

bell and indicates the room where there is danger. It is hardly possible to over-estimate the utility of a well-arranged fire - alarm household - system, which makes it possible to extinguish a fire in its beginning. Statistics certainly show a marked decrease, by the use of electrical fire-alarm systems, upon the number of serious fires in towns; but the conflagrations that have been saved by the timely local warning of domestic apparatus, report can never tell.

In some town-houses fire is not the only rebellious element over which constant watch has to be maintained, water overflow from tanks and bursting pipes being almost as much to be dreaded. The *Journal of the Franklin Institute* called attention, six months since, to an electrical device which is set in operation by a float, the contact so established cutting off the water-supply or indicating the danger as soon as a definite level is reached. An electric door-opener has also been lately designed by which visitors can be admitted without delay. The closing of the door compresses a powerful spiral spring, which is then held in check by a lever until the latter is released by an electro-magnetic impulse. The spring forces open the door, the latch at the same moment being withdrawn.

Of inferior importance to these systems, which guard the safety of the household, but yet of great interest and utility, is the clock system. Appreciation of time and its value is said to be the test of a nation's activity; and it is surely a luxury to see all the clocks in a house keeping an even pace. There are several methods in use for this purpose, and they form two distinct classes, one adopting centralized government, the other local administration. In the former a single clock as standard drives all the others electro-magnetically, their operation depending entirely on the electricity supplied during its periodic contacts. In the latter, each clock is a free and independent timekeeper whose rate, however, is under regular electrical control from the standard. This control may be exerted continuously on the pendulums, but perhaps the simplest and most satisfactory household system

yet tried is that in which the control is effected once in each hour. Exactly at the hour the standard clock makes a contact completing a circuit through all the controlled timepieces, and electrically exciting a magnet in each. In obedience to this impulse, a pair of arms spring from the dial at the figure XII, and meet swiftly in the centre with the minute hand tight in their embrace, and vanish the next instant behind the dial, where they await the next hourly summons. Each clock is thus mechanically corrected every hour, as the arms sweep over three minutes' space on each side of the true vertical, and the clock that fails to keep time by three minutes in the hour may well be submitted to internal examination.

Another convenience which is sometimes added to a system of time regulation is an arrangement for electrically winding up the clocks at regular intervals. So long as the electrical supply is maintained, and the clockwork continues in proper working order, such a system forms as near an approach to perpetual motion as the conditions of our planet give us the right to expect.

The electric time-detector is an instrument much used in large buildings over which continual supervision is needed. It serves to register the time at which visits are paid to any particular part of the premises, and, in fact, successfully solves the problem of keeping watch upon the custodian. A dial, rotating by clock-work once in twelve hours, carries round a paper disk over a perforated metal plate. Each push button in the house controls, by its own pair of wires, one electro-magnet, the armature of which, on attraction, punches a hole in the paper disk through a particular aperture in the plate. This hole is always in a certain ring marked for the purpose. The watchman going round the building pushes the various buttons on his way, thus registering his progress on the paper disk by punched holes; the rings marking the buttons and the angular position indicating the time.

The discovery and introduction of the electric telephone has marked an era in



Sewing Machine Run by Electricity; the entire motor concealed in the wheel-case at the left.

the annals of household affairs, as the existence of four hundred thousand in the United States to-day amply attests. The economy of time its use has effected is incalculable. Its greatest fault is perhaps an occasional tendency to mingle the speech of one interlocutor with the conversation of less interested neighbors. Within the limits of a residence, no better interior communication can generally be had than by the ordinary speaking-tube; but in connection with outbuildings on an estate, the telephone is a

great advantage. When several such houses are connected by telephone with the main building, it is possible to arrange that any two can communicate with each other on the same wire without calling the attention of the rest, a system saving much time and trouble. As many as eight telephones are sometimes worked in this way on the same wire, and although only two can employ the line at one time, the calling of any particular person is not heard by the others.



A Conservatory Lighted with Incandescent Lamps.

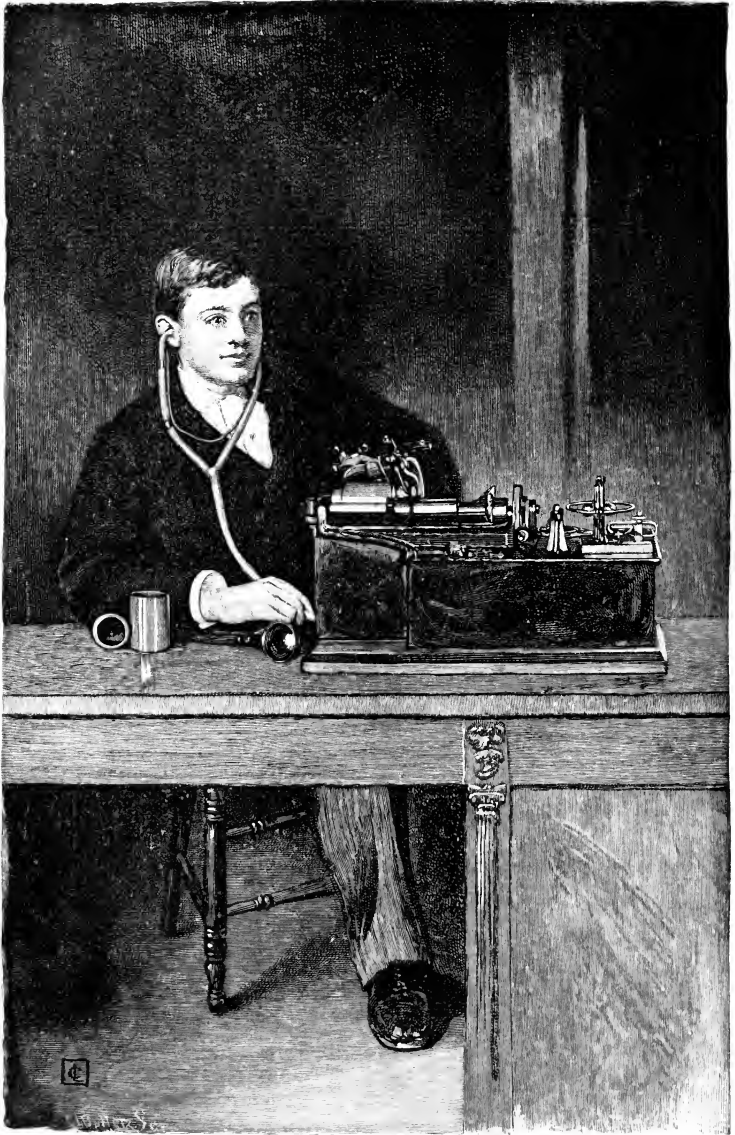


The Electrical Fan.

Among the greatest gifts that electricity has bestowed on domestic life, is the incandescent electric light. There can be little doubt that, when experience shall have given confidence in its trustworthiness, while time shall have rendered its many excellences familiar, it will be adopted in all households. It neither consumes nor pollutes the air in which it shines, whereas the ordinary sixteen candle-power gas-burner vitiates the atmosphere with its products of combustion to the same extent as the respiration of five persons. Besides, those products ultimately injure books, paintings, and ceilings continually ex-

posed to their influence. As the gas-jet develops some fifteen times as much heat as the electric lamp of equivalent power, the latter adds greatly to the comfort of a house in warm weather. In the nursery it is particularly welcome, for it requires no matches, cannot set fire to anything, even if deliberately broken while lit, and effectually checks the youthful tendency to experiment with fire.

In addition to this, its complete amenability to control, and submission to all change of position or equilibrium, render it everywhere admirably adapted to the purposes of adornment. Some of



The Edison Phonograph.

the most charming effects can be produced by good taste in the choice of centres of illumination, together with appropriate surroundings. In the parlor an illuminated painted vase, lighted from within, may vie in attractiveness with the pictures on the walls, whose colors are almost as readily appreciated by incandescent as by day light; while opalescent globes of varied shade tone the brightness everywhere into subdued harmony. In the billiard-room the table is brilliantly lit, without danger of soot or oil marring the baize, and on the veranda the lamps shine heedless of the wind. A very pretty effect can be also produced in conservatories, by suspended lamps of different colors half-hidden in the foliage.

The electric light can also be made to give a very beautiful effect in illuminating garden fountains. For this purpose a chamber has to be excavated beneath them, and immediately under the jet a thick plate of glass is inserted, watertight. An arc-lamp directs its light directly through this plate into the column of water rising vertically above it, and the enclosed air, together with the broken surfaces of the jet, scatters this light in all directions, thus giving the liquid the appearance of being self-luminous. The color of the illumination is varied by means of tinted slides passed horizontally beneath the glass plate in the roof of the vault. A very handsome display of this description was made at the Paris Exhibition this year.

The steps in the development of an incandescent lamp during manufacture have been traced in the article on "Electricity in Lighting," in the issue of this Magazine for August, 1889. When the completed lamp is placed in circuit, the carbon filament conducts electricity but only imperfectly, and the latter thus requires a certain pressure to force it through the lamp. The work done in overcoming the resistance so offered is developed into heat proportional to the square of the velocity of flow. The frictional opposition of a pipe to the passage of water it conveys, generates heat at greater rate than the square of the velocity; but these two cases of motion present many analogies, although the pipe deals with the transmission of

matter itself, while the filament deals with the transmission of a condition of matter only.

At a certain electrical pressure on the filament the right quantity of electricity flows through it to bring its temperature to the incandescent point of due candle power. At this pressure the lamp will last probably two thousand five hundred working hours. If our best microscopes had a magnifying power perhaps ten thousand times greater than that they now reach, and it were possible to subject the glowing filament to their examination, we might expect to find the ultimate particles or molecules of carbon vibrating and colliding with an intensity that now baffles the imagination. We can fancy that at the surface of the filament an occasional molecule, projected outward with more than usual force, would bound beyond the range of retractive influence, and be hurled past recall (like the celebrated projectile of M. Jules Verne) against the distant inner surface of the glass globe. Gradually the latter would be darkened by the thickening meteoric accumulation, while the filament would weaken, as its dwindling substance (enduring such tremendous internal commotion) suffered structural decay, until at some point disruption would ensue, followed immediately by loss of conduction and extinction of the light.

The greater the electrical pressure brought to bear upon the lamp, the higher the incandescence attained. The lifetime of a lamp, endowed at the outset with average vitality, thus depends entirely on its treatment, and can be made almost what we please, from a few moments to even many years, according to the degree of incandescence it is called upon to produce.

In fitting up a house with the electric light, a little consideration is required to obtain the greatest convenience. The switches by which the lamps are turned on and off should usually be placed just inside the door, where they can be reached on entering or leaving the apartment. In the bedrooms, however, they should be suspended from the ceiling in such a manner as to be accessible on first entry, over a bracket by the door, and then movable to within easy

reach of the bedside; or, better still, there may be two alternative switches—one at the door and the other by the bedstead. One test of a well-designed installation is that the householder should be able to visit the entire building, commencing with the hall door, from attic to cellar and back, without once being left in the dark, or leaving lamps burning on any floor behind him as he makes the journey. A good plan, that has been carried out in more than one instance, is to have a spare lamp in each room under sole and direct control of the burglar- and fire-alarm systems, in such a way that the forcing of any window, or any dangerous excess of temperature, may not only ring the alarm, but also light up the whole house.

In many cases where electricity is not itself the illuminant, the electric spark is often adopted for the purpose of lighting the gas. In theatres, for example, a frictional electrical machine is employed which, when rotated by hand, is connected in succession to the various wires leading to different jets or clusters, and the sparks, passing between two metallic points set close to the burner, ignite the gas. Similar arrangements on a smaller scale are in household use. The pull on a pendant chain or the pressure on a button allows the current to pass from a battery through a small induction coil, the spark of which flashes at the burner.

The most ingenious apparatus of all, however, is the hand gas-igniter, which, without any battery, produces a spark between two points in its tip on the simple pressure of a button on its side. This compact instrument is, in fact, an electrical rotating influence machine (acting on similar principles to some of the most powerful generators of high-tension electricity), and it is difficult to realize that this safe and simple apparatus can produce sufficient electricity to light the gas, when the electrical pressure between the points at the moment of emitting a spark must be many times greater than that exerted upon an incandescent lamp. Its operation depends upon the rotation of an internal cylinder which causes the initial charge to be augmented at a rapid and increas-

ing rate until the tension is sufficient to create a spark between the opposed points.

The transmission of power is another application of electricity which has practically been evolved only within the last decade, and which is still in its infancy. Its usefulness in the household is second only to that of illumination. Ignorant as we still are of the real nature of this marvellous agent, we know at least that electricity implies power; all the evidences by which we are rendered sensible of its presence are manifestations of energy.

The electric motor is the machine by which electrical power is rendered mechanically available. Its principle is entirely magnetic; the pull that a wire conveying an electric current is seen to exert upon a compass needle in its vicinity being here enormously intensified by having a large horseshoe electro-magnet for the compass needle, and many turns of wire close up within its grasp instead of the single conductor. The revolving cylinder of separated copper segments on which the brushes rest, called the commutator, is nothing more than an electric treadmill, by which the current is cut off each wire in turn as it reaches the point of most powerful attraction, so that the current is always kept advancing toward the magnetic pole, but never reaches it [see p. 654, June, and p. 182, Aug., 1889].

The qualifications which peculiarly fit the electric motor for household use are its compactness, perfect control, silence, and cleanliness. It is a wonderfully compact piece of mechanism, for, in domestic sizes it weighs under one hundred pounds per horse-power, and its amenability to control is evident from the fact that the turning of a switch will stop or start it. One great secret of this compactness lies in the fact that the motion is rotary, and not oscillatory like that of a piston; hence the great speed it can attain, as also the absence of jar and noise in its work. A small motor may thus become an ornament, as well as a useful instrument. The illustration on page 105 shows a Diehl motor attached to a sewing-machine spindle. In any house supplied with the electric

light it is only necessary to connect the motor with the electric mains, like a lamp, and turning the switch sets the machine at work, thereby saving the hundredth part of a horse-power, which is the usual amount of energy needed to drive it by treadle, not to mention the comfort gained and nerve-force conserved.

As another example of use and ornament united, circular fans driven by motors are not uncommon, and are luxuries in hot weather, when even the exertion of waving a fan counteracts the comfort so produced [p. 107].

The electric motor is destined to enter largely into the operation of elevators in town-houses, all its good qualities being in this case shown to advantage. In dwellings supplied with the electric light it is only necessary to fix in position a motor fitted with the requisite gearing, and connect the same to the elevator with wire ropes, the power being taken direct from the electric mains. In this respect, also, electricity, as a power-distributor, contrasts favorably with other sources in the reach of modern engineering. For, if elevators were to be operated from a central station by hydraulic power supplied to each house through pipes, then an elevator in motion would take as much energy from the station when empty, as when fully occupied by passengers — unless, indeed, complicated devices were introduced to avert this waste. The electric motor, on the contrary, would, if properly selected, only draw from the mains the proportional amount of power required for the load to which it was subjected, in addition to what little it expended in overcoming the friction of its own mechanism, and consequently, so far as the supply of power was concerned, would be much more economical.

Another suitable task for the electric motor in country-houses is pumping. Where water has to be elevated from wells or cisterns to the attic level for household distribution, art and science lend the means, while electricity supplies the power. By the use of the rotary pump, the plant, which may be placed in the cellar, can be made wonderfully compact and quiet in its per-

formance. How vivid is the contrast between this simple apparatus and the blindfolded horse, that, for the same purpose, has so often been condemned to describe endless circles, with a long trail-beam as radius and a well as centre. A float in the reservoir above breaks a contact as soon as the level of water there has reached the desired limit, and so automatically stops the motor until further supply is demanded.

In the same way motors have been applied to lawn-mowers, to carpet-sweepers, to shoe-polishers; and, in fact, there is no household operation capable of being mechanically performed, of which, through the motor, electricity cannot become the drudge and willing slave. It has even been applied to serving at table. A miniature railroad track runs round the table within easy reach of each guest, and thence, by ornamented trestlework, to the wall, disappearing through a shutter. The dishes, as electrically signalled for by the hostess, are laid on little trucks fitted with tiny motors, and are started out from the pantry to the dinner-table. They stop automatically before each guest, who, after assisting himself, presses a button at his side and so gives the car the impetus and right of way to his next neighbor. The whole journey having been performed, the cars return silently to their point of departure.

The electric motor is also perhaps the most nearly perfect means known of obtaining steady, smooth, and continuous mechanical motion, and largely, with this object in view, it has been introduced into the Edison phonograph, an instrument destined to play the very important parts of music preserver, recorder, and amanuensis in the household of the future. On the surface of its cylinder the delicate wavelets that the voice has impressed sometimes cannot exceed the fifteen-thousandth part of an inch, and on their due representation in vibrations of the air the reproduction of the stored-up sound has to depend. The electric motor enables all these to be reproduced in a manner that would not be possible if there was any unsteadiness or tremor in the movement of the working parts [p. 108].

The motor also supplies parlor organs

with air, and has been applied to automatic pianos. A bright prospect also opens for the application of electricity in country-houses, in the direction of artificial horticulture. Among the conditions that differentiate vegetable and animal life there seems to be this remarkable fact, that plants do not essentially require sleep or periods of intermittence in growth and activity. This is evidenced by the continuous and rapid growth of plants in the far North during that brief but happy summer in which the sun never sets. The electric arc lamp has been found, by the late Sir William Siemens and others, to practically replace the sun in its effects on plant life, over a somewhat contracted range, so that an extensive conservatory lit by powerful arc lamps would be efficiently supplied for night growth by some two candle-power per square foot of area. A hot-house in reality artificially produces latitude in all respects save sunlight, which the electric light is ready, in part at least, to replace.

Public attention has latterly been drawn to the question of electric heat-supply to houses, and it has been frequently supposed that the apparent novelty of the plan favored its commercial success. The fact is, however, that of all the practical applications of electricity, there are none whose limits and possibilities are more clearly defined and better understood than heat distribution, for the simple reason that it has been attentively studied for the last ten years. This is apparent from the fact that the problem and task of electric lighting is, primarily and essentially, electric heating. Almost all the energy supplied electrically for the purposes of illumination is dispensed in the form of heat, and this heat is expended with the maximum economy that the engineering of the day permits in maintaining our carbon filaments at incandescent temperature. Despite the high economy in the consumption of power that the electric lamp possesses in comparison with combustible sources of illumination, it has lately been shown, by experiments at Cornell University, that only some five per cent. of this heat is yielded in rays of light, the remainder (at pres-

ent essential to securing this result) being spent in raising the temperature of the air and surrounding objects. Consequently, whatever improvements the art of electric lighting may effect in economizing this large heat expenditure, and raising it into visible radiance, science appears to have determined that a given supply of electrical power can only yield the same amount of heat that it now develops in passing through our lamps. One form of electric heater operating within narrow limits might bring a piece of metal to melting-point, while another only slightly raised the temperature of a large volume of water; still, the total quantity of heat developed in each for a given supply of electrical energy would be precisely the same. The only economy that can be looked for in the distribution of heat lies, therefore, in saving the waste incurred by forcing electricity through the mains, and this is a margin that modern engineering has already rendered comparatively narrow.

Heat being already distributed electrically on a large scale to houses for the operation of incandescent lamps, can be, and already has been, applied for heating purposes exclusively. The difficulty of carrying out this plan on a large scale, in order to replace household stoves and furnaces, is a purely economical one. The question ultimately reached is, whether labor can be saved to a community if all the coal necessary for their heat-supply through the medium of electricity be burned in one central station, and the electrical power so obtained distributed generally, instead of continuing the usual custom of burning the coal in each house locally. On the one hand, the local process of combustion is at present a wasteful, as well as a dirty one, most of the heat escaping by the chimneys; while, on the other hand, the steam-engine is necessary in the central station to convert the furnace heat into electricity, and the best modern engines are only capable of utilizing ten per cent. of the heat developed from the combustion of coal under their boilers; so that, when the machinery and conducting system of mains are taken into account, the verdict (notwithstanding

household smoke and waste) has been hitherto against the economic possibility of the electrical distribution of heat on a large scale. But every improvement effected in the machinery for the conversion of furnace heat into electricity, every advance made in the progress of electrical engineering, modifies in proportion the balance of advantages in this great social problem, and it is well within the reach of possibility that electric heating may be as successful at some future date as electric lighting itself. Even now there are many occasions where heat is required to be applied very locally, in culinary purposes, for instance, and where the cleanliness and convenience of the electrical method might outweigh the objection of slight extra expense. The advantage to a man whose duties call him out during the night, of being able, from his bedroom, to set an electric coffee-heater at work in his dining-room, so that by the time he is ready to leave the house he finds hot coffee awaiting him, and all without arousing any person in the house, far outweighs the three or four cents for electrical power that the beverage has probably cost him. Similarly, there are times when a foot-warmer is worth many times over the expense of electrically preparing it at a few minutes' notice.

Both of these commodities are in actual use. The stove is an ornamental case enclosing a coffee-pot, or, in another form, it may be a kettle in an asbestos lining, round which circulate coils of wire, the passage of the electric current through these coils generating the heat. In one convenient form the current that would feed fifteen ordinary incandescent lamps will produce hot coffee in ten minutes.

For the working of all the electrical household appliances that have been mentioned, some source of electrical supply is, of course, required, and the best to adopt must depend upon the position of the house, its size, and the precise amount of duty that electricity will perform in it. The different bell-annunciator and alarm systems generally require surprisingly little power to operate them, and no difficulty will be found in supplying each system from a

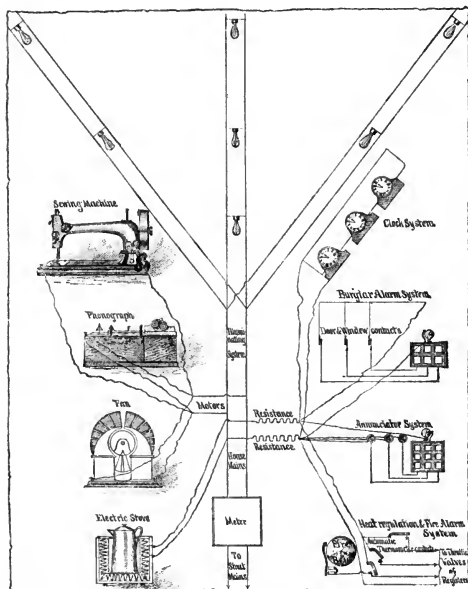
battery; or it may even be possible to let one battery suffice for all. Three or four cells of the Leclanché type will sometimes work a bell system continuously for two years without any attention, but it is always well to replenish a battery in time before its activity is exhausted, lest at some important moment it fail in its duty.

When, however, it is desired to supply a house with electric light, heat, or motive power, batteries for these purposes, unless on a very small scale, are hardly to be recommended. In the first place they would necessarily be troublesome to maintain, and in the second they would, in the present state of the art, be very costly. Power is obtained from a battery by the slow combustion of the zinc in its plates, and as metallic zinc is not found like coal, ready prepared in nature, the process for obtaining it is by comparison expensive. Probably no battery in existence can furnish electrical power at theoretically less than twenty-five cents per horse-power per hour in material alone, while actually the best cost, as a rule, fifty cents; and a horse-power is well applied locally if it gives illumination equivalent to two hundred candles. The only prospect that seems open to the extended successful application of the primary battery to light and power is in the possibility of its chemically producing, during its work, compounds which have directly or indirectly a commercial value. If this end, which has long been striven for, could be successfully attained, and a sufficiently large market found for the produce, the battery might come forward as the most advantageous source of electrical supply.

At present, however, recourse is had to mechanical sources of electricity—dynamo-machines driven by steam-engines—and it is no exaggeration to say that the practical success of electric lighting is due to the dynamo-machine as a source of electric supply.

In towns electric lighting from central stations is developing so rapidly that it is now very generally possible to obtain electricity from street mains like gas or water—a plan that will always be more economical and convenient than local production. Large buildings,

or groups of buildings, may sometimes be lighted advantageously by a local plant, but for a town dwelling a separate engine and dynamo is generally out of the question. The great convenience attending electrical supply from street mains is the absence of all batteries and their attendant requirements. The arrangement of the different interior systems on this plan is illustrated in the accompanying diagram.



Plan of Wiring a House for its Various Electrical Appliances.

It will be seen that the house mains are connected through an electricity meter direct with the street mains; that the lamps, heaters, and motors, wherever they may be situated, are operated directly from the house mains or their ultimate ramifications; while the annunciator, clock, and alarm systems are all operated from submains connected to the central mains through simple regulating coils of wire, termed resistances. Their object is to reduce the electrical pressure on these subsystems to the desired limit for their effective operation, since the whole electrical supply they need probably does not exceed that given to one incandescent lamp burning continuously. In this way electrical economy is obtained and the safety of the more delicate apparatus insured.

The diagram shows that the house mains receive their supply through a meter which keeps a register of all the electricity traversing it. The electricity on entering the meter has two paths open to it, one by wavy metal strips above, and the other through

coils of wire and bottles beneath. The proportions of these are so arranged that the strips conduct, let us say, one thousand times better than the coils and bottles, and, as electricity always divides between two paths in the exact ratio of their conductivity, the quantity which passes through the strips will be just one thousand times as great as that passing through the bottles. These latter are filled with a weak solution of

zinc sulphate, and each contains two zinc plates about one inch square. In obedience to laws discovered by Michael Faraday, fifty-five years ago, the electricity which passes through this bottle from one zinc plate across to the other through the solution, causes a certain quantity of zinc to be dissolved from the plate it leaves, and the same quantity to be deposited on the plate it reaches—the quantity bearing an invariable known ratio to the electricity that has passed. These bottles are removed and replaced every month, and the change of weight in the dried plates compared after the lapse of that term. The amount of zinc found to have been transferred then determines the quantity of electricity that has passed through the bottle, and one thousand times this quantity has entered the house through the metal strips during that time. There is thus no machinery to get out of order, no moving parts to clog, or friction to overcome, and with the bottles exchanged every month the meter itself is almost imperishable.

For country-houses beyond the limits of central station distribution, electricity must be locally produced to furnish light and power. For installations not exceeding fifty lamps, the gas-engine advantageously replaces steam when coal gas is obtainable at a moderate

rate, as there is then no boiler, and less attention is also required. A gas-engine and dynamo in a barn or neighboring outhouse form a very convenient electrical supply, and, as a matter of fact, a given quantity of gas so burned in a good engine, not only expends its vitiating products of combustion out of doors, but will also yield from twenty-five to thirty per cent. more illumination through the medium of electricity than when furnishing light directly. That is to say, the electric lamp is so much more economical in energy that it gives this excess notwithstanding the necessary loss in the engine and dynamo inherent to the conversion of heat into electrical power.

The mistake is sometimes committed of sealing up wires in the plastering of walls, as though they were not liable to a mortality from which even the electricity they convey does not render them exempt. It is certainly best to have wires placed out of sight, but where access to them can always be had if needed; and generally, if an electric system is worth introducing into a household, it is worth carrying out, not lavishly, but thoroughly and well. It is also unfair to suppose that an appliance needs no supervision or repair because it is electrical. Every such instrument is

essentially of mechanical nature and inevitably subject to the requirements our knowledge of mechanism leads us to expect. On the other hand, when proper care and judgment have been exercised upon the introduction of these appliances, the superiority of electricity for domestic purposes over every other known power (even in the matter of independence from supervision) is inconceivably exemplified.

Nor is it to be supposed that any of the applications above alluded to are visionary, for all are in actual use. Some are still regarded in the light of luxuries, it is true, but almost all necessities were once in that favored class. Even tobacco is regarded to-day as a necessity of existence, and if history tells truly, table knives and forks were luxuries of the most extravagant type two hundred years ago.

Considering, then, that the household is in itself the condensed history of a nation's past, the centre of its present, and the cradle of its future, it is doubtful whether, among the many triumphs of the age that electricity may claim, any can be quoted of brighter renown than the rapid progress it has already made in the cultivation of the arts of life, and its adaptation to the needs and graces of the household.

THE LOST PLANT.

(A CONSULAR EXPERIENCE.)

By John Pierson.

THAT evening we were playing whist at the Governor's house, as we had the habit of doing two or three times a week. I had as partner my French colleague, M. Dorat, still a young man, who had arrived in the island as consul two or three months before. I had not seen very much of him, for it was the season of the year when we old fellows feel disinclined to much movement; with the exception of an occasional outing in a boat, or on a donkey, I had confined myself chiefly to my books and my garden. With most of us our gardens were great sources of

amusement and delight. There was always a pleasurable excitement when a new package of seeds arrived from Europe—for everything grew so well and fast; and many were the tin-boxes of bulbs and plants imported in the generally vain hope that something new might possibly be found. No one was contented with the productions of the island; we all wanted something different. Each had his own little fad, and mine was to reproduce in this tropical country an old-fashioned English garden, with its hollyhocks and larkspurs, its columbines and daffodils, its lavender

and rosemary and sweet-scented shrubs and herbs. Dorat had not been there long enough, we thought, to catch the prevailing taste; his garden, which was large, and in the time of his predecessor had been very fine, was now neglected and had gone to waste; and if he occasionally put into it some wild plant which he had found, it was only for his experiments on the food and ways of life of the insects which he was always collecting and studying. He had also a pronounced taste for ornithology, and for natural history of every kind; and, in pursuit of specimens, accompanied by an old native whom he had somewhere picked up, made constant excursions—often for days at a time—into the swampy and little known interior of the island.

Just behind my chair was standing a young English officer, named Furniss, apparently a family connection of the Governor—at all events, a member of his official and personal household—who had arrived by the last steamer. He was waiting for the end of the rubber to take a hand, and while the cards were being dealt was asking some questions about the methods of travelling and announcing his intention of making some botanical excursions. One or two things struck me in what he said, and, looking over my shoulder, I jestingly remarked, “So you are going to look for *Humm’s Simœa*.” As I turned back I intercepted such a look, seemingly of hatred, from beneath the dark brows and lashes of my partner that I almost dropped the cards I was dealing. There was something which made me feel thoroughly uneasy. Furniss had started a topic to which my chance remark had given more interest; and, after we had begun to play, the conversation still went on behind my back. Although my partner kept control of his game, and made no mistakes, I could see that he was listening to every word that Furniss said, and closely watching every movement that he made. I grew more and more nervous, till at last I could stand it no longer, and called out, rather abruptly, as others thought: “My dear Furniss, if you keep on looking at my cards and talking of botany at the same time I shall think each trick a new and rare species and shall lose all the points.”

Furniss, somewhat offended at my tone, walked away from the table.

When the rubber was over Dorat withdrew, by rights, and I refused to play longer, which was misinterpreted by some of the party, as was also a whispered remark of mine to Furniss in passing, which was overheard by someone, that I would see him again later. I went into the other room, to a balcony overlooking the sea, and lighted a cigar, while reflecting on what course I ought to pursue. The fact is that a German botanist named Humm had discovered in this island a plant which possessed singular curative virtues, used among the natives, but the existence of which they carefully concealed. Medically—as Humm had shown by experiments—it was as important as cinchona or condurango, or the more recently introduced coca. Humm had brought away a sufficient amount of the drug for it to be thoroughly tested in European laboratories and hospitals; but the plant had never been found again. One academy after another had offered prizes for its discovery, which in the aggregate then amounted to a large sum—a sum sufficient to encourage an enterprising man to encounter great risks in its search. It was evident from what Furniss said that he had come out to look for it; hoping that his connections and his official position would enable him to conduct his explorations more easily and more thoroughly than those who had gone before him. Several had already visited the island for this purpose; but they had either fallen victims to the climate, or had given up the quest in despair, in consequence of the difficulties put in their way by the natives. It was equally plain to me, from his conduct at the card-table, that Dorat had come out for the same purpose; although he had so far concealed his plans and his interest in plants, in order to blind the eyes of the English. He had the advantage of being in better relations with the natives, because French prestige and French influence are persistent in any place which has once been under French rule; and the only foreign words which the natives used were also French. Although the English have held the island for a long

time they hold it simply as conquerors, and have never succeeded in identifying themselves with the people.

I had not been smoking long before I was joined by Dorat, who was evidently looking for me. With great politeness and delicacy he offered me his services as to a colleague in difficulties; and, when he saw my look of astonishment, in answer to my questions told me that everybody believed that I was to have a duel with Furniss. English customs, we see—especially on such points—were not yet predominant in the island; and duels were not yet uncommon, although they were generally innocuous. I of course thanked him for his kindness, and promised to call on him if I stood in need of a friend; but explained that between an old, irritable fellow like myself, and a young man like Furniss, there would probably be no difficulty which could not be settled with an explanation, or, if need be, with an apology. The talk passed on to other things, when suddenly Dorat asked, "How did you come to mention the *Simœa Hummii*?"

"Oh!" I said, "that is an old idea of mine; I thought of looking for it when I first came; so that I naturally suspect every fresh man of the same desire."

"And you never did look for it?"

"No, I was always naturally indolent; I broke my ankle a week after I arrived; that and the heat and malaria, and the bother of travelling in the interior have kept me quiet. But I have never lost a Platonic interest in it, and if you find it I shall congratulate you heartily."

"But why should I look for it?"

"In the first place, my dear colleague, why should you mention it at all, if it were of no interest to you? And, secondly, you must know as well as I do that very large rewards are offered for finding it, with which will follow a wide scientific fame. Why shouldn't you find it? You are young and vigorous; being French, you have influence with the natives; you already, if I mistake not, speak something of their language; you make frequent shooting excursions into the interior; and you can perfectly well make botanical experiments in your neglected garden at the consulate.

The spirit of old Hume would, I am sure, be delighted if you should carry out his beneficent intentions."

"You call him Hume; do you mean Humm?"

"Yes, the last was his German name; but when he got naturalized in America he was so laughed at on account of his name that he changed it to Hume."

"You knew him, then?"

"Yes, I met him first when I was quite a boy, when I joined a scientific party to the Rocky Mountains, and, as I had been a comrade of Eaton and Brewer, was much interested in botany. We got to be very good friends then; but I had almost forgotten about him until I met him again when I was vice-consul at Tripoli. He had come there to study assafoetida and laserpitium and other precious plants which the ancients obtained from that region. I was able to lodge him in my house, and we renewed our old acquaintance; you know he died there, or, rather, in the interior; but he left me his papers, and—well, come and breakfast with me to-morrow, about twelve, and I will show you something that will interest you."

Throwing away the end of my cigar I went back to the drawing-room, and finally found Furniss—to whom I at once apologized for my brusque language—and asked him, if he did not mind my limp, to walk home with me, as I had something to tell him. He readily consented, and as soon as we could get away we walked down the quiet tree-lined street until we reached my garden. Then I persuaded him to sit awhile with me in the veranda, where I knew that we could not be overheard. My faithful servant brought us out narghilehs, for this souvenir of my life in Asia and Africa still clings to me; the broad-leaved plants looked fantastic in the moonlight, and we were glad to neutralize the strong, heavy odors with the smoke of our pipes. The outlook on the garden gradually brought us to the subject of plants, and, after we had got warmed up on this topic, with the help of a glass or two of good old Madeira, I told him that I had overheard enough of his conversation to make me understand that he had come out expressly to find the lost plant. He frankly admit-

ted his purpose, without the slightest hesitation ; and gradually was led on to talk of his past life, of the influences which had moulded it, and of his hopes for the future.

"Well," I said, "I will do all I can for you ; and perhaps I can give you certain information which you do not possess. But I must be fair all round. Dorat is a colleague of mine, with whom I am on the best possible terms ; and whatever information I give you I must give him."

"Dorat," he said, "the French consul, who was your partner to-night ? Has he come here, too, for this purpose ?"

"Yes ; I never suspected it till this evening ; now I know it. He is coming to tiffin with me to-morrow ; and the best way to manage the thing will be for you to meet him. But, as I want a witness or two, bring the Governor with you. I'll send him a little note early in the morning, and I will try to find one or two others also."

"Oh, I think there will be no difficulty about that, as the Governor has already told me of your breakfasts ; besides, to-morrow is Sunday, and he will have no engagement after church. But you're as solemn and mysterious as though some great event were impending. What is the matter ?"

"The matter, my dear fellow, is simply this, that you must entirely forget all that I tell you, and act entirely on your own judgment. Be on your guard against your rival. Never trust yourself alone with him, if you meet him in the interior. From what I saw to-night I believe him quite capable of killing you, if need be, to prevent your succeeding to his detriment."

"Not so bad as that, I hope."

"Not a word more ever on this subject. You know all that I fear. Take your own course. We shall see you to-morrow at noon."

II.

OUR breakfast was unusually pleasant, for I had succeeded in getting hold of M. Blancsubé, one of the richest and most hospitable planters of the island, a man universally liked for his wit and his good company, and respected for

his intelligence and probity. The Governor was in better form than I had ever seen him, gave us amusing stories of his experiences in other colonies—and he seemed to have lived in some capacity in nearly every part of the globe—and by great good luck assisted me by appearing in an entirely new and unexpected character. Apropos of some of the fruit, he launched out in a discourse on the vegetable productions of the different places where he had been which would have done credit to Grant Duff himself.

When we began to smoke I brought out a portfolio and showed some of the very curious things that I had been able to retain in my wandering life—autograph letters of Bruce and Burckhardt ; a sketch-map of Humboldt ; a relic of Connolly and Stoddart from Bokhara which had not been found by Dr. Wolff ; photographs of *Convolvulus Sabbatius* and *Campanula Sabbatia* which I had myself taken from living plants at Capo di Noli, the only place in the world where they grow ; and a few similar things.

"You are an amateur photographer, then ?" said M. Blancsubé.

"Don't be alarmed for yourself, monsieur, there are no instantaneous cameras concealed in the walls to take you in an unguarded moment ; I photograph only plants. And I could show our friends here, if they were not already too learned to need them, photographs of nearly every plant growing on the island, except of the one we all want most to see, the *Simœa Hummi*. I can, however, show you something about that ; but before I open this envelope I must make a bargain with them. What I want is the drug. At one time I should have been glad of the fame of the discovery, but now I am too old to care much about that, as well as of the great reward offered for the plant ; but, while money is always an object, I have luckily a few weeks ago received a legacy large enough to enable me to live wherever I please in tolerable comfort. Therefore if I show now what I have carefully preserved, in the hope that I might myself some day be fortunate enough to come across the plant, I must ask both Dorat and Furniss, or whoever is the discoverer, to furnish me with one living root,

after he has taken proper measures to secure his priority of discovery."

To this they both agreed, and after telling them in detail of my acquaintance with Humm or Hume; of his tragic death in the desert, on the eve of another voyage to our island; and of how he came to make me the heir of his secret, I showed them, first, a careful water-colored drawing of the plant, and then a dried specimen of it just as it was coming into bloom. Finally, I unfolded a leaf of paper on which Humm had drawn from memory a sketch of the locality where the plant was found, and of the route which he had taken from the coast. Unfortunately the paper had got worn out at the folds, from being carried in the old botanist's pocket-book; and the chart was so illegible and confused as to be of comparatively little value. The astonishment and interest with which my revelations were received by all present, although Blancsubé needed a few words of explanation in order further to understand the matter, were so great as to justify me to myself for the little *coup de théâtre* which I had prepared. When one gets old, one's vanity is pleased with even such little harmless successes.

While the map was being carefully examined by the Governor, who was trying to identify localities, Blancsubé suggested — what, strangely, never occurred to me — that it might be photographed. This I offered to do at once and to give both Dorat and Furniss copies, as well as to allow them the use of the little herbarium I possessed and of all my photographs of plants.

"But," I said, "you will notice from Humm's note that the plant was found just coming into bloom on October 6th, and to-day is September 20th. If either of you intend to look for it in earnest you must lose no time. You will, of course, take your own ways of announcing the discovery so as to secure the priority; although I believe that, according to the conditions of most of the rewards offered, the plant must be brought back in a living condition and planted in a botanical garden. The Governor has one here under his charge, though I am surprised to learn to-day that he takes such a personal interest in it. I

must tell you, also, that I have still deposited in a safe place a bit of the drug, which, however, is not unknown to others, and which will serve for the identification of the plant; and I shall be greatly pleased if, when you find it, you will send a messenger to let me know. When you come back I hope to be able to show you a fairly good specimen of it growing in my own garden."

They all laughed at my last remark, which they thought a mere bit of chaff; but, in very truth, I had a few days before planted in an out-of-the-way place a tuber which I had every reason to believe was that of the *Simca*.

III.

WITHIN the week both Furniss and Dorat started on the quest, the former taking the route which he had combined with the Governor's from Humm's sketch-map; and the latter preferring, on hints received from the natives, to begin with the other end of the island, whither he went by sea. For some days we heard nothing. At last one afternoon a negro brought me a laconic note from Furniss, saying simply: "I have found it, and, with due ingratitude, I hope that I am ahead even of you." I immediately went out and looked again at my precious plant; for the tuber had sprouted, and the rapidly unfolding leaves were beginning (at all events to my imagination) to present a strong resemblance to the dried specimen given me by Humm. I am ashamed to tell how many times that day I had already looked at the plant; and, indeed, I was beginning to grow nervous, anxious, envious, and jealous of my rivals; and to think that I had made a precious old fool of myself in being so generous with my information. After all, what difference did it make to me if they did kill each other — people whom I hardly knew? But as the cool freshness of evening approached my amiability returned; and I resolved to go to the Governor's and invite myself to dinner, and find out what information he had received; for I felt sure that he knew something more. Sir Thomas was in very good spirits, but could tell me nothing that I did not know. He was glad to see me, and, for a wonder, we were

quite alone. We concluded that piquet would be better than the usual double-dummy; the card-tables were brought out, the lights were being arranged, and the soda-water and glasses exposed on the side-table, when a clatter of hoofs was heard coming down the road, and in a moment more a message was brought to us from a coffee-planter that the body of a man had been found at the bottom of a precipice, in a place about twenty miles away, but hard to reach. It was thought to be that of an Englishman, apparently a scientific man, as he had been collecting plants; and the request was made for the despatch of someone to identify, if possible, the corpse, with instructions as to its burial. We had no question but that it was Captain Furniss, as we knew of no one else corresponding to the description. From what I knew, or rather suspected, it flashed through me at once that there had been foul play. But I considered it best, for the moment at least, to keep my suspicions to myself, as they might be entirely unfounded. After a hurried consultation with me as to the best course to pursue, Sir Thomas decided that two or three men from the hospital should go on at once with extra horses, and that he and the doctor would leave before daybreak, driving as far as the road was practicable, so as to reach the field of the accident at the earliest possible moment in the morning. I readily acceded to his suggestion to accompany him.

We had little time for sleep, as we started very early, and the sun was just rising when we had to leave the high-road and mount our horses. Had it not been for the errand on which we were bent and our desire to hasten, I should have greatly enjoyed this early ride on one of our delightful Southern spring mornings. As we descended the ridge we had opposite a hill-side, which we had to cross later, covered with plantations of coffee and pepper, while the valley below was green with the sugar-cane. Flowers of all kinds grew in profusion along the roadside, and I could not help observing them carefully and mentally repeating their names. But the detour was long, and it was a toilsome march.

That the body was that of Captain Furniss there could be no doubt. There were no signs of stabs or shots, but it was so bruised and cut by the rocks that, although it had been carefully covered with leafy boughs, decomposition had already begun, and it was necessary to bury it as soon as possible. Due note, however, was taken of its position and of various apparently petty details. One circumstance I could not help noticing at once, and I naturally called the Governor's attention to it. The botanical specimen-box lay at a little distance from the body; it had evidently been opened and a search had been made among the plants it had contained; for they were lying in a confused heap, not as if they had been accidentally shaken out. This certainly looked strange. The plant that was sought for was not among them. The pressing-boards were missing, and as I felt sure that he or one of his men would carry them, that also seemed strange. Those, however, we afterward discovered, caught on a ledge of rock above. One of the men climbed up with difficulty and threw them down to us; they were still strapped together, but the drying-paper contained no plants of any kind, and in all probability they had not been used in that last day's excursion. Out of pardonable curiosity I looked carefully at every sheet, even holding them up to the light; and it seemed to me as if on one I detected the outline of the *Simæa*.

With the consent of the planter who owned the land, a grave was dug for poor Furniss close to the spot where he fell, and his body was tenderly and reverently placed in it, Sir Thomas reading, in a broken voice, the English burial service, with only myself to make the responses. We resolved to place a tablet or cut an inscription upon the nearest rock in commemoration of this martyr to science. I could not help thinking of a similar tablet I had once seen in the old quarries near Syracuse where the Athenians had been imprisoned and starved. But that was to an American midshipman, named Nicholson, who had fallen in a duel with a British officer, in maintaining the honor of his flag, in the opening years of the century.

It needed no hint of mine as to my private suspicion to induce Sir Thomas to proceed to a minute investigation of the rock from which Furniss had fallen. For that it was necessary to return to the high road, proceed along it some distance farther, and then turn to the left over a difficult bridle-path, and then a foot-path among the rocks. I did not feel equal to this, and stayed in the little hut on the roadside where we had left the carriage; while Sir Thomas, who had kept up wonderfully, went on with the others to the scene of the accident.

The report which they brought back was, in one sense, very satisfactory. The place from which Furniss had fallen was identified, close to a splendid clump of that lovely, fragrant flower which the natives call *naruna*—the botanical name of which escapes me now—which was somewhat rare, and was the finest Sir Thomas had ever seen. The marks were seen where Furniss's foot had slipped, and there were no traces of a struggle or of the presence of anyone else. He had apparently been engaged in securing fine specimens of the *naruna*, when a treacherous branch or twig broke and down he went. Nevertheless it was impossible entirely to exclude the hypothesis that he might have been pushed off by some barefooted native coming up in silence behind him.

We had wondered what had become of Furniss's servants; but while we were resting from the fatigue and emotion of the day, we were joined by them. They did not yet know of his death. Two mornings before, owing to the illness of the special man who carried his traps and assisted him in placing the specimens between the drying-papers, the captain had insisted on starting out alone, with the expectation of returning in the course of a couple of hours. It was only, however, toward night that his absence caused any apprehension. They looked for him in vain that night, and had been searching for him without result ever since. So far their evidence all agreed. They utterly denied having met any other white man for several days before that, and had seen no suspicious character either on the day of Furniss's disappearance or since. They had not seen Dorat. But when

they tried to explain why they had not brought away the whole of their master's collections, or even all of his kit, there were strange and suspicious hesitations and contradictions. They professed to know nothing of any living plants, planted, or otherwise preserved by Furniss. As the place which had been the captain's last headquarters was a long way off and difficult to reach, Sir Thomas decided not to go himself, but to send one of the men from the hospital, on whom he thought he could thoroughly depend, back there with one of Furniss's black followers, in order to make a thorough investigation of the camp, and bring away everything, explaining to him the importance of the matter.

It seemed to us quite plain that someone—whether a rival or a native herb-doctor, or, rather, herb-charmer, or, perhaps, one of the plantation-hands who had discovered the body—had searched the botanical case found near the corpse; and that someone had probably also searched his tent; at the same time we had no actual proof that Furniss had yet attempted to dig up and remove any specimens of the plant, even if he had found it. He had perhaps waited to do that until the instant of starting on his return, when it would be in the more developed state. Nor did we find out anything subsequently to make us change that opinion.

We were just taking a hasty bite before starting on our return to town, when there suddenly came on one of those torrential showers which are not unusual in tropical countries. Fortunately the hut in which we were stood on high ground, or we should have run the risk of being swept away. Rain fell in sheets. The continued thunder and vivid flashes of lightning frightened the horses, while the poor natives cowered on the floor of the hut from fear. It seemed as if the storm would never end; but just when the thatched roof was becoming like a sieve, and we were beginning to be wet by the drizzle, the storm passed away as suddenly as it had begun.

It was, however, impossible to move. The ground was water-soaked and the road too heavy for our vehicles; more than that, the dry bed of the little

stream we had crossed in the morning was now filled with a rapid, raging river. There was nothing to do but to wait.

By sunrise the stream had fallen sufficiently to allow us to proceed, and we reached the town without any serious difficulty, but through what a scene of desolation! Everywhere the lowlands were covered with gravel and mud; good land had been temporarily ruined, and the sugar-canes were broken down and destroyed. We heard afterward that in other places serious damage had been done to the coffee and spice plantations.

My servant, as he opened the door for me, had a careworn and dejected look, as if reproaching me for having stayed out all night; and when, while waiting for a cup of tea, I started down the garden-path, he warned me to be careful as the ground was undermined and treacherous, or something of that sort. A fear passed through my mind, which, alas! was only too well founded. The consulate was not far from the edge of a little stream, which, in swelling so suddenly, had cut for itself another temporary channel and had swept away a part of my garden—a part which had contained many plants which were dear to me, and, more than all, that precious plant which I before believed and now felt sure was the *Simœa*.

IV.

DAYS passed, and there was no news from Dorat. The accident to Furniss, the destruction of my garden, and the silence of Dorat, worked so strongly upon my nerves that I became disgusted with the island and everything in it, and I had serious thoughts of resigning. My work had not been hard at this post, for the trade with the United States was not great, and American ships came so infrequently that the quarrels and complaints of the crews were rather a diversion than a burden. But a few busy days happened to come just then, and made me feel how wretched my life would be were I deprived of just that kind of work to which I had been accustomed from my youth up. I was too old to engage in another occupation—even

had I needed so to do—and could not bear the thought of absolute idleness. Besides, the position itself is a pleasant one to a man old in the service, who neither overrates its advantages nor neglects its opportunities. Some of my friends used to think me unpatriotic because I had lived so many years abroad. But they forgot that I was all this time in the Government service; and I am sure that, if anything will make a man patriotic, it is to feel that it is his sole duty in life to guard and advance the interests of his country without other cares or occupations. He is not, like people who remain at home, distracted by the struggle for existence, and thinking of the duty he owes to his country only when drawn on the jury, or dunned by the tax-collector, or inspired by party enthusiasm just before an election. Abroad, his consular or diplomatic duties form the chief object of his life; and distance and time make him love and cherish more some manifestations of our national life which, it is true, might after a long absence in other lands prove irksome to him were he living at home.

I therefore thought better of this, and sent by steamer—to be telegraphed from Suez—a request for a leave of absence, to be taken at once. Before resigning, I thought I would go home on leave, and see whether I could not obtain promotion or a change of post; but, as I had no intention of ever returning to the island, I proceeded to pack up or otherwise dispose of my goods and chattels.

At last, one morning I received a message from the *gérant* of the French consulate saying that Dorat was ill with malarial fever at the other end of the island. He had been very low for several days, but had finally roused sufficiently to send word, and hoped to see me before he died. Much as I could have wished to go to him, the journey was at that time beyond my strength. We decided to send a good doctor, who agreed that, if Dorat were in a state that he could be moved, he should be brought down to the nearest point on the coast, and from thence, if possible, to Port Philip by sea. I even gave the doctor the bit of the precious drug that I had preserved so long, explaining its

qualities, with the idea that it might possibly be of use.

In a few days Dorat was brought to town, very weak, pale, and emaciated; but the doctor seemed to think that he had passed the crisis, and that if carefully nursed he would slowly recover. Although I was expecting to sail in the next steamer—for I had received a favorable reply to my telegram—I felt that I could not under the circumstances leave Dorat in this condition, and—to make a long story short—I threw up my passage, stayed on, and devoted myself to looking after him, making him comfortable, and cheering the hours of his convalescence until he was strong enough to be sent home, when we came to Europe in the same steamer. It was impossible not to be impressed with his patience, his gentleness, his strong will, and his devotion to science. His character appeared to me in an entirely new light, and all my foolish suspicions and prejudices speedily vanished. It was a long time, however, before I dared tell him of the accident to Furniss, and of my own personal disappointment. To this he seemed to pay no attention, and I said nothing more. It was only some days afterward that he seemed suddenly to remember the incidents just preceding his journey to the interior, and inquired how Furniss had fared. He was evidently sincerely shocked and astonished at the story I had to tell him. Indeed, at first, all memory of recent events seemed to have passed away from him, leaving his mind a blank. When he had recovered his

memory he felt sure that just at the time when he was fighting with the fever he had seen and handled the *Simæa*, and made preparations for its transport; intending to start on his return on the very day when he was stricken powerless. But these may have been delusions of his fevered brain. From that time his most ardent desire was to get well quickly in order to visit again that locality where he was sure the *Simæa* grew. For my part, I tried to persuade him that we had probably all been victims of a delusion, and that the quest was hopeless.

I should perhaps have succeeded in this had not the incoming steamer brought, with introductions to me, a small scientific party organized and sent out by Cornell University with the intention of making a careful exploration of that and the neighboring islands, which had been never really explored since the time of Bougainville, and then only superficially. Among the special objects of the expedition was that of discovering the *Simæa*, as well as the finding of some traces of the dodo. My part of the play was ended; and I therefore not only gave all the information that I could—telling these enthusiastic young men the outward story of the most recent events; but I also made over to them for the museum of the university all my collections and special books, about the disposal of which I had been somewhat in a quandary. I have not yet heard, however, that the expedition has discovered either the lost bird or the lost plant.

THE TODDVILLE RAFFLE.

By Edgar Mayhew Bacon.

THE day of the big raffle had arrived. All the sporting men of the township, and that included about two-thirds of the male population, gathered in the bar-room of Jackson's tavern and prepared for the annual event by deep potations of crude whiskey and the unsavory combustion of alleged Havanas.

Toddville had a custom, all its own, which was sufficiently unique to merit

a prefatory word of explanation. All property forfeit to the town through non-payment of taxes, as well as unredeemed securities or such chattels as had been accepted for debt or fine, were appraised by a committee, who took their aggregate values as a basis and prepared a certain number of lottery tickets which were sold at a uniform price to all comers. In purchasing

these tickets it had long been customary to throw dice for choice of numbers, and as such a selection could be nothing more than guesswork the result of every drawing was watched with great interest.

Among the prominent loungers at Jackson's, upon the day in question, was Jerry Winkle. He had but little money, and that little he had invested in a single chance for a ticket; but the very wealthiest capitalist of them all, even old Major Gumble, who had paid for ten "goes" with the air of a man who could afford ten more if he wished, did not support a loftier mien. Winkle's broad-brimmed felt hat, worn at a rakish angle, suggested a challenge. Over the frayed front of a shirt of questionable purity an unbuttoned waistcoat disclosed the flowing ends of a necktie. To wear a necktie was in itself a distinction in a town where most men were content to go collarless. Jerry's hands were thrust into his pockets, and his trousers into his boots. The fact that these boots were red as to tops and foxy about the heels, did not at all interfere with the impression that they were intended as a groundwork for spurs.

Newbury King rested one elbow on the bar, shook the dice-box and threw. Ace, three, four, and six spots were the result. "Six 'n four's ten, 'n four's fourteen," chanted Jackson. "Next!" Major Gumble took the box. He peered into its depths with an air of great authority and rattled the cubes as one who has but to command fortune. He cast; six chances: sixteen, eleven, fourteen, twenty-two, thirteen, ten—he looked annoyed and called for a whiskey; then, with glass in one hand and box in the other, he smiled once more on the attentive crowd and threw again: eleven, nine, twenty, twenty-three. "Twenty-three is hard to beat," he said serenely.

From Major Gumble the box passed to Jerry Winkle. After a little flourish he rolled out four sixes. "That beats it, Major!" he laughed.

The number of those who ventured was so large that the afternoon was nearly spent before the last one had tried his luck. Once the cast of four sixes was equalled and Jerry was called

in from the porch to match his rival. Again he won, and drank at his opponent's expense. He had been drinking during the day at almost everybody's expense, so that it was no wonder that his gait was becoming unsteady and his speech more rapid than coherent. "Shame, ain't it?" commented John Bulow, one of the village trustees. "Jerry didn't never have no head onto him: anyway not for licker."

When the sunset had faded and the deep shadows began to rest in the valley the poor drunkard lay on a wooden settee on the tavern porch. The noise of carousing, the excitement of the raffle, had subsided. Something curious had happened, and from the manner of those who surrounded the prostrate, slumbering man in the growing dusk it was difficult to tell whether that something was a joke or a tragedy.

"Hi, Jerry! wake up, shake yourself. The prizes has been named." The sleeper growled something but refused to be awakened.

"Who beat?" asked a late-comer, stepping in from the road at that moment.

"Jerry Winkle, here, drawed first out and got the biggest card."

"What'd he draw?"

"Why, you see," the spokesman looked around as though he suspected that the matter might have a humorous side to it, and waited to catch anyone laughing; "you see he's ben an' drawed—Oh, blast it, I can't tell ye, it's too redeekulous;" and here he began to laugh, the others joining in. The absurd inconsistency of what they knew to be coming captured the imagination of that audience, and the more they guffawed and shouted over it the funnier it seemed. At last the noise they made partially aroused the sleeper. "Wha'ish th' mat?" he mumbled, feebly. "Why, Jerry," gasped the Major; "Jerry, you drunken reperbate you, you've ben an' drawed the church."

Toddvile had had a church once, but its organization lapsed, and the building, long mortgaged, had gone to the hammer and sold for a song. This was the prize that Jerry Winkle had gambled for, sworn over, got drunk about, and won. There it stood, down

in the valley, its white clapboarded sides gleaming dully in the twilight. Will Dorset, the last-comer, did not join in the general mirth as he looked first at the unconscious owner and then at the newly acquired property.

The news of the raffle and its result spread like wildfire. Country places have no need for newspapers. News travels across lots and up lanes and over fences with a celerity that nothing but its growth can equal for marvellousness. Anent Jerry and his church. "It was a shame." The Squire, to whom Will had reported the matter, said so, and the sentiment was echoed by the best people in that little community. But neither the verdict of the more conservative towns-people, neither the dictum of those who had lost their right to conduct the church's affairs, nor the scoffing of the stranger within the village gates could alter the incongruous fact.

On the Sunday following the raffle Jerry was on his way to witness a ball match which was to take place in a lot two miles down the valley. He paused in passing the church, and looked at his big possession with a feeling that was part pride and part shame.

"That there church is mine," he thought. "But I ain't no sort to own a church neither." He went around and inspected the sheds. "Good sheds, too," he soliloquized. He tried the basement door. It was locked. "Wonder who in creation has got the key? Kinder funny, too, not to know where the key to a man's own church is." Next he essayed to open a window. The nail which had fastened the sash down fell out and it yielded to his vigorous push. With somewhat the feeling of a burglar he clambered in and surveyed his property. There was the pulpit, with well-worn cushion, where old Dominic Rees had long ago pounded and expounded. Jerry could well remember how, when he was a little boy, he had used to sit in one of the pews and dangle his short legs as he squirmed under that ponderous eloquence. That pew on the north aisle, just under the window, was the one that had belonged to his people. He seated himself there, where his father had sat, and reaching out his hand to the book-rack took therefrom the old

hymn-book. It had "Jacob Winkle, Esqr." written in bold characters across the fly-leaf. Jerry had worn his hat during these first moments of occupancy. He now took it off and placed it on the seat in front of him. As he did so the whimsical aspect of the proceeding struck him so that he laughed aloud. Then, hushed in spite of himself by the cold echo of his own mirth, he looked nervously around. At the moment he could almost have sworn that the old audience-room was full of the old worshippers looking at him, the intruder, in condemnation.

It was broad daylight, and the empty place, even with its shutters closed, afforded no suggestive shadows where a ghost might lurk, yet in its Sabbath stillness it was populous. Across the aisle was where the minister's family used to sit. Up yonder by the pulpit, still stood the chair once occupied by the gray-haired precentor. It was easy to picture his tall form, clad in the claw-hammer coat and voluminous stock of an older time, as he rose, book in hand, to "raise the tune." Over the whole room was that pervading, peculiar atmosphere that long-disused apartments often have; not mouldy, nor close, nor damp; but obsolete. There was a distinct flavor of antiquity about it, as though the last sexton, when he shut the big door for the last time, had shut in a fragment of that year.

Beside the new proprietor, stuck between the cushion and pew-back, was a large palm-leaf fan. It had his mother's name written in faint pencil lines upon one of its radial divisions.

Yesterday Jerry had thought to sell the building as old lumber, if nothing better offered; perhaps put up a shanty of some sort for himself upon the site. But to-day the matter took a different aspect. He might almost as readily resolve to sell the modest tombstone that marked the last resting-place of his parents out there in the little graveyard.

He rose with a start, intending to leave the building. There were people coming up the road; so he waited till they had passed before climbing out again. Off in the distance he could hear the shouts that encouraged some batsman to make a home run. The game

was in progress. For him to be absent would excite more comment than he cared to face just then.

Reaching the field he lounged up to that angle of the snake fence where a group of rustic sportsmen had congregated, and received a running fire of greeting and comment. "Hello, Jerry! jes' got up?" "Jerry, how's the church?" "When you goin' to begin preachin'?"

The poor fellow's new relation to the big building up the valley had at last been generally accepted as ludicrous.

"Jerry wouldn't jine the church, so the church had to jine Jerry." This from one of the wits. Another added: "Like the ole man in the tale that wanted the mountain. Mountain wouldn't come to the ole man, so the ole man had to mosey along to the mountain, as the feller sez."

The subject of these remarks did not enjoy them. The influence of his recent quiet half-hour in the church was still strong upon him. He could not summon his usual ready wit to answer jibe with jibe; so he turned his attention to the game and was soon among the loudest of those who encouraged the players.

"Should think you'd be ashamed of yourself, Jerry, a-spendin' your Sunday this way when you've got a hull meetin'-house of your own!" said one, joking him. Jerry swung half round, supporting himself on the arm of one of his companions. "You shet up," he responded. "I had 'nuf of that. Some folks have got neither church *nor* releeigion." Those who laughed most heartily at this retort were careful to keep farthest away from an arm that they knew was still powerful; but after his outburst Jerry became sullen and silent.

As time passed people began to notice and comment upon a change in this man. It was not that he was better than before, only less companionable and enjoyable. If anything he was drunk oftener—only he drank in a morose, unsociable way that his friends could not understand. He did not swear less than he had always done, but his conversation between whiles was less entertaining. His very hat lost the jolly, aggressive air which had distin-

guished it and sat soddently on the back of his head. Men act so when they are in love or in debt, and sometimes when they are in arrears to conscience.

One thing he would not do if it was possible to avoid it—to pass the church alone after nightfall. In daytime it was bad enough. Since his visit it had seemed more and more the harboring place for a band of reproachful spirits who saw his character and course in its naked ugliness—as he was beginning to see it himself.

No doubt the special direction of his imagination was due rather to whiskey than sober conscience. The effect was not less real. He made, in his walks, long detours, crossing fields and sneaking along fences till the dreaded spot was avoided.

Yet wherever he went he could not get rid of the sight of the white box that stood in lieu of a spire, and which always seemed to be saying to him, "What a disgrace to me you are." He tried to sell it, but, partly no doubt because he hated so to talk about it, he failed to find a purchaser who wanted a meeting-house anyhow. If it had been a cow or a horse, or even a good bull-dog of fighting stock, he might have done better. But a church! As long as it stood there it was impossible to get even the worth of the little piece of ground it stood upon. People do not attach much value to a few feet of soil in a country where farms are measured by the hundred acres. It became, with its memories, its traditions, its sanctity, a Nemesis always watching his unsteady footsteps.

At last he resolved to put an end to his torment. He would destroy the church.

One starlight night, having brooded long over this purpose, Winkle started out to put it in execution. Making a wide circuit, to avoid meeting anyone who might be travelling upon the highway, he stole cautiously across the meadow toward his property. He had provided himself with a bundle of straw well saturated with oil, and this he carried in his arms, so that it was with difficulty he could pick his way. He stumbled across a ploughed field to the fence row of elms, and kept well in their

shadow till he had gained the brook with its bordering wall of moving willows. This he skirted, approaching the burying-ground. That had not entered into his calculations. There lay the very people the recollection of whom had made the building unbearable to him. For a long time he crouched there in the shade, hugging his bundle of inflammable stuff close, and staring at the few white, irregular stones that seemed to do sentry duty for the great, square, vacant house beyond them. "That is where my father and my grandfather lie," was the thought that forced itself in on his mind. "There is where I shall be, too, some day, in the old churchyard." And quickly followed the reflection that when the church was gone the churchyard would be naught.

In haste now, perhaps because the night air or some other chill was making it difficult to keep his teeth from chattering, or perhaps because he doubted the strength of his resolution, he piled the straw against one corner and placed a lighted match under it.

An opportune gust of wind fanned the flame into instant blaze, lighting for a moment the white clapboards upon which the paint was beginning to crack and peel in places, illuminating the sheds and even casting a glory upon the faces of the carven marble cherubs on the graveyard stones. But had any other spectator been there he would have been most struck with the look upon the incendiary's face. Swift repentance, self-hate, condemnation of his own evil deed, lined it with an expression of lively remorse that the dancing light served to intensify.

Then with a spring he threw himself upon the blazing heap and tore it away, trampling it under foot, scorching and scarring himself (as we most of us have done) in the effort to undo the mischief he had begun.

One Monday morning Mrs. Busbee was standing by her clothes-lines, basket at foot, learning the latest news from Liza Jane Green, who had just run over with her budget.

"An' it's the queerest thing. They ain't no sense into some men. What d' you s'pose ever led him to go away that fashion, 'thout ever sayin' ay, yes, or no to

any of his folks? I ben down at his aunt's house an' she say *she's* satisfied 't 's 'bout the bes' thing and the sensibles' thing he ever did."

"They *do* say he ain't ben quite right in his upper story sense he drawed the church in that there raffle, which I claim was about the redic'lousest thing a body ever hear tell about."

"Right er wrong, he's gone clean away out o' this place, an' I d'no but what his aunt's mor' 'n half right. He ain't but small loss."

At the tavern, at the store, down by the blacksmith's forge the same topic was variously discussed. Before the raffle Jerry had been a popular man with a certain class of people, and his sudden departure consequently created a wider ripple of excitement than yours or mine, dear reader, might cause in our community. For a few days his memory was kept green, then his name was occasionally mentioned in a reminiscent way, and at last his old-time cronies found it necessary to preface any story in which he figured with the formula, "You remember Jerry Winkle what used to live here; the same one that drawed the church?"

At length the place that had known him well, and knew little good of him, seemed to know him no more. Once, indeed, a statement was made by a salesman who came in his yearly round to the place, that he had seen Jerry running a "wheel" at a county fair; but that may have been error, or malice, or simple mendacity. He had faded out of the village life completely. But the church remained and our story henceforth has to do with it.

What had become of its owner no one knew; that is to say, no one but Squire Dorset, and he laid out money for the necessary paint and repairs, and paid the taxes when they were due, without ever betraying his principal; for no one doubted that he was simply acting as an agent in the matter. There was not the slightest suspicion that the Squire had purchased the property. He had been an intimate friend of our reprobate's father, and he had, perhaps, on that account exerted himself to find a purchaser for the son.

But if such was the case the Squire

was certainly a most exemplary agent. He not only kept the exterior of the edifice in good condition, but he busied himself as well with the interior, so that the broken benches were repaired, the pulpit furniture furbished up, and even the walls whitewashed. In fact, as though having faith in the dawn of a better day for Toddville, the Squire—or rather, that unknown someone whom the Squire represented—kept the Lord's house ready for occupancy.

Once in a while, it is true, his neighbors shook their heads and whispered strange things about the Squire. He was getting to be an old man, and it was more than intimated that he was not without the childishness of age. The church had been the cause of one man's unaccountable behavior, and now it really seemed as though—well, at any rate, there was no sense in spending good money for such an object. Some very zealous friends, after thoroughly canvassing the matter among themselves, actually summoned courage to advise young Dorset, the Squire's son, to put the old man under restraint. Young Dorset rather surprised his advisers by the readiness with which he listened to the suggestion.

"I only see one way to do that," he replied, quietly, "and that is to employ a keeper to go around with him."

It is wonderful the interest that we take in our neighbors' misfortunes. In twenty-four hours all Toddville knew that Will Dorset thought his father ought to have a keeper. "The ole man must be a heap sight wuss 'n we any of us ca'c'lated," observed Jackson.

Not long after this a buggy drove up to the Squire's door and a quiet-looking, rather powerfully built man alighted. He was met by Will Dorset. They went quickly into the house together.

For a day or two no one had a chance to interview the Squire's son, but at last Major Gumble "jes' took the bull by t' other horn, sir," and stopped him on the road.

"How's your father, Will?"

"Oh, he's pretty well, considering."

"I wanted to ask you, Will, whether that there was the—h'm—the pusson you was speakin' about."

"Oh, yes," said the young man. "You may call him a sort of keeper, I guess. He is a sort of a keeper."

The new keeper seemed to humor his charge in every possible way. It is a trick that these skilled persons have of keeping their patients from actual outbreak. And of course everybody was mightily interested. Really the old gentleman seemed harmless enough, only some of his acts were amusing. For instance, on the Saturday following the advent of his attendant he was seen busily tacking up notices on the trees at every prominent point and cross-road within a radius of three miles from the church. These notices read:

"There will be Divine service to-morrow (Sunday, June 12th) in the church at Toddville, at half-past ten o'clock."

People read, grinned, and passed on.

But, supposing that the notices might indicate some new phase of mania which nobody wanted to miss, when ten o'clock drew near there was a large crowd gathered on the road in front of the church. Nor was their coming bootless. Just before the hour arrived the writer of the notices appeared, attended as usual by his keeper. Together they entered the church, after a brief whispered dialogue during which the stranger seemed to expostulate and the Squire to insist upon some point he was urging. The crowd followed.

Squire Dorset walked steadily to his old pew and reverently bowed his head there. The keeper made directly for the pulpit, stood for a moment waiting for the rustle and bustle of the incoming congregation to subside, as, with the force of old custom, all found seats, and then gave out the opening hymn:

"God moves in a mysterious way."

Fairly trapped, the people of Toddville joined in the singing, bowed their heads in at least the semblance of worship, and listened to the sermon.

When they finally dispersed light on more than one subject began to break upon their understandings. Has the reader also guessed the conclusion?

The Rev. Jeremiah Winkle had come home to his church.



THE POINT OF VIEW.

BARYE'S place in the history of art is more nearly unique, perhaps, than that of any of the great artists. He was certainly one of the greatest of sculptors, and he had either the good luck or the mischance to do his work in a field almost wholly unexploited before him. He has in his way no rivals, and in his way he is so admirable that the scope of his work does not even hint at his exclusion from rivalry with the very greatest of his predecessors. A perception of the truth of this apparent paradox is the best result anyone can carry away with him after a visit to the exhibition of Barye's works now being held in this city. No matter what you do, if you do it well enough, that is, with enough elevation, enough spiritual distinction, enough transmutation of the elementary necessity of technical perfection into true significance—you succeed. And this is not the sense in which motive in art is currently belittled. It is rather the suggestion of Mrs. Browning's lines :

"Better far

Pursue a frivolous trade by serious means
Than a sublime art frivolously."

The exhibition is nominally in aid of a fund to erect a monument to Barye in Paris—in aid, thus, of a most worthy project, and of American self-esteem in æsthetic matters ; the Barye Monument Association is perhaps counting on making the Parisians blush a little. But there are already many Parisians who "appreciate" Barye. The exhibition's real function is an educational one, and a wider-spread comprehension of the heroic character of Barye's work, in spite of its apparently narrow scope, will be its best outcome.

Nothing could be more misleading than to fancy Barye a kind of modern Cellini. Less than any sculptor of modern times is he a decorative artist. The small scale of his works is in great part due to his lack of opportunity to produce larger ones. Nowadays one does what one can, even the greatest artists ; and Barye had no Lorenzo de' Medici for a patron, but, instead, a frowning Institute, which confined him to such work as, in the main, he did. He did it *con amore*, it need not be added, and thus lifted it at once out of the customary category of such work. His bronzes were never *articles de Paris*, and their excellence transcends the function of teaching our sculptors and amateurs the lesson that "household" is as dignified a province as monumental, art. His groups are not essentially "clock-tops," and the work of perhaps the greatest artist, in the line from Jean Goujon to Carpeaux, can hardly be used to point the moral that "clock-tops" ought to be good. Cellini's "Perseus" is really more of a "parlor ornament" than Barye's smallest figure.

Why is he so obviously great as well as so obviously extraordinary ? one constantly asks himself in the presence of the bronzes now on exhibition. Perhaps because he expresses with such concreteness, such definiteness and vigor, a motive so purely an abstraction. The illustration in intimate elaboration of elemental force, strength, passion, seems to have been his aim, and in everyone of his wonderfully varied groups he attains it superbly—not giving the beholder a symbol of it merely, in no degree depending upon association or convention, but exhibiting its very essence with a combined

scientific explicitness and poetic energy to which antique art alone furnishes any parallel. For this *fauna* served him as well as the human figure, though, could he have studied man with the facility which the Jardin des Plantes afforded him of observing the lower animals, he might have used the medium of the human figure more frequently than he did. When he did, he was hardly less successful; and it is a great pity that reproductions of the four splendid groups which decorate the Pavilions Denon and Richelieu of the Louvre are not shown in the current exhibition. They are in the very front rank of the sculpture of the modern world. It is a pity, too, from the point of view of popularizing Barye, that the inevitably more popular part of the exhibition should be composed of one of the most remarkable collections of the pictures of the "men of 1830" that have ever been assembled.

So much of Thackeray's private life is still unfamiliar that not many people were aware that he ever allowed himself the luxury of a private secretary. It seems that he did, and there is a holding up of hands more or less general over the intelligence that a certain Mr. Langley, who served him in that capacity for a year or two along about 1860, kept a diary during the term of his employment wherein he set down many sayings and notes of interest about his employer, and that this diary is very shortly to be offered to the world. Whether this Mr. Langley is living or not, and to whom or under what conditions his notes are to be sold, has not transpired at this writing; but there have appeared divers intimations, the nature of which can be accurately gathered from a paragraph of the *Tribune*, which runs:

"Reminiscences of a writer so great, and a man so wise and witty and so loved, would be very delightful no doubt; but what are we to think of one who could record for the public such intimate details of a hero so reserved? If Mr. Langley be publishing them himself, it must be said that he is an ungrateful cur; if he be dead and this is the work of sordid survivors, not much less can be said of them. Thackeray's feelings on this matter were so strong that honorable people have regarded his expressed wish with something of the same respect inspired by the legend on Shakespeare's grave-stone."

That Thackeray should have wished that his private life should remain hid was natural enough. A great many persons now living have similar feelings, and are quite as indisposed as ever he was to be "ripped up," as Baron D'Eyncourt would say, and have their personal concerns published to the world. That his personal wishes in the matter should have bound his daughters and near friends was to be expected, but that they are binding on all men for all time is by no means so clear.

For convenience' sake a man is permitted, within certain limitations which vary in various countries, to say who shall have his property when he dies. He can bequeath his houses and lands, his stocks, bonds, money, books, cattle, and bric-à-brac. But he cannot bequeath his wife or his grown children, for they belong not to him but to themselves. No more can he bequeath the story of his life to anyone's exclusive use, or to disuse, for that is not his either. That is part of history, and belongs to any son of Adam who cares to investigate and use it. The notion that the world's acquaintance with the man Thackeray is to be only so intimate as Thackeray might have chosen to permit, is not sound. What is told or said of a man while he is alive he is permitted to resent, if he doesn't like it; but if he tries to bind posterity not to explore his record after he is dead, he tries to control what is no longer his. What he did in the world he left in the world, and it belongs to the world; and, if it is worth while exploring, the world is perfectly at liberty to look it up at its convenience. History is the record of human lives and their results. Considering what Thackeray got out of history, he was the last man who should have objected that history should get its own from him.

The truth is that there are few things in the world so valuable as the records of the lives of great men, and particularly of great men who were good. The more complete such records are—the more they include those matters of daily private life which mark the growth of character—the greater is their value. It is not alone the story of a strong man's strength or a great man's greatness that the world needs. The weaknesses he overcame, the adversities he struggled through, the thousand mistakes that he survived—those are what mankind

has most need of for its encouragement and help.

A great deal of information has come out about Lincoln lately that must be rather painful reading for his children, and distasteful to people who want to canonize him, but not a line of it can be spared. He was one of the men about whom the world has a right to know the whole truth and to strengthen itself with every fact that tells how man can suffer and grow strong. And another man of whom the same is true, though in a less measure, was Thackeray: a great man, a great-hearted gentleman, who loved the truth and struggled toward it all his life long, and whose heart was so tender, and his pity and love for humanity so gentle and constant, that hosts of readers who never saw his face have learned to love him with an intimate personal regard. That the personal history of such a man shall never become known is altogether too much to expect. It is much too valuable to be lost. There are fitnesses of time that may properly be respected, but in due season Thackeray's life must be written, if not adequately, at least as fully as possible. Let us hope that these notes of Mr. Langley may add something of value to the existing materials for such a work.

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A PERSON whose identity it is unnecessary to publish here, but a very important person, was grumbling the other day about those ambitious paragraphs in the untrammelled press which record from December to May that Mrs. Thompson Jones had a party, and Mr. and Mrs. Brown Robinson and Mr. and Mrs. Rogers Smith were there, expressed himself as fatigued with the record of these events, and with the constant repetition of the same names in connection with them. Why these names and no others, he wanted to know, and argued that the apparent recognition of their worth conveyed in this exclusive notice was one thing that lulled these people in the delusion that they were "the folks," and made them feel above other persons whose movements gained less notoriety. He wanted something done about it.

This, to tell him that he is fretting over something that ought not to disturb him.

When he goes to the theatre does he complain because his name and yours and mine are not on the play-bill, but all the space there is given up to identifying a lot of actors who are not a bit more worthy, when it comes down to real worth, than we are? Let him take rich New York society from the same point of view. The persons whose social achievements get so much more notice than ours may not be really more admirable than we, but they are occupying the stage. So far from being vexed at them, he ought to regard them from afar off with grateful emotions, as persons who are employed to perform social feats at their own expense for his diversion, and whose operations are kindly set forth in the public press so that he can easily inform himself about them when personal observation is not convenient. Not the books in the Astor Library, nor the pictures in the Metropolitan Museum, nor Cleopatra, her needle in the Park, are more distinctly ours to use and to profit by than these Brown Robinsons and Rogers Smiths. When their splendor has its setbacks it is for us spectators to draw moral lessons therefrom for our use. When young Thompson Smith elopes with a ballet-dancer we can wag our heads as we read about it and be thankful that our sons are not exposed to the demoralizing influences of large means; and the same when Benita Brown Robinson marries some scarecrow prince, or Lawrence Perry the Younger's difficulties with the governors of the Union Club are advertised to the world. Be sure the recording angel takes regular note of the advantage it is to us to have these rich always with us, and that we shall be held to strict accountability for all the profit we ought to have received from our newspaper familiarity with their ingoings and outcomings, and all their vicissitudes of experience.

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ADMITTING all the moral degradation of the lively Gaul, let us for one brief moment try to keep our excelling virtue from the question: Why is it that our educated people read novels still of style so bad, of texture so light, of meaning so vacant that no Palais-Royal book-stall would venture to imprint them? Or, rather, why are they of France such artists, and yet such wicked

ones? Why do they still care for excellence in art, if in nothing else? Incomparable in "the calm pursuits of peace," they throw together a few thousand oils, a few hundred aquarelles, a few million bits of fused sand or baked clay, and all their mighty neighbors flock to Paris and step gingerly, admiring, through the showshelves of this beaten people. Such artists are they! so delicately, so consummately do they work, each in his quiet little shop, or field, or study! And all the time one has the consciousness of Germany, like some healthy, burly boy, beating noisily for mischief on the outer gates.

Yet three things more impressed one than the Exposition, there, abroad, last summer. In one corner of the Place of Peace stands a statue, the typical figure of Strasburg, of Alsace-Lorraine—one of the nine or ten figures that personify the old provinces of France. I do not mean such cowardly abstractions of convenient government as Indre-et-Loire, Seine Inférieure, Oise-et-Cher, and the like, but Gascony, Burgundy, Brittany, Touraine—entities, persons, that were flesh and blood, and faith, and wine, and fire; things that had a being, and a spirit-of-body, as we say, when France seemed like to have some further history; and hence grew inconvenient, as a heroine in a *mariage de convenance*. The other statues stand naked; but Alsace-Lorraine is buried in a pyre of wreaths and flowers—funeral flowers, immortelles; with faded roses, lilies, violets, now a brownish dust, the sentimental offerings of nigh twenty years of Frenchmen. And, over all, a canvas legend—written on the gates of Strasburg—

QUI VIVE? LA FRANCE!
1871 18—

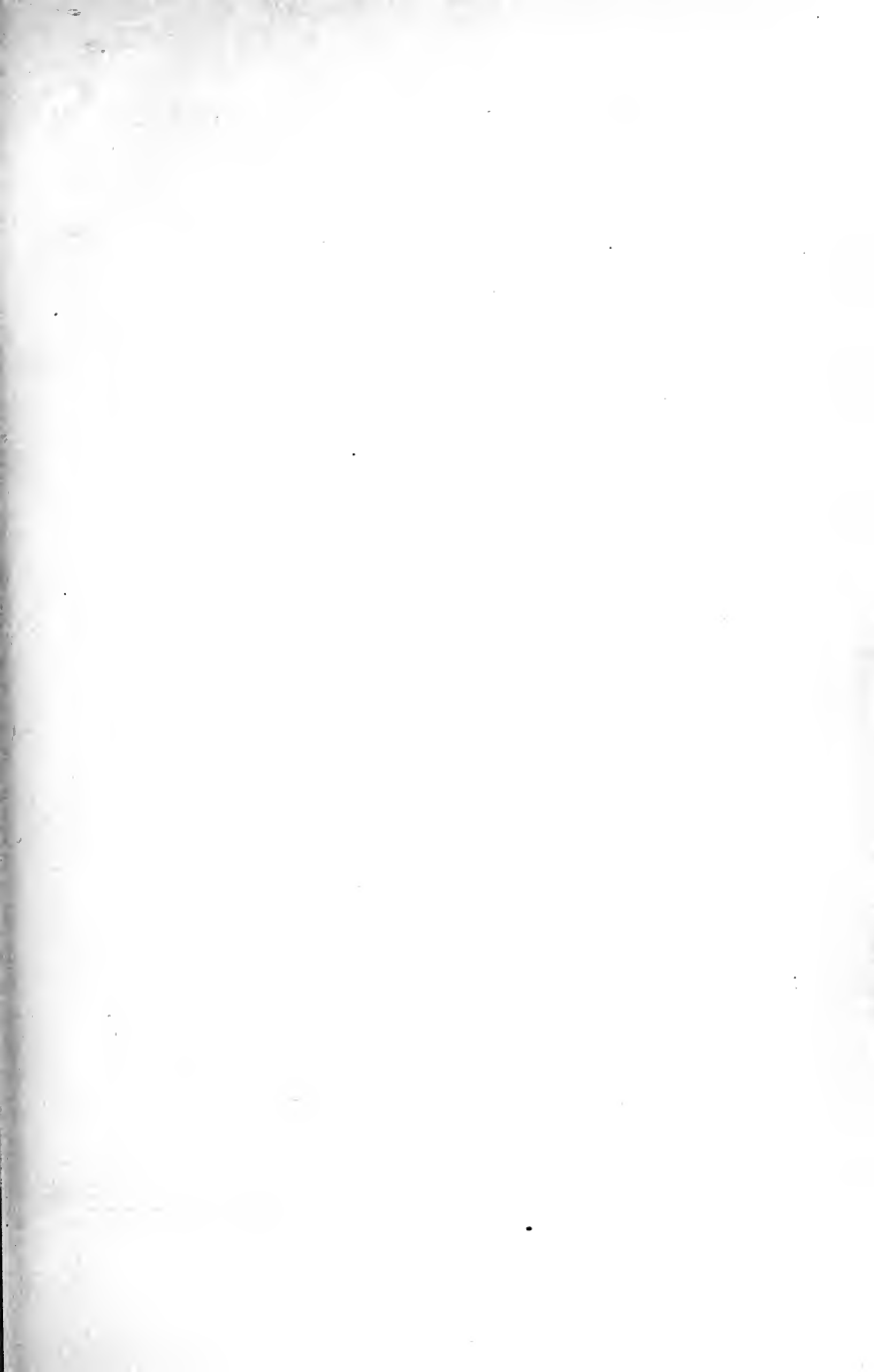
Hardly a Frenchman in all Paris thought that an overweening phrase, when put there first; and now scarce ten years remain; and yet, not yet, has once the German sen-

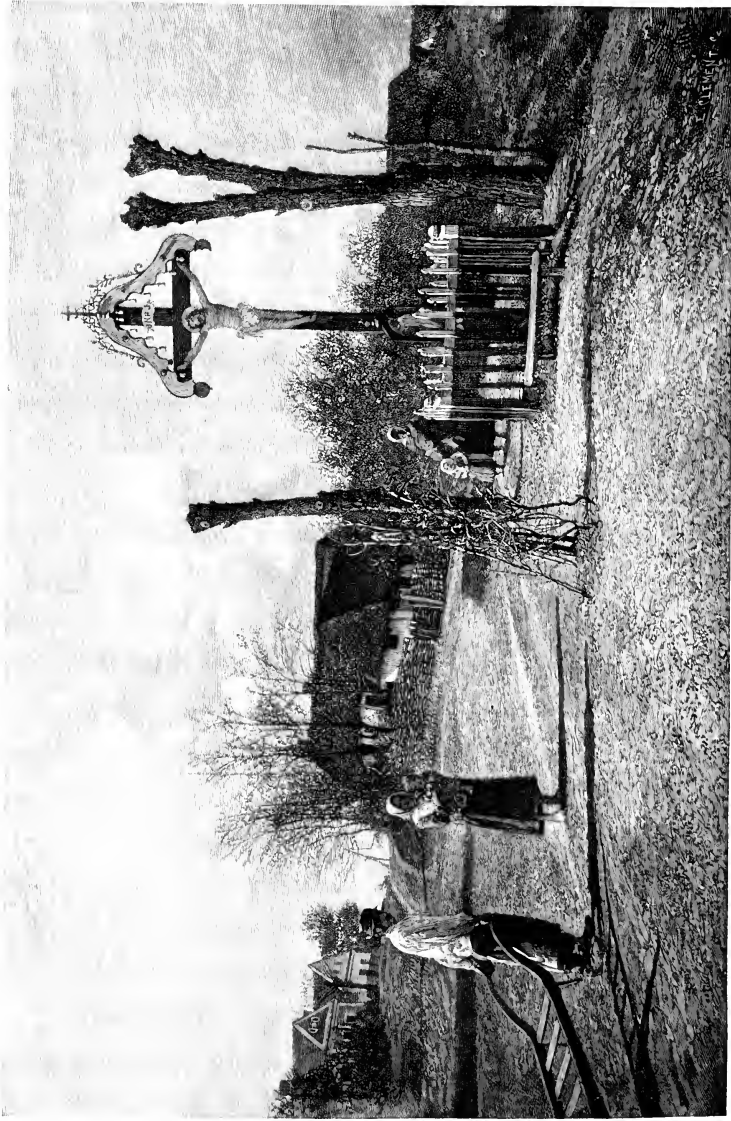
tinel at Strasburg, roused at night, called, *Who goes there?* to the Western fields, and heard the answer, France.

And then, one day last August, all the master-singers of the French nation were called together in the Trocadéro to sing the "Marseillaise." Four thousand of them sang it through, and they sang it well and sweetly; and the audience was orderly, and applauded with discrimination. And their harmonies seemed to me to give a gentle answer to that unanswered question of the Alsace statue. For whereas, in the hundred years last past you could not get three Frenchmen in a cellar, and let them sing the "Marseillaise," under their breaths for fear of the law and the Imperial guards, with safety to the roof—but here, with those four thousand Frenchmen singing, the criticism was of lack of force; *aux armes!* was sung like *aux amours*.

The *décadence*, it is, they tell us there in Paris; and they have a school of writers who affect the name. Perhaps it is so; and with the arts come the vices. Yet surely there may be, as there has been, a greater literature—Elizabethan, Greek—that breathes of the sea and the free field, that springs from commerce, not the factory, that be- seems a rising people and a doing world, and yet is built for men and women, not commercial travellers and girls. And then you went to that Rhine no longer French, and there, on the first backward bend of the river, you find the answer again; the huge figure of Germania, planted on the Niederwald, her back to Germany, guarded by the Hohenzollern eagles, and facing to the French frontier. Barbarian it may be; like some nightmare of the dark ages it may seem to enlightened Paris; but it stands there, in the German forest, counter to that recumbent Alsace-Lorraine at the streets' corner, to remind a dainty age that strength, after all, must underlie craft, and that hearts do more of this world's work than heads, to-day.







IN A HUNGARIAN VILLAGE

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LIFE AMONG THE CONGO SAVAGES.

By Herbert Ward.



Ufoto War Knife.

ABOUT noon on March 12, 1877, Stanley, bronzed, meagre, and with blanched hair, leaning forward in his canoe, and shading his eyes from the fierce tropical sun, gazed upon the vast expanse of water since known as "Stanley Pool." In his flotilla of native canoes he had with him his sole surviving white companion, Frank Pocock, and his gallant band of Wangwanas,

natives of Zanzibar. For more than two years and a half they had travelled ever onward, undergoing the keenest privations, frequently escaping only by that happy tact and judgment which are among Stanley's principal characteristics.

It will be forever fresh in our minds how, after circumnavigating the central African lakes, he pushed his way to Nyangwe, where he augmented his forces by engaging some Arabs and their following to accompany him down the Lualaba River for sixty marches. A portion of the caravan floated down the river in canoes, and the remainder forced their way along the banks through the dense and deadly forests, after frightful hardships and large loss of life. The Arabs refused to accompany Mr. Stanley any farther, on account of the ravages which sickness had made among their numbers, and also on account of the extremely hazardous character of

the enterprise, in which they had but little faith.

Stanley, undaunted by this desertion, and accompanied by his sole remaining white man (the plucky young Englishman Frank Pocock), and his faithful but discontented handful of Wangwana followers, determined to push on at all hazards in canoes. They embarked near the Seventh Cataract, since popularly known as Stanley Falls. Very soon they encountered serious hostility from the natives. At the mouth of the Aruimi River thousands of savages came out in their enormous war-canoes to attack him, crying, "Nyama! nyama!" (Meat, meat), for in these regions the people are cannibals, and the significance of their cry was obvious.

By dint of hard fighting, indefatigable energy, combined with masterly diplomacy, he forced his way down the Congo River to the Atlantic Ocean, thus clearly solving the course and connection of the Lualaba with the Congo. There is, even to this date, no more thrilling book of travel than Stanley's "Through the Dark Continent," in which the great explorer has narrated to the world the interesting record of this memorable expedition.

When Stanley reached Europe, the keenest public interest was directed toward this vast country, never before visited by a white man, and His Majesty King Leopold II. of Belgium commissioned Stanley to return again to the Congo country, and post stations at the most advantageous points, in order that

these benighted savages in the heart of Africa might receive the benefits of civilization. For four years Stanley trav-



Type of Bangala.
(Drawn by the author.)

elled about the country negotiating treaties for concessions of territory with the native chiefs, which were to form the basis of the creation of the Congo Free State.

It was while transporting his boats and small steam-launches through the cataract region of the Congo, in order to put them together on Stanley Pool for the navigation of the Upper Congo, that Stanley was christened by the natives Bula Matadi (The Stone-breaker), from his having blasted rocks which obstructed his road. The name Bula Matadi is uttered with respect and awe by the almost numberless inhabitants to the utmost limits of the Congo Free State.

In the beginning of 1884 I reached England, suffering from malarial fever contracted while travelling in the far interior of North Borneo. As I regained my health my desire to travel in new countries revived, for the fascination of being the first white man to view a new country—to be the first white to visit strange savage tribes, who live in far-away wilds, which have hitherto proved inaccessible to civilization—was at that time strong within me. I could not do better than to become connected with an enterprise such as Mr. Stanley's; consequently, upon receiving an appointment from Brussels, through Mr. Stanley's influence, I proceeded in 1884 to the Congo.

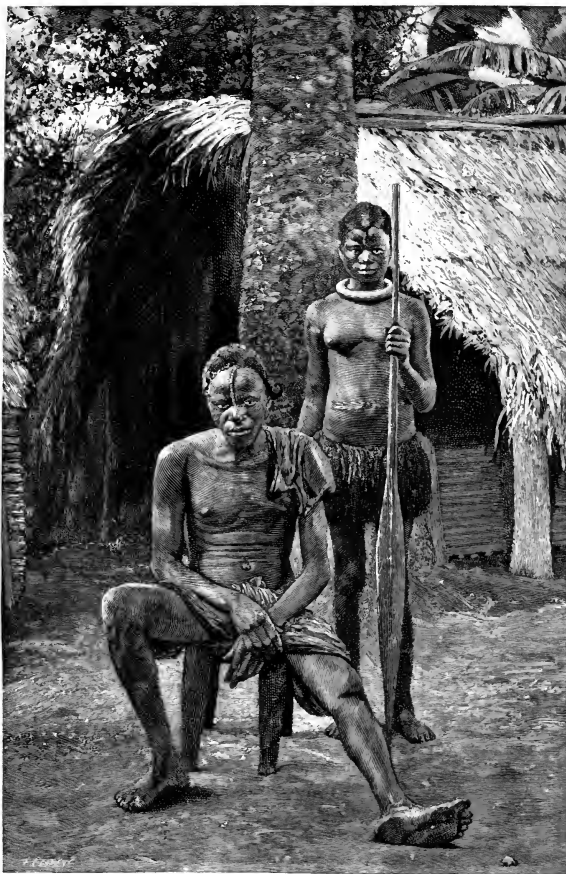
Landing at the mouth of the Congo

River, and embarking on a small steam-launch, we steamed an entire day past mangrove swamps, until we reached Boma, now the seat and the principal depot of the Government of the Congo Free State. Here are now several large factories belonging to French, Dutch, Portuguese, and English trading companies, who exchange Manchester and Birmingham goods for native produce.

From Boma, steaming another entire day, we reached Vivi, a station established by Mr. Stanley at the farthest point of navigation. Vivi Station was at that time the base of administration. There were here about fifteen white men of different nationalities, living in houses made, some of planks, others of mud and grass, and a few, of higher pretensions, were roofed with corrugated iron. After remaining in Vivi for a few days, in order to receive my instructions, and to prepare my loads for the overland march into the interior, I started with native carriers of the Bakongo tribe. For four days I marched on the north bank of the Congo, over rugged hills, through dense patches of forest, ever and anon catching glimpses of the Cataracts of the Congo River, eddying and whirling among enormous rocks and cliffs; while on the south side most picturesque glimpses of the far country beyond were plainly visible. It was the rainy season. Wet weather, deep muddy swamps, long grass, and mosquitoes, were prominent features of this journey.

At Isanghila a station had been established as a depot for the boat service between Isanghila and Manyanga, a stretch of wild, swift water, navigable only with great caution and local knowledge. The natives are lazy and indolent. The influence of trade-rum here has its demoralizing effect; their only ambition seems to be to scrape together a few ground-nuts and palm-kernels, which they carry to the European traders at Boma, to sell for trade-rum, a fiery, spirituous poison prepared in Europe solely for the African trade.

The Bakongo of this region are intensely superstitious. For instance, one of their superstitions is the belief that certain individuals are in league with the elements. Upon one occasion the



A Bangala Native and his Wife.

missionaries desired to build a little iron church on the summit of a hill, near the mouth of the Congo. The natives, however, indignantly refused to allow them. Bribes and persuasions were of no avail, but eventually they explained to the missionaries the reason of their objections. They said, "If you build a great, ugly house of iron like that, we shall have no rain. Never has such a house as that been in this country. Such a thing would surely frighten away the rain." Even to this day, in

certain parts of the lower Congo, when there is a drought, they attribute it to the white man, "For," they say, "before the white men came these things always went on regularly. Our dry season was so many days, and our rainy season lasted so many days, but now the elements are demoralized. It was very weak of us to let the white men pass into the country." They have a playful little habit, also, of kidnapping people, and keeping them bound, hand and foot, close prisoners, until the rain comes.

Women are, of course, the cause of the majority of the native wars. But the eccentricities of the elements are the cause of a great deal of trouble and bloodshed. One chief will threaten a neighboring chief, in a moment of anger, that he will tie up the rain. Consequently, should the rain be late, the reason is attributed to the threat of this chief, and bloodshed follows.

Manyanga has a commanding position on the north bank of the Congo, being built on the crest of a hill, about eighty miles from Isanghila. But it has proved fatal to the health of white men. The rows of rough stone-heap graves at the foot of the hill tell their own sad tale. It might be reasonably supposed that a site so high above the sea-level would be sufficiently elevated to escape the malarial fogs; but the contrary is found to be the case, as at the station on the opposite side of the river, situated on a sand-bank just above the river-level, there is hardly any sickness. Hilly sites are constantly undergoing changes of temperature; after the blazing heat of the tropical sun comes a cold withering wind, which too frequently is the forerunner of chills which prove so fatal in that country; whereas the low-lying and sheltered situations are not subject to such sudden changes.

From Manyanga to Stanley Pool, a distance of about seventy miles, the country becomes more park-like, with long plateaus and picturesque landscapes. It is a remarkable feature that this portion of the country should be utterly devoid of game. It is, doubtless, on account of the nature of the soil. From the coast to this point the inhabitants are Bakongo, whose language is soft and rich in expression, and is rendered particularly harmonious by its alliterative concord. Stanley Pool marks the commencement of the Bateke tribe, whose language is of a monosyllabic order, and they have a peculiar sing-song mode of speaking. They

are traders, acting as middle-men in the ivory trade between the Babangis of the upper Congo, who come down in their large canoes with tusks of ivory, and the Bakongos, who dispose of the ivory to the European traders on the coast. The Batekes are indolent, cunning, and utterly devoid of the elements of civilization.

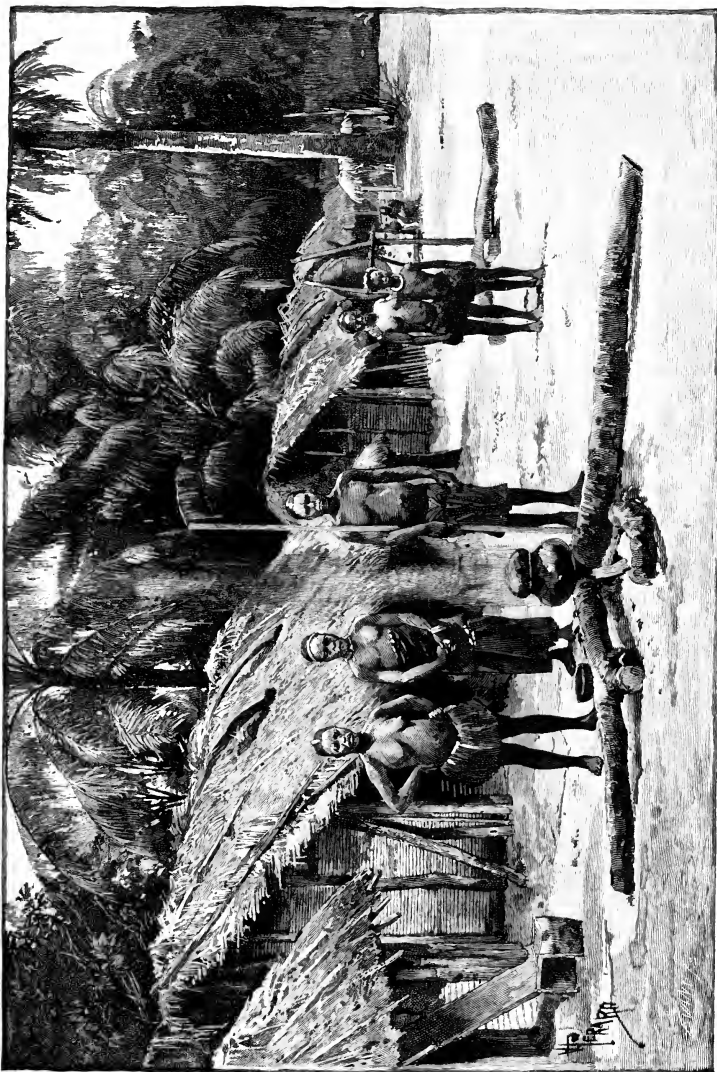
Leaving Stanley Pool, the scenery up to Kwamouth is remarkably picturesque, being thickly wooded country, with bald patches on the summits of the hills, the action of the rain having washed down the rich soil. One is immediately impressed by the superiority of this country, when compared with that lying between here and the coast. There the hills are more



Type of Bopoto.
(Drawn by the author.)

abrupt, more rocky and arid, especially after the grass fires, which occur at the end of each dry season. The first village of importance after leaving Stanley Pool is situated on the south bank. Mr. Stanley established a small post here, in 1882, leaving in command Lieutenant Janssen, who was known to the natives as Nsusu Mpembe (White Fowl). He was unfortunately drowned in the autumn of 1883, while crossing the river, his canoe being capsized in a tornado.

The country now becomes more cultivated, and one catches passing glimpses of little villages snugly stowed away in the dense forests which fringe the river. The undulating country at the back is here and there cultivated with patches of cassava, planted in rows. It is here that the Kasai River empties itself into the Congo. There is a marked contrast in the color of the waters, the Kasai being of a thick clayey color, while the Congo is black and muddy. Captain Wissman, the German traveller, was the first to explore the course of this great Kasai River. Previous to his descent, in 1885, its course was purely a matter of conjecture. At the time of his arrival there was a State station at its confluence with the Congo. Wissman had



Village Scene at Bangala.

been travelling down the Kasai River for many months in canoes. Upon reaching the Congo he could hardly realize where



Knife and Sheath, Kassongo,
Central Africa.

he was, and his anxiety got so much the better of him that, before he had time to get his canoes properly beached, he had plunged into the water, and wading ashore eagerly asked, "What river is this?"

Since that time other expeditions have ascended the Kasai and its tributaries, and its whole course is now known to the world. The Congo State has now a post at the far-away headquarters of this river, and for many years past Portuguese adventurers have been in the habit of visiting these districts, engaged in the slave and ivory trade. They are even to this day carrying on their nefarious traffic.

The next village of importance on the Congo is Chumbiri. Palm-trees abound, planted in avenues, and under their friendly shade are the huts of the natives, built in streets and open squares. These palm-forests, combined with graceful banana-trees of different hues, and occasional fan and borassus palms, form a beautiful picture in the strong, tropical sunlight. Kwamouth is the division of the Batekes and Babangi tribes. The Babangi are a much more enterprising tribe, and of a more open disposition than the indolent, avaricious Bateke. There is a great variety of food in this village—pumpkins, sweet potatoes, egg-fruit, bananas, plantains, palm-nuts, palm-wine, maize, peanuts, manioc; also many plants used by the natives as vegetables, most of them re-

sembling spinach in flavor. Portions of old canoes turned upside down, and placed at right angles, with a grass roof over them, form seats and are used for native palavers, palm-wine drinking, and general places of assembly.

The chief, "Ibinda," is an old man, generally to be seen lying back upon a log, smoking a long Bateke pipe, with a bent metal stem, the bowl resting on the ground; his son, a bright-eyed, mischievous boy of about ten years, sitting beside him. The old chief's face is generally adorned with paint and with white chalk on his eyelids, and yellow and red stripes and spots down his arms and on his breast; his mustache is shaved from the upper lip, with the exception of two ends over the corner of the mouth, standing out like bristles; his beard is plaited into a string about six inches long; and hanging over him from a bough of the beautiful, soft-leaved, shady tree under which he reclines, is his staff of state, an old spear, ornamented with strips of wild-cat skin, and the knob covered with some yellow stuff resembling the bread-crumbs on a fish-ball.

During the founding of the Congo State it was decided to establish a station at Bolobo, on account of the vast population. But it was not until 1883 that a white man was found competent to deal with the natives. Twice the station had been burnt down, and several fights had occurred, when Lieutenant Liebrechts, a Belgian artillery officer, was placed in command and established order. At Bolobo the natives have great trading interests, and act as middlemen between the up-country ivory traders and the Bateke of Stanley Pool. There are, here, two separate tribes, the Bayansi and the Bamoé. The Bayansi of Bolobo are essentially traders, but the Bamoé cultivate on an extensive scale and are great fishermen. There is an abundance of fish, from small white-bait to fish weighing one hundred and fifty pounds; and the natives have various modes of fishing.

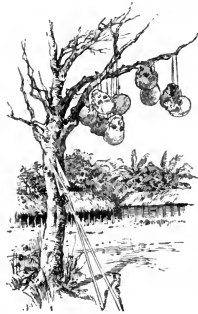


Tippo Tib's Sandal, with his compliments to Herbert Ward.



Hamad ben Mohammed—"Tippo Tib."

For instance, in order to catch the fish that frequent the shallow parts around the sand-banks they use lengths of cane trellis about six feet high. They approach stealthily by



Cannibal Trophy at Upoto.
(Drawn by the author.)

are accommodating. They arrange a stockade projecting into the current about twenty yards, at right angles to the river bank. Upon this they attach small bushes, the whole forming a break-water, in the lee of which the indolent fish can resort, sheltered from the current. In the most advantageous position are placed artfully contrived traps, made on the principle of our lobster pots, and baited with manioc root. They are well acquainted with the art of curing fish. Upon a platform, built about two feet from the ground, across which are laid small sticks, the fresh fish are arranged, and then thoroughly dried and smoked by means of a fire placed underneath. During the hot, dry weather they are able to cure fish in the sun, but the climate being generally damp, this process is only occasionally practicable. A great trade results, in the exchange of fish for vegetable food, between the natives who reside on the river banks and the inland tribes. In the district of Bolobo is to be found everything that this portion of central Africa produces — large plantations of maize, peanut, sugar-cane, plenty of goats, fowl, ducks, and sheep; and the surrounding forests and plains harbor numberless herds of elephants and buffalo. In the plantations are always to be found guinea-

fowl, red-legged partridges, and wild-duck in abundance.

It was in a large plain, just below the village of Bolobo, that my friend and companion, E. J. Glave, once had a very narrow escape from a charging buffalo. He had come upon a large herd, consisting of about two hundred buffalo, but unfortunately only managed to wound a bull in the shoulder. The remainder of the herd stampeded off, but the wounded animal trotted into a neighboring patch of scrub. As Glave approached, the infuriated brute rushed into the open and stood dazed for an instant, then, with neck extended, he stuck back his ears, stamped with his foot, and sniffing the air and with an ominous twitch of his tail charged straight for Glave, who was about fifty yards off. Glave was armed with a Martini rifle, and at the pace the wounded buffalo was charging he had to depend on the one shot. Waiting coolly until the brute had approached within a few feet of him, his head close to the ground, bellowing with rage, Glave raised his rifle and shot the infuriated animal in the heart. So sudden was the shock and so great the impulse that the brute turned a complete somersault, and Glave had only time to jump aside to avoid being crushed. The two Zanzibaris who accompanied him remained in the background, and as they realized the danger keenly when they saw the dead buffalo, they uttered fervently the Mohammedan prayer, "Hem'd Il Allah!"

While stalking the herd, Glave had given a native his helmet to carry, but in the excitement the native had ran off into a neighboring bush, where he was safely perched in a high tree. So thoroughly scared was he by the charging buffalo that he could not be persuaded to come down with the hat. They shouted to him that the danger was past, but he would not believe it. At last another man had to go up the tree and bring down the helmet. In consequence of the exposure without a hat, Glave was attacked with a very severe fever. That night he became delirious, and it required the united efforts of his blacks to control him.

A station was established at Lukolela in 1883 by Mr. Stanley, and left in charge



Herbert Ward and Followers, at Bangala, Central Africa.

of my friend Glave. It is an important post, from its strategic position, as here the Congo narrows very considerably, so that everything that passes up and down the river at this point can be clearly seen. It is situated in a dense forest, probably the thickest in the whole country, and which contains a great variety of timber. The natives are a peaceable and good-natured people. Lukolela is also the centre of a large game district, many species being found in that vicinity.

In the country at the back of Lukolela there are some powerful but peaceable tribes, at the head of whom is a chief who has rather a unique superstition, which is that he must not see the river Congo. He is now an old man, close on to seventy years; but neither himself nor his father before him has ever seen the river. He has the impression that the day he sees the river will decide the date of his funeral. He will go down within a few miles of it, but never runs the slightest risk of catching a glimpse. Among these peoples there is a custom that a big chief in a district, on having proved to the satisfaction of the assembled chiefs that he is the wealthiest, and, physically speaking, the strongest, is invested with the order of the Tall Hat. This resembles very much the stove-pipe hat of civilized life, only with the brim at the top, and is made of plaited fibre.

Nearly opposite Lukolela Station is situated the mouth of the Alima, a river very important in connection with De Brazza's enterprise, as this water-way completes his transport service through the French Congo territory. The headquarters of the French Congo possessions are at Gaboon, situated on the southwest coast of Africa, one degree south. They convey their transports up the river Oguwe, the mouth of which is at Gaboon. The French ascend this river to the limit of its navigable waters, when they march overland for seven or

eight days, and again embarking at the head-waters of the Alima enter the Congo near Lukolela. This is a very dangerous route, on account of the many rapids and the rocky nature of the water-way.

Many of the villages on the upper Congo consist merely of fifty to sixty log-huts, two-thirds of the population being generally women. In many districts women are considered as currency, their value increasing as they attain a greater degree of corpulency. Each woman has as many metal ornaments as she can wear, some composed of iron, others brass and copper. These metals are the money of the country, so that the more a woman can heap upon

herself the greater becomes her value. Each chief has as many wives as he can afford to buy or marry, which is only another form of purchase. Early in the morning few of these women are to be found in the villages, as they start off at daybreak to work in their plantations, and do not return until about noon. However, a few always have to remain to attend to the necessary domestic items of life, such as cooking and their toilet. These central Africans are very particular in all items in connection with their toilet, which consists of plaiting their hair, shaving off the eyebrows, pulling out the eyelashes, cutting their nails right down to the quick, and besmearing their bodies with a mixture of palm-oil and camwood.

In another part of the village are seen some of the villagers engaged in making fishing nets and basket-work, and being helped by the young boys of the village, who become initiated into these crafts at a very early age. Again, under some shady tree, in another corner of the village, some natives will be engaged in the manufacture of pottery. In this they display a great knowledge of their work, mixing the different clays so as to stand firing. They have no moulds—nothing but the practised eye and hand to assist them, and it is really wonderful



Type of Aruimi Native.
(Drawn by the author.)

to see a lump of clay, in the hands of an African savage, moulded, in the space of a few minutes, into a useful article of pottery, rendered really artistic by its neatness and tasteful design.



Balolo Type.

(Drawn by the author.)

A busy nook in a village is always the blacksmith's shop, generally merely a grass roof supported on bare poles. Like the corresponding institution of civilized life, it is the resort of local gossipers. In the centre are the rough bellows, composed of wood and skin. The smelting of the ore is done by means of charcoal fires made in ant-hills. As a rule, the whole kit of the blacksmith's tools includes three or four different kinds of hammers, resembling doctors' pestles—some pointed, some flat, and others square. For an anvil, a block of iron about four inches square, and some native cups, made of special clay, for melting metals. The rough iron ore, as provided by nature to man, enters this rough African savage's hands, and leaves it either in the shape of a knife, arrow-head, or spear, so deftly and artistically worked as to be universally admired. Long practice has given them a very wide knowledge of the nature of metals, and they know exactly how to temper them. A good deal of brass passes through the hands of the village blacksmith, because for means of intertribal trade the brass anklet is in great demand. This metal is introduced

Knife and Sheath, Mobangi
River, Upper Congo.

into Africa by the white traders, who have penetrated into that country. Before the natives can use this metal they must render it malleable. To effect this they melt into it native lead. One strange thing about all their work is that they make no measurements. They rely solely upon their eye and hand, and a glance at a collection of central African weapons shows that they are very seldom

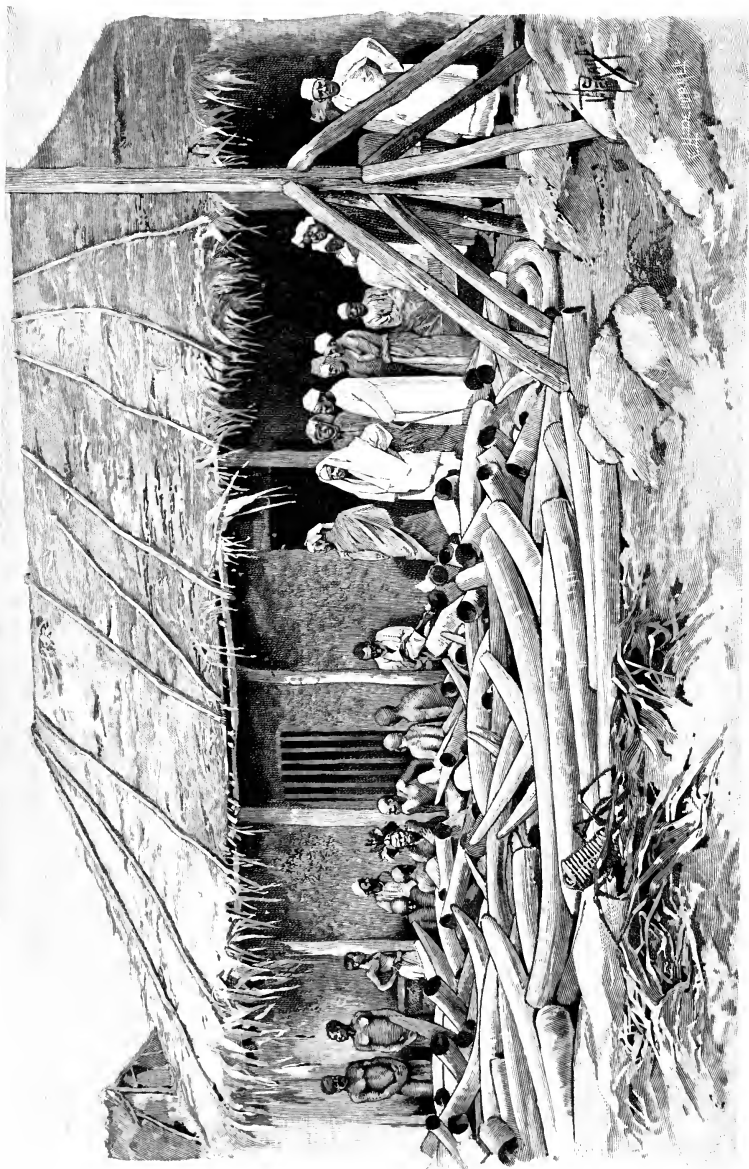
deceived. Some of the more intelligent have even found out the simple points in the mechanism of a gun. It must always be borne in mind that these people are totally unassisted by the benefits such as the white mechanic has in his aid. The native must commence from the very bottom of the tree. He has the iron in the rough, and every tool he needs he must make himself. It is so that they have been compelled to have such a wide grasp of their industries.

Some of the villagers are occupied in catering for the thirsty nature which seems to belong to mankind, whether black or white, and which must, at times, be satisfied by something stronger than water. This is provided by pounding up sugar-cane, and, having obtained the juice, allowing it to ferment a day or two, when one of their favorite beverages is formed. The young people of a native village are always in high spirits, amusing themselves by games, mimic warfare, and bird-trapping and hunting on a miniature scale; but it is not all play with them. Their parents or masters compel them to take part in work in which they themselves may be engaged. It is a mistake to imagine that these people are incorrigibly indolent when we come to consider the enormous amount of time and patience they bestow upon all their industries. In the morning, when people are at work, a native village strikes one as a very busy place indeed.



Idols of Lower Congo.

The next important districts, about fifty miles up river, are Busindi and Irebu, which are thickly populated by native traders. They are middle-men, taking the produce—of ivory, camwood, and slaves—down to the lower river markets of Bolobo and Stanley Pool. There is an arrangement between the Busindi and Irebu to the following effect: Busindi has very large plantations of its own, and is situated altogether in an agricultural district, being surrounded by the large inland villages of Lusa-



Tippo Tib's Camp at Stanley Falls, with an accumulation of ivory.

kani, a very powerful tribe, who at times wage war on the surrounding, but small, villages and thoroughly clear them out. Irebu does not practise agriculture, but has an extensive industry in native pottery, as they have in their territory suitable clay. They do not engage in agriculture, and the Busindi people do not make pots, so that an extensive exchange is always taking place between the Busindi and Irebu—pots against agricultural products. Just above Irebu is Lake Mantumba, which, in conjunction with Lake Leopold, forms a sort of channel between the river Kasai and the main river Congo, rendering the land enclosed by them geographically an island.

Large herds of elephants are to be found almost throughout the whole territory of the Congo Free State. Away in the deadly swamps and impenetrable forests of this portion of central Africa they are secure from hunters of any kind. They frequently devastate the plantations of an entire district, and they seem to be instinctively aware of the comparatively inoffensive weapons of the natives. The thundering noise of a herd of elephants stampeding through the forest is indescribable. The shrillness of their screaming and trumpeting, and the crashing of trees as they plough their way through the dense, matted undergrowth, is an experience never to be forgotten. As a rule, elephants do not lie down to rest. They stand in a dreamy kind of way, swaying their great bodies backward and forward, and making a peculiar gurgling sound in the throat. Occasionally baby elephants will skip playfully about like young lambs, being rebuked with a push from the trunk of an old tusker. The elephant's lack of eyesight is amply compensated for by its acute powers of scent and hearing.

The next place of importance is the district of Bukute, commonly known from the geographical position as the Equator Station. Its site is one of Mr. Stanley's most happy selection, being situated in the centre of an important river-system and in the midst of several tribes. Here are found the Babangi and Bankundu. The Bankundu are the rightful possessors of the country, the Babangi being

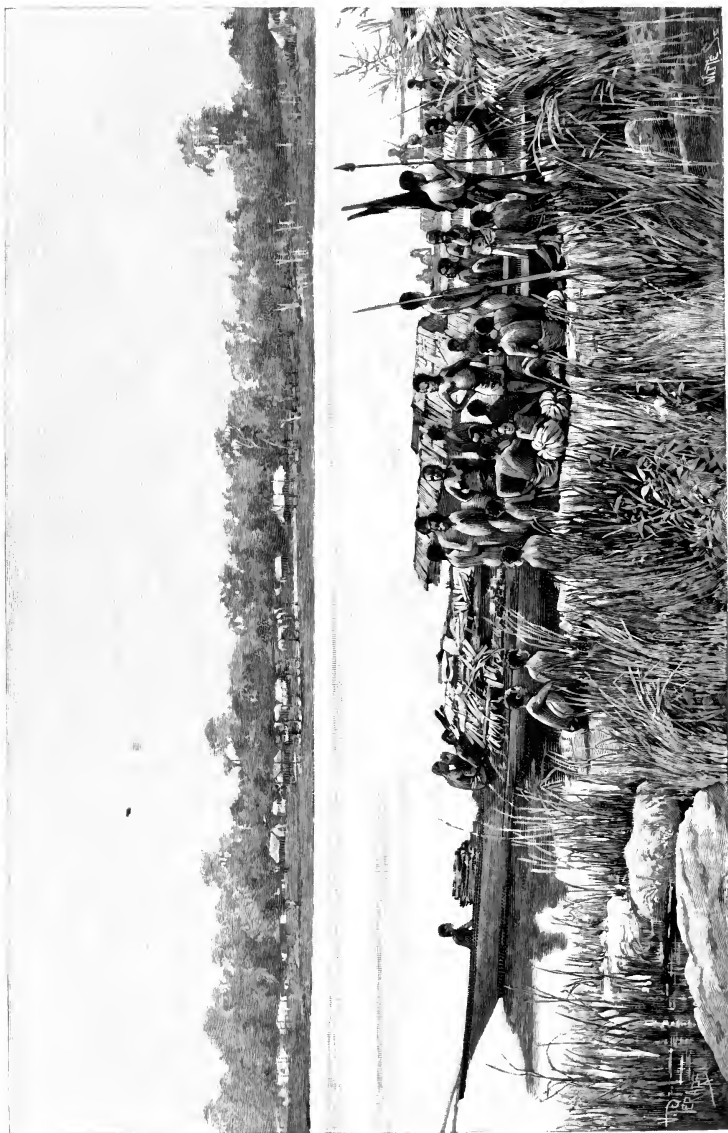
immigrants who have settled there for the purpose of trading. The formation of the land is low. Indeed, the only portions of the land which are dry at high water are thickly populated. The most important tribe in this district is the Monsolé, who acknowledge but one chief, Euelu. E. J. Glave, who is frequently mentioned in Mr. Stanley's last great work, "The Founding of the Congo State," was the first white man to visit these people and to be a blood brother of Euelu. This chief is short, with strongly knit limbs, and with strong lines of determination in his savage face. He has attained his position simply by his prowess as a warrior. Over his left eye he has the deep scar of an arrow-wound, while all parts of his body are more or less marked from spear and knife wounds.

Close by, Glave discovered a settlement of Barumbe, a tribe of nomadic hunters, until then entirely unknown by white men. Formerly they were in the habit of going about from place to place, staying only a few days to hunt the wild pig and other small animals. Their sole arm was the bow and arrow, with which they were very expert. They were timid, and of a lower class than the ordinary equator Bankundu, and were content to admit their own inferiority. Inter-marriage with the Bankundu was not permitted, so much lower were they considered. He found these people to be most keen sportsmen, and when track-



State Axe from the Dwarf Country, Watwa, Congo River.

ing an elephant wanted no better companion than a Barumbe hunter. Euelu was intelligent enough to see that it was to his advantage to have such people about him; so while they were on one of their expeditions in his country he prevailed on them to give up their no-



Scene at Stanley Falls.

madic life and settle down near the *Monsolé*. With regard to the river people at the Equator, they cannot be passed without paying a tribute to the *Bankundu* for their pluck and faithfulness.

There are three large rivers, besides the several small ones, which enter the Congo within a radius of ten miles of the Equator Station: first the *Oubangi*, which enters on the opposite right bank of the Congo—a river possessing four hundred miles of navigable water before coming to rapids. Its banks, as a rule, are dense forest, with the most luxuriant vegetation—immense trees with foliage of varied tints, draped from the topmost bough with brilliant-flowered creepers, and vines hanging in festoons down to the water's edge, forming at times most gorgeous pictures, animated by the gay chattering of numerous species of monkeys, and at times impressing you with an awful silence, broken only by the weird calling, and its accompanying echo, of some strange bird. These forests literally swarm with herds of elephants. Here and there are some large grass plains, the home of the buffalo, antelope, and smaller animals. The natives of the lower reaches are *Balui*, a branch of the *Bangala*. They are well-known pirates and cannibals, and are men of fine physique, and are brave when fighting among themselves. This river is identical, no doubt, with *Schweinfurth's Ouelle*, as the weapons, utensils, and general habits of these people are the same. In some places are to be seen bunches of twenty or thirty skulls hung up together; at other places the skulls would be arranged around a mound; then again they are frequently arranged on a small platform around the house. These are skulls of cannibal victims. Asking a young chief, "Do you eat human flesh?" "I should think so," said he in his own language; "don't you?" These people fight among themselves simply to provide meat, and accordingly have to be always on the alert, as they may be in the midst of their family circles this morning, and form a savory dish for their enemies at mid-day.

The way they fortify their villages shows that they are of no mean intelli-

gence. Around nearly every village there is found a heavy stockade, twelve feet high, made of poles four inches in diameter, being of different lengths so as to form a ragged and uneven top. These poles are sharpened and lashed together horizontally by cross-sticks, forming a most effective and solid barricade. Then, lashed along at every four or five yards of the stockade are bunches of twelve and fifteen lances, made of wood sharpened at the end and burnt to harden them. These are always kept in readiness for an attack, which may happen at any moment, and without the slightest warning. Besides this, they dig a deep dike around their villages, and leave only one small stick across it as a drawbridge. At night and in time of war this drawbridge is drawn in, rendering the village almost impregnable, so that these people do most of their fighting on the water. They are clever fishermen, and display great ingenuity in making nets and fishing-traps of all descriptions. Their food consists of banana and fish, and at some places a little maize. This river is actually a miniature of the Congo; in some places broadening out to a width of five miles. At low water it is full of sand-banks, whilst at others it is penned up in a space of one-half mile, at which points are found, as a rule, dangerous banks of rocks, forming whirlpools and rendering navigation very dangerous.

Another of the important rivers is the *Ruki*. This is situated two miles above the Equator Station, and flows from a southeasterly direction. It is peopled by the most hostile natives, whose fierceness is only equalled by their arrogance. They are a branch of the *Bankundu*, and so fierce are they that the neighboring tribes dare not enter their country, except in very strong force, and then only a distance of a few miles. Their only weapon is the bow and arrow, some tipped with iron, and others of reed smeared with a deadly poison.

The burial ceremonies among the Congo people vary according to the habits of the different tribes, and the following particulars apply only to the burial of natives of importance, as slaves throughout the whole continent are of but little consideration.

On the lower reaches of the Congo, between the coast and Stanley Pool, a distance of nearly three hundred miles, upon the death of a native the body is cleaned and then tightly wrapped round with nearly all the clothes left by the deceased, sometimes forming a bundle eight feet long by five feet in diameter, in shape very much resembling a huge skittle. The corpse is then laid on a platform built for the purpose, under which fires are laid, so that the whole becomes thoroughly smoked. During this operation the natives are engaged in firing off guns and mourning. It is needless to remark, knowing the native character, that very few tears are shed in sympathy.

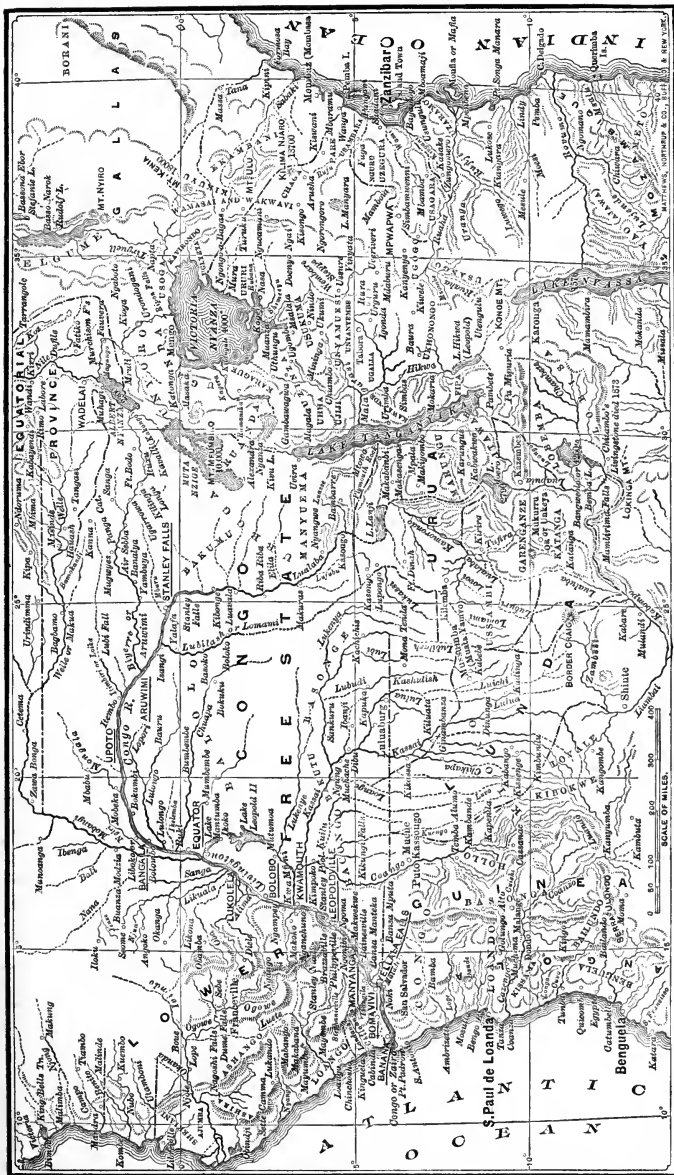
From Stanley Pool up to Kwamouth we find very much the same type of natives; therefore their customs, with very little variation, are similar; but above Kwamouth the notions of the Babangi are entirely different. Upon the death of anybody of importance in the Babangi tribe the body is at first placed in a sitting posture, and having been covered with different-colored chalks the hair is then arranged, and the lower part of the body is draped around with cloth. Just before burial the corpse is carried through the village, amid the mournful wailings of the women and the merry dancing of the young people. During the whole time the death-guns are continually heard. The body is now lowered into the grave dug out for the purpose, and then the executions take place. All these people believe in the existence of a future world. A chief thinks that after death, in order to retain his position, he will require as many men and women as attendants, as he has been accustomed to in this world. So upon his death a human sacrifice takes place, the number of victims depending upon his wealth and general prestige. For instance, a chief dies, leaving behind him twenty male slaves and twelve female slaves; eight or nine of the former will be beheaded, and four or five of the latter will be strangled, so that their spirits may attend him in the next world.

If there are eight victims, four will provide amusement for one day, and four the next; but, as a rule, the entire

number of intended victims are ranged out on view during the whole ceremony to witness their fellow-creatures' decapitation, and to have the awful, lingering experience of seeing their own doom gradually approaching. The victim is placed on a block of wood, with his legs stretched out stiff in front of him. Beside each ankle a small stake is driven firmly into the ground, the same at the knees and at the sides, running up under the arm-pits. These are then firmly bound together by cords, securing the body rigidly in its position. His head is then placed in a kind of cage formed by a ring of cane fastened round the neck with numerous strings attached to it which are drawn up over the head and tied together in a loop. A pliant young sapling is now stuck in the ground about twelve feet from the victim and bent over toward him until the extreme end is caught in the loop, and all the strings round the ring are drawn taut and the neck stretched stiff by the strain.

The executioner then makes his appearance, escorted by the young men and women of the village, each holding over him a palm-leaf, forming a kind of canopy. On reaching the victim they fall back and leave him there alone. He wears a cap formed of large black cocks' tails; his face is blackened with charcoal down to the neck; his hands and arms are also blackened up to the elbows, and the same with his legs down to the knees. Around his loins he wears several wild-cat skins. Standing in front of his victim, he makes at first two or three feints with his knife, to get a proper swing. Then, deliberately bending down and taking a piece of chalk, put there for the purpose, he draws a thin line around the neck, and putting a little fine sand on his hand so as to get a good grip, with one quick blow with his knife, severs the head from the trunk. Until just before the execution the whole village is wild in expectation of the event. Groups of dancers are to be seen, drummers at work, and every kind of musical instrument to add to the tumult. The head, after being severed, is jerked up in the air by the released tension of the pole.

Then, upon the sight of the blood,



Central Africa, showing the Congo Free State.
 From the Scribner-Black Atlas of the World. Copyright, 1889, by Charles Scribner's Sons.
 (Names of places mentioned by Mr. Ward are underscored.)

their vilest and most inhuman passions are aroused. They act like wild beasts, clutch at the head, smear each other in the face with the blood, and a general scrimmage always ensues, resulting, more often than not, fatally. The reason for this ghastly competition is that the next of kin to the deceased has to give a present to the man who can bring him the head after the sun goes down, so as to prove which man is the strongest of all the tribe to hold this hideous trophy. After a little time groups are formed again, and the dancing, drumming, and general tumult is resumed, until another victim is ready, when the same scene is repeated. In cannibal countries the body, of course, is eaten; but in some villages the inhabitants do not eat human flesh. They throw the headless trunks into the river, and the heads they put into the ground until all the flesh is decayed, when they place them about on their houses, or in some prominent position in the village, as family relics.

They do not practise decapitation on the women; they strangle them, and it is always arranged that the favorite wives are executed. This strangulation is performed in the following way: The victim is dressed in all the finery that can be gathered together; she wears bright-colored cloth, is literally smothered with anklets and bracelets; her toilet is carefully attended to, she is painted over with oil and red camwood; her hair is neatly plaited. She is then taken and handed over to the executioner. A rope is tied around her neck, and she is then lifted up, the rope being passed up to a man who has climbed the tree; he ties it to a branch, and the poor woman is allowed to swing. It frequently takes a long time for women to die in this way. The convulsive and trembling body is jeered at by the spectators, and its movements imitated, as far as possible, in their dancing. It is at such ceremonies that the wild, savage, cruel nature of the African native asserts itself. Everybody in the village claiming any relationship to the deceased wears native cloth as a badge of mourning. Moreover, they do not trim their hair, and neither do they smear their bodies with the oil and cam-

wood until the time of mourning is proclaimed at an end, generally three months after the death. The sacrifice of another slave generally takes place to celebrate this event.

Farther up in the interior funerals take place in a far more ghastly style, because the people, being cannibals, eat their dead. The natives themselves admit that very often prices are arranged for the different limbs of a man before he is dead. When a chief during some excursion loses his life by drowning, all the slaves whom it has been decided to kill are bound hand and foot and tied down into a canoe. The canoe is then towed out and sunk in the middle of the river. The natives themselves have been accustomed to such sights so long that death, no matter how cruel, never seems to them at all repugnant, and not one single spark of sympathy is ever shown for the victim. Little boys and girls, four and five years old, are to be seen among the spectators, and a woman will often take in her arms her child of two or three years old to witness one of these blood-thirsty exhibitions, so it is not therefore surprising that these people grow accustomed to blood.

Throughout central Africa the fetich man holds despotic sway, an ordinary native's life being, to a great extent, controlled by this man's whims. He represents himself as being possessed of supernatural power, and extends his protection to any who may need it, provided they are able to pay for it. He figures prominently at births, deaths, wars, hunting, fishing, and, in fact, in every phase of a native's life. These men must necessarily be of a higher intelligence than the ordinary native, or they would not be able to impose this fraud so successfully. Upon serious dispute arising between two natives, the matter is referred to the fetich man by mutual consent. He has several ways of testing the guilty and the innocent, his principal method being the administration of Nkasa—a vile decoction of herbs of a poisonous nature. Sometimes this poison will, immediately upon being swallowed, throw the drinker into convulsions, which in a very short space of time end fatally. In this case the guilt of

the person is satisfactorily proved. But, on the other hand, if the poison simply takes the effect of an emetic, then their innocence is established. Chiefs and people of any importance never take Nkasa. They compel a slave to take it instead, and abide by the result. The natives themselves say that this mode of judgment is very successful, and the action of the poison is controlled by the conscience. If a man knows that he is innocent, he will be sure to vomit. So thorough is their belief that a man, knowing well the deadly effects of Nkasa, will, upon being charged with the slightest offence, volunteer to undergo the ordeal.

The fetich man also is credited with the power to stop rain. This, however, is not one of his most important qualifications, for there are always plenty of people in each village who are supposed to be possessed of this ability. It is not difficult to understand that the power is, to their minds, easily acquired. The showers of rain in central Africa are, as a rule, terrific down-pours, but do not last very long. When a shower has been in action an hour or so, and looks like clearing off, some rain doctor will make his appearance outside, and holding in his hands some charm in connection with this particular kind of superstition, he will wave his arms about frantically and exclaim, "Omole! omole!" which means, "Pass away! pass away!" Then he mentions the names of several districts in the vicinity, and invites the rain to leave his district and visit the others, saying: "They want rain; they have been crying for rain; their crops are parched for want of rain. We have had too much rain and do not want any more. Pass away! pass away!" He will continue this till the rain does stop, and then figures as a ruler of the elements. Sometimes he will be deceived, and the shower of rain will continue in spite of his gesticulations. Then he will return to his hut, drenched, cold, and miserable, and credit his failure to some other fetich man's contrary influence on the elements. Other natives boast of their power to cause rain, but on a fine day, when there is no chance of a shower, these individuals generally have some other engagement.

The Lulungu River, with its two tributaries, Lopori and Malinga, derives its importance on account of its commercial wealth, as it is perhaps the richest ivory-producing country in the world. The natives inhabiting the swamps of the upper reaches of these affluents are great elephant-hunters. They exchange their ivory for beads, cowries, and brass ornaments, with the traders at the mouth of the Lulungu. The most popular form of killing the elephant, being the least dangerous to the hunter, is the pitfall. This is a large hole dug in the ground, about twenty feet deep, five feet wide, and twenty feet long, at the bottom of which are three or four large wooden stakes, driven deep in and hardened by fire. The mouth of this pit is covered with a net-work of small sticks, on which are placed grass and other materials, so as to harmonize with the surrounding locality; and a herd of elephants coming in that direction are, as a rule, taken unawares, and it generally happens that one at least falls into this snare.

Slave-trading canoes are to be seen coming out of the river daily with their cargoes of wretched humanity. The slaves are the Balolo branch of the Bankundu, and a very inoffensive tribe. They are distinguished by their tribal mark, which is a large tattoo cut on the forehead, just between the two eyes, and again on the side of the temple, between the ear and the eye. It stands out like the half-shell of a walnut. Often they supplement these standard marks by smaller ones, like hazel-nuts, along the bridge of the nose right up to the end, and sometimes on the chin and dotted about the face. It seems to be a type of beauty to have as many hideous protuberances as the face will admit of.

Cannibalism becomes more and more prevalent as one travels farther into the heart of Africa from the West Coast. The Bakongo tribe, which extends from the mouth of the Congo into the country for a distance of between two and three hundred miles, are not cannibals, and shudder at the mere mention of eating human flesh. They are a mild, indolent people, thoroughly impregnated with superstition.

Next are the Bateke tribes. They eat

dogs, and consequently there is a good ground for believing that at no very remote period they were cannibals, although they deny the "soft impeachment." After passing the mouth of the Kwa River the people of the Babangi tribe are occasionally cannibals, but to no very great extent. The people of Bangala eat their prisoners, "For," say they, "we eat men to get a strong man for war—it makes us brave and savage." I have frequently seen parties of Bangala with poor wretched victims, bound hand and foot, lying in the bottom of their canoes, together with great earthenware jars of the fermented juice of the sugar-cane. After becoming intoxicated with their drink, they then butcher and eat the poor unfortunate wretches that they have perhaps been fattening up for months in their village. Cannibalism is more and more prevalent among all these tribes, as far up as the Lokeri country, about fourteen hundred miles from the West Coast. These people eat human flesh to satisfy their craving for meat. I myself have been offered lumps of human flesh on sticks, together with bunches of bananas, dried monkeys, and a few bony fowls.

Upon one occasion I came into a village in the heart of these deadly forests, with my followers, and we had great difficulty in persuading the people to approach us. Presently a majestic figure stalked out alone from a clump of banana-trees. He wore a head-dress of feathers, around his neck strings of human teeth, his wrists and ankles were ornamented with massive iron bangles, which clattered and clashed as he approached us. In one hand he carried an enormous spear, upon his back was slung a large square shield, and in his other hand he carried by its hind leg a native pariah dog. He said—speaking of course in his own language, which was translated to me into Kiswahili by a native girl whom the Arabs had captured two or three years before from this tribe—"No white man has been in my country before. I have never heard of a white man. He has come into my village quietly. He has not killed my people nor burned my houses as the Arabs have so often done.

I would be friends with the white man, and Ma!" said he, holding out the struggling pariah dog by the hind leg; "this is for the white man's food. Friends who come to my country must not be hungry."

About one hundred and thirty miles above Bukute commences the Bangala district, where it will be remembered Mr. Stanley met with such serious hostilities on his journey "Through the Dark Continent" in 1877. The Bangalas are a large and warlike tribe, numbering forty or fifty thousand. They live for the most part on the river bank, on the north side of the Congo, their villages extending a distance of about fifty miles. I was put in command of the State Station in this country in 1886. It was five hundred miles to the next European post. Among my first experiences was the ceremony of blood brotherhood with the old king, Mata Bwiki. An incision was made in both our right arms, and as the blood flowed mystic powder was sprinkled on the wounds; then our arms were rubbed together, so that the flowing blood intermingled, and we were thus blood brothers, promising to assist each other in time of need.

From Bangala to Upoto, a distance of about two hundred miles, the river banks are more or less populated with branches of the Bangala, Bobeka, and Bopoto tribes. At Upoto there is a break in the hitherto monotonous low banks, and the Upoto hills on the north bank are about four or five hundred feet high, one range running northward. The Bopoto people are singularly savage in appearance. The men are of good physique, their chest development being unusually fine. The women, however, are most repulsive. They are absolutely nude, and their hair is dressed in a manner resembling the helmet of the Prussian Guard. All the tribes of the upper Congo scar their faces with cicatrization. Each tribe has its own particular fashion. The Bangalas, for instance, are scarred down the centre of the forehead; the Bopoto face is literally a mass of lumps.

From Upoto to Stanley Falls there are a succession of densely wooded, low-lying islands. Stanley Falls is the advance post of Tippo Tib. The Arab

encampment is situated on the right and left banks of the river, just below the Falls. In 1886 there was a serious fight between the Arab and the Congo State, which was represented by Captain Walter Deane and Lieutenant Dubois. The fight lasted four days. Captain Deane's soldiers deserted on account of the worthless ammunition. Lieutenant Dubois was drowned, and after four days' heroic struggle Deane fired his station and escaped into the forests, where, for upward of thirty days, he underwent terrible perils and privation. He was attended by four men, who stood by him most bravely. During their adventures in the forests they suffered keenly for want of food, having to live upon caterpillars and roots. Captain Deane was subsequently killed, two years afterward, by a wounded elephant.

Hamad ben Mohammed—Tippo Tib—accompanied Mr. Stanley down the Lualaba to the Seventh Cataract in 1876. The origin of the latter sobriquet is peculiar. It was applied to him by the people at Kansongo in consequence of their hearing the sharp, distant rattle of the bandits' guns when on some of their slave-catching excursions. The crack of the rifle-shot sounded in their ears like "tip—tip—tip." Another name that has been given to this remarkable man, on the eastern side of central Africa, is "M'Kango Njaa"—"Afraid of Hunger"—for the natives in the famine-stricken regions declare that that is the only enemy of which Hamad, with his large caravans traversing their barren country, is in dread. This man's life for the past thirty years has been one constant succession of adventures. He is at the present moment the strongest and most formidable ruler in the Congo regions of Equatorial Africa.

The view of Stanley Falls is quite an ordinary-looking tropical scene. It is situated exactly in the middle of central Africa. The distance from the ocean in either direction is about fifteen hundred miles. The picture on page 148 is an instantaneous photograph. The figures in the foreground, of natives carrying their spears or using their paddles, are caught under the most favorable conditions for getting a glimpse of them while following their ordinary occupations. In the dis-

tance, upon the opposite shore, is located an encampment of Tippo Tib's Arabs. It is, in fact, their principal depot. Thence their predatory expeditions set out into the country in all directions, pillaging, massacring, and capturing the unfortunate natives. Upon these marauding excursions the numbers of the natives always far exceed those of the attacking Arabs, but the Arabs carry all before them with their guns, the natives only possessing such weapons as their homemade knives and spears. The gun, say the natives, resembles the elements; its flash is like the lightning, then follows the thundering report.

The picture affords a fair idea of the proportion of their canoes. At Stanley Falls there are large colonies of people living in canoes. They have been driven from their original settlements—hunted like wild animals by the Arabs—and have had to abandon all idea of living on shore. They gain their subsistence by fishing, and in exchange for the fish they catch they are able to procure plantains, bananas, and other kinds of food from the stronger tribes who have been able to retain their countries.

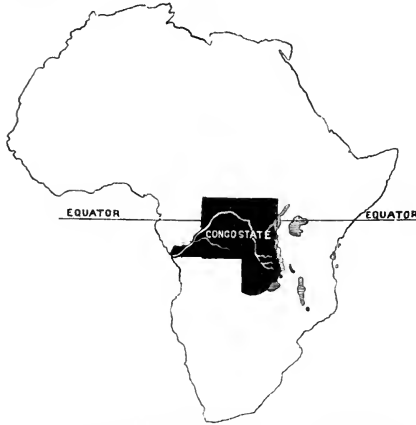
The Arab system of raiding is unique. About fifty years ago they subdued the extensive Manyema country, of which Nyangwe and Kassongo are now well-known centres. The Manyemas, after being thus disbanded, gradually allied themselves with the Arabs, and eventually have spread their operations throughout the country to an enormous extent. The Arabs, on their expeditions in search of slaves and ivory, generally surround the native villages early in the morning. At a given signal they rush in from all points, firing right and left and capturing all the women. If the men offer resistance they are shot, otherwise they are allowed to escape. The marauders then pillage all the huts in the village, which they afterward fire. If, however, the place happens to be extensive, the Arabs adopt different tactics. They form a stockade or zareba. Thus fortified they establish themselves, maintaining a strict watch at night. During the whole of their stay they keep this attitude of defence. After the lapse of several days they release

two or three of the women prisoners, who are instructed to deliver a message to the men—in hiding far away in the forest—to the effect that if they want their women back they must come and redeem them with tusks of ivory—each woman being valued at the rate of one large tusk. Then several days pass, until perhaps one morning early a gruff voice is heard in the distance hailing the encampment. He inquires as to

bors of those recently plundered. Part of the reward that the guides receive from the Arabs is the flesh of the people who are shot in the next attack.

Arabs who have travelled in these parties have frequently related to me the ghastly details of these cannibal orgies. The bodies of those who are shot in the streets are dismembered, and the flesh is thrown into one general heap, so that the head man may, with greater facility, direct its distribution. This human flesh is cooked over the fire on sticks. It is a singular characteristic of these people that they are ever ready, after having become reconciled with their Arab enemies, to lead them on to the destruction of their neighbors, and even manifest the keenest interest in doing so.

The picture on page 146 represents a portion of forty tons of ivory, the result of a little over three months' raiding. The value of this ivory in British money would be £40,000, while the outlay to the Arabs in obtaining it would be but a matter of a few hundred dollars' worth of gunpowder, wherewith to shoot and intimidate the poor wretched savages. They are all very large tusks, much above the average size and weight.



Map showing Position and Boundaries of the Congo State.

the truth of the statement brought by the women, and then follows a parley. During the subsequent days the persecuted natives come with ivory to redeem their mothers, sisters, or wives. Eventually they make friends with their conquerors, who then use them as guides to the next encampment, where the same treatment is repeated upon the neigh-

The Congo Railway from Matadi to Stanley Pool has now commenced operations; and we may fairly predict that this enterprise will mark a most important era in Equatorial African History, as this improved communication will enable the civilized world to reach and grapple with the slave-trade with all its attendant barbarism.





THROUGH THE GATE OF DREAMS.

By T. R. Sullivan.



On the longest day in one of these later years whose wine is not yet old enough to drink, whose history is still too recent to record, the ancient town of Mayence lay asleep in that radiant sunshine which, perhaps even more than its former commercial prosperity, may have given it the name of "golden." The wide Gutenberg-Platz was a blinding desert, with no shelter anywhere for man or beast; and Thorwaldsen's statue of the good printer looked parched and dry as the dusty laurel-wreath bound about his head at the last anniversary ceremonial, and still clinging there. The white walls of the theatre turned toward him vast posters, in the type of his invention, hopelessly out of date. Its doors were closed indefinitely. Even the *Café de Paris* was silent and empty, but for its attendants and their presiding divinity, enshrined at her high desk and dozing behind her fan. The noonday glare had laid upon the place a potent spell which only far-reaching shadows could remove.

Just beyond the theatre, however, in the little square of the Triton, it is always possible to draw a breath. There the boughs of the clipped lindens cast perpetual shade, with at least a look of refreshment in it. The fountain spouts and splashes, and flings its foam-wreath down among the flowers that thrive and blossom in colors which elsewhere would be uncomfortably bright. Midsummer in its fiercest mood can only salute that merry water-god with lowered lance, and leave him master of the field. So the

townsman smiles upon him gratefully in a leisure moment, and drinks deep to him, at some *Brauerei*, in draughts that have their foam-wreaths too. And the stranger with time at his command lingers on to eye the water wistfully; while the *Kelner* forgets to be alert, but leans against the door-post, limp, expressionless; and mine host fills his pipe, with a sigh of regret for the busy winter, as he wonders how long he has been reading his newspaper of yesterday upside down.

The only consumer of beer to be seen in the Triton-Platz on this particular afternoon was a pallid youth, whose looks, to put the adverse judgment mildly, told but little in his favor. His yellow hair, tangled and neglected, had grown much too long. His beard, also untrimmed, served no ornamental purpose, and was so thin and colorless that it did not even conceal the extreme plainness of his features. His broad-brimmed hat of soft felt and his long coat—unfashionably cut—had once been dyed black, but were now threadbare. He looked unkempt, uncouth, and rusty, even to the worn-out clumsy shoes; and the spectacles, through which his watery blue eyes gained all their reflections of the universe, gave his face the blank, forbidding cast of an owl's in the daytime. The brain behind it might well be a treasure-house of learning, but the medium of defence was apparently so dull and impenetrable that no chance observer would have cared to make an attack upon it. A blue cotton umbrella and a shabby knapsack, hollow in its folds, completed the accoutrements of this odd soldier of fortune, who, whether sage or pedant,

had nothing of the personal charm that means more than half the battle for such empty honors as the world can give.

But within us all lurks that unknown quantity the world cannot gauge, whose exact dimensions remain a mystery even to ourselves. And this shy, negative personage, distinguished solely by his name of Einhard Becker, could display, in critical moments, a trembling resolution akin to heroism; like that of the fighting unit who longs to run away, but whose spirit keeps his face to the music. The poor student, for such at least he surely was, had faced his music more than once to find it singularly discordant. And now, again, his spirit was sorely tried.

He was a native of Frankfort-on-the-Main; the old free town of which Heine has left a fond remembrance in the saddest poem of all that his sad song-book holds:

“Frankfurt, du hegst viel Narrn und Bösewichter,
Doch lieb' ich dich, du gabst dem deutschen Land
Manch guten Kaiser und den besten Dichter,
Und bist die Stadt wo ich die Holde fand.”

“Many good emperors,” of whom the first was Charlemagne. But if any drop of imperial blood diffused itself in Einhard Becker's veins, he was unaware of it. Though he had lost his parents so early in life that he could hardly be said to have known them, he did not lack abundant proof of his humble origin. A crabbed old uncle, Jacob Koberstein, the saddler, had taken possession of the orphan boy, rearing him as his apprentice, with a certain rough fidelity. According to this high authority the elder Becker had been a good-for-nothing, whom the mother, Koberstein's sister, had persisted in marrying out of pure caprice. She had been told often enough that no good would come of such a marriage; well, no good had come of it, as anyone could see with half an eye. The case was always closed by this emphatic statement, which a significant glance at Einhard made doubly impressive; and the boy would then be told to put up the shutters carefully, and to remember that his uncle was one of the best and thriftiest men in Frankfort. Einhard

believed, of course, what was repeated in the same straightforward terms on almost every day of his life; yet for some ancestral sin he had been cursed with a soul above leather, and, as he grew up, he became more and more dreamy and unpractical, living in a world of his own creation, far removed from the bustling, trade-haunted *Ziel* of his daily walks, and evolved from the text of all the books that came in his way. Near his uncle's shop a dealer in antiquities had a cellar stored with musty volumes, which the boy was allowed to turn over in his spare moments; sometimes, too, he obtained permission to carry them home for stealthy reading in the watches of the night by the flame of a candle-end. The antiquarian had a charitable heart, and, taking pity upon Einhard's hunger for mental improvement, trusted him in this manner even with his rarest treasures, entirely confident that his trust would never be betrayed. For Einhard had, from the first, shown something more than the scholar's reverence, and he dealt with each leaf as tenderly as though it were composed of golden tissue. Its lines to him were lines of light, shining out upon him from the sunny realms of poetry and romance. He slept to walk hand in hand with gods and heroes; and even the trials of the day he learned to endure patiently for the sake of what the night would bring.

His uncle Koberstein had one child, a daughter, who seemed to Einhard's boyish fancy the embodiment of all that was good and beautiful. In point of fact his cousin Minna's black eyes and rosy cheeks, in all their freshness of youth, were sufficiently prepossessing. But she had a high temper and a will of her own, and was a thorough Koberstein, the neighbors said, in a tone which implied something the reverse of complimentary. To Einhard, however, she always tried to appear at her best. Her way was his way, in the first place; then he amused her too. Behind the house there was a scrap of garden, where they would sometimes sit in the twilight, while he told her tales out of his wonderful books, to which she listened graciously. Once he made a story of his own, and told her that; and she thought

it better than all the others. How could he help liking her? Once again, in his talk, he busied himself all the while with the cutting of their initials, interlaced, on the bench between them. Then she called for the knife, and hacked away at the wood unmercifully, obliterating the letters. It is to be feared that he liked her all the more for that. Who can tell?

Years went by. The city flourished as its trade increased; the sun of prosperity shone upon the house of Koberstein. A third pair of hands was needed there, and young Moritz Lahn, the butcher's son, entered upon his term of service. The new apprentice, though Einhard's junior by a year or two, was a stout, active lad, with a keen eye for his own advancement, and with little heart and less conscience. He lost no time in worming himself into old Jacob's good graces, and as it pleased Minna likewise to smile upon him, he was soon firmly established in the post of household favorite. It followed, as the night the day, that Einhard lost ground steadily. The poor relation became little better than the family drudge. Nothing he could do was exactly right; he was misjudged and slighted upon all occasions. Worse than that, his cousin played him false most cruelly by repeating some of his marvellous tales to Moritz, for whose companionship she now showed a decided preference; and the butcher's boy, displaying a savage dexterity that was perhaps inherited, turned the knife in Einhard's wound with many a mocking jest upon the subject of these confidences. The house of Koberstein was a small world, and the weakest went to the wall in it.

But for his good friends, the books, poor Einhard might have been driven to some desperate deed. As it was, he only imitated the tortoise, who shrinks into his shell to escape his tormentor. He made few complaints, spoke fewer and fewer words of any kind as the days went on. His brain was busy none the less. Stimulated always at night by the noble thoughts of others, his own thoughts came thick and fast, clamoring for expression. He trusted no one with them now; he did not even dare to write them down, but only committed them

to memory in the form of verse, since verse was easier to remember. Often, though he did not know it, these were mere echoes of some master-mind, over which he had been brooding. Even to utter a cry of the heart, at first, one's voice unconsciously repeats another's cry. But Einhard now and then could strike a note that was all his, and that would have rung out loud and clear with an echo of its own had there been any one to hear it.

So matters stood, with no change that was not for the worse, when Einhard was seventeen, and it happened that old Jacob Koberstein, going to bed late or getting up early, saw a gleam of light under the door of the garret where the boy slept alone. Bursting into the room without warning, he found Einhard wide awake, and hovering over a candle with a little vellum-bound book in his hand. Rage made him speechless for an instant; then he blew out the light, and telling his nephew to go to bed in the dark then and there, and from that time forth, he departed, carrying off the book in spite of all that Einhard could say or do. It was a rare volume, belonging, of course, to the friendly dealer; and, white with fear at the thought of its possible destruction, the boy crept down the stairs behind his uncle, who, however, did nothing more terrible than to lock it up in a certain iron-bound strong-box, of which he always carried the key. Thus relieved for the time Einhard went back to his room, and spent the rest of the night in devising means to get the priceless treasure safe into his hands again. He dared not betray its owner, lest this should be to cut off the source of his supplies. His uncle's wrath would surely turn against the dealer, who would obtain the property only upon condition that the hideous crime of lending it should never be repeated. No, that would not do. He must keep his own counsel, await his opportunity, open the chest himself, when the favorable moment should occur. It would be but a moment, if he only had the key.

The key. How to get it? He had never before kept a book so long. Days passed, in which he lived in dread of

a demand for it; in which, too, his misery was aggravated by his uncle's persistent harshness. This had now taken an aggressive turn, not due, as Einhard believed, to the mere discovery of his midnight studies, but to quite a different cause. For some time old Jacob had missed various small sums of money, and in his own mind he secretly accused his unlucky nephew of pilfering them. The suspicion, for proof of which he kept sharp watch, changing his dislike to hatred, led him into acts of positive brutality. Einhard bore these new trials without complaint, as he had borne the others, still absorbed in his books, or rather, now, in one book, which was no longer his.

Chance favored him. One stormy winter's night he was left alone with his uncle in their gloomy workshop. The room, littered now with piles of leather, and lighted by a flickering lamp, had been a kitchen in some former time. In one corner was a cavernous chimney, over which the wind howled dismally, bringing down stray drops of rain that pattered upon the hearth-stone. Moritz had taken himself off, but Einhard, grimy with dust and oil, still crouched at his bench; while his uncle, bustling about, first put his work in order for the night, then drew a stool into the chimney-corner, and, after kindling a fire, sat down by it to smoke his pipe in sullen silence. Einhard worked on mechanically, staying his hand now and then at a startling gust of the storm. Suddenly his eyes brightened; he drew himself up; his whole demeanor changed; on the table, under the lamp, he had seen his uncle's keys. And, in another moment, old Jacob's head drooped forward upon his breast, his right hand, with the pipe in it, dropped gently to his knee. He was sound asleep. Einhard's hour had come.

In a flash the boy took off his shoes, crept to the table, caught up lamp and keys, and with every possible precaution made his way into the outer shop, where the strong-box stood behind the little counter, on the floor, against the wall. He knelt beside it, trying each key in its turn until he had found the right one. The lock yielded, the lid

opened noiselessly; under it he saw papers and bags of money, an odd trinket or two, a golden chain; he fumbled right and left to no purpose; then scattered the things about until he came at last to the precious book, which he slipped at once into his pocket. The other contents he proceeded to put back with trembling care. In spite of all he could do, the papers rustled, the money clinked a little—only a very little, but it was enough. There came a heavy step, a cry of rage; his shoulder was clutched by a strong, rough hand. Blindly he flung up his own, which held one of the money bags, and struck his uncle full in the face. With an oath old Jacob fell in a heap, overturning the lamp, and floundering on the floor.

"Thief! thief!" he shouted.

"It is a lie!" cried Einhard, as he flung down the bag with all his might. It burst open, and the coins rolled right and left, glistening through the firelight of the inner room. Then, while the man wavered, in doubt which to pursue first, his treasure or his prey, the boy rushed to the door and fled out of it into the storm.

He was not followed. He turned one corner, then another; he heard no outcry, and could breathe freely. He was drenched, already numb with cold; but that mattered little since he had saved the book, which he now returned to the owner, telling him the story and begging shelter for the night. The dealer gave more than he asked, not only warming, feeding, and clothing him, but also offering to make his peace with Koberstein, if such a thing were possible. To this, however, Einhard would not listen.

"What then?" inquired his friend, who was a timid, gentle soul, bowed with the weight of years. "What in the world is to become of you?"

"Anything in the world but that," replied the boy, stoutly. "To-morrow I will tell you."

So he went to bed, and tossed for a while restlessly. Then he fell into a sleep disturbed by dreams, made up, as dreams often are, from shreds of his actual experience stretched and twisted by a wilful fancy. One of these was strangely vivid. He saw a city square,

long unfamiliar, that he had seen, indeed, but once, as a child in his father's arms. His father held him now, showing him the trees and flowers; there were little tables, too, and he heard the sound of running water. Then his father was gone, and he stood erect, a grown man, facing an angry crowd that threatened him. By his side, in the dress of another age, knelt a fantastic figure, old, feeble, and deformed, imploring help.

"The world!" the stranger whispered, "It is all against you. Fight it—conquer it—or it will tear us limb from limb."

There came a struggle; the crowd seemed to sweep over him and bear him down. All passed, leaving him in cool, deep silence, lying alone under the trees, with his face to the stars, through which faint flushes of the dawn came stealing up. And then he woke, to find it all a dream, except the morning light that shone around him, thrice clear and serene in contrast to his night of storms.

"Mayence!" he murmured; "it was Mayence! And it is there that I must go."

He remembered that in this neighboring city lived his father's cousin, whom, to be sure, he had never seen. But the man was by trade a printer, and must therefore have a certain sympathy with books. That he was wretchedly poor there could be little doubt; yet this thought only strengthened Einhard in his resolve, for he knew instinctively that the poor always greet poverty with a gentleness which is often wanting in the rich man's treatment of it. Whatever might result, his appeal for advice and help, but not for charity, would, at least, be kindly heard. To Mayence, then, to Mayence! the moment that another night should shield him from his uncle's eyes. His old friend, who would have reconciled him to the saddler, made fruitless objections; then urged upon him money for the journey, which Einhard proudly declined. He had money of his own, he said. The dealer had turned the boy's pockets inside out, and knew that they contained only a few copper coins. But he accepted the statement gravely, contenting himself with such comfortable gifts of clothing

as could be forced upon his guest, whose departure, under cover of the darkness, he was already speeding, when the door opened and Minna Koberstein presented herself.

Einhard drew back in dismay; his imagination already pictured the dungeon to which he would be dragged forthwith, now that his hiding-place was known. But Minna had only guessed at it, and had shrewdly kept her own counsel. Out of her cousin's slender store of worldly goods she had filled a knapsack with the things most needful for a journey, since he must go away. Her father was very violent; it would not do to venture into his sight. Did Einhard know of his dreadful charges, which she knew were false? His uncle could not be convinced of their injustice; but she pledged herself to bring him to reason in Einhard's absence. Yes, he must go away—for a time.

"For all time!" said Einhard to himself. Then, touched by Minna's impulsive kindness, he described in detail his adventure, and accepted gratefully her friendly offices. She had won her old place in his heart again; it was with tears in his eyes that he bade her farewell. So the three parted upon the threshold, and went their several ways. She to her present care of turning old Jacob's wit the seamy side within; the dealer to his mouldy records of the past; and Einhard straight out to meet the future, and make it stand and deliver whatever good fortune it should bring.

He slept that night by the roadside, with his knapsack for a pillow. All day he followed the dusty highway, procuring a scanty meal under the porch of some village inn, and then trudging on with a light heart so long as his money lasted. But it was all gone by the next noon, when, drawing near the gates of a town, tired, hungry, and despondent, he stopped to rest and take thought of the morrow. Rather than beg he opened his pack in search of something to offer in exchange for food, and immediately out dropped a roll of money—enough to supply his moderate wants for days and weeks. Who but Minna could have done this? He blessed her for it a thousand times. How bright the skies were now; how yellow were

the cornfields that he passed, how green the vineyards! But his harvest lay beyond, under the spires of Mayence. Already against the clear sky they twinkled, with all their vanes, like beckoning fingers. The sun set, and these same towers grew gray and cold as he approached them. Then the chimes rang out, muffled and mellowed by the distance—a low breathing of unseen bells rather than their uplifted voices. "Fortune! fortune!" he half heard them say, as if the note of promise were meant only for his ears. At the sound his heart beat higher, though the twilight deepened, until at last he came to the broad river and the mighty bridge, over which he strode with quickened pace, out of the darkness of solitude into flaring streets filled with the darker indifference of unknown faces.

Since the day he was driven forth from Eden man's state has been little better than that of the pack-horse, never free of his burden, but merely exchanging one load for another in all his wanderings through the world. At the first glance Einhard's share of the weight would seem to have become no lighter under the printer's apprenticeship upon which he entered. But, actually, both in body and in mind, he was much relieved. His new-found relative received him with kindness, made room for him at his own table, obtained for him this employment, which, drudgery as it was, brought with it enormous compensations. If to handle type afforded him no special joy, there were manuscripts that he could decipher, printed pages from which something could be learned in a furtive glance, the glow of excitement that a good line gives to one who can use his brains. Furthermore, in hours of freedom he found opportunity secretly to set up lines and pages of his own with which his mind had long been teeming. And though his great thoughts dwindled when he met them in this manner, face to face, at least they were neither hasty nor ill-considered; it was like seeing his own heart in a mirror to read them. So, hoping always to do better, and growing with his work, he went on, slowly adding leaf after leaf to a book of his own making in all senses of the word.

Once established in his new calling he made it his first care to thank his cousin for the mysterious gift discovered in his knapsack at a desperate moment. He wrote that he had spent but little of the money; that he only waited to make good the sum out of his earnings before restoring it in full. For a long time this letter was left unanswered, and the answer, when it came, was singularly cold. Minna disclaimed all knowledge of the money; she had given him none. She wished her cousin well, but she held out no hope of a change in her father's views concerning him. Obviously old Jacob still believed his nephew to be a thief. Did Minna think so too? Was her coldness due to that? Or was it merely that she cared a little less for Einhard than for his former rival, Moritz Lahn?

Who, then, could have concealed the roll of bank-notes in his wallet? Who but the first cause of all his joys and troubles, the kind old treasure-seeker whose offers of money he had proudly rejected? To him, therefore, Einhard addressed a letter, which returned long afterward with the seal unbroken. The good dealer in imprints had scanned his last title-page, and had gone the musty way of all documents, however guarded. He was dead as the Sibyl's books. And, limited as were his friendships, Einhard counted one friend less in the world.

He laid the sum by, and, living frugally, increased it little by little. He dreaded beggary even more than death itself, and this wholesome terror spared him many an after pang. For there came a dull year when he, in common with many others, fell out of employment. And it was to Einhard, the youngest of them all, that some of these despairing people applied for temporary help, which he generously accorded so far as possible. This disaster became also the spur to his intent, driving him suddenly forward into the world of letters. With fear and trembling he offered to a publisher his small founding of literature, which was received and adopted—admired, even. It actually brought him money—a pittance, it is true, but, still, money. He lost no time in setting to work upon another which had long been seething in his brain.

This should clinch his first hold upon success, make him something more than a minor poet—perhaps a great one. If he could only finish it! But he was miserably poor, and haunted by a thousand nervous fancies. One day his work seemed absolutely worthless; the next, it hung fire altogether; still another, he was all aglow with it, but there stood starvation knocking at the door, eager to run a race with his pen. Fortunately there set in an early spring, that season of hope to all, and especially to the poor man, for it puts money in his purse, with a promise of long exemption from the need of light and fuel. For his sake would it were always scorching midsummer in all climes the sun shines on; how much less pitiable are the poor of the tropics than the poor of London.

And now we have followed the small circle back to the very point of our departure, coming once more upon Einhard Becker seated in the Triton-Platz of Mayence, absorbed in a new problem very difficult to solve. His cousin Minna had written to him again, and this time of her own accord. The evil spirit of the house of Koberstein had been exorcised at last. Moritz Lahn, now expelled ignominiously, was proved to be the real culprit for whose crime the innocent had suffered. Her good father, she wrote, longed to make all the amends in his power. Through her he recalled Einhard upon the most flattering of terms, not as an apprentice but as a master. They would share and share alike; henceforth he should be treated as old Jacob's son—as his successor—and Minna, imploring him to come back, threw, it seemed, more than a sister's love into the scale. But all this depended upon one condition. Einhard must pledge himself to give up his books, and fix all his thoughts on leather. There must be no poetry in his life, unless her love, that had waxed and waned capriciously, could be accounted a poetic thing.

Upon receiving this letter, in one of his exultant moods, Einhard was inclined to laugh at it. Inured as he was to poverty, what were its hardships compared with his uncle's tyranny, of which there still remained the vivid recollection?

What were the definite material comforts that could outweigh his illimitable hopes of fame? He took up his pen, to set aside temptation with a single stroke. But he was not quick enough; before it touched the paper doubts assailed him. He hesitated, dropped the pen, and read the letter once more. After all, it promised much. Life-long immunity from care should not be considered lightly. And he had loved his cousin once. She had done her best at times to quench the boyish passion which now bade fair to revive under the destroyer's hand. Already he longed for a sight of her. Was not success in love the best that mortal man could hope to know? Yes, it was everything. To forego that joy for the delusive one of fame was like turning from a fire to snatch warmth from a star.

Lost now in a maze of deliberation that day he wrote no word. All night he lay awake, and in the morning, springing up resolutely, he composed a line of acceptance, which he immediately destroyed. Then he went out, and strolled aimlessly through the town, staring at the shops, noting how sleek and comfortable the tradesmen looked, until he came to a saddler's window, and drew back in disgust. The smell of the leather was enough to make him miserable. And so, tired and faint with the heat, he turned at last into the Triton-Platz, where, at that hour, he found much merriment and clinking of glasses. One by one the other citizens withdrew to their affairs. Einhard was left alone long before his simple meal was finished. That did not trouble him, however. He knew the square well, and loved it from the tenderest associations. It was just there, across the way, that his father had held him up to look at the fountain years ago. The cool solitude of the place was very grateful to him; he would stay on here until he had settled his burning question once for all. He spread Minna's letter out before him, and, calling for pen and paper, prepared again to answer it; but he got no farther than the scribbling of his name. As he sat with knit brows, forgetful of his looks, the picture of helpless indecision, the waiters smiled a little, then yawned and dozed, leaving

him to himself. Like all waiters, they knew their world, and were not to be moved by any trifling eccentricity in it.

The shadows grew longer and sharper; the day was drawing to a close; the square roused itself and gave signs of life. Two young men placed themselves at a table near that at which Einhard still sat scribbling his name abstractedly. They called for beer, and chattered over some gossip of the town. Their talk was interrupted by a noise of distant shouting, which came nearer and nearer, till there turned into the square a man's figure of inconceivable oddity, followed by a troop of mocking boys, who, however, kept at a safe distance, since now and then their victim paused to threaten them. He was withered and shrunken, covered with dust from head to foot; strange garments hung about him loosely, but these were of a faded splendor, rich in their material. As he approached with shambling and uncertain gait he looked like some mask that had lost his way in a bygone carnival, and had been wandering about the earth ever since, vainly trying to find it. Coming up to the café-door he peered timidly at Einhard's neighbors with eyes that seemed to fear the light, and then asked them to tell him what day of the year it was.

The men laughed, but made no other answer. The boys, encouraged by the sympathy of these new allies, looked about for stones to throw at the bewildered stranger, who paid them no heed, but addressing the older of the two men, put his hands together with a quaint, imploring gesture, and repeated his question.

"Tell me, sir, I pray you," he begged, in a cracked voice, "what is the date of the year?"

"How should I know?" retorted the man, with a laugh. "There it is; read it yourself." And he pointed, as he spoke, toward the theatre-wall on which clung the remnant of a play-bill, bearing a date, it is true, but one long past.

The stranger bowed with a grateful word; then moving slowly to the wall shaded his eyes with his hand and looked up at the tattered poster.

Einhard sprang to his feet, indignantly.

"Why did you tell him that?" he asked.

"Why not?" said the man. "Who the devil are you?"

"I am neither a coward nor a liar," said Einhard, in a passion, "and you are both."

With an inarticulate cry of rage the man flew at Einhard's throat. There was a struggle, in which the student had the better of it. They fell to the ground together, Einhard uppermost; but his opponent's comrade interfered, and after him the waiters. Chairs and tables were overturned in a prolonged scuffle, from which Einhard suddenly found himself extricated, he knew not how, and leaning against the café-wall for breath. A shower of small stones rattled about his ears; while the poor dwarf, who had flown to him for protection, crouched at his feet and clasped his knees. Beside him the fray went on; others had joined in it; it threatened to become general. The uproar grew louder and wilder; already the square was filling up with a curious crowd. The boys danced with savage delight, like demons, and fired a second volley indiscriminately. One of the stones struck in the face the innocent cause of all the mischief, who moaned piteously.

"The world!" he cried, in a voice faint with terror. "It is always so in the world. Help, good master! Save me!"

Einhard caught up a chair to attack one of the troop now venturing within reach. But at that moment the window behind him opened, a hand grasped his arm, and dragged him in, together with the strange companion, who had fastened upon him like a crab.

"Be off with you!" said the host, for it was he. "Do you want to bring the house about our ears?"

And he pushed them toward a small door at the back of the café, leading to a narrow, quiet street, already dark in the deepening twilight. The dwarf now took the lead, and, as though he knew his way perfectly, hurried Einhard along, by one turn after another, until they came out into the open Schiller-Platz, near the outskirts of the town, where all was cool and still. Its old lime-trees flung about them fantastic shadows, in

which their own were lost, as they went on to a noiseless fountain hidden away among the leaves. Here his guide stopped to refresh himself by dipping his hands and face into the basin; and Einhard, finding that he, too, was bruised and bleeding, did the same.

The fountain is surmounted by a granite pillar, said to be a relic of Charlemagne's palace at Ingelheim, and certainly so old that this statement of its origin has never been disputed. As Einhard Becker lifted his face from the refreshing water he saw that the dwarf had left his side and had climbed to the base of the column, where he knelt for a moment to lay his lips upon the stone, reverently. Then, with an adroitness of which he had appeared before incapable, he swung himself quietly to the earth again, and drawing nearer, plucked Einhard gently by the sleeve. His eyes had lost their dulness, and were keen and piercing. His whole expression, too, had changed, as if he had gathered strength and courage from the darkness, like a nocturnal animal. Einhard looked at him in wonder, waiting for him to speak. At that moment the cathedral clock struck the hour, and the stranger laid his finger on his lips, counting inaudibly the strokes of the bell, and listening for its last vibration to die away.

"Nine!" he muttered. "So late, and they told me nothing. But you are not like the others," he added, turning to Einhard confidently. "I can trust you."

"Fully," said Einhard. "What help do you need?" Strange as this presence was, he did not shrink from it; rather it drew him closer by some bond of sympathy wholly unaccountable. Then, in a voice clear and resonant as the cathedral-bell itself, the man put his singular question for the third time:

"Tell me, I pray you, what is the date of the year?"

"Midsummer-day," said Einhard, smiling at his insistence and puzzled by the reiteration of his trivial demand.

"But the year—the year?"

And Einhard gave this information also; the other repeating the words thoughtfully, and then expressing his thanks with grateful earnestness.

"You have done me double service; you took my part—you saved me from

those lying curs. And by your looks I see that you are most unhappy. They have tormented you, too, down there in the world."

"No," said Einhard, sighing; for Minna's letter, still unanswered, lay like a leaden weight upon his heart. "I am my own tormentor. I long to soar, and dare not trust my wings."

"A poor confession!" said the dwarf, in a tone almost savage in its sternness. "Is the penance you call life so precious that you cannot risk the loss of it, even for the stars?"

"Dead worlds!" replied Einhard, mournfully. "They mock us with a beauty unattainable. Look up! Between us and them lies all the blackness of oblivion."

"Yes," was the bitter answer; "it is a fine thing to deal in leather."

Einhard started. "What do you mean?" demanded he.

"O poet!" said the warning voice, softened now into a note of sadness; "the price they ask you is too dear for happiness so brief. Let the earth go, and listen to the soul that pleads in you for an immortal life. Win that, or fail only in striving to attain it. Come with me, and I will show you what it is to live."

"Where would you have me go?"

The dwarf pointed toward one of the city gates, rising between them and the western stars. "To my master—who is waiting there for my return."

"Beyond the gate?"

"Ay, truly. Beyond the gate—beyond the gate of dreams; into the grandeur of the past, the splendor of an unknown future, where no man living has been before you."

"You promise much," said Einhard, with a smile. "But can you make the grandeur and the splendor last? Will not the poor dreamer, when he wakes, be all the poorer for his dreams?"

"Have faith," the dwarf replied. "I make the unreal real. When you have passed my master's threshold you will never wake. To you, hereafter, life will be the dream."

"What more can I ask?" said Einhard, confidently, "except that you shall keep your word. Farewell, house of Koberstein!" As he spoke his hand closed

upon the letter, and with it he lifted from his heart its intolerable load. He flung the crumpled paper into the fountain with a sigh of relief. "I will go," said he.

"Follow me, then," returned the dwarf, as he drew his tattered cloak about him. "This way—through the shadows."

Hugging the darkness, so far as it was possible, they went on in silence to a flight of stone steps that led them to a terrace high above the city. At this commanding point, while the guide stopped for breath, Einhard turned to look down upon the spires and housetops, the frowning roof of the cathedral, the wide sweep of the Rhine and its sentinel peaks of the Niederwald in all their varying degrees of blackness. A murmur rose from the pavement where countless lamps traced out the streets and squares like strings of jewels. And one shrill voice shot up to them, cutting the air, as though borne on the feathered shaft of an arrow. But it did not come from the Triton-Platz; there all was peace itself under the overarching leaves.

They followed the terrace to the city-wall, and beyond it, through the Binger Gate, into the open country. Here the dwarf, quickening his pace, strode out along the smooth turnpike that stretched away immeasurably.

"Is not this the road to Zahlbach?" asked Einhard, breaking at last their oppressive silence.

"No, to Ingelheim," replied the other, without stopping even to turn his head. Time pressed with him, since they had far to go.

"To Ingelheim," repeated Einhard, under his breath. The word recalled old legends of his earliest friends the books, and made him regard the distorted figure trudging on before him with something more than reverence, yet with no thought of fear. Who was his master? To what threshold were they tending? The question of the year, which he had asked so often, tallied perfectly with a tale the student knew by heart. If that tale were true, the mysterious messenger could work him only good. To pass that noble master's portal, and make all after-life one glorious recollection, would be, in truth, to enter through the gate of dreams.

They were on high land now; the night wind blew fresh and cool. Dark vineyards opened out before them to the darker Rhine shore, already miles away. The road kept its due westward course, rising gradually, and bringing them nearer to the stars; so near that myriads came out where none had been before. A great meteor swept slowly across the sky in a trail of light; a hare fled from them into the thicket; a night-bird flew over, uttering a dismal cry. But they met no human creature, and the dwarf, holding his even gait, left all these sights and sounds unheeded.

They had walked thus for more than two hours, when the road began gradually to descend toward the village of Ingelheim, which lay asleep under its shadowy roof-lines. But on one side of the way the land still rose in an abrupt slope, unbroken and unwooded. There the guide suddenly stopped, to make sure that he was observed; then, beckoning Einhard to follow, he plunged into the long grass, and proceeded to climb the hill. The crickets vaulted before him as he passed, the rank weeds and field-flowers he had brushed aside sprung back drenching Einhard with dew. So they climbed on, up the height and over the brow of it to a wide, wind-swept plateau that looked all the more desolate for certain detached fragments of a ruin rising massively against the sky. The rough-hewn walls, mediæval in character, must once have enclosed a dwelling of splendor and solidity; but roofs and towers and pinnacles lay in the earth under huge mounds heaped over all like graves of a colossal race; and it seemed as if the crumbling arches that remained would long ago have fallen too, but for stout branches of ivy binding the stones together and sustaining them. All broken lines had been softened and beautified by its glossy mantle, glistening now at every fold in the light of the one-eyed, waning moon that rose above this memorial of a vanished age as the intruders drew near. Then Einhard whispered, while his companion paused for breath once more: "It is the hill of Charlemagne."

"Hark!" returned the dwarf, with a warning gesture. And from some dis-

tant point within the ruins came the sound of a horn, in low, sweet notes, faintly blowing. The dwarf advanced, drew himself up, and answered the signal with a wild, unearthly cry that echoed and re-echoed through the empty arches. In a moment the unseen warder blew his horn again, and then all was silent except the rustling of the leaves.

With swift, noiseless steps the messenger returned to Einhard's side.

"Give me your hand," he whispered, "we will go in together. Hush! not a word! Only when I give the sign speak without fear; until then silence."

So, hand in hand, and silently, they passed slowly on over black bars of shadow, through grass-grown courts, roofless and deserted; now following some line of ruined wall to climb it at a favorable point where the matted ivy secured their foothold, and now crossing open spaces of moonlight to other walls and shadows still as death, while Einhard held his breath lest he should dissolve the charm underlying all this solitude. At last they had gone so far that the outer wall loomed up again, and all the abandoned palace seemed to lie behind them; the remote corner into which they turned abruptly being rendered doubly dark by a remnant of vaulting that overshadowed it. Here the dwarf stooped for a stone, which he then flung with all his might forward into the darkness; it struck with a hollow sound at what Einhard gradually discerned to be a low, wooden door of ancient workmanship, and, a moment later, he was aware that this had opened inward, grating upon rusty hinges.

A short flight of steps led them to an arched passage, narrow, unlighted, half-choked with the dust of ages. But soon the way grew clearer and brighter, until at a sharp turn they stopped before a second closed door, very high and splendid, unlike any that Einhard had ever seen or imagined. Strange jewels shone upon it; its panels were of the thinnest ivory, and through them soft light streamed. Here no sign was needed. The door flew open mysteriously, without a sound, and Einhard knelt instinctively upon the threshold, overcome with wonder at the sight revealed to him.

He saw a lofty hall, flooded with light softer and purer than the moon's, coming he knew not whence, gleaming upon polished shields and spears and breastplates with which the walls were covered. Below were scores of men in armor, some erect, some half-reclining upon oaken benches; but all asleep, motionless as statues. In the middle, at a long stone table sat other men, their closed eyes turned all one way, toward a mighty figure at the head, fully armed and equipped in golden mail. He, too, slept profoundly, seated in his chair, with his arm upon the table, his cheek upon his hand. His flowing hair and beard were white as snow. He smiled in his sleep; but his face had in it a power and a grandeur fearful to behold; he looked a king of gods rather than of men. So that Einhard, kneeling there before him, trembled, and dared not stir lest this majestic sleeper should start up with angry words.

But his guide went on to a vacant place at the bottom of the hall, among a group of dwarfs fantastic as himself, whose flashing eyes and drawn swords showed them to be watchers. They welcomed their comrade by odd signs of recognition, poured wine from a flagon, and drank with him. No sound came from the group; even his cup did not clink when it touched the others; but as he set it down all started, for high overhead, as if from some tower amid the ruins, a bell struck the hour of midnight, and at its last note there rose without a surging cry, growing louder and clearer, till the hall resounded with it—"Montjoie!"—the battle-cry of Charlemagne. "Montjoie!" repeated the knights with one voice. A hundred swords flashed from their sheaths. All were alert and ready; yet no light came into their faces; they still slept, moved only by the impulse of a dream.

The king alone woke to life. His eyes opened; he rose in his place and looked about him. On the instant all was still again. Then he spoke, in tones that made the arches ring.

"Messenger from without the gate, what is the date of the year?"

Einhard looked at the dwarf, who made no reply, but gave instead their preconcerted signal. And the student,

comprehending it, rose in his turn, and advancing to the royal dais knelt at the emperor's feet and answered him.

His noble face grew clouded, and he sighed heavily as he addressed once more the throng below him.

"Back, comrades! The hour is not come."

The swords rattled down into their scabbards, and with a dull clang the armed men dropped, one and all, into repose. Murmurous echoes spread through the outer courts, swelling and subsiding, as if a wave of the sea had dashed itself to pieces. Then the stillness of desolation settled over all.

But the king bent upon his new-found messenger a keen, penetrating glance that seemed to search through Einhard's inmost soul. Gradually his face resumed its former calmness, and the smile returned to it.

"The hour will come," he said gently, "though it be long delayed. We, who reign forever, can read men's hearts in faces; and in the face and heart before me there are signs of promise."

"In mine?" said Einhard, trembling.

"Yes. The age of chivalry is past, but only for a season. And on the toilers we, who wait, depend. Not he alone is great who slaughters armies. To wrestle with the world, and conquer it; to have no thought that is not half divine; to give the thought a word that shall vibrate in all hearts, stirring them to noble deeds, and make the meanest slave a hero—this is to be greater than a king. This done, the earth sweeps back into its golden age."

"Alas!" said Einhard, with a sigh, "what man can hope to hold a place in every heart?"

"None that will not strive for it. What! are there no mortals who have put on immortality?"

"Oh, pardon me," replied the student, as he humbly bowed his head. "I speak to one of these."

With a gracious gesture the emperor motioned Einhard to a low seat beside him.

"Sit here by me," he said, "and tell

me some story of the past. For I am restless with long years of waiting. Only labor can bring happiness. Be true, then, to gifts that Heaven has bestowed, and use them well, however men reward them or despise them. Work, work—and work again! God grant that in the after ages unending toil may be both mine and thine!"

Then Einhard, half from memory and half in verses of his own that formed themselves without an effort, recited a legend of the day that survives eternally in the chronicle of Roland. Little by little, all the light of the hall went out, and the sleepers faded away, one by one, until only the watchful eyes of the dwarfs were left, glittering like glow-worms. And when the tale was finished the king sunk to sleep, with his arm upon the table, his cheek upon his hand. Einhard, too, slept soundly. And the memorable night passed on, as all nights must, however memorable, to become a mere remembrance of things that were, while the light of a new day stole into its place and slowly illumined half the world.

Einhard woke to find himself lying alone in the sunshine under the ruined entrance of the crumbling, ivied wall. He beat upon the door, but could not move it, and nothing moved within. He turned away sadly, lingering and looking back, inclining to believe that he had only dreamed. As he came into the open field a lark flew up in a joyous ecstasy of song, singing, singing, and still singing, with a full throat—an invisible rapture of the blue distance. Then Einhard's look grew lighter, and his heart leaped as he went down toward the spires of Mayence.

"It was no dream," he murmured. "It was a step toward the eternal goal. What need I care, henceforth, for pain or pleasure in this narrow world? The nobler life will come hereafter; and through one poor soul, at least, the appointed hour will not be delayed. Oh, emperor! I strive for immortality. Unending toil shall be both thine and mine!"

JOHN ERICSSON, THE ENGINEER.*

JULY 31, 1803—MARCH 8, 1889.

By William Conant Church.

I.

AS the last hour of life was drawing to its close, John Ericsson called to his bedside his faithful friend and secretary, and, looking into his face with a smile, said: "Taylor, this rest is magnificent; more beautiful than words can tell."

For the first time in his wonderful career of threescore and ten years of active professional work, Ericsson seemed able to entertain the idea of rest without responsibility. "Providence," he once said, "has given me greater abilities for use, within certain limits, than to any other mortal, and I will be a faithful steward." This was no declaration of egotism, but the sober statement of a fact, in a letter to a relative who could understand the spirit in which the assertion was made.

How faithful Ericsson was in his stewardship the story of his life will tell. It seems impossible that any one man could have accomplished what he did, within the compass of a single lifetime; identifying himself in so many ways with those mechanical changes which separate the nineteenth century so widely from all that preceded it. In the year in which Ericsson was born, Robert Fulton launched his first steam-boat upon the Seine, and the far-sighted Napoleon declared that its success would "change the face of the world." In the year that Ericsson reached his majority, the citizens of Louisville celebrated with public ceremonies the completion, in fifteen and a quarter days, of a steam-boat voyage from New Orleans, which

now occupies less than five days. Not a steam-boat was then afloat upon the ocean, not a locomotive in motion upon the land, and land carriage, not having passed beyond the stage of traction by muscle-power, was practically where it had been from the beginning.

We all know the changes that have come since then; changes which make it possible for a London "bagman" to learn more of the great world, by actual contact, than was known even to Marco Polo in the days of the Venetian Republic; for the London tourist, in the interval between two seasons, to travel farther, and see more, than could Mungo Park in the time of George III. But do we yet realize how much more we are indebted to the workers than to the talkers for the greatness of which we boast ourselves in these Centennial years? The mechanical accomplishment of a single century has done more to destroy insular prejudice, and to bring men together in human sympathy, than the preaching of eighteen centuries. It is not statecraft, nor even military genius, that has made the United States a possibility; it is engineering ability. The bonds that hold us in indissoluble unity were forged in the workshops of craftsmen. It is the railroads, the steam-boats, and the telegraph that bind the Pacific States to those on the Atlantic shore; the cities on the Gulf to those that border our great lakes. It was the Pacific Railroad that solved the vexed Indian question, and erased from the map the "great American desert," dividing between East and West; just as the Trans-Caucasian Railroad of Russia is transforming the wastes of central Asia into cotton-fields, and the murderous fanatics of Merv and Bokhara into peaceful subjects of the White Czar. Is it not well to honor the memory of the men to whom we owe these great and beneficent changes, who have done more to realize Tennyson's dream of the

*It was the expressed wish of Captain Ericsson that his biography should be written by the author of this article, if at all, for he was singularly indifferent as to posthumous fame. In the twelve or fifteen thousand letters and manuscripts left by him, and transferred to the writer by his executors, is found abundant material for the *Life of Ericsson*, to be published during the present year. It is hoped that these articles will serve to make Ericsson known to the world as he was known to his friends—as one of the most generous-hearted and public-spirited of men, no less than one of the foremost of the world's great engineers.



Ericsson, on his Arrival in America, 1839.

“parliament of man, the federation of the world,” than all the preaching of the pulpits and the eloquence of the forums?

Chief among these men, a very king among his fellows, unquestionably stands John Ericsson; however we test him—by natural ability, by acquired experience, or by actual accomplishment, he is first. Few men, even in his own profession, understand what was done by him; for his work extended over so long a period that he had no sooner advanced to a new achievement than men forgot the old. If we think of the locomotive we remember George Stephenson, who died forty-one years ago, but we do not realize that we have had with us until within a year the man who contested with Stephenson the honors of the first locomotive competition in October,

1829, and who, according to contemporary accounts, surpassed Stephenson’s “Rocket” with his “Novelty,” steaming over thirty miles an hour. We remember the Monitor, but how few understand that the great feat of delivering that vessel within a hundred days from the signing of the contract for her, was only possible because Ericsson had previously built a hundred other vessels in which he had developed the revolutionary ideas embodied in the first turreted iron-clad. These vessels include the Princeton, which is associated in memory with the melancholy accident that deprived John Tyler of two members of his cabinet, and threw the whole country into a fever of excitement. We recall the caloric engine, with a vague impression that it was not successful.

How many know that before the contest in Hampton Roads had made the name of Ericsson famous, that engine was in such extensive use that twenty-five thousand dollars were paid in a single year for royalties upon those sold, and that it opened a new era of mechanical enterprise, creating a demand for small-power engines, which is still supplied by hot-air engines of Ericsson's invention? We remember, possibly, that the Mechanics' Institute, in 1840, bestowed its chief prize upon Ericsson for the best model of a steam fire-engine, but we do not remember that as early as 1829 fires were extinguished in London with an engine of his invention, that another was sent to France, a third furnished to the Liverpool Docks, and a fourth—of elegant workmanship—to the King of Prussia, Frederick William I.

We know something of Ericsson's connection with warfare on the sea, but it is not easy to realize that he twice revolutionized naval construction; first, by the ideas introduced into the Princeton, and next, by their amplification and extension in the Monitor. Still a third great change was involved in his Destroyer, which is in the line of the coming revolution in naval warfare.

Ericsson's inventions are so numerous that a mere catalogue of the most important of them, with a dozen lines of description for each, would occupy the space of this article, and would read like a page from the Patent Office Report. And by inventions is not to be understood mere models, such as the ordinary inventor carries around with him to prove his insanity to the unsympathetic capitalist. Ericsson did not depend on models; his engineering conceptions were reduced to drawings, and then passed to the workshop for construction. When the expenditure involved was beyond his means, he always found men of money ready to risk their capital in the development of his ideas. Not all of these ideas were commercially successful, but the net result was the building up of large fortunes for many besides Ericsson himself—a yearly income of fifty thousand dollars resulting from a single invention which he generously gave to the friend at whose solicitation he had taken out a patent for it.

A list of one hundred would include Ericsson's principal engineering conceptions; if all of his patented ideas were enumerated this list would extend to five hundred, and the larger number would be doubled if it were to include the ideas made use of by him, and sufficiently novel to meet the requirements of the Patent Office.

Setting aside minor inventions, three distinct purposes are apparent in Ericsson's labors; first, to improve the steam-engine and extend the scope of its application; next, to discover some more economical and efficient method for changing the mode of motion we call Heat into the mode of motion we call Power; third, to force the great maritime nations into declaring the ocean neutral ground, by making naval warfare too destructive a pastime to be indulged in, and equalizing the conditions of the struggle between the greater and the lesser states. On the accomplishment of this last purpose depended, in Ericsson's judgment, the future of his native Sweden. Too weak to hold her own in a contest with any great power, under existing conditions, her only sure hope of defence is in neutralizing the dominating factors of numbers and wealth by the efforts of genius stimulated by patriotism. Love of country was with Ericsson a supreme passion. In this controlling sentiment, in the traits of character derived from his sturdy Norse ancestry, and in the training and experience acquired during the twenty-three years spent in his Scandinavian home, we find the secret of that exceptional development of specialized faculties which has placed him in the very front rank of constructive engineers.

John Ericsson was a native of the province of Wermland, a tract of wooded highland lying between the chief water-courses and lakes of Sweden, on the borders of Norway, to the west of Stockholm, and on the direct line between the capitals of these two Scandinavian kingdoms. Long the debatable ground between Sweden and Norway, its dense forests were, during the middle ages, the home of the Swedish Robin Hoods, who levied toll upon the caravans carrying tribute to the Norwegian king from the

subject province of Sweden. "The bounty of God," as Duke Charles of Sweden declared three centuries ago, "has replenished the mountains of Wermland with all sorts of ores." Its wealth is in its mines, some of which have been worked for five hundred years, and its inhabitants have all the characteristics of a mining community.

Massachusetts soil, a son. From this first-born white son of the Bay State descended, according to John Fiske, Thorwaldsen the sculptor; so the ancestors of the Ericssons and the ancestors of the Thorwaldsens would appear to have been family connections nearly a thousand years ago.

Olaf Ericsson took to wife, in 1799,



Ericsson's Home after his Father's Failure.

Among these people dwelt at Langbanshyttan, in the mining district of Philipstad, at the opening of the present century, Olaf Ericsson, born in 1778. Olaf's father was Nils, and his grandfather Magnus, descended, it is supposed, from the family of Eric the Red, and his son Leif, who visited the New England coast, A.D. 1000, nearly five hundred years before the landing of Columbus on one of the Bahama Islands. Leif, we are told, with his kinsmen and associates, journeyed thrice to the New England shores, and on a fourth visit, during which they remained three years, the sister-in-law of Leif bore to her second husband, Thorfinn Karlsefne, on

Brita Sophie Yngström, daughter of an iron-master living in Wermland, of Flemish descent. The ancestral name was Horn, a name which one of the family was compelled to change while serving as a youth in the Swedish army under Count Horn, of the celebrated historical line, the count's aristocratic ears having been offended by hearing a private soldier called by his own patronymic. The father of Brita, Jan, married a woman of Scotch descent; thus a strain of Caledonian blood was introduced in the Ericsson family. In the case of John Ericsson we find another illustration of the theory that gifted men inherit their traits from their mother.



John Ericsson's Birthplace and Monument.

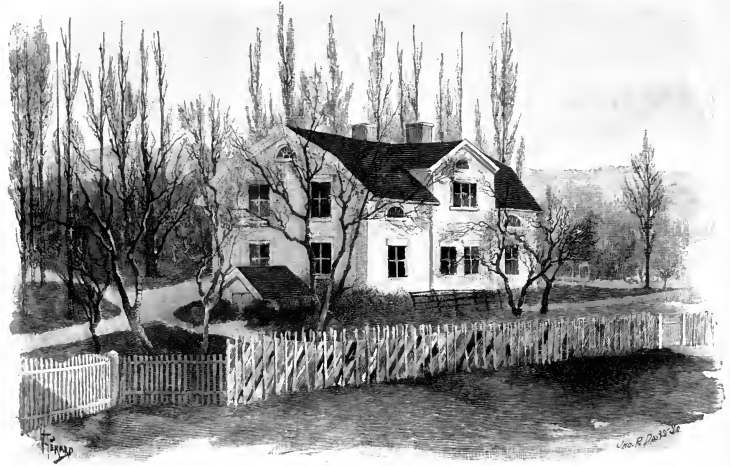
Brita Ericsson was a warm-hearted, intellectual, spirited woman, with a firm character. She is described withal as a very handsome woman, tall and slender, with magnificent light blue eyes that deepened in color, sparkling and flashing most brilliantly, when she spoke with animation.

Olaf died in 1818, when he was forty years old; his wife, Brita, lived thirty years longer, and was able to tell her grandchildren, when letters came from her son John in far-off America, how an old man had prophesied to her father that in the family two boys would be born who would be renowned the world over. To Olaf and Brita were born first a daughter, Anna Caroline, in 1800; next a son, Nils, in 1802, and, finally, on July 31, 1803, appeared John, the last of the family. To the mother in her old age, when she thought of her first-born son, may have come the recollection of that older prophecy: "He also shall be great, but his younger brother shall be greater than he." The lines of the brothers' lives ran together until they were men grown, but from the very beginning the younger commenced to distance the elder.

Wealth was unknown to the Ericsson

family, and Swedish country living at that time was plainness itself; but love abounded, and the mother's cheerful temper, with the father's good-humor and generous disposition, assured the blessings of a harmonious and happy home. Caroline was a child of unusual beauty, Nils was spirited and engaging, and the baby, John, a wonder to all. As a child John was busy the day long, drawing, boring, and cutting. Providing himself with pencil and paper, he would, in the early morning, run to the mines, and sit there until dark, watching with deep, earnest eyes the motions of the heavy engines, copying their forms, and studying into the secret of their motion.

The years from 1806 to 1811 were trying ones in Sweden. Industrial pursuits, including those connected with the mines, were greatly disturbed by the war with Russia, and many of the people were ruined, among them Olaf Ericsson, who was deprived of his moderate possessions and his larger prospects. His property was sold for the benefit of his creditors, and the happy home at Langbanshyttan was broken up. It was a crushing blow to the gentle-spirited Olaf, whose sensitive nature found sup-



Headquarters Götha Canal Company.

port in his wife's more vigorous personality. In 1811, when work was resumed upon that great undertaking the Götha Canal, he obtained a situation as foreman of a gang of workmen engaged in blasting rock along the line of the new waterways.

Despite these adverse circumstances the Ericssons resolved to give their sons a good education, and at any sacrifice to secure for them the best instructors possible. A governess was sent for; "and I remember," wrote John in after years, "with gratitude how well she taught me during the two years she was with us, 1811 and 1812." Engaged on the canal work at Forsvik was found a talented young draughtsman, who understood the art of drawing in the English style, and with a finish rivalling that of engraving. He was invited to the house of Olaf Ericsson, and received his board on condition that he should impart instruction to the two sons.

This was the turning-point in the life of the lads. John especially took eagerly to instruction. Permission was granted to him and his brother to make use of the draughtsman's office established by the canal company, and when John was only eight years old his first

drawing to the scale was on exhibition for the admiration of the neighborhood. He also learned to sketch maps, and before he was ten years old he had a very complete mastery of the drawing instruments with which he was to work such wonders in later life.

The father did not cease his efforts to secure for his sons the highest possible advantages of tuition. In 1813 he persuaded one of the superintending constructors on the canal, of high professional reputation, to give the lads lessons in algebra and architectural drawing, employing also as tutor Dr. Afzelius, a near relative of the celebrated Swedish chemist of that name. "Of course, he plagued us with lessons in the Latin grammar," writes John later on; "but I learned from him chemistry and many other things of great use to me; for instance, how to make and mix colors for my drawings out of the materials bought at the druggist's for a few cents."

Meanwhile the fortunes of Olaf Ericsson had improved. From employment as agent to select timber for lock-gates he had advanced to the post of second in the direction of the work on the canal itself, at Hajstorp Station. This change necessitated his removal to the

parish of Fredsberg, on the Lefsång, a situation whose beauty impressed itself upon the imagination of the younger son.

Still indefatigable in securing education for his sons the father applied to the court chaplain, a mighty functionary in local repute, for permission to avail himself of the service of the parish curate to teach French to Nils and John. What was more to their purpose, he persuaded the greatest mechanical draughtsman of that time in Sweden, Lieutenant Brandenburg, of the Mechanical Corps of the Navy, to teach the boys the modern art of finishing off mechanical drawings with shading. Thoroughly interested in the instruction of two pupils of such evident capacity, Brandenburg made several drawings for their guidance. These John used for models, until he became complete master of the art of mechanical drawing.

During the winter of 1816-17 he received lessons in chemistry and algebra from Professor Rash, of local reputation, who was engaged upon the canal. He was also taught field-drawing and geometry by a German engineer officer, Captain Pentz, who was on duty fortifying the mouth of the canal on Lake Werner. He learned English from the English controller of the works at Hajstorp Station, and had opportunity to practise it with Englishmen employed on the canal.

These particulars of John Ericsson's early education are important in their bearing upon his future career. While his eagerness for instruction was exceptional, and his capacity for absorbing

knowledge unusual, his opportunity for acquiring it was a rare one for that time and place—indeed, for any time and place—combining as his study did the practical and the theoretical. He learned thoroughly the art of presenting his ideas through the medium of mechanical drawings, without the aid of models. To a friend who once said to him, "It is a pity you did not graduate from a technological institute," Ericsson replied, "No, it was very fortunate. Had I taken a course at such an institution I should have acquired such a belief in authorities that I should never have been able to develop originality and make my own way in physics and mechanics, as I now propose to do." "The end," writes this friend, Count Rosen, in the letter from which I quote, "has proven your words true."



Lieutenant John Ericsson, Jämtland Field Chasseurs.

Except for the advantageous circumstances of John Ericsson's youth his faculties could not have received the early development which made his subsequent achievements possible; for occasions arose when his facility in handling the tools of his profession was an important element in his success. His extraordi-

nary natural ability, having been thus developed by early training, he was able to do as much at the drawing-board in a given time as two ordinary men. Without so complete a mastery of the technique of his profession he could not, at the age of twenty-six, have

amounted to genius, but fortune also favored him with exceptional opportunities for early training in its mysteries.

Count Platen, who had control of the works at the Götha Canal, in 1814 sent to England, at the expense of the company, two engineers, Lagerheim and Ed-



Lock on Götha Canal, Trollhattan Falls.

prepared himself in seven weeks to enter into that famous contest at Rainhill, England, for the honor of building the first high-speed locomotive; he could not have sent to sea in 1862, inside of a hundred days, a Monitor, which turned the tide of destiny and revolutionized naval warfare; he could not have furnished the Spanish Government in 1870 with thirty effective gun-boats, within six months of the time he received the order for their construction. Nature not only endowed Ericsson with an aptitude for his chosen profession which

ström, charged with the duty of informing themselves as to the most approved methods of work in canal construction. They returned in 1815, thoroughly instructed in the best engineering methods of that time, and proceeded to drill a number of pupils, cadets of the Swedish Corps of Mechanical Engineers. The Ericsson brothers were among these cadets; John being then eleven years old and Nils twelve. Lieutenant Brandenburg introduced Captain Edström to his pupils, and he was so much struck with their work that he advised their

father to take them without loss of time to Count Platen, then living at Holmatorp, and with them some specimens of their work.

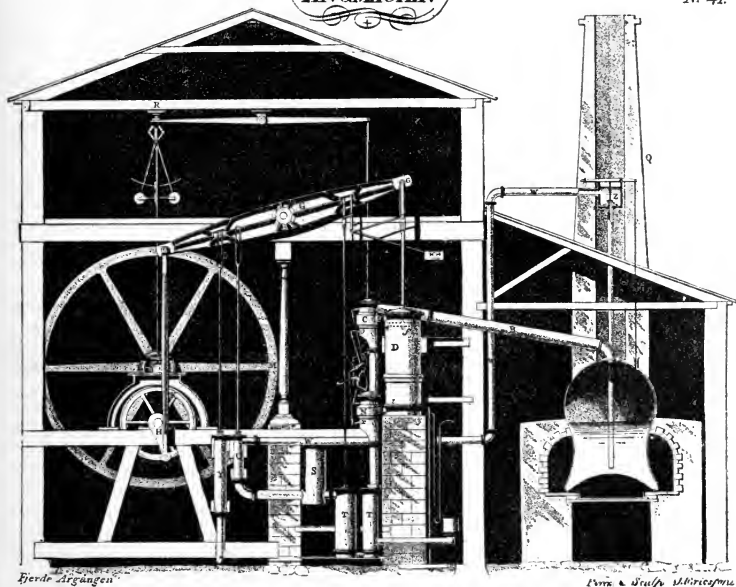
To Holmatorp accordingly went the delighted father, with Nils and John following after. The great man was gracious, and received the lads with encouraging words. "Continue as you have begun," he said to John, as the boy looked up to him eager-eyed, "and you will one day produce something extraordinary." The lad was not one to forget such a greeting. When nearly seventy years old, writing of another who in his youth had shown him similar kindness, he said: "I always held him in the greatest esteem; he often encouraged me, and I have not yet forgotten his words. What he said to the warm-hearted boy were not empty words, and the grain he sowed has borne fruit." Even at the time he was introduced to Count Platen, the future engineer had astonished the local gossips with a saw-

mill and pumping engine which he had made, "all out of his own head," at the age of ten; certainly he had no other tools than those found in that museum of curiosities, a boy's breeches-pocket. He himself traced the first suggestion of his future career to the day when, in his seventh year, he dug a mine a foot deep and made a ladder for the use of the miners with which his childish imagination filled it.

Seeing his two sons raised to the dignity of cadets of the Mechanical Corps of the Navy, and wearing the uniform of His Majesty's service, Olaf Ericsson was a proud and happy father. His sacrifices for his children were rewarded, and their future, under the patronage of one of the most influential of Swedish subjects, seemed assured. Educated himself at the gymnasium or college of Carlstad, he fully appreciated the value of early training. As Latin, Greek, and Hebrew were compulsory at the gymnasium, he must have known

ÄNGMÅCHIN

N: 41.



Second Engraving made by Ericsson, 1821, aged eighteen.

something of these languages. He was an accomplished penman and accountant, had excellent judgment in mechanical matters, and himself taught John before he was eleven years old how to construct an ellipse, and the use of a ball-and-socket joint; thus solving a problem the boy was struggling over in relation to his saw-mill. He explained to him also the use of a vacuum, and taught him how to raise water by combustion and the condensation of flame. He thus gave early direction to studies which were continued by his son through a career extending over three-quarters of a century of active professional work. "I shall never forget," John said in his old age, "the joy I experienced the first time I saw the water rise in the glass cylinder at the moment my father extinguished the imprisoned flame."

Nor did the good mother fail to do her part in stimulating the ambition and training the faculties of her sons. The royal family of Sweden have always been patrons of literature, and some of its members poets and dramatists of no mean degree. The years from 1771 to 1809 include what is remembered in Sweden as the Gustavan Period—some-what as we characterize the period of Shakespeare, Bacon, and Ben Jonson as the age of Elizabeth. Ericsson's mother caught the spirit of her time. She studied with ardor philosophical, social, religious, and political works. Walter Scott was among her favorites, and from her John obtained impressions concerning the imaginative arts which never wholly left him. Absorbed as he was in the dry details of mechanical construction, he occasionally found use for other metres than those of the French system of mensuration; he delighted in the sagas recording the heroic deeds of his ancestors, and when Frithiof's Saga was translated into English he hastened to present copies of the work to friends less appreciative of it than he. He has carefully filed among his papers a list, in his own handwriting, of forty Swedish songs, with a translation of their titles, including among them many songs of sentiment. He made the acquaintance of Milton, as appears from a letter, written to a friend

threatened with blindness. In this he said: "My grief at your great loss is in a measure relieved when I think of what Milton accomplished after the darkness had laid its hand upon his eyes. Is there anybody with the sharpest eyesight who has given to mankind such elevated enjoyment as the blind Englishman?"

We have now dug down to the root of the Ericsson family-tree, and find why it is that it produced such sturdy stock as Nils and John Ericsson; for Nils, in Sweden at least, was hardly less distinguished than John, and was well known in engineering circles beyond Sweden. He rose to eminence in his profession, was the successful constructor of the Swedish system of railroads, and was ennobled. He secured a seat in Parliament, two of his sons being members of that body at the same time with him, and retired, finally, to enjoy his leisure with a comfortable fortune and the largest pension ever bestowed upon a Swedish subject.

The Chinese ennoble the ancestors of a man who distinguishes himself by exceptional accomplishment. The custom has its foundation in sound reason; great men, good men, useful men, are the product of the high thought and noble aspiration, the useful labors, and the self-discipline of their ancestors. In the curious kaleidoscopic changes of character produced by the admixture of bloods, almost every pattern may appear, but none the material for which could not be found in ancestral inheritance.

While completing their course of instruction on canal work the Ericssons were busied in summer upon the canal and in the winter were transferred to the office established for the instruction of the cadets, as well as for draughting the plans for the work. In 1815, when only twelve years old, John Ericsson was employed, under the direction of his chief, in drawing profile maps and plans for use on the canal, and for filing in the archives of the canal company.

A year later, while still only thirteen years old, he was assistant to the *niveleur* in charge of the station of Riddarhagen, and when fourteen years old he was given complete charge of the Rottkilms station,

where six hundred of the king's troops received daily direction in their work upon the canal from the lad, who was accompanied by an assistant carrying a stool to enable him to reach the eyepiece of his surveyor's level. In his fifteenth year John was promoted to the position of assistant to the chief of the work, Lieutenant Ryding. His salary at this time was thirty crowns—eight dollars a month, measured by the standard of to-day, but then worth several times that sum in purchasing power. Quarters were provided him, and he was allowed travelling pay. "I had nice rooms in the company's house," he says himself, "a servant to wait upon me, and I took my meals at the same table with the chief of the works. Before I received a salary I was provided by the company with clothes and uniform, and sufficient pocket-money."

Nils was fond of pleasure and society, and would spend his money in adorning his attractive person. His portrait shows a man of different temperament from the rugged John, whose chief delight seems to have been in his work. As occupation for his leisure, which could not have been great, John had drawn for his private use maps of the most important portions of the canal and the machinery employed in its construction. Some years later he decided to publish these, and arranged with a German officer to furnish the letter-press. Ericsson proposed to prepare etchings for the plates, and mastered the art of aqua-fortis with such readiness that he was able to begin work at once. One of the plates, the second one etched by him, was reproduced in a Swedish illustrated magazine. In acknowledging the receipt of a copy of this Ericsson said: "I remember very well the surprise of certain engravers at the sharp white edges of the pump-rods against the dark ground. The plan of rubbing these parts with a fine varnish before the plates were prepared for the aqua-fortis, which suggested itself to the beginner, enabled him to surpass the work of experienced artists."

Ericsson also invented a machine engraver, with which he was able to complete within a year eighteen plates, averaging fifteen by twenty inches each.

With these his ambitious undertaking stopped, for he found that the rapid progress of mechanical improvement was rendering entirely obsolete some of the machinery he proposed to illustrate. As part of his work during the intervals of his occupation as a leveller, he executed a drawing of the Sunderland iron bridge, which Count Platen, years after, was accustomed to show to his visitors, when recounting his experience with his youthful prodigy.

In other respects than this disposition to plodding industry John differed from his brother. Nils was conservative and cautious, preferring to keep to the beaten track. As he gradually gained experience in his profession, and his sterling qualities of fidelity and honesty became better known, increasing responsibility was imposed upon him, and his progress to public distinction was sure, if slow. John Ericsson, on the contrary, was from the beginning searching for some new way of doing things, for some novel application of the mechanical powers which should add new forces to the world's wealth.

As a child he was impatient of routine. When scarcely out of leading-strings he made himself the victim of family discipline by stubbornly insisting upon going around on all fours, in a manner peculiar to himself, and which nursery tradition could not tolerate. When it came to learning the alphabet, he understood at once that the characters shown him were symbols, and was soon discovered busied with a sharp stick, drawing in the sand of the lake beach, bordering the little homestead, signs which he proposed to adopt as a substitute for the Swedish alphabet. The discipline to which this eccentricity thus early subjected him was but a prophecy of the opposition following him to the end of his long life, and which would have daunted a spirit less determined and aggressive. Commenting on a photograph, he once said: "The form of the forehead indicates that the man will see things as they are, and not as they ought to be, a circumstance that will remove obstacles from his path through life." It was this prophetic instinct toward things as they should be that kept Ericsson himself at war, so much of the time, with

received opinions on engineering subjects. Had he been content to walk in the regulation ways, or wandered only a little outside of them, he might have plodded on his path through life to high positions, and secured the approval of professional opinion, instead of antagonizing it.

Still, his natural disposition toward revolutionary change was so controlled by sound judgment, and finally by ripened experience, that in the maturity of his powers that most eminent authority on engineering subjects, John Bourne, of London, said with equal truth and force, "that in all the attributes of mechanical genius, in originality of conception, joined with chastened sobriety of judgment, in penetrating analysis of the conditions to be fulfilled, and in skilful adaptation of means to the ends to be attained, no engineer who has appeared since the days of Watt and Murdock is comparable to John Ericsson. Every department of engineering art is stamped with the record of his triumphs."

Ericsson was, as will be seen, identified almost from his cradle with great engineering works, the Götha Canal being one of those important lines of artificial ways which connect the natural water-courses, and open the interior of Sweden to steam communication. He was brought into contact, at an early age, with the best examples of English engineering as applied to canal-work, and learned during his summers how to use practically the instruction he received during the long Swedish winters. He seemed to have found leisure with it all for boyish sports, and his active out-of-door life built up his naturally hardy constitution. He was famed as an athlete, a swimmer, and a skater, and when he was sixty years old, a gentleman who dropped in unexpectedly at a house where Ericsson was calling upon an intimate friend—Mr. E. H. Stoughton, our late minister to Russia—found him standing on his head to show how much of his youthful elasticity and vigor still remained to him. He passed through that experience which comes to most men of vigorous vitality, when the demands for bodily gratification in a measure overcome the cooler judgment, but

in the end he returned to his youthful regularity and simplicity of living. Thus, with the solid foundation laid in early life, and the system which he adopted in his declining years, he was able to prolong his period of work with enjoyment almost up to the day of his death, in his eighty-sixth year, on March 8, 1889, the anniversary of the contest in Hampton Roads which made him forever famous.

In 1820, when Ericsson was seventeen years old, he reached a point in his career where two roads met and parted. With the first suggestion of manly independence dawning in his mind he began to rebel against the career laid out for him by his friends and guardians, though before he had been more than content with it. To the home of his widowed mother came as boarders officers, civil and military, at work upon the canal, and her house was the rendezvous for the troops under their direction. Her son was brought into association with those who entertained him with stories of the great world; the world in which the Corsican cadet of Brienne had won an empire with his sword, and the lawyer's apprentice, the royal master of the young *ni-veleur*, Bernadotte, a marshal's baton and a crown. Military ambition began to stir in the breast of the youth. Although he wore the king's uniform, it was not as a soldier; he aspired to command troops, to break away from the bonds of the routine which confined him, and to lead the life of romance and adventure which, to the imagination of the young man, always lies just beyond. His good friend Count Platen protested, but Ericsson was not to be persuaded, and they parted in anger when the youth declared his determination to accept a commission as ensign in the Swedish army.

The law of foreordination and predestination was working out its results. There was experience to be acquired which could not be learned by running canal levels and ciphering out the radii of curves. The conception of a Monitor, revealing itself to the world nearly half a century later, was not an inspiration but an evolution. It was the ripened result of the studies of a life-

time; prompted in the beginning by patriotic feeling, directed by the highest engineering ability and most exact mechanical training, and developed in the end by such a crisis in the history of a great nation as can occur but once in the longest lifetime. Watching the log rafts tossed in the storms upon the lakes of his native Sweden, Ericsson had implanted in his mind an idea of the principles of stability in floating constructions which was destined to germinate and grow. Another idea was needed to accompany it; that was the conception of a circular tower as the means for meeting an all-round fire. This Ericsson derived from the officer who instructed him in fortification and gunnery, to fit him for his new profession. Timby, who afterward claimed the idea of the Monitor, was not there to offer suggestions; was not even born until 1822. Further, Ericsson's experience of five years in the Swedish army gave him some instruction on the subject of artillery, which he was destined to make such effective use of in his future career as an engineer of naval constructions.

The young ensign was assigned to the Royal Field Chasseurs of Jämtland, the southern part of Norrland, one of the most barren regions of Sweden, supporting a population of less than four to a square mile, but with everything to please the imagination; beautiful landscapes, wild and imposing; immense forests of pine and fir, broad rivers, numerous lakes, and lofty mountains. The station of his regiment was Frösön, near Östersund, the capital of Jämtland. John was a favorite in his regiment. He joined eagerly in the sports and Swedish gymnastics which occupied the spare time of the officers, and was soon known as one of the best shots, the best leaper, and the champion wrestler. His feats of strength were noted, and the spirit of emulation sometimes carried him too far, for he suffered at intervals through life from an injury to his back resulting from over-exertion. Soon after he joined his regiment he was recommended for promotion; but his colonel, Baron Koskull, was in disgrace at court and the recommendation was not heeded.

The young Duke of Upland, Bernadotte's son, interceded with the king, winning his interest in Ericsson by showing his soldier father a military map made by the ensign. This not only secured the desired commission of a second lieutenant, but it also directed the attention of Bernadotte to the great skill of Ericsson in this work. As a result, later on, he was summoned to the royal palace to draw maps to illustrate the campaigns of the ex-marshal of Napoleon. Meantime orders had been issued to carefully survey northern Sweden, and Ericsson obtained permission to present himself at Stockholm to be examined for this work. With his early training he had no difficulty in passing the examination required. His perfect comprehension of the principles of geometry was the foundation of his clear perception of mechanical principles, and this was made so apparent that his examiners were astonished to find that he had been able to master the problems of Euclid without special study. The surveying was paid for by the piece, and as Ericsson could do double work he was carried on the rolls as two men, to avoid criticism. Altogether he contributed to the archives of Stockholm detailed drawings of fifty square miles of Swedish territory.

This was the romantic period of Ericsson's career; during it he established friendships and developed enthusiasms which never left him. More than fifty years after, when his knowledge of Swedish had grown somewhat rusty from disuse, he wrote home to Sweden: "Overwhelmed with work I have not had time to write the description you ask for in my native tongue. I can think in English four times faster than I can write in Swedish, and write four times faster than I can think. As now $4 \times 4 = 16$, you will find my excuses sufficient. But this is only the case in mechanical matters, because when the language of the heart is to be used I prefer to express myself in my native tongue. Although ignorant in all that properly belongs to mechanical philosophy when I left Sweden, I was by no means inexperienced in the language of feeling. I sometimes wrote poetry to the wonderful and enchanting midnight light of

Norrland. Connoisseurs often doubted that it came from the second lieutenant and surveyor up among the mountains."

Norrland is within less than three degrees of the arctic circle, and there the phenomenon of the midnight sun is to be seen in perfection.

After Ericsson left Sweden his affections seem never to have rooted themselves elsewhere, and he turned toward the home of his youth always with ardent devotion. Any humble workman who had known him there was more in his eyes than the highest who might honor him elsewhere. "I am so entirely Swedish," he wrote in the midst of his Monitor triumphs, "that I cannot bear the thought that I am believed to have forgotten, or set aside in preference for some other, our beautiful mother tongue, 'the language of glory and heroes!'" The most sacred thoughts of John Ericsson's heart, and the most confidential experiences of his life are revealed, so far as revealed at all, in the Swedish letters left behind him.

Though he was a citizen of the world, and a naturalized American, his interest in his native land never ceased; indeed, his affection for it increased as he advanced in years. Yet he never visited Sweden after his departure from home in 1826. He did propose in the latter part of his life to return thither, and declared that he would rather lie under a mound of gravel in Sweden when he was dead than beneath the tallest monument that could be erected on American soil. He became interested, however, in his study of solar heat and the development of his sun motor, and was not willing to transfer himself to a region so little adapted to such studies as the high latitudes of Sweden. He needed, as he explained, to be near the vertical rays of the sun. "New York is certainly not vertically under the sun, but the rays in midsummer incline only seventeen degrees, and produce a heat scarcely two degrees less than in the tropics, thus sufficient for my purpose."

When Ericsson obtained a position securing to him an income much in excess of his modest needs, which was not until after he had reached his sixtieth year, he was constantly making gifts to Sweden and to Swedes. These

appear to have attracted little or no attention in this country, but they have added a feeling of affection to the pride with which his countrymen remember him. An ancient miner sent word, through one of Ericsson's correspondents, that he had known John in his youth; immediately a draft was sent to purchase a handsome watch for the old gossip, and as one of his neighbors, "the man with the leathern apron," was subsequently found to have some vague recollections in the same line, he received one hundred and fifty crowns to "buy him a coat."

When famine pinched the Norrlanders in 1867, and collections for their relief were taken up in various countries, the total contributions from the United States amounted to 20,316 Swedish crowns. Of this sum Ericsson gave 20,216 crowns, and a subscription of 100 crowns from the Swedish minister completed the total. He sent 1,000 crowns at another time to provide for the miners in his native Wermland who had outlived their capacity for work, and for the widows of deceased miners, and 10,000 crowns to the burnt city of Carlstad in the same province. He promptly responded to a request that he should furnish the money, \$3,000 in all, to enable the Royal Library of Stockholm to purchase a valuable collection of historical documents; he armed the first Swedish monitor of his designing with fifteen-inch guns, which are by no means inexpensive toys; he furnished at his own cost the machinery and also the plans for a Swedish gunboat, designed as a model for a fleet of coast-defence vessels, and in numerous ways his generous spirit toward his countrymen found expression.

Human nature is the same under the arctic circle as in the torrid zone. Ericsson had an ardent and impulsive temperament. The glories of the midnight sun could inspire him with poetry, but the sparkling eyes of Jämtland maidens moved him still more profoundly. To one of these the young lieutenant became deeply attached. She was of an ancient and noble family, and her father was an officer of high rank. To her Ericsson was betrothed, with those formalities

which in Swedish opinion at that time imposed the obligations of marriage, and were not infrequently extended to include its sanctions as well. The laws of Sweden regulating the marriage of army officers were exacting, and made impossible a legal union between a poor lieutenant and a maiden whose womanly charms and her excellent birth were her only dower. Precisely how the pair stood related to each other from our point of view cannot, at this distance of time, be determined. But custom, founded on necessity, sanctioned what restrictive laws did not recognize. The connection was subsequently dissolved, and, being free, the young woman married another Swede of distinguished reputation, and lived to old age as his wife. A son was born to Ericsson at this time, in 1824, and was adopted by his relatives in Sweden when he removed to England.

This child was well educated, and became a man highly respected, holding a prominent position in government employ. He was sent by Sweden as a Commissioner to the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, in 1876, and died in 1887, aged sixty-three. His widow preserves a portrait of the father, painted on ivory, in London, in 1824, by Way. It was given to her husband's mother, and represents Ericsson at the age of twenty-one. He is described as being at this time a handsome, dashing youth, with a cluster of thick, brown, glossy curls encircling his white, massive forehead. His mouth was delicate but firm, nose straight, eyes light blue, clear and bright, with a slight expression of sadness, his complexion brilliant with the freshness and glow of healthy youth. The broad shoulders carried most splendidly the proud, erect head. He presented, in short, the very picture of vigorous manhood.

A comrade of this period, who is still living, describes young Ericsson as a noble lad, frank, faithful, and honest. He had only a small coterie of intimate friends, and with these he was cheerful and charming. "He was exceedingly active," adds Major Hjärne, "always inventing, designing, constructing." King Charles John, who saw his drawings, advised him to go abroad, as

his own country could not reward him as he deserved. This advice was given with more effect by one of Ericsson's brother officers, who, in a letter written forty-seven years afterward, says: "I remember the ensign, by whom I was so struck that I asked my brother officers to accept him as a comrade, and urged the colonel to secure his promotion. I could not bear the thought of this genius burying himself in Jämtland, and when I heard of his attachment for a poor girl, I considered him lost to the world if he should settle there. I advised him to go to England. He at once replied that I ought not to have awakened a thought that had long slumbered within him, when I knew that his want of means made it impossible for him to realize his ambition.

"How much do you need to start out with?" I asked.

"He answered, 'I could go in a fortnight if I had a thousand crowns.'

"I asked him to draw a note for this sum; this I indorsed and took it to the bank, and a fortnight later he had the money."

At this time Ericsson was a second lieutenant in the Swedish army. He obtained leave of absence and started for England, stopping on his way thither to participate in the festivities at Stockholm on the occasion of the birth, on May 3, 1826, of a Crown Prince, afterward Carl XV., and arriving in London, May 18th. To England Ericsson carried his wonderful physique, his magnificent brain, an unusually thorough training in the technique of his profession, and a capacity for work which was phenomenal. Other possessions he had none, saving the flame engine which had excited the wonder and admiration of the Norrland garrison. The high hopes of fame and fortune founded upon this were destined to disappointment; the little engine had rendered cheerful service so long as it was fed with the splinters from the pine-forests of its native Sweden, but it did not take kindly to the sea-coal of England. So Ericsson was compelled to abandon it, but the ideas in which it originated were deeply rooted and were destined thereafter to take shape again; first in the caloric engine, and later on in the solar engine,

which he has left as his bequest to the future.

Another thought destined to develop great results was present in the mind of the young Swede. Sailing with his friend Count von Rosen, in Portsmouth Harbor, their attention was directed to the fine proportions of the British men-of-war then in sight. Speculating upon the evidence these vessels gave of naval strength, so far exceeding anything that Sweden could hope to rival, Ericsson said: "I have in my mind the idea of a vessel which it is possible for Sweden to build; and which would render these wooden walls of England of no avail against her."

"Hush!" exclaimed Rosen, "if they hear you say this, they will banish you from England."

This was the voice of prophecy, and the future showed how truthfully Rosen drew the horoscope of the man whose life was to be one long antagonism with routine, and whose destiny it was to compel England twice to reconstruct the naval establishments in which were centred her pride and her hopes.

The failure of his flame engine was a bitter disappointment to the young lieutenant. Following the custom of army officers who intend to establish themselves in civil pursuits, he had obtained leave of absence with a view to resigning. Probably the condition of hesitation and doubt resulting from his disappointment explains the breach of discipline in overstaying his leave. Neglect to obtain the acceptance of his resignation placed Ericsson in an unfortunate position. From this he was extricated by the friendly interposition of the Crown Prince of Sweden, who secured his promotion to captain, and the acceptance of his resignation, to date with this promotion, October 7, 1827—seventeen months after his departure from Sweden. The circumstances under which Ericsson obtained his title of "Captain" gave it supreme value in his eyes. He clung to it through life with great tenacity, and when asked on one occasion what title should accompany his name in a printed dedication, he answered, "Captain" and "LL.D."—the last designation being the gift of Wesleyan University; yet he was a Knight

Commander of five orders, a Ph.D. of the University of Lund, a member of various Royal Academies and of numerous scientific institutions in Europe and America.

Though the expectations which drew Ericsson to England were not realized, his advent there could not have been more timely. For the new era just opening before English engineers his peculiar abilities and special training exactly fitted him. It was his habit, as I have already said, to see things as they ought to be instead of as they are, and his spirit of adventure into new regions was as indomitable as that of the Norse rovers from whom he inherited many of his mental traits. All things were to be made new, and there was need of a man ready to discard the teachings of precedent—not in the spirit of rash conceit but as one discerning clearly what lies beyond, and advancing with assured footsteps to a new goal. England's future empire was depending upon the development of the new force John Watt had placed at her disposal. Aristocratic prejudice and official opposition to innovation were barring the path of progress, but there were a few who comprehended the possibilities of the future, and among these Ericsson was chief. The list of his inventions at that time shows how clearly he perceived the lines upon which the future advance must be made.

If he did not realize his dream of checking the extravagant consumption of the earth's stores of carbon in the steam-engine, he certainly did his full share to develop the capabilities of steam, to apply it to new uses, or by new and more economical methods extend its application to the old uses. It is susceptible of the clearest demonstration that Ericsson is the creator of the modern naval vessel propelled by steam, for without the application of the ideas having their origin in his busy brain it would be impossible to carry steam into battle. In the most effective type of the modern iron-clad the domination of Ericsson's conceptions is absolute; its model—speaking broadly—its machinery, its motive power, even its ordnance, all bear the impress of ideas which he put to the test of actual practice or

successful experiment anywhere from a third to a half century ago.

Ericsson's caloric or heat engine was a failure only in the sense that it did not successfully establish itself in competition with the steam-engine on its own ground. As a mechanical expedient it was successful, and monopolized a special field, to the great profit of those who controlled it. The steam-engine is the creation of a race of engineers; when it comes to deciding to whom should be credited its several improvements, it is impossible in the wrangle of voices contending for precedence, to distinguish the one first heard. It is certain that there is scarcely one of the devices characterizing the modern marine engine, as compared with its more cumbersome and less efficient predecessors, which has not been in some measure the result of Ericsson's industrious labors and transcendent genius for mechanics.

It is said that Ericsson did not invent the screw, but it is certain that when his first screw-vessel was presented in 1838 for the inspection and approval of the Admiralty Lords—supposed to represent the nautical wisdom and experience of the most nautical nation in the world—it was condemned, not because it was not new, but because it was declared to be impracticable. Ericsson did not *discover* the screw, because it had often been suggested and experimented with under various forms, but he did work out successfully the problem of screw propulsion, apply the screw to forty-one vessels on this side of the Atlantic before it had passed beyond the stage of experiment in England, and finally compel the Privy Council of England, by granting an extension of his patent, and the Admiralty, by paying him an award for its use, to acknowledge that he certainly did invent a screw. When marine wisdom shall have settled, by concurrence of opinion, what is the best form, and what the best application of the screw, it will be time enough to consider how much advance has been made upon the ideas of John Ericsson.

If we accept Herbert Spencer's defi-

nition of altruism as being "all action which in the normal course of things benefits others instead of benefiting self," then was John Ericsson one of the most consistent disciples of this philosophy. Throughout life he was accustomed to sacrifice himself for his ideas, and if in those ideas a distinctly philanthropic intention was not always discernible, they were unquestionably directed by high purpose toward improving the conditions of the race. Ericsson's Monitor would not be ordinarily classed among benevolent institutions; yet the original inspiration to his studies in naval defence was one of the highest and holiest of all impulses—the love of country. He sought to protect his native land against foreign aggression, and especially against the encroachments of Russia, whose hostility to Sweden was among the most vivid and painful recollections of his early youth. "My object in laying the matter before the Emperor Napoleon was," he says, "to cause the destruction of the fleets of the hereditary enemy of my native land. Strange to say, no sooner did the communication reach its destination than news came that the fleet at Sebastopol had been voluntarily consigned to those subaqueous regions which I had had in view. I ceased to labor in the matter until our civil war broke out, when I took it up with great enthusiasm, and finally elaborated some points of detail, cautiously waiting to move, however, until England and France should by overt act espouse the cause of our enemies—a cause which involved the perpetuation of the bondage and the firmer riveting for another century of the shackles on four millions of persons whose only crime was their color; the inevitable consequence being that at the end of that century this fair portion of our planet would have contained some forty millions of bondmen."

Having thus briefly indicated the sources of Ericsson's strength, I shall, in another article, present more in detail the significant facts of his career, showing his intimate relations to the progress of modern invention.



Senator Don Juan Valera,
[Born 1825.]



Armando Palacio Valdés.
[Born at Entralgo, in Asturias, 1853.]

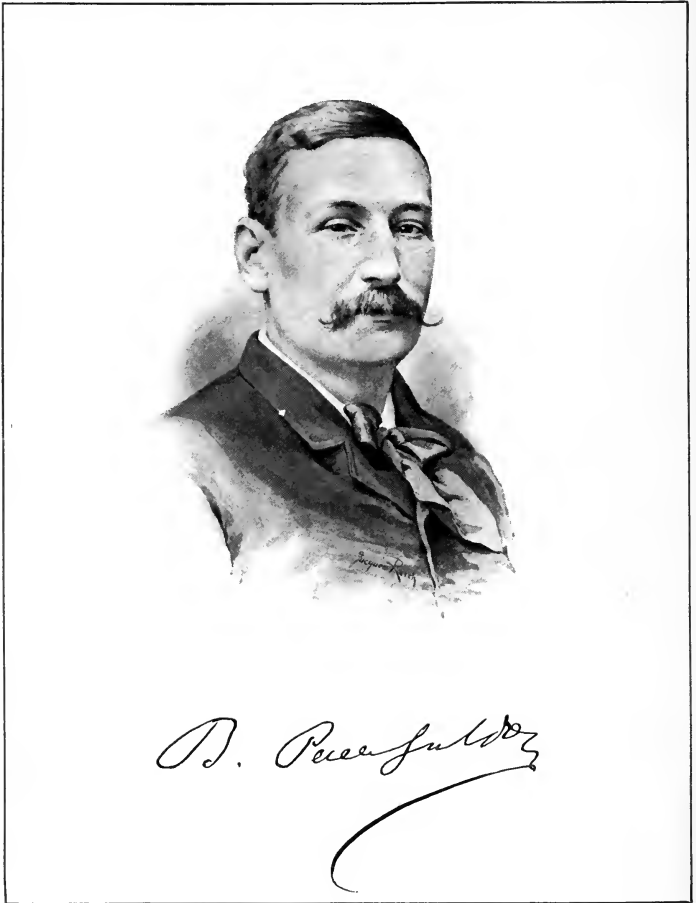
A DAY IN LITERARY MADRID.

By William Henry Bishop.

THERE is a literary club, the Liceo Literario, in Granada, but it does not contain writers of note; indeed, I doubt if it contains any at all. I went up to its rooms one hot evening—they are in the little plaza called the Campillo, in the building of the principal theatre—and saw the members playing checkers and dominoes in the ordinary, commonplace way. With the night-life of charming, famous Granada to look at, it seemed pleasanter outside. They were preparing then for the great fête of crowning the national poet Zorilla in the Alhambra. This fête was afterward successfully held under the auspices of

the society, but I could not even procure one of the printed programmes of it. I was assured that it would be sent to my hotel before my departure, but it was not sent. The poet was crowned—by the way, a very pretty and fascinating idea—with a crown made from gold washed out of the sands of the Darro, the torrent which rushes through the city, skirting the Alhambra and cutting it off from the gypsy-hill of the Albaicin. As the Darro yields gold in but very small quantities, the collection of the necessary amount was a labor of love and patience.

I did not see anything of that modern



Benito Pérez Galdós.
[Born in the Canaries, 1845.]

literary Spain which is making so considerable a stir in the world of late, till I arrived at Madrid, proceeding thither from Andalusia and from Africa. The vast treeless, grass-grown, Scandinavian-looking plain, with snow-mountains rising on its borders, over which Madrid is approached, was something quite unexpected to me. It is less sterile than La Mancha; it is without the stone-heaps and dark, aggressive-looking windmills of Don Quixote's country around Argamasilla, but it is lonesome and only a trifle less forlorn. A herd of large black bulls feeding in the foreground drew attention at once to the national amusement of the country, if one had forgotten it. Finally, at Getarfe—a station quite furnished up, and looking as if it might contain the country-places of prosperous city people—if you get out, you may see a notch in the edge of the windy plain. Down there, through the notch, for it is down-hill, you make out a great expanse of red roofs varied with New York looking domes and steeples.

"Oh, De Amicis!" I more than once exclaimed in Madrid, in involuntary upbraiding—for it is De Amicis who has written us the most glowing and admiring accounts of it—"Oh, De Amicis! how could you?" And "Oh, De Amicis! how could you?" I especially exclaimed in the famous Puerta del Sol. It is true we have been told, in a general way, that Madrid is crude and new, and not to expect much of it. But, after all, a few hundred years is a very respectable antiquity, and our own fancies, even if baseless, are stronger than descriptions—which makes me think it may be quite useless to read any descriptive writing, except, of course, this. Who would not have expected, of a plaza which calls itself the Gate of the Sun, a gate of some kind—probably a fine, ancient one, with the sculptured horses of the sun prancing upon it? There is no gate at all. There is nothing but a great ellipse of monotonous five-story buildings, chiefly hotels, the rendezvous of numerous horse-car lines. But let us be just: you see also a large government building stuccoed and colored red, with white embellishments; and you see a fountain, a large, full basin, perfectly plain, where you can wash your

hands if you like—a very good idea. There are even no splendid cafés. The most prominent object is the sign of the New York Life Insurance Company. Nor are all the hotels models of elegance and comfort. I entered one of them, with a rather fine-sounding name, which advertised reasonable prices in one of the journals. Its rates might well have been reasonable, for it was down at the heel, raggedly carpeted, and malodorous as the most lamentably cheap boarding-house. How this could have been, behind so respectable a front and in so famous a square, I do not understand. It is true there is always a great lot of people in the Puerta del Sol, a rush and stir of life, quite on the American plan; but if an Italian traveller like De Amicis, coming from the very essence of color and picturesqueness at home, could like this, I am sure he would like America much more. Would that he would come and stand on our street-corners in New York and Chicago, and write of us in the vivid style in which he has treated of Madrid and Constantinople. It is pleasant not to have to disparage America for once, and I do not hesitate in the least to say that Union Square is far more attractive than the Puerta del Sol.

There is a good deal of New Yorker architecture, of the common sort, in Madrid; that is to say, the tall brick tenement-houses with stone "trimmings," on the balconies of which the family-wash is hung out to the breeze. To hang out the washing thus is the custom, however, even in much higher circles. I saw it displayed on the houses bounding the garden which skirts the royal palace. I was often tempted to think that excessive practicality was the trait of the modern Spaniard, and that the feeling that inspired the rich old architecture, with its color, its exuberant yet massive forms, and its fine, deep shadows, had quite gone out of him. Perhaps he has been so weighed upon by old traditions that it is a relief to cast them all off for a time and even dance upon them with a sort of barbaric glee. The noble Duke of Medina-celi has a brick palace, at the corner of San Gerónimo Street, which might be the merest manufacturing establishment; and

from the shabby brown walls of that of the Duke of Villahermosa, across the way, the stucco is peeling off in patches. The Duke of Montpensier's palace, San Telmo, with its fine, semitropical gardens, along the Paseo, at Seville, had rather formed my ideal of those of the modern sort. If there were no more than this in castles in Spain, one might as well build them in some other country. The public buildings have their large royal escutcheons, which carry one back to the ancient traditions, but they have little else. The marked Dutch and German influence, in their belfries and roofs, was always a surprise; can I have heard it mentioned before? If so, it has not been dwelt upon. The Low Countries, so maltreated by Philip and Alva, took their revenge by setting the fashion in these matters. Philip brought back the pattern of such roofs even for his stern granite vagary the Escorial.

I have placed their setting a little, as it looked to me, and now for the characters at whom I proposed briefly to glance. There is a full and active inner life in Madrid, but the more interesting, perhaps, from the absence of exterior attractions. I had not expected very much from the few letters I brought; not that they were not good, for they could not have been from better sources, but there is a great deal of accident in such things and my time was limited. I missed Senator Riaño, for instance, in a first visit I paid him, and he missed me in a return visit. But one morning at length I found him; the delay was well rewarded, and that day proved to be one of the most full and memorable of all my journey. Don Juan Facundo Riaño has been a cabinet minister, and is now a senator, representing the district of Granada. He is a member, too, of the committee of arrangements for celebrating the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. He is found in the Calle del Barquillo, No. 4. You go up wooden stairways to the third landing. Wood is something of a luxury in Madrid, warmer than stone or marble, and the stairways, though not polished, are not carpeted either. The apartment, however, was charmingly full of a multitude of such objects as people

of refined taste would naturally gather round them.

Señor Riaño, of spare habit, thoughtful, quiet mien, most courteous, unaffected manners, and a dark, smooth skin contrasting with silvered hair and mustache, is a thoroughly handsome and distinguished personality. There could not be a finer type of the Spanish gentleman. One says to himself, "Surely this is the *hidalgo* type fully realized." He speaks excellent English; but his wife speaks it without an accent. Señora Riaño is the daughter of Pascual de Gayangos the historian and critic, and friend, in their day, of Prescott and Ticknor; so the house on both sides comes well by its cultivated and literary traditions. Gayangos is the reviewer, for historical matters, of that standard periodical the *Ateneo*; at eighty years his faculties are as bright and clear as ever, and he is writing at present an account of the relations between Spain and England in the time of Philip II. Señora Riaño has lived much in England, and knows Lowell, James, and other, of our leading American literary men, for whom she expresses high admiration. Indeed, it was pleasant to hear her praise the Americans generally, for, poor souls! they do not always get the best of characters abroad nowadays. "I have known so many, so many, nice Americans," she said, "and I am very fond of them." Of our books, of which she had read many, I recollect that she praised most the "Lady of the Aroostook." Complaint is sometimes made of the lack of intellectual people in the upper society of Madrid—would that such a complaint were well founded in Madrid alone! It is said to be hard to find a woman who interests herself in a book, and the women, after middle life, settle down into a pretty complete dulness. I have heard it gallantly put that if the Spanish women do not read nor write many books, it is because they understand so well their power to inspire all that in others. Señora Riaño seemed by no means one of the women likely to settle into apathy, but rather to offer a model that might well be followed in some other countries. A music-master came while I was there; and she had also been studying German very hard of late. "I do not

mean to stagnate, you see," she said, with her bright, engaging smile. "If anybody should undertake to examine me on my Goethe about these times, I fancy he would get more than he bargained for."

I am not the first to have discovered how much more is to be got from the talk of a bright, cultivated woman than that of most men, especially, as in the present case, where so much was to be learned of new places and conditions. I felt, when it was over, that my horizon of Madrid was much enlarged. She talked to me of Señora Emilia Pardo Bazán, of Barcelona, whose friend and admirer she is, especially recommending her latest book, "Los Pazos de Ulloa." I dare say I should have met this distinguished novelist had she been in town. Here is one Spanish woman at least who writes, and extremely well too. I afterward bought her "Insolacion," illustrated with beautiful little realistic vignettes, like those in some editions of Daudet, to take back to a friend in Paris. The Riaños have their country-place at Granada, out on the road past the Cartuja, where travellers admire the particularly rich marbles, and they go there to spend the summer. Fancy being a senator from Granada! With our American way of idealizing the place, it is almost like representing dream-land or fairy-land in a legislative body.

From Señor Riaño's, with an introduction, most courteously and amiably given me by him, I went to Perez Galdós's, in the Plaza de Colon, not far distant. The house was new and handsome, brick and stone, one of the houses in a crescent or semicircle, five tall stories high, and, it may be added, without elevators. Galdós is up at the top. Alphonse Daudet lives just as high in Paris, and, though an invalid, has no elevator either. At any rate, the view was charming. The site is in the very best part of Madrid, the brand new Madrid, in which, with her wide boulevards—at present a little vacant—and plentiful gardens and statues, the Spanish capital is emulating Paris. It is at the junction of the Paseo de Recoletos with that of La Castellana, and these are the continuation of the Prado, where all Madrid promenades on fête-days

and fine summer evenings. A part of the Prado, called the Salon, is almost as carefully kept as a dancing floor, and on one side of it, separated by a balustrade holding gas-lamps, is a macadamized road along which pass the carriages and equestrians, as in Rotten Row.

A little to the south—to mention what the novelist saw closest at hand—was the ornate, dainty theatre of Prince Alfonso; directly in front, the handsome Colon (Columbus) monument; and beyond that, veiled by the boulevard trees, the Mint and the National Museum and Library.

Here, again, the uncarpeted wooden stairs. The apartment showed a comfortable command of money; and, indeed, the vogue enjoyed by the author of "Doña Perfecta" and "Gloria" must have resulted in good financial returns, even though it is the custom to reward literary distinction in Spain with public honors and offices rather than money. It was bright and gay with water-colors and sketchy drawings, as if the author were an amateur of the arts, and such as one might pick up if he had many artist friends. Perhaps there were rather too many small knick-knacks about, as if a feminine taste had had its way at the expense of solidity. The servant who opened to me was very dark, reddish dark, very like a Mexican Indian, and of the same smiling, docile character. She evidently had orders to protect her master's leisure, but she was too honest about it. She would see if he was at home; she did not think he was; probably he had gone out and would not return till two o'clock, and the like.

It was transparently clear that he was at home, and so he was, but kindly allowed me to disturb him. He came into the room with a hard-at-work air and a cigarette between thumb and finger. He is a dark, slender man, of good height, rather loose-jointed, forty-four years old, and with a young look.

We began to talk at once of the realistic movement in literature. In Spain realism is conceived as enlightened social history, as displaying life chosen with regard to what is vital with meaning and worthy of attention; and

it gives no countenance to that utterly unwarranted assumption, based upon certain performances of the French school, that it is only a display of the ugly and disgusting. As we were both in accord upon the argument, we had it all delightfully our own way. He showed me a long shelf-full of his books, in English, and in their English and American bindings, much more substantial than those of the Spanish, who, indeed, like the Continental people generally, do not publish in bindings at all, but only in paper covers. He not only showed me his books, but also gave me one of them, the latest, "Miau." *Miau!* *miau!*—why, it sounds like a cat. That is precisely what it is meant to sound like. It is the history of a family whose peculiar facial expression gives them—particularly the three women of it—a resemblance to one of those porcelain cats made for ornament. A little boy, *Miau*, fights his way dismally through school under the weight of this nickname. It is the history, too, of a poor old man who drags out his life hoping to be reinstated in a government clerkship he has once held. His peculiar trait is to have, in a supreme degree, that habit of trying to hoodwink and conciliate destiny by pretending he expects nothing from it, which most of us practise now and then. "I shall never be placed," he says; "I know it perfectly well. I expect nothing whatever. I don't cherish the thousandth part of a beggarly illusion on that score, and never have." But, all the same, he skims the *Correspondencia* eagerly—this famous *Correspondencia* is a paper exclusively devoted to news—and goes down to the café to see if he cannot hear of some change of government which will permit of a new *combinacion*, under which he may be reinstated. Connected with this part we have an extensive picture of bureaucratic life under the Spanish Government, a good deal like the bright account Sidney Luska has lately given us—in "Grandison Mather"—of the New York Surrogate's office. The story is doleful, but possesses drollery too. A good deal of the latter comes out of the relations of little *Miau*, a weakly little chap subject to cataleptic lethargy, with the Creator and Ruler of

the Universe. He has formed a conception of God, from religious picture-cards he has seen, as a venerable old man with snowy beard, who, however, is quite informal and talks to him in the most familiar way.

"What do you mean," says the august Creator of all things, for instance, "by saying in your geography lesson to-day that France is bounded on the north by the River Danube, and that the Po passes through Pau? Do you think I took so much pains to make the world to have you go and unsettle it in this way? Just put yourself in my place a little: how would you like it?"

Of all Perez Galdós's novels, "*Doña Perfecta*," the first, is perhaps still the best. On seeing it in his book-case I could not help recalling my first reading of it, in Harper's Franklin Square Library. That particular copy was handed over to me by a friend who had received it from one of the wits of New York. "The man who gave me this," said my friend, "goes around asking people if they have read '*Doña Perfecta*,' and if they haven't he doesn't want anything to do with them." Besides his regular novels, Galdós has written an extensive series of "*Episodios Nacionales*"—throwing into lively, romantic form the principal episodes of later Spanish history, which I should think quite a money-making device. I have mentioned elsewhere a series of the same kind going on in Mexico, when I was there, some years ago, but the latter were not done with anything like the same talent. On the back cover of "*Miau*," by the way, is a curious idea, which I did not chance to notice till quite a while after getting home. It looks like the ordinary list of new publications, but, instead of that, it is a list of the publisher's debtors. It is headed, "List of those gentlemen dealers having open accounts with this house, from whom we have not been able up to this time to collect what they owe." There follow the names of forty-two dealers of different places, including the Widow Nadal & Sons, Cartagena, who are recorded as having paid *half* their debt; and a foot-note is appended saying, "On the covers of the succeeding volumes we shall give the names of those in the above list who

have in the meantime liquidated their accounts, and we shall also continue publishing the names of other delinquent debtors, if there be occasion." This is certainly a new way to collect old debts. It would not go down in America, where I suppose, too, it would be prevented by law. One might fancy that these delinquents, especially on finding themselves so numerous, would harden their hearts, like the Egyptians of old, after their exposure, and band together to resist paying up till the last gasp.

Perez Galdós, besides being a novelist, is a legislator. He is a member of the Chamber of Deputies, sitting in that body as a representative of the distant island of Porto Rico. Not that he is a resident of that island or has any very special affiliations with it, but, as in most other European countries one may stand for any district that pleases to have him. Nor is he an orator, nor yet an active man in the political way. I have heard it said that he had himself elected a deputy merely in order to get an opportunity to study legislative manners at first hand. In his next book, therefore, we may perhaps have an intimate and thorough picture of the Cortes of Spain, as we have of the government offices in the last. Fancy an American literary man getting elected to Congress to secure material for a new novel—or, indeed, getting elected there on any score whatever!

I had brought a letter, from America, to Armando Palacio Valdés, but as he lives in Oviedo, a small city far in the north of Spain, I did not expect to see him till, if at all, I should reach that distant province in my travels. But I learned from Perez Galdós that he must be in Madrid at the time; he had seen him only the day before, and he told me where he was stopping—Plaza de la Independencia, No. 9, third *piso*, or story, to the right. The house was in another crescent, this time of gray granite, on the wide street of Alcalá, in the same fine part of town, but, if possible, yet more new and open. In front of it, in the middle of the circular Plaza, is the fresh granite Ionic triumphal arch of Charles III. Now, *there* is a gate something like, and in excellent taste. It is another rendering of the Paris Arc de

l'Étoile but in much better proportion to its surroundings, which it does not dwarf, like the too large French monument. The boulevard trees are button-ball and acacia, very young yet, but the more umbrageous greenery of the public park, the Buen Retiro, is seen at one side. The street of Alcalá, if one follow it all the way from its origin, comes up to this arch from the Puerta del Sol, greatly aggrandizing its width on the way. It passes the War Department, terraced up amid grassy grounds in a situation not unlike that of the White House at Washington; the fine new granite Bank of Spain, still under construction; and the grand marble fountain, in which a majestic queen is driving a chariot drawn by lions. The granite so much in use in the newer structures is like that employed in many of our public structures, as in the huge Equitable Building in New York. And, *apropos* of this, just as the New York Life Insurance has the largest sign in the Puerta del Sol, the Equitable has just put up one of the finest buildings in the city, which will be a source of pride, no doubt, to patriotic Americans.

All this, however, does not prevent Madrid from being as I have said. It recalls such large French provincial cities as Lyons and Marseilles, and they are notably vacant. Nor does it prevent washing being hung out upon some of the houses even of this fashionable quarter. The *conciérge* (door-keeper) system prevails in the large Madrid houses as it does at Paris. The unhappy *portero* or *portera* often seems to occupy an even darker nook than his unfortunate contemporary there. Upstairs in the apartment entrance-door, another Spanish feature, and a very good idea, as it seems to me, was a circular space with a revolving brass disk, to be opened by the servant to see who is there; and below was a key-hole of perfectly enormous size. Valdés was not in, but was momentarily expected; and I waited and talked with a younger brother of his, who looks much like him. Presently he came in, a man with a bright, winning smile, thoroughly dark, Spanish complexion, and a short, dark beard curling round his face, with rounded, well-fed features, but, on the

whole, somewhat German-looking. He has a more amiable expression than Galdós, and is much younger. Except that humorists with us are notoriously sombre or fierce-looking, one would say that he came well by the humor that abounds in his books. As this was a boarding-house and mere transient abode, of course one could not judge at all of his personal taste and characteristics from the surroundings. He told me that he generally aimed to pass about three months of the year at the capital. He has two younger brothers who hold business positions in Madrid. I saw his little son, Armando Palacio Valdés, Jr., his only child, a pretty little fellow dressed in miniature bull-fighter's costume, as Spanish urchins often are. Valdés met with no common experience and a crushing bereavement in his short married life. His young wife died and left him a widower after but eight months of their partnership together.

We talked about the articles on Spanish literature which had appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, and the translations of his books in America. He showed himself particularly pleased with the appreciative opinions that had been expressed there concerning his part in the present movement. He reads English with difficulty, and does not speak it. When it was a question of my sending him some piece of writing of my own, he said, with a smile, "Let it be at least in French, then." Howells's article tracing the connection between the humor of Cervantes and that of the English school, through Fielding and Thackeray, came up. He thought this a hard problem to follow; he was familiar with Fielding's "Tom Jones," but disclaimed sufficient acquaintance with English to be a competent judge. For my part, I recollect on reading the acutely penetrating article named to have been greatly impressed with its truth. It accounted, among other things, for a certain very drolling Spanish colonel I met with in Mexico. It is not the usual impression, I know; we are apt to think of the Spaniards only as a dark, serious, tragic people. Oh, these preconceived impressions! In reality, I doubt not there is some spark of the beneficent, human-

izing element almost everywhere. Even in France there are books and there are conceits of the newspaper writers which give not merely the vaunted, hollow *esprit* and *bon rire gaulois*, but an honest and hearty fun, quite allied to the Anglo-Saxon sort. This is not the general impression, either, from most of the books that come to us. Let us try to believe it, at least, that the genial element of humor is spread in many countries, for I think we are inclined to parody the famous lines and say, "The man that hath not *humor* in his soul is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils." It is the fact that most great rascals, large and small, are without it; but then there are the stately heroes too, and the leaders of crusades, who are generally without it. Let us say that humor is a saving grace, but that it is apt to keep you down in life. The vast army of the rank and file want their great author monumentally serious.

Not one of the present race of realistic Spanish writers is likely to obtain on this score the colossal repute, say, of the unsmiling Victor Hugo, certainly not Palacio Valdés. He, too, gave me his last book, "*La Hermana San Sulpicio*," with an inscription "*en prueba de amistad*," in proof of friendship, which I cannot but value always most highly. The book is very amusing. It is a "novel of manners," being a straightforward account of a modern love-affair, and depends for its interest upon the display of character, yet there is a quaint originality exercised even in the choice of the minor and humorous incidents. In this respect, and the brightness of the conversations, it calls to mind the Englishman Thomas Hardy, though the style is without the ponderousness which the latter much indulges in, perhaps through having read, or written, too many articles in the philosophic reviews. The hero, so to call him, for nobody in the book is at all too bright and good for human nature's daily food, is a young Galician who should be a medical student but passes his time in trying his hand at verses and dramas instead. He has quite serious ideas of putting upon his visiting card "*Ceferino Sanjurjo, Descriptive Poet*." We first meet with him going down by rail from Madrid to the

Baths of Marmolejo. He has as a travelling companion a man who has just been elected judge, and must present himself without fail at Seville on the arrival of the train, to be sworn in. At the station of Baeza the judge gets off, only in smoking-cap and slippers, and the train apparently goes on without him. Señor Sanjurjo, thinking he is left, means to do a friendly act by putting off his effects at the next station and instructing a station-hand to telegraph back. Fancy his sensations when, at the station of Andujar, the judge, a most pompous and irascible person, walks into the car again, having only spent the interval with acquaintances in one farther back in the train.

The main situation of the story, too, is unusual. Sister San Sulpice is a little nun, a charmingly pretty and mischievous one; there never was a more roguish and tantalizing daughter of Eve. The staid nun's habit is very becoming to her; she is but twenty, and she is up at the springs with the Superior of the convent to take the waters, for the latter's health. But to keep the attractiveness of this piquant situation both for the ardent lover and the reader, without shocking the prejudices of anybody who might fancy religious subjects were being trifled with, he has made her belong to an order which has received her vows of allegiance for but three years. She entered only to escape certain disagreeable things in her family, with no real intention of remaining if she could help it, and her three years is up in a few weeks. The main part of the sprightly, laughing love-affair, with its many ingenious turns, goes on in the outer world. Incidentally every typical phase of Seville, every class of society, is displayed. I wish I had read the book before going there. I do not know that I should call it deep—something profounder even in character-drawing might easily be conceived—but it is graphic, and to add such a comprehension of the city within, to that which alone the mere traveller may have would be of great value. The hero is a very every-day person, as I have said. He tells the story himself, by the way, and he spares neither his own simplicity nor shortcomings. I should like him better if he were not quite so every-

day, but it is a great point in his favor that he owns up so frankly. What do you think he does, at the end? It is one of those novel touches to which I have already referred. I doubt if many such things can be found elsewhere. In order to get the consent of his wife's mother and her administrator, to his marriage—which they both strenuously opposed—he had appealed to them on the mercenary side. He had finally consented not to ask for an accounting, and to leave the management of his wife's fortune in their hands, together with one-third of the income from a profitable factory. But he tells us—it is after the wedding: "Be it known, then, that I mailed from Madrid a duly legalized power of attorney to reclaim my wife's full inheritance. I had given my word, it is true, but I had not bound myself by any document. I was thinking every instant of that blessed dower, imprisoned in distant hands, and what might become of it. I hope that the reader, unless he be one of those rigid Catos who know nothing whatever but the strait and narrow way, though he censure me, as is just, will not wholly dismiss me from his good graces."

The account given of the Andalusian women, and of the social spirit at Seville, if we can rely upon it as correct, certainly adds a new charm to a district that needed but little more. Ceferino, haunted by one of those numerous dreads such as often take possession of lovers, to the effect that his laughing-spirited affianced might not be able to endure the continued prose of mere married life, went to consult a friend of mature years—a captain in the army, and a man of the world—about it; putting it, of course, in quite an impersonal light. "Friend Villa," said he, "it is evident that these women are more endowed with grace and with passion than those of my province in the North; they have a livelier intelligence, and that they know how to love, there is no manner of doubt, but—but I have my fears that they may make much better sweethearts than wives."

But the captain took up the defence of the Sevillian woman with a zest. According to him, "she is lively and ardent, but not afflicted with vanity. . . .

The fire of her character converts itself after marriage into tenderness and self-devotion. She demands to be loved, not to be adorned. Luxury does not fascinate the feminine sex in Sevilla as it does elsewhere, and that is the reason that poverty is not considered ridiculous here. The mantilla is an article of apparel that equals all classes; the difference of ranks is not felt here; the young girl most favored by birth and fortune associates on equal terms with those who have but the modest salary of a father to look to. . . . They say there is still something of the odalisque about her, but with a woman who exacts nothing but that one show her an affectionate tenderness on returning to the house, life is very facile and sweet. For the rest, perhaps the women of your country, more shamefaced, more timid and circumspect in their manners than ours, are even less to be trusted."

There is a slight connection between this novel and "Maximina"—translated, as well as "Marta y Maria," by Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole—in the circumstance that Sister San Sulpice is represented to have been one of the teachers of the charming child Maximina when the latter was in the convent at San Sebastian. A word or two here and there will have to be left out for the American taste, for foreigners, whether for better or worse, have a much plainer way of talking about certain things than we, and then this book will no doubt be translated like the others. It is preceded by an extensive prologue with the author's profession of faith and theory of novel-writing. This is too long, I think; the reader will not put up with so much delay before getting at the fascinating story; but it is full of frank and excellent ideas. I shall quote only the two following: "While the novelist and dramatist refuse to recognize that *everything is plot*, that all of life is equally interesting, and while they devote themselves, instead, to weaving would-be stupendous, but really puerile, combinations and inextricable labyrinths, they will give us no firm and enduring works." And, "There are chapters in my novels which I am very much ashamed of and would abolish, if I could, with the greatest pleasure. Needless to say that some of

these are the very ones that have won me most applause. Henceforward I am resolved to eliminate from my work every false or improbable element; my aspiration is to produce effects not violent but deep."

It was still early in the day, and my introduction to Juan Valera, the third in the trio of Spanish novelists who are better known, among us at least, than any others, remained. Should I be able to find him too? Yes, this piece of good fortune also awaited me. It seemed too much to expect in so short a time, in a single day, with the experience of Paris still fresh upon me, where the greatest part of every enterprise is the tedious preliminaries and delays. I could not forbear, as I went along, inquiring the rent of one of these fine houses in Madrid; for I may here explain that this whole journey was in good part a house-hunting trip. A house with sunshine and plenty of it, a good deal of garden, at a low price, and in a particularly agreeable climate, such was the desideratum pursued through southern France, Algeria, and Spain. And I am happy to say I found it, though these conditions were by no means to be met with at Madrid. I asked the price of an apartment billed for rent in one of the best houses. It proved to consist of eleven rooms, on the third story, which, as the tall ground-floor story and an entresol are not counted, was equivalent to a fifth or sixth, and there was an *ascensor*—an elevator. The price was 12,000 *reales*. How magnificent to think of living in an apartment at 12,000 *reales* per annum! Yet, since the *real* is but five cents, twenty therefore to the dollar, it is but \$600, after all. There seemed a certain fitness, in my peregrinations among the literary people, in coming upon the bronze statue of Cervantes in the small Plaza de las Cortes. It is very like in pose, costume, and size to our own Shakespeare in Central Park. It is recent and was put up, not by Spanish initiative, but by the International Literary Society of Paris, when it came here on one of the excursions it makes to different countries on the occasion of holding its annual congress.

Juan Valera, at 25 Calle de Claudio Coello, was also in the precinct where

building was actively going on, but his own immediate house was not quite so trimly kept as those we have just been looking at, and his apartment was more bachelor-like. The house is one with a front of brown, or mud-colored, stucco, peeling off like the Duke of Villahermosa's, and signs were displayed, at the door, of a private school, a modiste, and rooms to rent.

The social position of Don Juan Valera must necessarily be of the very foremost. He has been Spanish minister to Washington, and is brother of the Duchess of Malakoff, a distinguished ornament of the French fashionable world. He, again, is an example of the Spanish literary man in political life, and very permanently in it too, for he is a life senator of the kingdom, one of those who hold their appointment from the crown. He has been spoken of by the flippant, fictitious "Paul Vasilii," who writes of the society of the great capitals of Europe in the *Nouvelle Revue* of Paris, as "an aristocrat by station but a radical by choice," and also as a cynic, and as "the coldest of men." I certainly did not find him the latter. He honored Señor Riaño's introduction with a hospitable, even friendly, politeness, made all the more charming by that ease of manner which the accomplished man of the world knows both how to wear and how to make others feel. Let me see as to his looks. He has gray mustache and hair, cut close, and the firm brown, aristocratic-looking skin; he is dignified, polished, comfortably built, a handsome man for his age, which may be sixty, and very well dressed. I judged he must be far taller than common by a chair that stood at his writing-table, so high that if I had sat down in it my feet would hardly have touched the floor; but when he came in he proved to be only of the normal stature of men, and the mystery of that chair remains still unsolved.

He was at his second breakfast, about noon, when I arrived, but had coffee, of a very excellent quality, served in the study, and after the coffee we smoked cigars of corresponding merit. There were some old portraits in the study, and all the walls were lined with books, most of them in bindings of an expen-

sive but old-fashioned sort, that indicated that the volumes were of a certain antiquity. All the chairs, too, were strewn with books; the chamber was the veritable work-room of a busy literary man.

Valera has not poured forth volumes with the fecundity of the romancer Alarcon, for instance; he has not imitated that great French genius of whom it is told us that, by dint of writing so hard, he lacked time to live; nevertheless, what with his poems, novels, tales, dissertations, and critical papers, he has been a pretty prolific writer. He was regularly trained for the diplomatic career, knows many languages, and learning plays an important part in his work. A new life of Vasco de Gama, in Portuguese, was lying about; on another chair was a well-thumbed copy of Dr. Draper's "History of Civilization," in English. Señor Valera said this was a work which had excited much stir in Spain, and that a learned ecclesiastic had essayed a reply by way of refuting it. In the book-case was Stedman's critical study of the American poets. Señor Valera speaks English, but still prefers French. When in America he had known Whittier, Lowell, and Story, and, of course, the two latter out of it as well, for, during many years, they have passed more time on foreign shores than on their own. He has translated into Spanish some of Whittier's verse. Yet it must have been that he could not have gone very deeply into the American movement in letters, or perhaps that there was something alien to his nature in it that prevented its fully appealing to him; for in his volume lately published on the South American literatures, he has come to the conclusion—a most extraordinary one for us to have to reconcile ourselves to—that the Spanish American republics have much outstripped us in all those respects. My own limited experience of Spanish-American literature is that, while there is a great deal of glibness, especially in poetic turns of expression, it too often lacks solidity, and sacrifices sense to sound. Nevertheless I trust that this book, done by a man of such ability and such opportunities for judging, may have the effect of disposing us to become better acquainted with the

work of rivals hitherto almost unknown to us in this field. In the general interchange of literatures now going on, it is time we knew something of those of South America, since they are known in Europe. May the day hasten when this circulation of literatures shall be very complete; it will be a check upon plagiarism, and a means of knowing where the original ideas arise. The contents of the volume had first appeared, from time to time, as separate articles. There was one South American book at least which the author did not know, and had not included in his account. I was surprised to hear it, for "Maria: Novela Americana," is one of the most charming stories I have ever read, and worthy of the leading author of any country. I happened upon it quite by chance in Mexico. It is an idyl of the valley of Cauca, in Colombia, which would seem a sort of earthly paradise. Its author, Jorge Isaacs, like his hero, belongs to Jewish stock, which, driven out of Spain and forced with time and too hard pressure to accept the faith of its persecutors, has left in the West Indies and on the northern coasts of South America a strain of peculiar intelligence and physical beauty. The talk of this led to the Jews in Spain, a subject in which my host had much interested himself, and upon which he had collected books. He spoke of the unusual immunity the Jews had enjoyed in Spain during the middle ages, and the comparative lateness of the rise of the spirit of persecution against them; which was quite new matter of reflection to me.

Juan Valera is best known among us by his novel of "Pepita Zimenez;" nor, of all his writings, could he be better known than by this strong, moving, and natural, carefully wrought story. It has been translated into English, Portuguese, German, Italian, Polish, and Bohemian, and has been published as a serial after its appearance in the *Revista de España* and the *Imparcial* at home, in the *Journal des Débats*, of Paris, the *Perseveranza*, of Milan, and the leading journals of Buenos Ayres and Caraccas. In the edition of it which I have, also with his valued inscription, it is bound up with his "El Comendador Mendoza," as one

of the collection of Castilian Writers, making a somewhat too thick volume, but with charming print, paper, and red lettering. This book, again, is preceded by a lengthy prologue, written by his friend and fellow literary worker, the famous statesman, Cánovas del Castillo. Perhaps, on the whole, it may be just as well to have the prologues with the works they aim to throw light upon; one can always read them at worst after the stories. This one pays a tribute not only to the author, but the friendship subsisting between the two men. It appears that on a certain occasion Valera gave up an important journey he was about to undertake, and remained at home for the sole purpose of making the accustomed reply to the address with which Cánovas was received a member of the Spanish Academy; and this prefatory review of the author's position in the world of letters is by way of a slight return. We expect eulogy, therefore; but we should not expect it of one like Cánovas if it were not true and well deserved.

At half-past four I was to go to the bull-fight; my place was already taken. The great *funciones* of the year had commenced, and both Lagartijo and Mazzantini were to appear to-day—which is a good deal like having both Patti and Scalchi in the same opera. As I have described bull-fighting in Mexico, I felt scarcely less than in duty bound to see the best thing of the kind in Madrid. Señor Valera was cosmopolitan enough to have no liking for this cruel national amusement, but spoke of it much as an American or an Englishman might. He described with interest, instead, the Portuguese variety of the sport. In this the bull is baited but not killed. The mounts, too, since they are not to be sacrificed, instead of being mere crow-bait, are the finest possible, so that one has, in addition to all the other scenic effects, the pleasure arising from spirited, gallant displays of horsemanship. Meanwhile, he took me, a privileged guest under his protection, to visit the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate, which begin their sessions at three o'clock, and neither of which I had yet seen. No roundabout formalities, no tiresome preliminary red-

tape; we walked, as by a charm, past severe guards and secretaries, to all the points of vantage and inmost recesses of both houses. Two heralds-at-arms, in gorgeous dresses of crimson velvet, with the arms of Spain emblazoned in gold upon their breasts, precede the president of each body to his chair, carrying maces after the stately mediæval fashion, and afterward stand at the bar during the whole session. In exterior aspect the palaces of the two legislative bodies are not remarkable. That of the Deputies somewhat resembles the Corps Législatif at Paris, while the assembly hall of the Senate is the ancient church of an Augustinian convent. But the arrangements within are very luxurious and comfortable, recalling fine club-houses. In the main salon, committee-rooms and halls, were enormous magnificent pictures, of that bright kind, nearly devoid of masses of shadow, in which the strong modern Spanish school almost realizes the veritable daylight. Some of the finest of the pictures, too, had gone to the Paris Exhibition as part of Spain's display. The legislative benches were upholstered with warm red; the floors were spread with carpets of large design, woven at the government's own manufactory; I recollect that the drawing-room of the president of the Senate was entirely in splendid yellow. It was hung with the portraits of the successive occupants of the office. I first gazed at the present incumbent, the Marques de la Habana, in his portrait, painted in his fine uniform as Captain-General of Cuba. When I presently came to see him in the body there was a wonderful falling off. He was a spare little man, all in black, which was not becoming to his sallow complexion, and he was almost lost in the depths of his vast official chair. The Queen's throne, just behind him, stood unoccupied.

The deputies were all young men, or at most but little over the prime of life, fine-looking men, carefully dressed, for the most part in black. In the Senate Chamber you saw many more fine heads, elderly, of course, touched with gray, dignified or venerable. And among the finest, the most gracious of them all, I could not help but think that of Juan Valera, ornament to letters, whom I now

left there with his fellow-senators, to be, I doubt not, an equal ornament to legislation and government.

Señor Palacio Valdés had said, smiling, that we might meet at the bull-fight, but we did not. The Plaza de Toros was a vast, new amphitheatre, of brick and stone, in a half-Moorish style. Everything was very harsh and cold about it. My seat, price six francs, was a numbered place on a bare granite step, amid thousands of similar ones. Those who are initiated bring their own cushions. It came on to rain, and umbrellas were put up in every direction. Facetious wags imitated the cry of the water-sellers in the streets and cried, "*Agua! quien quiere agua?*"—Water! who wants water? There were only a few women present, but these few seemed to be all of the superior class; several gray-haired ladies were seen in the president's tribune. At the bloodiest passages I observed the feminine element looking on unconcerned, or laughing about irrelevant matters with male admirers. The audience called to the two famous bull-fighters by their first names in a petting, admiring way, as, "Now, Luís!" [Mazzantini], and, "Well done, Manuel!" [Lagartijo]. These men—shaven, smug, and clean—somehow looked like priests, in spite of their brilliant costume. I do not see how the costume can be thought becoming; the breeches fall awkwardly too far below the knees, the jacket comes only just below the shoulder-blades. Lagartijo slightly resembles Irving. He is fifty, and takes a flying leap over the high barrier as if he were fifteen. Perhaps the only redeeming reflection from the brutal show was how a man may keep his agility to almost any age with sufficient exercise.

Admirers threw their hats and even their cushions into the ring, and it was etiquette for these to be tossed back again by the bull-fighting troupe. The hats were of the modern every-day fashions; they were not picturesque, like the silver-braided Mexican sombreros. I saw a bull endeavor furiously to gore a very good new Derby hat that had been tossed down in this way; but it was too small a mark for him and he did not succeed in piercing it. It was skimmed back again to its owner, and I

have no doubt he exhibited with pride the slight contusions it had received, and valued it highly for having gone through this fiery ordeal. The ring was so large that the bull soon became tired out simply with running around it. When he first appeared he had such force that he crushed a horse against the barrier like a mere nothing, and made the stout barrier itself crack with the touch of his horns; but presently he stood panting, had to be lured on to the attack, and became very dull before he was despatched. It really did not look very difficult, given a certain amount of activity and experience. All of which made it an even more disgusting and cowardly exhibition than in Mexico, where, the

rings being smaller, the men were apparently in more danger. A base-ball match, or, still more, a rough-and-tumble foot-ball scrimmage, in the rain and mud at the New York Polo Grounds is not an attractive spectacle; but these are gay and gallant beside the flowing gore and inexcusable cruelty of a Spanish bull-fight in the rain.

At half-past six it was over, and I went forth, after an eventful day, in which I had seen the best and perhaps the worst in Madrid. A great concourse of omnibuses, with ornamented mules, awaited the throng; and on the Street of Alcalá, *El Tío Jindama*, the bull-fighting paper, was already cried, with an extended account of the affair, in technical jargon.

BALLAD OF THE WILLOW POOL.

By Graham R. Tomson.

THERE was never a face, to my mind, like hers,
 Nor ever a voice so sweet;
 I would hearken aye at set o' the sun,
 When the last long furrow was turned and done,
 For her song and her lightsome feet.

'Tween the summer sward and gold of the west,
 Through the quiet air and cool,
 She would lead her goats on their homeward way
 By the grass-grown road and the sedges gray,
 By the side of the Willow Pool.

Curst and curst be the Willow Pool,
 And the life that dwells therein!
 'Twas never a rival of flesh and blood,
 But a chill, unholy fiend of the flood
 That tempted her soul to sin.

What glistening mesh could the Neckan weave
 For a soul so pure and fair?
 She would dream all day in the old black boat,
 And she wore a circlet about her throat
 Of a single red-gold hair.

One summer twilight I saw her lean,
 Low down to the water's edge.

BALLAD OF THE WILLOW POOL.

“Farewell,” she wailed, “to the old days o’er,
Farewell for ever and evermore!”
And she sank through the waving sedge.

The spell that had bound me snapped and broke,
I sped to the water-side ;
There was never a ring or a steely track
In the water gleaming cold and black,
No sound—but a curlew cried.

And ever at dusk as that summer waned,
And the green fields turned to brown,
I would take my pipes to the slope above,
And play the airs that she used to love
Ere the Neckan lured her down.

There was no star once in the murky sky,
But a sullen, blood-red moon ;
The waters gleamed and the air was still ;
The voice of my reeds rang cracked and shrill
As I strove to shape the tune.

But I strove till the reeds sang keen and clear
As they never had sung before
(Sang till the black pool heaved and stirred),
Sweet as the song of a prisoned bird
That sings for the spring once more.

A faint, faint cry rose up through the gloom—
I watched with a beating heart—
But the voice died out in a strangled wail ;
Longing and love could naught avail
’Gainst the powers of Evil Art.

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The morrow’s dawn was dim and gray,
With a mist like a winding-sheet ;
She leaned in the dusk by my open door,
Slid through my arms to the rush-strewn floor,
Like a drowned corpse at my feet.

There were pale bright gems at her breast and throat,
Their like had I never known ;
She was wrapped in a web of blue and gold,
Her eyes were closed and her lips were cold,
And her breast like the marble-stone.

Her folk came up from the harvest fields,
But they crossed themselves amain ;
The mother that bore her turned away,
Shuddered aloof from the poor cold clay
Of my lass come home again.

So I drew from her limbs the glistering gear
Where the water dripped and ran,
I wrung the drops from her yellow hair
And wrapped her in linen white and fair,
White webs that my mother span.

And the carven stones and the woven gold
(Ill meshes of death and dool!),
And the dim blue gown, like a coiling snake,
I flung far out to the sedgy lake,
To their lord in the Willow Pool.

I took my store in the leathern pouch
(Laid by for our plenishing),
I sought the priest and I prayed him lay
My lass in the hallowed ground that day,
Secure from the Evil Thing.

He said me nay—"through the kirkyard gates
No corse accurst may win,
Nor ghoul in its semblance—who can tell?
For this is sure, in the deepest Hell
Bides that soul seared black with sin."

So I digged her grave on a shadowed slope
Where the poplars sigh and stir,
I laid her down with her face to the west,
With a sprig of the rowan athwart her breast,
And a cross 'tween the Pool and her.

The priest cries shame on my dead white dove
(May the foul fiend hunt his track!);
If she loved the Neckan?—nay, what then?
Glamour is strong, past mortal ken—
And my piping brought her back.

My heart's like the water, dark and still,
With a curse for its inmost guest;
The Neckan keepeth his gems and gold,
The priest and his flock are safe in the fold,
And my lassie lies at rest.





THROUGH THREE CIVILIZATIONS.

By W. H. Mallock.



IT is often said that history, in its true sense, is only now just beginning to be written. This sometimes means that the process of human events is on the eve of being made the subject of some definite science; and that is an opinion which is open at least to doubt. But the saying has other meanings, equally, or even more, obvious, the truth of which must at once be acknowledged by all of us. Not only have our means of arriving at historical facts multiplied, but our whole conception has incalculably widened, of what the facts which make up history are. Bossuet said that history should be the special study of princes, because it was composed entirely of such actions as princes are engaged in; and if we do not insist on taking the words too literally, this is a view which prevailed till very lately. The sole concern of history, or, at least, its main concern, was supposed to be with what are called public affairs. But now we have learned to reverse this wretched conception, and to see that public affairs have no meaning at all, except in so far as they derive it from their bearing on private affairs. We have learned that in the rise, the fall, and the succession of civilizations, the one thing of vital interest to ourselves is not the intrigues of politicians, the terms of treaties, the incidents of bat-

tles, the divorces of kings, and the amours of queens, but the various conditions under which men and women generally have, from age to age, sought for their own private happiness. The history of man's happiness, in fact, directly or indirectly, is the sole reasonable subject of all history whatsoever. Could we only know as much of the households and the homes of the past as we know already of its wars, its diplomacy, and its dynasties, who would not barter all this latter knowledge for the former? Who would not sooner spend a day with Cato or with Cicero, with Lucullus, with Pliny, or with Seneca, than be able to repeat the whole of Mommsen backward? Unfortunately, however, this most important part of the past is the very part which leaves the scantiest traces behind it. It is easier to represent to ourselves a battle of other days than a breakfast-table. If we take even the England of the times of our own grandfathers, there is much of its social aspect that is already hardly imaginable. Still, if we look about us in the right spirit, and in the right places, we sometimes come upon certain survivals of the past which enable us, in a way which possibly surprises ourselves, to suddenly reconstruct the life of vanished epochs.

It fell to my lot, not very long ago, to have a curious experience of this kind myself. It was, I confess, merely the experience of a dilettante, and it came to me altogether unexpected and un-

sought ; but still, if true history be at all the thing I take it to be, it was a glimpse into true history that this experience gave me.

Having spent the first three months of the year on the Riviera, I received an invitation from an old Hungarian friend to spend six weeks with him, during the spring, at his castle in Hungary. Hungary is a country about which I had long been curious. With the exception, perhaps, of one or two of its towns, people in western Europe know very little about it ; but a general impression prevails—and I myself shared it—that it lags at least a century in the rear of the world of progress. I was, therefore, delighted at having so good an opportunity of seeing the very heart of this mysterious region, and, instead of passing through it like a tourist or a stranger, of forming for a time a part of its actual life. When the time came for me to settle the details of my journey, I found that it was long and tiresome ; and my route lying through some places I had often wished to visit, I arranged to stop for a few nights on the road. My first stopping-place was Vicenza, my second Treviso, and my third Villach—a small town in Carinthia. I chose Vicenza for the sake of its Palladian palaces ; Treviso, for the sake of a Palladian villa in its neighborhood ; and Villach, for a reason not dissimilar, that in its neighborhood was a curious feudal castle. Each of these sights was, what sights rarely are, far more interesting than my fondest thoughts had anticipated ; and not that only, but, seen in such quick succession, they had a yet further interest which I had not anticipated at all. They showed me, with a curious vividness, the old historical difference between the feudal civilization of northern Europe and the civilization of Italy—a difference which generations have been at work obliterating, but which still, in spite even of railways and international express trains, is in some lights distinguishable, like an old fresco, which is perfect though its colors are almost gone.

My object at Vicenza was simple and single, and I accomplished it. It was to see a good specimen of a Palladian palace, still inhabited by the family it

was originally built for. The specimen which I found was excellent. It stood in a quiet side street, which it fronted with a magnificent façade, whose pillars, statues, and enrichments had been colored, but not corroded, by time. It was not exceptionally large, as Italian palaces go ; but an average Belgrave-Square house might have stood easily in its court-yard. It was carefully, but not too trimly kept. Its good condition was due to no restoration ; it was evidently due to the fact that it had never been out of repair. The interior told exactly the same story. It was pervaded by a sense of generations of unbroken family life. There were signs in all directions of modern comfort and luxury ; but the aspect of everything modern was quiet and unobtrusive, and harmonized with everything that was old, as if there were no gulf between them, just as it does in some old country-houses in England. The past, in this way, instead of being effaced by the present, was kept alive by its living and kindly touch ; and, as I ascended the wide staircase, and passed from room to room, the sixteenth century seemed to have been prolonged into the nineteenth. And what a century, in Italy, the sixteenth must have been ! I am not thinking now of its art, its literature, or its scholarship. I am thinking of the civilization it had reached in domestic life. To accommodate this palace to the uses of the present day, hardly a door had required to be altered. The great hall had merely its original furniture, and yet one felt that nothing could be wanted more. One thing more there was, indeed, and that was a child's toy-cart ; but this, though probably only bought yesterday, seemed as much to belong to the place as if the worms of ages had eaten it. Standing close beside it was a quaint, antique bird-cage, with towers and turrets, like some fantastic castle. It probably was used as a toy also. High overhead was a ceiling panelled with paintings, and divided by carved white beams. Against the lower part of the walls stood cabinets of ebony and tortoise-shell ; and the whole of the upper part was a mass of white ornamentation—trophies, gods and goddesses, and scenes from the fam-

ily history incrusting the surface in rich and deep relief. The other rooms were in keeping. Everywhere was the same beauty, the dignity of proportion, the same keen and exquisite finish in the stucco-work of the cornices, in the great canopies of the chimneys, and in the panelling and the handles of the doors. The court below completed the impression, with its orderly stables, its lodgings for grooms and coachmen, and the porter's apartment opening on the arched and echoing entrance.

Having seen this palace I felt that I had seen all I meant to see at Vicenza ; but my guide persuaded me to visit one object of interest more. This was the Teatro Olimpico, also built by Palladio, and left to this day in precisely its original condition—with the old anterooms, covered with their old decorations, with the original seats for the audience, and even the original scenery on the stage. The scenery is permanent, after the manner of the ancients, and consists of a stately façade, pierced with five arches, through which one looks down five streets of palaces. Palladio, in this singular building, is said to have followed exactly the directions given by Vitruvius. I cannot pause to describe it in detail. I only mention it for the sake of the sense it produced in me, of the fastidious culture and triumphant material refinement which distinguished, at that epoch in Italy, even the public amusements of its citizens.

The following day I found my way from Treviso to a small village at a distance of some seventeen miles from it, lying at the foot of the Alps, and far from the beaten track. Here is situated one of Palladio's villas, which I imagined would give me the same sort of insight into the country-life of the sixteenth century that his palace has given me into its town life. I had seen many Italian villas before, but I had been disappointed in all of them. Their grandeur, such as it was, had come to look squalid and dilapidated ; they had none of them been striking in point of size ; and most of them had been near towns. Not one of them had perpetuated, or, indeed, even suggested, the magnificent country-life which I had always imagined had once existed in Italy. But

this villa, from all that I had heard about it, promised to come much nearer to my requirements ; nor did it disappoint me, except in one particular. It stood on a slope close to the public road, and only divided from it by some spaces of ill-kept grass. But the house itself made amends for all. It stood with its back to a garden that covered a low hill—a long building with a protruding central block and two wings, shadowed by colonnades. The decorations of the centre were rich in the extreme. Elsewhere there was a severe simplicity, excepting at each extremity, where a gable-end was decorated with some frescoed figures and a sun-dial. The exterior, however, was of little interest when compared with the interior. Of its two stories, the lower was devoted to the offices and the servants' bedrooms. The principal apartments were all on the floor above. One entered these by a staircase, at the end of the colonnades ; and one at once found one's self in the great central salon. I was prepared for something fine, but for nothing so fine as the reality. Every inch of the walls, from the floor to the curved ceiling, was covered with frescos by Paolo Veronese. Out of this salon opened four bedrooms. They were decorated in precisely the same way. I passed between some pillars into a smaller salon at the back, and out of this into two long suites of chambers, which filled the two wings, extending from it on either side ; and in everyone of these chambers was the same gorgeous spectacle—frescos by the same great master, covering walls and ceiling. The whole was apparently in the most perfect preservation ; and it was quite evident that, in every essential part, the house had remained unaltered since the day when it was first completed. Every detail showed the most elaborate finish—mouldings, doors, and door-handles. The floors, in most of the rooms, were pavements of smooth mosaic, which, in addition to their own colors, reflected those of the walls ; in others they were polished parquetry, fine as an inlaid cabinet. Here and there, there was a little modern furniture ; but most of it was of the same date as the building, beautiful in form, and in the highest

state of preservation. One hardly knew on what to fix one's attention first. All the gods were feasting on the ceiling of the great hall; the dining-salon was surrounded by cupids, nymphs, and temples; and elsewhere there were scenes from common daily life in which the Italy of the Renaissance still lived and breathed. One's eye moved bewildered from one spot to another; and all the while the proportions, the disposition, and the magnificent coloring of the whole were distracting the mind from any consideration of details. I felt, when I left this villa, that it was the embodied history of a civilization. There was history, too, in its situation, which had so much displeased me, close to the public road, and only just out of the village. There was a history of the security of life, and of the relations prevailing between classes.

The same night, under a dark Gothic archway, I was ascending a flight of rugged stone steps. At the top was a vaulted vestibule, lit by a dim lantern; and from this vestibule I was taken into a narrow cloister, open to the air, and surrounding a small court. I was taken up more stairs to a similar cloister over it, and out of this I was shown into a large, bare bedroom. The whole place had something the air of a monastery; it was not a monastery, however; it was one of the inns at Villach; and it, too, just like my Palladian villa, seemed part and parcel of the sixteenth century. But what a difference between that century north of the Alps and south of them! When I ate my supper in the coffee-room—if so modern a name be admissible—when I looked at its stone floor, its high raftered roof and the oak tables, and the coarse, clean table-linen, and the solid, unfamiliar dishes, I felt that I should hardly be surprised if I saw Erasmus opposite me.

The following day this same sort of impression was intensified when, taking the train to a station about thirty miles away, I arrived at the Castle of Hoch Osterwitz, which it was my special object to visit. This one could hardly call a piece of embodied history. It was something better: it was a piece of embodied romance. It looked exactly as if it had walked out of a story-book. It

stood in a country of green, pine-covered mountains, between which wandered flat pasture and plough-lands. It was on a mountain itself, or rather on an isolated rock, which was covered with pine-woods, except where its sides were precipitous. The entrance was half-way down, by a gate in a low gray tower; and this admitted one to an ascending road, which wound round the rock, till at last it reached the summit. All the way it was flanked with battlements, and it passed in its ascent through fifteen more towers, and across three draw-bridges. The castle proper was built about an irregular court, and was surrounded at various levels by courts of a smaller size, bracketed against the rock. One of these contained a miniature garden; one a chapel with a spire. In the principal court there was another chapel, which was smaller, with worm-eaten, wooden seats that would accommodate, perhaps, sixteen people. One of the two seats nearest the altar, I found, when I entered, was occupied by a kneeling figure. It was the life-size effigy of a knight, in full armor, extending toward the crucifix his hands clasped in prayer. The castle was not a ruin; it was proof against wind and weather; but its proprietors had not lived in it for a hundred and fifty years. Its sole inhabitants now were a custodian and his only son. The family portraits, however, were still kept here—most of them quaint and curious; but, regarded as works of art, they were interesting only from their childish and barbarous crudeness. They were arranged in a suite of long, whitewashed rooms—the principal rooms in the castle. In one of these was a rude baronial dining-table; and two others, without any exaggeration, were half-blocked up with heaps of antique armor. In the court outside were two huge copper water-tanks, patched with the mendings of at least three centuries. As I went down again through the sixteen towers, I noticed that in each were the original doors, plated with rusty iron, and over each doorway was a date and a coat-of-arms. Most of these towers, these battlements, these lodgings for armed men, were the creations, I found, of precisely the same period—of the same decade, in fact—as

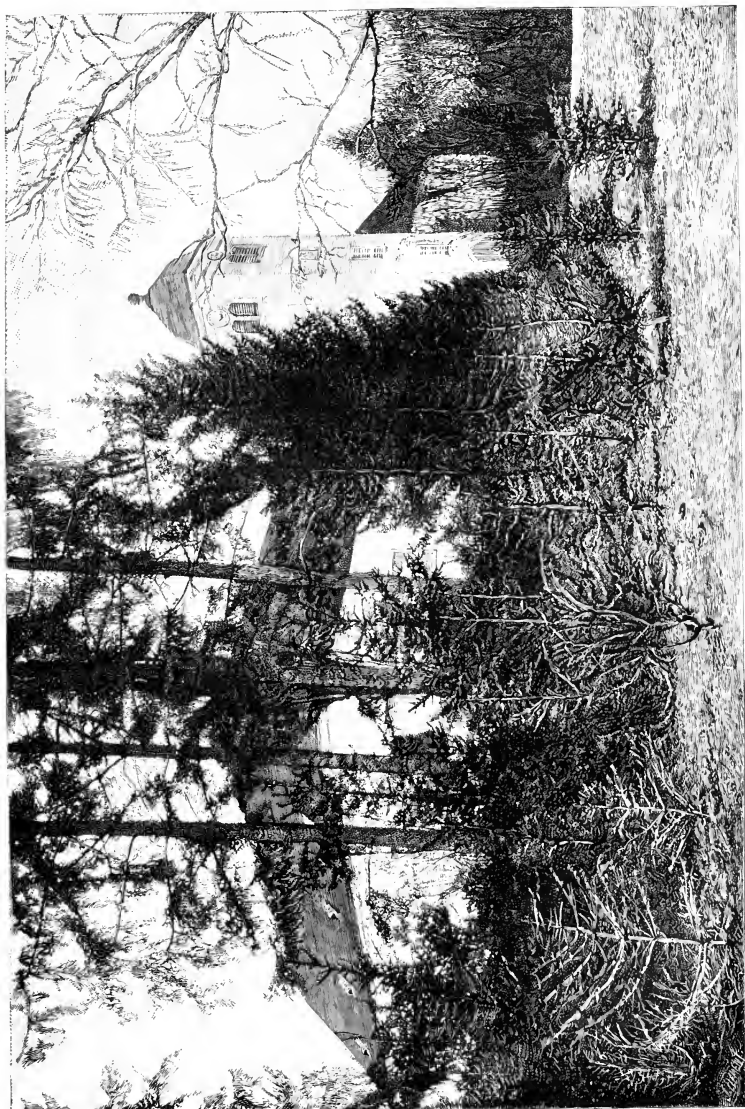
the splendid villa through whose salons I had been roaming yesterday.

And now, as I looked forward to my destination in Hungary, I began to prepare my mind for yet stranger experiences, and for relics yet more striking of past conditions of society. I imagined myself to be going to a land of seigneurs whose estates were principalities, whose parks were forests, whose castles were small towns, whose upper servants were like court officials, and whose under servants were like simple, and perhaps rather useless retainers. That I literally and in cold blood expected to find all this, I cannot indeed say; but I did expect to find something that at least remotely resembled it; and yet, at the same time, when I thought over the matter carefully, I knew that I had nothing definite to guide my expectations at all. The only thing that I knew about my friend's castle was that a railway station was quite close to its gates; so, as the train gradually brought me into its neighborhood, I began to look out of the window with increasing interest and curiosity.

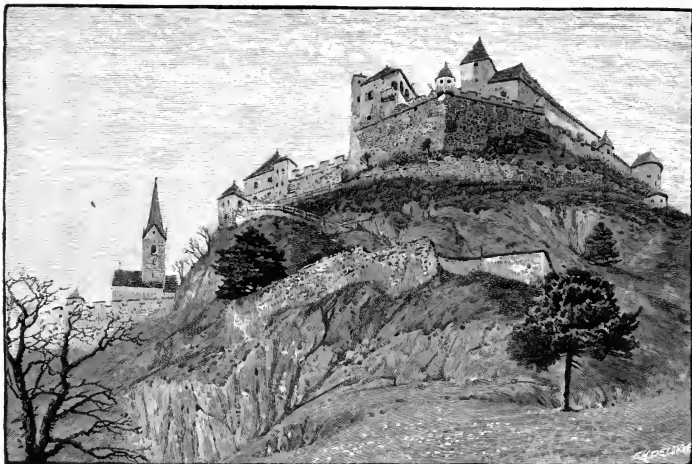
Schloss X., as I will call it, is situated about one hundred and fifty miles south of Vienna, and about fifty miles east of the Styrian frontier. Taking the train for it at Gratz, one passes for thirty miles through a beautiful country, covered with woods and mountains; but, after entering Hungary, one soon leaves these behind, and finds one's self traversing a series of agricultural plains, much resembling the richer parts of Lincolnshire. The ground was a vast checkerboard of ploughed fields and pastures, masked in the distance sometimes by the dark line of plantations, and bounded yet farther off by the slopes of low blue hills. Villages were frequent, with thatched and tiled cottages; and church towers rose in all directions, catching the eye with their semi-oriental cupolas. At last there came in view a long avenue of poplars, stretching right across the landscape, and joining its two horizons. As we drew near this the train slackened its speed; it presently drew up at a small wayside station, and my servant came to the door to tell me that this was X. Since

leaving Gratz, at none of the other stations had I seen anything but peasants and small trades-people. Here, accordingly, my eye was at once caught by the figure of a footman, in exceedingly well-made livery, who, as soon as he had identified me, took charge of my dressing-bag, and conducted me to a place outside where a brougham and a luggage-cart were waiting. The only sign of anything in the least primitive that I could see thus far was the road, which was certainly abominable, and made the brougham rock as if it would break its springs. The drive, however, did not last long. On looking out presently, I saw that I was in one of the poplar avenues, and that straight in front of me was a white wall and a gate, over which was a gilt inscription and a great gilt coronet. A moment later two tall doors were flung open; a man in a red waistcoat raised a soft hat with a feather in it; the carriage rolled rapidly over a sweep of gravel; it then passed slowly under a lofty arch, crossed a court surrounded by rows of windows, and drew up under a farther arch, where some servants were expecting its arrival. One of the servants I found was an old acquaintance. I had known him for weeks in imagination. This was the porter. His clothes were bright with scarlet, and he held a huge sceptre of office. He was exactly what my fancy had painted. There was an old steward, too, superintending the proceedings, who looked like the personification of virtue and fidelity in a German melodrama. He also was the very thing he should have been. As for the others, they might have come from London or Paris.

I had already—even during these few first minutes—perceived that the realities of the place differed considerably from my dreams. I will now describe generally what the realities were. I will begin with the character and the arrangements of the Schloss itself. It was an irregular parallelogram, four stories in height, with a mansard roof, and a tower at each corner. Its approximate length and breadth were 150 feet by 130; and, as I have just indicated, there was an open court in the middle. The ground floor was occupied by kitchens, offices, cellars, and the porter's lodg-



Hungarian Schloss of the Last Century.



Castle of the Hoch Osterwirtz, Carpathia.

ings. Above this was an entresol, devoted to visitors' bedrooms; and on the floor above this were the reception-rooms, and some larger bedrooms. The dining-room, which was in one of the towers, was circular. Its decorations were quaint. It was painted in fresco, to look like a ruined temple, with ferns and grasses growing out of the crevices of the stones, and the sky overhead looking in through a broken dome. The library, which was full of most curious and valuable books, collected by a Prince X., during the last century, was, except for the value and interest of its contents, much like a library in any country-house in England. Something similar may be said of the two drawing-rooms and a boudoir. There was a certain amount of old Hungarian furniture in them, but nothing of any great interest; and of the chairs and sofas the greater part were English. Architecturally, the most striking feature in the interior of the house was the staircase, at the foot of which was the entrance. It was constructed of some roughish stone, and its design was, in some respects, ponderous; but, taken as a whole, there was a space and grandeur about it quite worthy of the finest of Italian palaces.

The foundations of the building were of great antiquity; but the bulk of the present structure dated from the beginning of the sixteenth century. Since then the only important alteration in it had been one made about the year 1790, when the roof in one place was considerably raised, and some pillars and a portico added to the principal front.

Such was the house itself. I will now speak of its surroundings. On the west side of it, separated from it by a wall only, was the principal square and market-place of the small town of X. On the east was a park, containing some hundred acres, full of magnificent timber, and laid out with great skill, partly in winding paths, partly in broad, straight avenues. To the north were the gates by which I had entered from the station; they stood in the middle of a long line of orangeries; and to the south was a great enclosure, entirely surrounded by buildings, which was the most imposing and the most characteristic feature of the place. One side of it was formed by the castle, together with the stables and the coach-houses, which extended like wings to its right and left. Immediately opposite, corresponding to these wings, were two



Schloss X., Hungary.

houses, occupied by an agent and an architect; then came two large lodges, which had once been the quarters of a guard possessed by the family; and between the lodges were the great entrance gates, flanked by two colossal statues, and opening into the poplar avenue, of which the castle was the centre, and which ran both to north and south of it. The other two sides of the enclosure were formed by single buildings, fac-similes of each other, and each like a large house in itself. The upper part of one was used as a granary; the upper part of the other, as agent's and architect's offices. The ground floor of the first had been originally built for a riding-school; it was now full of lumber. But the ground floor of the other was in a very different condition. It was known by the name of "The Garden-house," and when I went to see it I expected to find a sort of grotto, with rustic chairs and tables. I found, instead, a ball-room nearly a hundred feet in length, with a vaulted roof supported on columns of red marble, with lines of chandeliers ready to light it, and the walls glowing with mirrors and painted flowers. I could never learn that this mag-

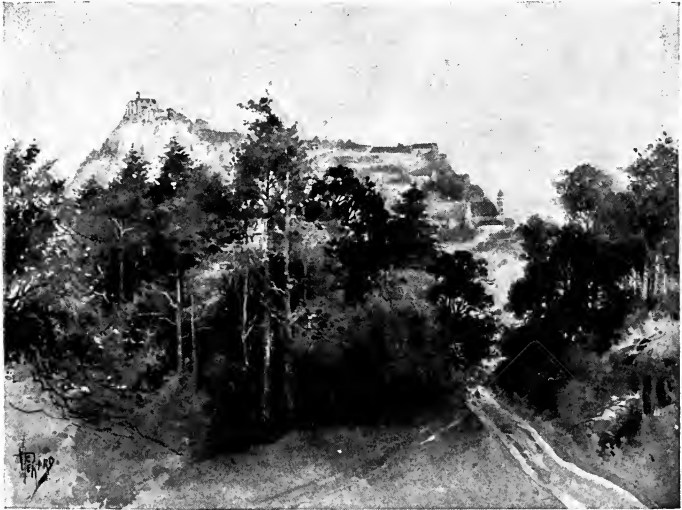
nificent room had been used for any purpose within living memory. It seemed to me when I came upon it less like a reality than some fanciful hall that had strayed out of "Wilhelm Meister."

Taken in connection, then, with its dependent buildings, there was a good deal about Schloss X. that was striking and grandiose; but, considering that what I had looked forward to was not so much what was grand as what was curious, I confess that at first I experienced some disappointment. I had half-hoped that at dinner there might be a gypsy band playing. In reality, there was nobody in attendance but three well-drilled men-servants. Nor were there about the place any of the anticipated retainers. There were enough men about the stables and elsewhere; but there was no superfluous, picturesque crowd; and the in-door servants were less, and not more, numerous than they would have been in a house of the same size in England. I was similarly disappointed in the whole condition of the country. In the town of X. there were shops with plate-glass windows; the numerous villages were provokingly spruce and tidy, and the whole of

the country seemed to be enclosed and highly cultivated. I learned, further, that though the more important of the Hungarian nobles still retain considerable estates and fortunes, together with much of their old popularity and influence, the larger part of the soil is owned by peasants and small proprietors. My host's acreage was enormous; but not only was it made up of many scattered estates, but each of these estates, except when it consisted of forest, was an aggregate of fragmentary patches, di-

small properties, rather than the creation of them.

Although, however, on the surface of Hungarian life I failed to find much that was antique or peculiar, I gradually realized that under the surface there was a good deal of both. To begin with Schloss X. itself. During the second week of my visit I was taken on an excursion, which perhaps may not sound interesting—an excursion to the garrets. These were full of every kind of spoil taken from the Turks during the old

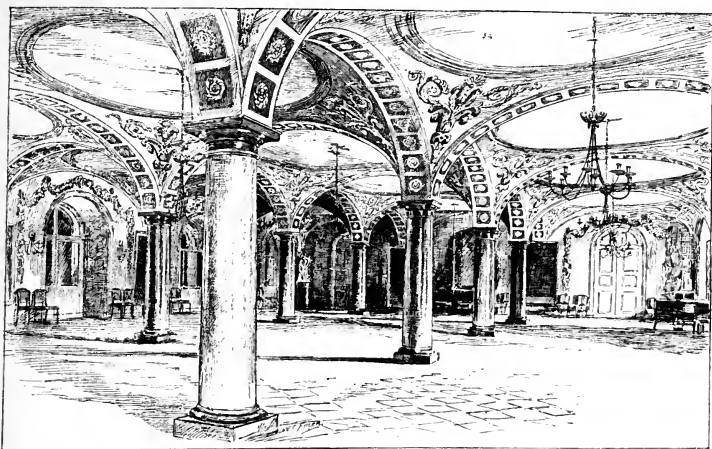


Schloss Riegersburg, Styria.

vided by smaller properties. About X., for instance, he had 9,000 acres, and yet he could hardly drive a mile on his own land continuously.

This state of things is the result of the Revolution of 1849. Previous to that event the nobles were nominally the sole land-owners. Practically, however, the peasants were even then proprietors, only they held their properties under the nobles by a kind of feudal tenure, rendering them each year so much personal service; so that the change effected with regard to the ownership of the soil was the enfranchisement of these

border wars—velvet trappings of horses, embroidered with gold and silver; scimitars, guns, and even stirrups, thickly set with jewels; cannon, drums, a whole arsenal of wheel-lock muskets, and a pile of antique pavilions. In these spoils was written a large part of a history common to most of the great families on the southern borders of Hungary. What the Moors were to the chivalry of Spain, what the Scotch were to the chivalry of northern England, that the Turks were to these Hungarian nobles; and many a legend of the struggles between the two—stories of love and of



Garden Salon, Schloss X.

bravery—lingers to this day among the people.

I was also shown some other curious relics, which pertained more exclusively to the history of the family of X. There were a set of dies for stamping gold and silver, the heads of this house having had, till a comparatively recent period, the right of coining money, with their own image and superscription on it, which passed current exactly like the issues of the royal mint.

It will be seen from this that the family, and indeed the castle of X., were both of the first magnitude. The family, indeed, had never been a reigning one; but its position was too great for it to be a completely typical specimen; and about the castle, also, the same thing may be said. I visited, however, a country-house of more moderate size, representing a landed property of about £9,000 a year; and this, I was told, was typical in more ways than one—in its architecture, its surroundings, and its general arrangements. It was a long building, of two stories in height, with a high tiled roof, and a tower over the central gateway. Its plan resembled an E. It surrounded three sides of an oblong, the fourth side of which was supplied by some trees and palings. The offices and servants' quarters occupied

the whole of the ground floor, the various rooms being connected by an open colonnade. Above this colonnade was a covered passage or corridor, reached by a circular staircase; and out of this corridor opened the living-rooms and the principal bedrooms. A single row of rooms connected by a passage—that was the plan of the house, above and below alike. It stood close to the road; the short drive which led to it not being guarded by a lodge, or even by a gate. On the other side—the side of the oblong court—it looked on a park, or, rather, on some meadows, planted with small trees, and bordered by extensive game-preserves. Between the house and the road was a long building like a barn. This was the stable, in which were eighteen or twenty horses. The proprietor, Count G., was an old man of eighty; the appointments of his house were peculiarly old-fashioned, and most of his domestics seemed to have grown gray in his service; but, if more or less allowance were made for this, his house, I was told, was a very good specimen of the seat of a well-to-do Hungarian noble. I have every reason to believe this to be true. I saw pictures of other and larger houses, built on the same plan and in precisely the same style; and I also paid a visit at a house much smaller—a

house occupied by an eldest son and his wife, which differed from it, so far as plan went, only in being built round two sides of a court instead of three.

What struck me in these houses was an air of patriarchal simplicity which did not indicate any conscious preference

perched on the highest or least accessible elevation. I visited two of them—one on the Hungarian frontier and one on the Styrian. The first of these, Güssing by name, was more than three parts a ruin, but enough remained to astonish one with evidences of its former magni-



Schloss Güssing, Hungary.

for what was old, but a complete and placid unconsciousness that there was anything new. But there exists in Hungary a class of country residences more interesting than these, of which, however, only a few are still inhabited. The houses of which I have already spoken—Schloss X. included—had always been primarily dwellings, which may at one time have been accidentally fortified. What I allude to now are fortresses which accidentally contained dwellings. Several of these were formerly in the possession of the family of X. A junior branch of that family occupies one now. The general features of all of them are very similar. They nearly all occupy some isolated hill or rock, the sides of which they completely cover with outworks, the dwelling-house being

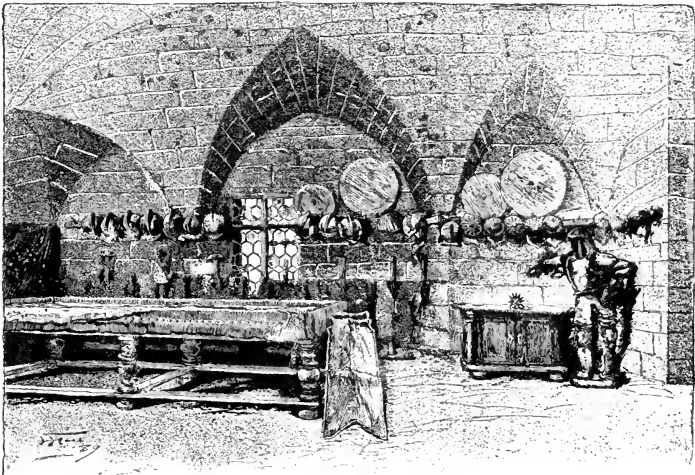
tude. The top of the rock which it occupied is some five acres in extent; and here were once not only the lord's quarters, but a monastery, and accommodations for two thousand soldiers. The private chapel is still perfect, and above it a dining-hall, with the old chairs and tables at which the warriors feasted in the days of border warfare. Close at hand there is also another hall, still full of coats of chain armor, and helmets, and great leather buckets in which water once was drawn; and there is a tower containing chairs, stools, and sofas, and cupboards of crystal goblets, all of them belonging to the early seventeenth century—relics of the time when the castle was in its strength and glory.

Riegersburg, the other castle I have mentioned, I found still more interest-

ing. Not only is it yet larger than Güssing, but, although it has been long uninhabited, it is practically entirely perfect. It is an immense rock, literally incased in bastions, and only accessible by two steep zigzags, guarded by towers, and commanded by walls pierced for musketry. The dwelling-house is an irregular pile, some two hundred and fifty feet in length, and varying in breadth from forty to eighty feet. It covers and follows the formation of a narrow spine of rock, and one of its sides clings to the very brink of a sheer precipice. Within it are two long

of these decorations is 1648. Seen in Italy, they would have been thought rude and inferior. Here, they seem a miracle of refinement, taste, and splendor.

Indeed, the most interesting thing about all these castles is this: that they represent the coexistence of two distinct types of life—the military life of the middle ages and the life of cultivation and of luxury that developed far later. In other countries of Europe the latter has displaced the former. Here—and here alone, so far as I know—the former survived in its full vigor till the latter had reached its maturity; and then the



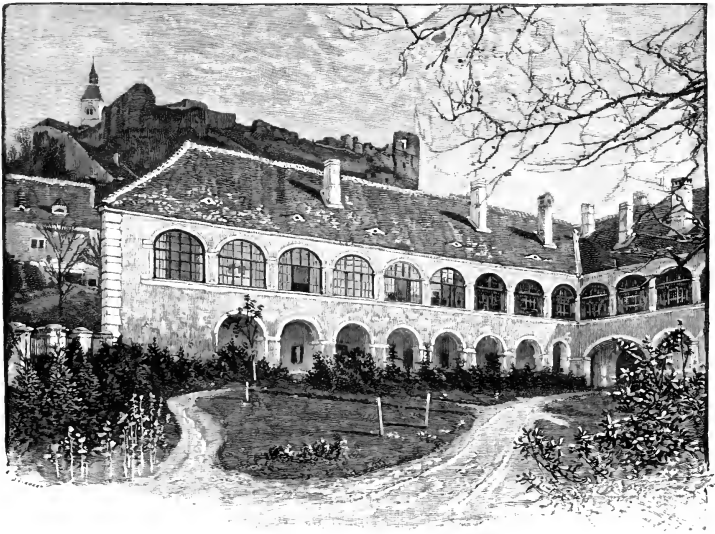
Hall with Armor, Schloss Güssing.

courts, not more than twelve feet in breadth, each of which has on one side tiers of open arcades. There are an immense number of rooms, many of them very small, though not ill-arranged; but some are of fine proportions. There are two halls in particular, one of which measures sixty feet by forty; and another, which is not so large, but striking in point of decoration, having an arched stucco ceiling, enriched with some small paintings, and a graceful staircase at the end, leading to some upper chamber. The date

two, for a time, flourished naturally side by side. The cause of this phenomenon was the vicinity of the Turks, whose constant incursions prolonged, in this region, a condition of society which had wholly disappeared elsewhere; and which, at a time when armed retainers, ramparts, watchmen, and drawbridges had become, in the rest of Europe, mere archaeological toys, rendered them here still a practical necessity. Some of the strongest and most striking of the outworks of the Castle of Riegersburg were built as late as the year 1680.

Connected with this same castle is a perfectly true story, still current as a tradition among the peasantry, which

squireen, who is the terror of all the country-side. He at one time fixed his affections on the wife of the village inn-



Manor House, Güssing.

illustrates curiously the peculiar life of the period. Among many old and bad portraits which are mouldering in one of the halls is one of considerable merit, representing a woman in the costume of the close of the seventeenth century. The face is gentle and beautiful, with a certain sadness in the expression; and on a table beside her is a handful of pink roses. This is the portrait of a countess who once reigned in the castle. She was renowned alike for her beauty, for her charms, and for her charity, and she was looked upon almost as a saint. A taste for gardening was at this time spreading from France to Austria. This lady was taken by it; she erected a greenhouse in the castle; she produced roses at Christmas, and she was burned to death as a witch.

To return, however, from the past to the present, there still exists to-day in Hungary a good deal that is part of the past elsewhere. In one district there still lives and flourishes a small noble, or

keeper, and in her husband's absence he found opportunity to approach her. She rejected his advances with indignation; but as soon as her husband came back she besought him at all costs to sell his business and to leave the neighborhood without any delay. "If you do not," she said, "I know what will happen. One day in the woods—by accident, by pure accident—Herr von D. or one of his men will shoot you. This has happened already to others, and I am certain that it will happen to you." The innkeeper knew that his wife spoke the truth. They sold their business and they took refuge in Pesth.

But the past survives also in less sensational forms. To an Englishman one of the most suggestive facts in connection with Hungary is this—that its condition in some ways is almost precisely that of England at the close of the last century. In proportion to the area of the country there is about the same population; agriculture is to the same

extent the preponderating industry ; the only rich class are the larger land-owners ; and the modern leisured middle-class is almost entirely wanting.

Whether the social changes of the countries that have progressed more rapidly have really increased the sum of human happiness, it is not possible

“Let me change my condition.” In Hungary it seems to say, “Let me make the best of it.”

In Hungary, also, the relations between the aristocracy and the people have never been embittered as they have been in other countries. On the contrary, the great magnates, and the nobles



Dining Hall of 1651, Schloss Riegersburg.

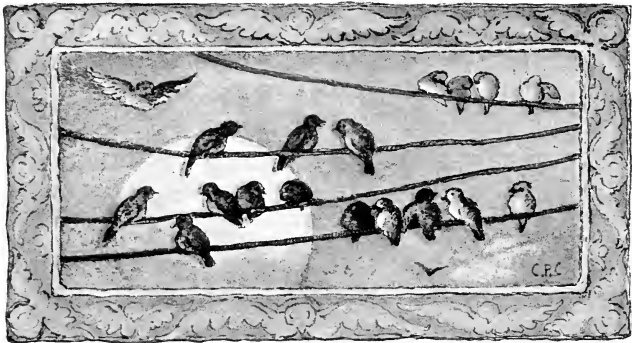
to determine. But in Hungary, where these changes are absent, or are only beginning, if I cannot say that I saw more happiness than elsewhere, I certainly was conscious of the presence of a greater tranquillity. I had been struck at first by the modern look of the cottages. After I had studied some old views of the country, engraved during the seventeenth century, I saw that these cottages of to-day were fac-similes of the cottages then ; indeed, in two villages which I visited I could recognize, roof for roof, the houses represented in the pictures of two hundred years ago. In the ferment of progressive countries, in the hard struggle for existence, the face of the ordinary man seems to say,

generally, have fought side by side with the masses, not against them ; and are known to have willingly sacrificed much for the public good. This has all left its mark on the manners and the bearing of the people. At Schloss X. and the other houses that I visited I found the families treated with a profound, and yet a familiar, respect. Their dependents kissed their hands and stood bareheaded before them ; and yet in this behavior there was nothing servile ; and one felt that between the two classes there was really a far closer union than there is between some whose intercourse is marked by all the forms of equality. Instances of aristocratic oppression—which, looked at only from an

artistic point of view, I must say are delightful to me from their picturesqueness—instances of oppression and brutality, like the one which I just now mentioned, do, no doubt, occur. But that anyone should still retain a position that makes such conduct possible is in itself a proof that this position is rarely abused.

At all events, for those who care to look below the surface, Hungary still

remains a very interesting study; and though it may at first disappoint those who expect to find in it castles and peasants like the back scene of an opera, it retains enough of the substance, if not of the surface, of the past to throw a considerable light on what has really been achieved, in the way of changing or bettering the conditions of life generally, by that extraordinary movement which we especially associate with the present.



THE BIRDS AND THE TELEGRAPH WIRES.

By C. P. Cranch.

PERCHED on the public wires the careless birds,
 Whose chattering notes tell all the wit they own,
 Know not the passage of the electric words
 Throbbing beneath their feet from zone to zone.

So, while mysterious spheres enfold us round,
 Though to life's tingling chords we press so near,
 Our souls sit deaf to truth's diviner sound.
 Ourselves—not Nature's wondrous voice we hear.

THE MOON-PATH.

By Archibald Lampman.

THE full, clear moon uprose and spread
Her cold, pale splendor o'er the sea ;
A light-strewn path that seemed to lead
Outward into eternity.
Between the darkness and the gleam
An old-world spell encompassed me :
Methought that in a godlike dream
I trod upon the sea.

And lo ! upon that glimmering road,
In shining companies unfurled,
The trains of many a primal god,
The monsters of the elder world ;
Strange creatures that, with silver wings,
Scarce touched the ocean's thronging floor,
The phantoms of old tales, and things
Whose shapes are known no more.

Giants and demi-gods who once
Were dwellers of the earth and sea,
And they who from Deucalion's stones,
Rose men without an infancy ;
Beings on whose majestic lids
Time's solemn secrets seemed to dwell,
Tritons and pale-limbed Nereids,
And forms of heaven and hell.

Some who were heroes long of yore,
When the great world was hale and young ;
And some whose marble lips yet pour
The murmur of an antique tongue :
Sad queens, whose names are like soft moans,
Whose griefs were written up in gold ;
And some who on their silver thrones
Were goddesses of old.

As if I had been dead indeed,
And come into some after-land,
I saw them pass me, and take heed,
And touch me with each mighty hand ;
And evermore a murmurous stream,
So beautiful they seemed to me,
Not less than in a godlike dream
I trod the shining sea.



"She was silent for a moment, her eyes seeking the floor."—Page 225.



IN THE VALLEY.

By Harold Frederic.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FAIR BEGINNING OF A NEW LIFE IN ANCIENT ALBANY.



HE life in Albany was to me as if I had become a citizen of some new world. I had seen the old burgh once or twice before, fleetingly and with but a stranger's eyes; now it was my home. As I think upon it at this distance, it seems as if I grew accustomed to the novel environment almost at the outset. At least, I did not pine overmuch for the Valley I had left behind.

For one thing, there was plenty of hard work to keep my mind from moping. I had entirely to create both my position and my business. This latter was, in some regards, as broad as the continent; in others it was pitifully circumscribed and narrow. It is hard for us now, with our eager national passion for opening up the wilderness and peopling waste places, to realize that the great trading companies of Colonial days had exactly the contrary desire. It was the chief anxiety of the fur companies to prevent immigration—to preserve the forests in as savage a state as possible. One can see now that it was a fatal error in England's policy to encourage these vast conservators of barbarism, instead of wholesome settlement by families—a policy which was avowedly adopted because it was easier to sell monopolies to a few companies than to collect taxes from scattered communities. I do not

know that I thought much upon this then, however. I was too busy in fitting myself to Albany.

Others who saw the city in these primitive Dutch days have found much in it and its inhabitants to revile and scoff at. To my mind it was a most delightful place. Its Yankee critics assail a host of features which were to me sources of great satisfaction—doubtless because they and I were equally Dutch. I loved its narrow-gabled houses, with their yellow pressed brick, and iron girders, and high, hospitable stoops, and projecting water-spouts—which all spoke to me of the dear, brave, good old Holland I had never seen. It is true that these eaves-troughs, which in the Netherlands discharged the rainfall into the canal in front of the houses, here poured their contents upon the middle of the sidewalks, and New England carpens have made much of this. But to me there was always a pretty pathos in this resolution to reproduce, here in the wilderness, the conditions of the dear old home, even if one got drenched for it.

And Albany was then almost as much in the wilderness as Caughnawaga. There were a full score of good oil-lamps set up in the streets; some Scotchmen had established a newspaper the year before, which print was to be had weekly; the city had had its dramatic baptism, too, and people still told of the theatrical band who had come and performed for a month at the hospital, and of the fierce sermon against them which Dominie Freylinghuysen had preached three years before. Albany now is a great town, having over ten thousand

souls within its boundaries; then its population was less than one-third of that number. But the three or four hundred houses of the city were spread over such an area of ground, and were so surrounded by trim gardens and embowered in trees, that the effect was that of a vastly larger place. Upon its borders, one stepped off the grassy street into the wild country-road or wilder forest-trail. The wilderness stretched its dark shadows to our very thresholds. It is thought worthy of note now by travellers that one can hear, from the steps of our new State House, the drumming of partridges in the woods beyond. Then we could hear, in addition, the barking of wolves skulking down from the Helderbergs, and on occasion the scream of a panther.

Yet here there was a feeling of perfect security and peace. The days when men bore their guns to church were now but a memory among the elders. The only Indians we saw were those who came in, under strict espionage, to barter their furs for merchandise and drink—principally drink—and occasional delegations of chiefs who came here to meet the Governor or his representatives, these latter journeying up from New York for the purpose. For the rest, a goodly and profitable traffic went sedately and comfortably forward. We sent ships to Europe and the West Indies, and even to the slave-yielding coast of Guinea. In both the whaling and deep-sea fisheries we had our part. As for furs and leather and lumber, no other town in the Colonies compared with Albany. We did this business in our own way, to be sure, without bustle or boasting, and so were accounted slow by our noisier neighbors to the east and south.

There were numerous holidays in this honest, happy old time, although the firing of guns on New Year's was rather churlishly forbidden by the Assembly the year after my arrival. It gives me no pleasure now, in my old age, to see Pinkster forgotten, and Vrouwen-dagh and Easter pass unnoticed, under the growing sway of the New England invaders, who know how neither to rest nor to play.

But my chief enjoyment lay, I think,

in the people I came to know. Up in the Valley, if exception were made of four or five families already sketched in this tale, there were no associates for me who knew aught of books or polite matters in general. Of late, indeed, I had felt myself almost wholly alone, since my few educated companions or acquaintances were on the Tory side of the widening division, and I, much as I was repelled by their politics, could find small intellectual equivalent for them among the Dutch and German Whigs whose cause and political sympathies were mine.

But here in Albany I could hate the English and denounce their rule and rulers in excellent and profitable company. I was fortunate enough at the outset to produce a favorable impression upon Abraham Ten Broeck, the uncle and guardian of the boy-Patroon, and in some respects the foremost citizen of the town. Through him I speedily became acquainted with others not less worthy of friendship—Colonel Philip Schuyler, whom I had seen before and spoken with in the Valley once or twice, but now came upon terms of intimacy with; John Tayler and Jeremiah Van Rensselaer, younger men, and trusted friends of his; Peter Gansevoort, who was of my own age, and whom I grew to love like a brother—and so on, through a long list.

These and their associates were educated and refined gentlemen, not inferior in any way to the Johnsons and Butlers I had left behind me, or to the De Lanceys, Phillipses, Wattses, and other Tory gentry whom I had seen. If they did not drink as deep, they read a good deal more, and were masters of as courteous and distinguished a manner. Heretofore I had suffered not a little from the notion—enforced upon me by all my surroundings—that gentility and good-breeding went hand in hand with loyalty to everything England did, and that disaffection was but another name for vulgarity and ignorance. Despite this notion, I had still chosen disaffection, but I cannot say that I was altogether pleased with the ostracism from congenial companionship which this seemed to involve. Hence the charm of my discovery in Albany that the best

and wisest of its citizens, the natural leaders of its social, commercial, and political life, were of my way of thinking.

More than this, I soon came to realize that this question for and against England was a deeper and graver matter than I had dreamed it to be. Up in our slow, pastoral, uninformed Valley the division was of recent growth, and, as I have tried to show, was even now more an affair of race and social affiliations than of politics. The trial of Zenger, the Stamp Act crisis, the Boston Massacre—all the great events which were so bitterly discussed in the outer Colonial world—had created scarcely a ripple in our isolated chain of frontier settlements. We rustics had been conscious of disturbances and changes in the atmosphere, so to speak, but had lacked the skill and information—perhaps the interest as well—to interpret these signs of impending storm aright. Here, in Albany, I suddenly found myself among able and prudent men who had as distinct ideas of the evils of English control, and as deep-seated a resolution to put an end to it, as our common ancestors had held in Holland toward the detested Spaniards. Need I say that I drank in all this with enthusiastic relish, and became the most ardent of Whigs?

Of my business it is not needful to speak at length. Once established, there was nothing specially laborious or notable about it. The whole current of the company's traffic to and fro passed under my eye. There were many separate accounts to keep, and a small army of agents to govern, to supply, to pay, and to restrain from fraud—for which they had a considerable talent, and even more inclination. There were cargoes of provisions and merchandise to receive from our company's vessels at Albany, and prepare for transportation across country to the West; and there were return-cargoes of peltries and other products to be shipped hence to England. Of all this I had charge and oversight, but with no obligation upon me to do more of the labor than was fit, or to spare expense in securing a proper performance of the residue by others.

Mr. Jonathan Cross and his Lady came down to Albany shortly after I had entered upon my duties there, and made

a stay of some days. He was as kind and thoughtful as ever, approving much that I had done, suggesting alterations and amendments here and there, but for the most part talking of me and my prospects. He had little to say about the people at The Cedars, or about the young master of Cairncross, which was now approaching completion—and I had small heart to ask him for more than he volunteered. Both Mr. Stewart and Daisy had charged him with affectionate messages for me, and that was some consolation, but I was still sore enough over the collapse of my hopes, and still held enough wrath in my heart against Philip, to make me wish to recall neither more often than could be helped. The truth is, I think that I was already becoming reconciled to my disappointment and to my change of life, and was secretly ashamed of myself for it, and so liked best to keep my thoughts and talk upon other things.

Lady Berenicia I saw but once—and that was once too often. It pleased her ladyship to pretend to recall me with difficulty, and, after she had established my poor identity in her mind, to treat me with great coolness. I am charitable enough to hope that this gratified her more than it vexed me—which was not at all.

The ill-assorted twain finally left Albany, taking passage on one of the company's ships. Mr. Cross's last words to me were: "Do as much business, push trade as sharply, as you can. There is no telling how long English charters, or the King's writ, for that matter, will continue to run over here."

So they set sail, and I never saw either of them again.

It was a source of much satisfaction and gain to me that my position held me far above the bartering and dicker-ing of the small traders. It is true that I went through the form of purchasing a license to trade in the city, for which I paid four pounds sterling—a restriction which has always seemed to me as unintelligent as it was harmful to the interests of the town—but it was purely a form. We neither bought nor sold in Albany. This made it the easier for me to meet good people on equal terms—not that I am silly enough to hold trade in disrespect, but because the merchants

who came in direct contact with the Indians and trappers suffered in estimation from the cloud of evil repute which hung over their business.

I lived quietly, and without ostentation, putting aside some money each quarter, and adventuring my savings to considerable profit in the company's business—a matter which Mr. Cross had arranged for me. I went to many of the best houses of the Whig sort. In some ways, perhaps, my progress in knowledge and familiarity with worldly things were purchased at the expense of an innocence which might better have been retained. But that is the manner of all flesh, and I was no worse, I like to hope, than the best-behaved of my fellows. I certainly laughed more now in a year than I had done in all my life before; in truth, I may be said to have learned to laugh here in Albany, for there were merry wights among my companions. One in particular should be spoken of—a second-cousin of mine, named Teunis Van Hoorn—a young physician who had studied at Leyden, and who made jests which were often worthy to be written down.

So two years went by. I had grown somewhat in flesh, being now decently rounded out and solid; many of my timid and morose ways had been dropped meantime. I could talk now to ladies and to my elders without feeling tongue-tied at my youthful presumption. I was a man of affairs, twenty-five years of age, with some money of my own, an excellent position, and as good a circle of friends as fortune ever gave to mortal man.

Once each month Mr. Stewart and I exchanged letters. Through this correspondence I was informed, in the winter following my departure, of the marriage of Daisy and Philip Cross.

CHAPTER XIX.

I GO TO A FAMOUS GATHERING AT THE PATROON'S MANOR HOUSE.

WE come to a soft, clear night in the Indian summer-time of 1774—a night not to be forgotten while memory remains to me.

There was a grand gathering and ball

at the Manor House of the Patroons, and to it I was invited. Cadwallader Colden, the octogenarian lieutenant-governor, and chief representative of the Crown now that Tryon was away in England, had come up to Albany in state, upon some business which I now forget, and he was to be entertained at the Van Rensselaer mansion, and with him the rank, beauty, and worth of all the country roundabout. I had heard that a considerable number of invitations had been despatched to the Tory families in my old neighborhood, and that, despite the great distance, sundry of them had been accepted. Sir William Johnson had now been dead some months, and it was fitting that his successor, Sir John, newly master of all the vast estates, should embrace this opportunity to make his first appearance as baronet in public. In fact, he had arrived in town with Lady Johnson, and it was said that they came in company with others. I could not help wondering, as I attired myself, with more than ordinary care, in my best maroon coat and smallclothes and flowered saffron waistcoat, who it was that accompanied the Johnsons. Was I at last to meet Daisy?

Succeeding generations have discovered many tricks of embellishment and decoration of which we old ones never dreamed. But I doubt if even the most favored of progressive moderns has laid eyes upon any sight more beautiful than that which I recall now, as the events of this evening return to me.

You may still see for yourselves how noble, one might say, palatial, was the home which young Stephen Van Rensselaer built for himself, there on the lowlands at the end of Broadway, across the Kissing Bridge. But no power of fancy can restore for *you*—sober-clad, preoccupied, democratic people that you are—the flashing glories of that spectacle: the broad, fine front of the Manor House, with all its windows blazing in welcome; the tall trees in front aglow with swinging lanterns and colored lights, hung cunningly in their shadowy branches after some Italian device; the stately carriages sweeping up the gravelled avenue, and discharging their passengers at the block; the gay procession up the wide stone steps—rich velvets

and costly satins, powdered wigs and alabaster throats, bright eyes, and gems on sword-hilts or at fair breasts—all radiant in the hospitable flood of light streaming from the open door; the throng of gaping slaves with torches, and smartly dressed servants holding the horses or helping with my lady's train and cloak; the resplendent body of color, and light, and sparkling beauty, which the eye caught in the spacious hall within, beyond the figures of the widowed hostess and her son, the eight-year-old Patroon, who stood forth to greet their guests. No! the scene belongs to its own dead century and fading generation. You shall strive in vain to reproduce it, even in fancy!

The full harvest-moon, which hung in the lambent heavens above all, pictures itself to my memory as far fairer and more luminous than is the best of nowaday moons. Alas! my old eyes read no romance in the silvery beams now, but suspect rheumatism instead.

This round, lustrous orb, pendant over the Hudson, was not plainer to every sight that evening than was to every consciousness the fact that this gathering was a sort of ceremonial salute before a duel. The storm was soon to break; we all felt it in the air. There was a subdued, almost stiff, politeness in the tone and manner when Dutchman met Englishman, when Whig met Tory, which spoke more eloquently than words. Beneath the formal courtesies, and careful avoidance of debatable topics, one could see sidelong glances cast, and hear muttered sneers. We bowed low to one another, but with anxious faces, knowing that we stood upon the thin crust over the crater, likely at any moment to crash through it.

It was my fortune to be well known to Madame Van Rensselaer, our hostess. She was a Livingston, and a patriot, and she knew me for one as well. "The Tories are here in great muster," she whispered to me, when I bowed before her; "I doubt not it is the last time you will ever see them under my roof. The colonel has news from Philadelphia today. There is trouble brewing."

I could see Colonel Schuyler standing beside one of the doors to the left, but to reach him was not easy. First I must

pause to exchange a few words with Dominie Westerlo, the learned and good pastor of the Dutch church, of whose intended marriage with the widow, our hostess, there were even then rumors. And afterward there was the mayor, Abraham Cuyler, whom we all liked personally, despite his weak leaning toward the English—and it would not do to pass him by unheeded.

While I still stood with him, talking of I know not what, the arrival of the lieutenant-governor was announced. A buzz of whispering ran round the hall. In the succeeding silence that dignitary walked toward us, a space clearing about him as he did so. The mayor advanced to meet him, and I perforce followed.

I knew much about this remarkable Mr. Colden. Almost my first English book had been his account of the Indian tribes, and in later years I had been equally instructed by his writings on astronomy and scientific subjects. Even in my boyhood I had heard of him as a very old man, and here he was now, eighty-six years of age, the highest representative in the Colony of English authority! I could feel none of the hostility I ought from his office to have felt, when I presently made my obeisance, and he offered me his hand.

It was a pleasant face, and a kindly eye, which met my look. Despite his great age, he seemed scarcely older in countenance and bearing than had Mr. Stewart when last I saw him. He was simply clad, and I saw from his long, waving, untied hair why he was called "Old Silver Locks." His few words to me were amiable commonplaces, and I passed to make room for others, and found my way now to where Schuyler stood.

"The old fox!" he said, smilingly nodding toward Colden. "One may not but like him, for all his tricks. If England had had the wit to keep that rude boor of a Tryon at home, and make Colden Governor, and listen to him, matters would have gone better. Who is that behind him?—oh, yes, De Lancey."

Oliver De Lancey was chiefly notable on account of his late brother, James, who had been chief justice and lieutenant-governor, and the most brilliant,

unscrupulous, masterful politician of his time. Oliver was himself a man of much energy and ambition. I observed him curiously, for his mother had been a Van Cortlandt, and I had some of that blood in my veins as well. So far as it had contributed to shape his face I was not proud of it, for he had a selfish and arrogant mien.

It was more satisfactory to watch my companion, as he told me the names of the Tories who followed in Colden's wake, and commented on their characters. I do not recall them, but I remember every line of Philip Schuyler's face, and every inflection of his voice. He was then not quite forty years of age, and almost of my stature—that is to say, a tall man. He held himself very erect, giving strangers the impression of a haughty air, which his dark face and eyes, and black lines of hair peeping from under the powder, helped to confirm. But no one could speak in amity with him without finding him to be the most affable and sweet-natured of men. If he had had more of the personal vanity and self-love which his bearing seemed to indicate, it would have served him well, perhaps, when New England jealousy assailed and overbore him. But he was too proud to fight for himself, and too patriotic not to fight for his country, whether the just reward came or was withheld.

Colonel Schuyler had been chosen as one of the five delegates of the Colony to attend the first Continental Congress, now sitting at Philadelphia, but ill-health had compelled him to decline the journey. He had since been to New York, however, where he had learned much of the situation, and now was in receipt of tidings from the Congress itself. By a compromise in the New York Assembly, both parties had been represented in our delegation, the Whigs sending Philip Livingston and Isaac Low, the Tories James Duane and John Jay, and the fifth man, one Alsopp, being a neutral-tinted individual to whom neither side could object. The information which Schuyler had received was to the effect that all five, under the tremendous and enthusiastic pressure they had encountered in Philadelphia, had now resolved to act together in all

things for the Colonies and against the Crown.

"That means," said he, "that we shall all adopt Massachusetts's cause as our own. After Virginia led the way with Patrick Henry's speech, there was no other course possible for even Jay and Duane. I should like to hear that man Henry! He must be wonderful."

The space about Mr. Colden had shifted across the room so that we were now upon its edge, and Schuyler went to him with outstretched hand. The two men exchanged a glance, and each knew what the other was thinking of.

"Your excellency has heard from Philadelphia," said the colonel, more as a statement of fact than as an inquiry.

"Sad! sad!" exclaimed the aged politician, in a low tone. "It is a grief instead of a joy to have lived so long, if my life must end amid contention and strife!"

"He is really sincere in deploring the trouble," said Schuyler, when he had rejoined me. "He knows in his heart that the Ministry are pig-headedly wrong, and that we are in the right. He would do justice if he could, but he is as powerless as I am so far as influencing London goes, and here he is in the hands of the De Lanceys. To give the devil his due, I believe Sir William Johnson was on our side, too, at heart."

We had talked of this before, and out of deference to my sentiments of liking and gratitude to Sir William, he always tried to say amiable things about the late baronet to me. But they did not come easily, for there was an old-time feud between the two families. The dislike dated back to the beginning of young Johnson's career, when, by taking sides shrewdly in a political struggle between Clinton and De Lancey, he had ousted John Schuyler, Philip's grandfather, from the Indian Commissionership and secured it for himself. In later years, since the colonel had come to manhood, he had been forced into rivalry, almost amounting to antagonism at times, with the baronet, in Colonial and Indian affairs, and even now, after the baronet's death, it was hard for him to acknowledge the existence of all the virtues which my boyish liking had found in Sir William. But still he did try, if only to please me.

As we spoke, Sir John Johnson passed us in company with several younger men, pushing toward the room to the right where the punch-bowl was placed.

"At least, *he* is no friend of yours?" said Schuyler, indicating the red-faced young baronet.

"No man less so!" I replied, promptly. Two years ago I doubt I should have been so certain of my entire enmity toward Sir John. But in the interim all my accumulating political fervor had unconsciously stretched back to include the Johnstown Tories; I found myself now honestly hating them all alike for their former coolness to me and their present odious attitude toward my people. And it was not difficult, recalling all my boyish dislike for John Johnson and his steadily contemptuous treatment of me, to make him the chief object of my aversion.

We talked of him now, and of his wife, a beautiful, sweet-faced girl of twenty, who had been Polly Watts of New York. My companion pointed her out to me, as one of a circle beyond the fireplace. He had only soft words and pity for her—as if foreseeing the anguish and travail soon to be brought upon her by her husband's misdeeds—but he spoke very slightly and angrily of Sir John. To Schuyler's mind there was no good in him.

"I have known him more or less since he was a boy, and followed his father in the Lake George campaign. The officers then could not abide him, though some were submissive to him because of his father's position. So now, fifteen years afterward, although he has many toadies and flatterers, I doubt his having any real friends. Through all these score of years, I have yet to learn of any gracious or manly thing he has done."

"At least he did gallop from the Fort to the Hall at news of his father's death, and kill his horse by the pace," I said.

"Heirs can afford to ride swiftly," replied the colonel in a dry tone. "No! he has neither the honesty to respect the rights of others, nor the wit to enforce those which he arrogates to himself. Look at his management in the Mohawk Valley! Scarce two months after the old baronet's death—before he was barely warm in his father's bed—all the

Dutch and Palatines and Cherry Valley Scotch were up in arms against him and his friends. I call that the work of a fool. Why, Tryon County ought, by all the rules, to be the Tories' strongest citadel. There, of all other places, they should be able to hold their own. Old Sir William would have contrived matters better, believe me. But this sulky, slave-driving cub must needs force the quarrel from the start. Already they have their committee in the Palatine District, with men like Frey and Yates and Paris on it, and their resolutions are as strong as any we have heard."

Others came up at this, and I moved away, thinking to pay my respects to friends in the rooms on the left. The fine hall was almost overcrowded. One's knee struck a sword, or one's foot touched a satin train, at every step. There were many whom I knew, chiefly Albanians, and my progress was thus rendered slow. At the door I met my kinsman, Dr. Teunis Van Hoorn.

"Ha! well met, Cousin Sobriety!" he cried. "Let us cross the hall, and get near the punch-bowl!"

"It is my idea that you have had enough," I answered.

"'Too much is enough!' as the Indian said. He was nearer the truth than you are," replied Teunis, taking my arm.

"No, not now! First let me see who is here."

"Who is here? Everybody—from Hendrik Hudson and Killian the First down. Old Centenarian Colden is telling them about William the Silent, whom he remembers very well."

"I have never heard anyone speak of Teunis the Silent."

"Nor ever will! It is not my *métier*, as the French students used to say. Well, then, I will turn back with you—but the punch will all be gone, mark my words! I saw Johnson and Watts and their party headed for the bowl five-and-twenty minutes ago. We shall get not so much as a lemon-seed. But I sacrifice myself."

We entered the room, and my eyes were drawn, as by the force of a million magnets, to the place where Daisy sat.

For the moment she was unattended. She was very beautifully attired, and

jewels glistened from her hair and throat. Her eyes were downcast—looking upon the waxed floor as if in meditation. Even to this sudden, momentary glance, her fair face looked thinner and paler than I remembered it—and, ah! how well did I remember it! With some muttered word of explanation I broke away from my companion, and went straight to her.

She had not noted my presence or approach, and only looked up when I stood before her. There was not in her face the look of surprise which I had expected. She smiled in a wan way, and gave me her hand.

"I knew you were here," she said, in a soft voice which I scarcely recognized, so changed, I might say saddened, was it by the introduction of some plaintive, minor element. "Philip told me. I thought that sooner or later I should see you."

"And I have thought of little else but the chance of seeing you," I replied, speaking what was in my heart, with no reflection save that this was our Daisy, come into my life again.

She was silent for a moment, her eyes seeking the floor and a faint glow coming upon her cheeks. Then she raised them to my face, with something of the old sparkle in their glance.

"Well, then," she said, drawing aside her skirts, "sit here, and see me."

XX.

A FOOLISH AND VEXATIOUS QUARREL IS THRUST UPON ME.

I SAT beside Daisy, and we talked. It was at the beginning a highly superficial conversation, as I remember it, during which neither looked at the other, and each made haste to fill up any threatened lapse into silence by words of some sort, it mattered not much what.

She told me a great deal about Mr. Stewart's health, which I learned was far less satisfactory than his letters had given reason to suspect. In reply to questions, I told her of my business and my daily life here in Albany. I did not ask her in return about herself. She seemed eager to forestall any possible

inquiry on this point, and hastened to inform me as to my old acquaintances in the Valley.

From her words I first realized how grave the situation there had suddenly become. It was not only that opposition to the Johnsons had been openly formulated, but feuds of characteristic bitterness had sprung up within families, and between old-time friends, in consequence. Colonel Henry Frey, who owned the upper Canajoharie mills, took sides with the Tories, and had fiercely quarrelled with his brother John, who was one of the Whig Committee. There was an equally marked division in the Herkimer family, where one brother, Hon-yost Herkimer, and his nephew, outraged the others by espousing the Tory cause. So instances might be multiplied. Already on one side there were projects of forcible resistance, and on the other ugly threats of using the terrible Indian power, which hung portentous on the western skirt of the Valley, to coerce the Whigs.

I gained from this recital, more from her manner than her words, that her sympathies were with the people and not with the aristocrats. She went on to say things which seemed to offer an explanation of this.

The tone of Valley society, at least so far as it was a reflection of Johnson Hall, had, she said, deteriorated woefully since the old baronet's death. A reign of extravagance and recklessness both as to money and temper—of gambling, racing, hard drinking, low sports, and coarse manners—had set in. The friends of Sir John were now a class by themselves, having no relations to speak of with the body of Whig farmers, merchants, innkeepers, and the like. Rather it seemed to please the Tory clique to defy the good opinion of their neighbors, and show by very excess and license contempt for their judgment. Some of the young men whom I had known were of late sadly altered. She spoke particularly of Walter Butler, whose moodiness had now been inflamed, by dissipation and by the evil spell which seemed to hang over everything in the Valley, into a sinister and sombre rage at the Whigs, difficult to distinguish sometimes from madness.

In all this I found but one reflection—rising again and again as she spoke—and this was that she was telling me, by inference, the story of her own unhappiness.

Daisy would never have done this consciously—of that I am positive. But it was betrayed in every line of her face—and my anxious ear caught it in every word she uttered as to the doings of the Johnson party. Doubtless she did not realize how naturally and closely I would associate her husband with that party.

Underneath all our talk there had been, on both sides, I daresay, a sense of awkward constraint. There were so many things which we must not speak of—things which threatened incessantly to force their way to the surface.

I thought of them all, and wondered how much she knew of the events that preceded my departure—how much she guessed of the heart-breaking grief with which I had seen her go to another. It came back to me now, very vividly, as I touched the satin fold of her gown with my shoe, and said to myself, "This is really she!"

The two years had not passed so uncomfortably, it is true; work and pre-occupation and the change of surroundings had brought me back my peace of mind and taken the keen edge from my despair—which was to have been lifelong, and had faded in a month. Yet now her simple presence—with the vague added feeling that she was unhappy—sufficed to wipe out the whole episode of Albany, and transport me bodily back to the old Valley days. I felt again all the anguish at losing her, all the bitter wrath at the triumph of my rival—emphasized and intensified now by the implied confession that he had proved unworthy.

To this gloom there presently succeeded, by some soft, subtle transition, the consciousness that it was very sweet to sit thus beside her. The air about us seemed suddenly filled with some delicately benumbing influence. The chattering, smiling, moving throng was here, close upon us, enveloping us in its folds. Yet we were deliciously isolated. Did she feel it as I did?

I looked up into her face. She had been silent for I know not how long,

following her thoughts as I had followed mine. It was almost a shock to me to find that the talk had died away—and I fancied that I read a kindred embarrassment in her eyes. I seized upon the first subject which entered my head.

"Tulp would be glad to see you," I said, foolishly enough.

She colored slightly, and opened and shut her fan in a nervous way. "Poor Tulp!" she said, "I don't think he ever liked me as he did you. Is he well?"

"He has never been quite the same since—since he came to Albany. He is a faithful body-servant now—nothing more."

"Yes," she said, softly, with a sigh. Then, after a pause—"Philip spoke of offering to make good to you your money loss in Tulp, but I told him he would better not."

"It was better not!" I answered.

Silence menaced us again. I did not find myself indignant at this insolent idea of the Englishman's. Instead, my mind seemed to distinctly close its doors against the admission of his personality. I was near Daisy, and that was enough; let there be no thoughts of him whatsoever!

"You do Tulp a wrong," I said. "Poor little fellow. Do you remember—" and so we drifted into the happy, sunlit past, with its childish memories for both of games and forest rambles, and innocent pleasures making every day a little blissful lifetime by itself, and all the years behind our parting one sweet prolonged delight.

Words came freely now; we looked into each other's faces without constraint, and laughed at the pastimes we recalled. It was so pleasant to be together again—and there was so much of charm for us both in the time which we remembered together!

Sir John Johnson and his party had left the punch—or what remained of it—and came suddenly up to us. Behind the baronet I saw young Watts, young De Lancey, one or two others whom I did not know, and, yes!—it was he—Philip Cross.

He had altered in appearance greatly. The two years had added much flesh to his figure, which was now burly, and seemed to have diminished his stature

in consequence. His face, which even I had once regarded as handsome, was hardened now in expression, and bore an unhealthy, reddish hue. For that matter, all these young men were flushed with drink, and had entered rather boisterously, attracting attention as they progressed. This attention was not altogether friendly. Some of the ladies had drawn in their skirts impatiently, as they passed, and beyond them I saw a group of Dutch friends of mine, among them Teunis, who were scowling dark looks at the new-comers.

Sir John recognized me as he approached, and deigned to say, "Ha! Mauverensen—you here?" after a cool fashion, and not offering his hand.

I had risen, not knowing what his greeting would be like. It was only decent now to say: "I was much grieved to hear of your honored father's death last summer."

"Well you might be!" said polite Sir John. "He served you many a good purpose. I saw you talking out yonder with Schuyler, that coward who dared not go to Philadelphia and risk his neck for his treason. I daresay he, too, was convulsed with grief over my father's death!"

"Perhaps you would like to tell Philip Schuyler to his face that he is a coward," I retorted, in rising heat at the unprompted insolence in his tone. "There is no braver man in the Colony."

"But he didn't go to Philadelphia, all the same. He had a very pretty scruple about subscribing his name to the hangman's list."

"He did not go for a reason which is perfectly well known—his illness forbade the journey."

"Yes!" sneered the baronet, his pale eyes shifting away from my glance; "too ill for Philadelphia, but not too ill for New York, where, I am told, he has been most of the time since your—what d'ye call it?—Congress assembled."

I grew angry. "He went there to bury General Bradstreet. That, also, is well known. Information seems to reach the Valley but indifferently, Sir John. Everywhere else people understand and appreciate the imperative nature of the summons which called

Colonel Schuyler to New York. The friendship of the two men has been a familiar matter of knowledge this fifteen years. I know not your notions of friendship's duties; but for a gentleman like Schuyler, scarcely a mortal illness itself could serve to keep him from paying the last respect to a friend whose death was such an affliction to him."

Johnson had begun some response, truculent in tone, when an interruption came from a most unexpected source. Philip Cross, who had looked at me closely without betraying any sign of recognition, put his hand now on Sir John's shoulder.

"Bradstreet?" he said. "Did I not know him? Surely he is the man who found his friend's wife so charming that he sent that friend to distant posts—to England, to Quebec, to Oswego, and Detroit—and amused himself here at home during the husband's absence. I am told he even built a mansion for her while the spouse was in London *on business*. So he is dead, eh?"

I had felt the bitter purport of his words, almost before they were out. It was a familiar scandal in the mouths of the Johnson coterie—this foul assertion that Mrs. Schuyler, one of the best and most faithful of helpmates, as witty as she was beautiful, as good as she was diligent, in truth, an ideal wife, had pursued through many years a course of deceit and dishonor and that her husband, the noblest son of our Colony, had been base enough to profit by it. Of all the cruel and malignant things to which the Tories laid their mean tongues this was the lowest and most false. I could not refrain from putting my hand on my sword-hilt as I answered:

"Such infamous words as these are an insult to every gentleman, the world over, who has ever presented a friend to his family!"

Doubtless there was apparent in my face, as in the exaggerated formality of my bow to Cross, a plain invitation to fight. If there had not been, then my manner would have wofully belied my intent. It was, in fact, so plain that Daisy, who sat close by my side and, like some others near at hand, had heard every word that had passed, half-started to her feet and clutched my sleeve, as

with an appeal against my passionate purpose.

Her husband had not stirred from his erect and arrogant posture until he saw his wife's frightened action. I could see that he noted this, and that it further angered him. He also laid his hand on his sword now, and frigidly inclined his wigged head toward me.

"I had not the honor of addressing you, sir," he said, in a low voice, very much at variance with the expression in his eyes. "I had no wish to exchange words with you, or with any of your sour-faced tribe. But if you desire a conversation—a lengthy and more private conversation—I am at your disposition. Let me say here, however"—and he glanced with fierce meaning at Daisy as he spoke—"I am not a Schuyler; I do not encourage 'friends.'"

Even Sir John saw that this was too much.

"Come, come, Cross!" he said, going to his friend. "Your tongue runs away with you!" Then, in a murmur, he added: "Damn it, man! Don't drag your wife into the thing. Skewer the Dutchman outside, if you like, and if you are steady enough, but remember what you are about."

I could hear this muttered exhortation as distinctly as I had heard Cross's outrageous insult. Sir John's words appealed to me even more than they did to his companion. I was already ashamed to have been led into a display of temper and a threat of quarrelling, here in the company of ladies, and on such an occasion. We were attracting attention, moreover, and Teunis and some of his Dutch friends had drawn nearer, evidently understanding that a dispute was at hand. The baronet's hint about Daisy completed my mortification. I should have been the one to think of her, to be restrained by her presence, and to prevent, at any cost, her name being associated with the quarrel by so much as the remotest inference.

So I stood irresolute, with my hand still on my sword, and black rage still tearing at my heart, but with a mist of self-reproach and indecision before my eyes, in which lights, costumes, powdered wigs, gay figures about me, all swam dizzily.

Stephen Watts, a man in manner, though a mere stripling in years, had approached me from the other group, a yard off, in a quiet way to avoid observation. He whispered:

"There must be no quarrel *here*, Mr. Mauverensen. And there must be no notice taken of his last words—spoken in heat, and properly due, I daresay, to the punch rather than to the man."

"I feel that as deeply as you can," I replied.

"I am glad," said Watts, still in a sidelong whisper. "If you must fight, let there be some tolerable pretext."

"We have one ready, standing," I whispered back. "When we last met I warned him that at our next encounter I should break every bone in his skin. Is not that enough?"

"Capital! Who is your friend?"

By some remarkable intuition my kinsman Teunis was prompted to advance at this. I introduced the two young men to each other, and they sauntered off, past where Sir John was still arguing with Cross, and into the outer hall. I stood watching them till they disappeared, then looking aimlessly at the people in front of me, who seemed to belong to some strange phantasmagoria.

It was Daisy's voice which awakened me from this species of trance. She spoke from behind her fan, purposely avoiding looking up at me.

"You are going to fight—you two!" she murmured.

I could not answer her directly, and felt myself flushing with embarrassment. "He spoke in heat," I said, stumbingly. "Doubtless he will apologize—to you, at least."

"You do not know him! He would have his tongue torn out before he would admit his wrong, or any sorrow for it."

To this I could find no reply. It was on my tongue's end to say that men who had a pride in combining obstinacy with insolence must reap what they sow, but I wisely kept silence.

She went on:

"Promise me, Douw, that you will not fight! It chills my heart—even the thought of it. Let it pass—go away now—anything but a quarrel! I beseech you!"

"'Tis more easily said than done," I muttered back to her. "Men cannot slip out of du—out of quarrels as they may out of coats."

"For my sake!" came the whisper, with a pleading quaver in it, from behind the feathers.

"It is all on one side, Daisy," I protested. "I must be ridden over, insulted, scorned, flouted to my face—and pocket it all! That is a nigger's portion, not a gentleman's. You do not know what I have borne already!"

"Do I not? Ah, too well! For my sake, Douw, for the sake of our memories of the dear old home, I implore you to avoid an encounter. Will you not—for me?"

"It makes a coward out of me! Every Tory in the two counties will cackle over the story that a Dutchman, a Whig, was affronted here under the Patroon's very roof, and dared not resent it."

"How much do you value their words? Must a thing be true for them to say it? The real manhood is shown in the strength of restraint, not the weakness of yielding to the impulse of the moment. And you can be strong if you choose, Douw!"

While I still pondered these words Teunis Van Hoorn returned to me, having finished his consultation with Watts, whom I now saw whispering to Sir John and the others who clustered about Cross.

The doctor was in good spirits. He sidled up to me, uttering aloud some merry commonplace, and then adding, in a low tone:

"I was a match for him. He insisted that they were the aggrieved party, and chose swords. I stuck to it that we occupied that position, and had the right to choose pistols. You are no Frenchman, to spit flesh with a wire—but you *can* shoot, can't you? If we stand to our point, they must yield!"

I cast a swift glance toward the sweet, pleading face at my side, and made answer:

"I will not fight!"

My kinsman looked at me with surprise and vexation.

"No!" I went on, "it is not our way here. You have lived so long abroad

that duelling seems a natural and proper thing. But we stay-at-homes no more recognize the right of these English fops to force their fighting customs upon us than we rush to tie our hair in queues because it is their fashion."

I will not pretend that I was much in love with the line of action thus lamely defended. To the contrary, it seemed to me then a cowardly and unworthy course—but I had chosen it, and I could not retreat.

There was upon the moment offered temptation enough to test my resolution sorely.

Many of the ladies had in the meantime left the room, not failing to let it be seen that they resented the wrangling scene which had been thrust upon them. Mistress Daisy had crossed the floor to where Lady Johnson stood, with others, and this frightened group were now almost our sole observers.

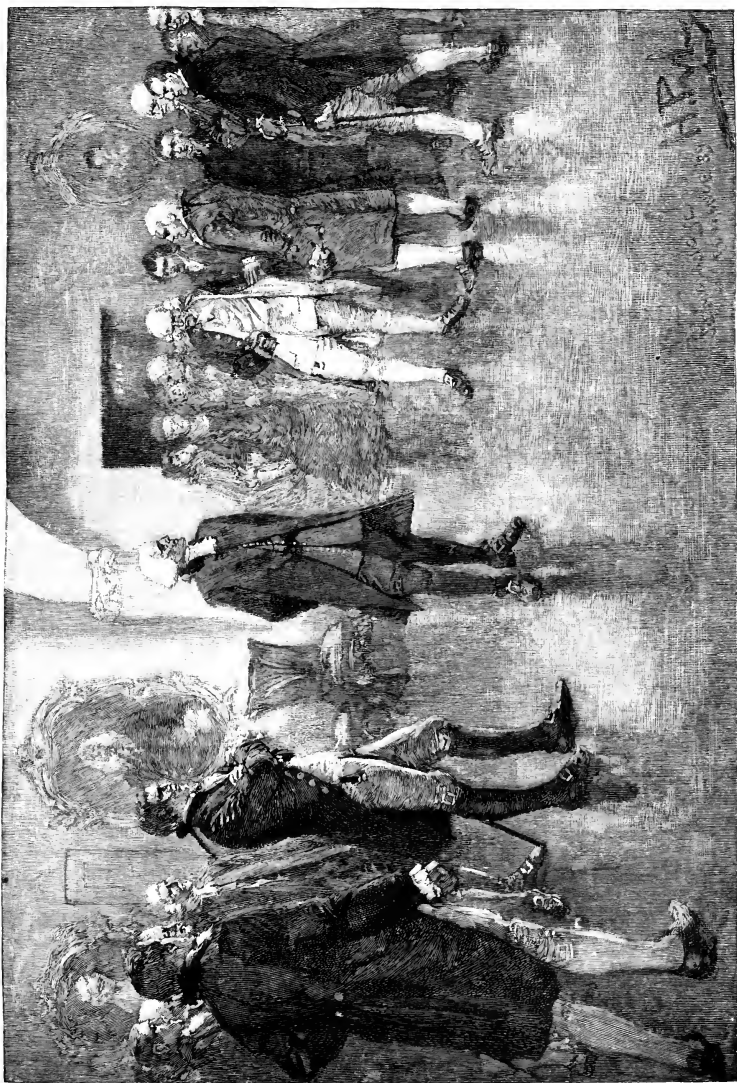
Philip Cross shook himself loose from the restraining circle of friends, and strode toward me, his face glowing darkly with passion, and his hands clinched.

"You run away, do you?" he said. "I have a mind, then, to thrash you where you stand, you canting poltroon! Do you hear me?—here, where you stand!"

"I hear you," I made answer, striving hard to keep my voice down, and my resolution up. "Others hear you, too. There are ladies in the room. If you have any right to be among gentlemen, it is high time for you to show it. You are acting like a blackguard."

"Hear the preaching Dutchman!" he called out, with a harsh, scornful laugh to those behind him. "He will teach me manners, from his hiding-place behind the petticoats. Come out, you skunk-skin pedler, and I'll break that sword of yours over your back!"

Where this all would have ended I cannot tell. My friends gathered around beside me, and at my back. Cross advanced a step or two nearer to me, his companions with him. I felt, rather than saw, the gestures preceding the drawing of swords. I cast a single glance toward the group of women across the room—who, huddled together, were gazing at us with pale faces and fixed eyes—and I daresay the purport of my glance was that I had borne all I could, and that



"The dignified sober figure of Abraham Ten Broeck appeared in our wrathful circle."

the results were beyond my control—when suddenly there came an unlooked-for interruption.

The dignified, sober figure of Abraham Ten Broeck appeared in our wrathful circle. Someone had doubtless told him, in the outer hall, of the quarrel, and he had come to interfere. A hush fell over us all at his advent.

“What have we here, gentlemen?” asked the merchant, looking from one to another of our heated faces with a grave air of authority. “Are you well-advised to hold discussions here, in what ought to be a pleasant and social company?”

No ready answer was forthcoming. The quarrel was none of my manufacture, and it was not my business to explain it to him. The Tories were secretly disgusted, I fancy, with the personal aspects of the dispute, and had nothing to say. Only Cross, who unfortunately did not know the new-comer, and perhaps would not have altered his manner if he had known him, said uncivilly:

“The matter concerns us alone, sir. It is no affair of outsiders.”

I saw the blood mount to Mr. Ten Broeck's dark cheeks, and the fire flash in his eyes. But the Dutch gentleman kept tight bit on his tongue and temper.

“Perhaps I am not altogether an outsider, young sir,” he replied, calmly. “It might be thought that I would have a right to civil answers here.”

“Who is he?” asked Cross, contemptuously turning his head toward Sir John.

Mr. Ten Broeck took the reply upon himself. “I am the uncle and guardian of your boy-host,” he said, quietly. “In a certain sense I am myself your host—though it may be an honor which I shall not enjoy again.”

There was a stateliness and solidity about this rebuke which seemed to impress even my headstrong antagonist. He did not retort upon the instant, and all who listened felt the tension upon their emotions relaxed. Some on the outskirts began talking of other things, and at least one of the principals

changed his posture with a sense of relief.

Philip Cross presently went over to where the ladies stood, exchanged a few words with them, and then with his male friends left the room, affecting great composure and indifference. It was departing time; the outer hall was beginning to display cloaks, hoods, and tippets, and from without could be heard the voices of the negroes, bawling out demands for carriages.

I had only a momentary chance of saying farewell to Daisy. Doubtless I ought to have held aloof from her altogether, but I felt that to be impossible. She gave me her hand, looking still very pale and distraught, and murmured only, “It was brave of you, Douw.”

I did not entirely agree with her, so I said in reply: “I hope you will be happy, dear girl; that I truly hope. Give my love and duty to Mr. Stewart, and—and—if I may be of service to you, no matter in how exacting or how slight a matter, I pray you command me.”

We exchanged good-byes at this, with perfunctory words, and then she left me, to join Lady Johnson—and to depart with their company.

Later, when I walked homeward with Teunis, sauntering in the moonlight, he imparted something to me which he had heard, in confidence, of course, from one of the ladies who had formed the anxious little group that watched our quarrel:

“After Ten Broeck came in, Cross went over to his wife, and brusquely said to her, in the hearing of her friends, that your acquaintance with her was an insult to him, and that he forbade her ever again holding converse with you!”

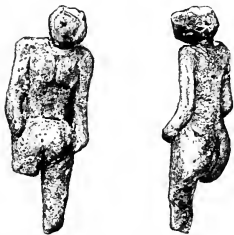
We walked a considerable time in silence after this, and I will not essay to describe for you my thoughts. We had come into the shadow of the old Dutch church in the square, I know, before Teunis spoke again.

“Be patient yet a little longer, Douw,” he said. “The break must come soon now, and then we will drive all these insolent scoundrels before us into the sea!”

I shook hands with him solemnly on this, as we parted.

AN ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERY IN IDAHO.

By G. Frederick Wright.



The Nampa Image—actual size.
(Drawn from the object by J. D. Woodward.)

WHILE attention is from time to time being directed to archaeological discoveries in the Orient, the public is hardly aware of the rapid accumulation of facts bearing upon the prehistoric condition of America, and revealing an antiquity of the human race on this continent equal to, if not exceeding, that assigned by tangible evidence to man in the Old World. Already rude implements of human manufacture have been discovered at Trenton, N. J., Claymont, Del., Madisonville, O., Medora, Ind., and Little Falls, Minn., in undisturbed gravel deposits dating from the close of the great Ice Age in America. These discoveries correspond, both in the rude character of the implements and in the geological situation, with the palæoliths found in the valley of the Somme, in France, and at various places in southern England. Authorities estimate their age as from seven thousand to one hundred thousand years, according to their interpretation of the date of the close of the glacial epoch.

In Professor J. D. Whitney's report "Upon the Auriferous Gravels of the Sierra Nevada of California," he gives a detailed account of a variety of human remains there discovered, embedded in deposits of equal or even greater age than those just mentioned in Europe and in the Eastern part of the United States. In several instances these remains in California were found in gravel which

had subsequently been covered by deep deposits of lava, and where there had been so much erosion since as to indicate a very great antiquity. Among the most remarkable and best authenticated of these California relics of early man is the celebrated Calaveras skull, reported to have been taken in 1866, by a Mr. Mattison, from the gravel under Table Mountain, near Altaville, Calaveras County, and about one hundred and thirty feet below the surface. Overlying this skull there were four strata of lava and three of gravel, besides the one in which it was found.

Bret Harte has made this skull famous in one of his poems, and I fear has unduly prejudiced the public mind against the real weight of evidence respecting it. This humorous poet, after giving his own confused surmises as to the tale of geologic history which the skull might tell, heard these hollow accents from the skull itself:

"Which my name is Bowers, and my crust was
busted
Falling down a shaft in Calaveras County,
But I'd take it kindly if you'd send the
pieces
Home to old Missouri!"

A French critic actually took Harte's poetry for a pure statement of fact.

But, notwithstanding these gibes, there is so strong a chain, both of direct and circumstantial evidence, supporting the genuineness of the Calaveras skull, that there would probably have been little question about it had it not encountered the strong preconceived theories of two important and influential classes of people, namely, the orthodox theologians and the uncompromising evolutionists. The theologians were prejudiced because they thought the skull was made out to be



Rear View of the Image.

older than the creation of man according to the accepted chronology of the Bible. The evolutionists discredited the evidence because the skull was too well formed and too capacious to have been

Mr. Cumming, superintendent of that portion of the Union Pacific Railroad, who is a graduate of Harvard College and a highly trained man, was on the ground the day after the discovery, and



The Calaveras Skull,
(From a photograph.)

possessed, according to their theory, by the human race at so early a stage in its existence. According to the observations and measurements of Professor Jeffries Wyman, the skull presents no signs of having belonged to an inferior race. This the illustration will abundantly show.

The recent discovery at Nampa, Ada County, Idaho, of the miniature but finely wrought image represented in the accompanying cut, will revive interest in the Calaveras skull, and in the whole class of implements reported by Professor Whitney as found in the auriferous gravels of California. Briefly stated, the facts and the evidence in the case are as follows :

Mr. M. A. Kurtz was engaged, about August 1, 1889, in boring an artesian well at Nampa, of which the different strata penetrated are :

	Feet.
Soil	Sixty.
Lava rock	Fifteen.
Quicksand	One hundred.
Clay	One-half.
Quicksand	Forty.
Clay	Six.
Quicksand	Thirty.
Clay	Fifteen.
Clay balls mixed with sand.	
Coarse sand in which the image came up.	
Vegetable soil.	
Sandstone.	

became fully convinced of its genuineness. For a month the image remained at Nampa, the subject simply of more or less town talk, until, in the early part of September, Charles Francis Adams, president of the Union Pacific Railroad, chanced to pass through there and see it. Upon reaching Boston, Mr. Adams addressed a letter to me stating the facts, and offering to bring me into communication with Mr. Kurtz ; whereupon Mr. Kurtz kindly intrusted the image to my care, and promptly and clearly answered all inquiries. From him we learn that the well was tubed by a heavy six-inch iron tube driven down from the top, that the drill was not used except in going through the lava, and that the valve of the sand-pump was about three and a half inches in diameter ; so that there was nothing impossible in the conditions, while the proximity of the vegetable soil is the appropriate place in which to find such a work of art.

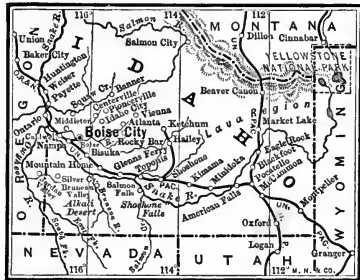
As bearing more particularly upon the genuineness of the discovery, Mr. Kurtz states that he had been on the ground for several days watching the progress of the well, and ran through his hands the contents of the sand-pump as they were dumped out, and so had hold of the image before he suspected what it was ; but on washing it saw its charac-

ter. The supposition that the image may have been thrown into the well for the purpose of hoaxing the public is negated by several considerations. The image is made of rather soft material, and if it had been thrown in, would have lain in such a position that the sand-pump, as it came down with a heavy thud upon it, would have broken it to pieces. As it is, the head was broken off by falling from the hand of Mr. Kurtz. Professor F. W. Putnam, to whom it has been submitted, supposed from his examination that the image was carved out of fine pumice-stone. On closer examination, however, it appears that it was modelled from stiff clay such as is found in the clay balls spoken of, and if baked at all in the fire had been subjected to a low degree of heat only. The image is also covered with a coating of oxide of iron, which gives it the mottled appearance in the illustrations, and is, in the view of Professor Putnam and others, conclusive evidence that it has considerable antiquity. The illustration also shows some particles of sand cemented in between the arm and the body by this oxide of iron. This corresponds with that cemented upon the outside of the clay balls which came from the same stratum; so that, independent of the direct testimony, the circumstantial evidence is sufficient of itself to prove the genuineness of the discovery.

The conditions under which the image has been preserved are not difficult to imagine. Extensive lava deposits of recent date (geologically speaking) occur all over the region west of the Rocky Mountains. These are especially noticeable in the upper part of the valley of Snake River, and can be seen to a good advantage in the vicinity of the Dalles, on the Columbia River. To account for the facts under consideration, we have merely to suppose that, subsequent to the occupation of southwestern Idaho by man, some of these lava eruptions obstructed the lower course of the Snake River Valley, causing the water to set back and form a temporary lake over the region where Nampa is now situated. Like all other lakes, this, of course, would become filled up with greater or less rapidity by the silt brought in from the streams above. In the present case,

we may presume that the amount of silt was increased by the rapid melting of the glaciers which formerly occupied the head-waters of Snake River in the mountains west of Yellowstone Park. After this lake had filled up with the sediment, a lava overflow covered it and sealed it up, as Pompeii was overwhelmed in the early part of the Christian era.

The bearing of this discovery is of the very highest importance in either one of two directions. From the data at present accessible, Mr. S. F. Emmons, of the Geological Survey, gives it as his opinion that the strata in which this image is reported to have been found are older by far than any others in which human remains have been discovered, unless it be those under Table Mountain, in California. This opinion, however, may be somewhat modified by closer study of the situation. But if we are compelled to ascribe such antiquity to the image, it will go far to relieve the Calaveras skull of the obloquy which has rested upon it on account of its advanced stage of development; for, certainly, the



Map showing the Section of Idaho where the Image was Found.

brain that could have modelled so perfect a form as this must have been far removed from that of the ape-like progenitor supposed by Darwin to be the common ancestor of us all.

On the other hand, there are many indications that some of the extensive lava deposits at the West have occurred within two thousand or three thousand years, though there is no historic record or even tradition of any such eruptions.

But Mr. Fewkes, secretary of the Boston Society of Natural History, brought back this summer from the neighborhood of Zuni, in New Mexico, a fragment from a stream of lava which must have come from a vent twenty-five or thirty miles away, and which had just spent its force as it reached and overwhelmed a corn-bin of the aborigines; for this fragment contains the impress of numerous ears of corn as perfectly preserved as that of any of the perishable articles in Pompeii. If, now, upon examination it shall be found that the volcanic eruptions in southwestern Idaho were more recent than we at present are at liberty to suppose, this, while relieving the evolutionists, will reveal an instability in the earth's crust which geologists have been slow to admit. It should be said, moreover, that until within a few years the European geologists were not willing to credit the reports (now corroborated beyond question) relative to the immense extent of the geologically recent lava outflows in our Western States and Territories. Literally hundreds of thou-

sands of square miles are there covered with lava outflows which have occurred in late tertiary and quaternary times. Professor Winchell has even attempted to account for these by supposing them to be the direct result of the disturbances in the equilibrium of the earth's crust caused by the accumulation of ice over British America during the glacial period. Four millions of cubic miles of ice resting upon that area would, he thinks, naturally enough open seams along lines of weakness in the Pacific States and Territories and cause the lava to flow out, as juice would be made to exude from an orange in one part by pressing upon the rind in another.

Such are some of the questions inevitably raised by this diminutive Nampa image, and such are some of the demands which it will make for explanation upon the sciences of geology and anthropology. This is not the place to enter into a discussion of these questions, but the facts could not well be presented without the aid of such resources for illustration as this Magazine can furnish.

DATED "FEBRUARY THE 14TH."

By Edward S. Martin.

BLEST be St. Valentine, his day,
That gives a man a chance to say
What shall his state of mind disclose
As much as though he should propose.

DEAR MAID: I'd offer you this minute
My hand, but lo! there's nothing in it.
Enmeshed my heart by your dear
lures is,
But I'm forbid to ask where yours is.

And why? Why, dear, at twenty-three
A man is what he's going to be,
Futures are actual in one's head,
But *isness* is what women wed.
Clients nor patients, nor their fees,
Your slave at three-and-twenty sees,
And girls with nineteen-year-old blushes
Are birds he *must* leave in the bushes.

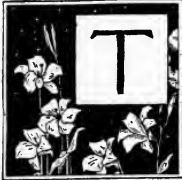
Yet somehow feelings don't agree
With circumstances: Look at me
With naught in hand and all to get,
Rapping at Fortune's gate—and yet
In spite of all I know, and see,
And listen to, I could not be
More hopelessly in love with you
If I were rich and sixty-two.

That's all: It's nothing that you'll
find
Important, but it's off my mind.
If one must boil and keep it hid
The long year through, to blow the
lid
Off *once* helps *some*, and one may gain
Patience therefrom to stand the pain
Until the calendar's advance
Gives suffering hearts another chance.

EXPIATION.

By Octave Thanet.

CHAPTER III.



HE condition of Fairfax's mind after he left Fowler's house was one of bewildered excitement. Nothing like this experience had ever been imagined by

him before. He was such a child when his uncle took him that, to all intents and purposes, he had ceased to be an American. His uncle, a very rich man as well as a distinguished artist, was deeply attached to him, and he had been reared delicately and luxuriously.

Everyone petted the beautiful boy, especially women. But treatment apt to ruin a coarser or more selfish nature simply made Fairfax more gentle, and gave him a pleasurable impression of all the world being an honest fellow's friend.

So the lad flung his *centimes* to beggars and enjoyed their blessings even while he smiled at them, and looked frankly up into the great lady's eyes, no whit the worse for his constant doses of adulation. He was twenty-two the other day, never having been in love. Naturally, shrined in his fancy was a radiant, high-born creature, mistress of several languages, with a velvet voice and a beautiful nature, an angel of varying nationality; but she was hardly more than a dream of the sex, the "not impossible she" of every young man's imagination. And certainly the last of women whom he thought about in such a connection was his homespun cousin Adèle. Still, now and again, across the confusion of his emotions and his efforts to think the situation out images would flit—a white throat tinted by the firelight, and a supple figure in a light pose, and a rapt young face flung back, and dark eyes flashing. Her head was like Antinous's, had Antinous been his own sister and able to shut his mouth tight. (I

am giving Fairfax's whimsical comparison, not mine; I doubt whether Miss Adèle had anything Greek about her beyond a low forehead and a straight nose.)

She had a wonderfully sweet voice, too, slow and soft yet not monotonous; really it idealized the accent. And how fascinating was that frequent gesture of hers, opening the palms of her hands and flinging them out, with a sort of gentle vehemence!

Somehow her poor gown only threw a kind of distinction about her appearance into relief. The idea of Adèle turning out such a beauty!

All the while Betty Ward was covering the ground in gallant form, taking advantage of every piece of solid footing to quicken her pace. He had come to the sandy high-road; in a few moments she would be out in the open, clear of the dreary, overgrown, murderous woods; he began to think of his father and the old house, and his dead brothers seemed to look at him with their boyish eyes.

Why should the mare tremble? It was a second before he realized. He had lurched forward in the saddle; there had been the ping of a bullet, he felt a stabbing pain in his shoulder; then another shot made a crackling noise; he was galloping on in the dark. Were there pursuers? He could not hear them; but on and on the frightened horse whirled him past the black lines of forest. It seemed to him that they travelled a long distance before he was able, with his useless right arm, to control her panic.

Directly in front of him he perceived a light, which wavered, rising and sinking like a lantern carried by a rider. Such, in fact, it was, for he could hear a very good barytone voice singing an old Presbyterian hymn:

" My table thou hast furnishèd,
In presence of my foes;
My head with oil thou dost anoint,
And my cup overflows."

"Whoa! quit that, Ma'y Jane!"

Both riders fell to quieting their beasts. Betty Ward neighed and pranced, and Ma'y Jane, a large white mule, responded with a great noise of bray and show of heels.

"Look a here," shouted the mule's rider, "ain't this Colonel Rutherford's Betty Ward? Ma'y Jane never speaks to any other horse she meets up with. Say, who are you, sir?"

"Don't you know me, Mr. Collins?" Fairfax, who could see the other distinctly, called back. "I am Fairfax Rutherford."

With a bound Ma'y Jane was alongside Betty Ward, and her rider was wringing Fairfax's unwounded arm, pouring out a torrent of welcome. "I am glad to see you—rejoiced! Your poor father, sir, has had heavy afflictions, and nothing has comforted him like the news you were to come—look a here, boy, what's the matter with your shoulder?"

Parson Collins lifted his lantern.

"Well, *sir!* You've got hurt already. Who did it? When did it happen?"

Fairfax rapidly explained. He had suddenly been struck by a new idea. Jim Fowler's sacrifices possessed his imagination. Only now it was his turn to deceive the slayers. How badly hurt he might be he could not tell; he fancied the wound more serious than it actually was, feeling so faint and giddy and knowing nothing about gunshot wounds. Should he go on, the guerillas might follow and capture him, or he might roll off his horse and lie there in the wood, a prey to any comer; should he go with Collins, the same peril menaced them. But could he persuade the minister to take the money while he galloped on, tracking his way by that bleeding shoulder, it was he whom they would follow, and, whatever happened to him, the money would be safe.

Therefore, on the heels of his rapid words he pulled out the money and asked Parson Collins to receive it: protesting that he had enough money of his own to satisfy the graybacks, were they to catch him.

"They can't know anything about my having the money," said he; "I daresay they only shot at me for my clothes or my boots or my horse."

"They're mean enough," said Parson Collins; "wonder if we all couldn't fight 'em. I've got a splendid revolver and the Lord is on our side—if there ain't too many of 'em," he added, practically; "do you reckon there'll be more than four of 'em?"

"I only heard the shot. It smashed the lantern."

"Lucky for you it did. You'd ought to have put it out—you in the light and they in the dark, making the best kind of a target of yourself." He flung his own coat skirt, a rusty black broadcloth one, over his own lantern; his rugged, kindly face, framed in waving white hair, smiled on Fairfax, and went out in the darkness. Only the indistinct silhouette of a horseman remained.

"Might as well not stick up a sign-post for 'em," said Mr. Collins. "Now, Mr. Rutherford, with the Lord's help, we'll fool these vilyuns. I expect you have been bleeding of your shoulder making a trail. You ride ahead for a spell. Moon's out, and it's coming on light enough to see a mite. You'll come to a slash with a burned tupello gum standing chalk white and black in the water. You can't miss. Stop there and slip off into the water—good bottom, no fear—and get jes' behind that tree and wait on me. I know a short cut to Montaine; and I can find the way on the grass even without a lantern, so they can't see me. If they are behind us, now, they have seen my lantern go out, and will 'low I have turned into the woods. Now farewell, sir, for the present."

"But take the money!" urged Fairfax.

Parson Collins hesitated, but muttering "Who knows? The colonel can't afford to lose it, for a fact," held out his hand for the package.

Having received it, the white mule bounded into the wood.

They were as utterly gone, that dark night, as if they had never been; and the only sound which came to Fairfax was the swift thud of Betty Ward's hoof on the sand. It is a feature of the Black River country that it lies in ridges. On the ridges the roads are good, between them they are swamps; hence a road which threatens to mire a horse at every step may all at once climb into



"Dead's a hammer, ain't he, Mack?"

a smooth, dry highway. Sand, drifted into the soil in some of the very richest farming lands, helps the geographical peculiarities of the country. Fairfax seemed to be galloping on a floor. By this time he was so faint with his wound and the motion, which felt to him like a pump drawing the blood out of his body through his shoulder, that he could only dimly distinguish objects as he was whirled along. Wasn't that a blasted white trunk? He pulled on the reins, but his weak fingers were numb; the horse did not recognize his voice; he could not stop her. On fire with fright, her wide nostrils sniffing the home air, she raced past the trysting-place like the wind.

Half a mile farther, so near that Fairfax's blurring eyes could see the early morning lights of the plantation, Betty Ward flung up her beautiful head and leaped high above the thorn-tree felled across the road. But her rider lay motionless on the other side.

"Catch the hoss, Sam, d—— you," bawled a voice out of the trees, "don't hurt 'er, you ——!"

"Caynt catch 'er, 'less with a *gun*," Sam growled back; "will I shoot?"

"Naw, d—— you, she done throwed *him* all right, an' I wunt have 'er hurted! Lige, try the rope!"

"Lige done cotched 'er!" Sam's voice called back, amid a prodigious scuffling and shouts of "Whoa!" and "Huh!" Evidently both men were struggling with the horse.

The leader, bidding them show a light, crossed to their assistance. Sure that the horse was unharmed, he returned to Fairfax, who lay like a log in the road.

"Dead's* a hammer, ain't he, Mack?" said he, carelessly.

"Ya'as, but he's 'live yet."

"Are it young Rutherford?"

"Looks like. Got the funniest cloze on I ever did see."

"Hole the light. We'll see if we ain't got the money *this* time."

He bent over the insensible man and nimbly stripped him. As he did so he outlined, against the torch-flare, a sharp

* "Dead" is a synonym for senseless, in Arkansas.

profile with thin lips, curved nose, hollow cheeks, a sweeping mustache, and inky locks of hair, straight and coarse enough to warrant the common taunt that "all of Dick Barnabas wasn't Jew was mean Injun." He wore a smart military hat and a blue Federal blouse, in very good order; but below the belt, where the United States eagle shone, were two veteran pairs of trousers of Confederate gray, one above the other, and the nether pair almost as much to the fore as the upper, owing to tears and holes.

Barnabas needed only a few moments to discover that the Rutherford money was not on Fairfax's person.

He did not swear. Swearing, with Dick Barnabas, expressed rather a jocular frame of mind than otherwise. He rose silently; and stood stroking his eyebrows down on to the bridge of his nose, and considered.

"Say, Sam," Lige whispered to his comrade, "I wudn't be in that ar young cuss's shoes, not ef ye'd give me the money——"

"What's he studyin', do ye reckon?"

"*Hell!*" was Lige's concise but ample reply.

"Didn't the cunnel done 'im a meanness when they ben in the army, hay?"

"He'd of shot him, if he hadn't ske-daddled. Had ever'thing ready an' him under gyuard."

"Well, *sir!* What fur?"

"Oh, jest jawhawkin' a Yank and burnin' his heouse down. Thar ben a young un in the heouse an' the ole man ben mad. Say, what's Dick a-doin'? Looks interestin'."

Barnabas had taken the gold out of Fairfax's money-belt and was parcelling it out with the strict fairness which, whether out of shrewdness or a better motive, he never failed to use with his plunder. The little velvet boxes containing the brooch and bracelet brought from London to Mrs. Rutherford and Adèle, the trinkets for the old servants, and the watch for the Colonel were set aside "fur the pile" (Dick's word, perhaps, for a common stock), to be divided at leisure. Fairfax's English revolvers the guerilla leader stowed in his own belt; the money-belt he flung to one of the men. "Now fer the cloze," said he;

"them pants strikes me heavy. Say, you Mack, pull 'em off."

Lige was tossed Fairfax's hat; Sam got his coat; his flannel shirt went to Mack. While the other men were trying to squeeze their feet into his boots and laughing and disputing over the contents of his portmanteau, his dressing-case, his undergarments, and his handkerchiefs, the poor lad began to revive.

To awaken from a swoon is always a painful sensation. The soul returns to the body somewhat as separated cars are coupled to a locomotive—with a jar that shakes both. But to awaken, lying wounded and shaken, plucked like a dead turkey, and to stare up at such a devilish grin of satisfied malice and fury as that which contorted Dick's lips—there is an experience to wrench the nerves.

Fairfax shut his eyes; he forced back a groan.

"Don't like my looks, hay?" said the guerilla; "I'll be a right smart prettier when I get them pants er yourn onto me. Look a yere, I ain't no time fur funnin'; I am Dick Barnabas. Whar's that ar twenty thousan' dollars?"

"I—I haven't any twenty thousand dollars," Fairfax managed to gasp, painfully.

"Ef ye have, you mus' keep it unner you' skin, by——," was the grim answer; "whar's it at?"

"I don't know," said Fairfax.

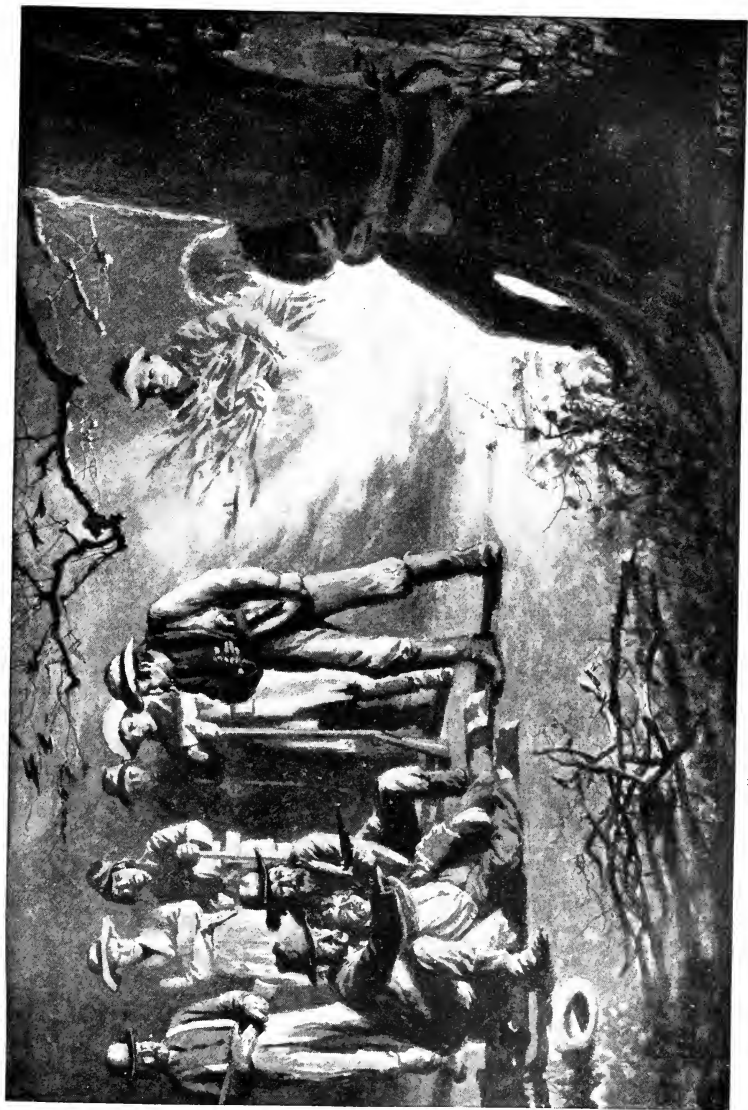
"Look a yere, boy," said Dick, dropping his voice to a lower key which somehow had a sinister and ominous effect, and incessantly stroking his eyebrows, "you've got to know. It's wuth you' life, that's what it's wuth. You answer my questions true and straight, an' you' paw'll meet up with ye t'night. You don't, an' I'll kill you! *An' it wunt be nice—easy—killin', either.*"

"I can't tell what I don't know," said Fairfax.

"Looks like he got grit, don't it?" Lige muttered.

Fairfax's hearing, which was in the abnormal state of keenness accompanying certain conditions of nervous strain, caught the words.

His sensitive mouth quivered a little. Too vague for shaping in words, a sensation rather than a feeling, something like this was in his dizzied brain:



"If ye pull that trigger, an', hit the myark, ye kin ride off free."—Page 249.

"All my boyhood I feared that I was a coward, I forgot it when I had nothing to make me afraid, but the old dread met me as soon as I touched the old swamp; now, now I am in mortal peril

your honor's a gentleman, that ye doan' know nuthin' beout that money, I give ye my word on *mine* ye kin lope Mack's hoss and light out. Kin ye?"
Their eyes met; the cruel old-race



Slick Mose and Adèle.—Page 253.

—oh, thank God, thank God, I am not afraid!"

Was he not afraid? He was trembling, and the cold drops in the roots of his hair ran down his forehead. No, he was not afraid, not as he had been afraid in his childhood; that hideous paralysis of will and muscle, that ecstasy of utterly unreasonable, unreachable terror—he did not feel *that*.

"Wa'al," said Barnabas, "made up you' mind? Spit it out!"

Fairfax looked him in the eye without flinching; he said not a word.

Dick Barnabas never would have won his evil fame had he simply had wickedness and courage; there was a vein of acuteness in his mind, and such sagacity as makes a good off-hand, rough guess at character. Besides, he had known the Rutherfords for years.

"Look a yere," he continued, in quite another tone, "I ain't no friend to Rutherfords, but they all are high-toned gentlemen; I never knowed nare Rutherford wud tell a lie. Ef you'll say, on

black ones, the frank brown eyes of the Anglo-American; the glitter in each crossed under the torch-rays like sword-blades, but it was the brown flash that wavered. Fairfax compressed his lips.

"You *caint!*" shouted the guerilla. He wheeled round on the listening men. "Say, Mack, how's that fire you all putt out * in the woods for a warm?"

Mack, a thoroughly brutal-looking fellow, jerked a snort of laughter out of his short throat.

"Doin' *fine*," said he, "right smart er coalses."

CHAPTER IV.

DEEP in the dense forests surrounding the farms and cotton-fields of Montaine there still may be seen a ragged clearing. The gum-trees and white-oaks, the cypress and tupello gums and hackberry-trees are like a wall growing out of the wet land about it, for the clearing itself rises high and dry.

* They always "putt out" a fire when they make it, in Arkansas.

Grotesque cypress knees grin out of the water like a jagged saw. In autumn, gorgeous red and gold stars from the gum-trees, duller red leaves from the long, hanging hackberry branches, rusty needles of foliage from the cypress, and vivid green arrow-heads from the water-oaks, fleck that black and gleaming mirror with its ghosts of trees.

Often one will see a white crane standing on one leg at the edge of the brake, espying its food.

The clearing may hold a couple of acres. It is covered, now, by a wild growth of elbow brush, pawpaw saplings, muscadine vines, and swamp hackberries. "Tar blankets" flap their great leaves above their prickly sides. When spring comes, the "buckeye" bells swing like tongues of flame among the greenery. Yet, strange to see in such a wilderness, here and again a cotton-plant penetrates the tangle, and, during the first October days, flings out its ragged flag of truce to winter. Once, only the cotton-plants were to be seen. Then, on the mound to the right, which was a forgotten chief's last show of pride, an old Frenchman had built him a log cabin, where he lived alone.

He came up the river in his own clumsy boat, leased land from Colonel Rutherford, cleared it, in the wasteful fashion of the country, by girdling and burning the trees; and had a house to take the place of his tent of boughs and blankets during a month of his first axe-stroke.

His lease of the place was short. For some reason Dick Barnabas became persuaded that the lonely tenant had money—gold and greenbacks. He came in the spring and "made a crop"—and, the following summer, when all his field was blossoming in pink and white, a chance messenger from Montaine found the cabin a heap of smoking embers, and the Frenchman's body in the swamp. How he died no one rightly knew, but there were tales of torture as well as murder; and certain it is that the man who found the mangled body told his tale with sobs and oaths; nor could he ever be persuaded to set foot on the place again. The cotton-field had holes all over it, where the guerillas must have dugged for hidden treasures. In one of these

holes, widened and lengthened by his own spade, Barnabas's victim lies to this day.

Why Dick should choose the spot for his rendezvous his men could not understand. They were merely ordinary desperadoes—the scum of warfare and a wild country, some of them hardly as bad as that, being disbanded soldiers or deserters who had joined the "gray-backs," intending to plunder in patriotic fashion, and harass only the Federals and Federal sympathizers—but had drifted into an ever-widening whirlpool of crime. They had no stomach for torture and murder in themselves, however necessary to wring money from their victims; and they would willingly have thrust certain black passages out of memory. Le Rouge's cries stuck in their ears.

Dick told them that he chose the place because it was a spot held accursed and haunted.

"Ef they all see the smoke, so much the better," he jeered.

But the men exchanged furtive glances.

"Tain't nuthin' for laffin' 'bout"—Lige's opinion, as usual, was confided to his crony Sam—"they does see smoke a-risin' an' hear schreechin' an' nare mortal critter nigh. Ya'as, sir."

"Mout of ben aowls," suggested Sam, who was hard-headed and not superstitious.

"Does aowls holler French lingo?" Lige retorted. "An' how come them buzzards will sail an' sail overhaid? They didn't useter! Sam, I are sick er this yere."

"Look a' *him*," said Sam; "he ain't consarnin' hisself much, be he?"

"He is the *devil*," said Lige.

Perhaps to win from his ruffians just this very mixture of fear and admiration and wonder may have belonged to Barnabas's motives.

At any rate it is a question if he were not cunning in bringing Fairfax here. Had he proceeded to extremities while the young man's will was strung to its highest tension to resist, he might have been balked. Fairfax always believed that he could have held out *then*.

But the long ride through the brake in darkness and silence, bound, helpless, stabbed by every stumble, was too much for the poor boy's nerve.

Barnabas led the way. Not a word was spoken. Fairfax could think, could realize the full horror of his position.

Creeping—creeping—the old numbness of terror, the hand on his throat, the chill in his veins—oh, if he could only die, he thought, before those beasts began on him!

They were half an hour going from the road to Le Rouge's cabin, riding straight as the crow flies. Sometimes they trotted on high ground covered with cotton-stalks, sometimes the horses were up to their knees in the bog; and once Fairfax felt a heave of his mule's flanks and heard the swash of waters as if the animal were swimming. He tried to collect his thoughts, he tried to pray, but his mind would wander. It is likely that he was taken with a chill, having travelled for days through an air laden with miasma; and with the pain from his wound and the loss of blood he was half-delirious.

His thoughts were only a jumble of hideous pictures. What was the story that he had been told about Barnabas at Jacksonport? Pulling out a man's nails was too mediæval! And the other—ugh, that was worse! When he was a little, little child, Mammy used to tell horrible stories. How they terrified him! That one of the big conjure-men who threw lizards into Mammy's mother so that she died—but that was not so frightful as the one about the little black cat without a head that would come and sit by a "mean" boy's bed and purr and purr; and, if the boy should make the least bit of noise, would leap on the bed and rub its dreadful neck against him. What a ghastly fancy! Why must he remember it now?

Adèle didn't believe in the cat. She jumped out of the bed and lit a light, and ran into Fair's room to look under the bed. She called "Pussy! pussy!" very loud; and there wasn't anything under the bed, and she sat down beside Fair and held the trembling little creature in her strong, warm arms until he fell asleep. Was he a coward yet?

"Halt!" rang out Barnabas's thin, high voice. They had arrived at the camp. The camp-fire was blazing against a log.

"Rake out them coalses!" commanded Barnabas.

Mack and a small dark man, said to be Barnabas's cousin, were the only men that bestirred themselves. Four or five other men stood sullenly, agreeing to any wickedness of their leader but not anxious to help.

Lige scowled and whispered to Sam that he had a mind to kick, he warn't no Injun, by —

"Twenty thousan' dollars are a right smart er money," said Sam, "an' only ten of us to git it." And Lige sank into moody silence.

When Fairfax was lifted from his horse, his cramped limbs refused to support him; so that he fell in a heap on the ground.

"Feller's chillin', shore," the small dark man observed to Barnabas.

"Nev' mind, Leah, he'll be warm enough right soon," answered Barnabas, with a leer; "I'll scorch him for five hundred!" which saying has passed into a common word in that country.

Then he addressed himself to Fairfax: "D'ye see them coalses, Bud? They're all fer *you*, ever' last one, twell ye tell whar that money's at or you're daid—one!"

The skies had cleared and the moon was rolling high in the heavens, while far toward the east was a faint lightning, the promise of the dawn.

Fairfax cast his frenzied eyes round the dark circle of figures. "Are you *all* fiends?" he cried.

Sam griped Lige's arm, whispering: "Shut up! he's fixin' tuh give in. Don't you make a fool of you'self!"

"I reckon," said Barnabas, coolly. "Now, Bud, this yer's the last time er axin'. *Whar's hit at?*"

Five minutes later, the moon at this time shining brightly, an eye-witness would have noticed that Barnabas's men, not clean enough to grow pale, were drawing their breath quickly and hard. Lige held his hand before his nostrils. Sam, in spite of the twenty thousand dollars, could not keep his eyes on one hissing and glowing spot of light, over which Mack's coarse face and great shoulders kept stooping. Far less could he bear to look at a distorted, white young face and writhing chest.

But a horrible and engrossing inter-

est kept every other eye on that awful wrestle between physical torment and a man's will.

Barnabas lifted his finger. Mack's pan of coals was stopped midway.

"Now, look a yere, Mister Rutherford," said Dick, in a quiet, conversational tone, "you' doin' a mighty fool thing gittin' you'seff all burned up this a way. Wich do you reckon you' paw is a want-in' most, that ar money or his onlies' son?"

It is the chief and besetting temptation of a many-sided, tolerant nature that, however much it has risked on any course of action, such action may all at once present itself under an entirely different aspect. Suddenly his own conduct appeared to Fairfax strained and ridiculous. Why throw away his life? His uncle would pay his father back that money. Only let him buy his way out of this agony.

He tried to catch at some semblance of spirit in his defeat. "I daresay you're right," he said, holding his words steady by a tremendous effort.

"In co'se I'm right, Mr. Rutherford," said Dick. "Say, I'll make you a far offer. You tell me all ye know, an' the minnit we git the money you kin light out."

"I gave it to someone else."

"Who? Aw speak out, we wunt hurt him if he gives up the money."

Then Fairfax told. He had given the money to Mr. Collins. He did not know where Mr. Collins had gone.

Dick Barnabas's eyes glittered. "Parson Collins, hay? We'll find him quick nuff. Gether some pawpaw strips, will ye, Race? H'ist 'em on his mawl, an' tie the young gen'lman up, comf'table. Fling some trash on that fire, Mack. Now, boys!"

The loose branches and cotton-stalks, "trash" in the vernacular, shot up a ruddy column, by the light of which the brilliant masses of gum-tree foliage and the tall cypress trunks started out of the night; and the waters gleamed like molten steel beneath the trees, or splashed into white spherules under the horses' feet. One by one each horse or mule plunged into the brake and the muffled noise of wading would come back.

"I are cl'ar on one p'int," said Lige to Sam, taking advantage of their position in the rear, "I ain't gwine roast er stick Ole Man Collins that guv me a hoss in the war and nussed we uns in the hospital. Naw, sir—not fur forty thousan' dollars. An' Mis' Collins, when she was 'live an' I ben a little trick, she guv me a ginger pone, onct. An' don' ye 'member how, when he ben chaplin in the ole man's rigimint, how he wud be a-holpin' the docturs with the wyoundid, a trottin' raoun' ot heedin' the bullets nare more'n gum-balls?"

"Ya'as, that's so, fur a fact," acquiesced Sam.

Lige warmed in praise of a hero of his childhood. "An' what a hunter he is—shoot the wink offen you' eye! An' he knows more 'baout beasts than are man on earth; he does so. Look a' Dick Barnabas a-ridin' Betty Ward this way kase Bailey got the big shoulder; Bailey wudn't 'a' had the big shoulder ef he'd of fotched him right straight t' the Parson. Naw, he cud cure him, hisseff, he cud; now, look a' the hoss! You better believe Parson knows more'n in a day 'n Dick done all his life. Say, ain't ye never heerd how he set the hide on Dick with that mawl trade?"

"Ya'as, sir," said Sam, shaking his head, "he is slick at a trade. Dear, dear, dear, ain't it turrible fur t' hev t' do a man like that mean! But twud be turrible t' lose all that money tew. 'Clare I caynt tell wich 'ud be the most turrible!"

"Who's that fool gabbin'?" a fierce whisper demanded. Thereupon both men were silent. They had emerged from the swamp and were riding through a high, fertile region of farming lands. Just in front of them was a whitewashed wooden house, with a gambrel roof, like most Arkansas houses in the country at that date.

It was not a large house; but there was a certain air of prosperity in the neatness and repair of all its belongings, and the presence about the yard or "gallery" of various primitive conveniences, such as sections of cypress logs sawed level for horse-blocks, a trough hollowed out of a log by the pump to keep the milk cool, a "hitchin'-bar" made of a young iron-tree and slung

across two posts of the same wood, a "dish-rag" vine climbing up the porch-lattice, some gourds swinging from nails in the house-wall, and a churn back in the gallery, where hung a very good saddle and a powder-flask.

The light of the fire and a flicker from a single "grease lamp" seemed to indicate that someone was at home.

The band silently surrounded the house. "He'll shore git off ef he makes a break, *my way*," Lige found time to remark to Sam.

"Me too," said Sam.

But, apparently, the minister had no intentions of flight. He opened the door to their first summons.

Many a man in that wicked company remembered afterward how he looked; an old man, but hale and vigorous, and greeting them with his every-day shrewd smile.

"Walk in, gentlemen," said he; "what can I do for you all?"

The men swaggered in with vast bluster and curses, howling for the money.

As soon as the uproar had abated a little: "Now, gentlemen," said Parson Collins, "there ain't no need of you all rarin' and chargin' and taking the name of the Lord in vain; *I ain't an army.*"

"Noner you' monkeyin'," snarled Dick, "you' pardner done guv ye 'way. You got the money. What's it at?"

"I am right grieved to see you in this condition, Mr. Rutherford," said Parson Collins, "I am so——"

So weak was Fairfax that the tears rose to his eyes at the words; he spoke bitterly: "If I've gotten *you* into any trouble, Mr. Collins, I shall wish I had let them kill me. But they promised to let you go free if you will give up the money. I release you. I beg you tell them where it is——"

"Now you'r' talkin', Bud," bawled Mack, slapping Fairfax on his wounded shoulder. Barnabas savagely told Collins to make haste and show them where the money was hidden. "If you will do that, Mist' Collins," he added, with a swift change from his frantic vaporings to his suavest manner, a shadow of that wheedling obsequiousness which is the trade-mark of the worst of his father's race, "ef you will, I will be happy ter

low a gentleman I respect so much t' git off all right. You'll fin' me squar' ef you'll act squar'."

Brother Collins appeared to consider. He rubbed the palms of his hands together and wrinkled his eyelids, half-shutting his eyes, just as his manner was when revolving a horse trade.

"Well," he said, "I don't mind admitting that I *did* have the money."

"An' ye got it now," said Dick.

"No, sir, not one cent."

A vile oath burst from Mack, and two or three of the guerillas were for roughly handling the minister; but Dick restrained them. His swarthy skin had turned a dull red; and his fingers crept up to his eyebrows. He asked Parson Collins to whom he gave the money.

"And if I don't tell you, you all will torture and kill me, I expect," replied the Parson, no whit disturbed.

"I reckon," said Dick.

They looked at each other.

"Oh, d—— it all, ain't he got grit?" Lige gasped.

"But—if I do tell you?"

"Ef ye tell me all ye know 'bout it, who ye guv it ter, an' when, an' how, I swar I wunt hurt a hair er you' haid nor let nare one er my men hurt ye, neether."

"For God's sake, tell him, Mr. Collins," cried Fairfax.

"And—you wunt rue back?"

"Ye know I never did rue back, an' I never will."

Was it possible that a grim smile was curling the Parson's lips? His big fingers slipped down under bony knuckles and interlaced.

"It's a trade?" said he.

"It's a trade," said Dick.

"Well, to tell you all the plain truth, then"—Parson Collins wore his pulpit expression prefatory of a good story—"When I heard you coming I became alarmed, and—I gave the money to Slick Mose!"

Disappointed as they were, half the men grinned; every man of them knew that they couldn't follow Mose into the swamps; even if they did, the chances were that they would stop at a rattle-snake's den, where Mose's playfellows were crawling over the bank-notes. Parson Collins might as well have flung

them into Running Water for any hope the guerillas could see of getting them. Yet the humor which redeems the most degraded Westerners helped these ruffians to a sardonic relish of their own discomforture.

"Got the dead wood on ye agin, Dick," said one of the men. "That ar's the best aout at tradin' you ever did make, Parson," shouted Horace, while Fairfax, half-dead though he was with exhaustion and agony, could not restrain a hysterical laugh.

"Slick Mose—that's Who," continued Parson Collins, running his shrewd eye down the line of murderous faces with that same air of addressing an audience and speaking in his distinct, rapid, pulpit tone. "When I perceived your approach, or rather when Mose, who was providentially present—come for persimmons—did, I said to myself—in the words of the hymn—'a trust to keep I have,' and it ain't safe to keep it; so I committed the package to Mose, and he jumped out of that window to the right. That, gentlemen is the How. I did not look, and I do not know in which direction he went."

"Doan' see's thar's anythin' leff fur we uns but 'cept t' light out," said Lige. "Parson done skinned us *fine*!"

Dick gave him an evil glance. Yet his words were not vindictive.

"I sayd nare un er we all would hurt a h'ar er you' haid, Parson. An' I ain't gwine tuh rue back. Reckon ye wunt refuse tuh look a' Bailey's big shoulder a minnit now. You Lige, an' Race an' Brad, go back fas' ye kin tuh the boys on the road an' bid 'em wait on me thar. Tell 'em how we was done. Mack, you an' Sam an' Lum Case stay yere—you in co'se, tew"—nodding to his cousin. "Burn the wind, now! I'll be raoun' mighty briefly."

The men obeyed, with one exception; Lige answered, sulkily:

"I'd ruther stay yere."

In spite of his seeming apathy, Dick's Indian blood was at boiling-point. Lige stood in front of the open window; before he had time to realize the situation he found himself sprawling on the ground outside.

"When I tell my men ter go, I 'low fur ter have 'em," said Dick, coolly.

"You'll pay for this," Lige growled.

Without another word he gathered himself up, mounted his horse, and rode away—not with the troop. He only rode to the belt of sycamores beyond the fence before he deliberately turned his horse.

Out to the right, in front of the house, a flame had leaped up, illumining a little patch of ground; and figures of men moved across the light; they seemed to be occupied with the black horse.

Lige cautiously skirted his way through the woods into a clump of pecan-trees. He had left his horse, half-way, tied to a tree. In the dark himself, he could see every movement of the group by the fire.

A peaceful enough group it was, to all appearances. Brother Collins was fomenting the black's "big shoulder;" the others watched him; Mack still guarded Fairfax.

Dick called to one of the men to lead the horse away; simultaneously some quick signal of his was obeyed by three men falling on Brother Collins and skilfully binding him. The old man, surprised though he was, made a stout fight, delivering such a whole-souled buffet to one assailant that it bowled him over into the fire. But presently he was overcome and tied to a tree by pawpaw strips like those which held Fairfax. During the tussle Dick was shouting continually that they should not hurt him. "Nev' mind how he does ye," was his cry, "doan' hurt a ha'r er his haid!"

"Now then," he continued, "you Mack, hole up that feller's arm. Holp 'im, 'Ziah. Put the gun in 'is hand an' hold 'is arm studdy a-p'intin' at Brother Collins' heart. Caynt ye sight no better? Thar ye be, slick's a scalded hoeg! Parson, I never rue back. We ain't hurted a h'ar er you' haid, nur we don't aim tew. But thar ain't nare man livin' shall make their brags that they skinned Dick Barnabas twicet in a trade. Mr. Fairfax Rutherford, if ye pull that trigger, *an' hit the myark*, ye kin ride off free. If ye don't, killin's ain't tuh be compared with how I'll do ye. Thar's plenty more coalses."

"And killing ain't to be compared with

the punishment that's waiting on you all in the world to come," shouted the undaunted preacher, "pore misguided, bloody sinners that you are! You ride fast, but Death will catch you, and ayfter death—the judgment!"

"Oh, Lord, ain't he chuckful er grit!" moaned the unseen listener, in an anguish of admiration.

Dick Barnabas knew too much of the Parson's rough eloquence to let the fiery words flow on.

"Shet up!" he yelled, "or I'll roll that feller thar in the fire."

The Parson looked at Fairfax compassionately.

"Dick," said he, very gently, "I'll give ye back the right to shoot *me*, if you'll let the pore boy off. You got the best of the trade, then."

"Naw, sir," said Dick, "I don't, nur you don't neether."

"Don't worry about me, Mr. Collins," Fairfax spoke up feebly, but with a show of spirit—only the show, poor fellow—"I'm about finished now; these devils can't make me suffer long. Forgive me for bringing this on you, and tell my father to forgive me too. Give him my love——"

"That'll do, Bud," interrupted Dick, in his softest tones, which had a squeak reminding one of the noise made by a rusty saw toiling through a log; "you spoke you' speech fine. Ziah, pull a thorn off that ar tree an' stick that piece er white paper over Parson's heart. Mack——"

He only made a gesture with his finger at the coals, looking Fairfax coldly and cruelly in the eye.

There was that in his look paralyzing the will like a snake's bite. Desperately Fairfax rallied his sinking courage; all his being concentrated into one throb of defiance: "I will not, I will not, I will not."

So, shutting his eyes, he heard the words say themselves over in his brain. He thought nothing else, not of his father, not of the brave old man so basely done to death, not of the mortal ignominy to be his if he failed; only tight-clinching his free hand, blind, deaf, his soul clung to those words:

"I will not, I will not, I will not."

"Now, Mack, *ready!*" called the cruel thin voice. "Last show, Bud!"

A pain that goaded every tortured nerve into revolt; worse, worse than the pain, the sickening, familiar terror—he tried to cry, "I will not, I will not;" he was crying it in his soul.

Dick, who stood obliquely at a little distance in front of the fire, bent for another shovel of coals.

At the same instant came a man's scream, and the crack of a pistol.

Parson Collins' head fell forward on his chest; only a stained and blackened shred remained of the white spot over his heart. Behind the trees a man groaned and shut the sight away with a ragged arm.

"Good shot!" yelled Dick, "plum through his heart by——! H——! take away his gun, you fools! What's got ye?"

The two men holding Fairfax, the devil's readiest tools in the gang, had nearly released Fairfax to stare in a strange, frightened way at each other.

Quick as thought, Fairfax turned his pistol at his own head, but the man Sam struck his elbow such a blow that the weapon was knocked out of his hand into the dark.

"Ef I'd 'spicioned ye was aimin' ter shoot that shoot at youseff Mist' Rutherford," said Dick, "I wudn't a sp'iled you' shootin'. Boys, let 'im go. I ain't gwine rue back on nare bargain. Good-night, Mist' Fairfax Rutherford. You' the onlies' cyoward I ever knowed er you' name. You' paw done saved his money an' he got his son back, but I are a right smart mistaken if he wudn't ruther of lost ever' cent an' had his son killed up than git him back this a way. My respects ter him, an' tell him Dick Barnabas ain't paid out his accaount *yet!*"

CHAPTER V.

ADÈLE RUTHERFORD had done what she could for the Fowlers. She had persuaded Mrs. Fowler to lie down in the other room with her baby. The children were asleep except Bud, who sat by the bedside whereon his father lay in his poor best of clothes with Adèle's own handkerchief bound about his head. Bud looked at him and thought. Strange thoughts for a child to know,

gropings after a clew, misty plans for vengeance, images of the murderer's punishment over which his fiery young soul gloated with a thorough-going ruthlessness only possible to children—and women.

Adèle was opposite him. She had plenty of perplexing and sorrowful thoughts to harass her, but she was not altogether heavy-hearted. Often she reproached herself that she was not, the tears springing to her eyes at the sight of the motionless form on the bed and the memory of his sacrifice.

"Oh, forgive me," she could have whispered in that quiet ear, "I am not bad-hearted; but you see Cousin Fair has come."

In truth Cousin Fair had occupied a much larger place in Adèle's fancy than she had in his. He only remembered a kind, strong girl, whose frocks were always being torn climbing where little girls ought not to climb. Uncle Fair called her, peevishly, a "perfect Miss Hoyden," and until he was old enough to read English comedies the boy puzzled over the name. Later there were a few pictures of her luring him into break-neck sports; a mild one was sneaking out to the pasture to ride the colts which Unk' Ras' was breaking; and a pretty mess Miss Adèle would make of a clean frock on these jaunts! Once she was thrown into a thorn-bush. Her arm was scratched so that it swelled to a frightful degree; but she would not let him say anything about it. He had wept over the piteous sight, but she laughed merrily and vowed that it didn't hurt her. Another time one of Adèle's teeth must be pulled. The Colonel, who could not endure to hear a child cry, promised her a new horse if she would not utter a sound. She stood bravely by her bargain; but really it profited the soft-hearted dentist little, because Fair, beholding the awful preparations, hid in the room, and howled at the top of his lungs. During their early childhood the cousins were devoted to each other. Often, after they were separated, did poor little Fair sob himself to sleep thinking of Della—longing for his father and the old plantation and her. But children's griefs are transient; he grew fond of his English nurse, who never

scared him, "knowing her duty far too well, sir, to hever repeat 'orrid tales to children, wich she had knowed a most lovely child hit gave epileptic fits to, and ee never growed no more in consequence." And his uncle's friends had children who took Adèle's and his brother's place.

When he came home to Arkansas, on his one visit there, he was very amiable and attentive to Adèle, being a polite little boy; but privately he thought that she could not be a very nice little girl, for she was always doing those things which he had learned that nice little girls never did; and she was *very* ignorant, not able to talk French at all and not knowing any of the kings of England. Nevertheless she was great fun, and he wished ardently that he could ride and swim and row like the young romp. "She's awfully brave, Uncle Fair, don't you think?" he said to his uncle. And the latter glancing down the avenue at a joyful procession of four small darkies and a calf, with Adèle hanging on to its tail, had shrugged his shoulders, grumbling, "Brave! she hasn't enough sense to be afraid!"

Therefore Fair's approval of Adèle had its reserves; not so her admiration of him. She thought him simply the prettiest, sweetest, and cleanest little boy that she knew. He had seen all kinds of wonderful things, and he could play the fiddle almost as well as Unk' Rastus, yet he wasn't biggitty—not the least bit on earth.

Uncle Fairfax did Adèle injustice; she was clever enough. So he himself concluded when one day she rested two sharp elbows on the horse-block by the steps, tousled hair blown about her fair, freckled face, plenty of burrs in her skirts, and her hands none too clean, and said, slowly: "Unk' Fairfax, how come you 'n Fair don't talk like we all?"

Mrs. Rutherford was in the gallery. "There, Adèle," she exclaimed, plaintively, "I am glad you are beginning to see what I tell you every day on earth. But you will talk nigger talk——"

"Unk' Fairfax an' Cousin Fair don't talk like you neether," interrupted the girl, unfilially. "But you talk sweeter'n ary," she added quickly, and with a most

indecorous handspring she landed on the gallery floor to half smother her mother with kisses. "Say," she concluded, "I aint gwine to talk nigger talk no mo'. You see!"



"How come you'n Fair don't talk like we all?"

The day of Fairfax Rutherford's departure Mrs. Rutherford dreaded an explosion of grief, for she knew the child's intense nature; but Adèle had choked back her sobs, thrust all her childish treasures on Fairfax—all, that is, which were left, since for a week she had been parting with them one by one—and she had stood on the shore, waving a clean new handkerchief until the boat rounded the bend. But then Slick Mose could not run faster than she sped from the landing. Away, away into the woods, where there were no houses, no people, where a desolate little girl could lie flat on the ground and sob and cry until the sun set. Only the hawks in the air and the quails hopping through the elbow-brush could hear her. They may have made out one sentence: "He *did* cry—a little!"

"*Il y a toujours l'un qui baise et l'autre qui tend la joue.*" In this early love-passage Adèle was not, as behaved a nice little girl, "the one who tenders the cheek." But presently the elasticity of her age and her health asserted itself.

She turned all her energy into the task of transforming a madcap into a proper young lady. She flung herself into household details with the same enthusiasm which she had brought to the boys' sports. Neither did she quite give up the sports; that would have "mortified" the boys. This was the period when she sought for the kings of England in Macaulay, and conscientiously read every book of the little library from the "Essays of Montaigne" to "Youatt on the Horse."

There was a correspondence, growing more and more infrequent but never quite failing; for Fairfax, boy though he was, had delicate intuitions and the kindest of hearts. He knew that his letters were very precious to Adèle. It was no end of a bore to write, but he did write, all the same, and he never told anyone that it was a bore. Adèle, to-night, in that miserable room, with death and despair within and the murderer lurking without, forgot the sinking fortunes of her family, forgot her own sorrows and dangers, forgot that the South was ruined, and let her thoughts drift through these letters, every one of which wove a fresh charm about her hero. Once she slipped her hand into her pocket; there was a faint rustle as of paper. The truth is, there were a few letters in her pocket; she had brought them with her to read over for—what was the number of the time? And I daresay Fairfax found one perusal of the carefully written replies quite enough to satisfy him.

If Bud had not been present she would have brought out the letters now. Their meeting had been strange and sad and hurried; but she was more than satisfied. She expected nothing for herself, and her prince was all that she had dreamed.

A sentence from Bud aroused her. He said: "Miss Della, I ben studyin', an' I reckon I kin tell how Dick dis-kivered baout that ar money."

"How, Bud? Has he got a spy on the plantation?"

"He mought hev. He got one shore in Jacksonport. Look a yere, Miss Della,

I seen a letter to ole man Parnish daown tuh Mis' Crowder's las' week. She sayd he got 'em riglar, an' they come from Jacksonport, an' she 'lowed he war waitin' on number two kase of his wife died up las' month. But I don't, Miss Della. Them letters ben writ tew cl'ar an' slick fur are gyurl wad take up with *him*. I say them letters come from Dick Barnabas's spy. Ye knows ole man Parnish is powerful thick with Dick. Nuther thing, Miss Della, oner them letters come the verry same day the money come. Mis' Crowder done tole paw when she sent the word. Dick Barnabas ben a watchin' the hull bilin' er us. Reckon he knows Mist' Fairfax Rutherford done come, tew."

Adèle recoiled.

"Mabbe," Bud went on, with the merciless directness of childhood, "mabbe they didn't jest know who'd get the money, an' they killed off paw fust, an' some more ben waitin' on Mist' Rutherford furdur daown the road."

"God forbid!" cried Adèle.

"I don't want 'im fur tuh git hurted, neether. I want 'im tuh help we uns kill Dick." The boy looked about him with a kind of shamefaced look and lowered his voice: "Say, Miss Della, I are so sick 'er them graybacks I most wisht the Yanks wud come. We cud sell the cotton, onyhow. A passle of fellers sayd they ben Marmaduke's men an' putt out a fire in we all's cotton patch; but paw he got the jug an' guv 'em a drink an' talked tuh 'em, an' they didn't put tout a much good fire, an' ayfter they ben gone, paw an' I packed up water from the creek an' throwed it on; but we all's tew bales at Bolus's gin, the graybacks burned them when they burned the gin. Now, Miss Della, they says we all is fightin' fur our homes an' property, but looks like when we git done fightin' we wunt have no property leff, kase our own folks is burned it all up."

"It was to prevent its falling into the Yankees' hands," said Adèle; "but I don't think it was right to impoverish us all on a chance of its hurting the enemy. I don't believe General Lee or Mr. Davis knows anything about it."

Adèle shared the Southern worship of Lee, and had a feminine loyalty in the teeth of facts.

"You got you' cotton off slick," said Bud; "*you* done it, tew." He gazed at her admiringly.

"There was no one else to do it. Unk' Ralph was away in the army, and ayfter all our trouble to make that crop I wasn't going to lose it. Who do you reckon showed us where to hide it?"

"Slick Mose?"

"Yes, Slick Mose, and the creature was pleased as pleased to see them all hunting. They were very civil, poor fellows. It was an ungracious duty; but they weren't to blame. They set the fields afire and burned up what was left afield; but it wasn't much, and a month ayfter the Federals came and I sold that Jew at Jacksonport the cotton— What is it?"

The boy was on his knees by the door, listening. Adèle joined him.

"It is the splash of a boat," she whispered; "somebody is coming down Running Water in a boat."

"He's got aout," said the boy.

They waited breathlessly until a scratching noise was heard at the door, accompanied by a kind of whine such as a dog makes.

"It's Mose!" cried Adèle, unbarring the door. "Here, Mose!"

The ragged and soaked shape darted, half crouching, into the room to fling itself at Adèle's feet, gesticulating and moaning. He would run away for a little space and then return, all the while shrilly entreating.

Bud, as fearless a youngster as ever lived in the bottom, put a safe distance between himself and the fluttering, jabbering creature.

Adèle had grown very white. "Somebody is hurt," she murmured; "he wants me to go with him. I hate terribly to leave you all— Hark!"

Mose crouched on the ground as if he would hide behind Adèle, he trembled until his teeth chattered. The sound was the soft, prolonged swish of horses' feet wading through mud.

Adèle peered through the crack. Morning, wan and gray, was creeping over the low-cotton fields and the ragged black forest. She could see Dick Barnabas with four men, riding down into the ford. One of the men led the

famous white horse, while Dick rode a white mule.

"That ar's Parson Collins's Ma'y Jane," cried Bud, "an'— Oh, Lordy, Miss Della, thar's Betty Ward! D'y'e reckon they all got that 'ar money?"

Adèle had risen, ashy pale; she made ready swiftly to go with Slick Mose, saying, while her shaking hands caught at her hat, "You're safe now, Bud; they won't come back after they have passed the house. I'll send Mose back home, and we will send out to you to-morrow."

Of the terrible fear in her heart she could not speak; but Mose was not more anxious to go than she. Slick Mose had the preacher's "batteau." He could row, as he could swim, better than any sane man around. He sent the rude boat forward with frenzied vigor. Once, lifting his oar, he pointed to the western sky and Adèle's heart contracted; she knew that no sunrise ever painted that lurid and flickering glare. At last the boat halted under the cypresses. No one but Adèle would have leaped unhesitatingly from log to log, to follow Mose into the brake. Were the path through quagmires she must have followed him, for now a hollow, crackling sound could be heard and showers of sparks streamed upward. Slick Mose was running, uttering his half-animal cry of pain. He chose the path so skilfully that not once did their feet sink below the surface. Fleet of foot as the idiot was, Adèle kept close to him. They emerged into the open.

Parson Collins's house was blazing before them, aflame now from pillar to roof-tree; but not a human creature was in sight. Mose ran to the sycamore to which the preacher had been bound. Blood-stains on the trampled ground, embers of a fire, sparks from which had probably set the house afire; on one side a litter of paw-paw bark, footprints everywhere of men and horses—one could still see these, but if Mose had left any dead witness of

a crime, whose wounds might appeal to the indignation of men, the smoke and flame hid his fate.

There was something tragical about the spectacle; the absence of all the stir and bustle and outcry usual to such a calamity, the lonely house, with its gaping doors and windows, burning unheeded.

Slick Mose would have rushed into the flames had not Adèle, half by force, half by persuasion, withheld him. Sick with indescribable apprehension she screamed "Mr. Collins!" and "Cousin Fair!" until her voice failed her. All at once Mose wrenched himself from her grasp and began to dart round the house, at intervals stooping to examine the ground, uttering long wails like a dog when he trees a coon. In another moment he bounded into the forest. She followed him; the creature's instinct was her sole dependence. It did not fail her either, for a little space in the wood they came upon an insensible, dishevelled figure lying half on a log, while an old negro woman alternately wailed and flung water over the pallid face, and two small children were crying with fright on either side.

Adèle darted forward; she had recognized Parson Collins's old cook, Aunt Mollie Collins.

"O my heabenly Marster!" shrieked Aunt Mollie; "O Miss Della, de gray-backs done make dis po' boy kill ole Marse. Ole Marse make me run fo' de woods an' I seen—I seen—dey burn 'im wid de fire—O Lawdy! Lawdy!" She burst into incoherent wailings. Then it was that Adèle bent over her cousin with that cry which Mose had tried to copy, "O Fair! O Fair!"

He opened his eyes, they were the blank, glassy eyes of insanity. Yet he knew her. "Adèle," whispered he, "listen, don't tell my father, it's a secret. I'm the only Rutherford ever was a coward."

(To be continued.)



A HAUNTED ROOM.

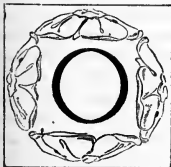
By *John Hay.*

In the dim chamber whence but yesterday
Passed my beloved, filled with awe I stand ;
And haunting Loves fluttering on every hand
Whisper her praises who is far away.
A thousand delicate fancies glance and play
On every object which her robes have fanned,
And tenderest thoughts and hopes bloom and expand
In the sweet memory of her beauty's ray.
Ah! could that glass but hold the faintest trace
Of all the loveliness once mirrored there,
The clustering glory of the shadowy hair
That framed so well the dear young angel face !
But no, it shows my own face, full of care,
And my heart is her beauty's dwelling place.

THE MINNESOTA HEIR OF A SERBIAN KING.

A CONSULAR EXPERIENCE.

By *Eugene Schuyler.*



ON one of my visits to Belgrade I happened to hear some vague rumors about an unfortunate American who had been seeking for treasure in several of

the ruined old castles of Serbia. I heard enough to interest me deeply, and seized the first occasion for obtaining accurate information. What I am now about to tell was chiefly derived from Mr. Miyá-tovitch, afterwards Minister of Foreign Affairs, but at that time Minister of Finance. He was kind enough to give me not only all the details he knew, but copies of certain papers in his possession, and to note down for me the most important points. It is more convenient, however, to express myself in my own words and in my own way, though

many of the expressions which I heard still cling to me.

In July, 1875, a man, evidently a foreigner, came to the Ministry of Finance at Belgrade. When he obtained an interview with the Minister, and was asked why he came to Serbia, and why especially he wished to see the Minister of Finance, he said—in a strange German-English dialect—that he was a citizen of the United States, and owned a farm in Minnesota which he worked with his children ; but that he was unfit for hard work, as he had served in the war as a private, had been wounded, and was then receiving a pension of six dollars a month. The first impression which he produced on the Minister—and the Minister had the pardonable weakness of trusting to first impressions—was a favorable one. He was a man apparently of between fifty-five and sixty years old, of middle size and well built,

with a fine head and face. His forehead was high ; his bluish-gray eyes expressed goodness and gentleness as well as a strong will ; his nose was well proportioned and well formed ; his thick brown beard was slightly sprinkled with gray. He was poorly but neatly dressed, and had all the air of an earnest, sober man, accustomed to earn his own living. On being asked again what had brought him to Serbia and what he wanted, he presented his American papers, began to smile, and said : " You will laugh at me, and perhaps pity me, and think me an old fool ; but the reason that I have come out here all the way from Minnesota is to search quite alone for what was left to me by my ancestors." There was nothing extraordinary in the request for permission to seek for hidden treasure. Such permissions are often asked for ; sometimes as many as twenty or thirty in a year : and once in a while there seems to be an epidemic of the sort in different districts. But the Minister was surprised that so old a man, who seemed so sensible and modest, should abandon his family and his country and come as far as Serbia with the sole object of hunting for a treasure. Then, as on many subsequent occasions, the Minister tried to dissuade him, and to prove the uselessness of his work. But all was in vain. " No, no, dear sir," he said, " the treasure is still buried in the ground, or there would be something of it in the European museums : I have been in many places in Europe and have never seen anything like it, and therefore I am sure of my enterprise, as I am searching according to my documents." He then said that he was of Serbian origin ; that his name was August Boyne de Lazar ; that he was born in Chemnitz in Saxony in 1818 ; and that after the Revolution in 1848, in which he was implicated, he had emigrated to the United States. He claimed to be descended from a family closely related to that of Prince Lazar ; which was once so rich and powerful that it owned Sókol, Shábatz, and other towns in the Shumadia—that wonderful forest-country, even the name of which is derived from a word expressing the rustling of the leaves. When he said this, the Minister, who is well versed in his-

tory, remembered an old tradition that the Obilitch family had owned property in this region ; and he advised the American, if he searched at all, to confine himself to the delta between the Sava and the Drina, where these towns are situated. Boyne knew the name of Obilitch, but nothing of the connection of that family with King Lazar, and had never heard of the hero Milosh.

In order thoroughly to understand the circumstances, it is necessary to make here a slight historical digression. The literature of Serbia is rich in ballads of an epic character. These were among the earliest Slavonic ballads collected, and were of great interest, especially to German scholars, as throwing light on the possible composition of the Homeric poems. One great cycle of these ballads is concerned with the battle of Kóssovo, where on Vídovdan (St. Vitus's Day), June 15, 1389, the Serbian King Lazar was defeated by the Turks, and Serbian independence was lost for nearly five centuries. This defeat was rendered decisive by the defection of Vuk Bránkovitch, one of the sons-in-law of Lazar, who, believing the day lost, went over to the Turks. Vuk had had a personal quarrel with another son-in-law of Lazar, Milosh Obilitch. At a banquet which Lazar gave the night before the grand battle he brought out a great gold goblet and drank to the health of Milosh, taunting him with his disloyalty. The latter accepted the toast, finished the cup, and strode out of the tent in a fury ; swearing that he would show if it were he who could be disloyal. With two of his friends he rode into the Turkish camp straight to the tent of the Sultan Murád I. (Amurath) and demanded an audience. On the advice of the Vizier, Murád, instead of giving his hand to be kissed, offered his foot, which Milosh seized, pulled him to the ground, and stabbed him in the belly. After killing the two Viziers he mounted his horse and rode away with his companions, pursued by the Turks, but leaving a broad swath of death as they galloped through the camp. The other two were killed and Milosh was captured. The Sultan did not die on the spot, but was so grievously wounded that his son Bayazéd (Bajazet), the same

who was afterward captured by Tamerlane and kept in a cage, fought the battle in his stead. King Lazar was taken prisoner, and both he and Milosh Obilitch were brought to the dying Murád for his orders. The Sultan ordered them to be executed, and commanded that Milosh Obilitch should be buried by his side and King Lazar at his feet; to show that all Christians were *rayahs* or subjects. Milosh spoke up and said:

"Thou art dying! I also am death-doom'd.
I beseech thee, O Murád, great Sultan!
Let not thus our dead bodies be buried,
Let the two Tsars lie in death side by side!
Let me lie at the feet of Tsar Lazar!
His true knight was I ever in this world;
His true vassal I would be in that one!"

It is said that Murád, struck with the bravery and fidelity of Milosh, granted his petition.

Milosh is the hero from whom the treasure-seeker was apparently descended. The proofs of this descent are very curious.

When August Boyne left Saxony to go to America his father gave him some papers and documents, a small Bible containing notes, and told him all that he had heard from his own father and could remember about the family history. Long afterward, when Boyne was ill in a hospital at Chicago, this Bible was stolen from him; it was recovered, but—portions of the notes having been apparently purposely cut out—in a mutilated condition. In order to guard against further loss, copies were made of all that remained, which were duly certified and attested by the proper judicial and notarial authorities. Among the papers shown to the Serbian Minister was one "the validity of which was proved by many signatures and legalized by American authorities. [I give here the Minister's exact words.] It was said therein that the document consisted of four leaves; but only two came into my hands. The other two had either been lost by Boyne, or had been stolen from him." This professed to be written by Andriá Obilitch, the great-grandfather of August Boyne. It was in German and ran as follows:

"BRANDENBURG, May 1, 1759.

"MY DEAR SON, FREDERIC DE LAZAR: I hand over to thee my last Will and Tes-

tament relating to our family matters, which I know from my parents in Serbia. I could never go there myself, for I was so long in the military service; and afterward was too ill and old. Other secret things and matters I will tell thee orally. But here it seems necessary and important to describe the days of my youth and my experience. My father was a Prince of Serbia. I was born in the year 1697 in a castle in the Shumadia; and was brought up in the castle of Shábatz on the river Sava. In the year 1704 there was great excitement and commotion in consequence of the Turkish tyranny; and there were disasters without precedent.

"One night, when the reflection of burning houses reddened all our windows, I woke up dazzled by the bright light of the conflagration; and was seized by the hand of a faithful servant. 'Get up, Andriá,' he cried to me, 'we have no time to lose; the long-beards are near.' The long-beards were the Turks—so we called them. I was always afraid of them—they were terrible, and came often to our town to kill and plunder, and I rose instantly. The servant took me in his arms. I heard fearful noises everywhere about me. My mother came into the room very much agitated and excited, and wished to see me. At the same moment we heard the firing of muskets quite close to us. One of the doors was burst open; smoke and sparks flew all about us, and a gang of fierce-looking Turks rushed into the room. They swung around their heads their swords, which glittered like reddish flame, and, shouting terribly, threatened to kill and massacre all of us. The servant, in his fright, let me fall to the ground; and I rolled under some furniture and crept off as far as I could get. But I could see how he fell a victim to his fidelity, in the attempt to save me, by the cruel hands of the Turks. I could also see—oh, horror!—how they caught my mother, how they took her by the hair and cut her to pieces. When this was done they left the place. This bloody scene remained deeply engraved on my mind; so that ever now, after many years, I see these horrible details again enacted. I remained alive among the dead; but felt, after a while, that I

was taken up and carried into the street. They washed my face, which was covered with blood, put me on a cart, and off we went in great haste, as fast as the horses could run. We saw all round us villages in a blaze, and people and cattle running in all directions. From time to time we met many carts, and people laden with their property, going along our road to the Shumadia forest. When we reached the forest we were warmly received, with joyful acclamations. They took me down from the cart, and passed me about from one to another. All were surprised that I had survived, and covered me with kisses. My man—the same who brought me here—took me into his arms, carried me into a tent, and told me to lie down and rest. He told me that his name was Yefrém Nádustratz (one who has lost all hope), that he was a servant of our family, and that he had saved me out of gratitude to my father, his master. The people called me Andria Obilitch. They afterward built houses and shelters, and my servant and preserver also built a house. He was clever in healing horses, and lived well, and I often travelled about with him. When I was about twelve years old, I went with him to Sókol; and as we came back, he said: 'We will pass now on the Belgrade road, so that you may see where your father lived. Do you see yonder that half-ruined tower, and the ruins of buildings?' 'Yes, I see.' That was where your father Lazar lived. He was a prince of the Serbian land, and a famous and highly esteemed lord. All of your family were greatly respected. But they were all killed by the Turks, who carried off great treasures. You are now the only surviving member of your famous race. I saved you when Shábatz was burned. The Shumadia Castle alone remains in the possession of your family; but, you see, it is worth nothing now. The Turks killed every living soul, and burned down all the villages, and it will be worth nothing during your lifetime.'

The castle of Sókol is now a picturesque ruin—like so many others in Serbia—which gives a great idea of the power and wealth of its former owners. The general effect of all of them is occi-

dental rather than oriental. The old nobility of Serbia, as well as of Bulgaria and Greece, were either exterminated by the Turks, or reduced to peasantry by being stripped of their lands. In Bosnia, on the other hand, the nobles saved their estates by turning Mohammedan. They are still fanatical Mussulmans; but they speak Serbian and rarely Turkish, retain their family names, and use coats of arms.

The remaining part of the story was on the missing sheets, and has to be filled in from the family traditions told by August Boyne to the Minister. There was, however, a copy of the notes from the old Bible, about the descendants of Andria Obilitch; by which it may be seen that one of his sons, Frederic, was born in Brandenburg on May 7, 1744; that Frederic's son, John, was born on June 12, 1784; and that John's son August—the man in question—was born in Chemnitz on August 5, 1818.

The accuracy of names in this document and its general air of historic truth make it curious and interesting. Mr. Miyátovitch believes it genuine, and has published it as throwing light on the popular rising against the Turks in 1704. One might, perhaps, account for the character of the story by supposing it to be a romance invented by some soldier who had served in the army of Prince Eugene, when he besieged and took Belgrade, in 1717. This, however, could not be the case if we are to accept the family history as handed down and related by Boyne.

According to the oral account Andria lived in this way for some time longer; until Yefrém, feeling himself infirm, said to the boy: "I shall die soon, and you will be left alone to live as you can. If it is possible, escape across the river away from the Turks, so that your life may be preserved; and perhaps your descendants may some time come back, and get again the lands and property of your family." Later on Yefrém, after swearing the boy solemnly to secrecy, took him to the ruined castle; made him observe carefully, and try to remember certain signs and landmarks; and finally led him through subterranean passages of great length into a vaulted room, where the goods and

treasures of Andriá's father were heaped up. There were, he said, many splendidly ornamented oriental arms, and weapons of excellent workmanship, books and documents, deeds and diplomas, rich drinking-cups, and many utensils of gold and silver, mosaics and enamelled trinkets, medals and money, and strong chests full of valuables. It was impossible to take anything away, from fear of the Turks. Besides this, Yefrém felt that it was a solemn trust which he had no right to deliver up to the boy. He allowed him, however, to take one ancient coin in order to impress the secret on his mind.

Soon after this—it must have been about the time that the Austrians were besieging Belgrade—Yefrém found a means of escaping from the country with Andriá; and in search of some honest and honorable employment they made their way through the Slavonic-speaking countries to Silesia. Yefrém died, and Andriá took service with a great landed proprietor. Here he fell in love with a pretty peasant-girl, who was born on the estate, and was consequently the serf of the lord of the manor. For that, or for some other reason, he was not allowed to marry her; but he gave her the old coin which he had brought from the vault and had carefully kept. One day the lord, his master, played cards with a German baron, and, among other stakes, lost the girl who was Andriá's sweetheart. Andriá in a frenzy of anger and despair tried to kill the baron; but, mistaking the man, killed one of his attendants. For this he was obliged to run away and hide himself; and, meeting some recruiting sergeant, he was enlisted in the body-guard of the King of Prussia. He was then about twenty-two years old. One day, many years after, when there was a festivity at court, and Andriá was on guard at the door of the ball-room, a fine lady passed on the arm of a gentleman; and by some accident dropped her bracelet. Andriá picked it up, and even in its setting of jewels recognized the coin; then, raising his eyes as much as he dared, he recognized the girl he had once loved. She had married, it seems, an officer who had become a great general, and she was

then a fine lady. The gentleman who was with her admired the coin, which seemed curious and rare, and had an inscription in an unknown language; and the King, sending for the director of his numismatic collection, asked him if such a piece existed in his cabinet. The director replied that he had recently bought a similar one at Venice.

It must be remarked here that Venice had in the Middle Ages an active commerce with the whole Balkan Peninsula, and that the Venetian coins served as models for the old Serbian money. About all this August Boyne knew nothing, and when he first told the story to the Minister had never seen any old Serbian gold coins, which are extremely rare.

As time went on Andriá prospered; the King, who had taken a fancy to him, helped him; and he was able to build a house with the right to convert it into an inn. This he did when he had grown too old to be of use in active service; and, as he often told his guests stories about fights in Serbia, to which he gave the name of *boyne* or *voyme* (in Serbian *boy* or *voy* means a fight, and *voyna* war), they came to call the house the Boyne Inn—*Gasthaus zum Boyne*—and he and his descendants adopted it as a surname. The *de Lazar* was evidently an attempt at translating Lazarevitch, the son of Lazar, the patronymic which Andriá had from his father—Andriá Lazarevitch Obilitch—and had nothing to do with the old King Lazar.

About the life of Andriá's son and grandson I know nothing, nor why one of them went to Saxony; nor did the Minister remember that August Boyne had told him anything in particular about his life up to the age of thirty, when he emigrated to America. I must return to his appearance in Belgrade.

As I have said, the Minister at first tried to dissuade Boyne from what he considered a useless and absurd undertaking; and, when he found this of no avail, advised him to search especially near Shábatz and in that region; where he knew, as a historian that the Obilitch family had possessed lands. Boyne spent a whole year in that part of the country, and then began to explore the districts of Moráva and Kragúyevatz.

He occasionally returned to Belgrade ; and the Minister, who had become more and more interested in him and had been greatly impressed by his straightforwardness, his earnestness, and his simple piety, assisted him from time to time with food, linen, clothes, and even money. Boyne had gradually learned a little Serbian, and wherever he went tried to do good to the people about him ; leaving a most favorable opinion of him on all with whom he had to do. What particularly struck my friend the Minister was that he generally prayed aloud, and that his prayers were extemporized, and suited to particular circumstances. "I was deeply touched," the Minister said, "when he prayed for Serbia, the Prince, the whole Serbian nation ; and specially for the children of this nation who frequent the schools, upon whom he implored the Almighty's blessing. At the time when he asked for the concession, and permission to search for the treasure, he said that he would spend it entirely on the construction of a Serbian railway, and that he would not carry out of the country a single farthing. But later he changed his mind and said : 'It is nearly two years that I live in this country among the Serbians ; and I see that the nation is not pious and has forgotten God and His goodness to men : and so, if I find my treasure, I wish with the money to build many good schools to teach children the fear of the Lord, and to educate them in the love of their neighbors.'"

In May, 1876, Boyne was full of hope, and said that he had found certain signs on an old ruined castle not far from Kragijevatz. He came again to Belgrade in June during a period of great heat, on foot and utterly destitute ; and was almost immediately taken ill. The Minister was absent at the time ; but a lady went to see him in the wretched cottage where he had found a lodging, and provided him with linen and other necessaries. This friend on a later visit found that everything had been stolen from him in the weak state in

which he was ; and therefore had him transferred to the hospital. He was accompanied at this time by an ill-looking man, whose acquaintance he had somewhere made, and whom he had engaged to help him in his work. When the Minister returned to Belgrade he went to see poor Boyne, and found him dying. He expired on the morning of August 3, 1876, and was buried among the poor in the highest spot of the cemetery of Belgrade, whence there is a lovely view over the Danube. The body of this unknown and friendless American, the possible descendant—and the last—of the hero King Lazar, was followed to the grave by one mourner only—the Serbian Prime Minister. The face of the poor man after death took on such a Serbian type that the Minister took the trouble of having him photographed. His death was doubtless due to fever brought on by overwork and exhaustion ; but the lady, with whom I have talked, felt sure that he had been poisoned. What supported her in this theory was that the man whom he had taken as his assistant had disappeared ; carrying with him most of the papers, notes, and the various small objects that belonged to him.

Seven or eight years after this I met in Athens Mr. Arthur J. Evans, now keeper of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, with his wife—a daughter of Mr. E. A. Freeman the historian—who had come from a journey in Macedonia. At Prishtina, or somewhere near there, Mr. Evans had bought some fine old Serbian gold coins from a man who, although he seemed to have a large quantity of them, would only show them one by one, behaved very mysteriously and suspiciously, and then disappeared. Some of these coins were unique ; of others only one or two specimens were known to exist. I told him the story of poor August Boyne, and he agreed with me in thinking that possibly at least a part of the Obilitch treasure had been found.



THE POINT OF VIEW.

THE noise of Browning commentators has grown of late years into such a hue-and-cry, that the man who prefers the companionship to the investigation of the poet inclines more than ever to take his pleasure silently. He is shy (especially in print) of the expression of his enjoyment, or of signs of the faith that is in him, lest they be confounded with that kind of view-halloo which these gentlemen are accustomed to give when they catch sight of a new problem or interpretation. Of course there are commentators and commentators, of Browning as of Shakespeare; but, as Bishop Blougram said,

“ Even your prime men who appraise their kind
Are men still, catch a wheel within a wheel,
See more in a truth than the truth's simple self,—
Confuse themselves—”

and, it may be added, in the present case really succeed in putting themselves seriously in the way of many a simpler wayfarer's intellectual pleasure, by frightening him off one of the greatest and fairest fields in literature.

It may be that Browning can never speak to the largest audience; but it is certain that the audience to hear him and know him will not be as large even as it should be—as large as, if report be true, he himself felt with some resentment that it ought to be—until men's minds are cleared of cant about him. What is the reason why men without a touch of the Philistine in them should aggravate one by persisting in approaching Browning's work as though it involved first of all some kind of intellectual *cruce*,—the employment of some other faculties than those that commonly receive true

poetry? They would resent the imputation, perhaps; but have they not been made unconsciously to assume that the field is one of thistles by the wagging of some possibly long-eared head over “Sordello,” or the notion that he who enters here must swear full allegiance to “The Ring and the Book”? Not every head is of that description that finds interest even in the former of those two poems, and the latter and its successors have their own great place and function; but why insist upon opening at “Sordello” or “The Ring and the Book” a poet who has given us between them a whole cycle of the most direct, human, living poems in the language? Nobody insists upon our exclusive interest in the Second Part of Faust.

If I had a New Browning Society in view, it should be one to show—not indeed that the great poet just dead had touched human life and thought at more points, and more truly and deeply, than any in English since Shakespeare (for it may be years too early to preach that doctrine),—but that the Browning of “Men and Women,” of the long list of poems which he grouped in his works as Dramatic Lyrics and Dramatic Romances, of “Pippa Passes” and “A Blot in the Scutcheon,” is not a poet of schoolmen, and has no esoteric doctrine to teach; but is before all things the poet of the red-blooded human being; of the vital, the active and the vigorous in both feeling and intellect; and that he is “lucid” in the highest sense in which that much-abused word is ever likely to be applied. That *this* Browning, in short, however time may deal with his later work, is quite safe among the commentators; being one whose sane and strong

genius is as sure to widen its influence as to keep it while the language lasts.

“WHAT are ‘men’s women?’” asked, only the other day, the most charming of her sex; “men are forever saying of so-and-so, whom, by the way, I detest, that she is ‘a man’s woman.’ Teach me how to be one, please. Wherein lies the charm? Must I smoke like your Venetians? Must I talk horse? Must I adopt all the other of your dreadful ways?”

Certainly not, dear madam. Yet it is quite true that while one man’s ideal differs most fortuitously from another’s, as one star differeth from another star in glory, there are those who are known among us as “men’s women,” for a happy combination of qualities somewhat difficult to describe. Are you old enough to have seen the comedy of the “Belle’s Stratagem,” unabridged? and if so, do you remember *Mrs. Racket’s* definition of a fine lady? “A creature for whom nature has done much, and education more; she has taste, elegance, spirit, understanding. In her manner she is free, in her morals nice. Her behavior is undistinctly polite to her husband and all mankind.” That will do admirably for a foundation. But a “man’s woman” I take to be all this and something beyond it. To begin with, she is old enough to know her world thoroughly; yet, though she need never have been beautiful, she must have kept her youth. She is in no sense a light woman, neither is she over-intellectual; she would not speak Greek, even if she could. She is a creature of infinite tact, whom every being with the outward semblance of a man interests profoundly. With him she is always at her best, and she contrives to get out of him the best there is. She listens well, and grows sympathetic as she listens. Has he a special weakness? she half tempts him to believe it is a virtue. An adept in the subtlest forms of flattery, she would force the meanest of us to shine even when he is ill at ease. And yet, above all, she remains sincere. Her interest in him is real, and survives the fleeting moment. He is a man; that is to say, for her, the brightest page in nature’s book. She respects convention, knowing well when she may venture to be unconventional; yet she is unapproachable and irreproachable. In return, he adores her.

This is all very well, you say, but I don’t like that woman. Dear madam, as it never enters into her calculation that you should, she does not take such pains with you. She makes dear foes among you, of course. Sometimes, even, she does not escape calamity. But this, having no actual basis, falls of its own weight, and in the end, as you yourself will admit, you stand in awe of her. Your question proves it. I have tried to tell you why *we* like her; and if you must have a word of definition, here it is: She is one who has the gift to study men, and who, having studied many, finds the process still amusing. If you lack this primal requisite, abandon the unequal contest; you will never become like her by a servile imitation of her tricks and her manners. In spite of these, which set you so against her, let me entreat you to believe her a deserving woman indeed. To become such a woman there is, happily, an infallible prescription, dating from a Venetian province, in the good old times when “the doges used to wed the sea with rings.” Like mine, it was given for the asking, by one Iago, on the quay at Cyprus; and I recommend to you every line of it except its lame and impotent conclusion.

WHAT is a man to do about those interesting possibilities that he calls his first loves? I say “possibilities,” using the plural (and thereby doing violence, perhaps, to popular prejudice), because of the conviction that experience does not always teach enough, and that in a good many cases experiences are needed. If there are any agencies which are more usefully instructive than first loves in ripening adolescence into manhood, this deponent knoweth them not, and his ears are erect, and his eyes intent for the catalogue of them.

By first loves be it understood to include not only that preliminary being who first makes the incipient man aware of a peculiarity in his affections, but all the constellation of beings, more or less angelic, who become the successive guiding stars of his existence, from the time he achieves tail-coats until some woman takes him for better or worse, with all the fruits of a protracted training in him. Of course, there are some individual males who find their pole-star at the first essay, and never wobble afterward

in their courses. The limited knowledge of men of this sort may prevent them from realizing that their experience is exceptional. They must go to the books to learn what is the common lot of common men, and there is no book that recalls itself at this moment to which they can go to better purpose than to Edmond About's "Story of an Honest Man." There they will discover, if they need it, how the impact of successive entities upon the affections may hammer them at last into a durable article, graceful to contemplate, and able to stand the wear and tear of a work-a-day life.

Now as to those several entities. Many a man, unlike About's autobiographical hero, feels constrained to regard them as monuments of his own inconstancy and weakness, and either buries his memories of them in unmarked graves, or recalls them shamefacedly and with a very sneaking sort of tenderness. The greater fool he! I miss the proper point of view if such half-hearted sentiments are not mistaken; and if, by entertaining them, he does not needlessly contribute to blot out some of the most charming and interesting oases in all his desert of a past. A lad at college, though college for the time is all the world to him, does not deem it necessary to forget that he was once at school; nor does a man new launched in the real world affect to forget that he was once a part of the microcosm known as college. Indeed, the difficulty often is to make a college man remember anything else. But, by a very prevalent affectation, a married man is supposed to forget that eyes are fine in more than one color, or that other agencies than age or dye have ever been potent to change his views as to the proper hue of hair. The truth is, to be spoken flatly and with confidence that it is the truth, that a man who does not love his first loves all his life long makes a great mistake and does injustice to his own past. But, of course, he is to love them as they were. The affection they inspired in him, when they did inspire it, is a part of himself for all time, and they, as they then seemed, are a part of him too, and it is as idle for him to try to eradicate them from his actuality as for the leopard to attempt to change spots with the Ethiopian. That he should love what

they may become with the lapse of years is manifestly inexpedient and unreasonable, as well as usually improper, if for no other reason, because

"One must not love another's."

There was obviously a corner in Præd's heart where "the ball-room's belle" had permanent lodgings, but obviously, too, he had no special tenderness for "Mrs. Something Rogers," but regarded her, no doubt, with an interest that was always friendly, but never uncomfortably acute, as one is apt to regard the cocoon from which some particularly lovely butterfly has escaped. True always to the butterfly, doubtless Præd disassociated it from Mr. Something Rogers's cocoon. When the fledgling Pen-dennis loved the Fotheringay, he loved her from his hat to his boot-soles, and don't imagine that he ever succeeded — even if he was fool enough to try—in erasing that lovely image from his memory. The Fotheringay saw the beginning of a habit of woman-worship of which, in due time, Laura reaped the benefit. And there was Genevieve! What an education she was to Coleridge! And can you imagine that he ever recanted, whatever Mrs. Coleridge's baptismal name may or may not have been!

Men may as well make up their minds — and women, too — that first loves are facts — most respectable and laudable facts, and not shadows; and while they need not be obtruded on a world that is not interested in them, they are neither to be snubbed nor denied, but respectfully entertained and cherished. Of all history, the most instructive to a man is his own. He can keep it to himself, if he will, and oftentimes it is very proper that he should, but he cannot afford to forget any of it. The discreditable parts he must remember as a warning to himself, and the rest, his first loves among them, to encourage him.

THE tours of the college glee-clubs during the holidays, and one or two dinners of Yale and Harvard clubs that came to my notice, suggested certain reflections as to the proper limit of a graduate's devotion to his *alma mater*. When he stands up in evening dress, with a glass of champagne in his hand, and drinks her health, of course he is excusable if he tints his

emotion with enthusiasm, and declares that he is hers and that she is his always, and more or less exclusively. But how far is this really so, and if it is so, is it a laudable or desirable fact?

College usually puts a stamp on a man which sticks to him all his life long. It shapes his tastes, and usually determines in what company he is to begin the serious work of living. It starts him. The most salient fact about a new graduate of Yale, say, or Princeton, who comes to New York to work, is that he is "a Yale man," or "a Princeton man."

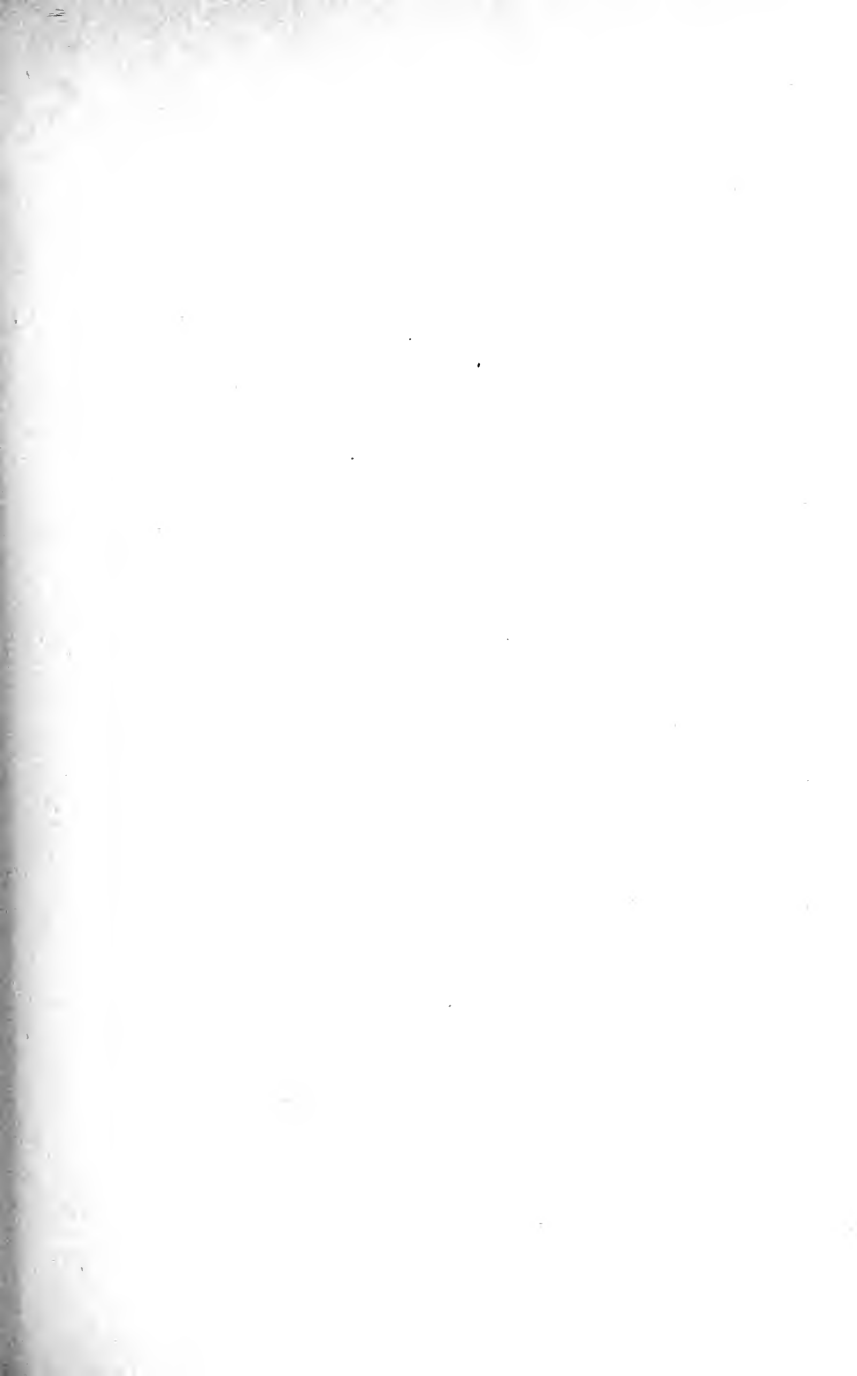
That is all very well, at the start. It identifies him to a certain extent, and is useful for descriptive purposes. But leave him in the world—New York, still, perhaps—for ten years. Then, if he is still described as "a Yale man of '89," without much further detail, I think it is a fair inference that he has not been doing much. The description isn't creditable any longer. There ought to be more to say about him.

I should confess to a feeling of satisfaction if some man whom I had known for ten years in this city of Oshkosh, where I live, should ask me suddenly, "Were you ever in college, Jones?" I should tell him I had been, and if he asked me where, I should tell him that; and I should be better pleased that he should be interested enough in me, or in my mental processes, to want to know where they were trained, than that his first thought should be of my college, and his after-thought of me. And I think, moreover, that I do better by my college by putting in the best work I can on my own account, than if I proclaimed my faith in

her methods more loudly, and was more effusive in my sympathy with others who did not have the advantage of her fostering care. Of course, the crime of too much concentration upon college and college men is the crime of the new graduate. But equally of course, it is something to be got over as promptly as may be—something narrowing, exclusive, and a hinderance to usefulness.

When you get out of college, young man, get clear out. You can get back for half a day or so at any time—at a boat-race, a foot-ball match, at commencement—when ever there is a reasonable excuse; but in your daily walk and conversation be something more than a college man—be a citizen. Be even an alderman, if you can. Take the world to be yours, as Bacon took all learning to be his, and don't forever limit your view of it by what was once visible from some point in New Haven or in Cambridge. Go and be a *man* somewhere. Don't be satisfied to be a mere "graduate" for all time. Of course you owe your *alma mater* a debt that you are always ready to pay, and a loyalty that should have no breaks in it. When you have grown to the size of Daniel Webster, and your Dartmouth asks you to defend her in court, you are going to be proud when you do it. That is all right. You can't do too much for her, or do it too well. If you accumulate any reputation that is worth having, feel honored indeed when she offers to share it with you, but don't be too persistently anxious to strut in her plumes to the disparagement, it may be, of worthy men who have no claim to any similar privilege.







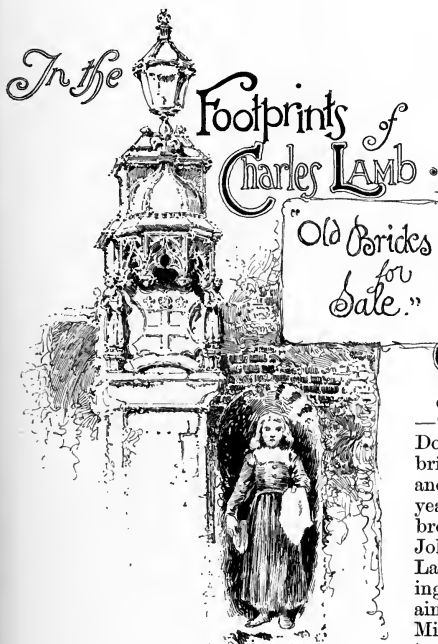
CHARLES LAMB.

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By Benjamin Ellis Martin.

I.

SUCH is the legend which catches one's eye in many a London street, painted on boardings behind which the callous contractor, whose dreadful trade is thereon announced—"Old Houses Bought to be Pulled Down"—is pickaxing to pieces historic bricks which should be kept priceless and imperishable. Within a very few years I have had to see, among many so broken to bits and carted away to chaos, John Dryden's dwelling-place in Fetter Lane, Benjamin Franklin's and Washington Irving's lodgings in Little Britain, Byron's birthplace in Hollis Street, Milton's "pretty garden-house" in Petty France, Westminster. The great fireplace by which he sat in his fast-darkening days—losing in this house both

his first wife and his eyesight—was knocked down at auction among other numbered lots to stolid builders; and the stone, "Sacred to Milton, the Prince of Poets"—placed in the wall facing on the garden by William Hazlitt, living here later; and beneath which Jeremy Bentham, occupant of the adjacent house was wont to make his guests fall on their knees—this stone has gone to "patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw."

To this house there used to come to call on Hazlitt a man of noticeable and attractive presence; small of stature, fragile of frame, clad in tight-fitting black, clerical as to cut and well-worn as to texture; the "almost immaterial legs," in Tom Hood's phrase, ending in gaiters and straps; his nearly black hair curling crisply about a noble head and brow—"a head worthy of Aristotle," Leigh Hunt said: "full of dumb eloquence," in Hazlitt's words: "such only may be seen

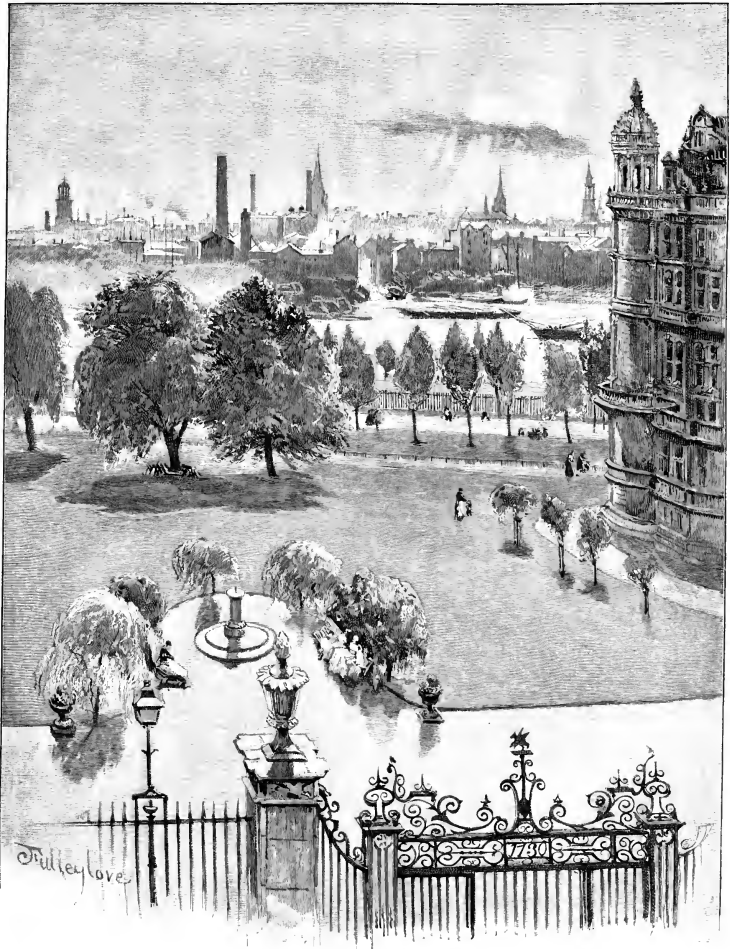
in the finer portraits of Titian" is the way John Forster puts it:—"a long, melancholy face with keen, penetrating eyes," we learn from Barry Cornwall; brown eyes, kindly, quick, observant; his dark complexion and grave expression brightened by the frequent "sweet smile with a touch of sadness in it." This visitor, of such peculiar and piquant personality externally—"a compound of the Jew, the gentleman, and the angel," to use his own words of the singer Braham—is Charles Lamb, a clerk in the East India House, living with his sister Mary in chambers in the Inner Temple. Let us walk with him as he returns to those peaceful precincts, still of supreme interest, despite the ruin wrought by recent improvements. Here, as in the day of Spenser, "studious lawyers have their bowers," and "have thriven;" here, on every hand, we see the shades of Evelyn, Congreve, Cowper, the younger Colman, Fielding, Goldsmith, Johnson, Boswell; here, above all, the atmosphere is still redolent with sweet memories of the "best beloved of English writers," as Algernon Swinburne well calls Charles Lamb. Closer and more compact than elsewhere are his footprints in these grounds, for he was born within its walls, his happiest years were spent in its buildings, and outside of these we shall track his steps mainly through adjacent streets, nearly always along the City's streets; of which he was as fond as Samuel Johnson or Charles Dickens. He loved all through life, "enchanting London, whose dirtiest, drab-frequented alley, and her lowest-bowing tradesman, I would not exchange for Skiddaw, Helvellyn . . . O! her lamps of a night! her rich goldsmiths, print-shops, toy-shops, mercers, hardware men, pastry-cooks, St. Paul's Churchyard, the Strand, Exeter Change, Charing Cross, with the man *upon* a black horse! These are thy gods, O London!" He "couldn't care," he said, "for the beauties of nature, as they have been confinedly called;" and used to persist, with his pleasing perversity, that when he climbed Skiddaw he was thinking of the ham-and-beef shop in St. Martin's Lane! "Have I not enough without your mountains?" he wrote to Wordsworth. "I do not envy you. I should pity you, did I not

know that the mind will make friends with anything"—even with scenery! It was a serious step which Lamb took in later life, out from his beloved streets into the country; a step which certainly saddened, and doubtless shortened, the last stage of his earthly journey.

By a happy chance—for they have a trick in London town of destroying just those buildings which I should select to save—Lamb's successive homes have nearly all been kept untouched for our reverent regard: "Cheerful Crown Office Row (place of my kindly engendure)"—in his own words—has been but partly rebuilt; and the end of the row in which his father lived stands nearly as when it was erected in 1737, and is called the "New Building, opposite the garden-wall." It was in No. 2, directly facing the garden-gate, on the ground-floor, looking into Inner Temple Lane, that Charles Lamb was born, on the 10th of February, 1775. Our view is taken from one of the upper windows, through which, perchance, he often looked down on—as he wrote of his first seven years spent in the Inner Temple—"its halls, its gardens, its fountain, its river, I had almost said—for in those young years what was this king of rivers to me but a stream that watered our pleasant places?" In that same paper—"The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple"—he has given us a portrait of his father, under the well-chosen name of Lovel: "A man of an incorrigible and losing honesty—a good fellow withal;" "brimful of rogueries and inventions:" confidential servant and friend of Samuel Salt, one of the Benchers of the Temple, with whom he lived, to whom he was devoted, and who was a benefactor to him and to his children.* It was in

* Through the courtesy of Mr. J. H. Milton of the Treasurer's office of the Inner Temple, I have been allowed to search the books of Chambers and of Accounts, for the last century. Thus, I have been able to fix Lamb's birthplace; tracing Samuel Salt from his first residence in the Temple, in Ram Alley Building in 1746, through successive removals, until he finally settled in these chambers, wherein he died. The record reads: "13th May, 1768. At this Parliament; It is ordered that Samuel Salt, Esquire, a Barrister of this Society, aged about Fifty, be and is hereby admitted, for his own life, to the benefit of an Assignment in and to All that Ground Chamber, No. 2, opposite the Garden Walk in Crown Office Row; He, the said Samuel Salt having paid for the Purchase thereof into the Treasury of this Society, the sum of One Hundred and Fifty pounds."

A "parliament" means one of the fixed meetings in each term of the Benchers of the Temple for the purpose of transacting business, and of calling students to the bar.



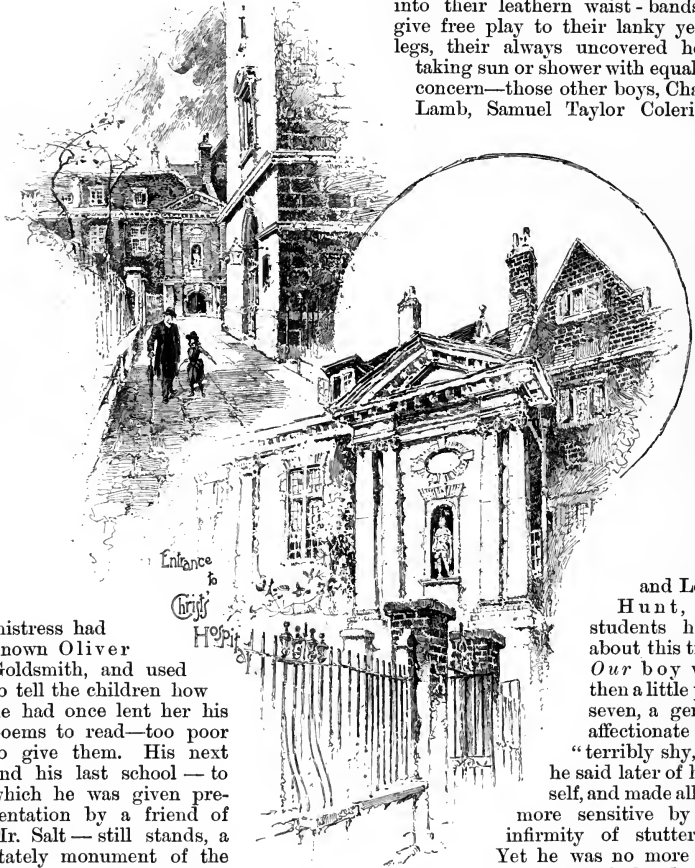
The Temple Gardens, from Crown Office Row.

his library that Charles and his sister Mary were "tumbled into a spacious closet of good old English reading, and browsed at will on that fair and wholesome pasturage." These two had been taught their letters, and the humblest rudimentary knowledge, at a small school hard by the Temple in Fetter Lane—Charles attending by day, Mary by night :

thus early already drawn together in kindred studies and tastes, as well as in their joint heritage of their father's mental malady. He describes this school in a pleasant letter to William Hone; it stood on the edge of "a discolored, dingy garden in the passage leading into Fetter Lane from Bartlett's Buildings. This was near to Holborn." Bartlett's

Passage is still there, but no stone of the school now stands; and the only crops of any garden in that busy thoroughfare now are pavement and mud and obscene urchins. The aged school-

—founder of Christ's Hospital, known always now as the Blue Coat School, we seem to see among the boys playing beneath the walls of dingy red-brick with stone facings of the ancient edifice—boys with their silly skirts tucked into their leathern waist-bands to give free play to their lanky yellow legs, their always uncovered heads taking sun or shower with equal unconcern—those other boys, Charles Lamb, Samuel Taylor Coleridge,



mistress had known Oliver Goldsmith, and used to tell the children how he had once lent her his poems to read—too poor to give them. His next and his last school—to which he was given presentation by a friend of Mr. Salt—still stands, a stately monument of the munificence of “that godly and royal child, King Edward VI, the flower of the Tudor name—the young flower that was untimely cropped, as it began to fill our land with its early odors—the boy patron of boys—the serious and holy child, who walked with Cranmer and Ridley.” To-day, as we stand under the tiny statue of the boy-king

and Leigh Hunt, all students here about this time. *Our* boy was then a little past seven, a gentle, affectionate lad, “terribly shy,” as he said later of himself, and made all the more sensitive by his infirmity of stuttering. Yet he was no more left alone and isolated now than in after-life: the masters were fond of him, his school-fellows indulged him, and he was given special privileges not known to the others. His little complaints were listened to; he had tea and a hot roll o’ mornings; his ancient aunt “used to toddle there to bring me good things,

when I, school-boy-like, only despised her for it, and used to be ashamed to see her come and sit herself down on the old coal-hole steps as we went into the old grammar-school, and open her apron, and bring out her basin, with some nice thing she had caused to be saved for me." And he was allowed to go home to the Temple for short visits, from time to time, so passing his young days between "cloister and cloister." As he walks down the Old Bailey, or through Fleet Market—then in the full foul odor of its wickedness and nastiness—and so up Fleet Street, we may be sure that his eager eye catches all that is worth its while, and the young alchemist already puts to practice that process by which he transmuted the mud of street and pavement into pure gold, and so found all that was precious always to him in their stones. He asks: "Is any night walk comparable to a walk from St. Paul's to Charing Cross for lighting and paving, for crowds going and coming, without respite, the rattle of coaches, and the cheerfulness of shops?" He formed special friendships with a few select spirits, and in Coleridge—"the inspired charity-boy," who entered the school at the same time, though three years older—he found a life-long companion. He looked up to the older lad—dreamy, dejected, lonely—with an affection and a reverence which never failed all through life, though subject to the strain of Coleridge's alienation, absence, and silence, in after-years. "Bless you, old sophist," he wrote once to Coleridge, "who, next to human nature, taught me all the corruption I was capable of knowing."

The two lads figure together in the fine group in silver—along with Middleton, then a Grecian in the school, afterward Bishop of Calcutta—which passes from ward to ward each year, according to desert. There is a Charles Lamb prize, too, given every year to the best English essayist among the Blue Coat boys: a silver medal, on one side a laurel wreath inwrapped about the hospital's arms; on the reverse, Lamb's profile, his hair something too curly, his aspect somewhat smug. It would be a solace to his kindly spirit to see his memory thus kept green in the school which he

left with sorrow, and to which he always looked back fondly. He used to go to see the boys, and Leigh Hunt—who entered a little later—has left us a pleasant picture of one of these visits. He had been a good student, in the musty classical course of the school; not fonder of his hexameters than of his hockey, however; and when he left, in November, 1789, at the age of fifteen, as a deputy Grecian, he was a capital Latin scholar, and had read widely and well. Doubtless he was, even then, already familiar with the Elizabethan dramatists, always his "midnight darlings;" above all, with the plays of Shakespeare, which were "the strongest and sweetest food of his mind from infancy."

The somewhat sombre surroundings of his summer holidays, too, helped to form him into an "old-fashioned child." They were passed with his grandmother Field, the old and trusted housekeeper of the Plumer family at Blakesware, in Hertfordshire: an ancient mansion, topped by many turrets, gables, carved chimneys, guarded all about by a solid red-brick wall and heavy iron gates. In the tranquil park aged trees bent themselves in grotesque shapes; and a dark lake stretched silently, striking terror to the lad's imagination. Within, he would wander through the wainscoted halls, and the tapestried bed-rooms; gazing on the busts of the Twelve Cæsars, and studying the prints of Hogarth's *Harlot's* and *Rake's Progresses*—"Why, every plank and panel of that house for me had magic in it," he says in the essay on "Blakesmoor in H—shire;" under which name he disguises the place. It is a delightful paper, finishing with that noble, most musical passage, "Mine too—whose else—," too long to quote here.

He used to go to church of a Sunday, with his grandmother—who lies in the little grave-yard—to Widford, near Ware, half a mile from Blakesware: known to many a transatlantic traveller, visiting it in memory of him.

Until within a few months, in this year 1889, when the fiend of Improvement and the rage for rent wiped it out, I could have shown you a queer bit of cobble wall, set in and so saved from ruin by the new wall of the Metal Exchange. These few square feet of wall were the



Within were spacious halls and lofty rooms, statues and pictures, a museum of countless curiosities from the East. Beneath were vaults stored with a goodly share of the wealth of Ormus and of Ind, and dungeons wherein were

sole remaining relic of Leadenhall House—built in with and forming part of old East India House, which stretched its stately and severe façade along Leadenhall Street just beyond Grace Church, and so around the corner into Lime Street. It was, withal, a gloomy pile, with its many-columned Ionic portico; its pediment containing a stone sovereign of Great Britain, who held an absurd umbrella-shaped shield over the sculptured figures of Eastern commerce; its front dominated by Britannia comfortably seated, and on her either hand Europe on a horse, Asia on a camel.

found—on the downfall of John Company in 1860, and the destruction of his fortress a little later—chains and fetters, and a narrow passage leading to a concealed postern: all for the benefit of the victims of John's press-gang, entrapped, drugged, shipped secretly down the river, and so across water to serve Clive and Coote as food for powder. Upstairs, at an accountant's desk, sat Charles Lamb during "thirty-three years of slavery," as he phrased it; of devoted and faithful service to his employers, they thought. It was in April, 1792, when he was just seventeen, that he first sat down at this

desk, having been in the employ of the South Sea Company since leaving Christ's; for the boy, not yet fifteen, was forced to go to work at once to help out their scanty income. Of the seven children, but two others were left: John, twelve years older, and Mary, ten years older, than Charles. The former was "broad, burly, jovial," wedded to his selfish bachelor ways; living an easy life apart from them all; "marching in quite an opposite direction," as his brother kindly puts it—speaking, as was his wont, "not without tenderness for him." John had a comfortable position in the South Sea House; which stood where now stands the Oriental Bank, at the end of Threadneedle Street, as you turn up into Bishopsgate Within:—"its magnificent portals ever gaping wide, and disclosing to view a grave court, with cloisters and pillars." In "The South Sea House" Lamb has drawn the picture of the place within: the "state-ly porticos, imposing staircases, offices roomy as the state apartments in palaces; . . . the oaken wainscots hung with pictures of deceased governors; . . . huge charts, which subsequent discoveries have antiquated; dusty maps of Mexico, dim as dreams; and soundings of the Bay of Panama!" All "long since dissipated or scattered into air at the blast of the breaking of that famous BUBBLE."

Here Charles was given a desk, and here he worked, but at what and with what wage we do not know: it was not for many months, however, for he soon received his appointment in the East India House through the kindness of Samuel Salt—his final one to the family, for the good man died in that very year. The new accountant received an annual salary of £70, to be slightly increased year by year. Here he produced what he used to call his "real works, in one thousand volumes, on the shelves in Leadenhall Street;" while his printed books were but the recreations and the solace of his out-of-office hours at home. That home was then at No. 7 Little Queen Street, where the family had taken lodgings some time during the year 1795. The site of this house, and of the adjoining numbers 6 and 8, is now occupied by Holy Trinity Church of

Lincoln's Inn Fields: the first house of the old row yet standing is No. 9, the side entrance of the Holborn Restaurant is No. 5; so that, you see, the Lamb house stood exactly opposite the embouchure of Gate Street.

I pass in front of the ugly little church a score of times in a month, and each time I look with relief at it, glad that it has replaced the walls, within which was enacted that terrible tragedy of September, 1796. The family was in miserable case, straitened in means, the mother a helpless invalid, the father rapidly decaying in mind and body; an aged aunt, more of a burden than a help by the scanty board she paid; and the sister, suffering almost ceaselessly from attacks of her congenital gloom, submitting to the constant toil of household duties, of nursing and of dressmaking for their common support. And early in 1796 Charles writes to Coleridge: "My life has been somewhat diversified of late. The six weeks that finished last year and began this, your very humble servant spent very agreeably in a mad house at Hoxton. I am got somewhat rational now, and don't bite anyone. But mad I was!" This was his only attack, and there was no more such diversity in his life; and he was cured by the most heroic of remedies.

In the *London Times*, of Monday, September 26, 1796,—in which issue the editors "exult in the isolation and cutting off" of the various armies in Germany of the French Republic, and doubt the "alleged successes of the army in Italy reported to the Directory by General Buonaparte;" in which the Right Honorable John Earl of Chatham is named Lord President of His Majesty's Most Honorable Privy Council; and in which "Mr. Knowles, nephew and pupil of the late Mr. Sheridan" advertises that he has "opened an English, French, and Latin preparatory school for a limited number of young gentlemen at No. 15 Brompton Crescent:"—appears the following:

"On Friday afternoon, the coroner and a jury sat on the body of a lady in the neighborhood of Holborn, who died in consequence of a wound from her daughter the preceding day. It appeared, by the evidence adduced, that,

while the family were preparing for dinner, the young lady seized a case-knife lying on the table, and in a menacing manner pursued a little girl, her apprentice, around the room. On the calls of

“For a few days prior to this, the family had observed some symptoms of insanity in her, which had so much increased on the Wednesday evening, that her brother, early the next morning,



Ch^s Lamb.

Charles Lamb

“Scratched on Copper by his friend, Brook Pulham.”

her infirm mother to forbear, she renounced her first object, and with loud shrieks, approached her parent. The child, by her cries, quickly brought up the landlord of the house, but too late. The dreadful scene presented to him the mother lifeless, pierced to the heart, on a chair, her daughter yet wildly standing over her with the fatal knife, and the old man, her father, weeping by her side, himself bleeding at the forehead from the effects of a severe blow he had received from one of the forks she had been madly hurling about the room.

went to Dr. Pitcairn; but that gentleman was not at home.

“It seems that the young lady had been once before deranged. The jury, of course, brought in their verdict—*Lunacy.*”

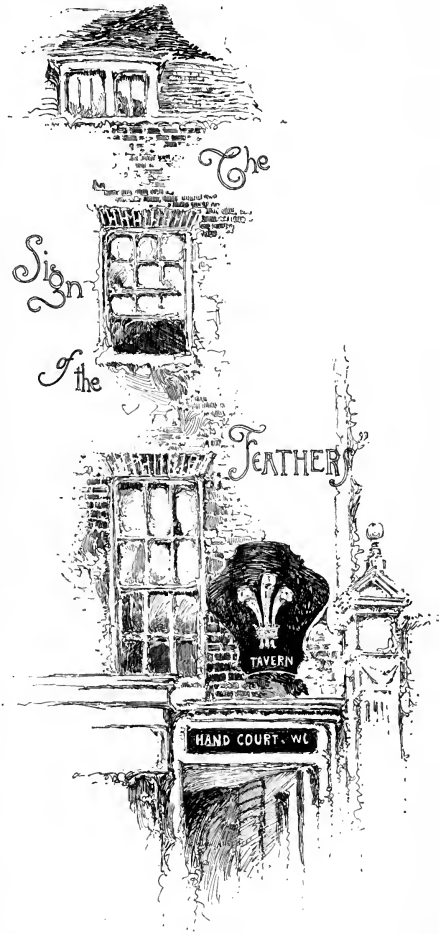
The *True Briton* said: “It appears that she had been before in the earlier part of her life deranged, from the harassing fatigues of too much business. As her carriage toward her mother had always been affectionate in the extreme, it is believed her increased attachment to her, as her infirmities called for it by day and by night, caused her loss of

reason at this time. It has been stated in some of the morning papers, that she has an insane brother in confinement; but this is without foundation."

I ask you to notice with what a decent reticence, so far from and so foolish in the eyes of our modern journalistic shamelessness, all the names are suppressed.

It was not the landlord, but Charles, who came at the child's cries; luckily at hand just in time to disarm his sister, and so prevent further harm. So he was at hand from that day on, all through his life, holding her and helping her in the frequent successive relapses of her wretched malady. His gentle, loving, resolute soul proved its fine and firm fibre under the strain of more than forty years of undeviating devotion to which I know no parallel. He never for one hour relaxed his watch; he quietly gave up all other ties and cares and pleasures for this supreme duty; he never repined nor posed, nor even said to himself that he was doing something fine. And such is the potency of this tonic, unselfish self-sacrifice, that his tremulous nerves grew firmer under it, and no recurrence of his malady occurred ever any more. The poor guiltless murderess was sent away to the asylum at Hoxton, by the authorities. There John Lamb and their friends thought it best to isolate her safely and quietly for life, spite of her intervals of sanity; but Charles fought against this, offered his personal guardianship for life—this boy of twenty-two, with only £100 a year!—and at length succeeded in squeezing consent from the crown officials. He counts up, in a letter to Coleridge, the coin "Daddy and I" can spare for Mary and computes all the care she will bring: "I know John will make speeches about it, *but she shall not go into an hospital.*" So he meets her as she comes out, and they walk away through life hand in hand, even as they used to walk through the fields many a time in later years on the approach of one of her frequent relapses; he leading her to temporary retirement in the asylum, hand in hand, both silently crying!

The mother's body is laid in the graveyard of St. Andrew's, Holborn, the aunt sent to other relatives, and



when the father's wound is healed he and Charles move away to No. 45 Chapel Street, Pentonville: where now stands the Agricultural Hotel, on the corner of Liverpool Road, a blazing, brazen "pub," quite suited to the squalid street, its bar facing both ways, like that favorite one of Newman Nogs, that it may cope all around with the unquenchable thirst of that quarter. But the new home was even gloomier than the old,



shadowed by the almost actual presence of the dead mother ; the father " in his old age, and the decay of his faculties, palsy-smitten, in the last sad stage of human weakness—a remnant most forlorn of what he was ;" released by death early in 1799, and Mary thus allowed to return home ; the old aunt, " the kindest, goodest creature," coming back to die ; their faithful servant sickening slowly to death ; Mary breaking down under the

care of nursing, and the shock of this new death, and forced to return to Hoxton. Then, for the one time in all his life, Charles gives way under these successive strokes, and makes his only moan in a letter to Coleridge early in 1800 : " Mary, in consequence of fatigue and anxiety, is fallen ill again, and I was obliged to remove her yesterday. I am left alone in a house with nothing but Hetty's dead body to keep me company.

To-morrow I bury her, and then I shall be quite alone, with nothing but a cat to remind me that the house has been full of living beings like myself. My heart is quite sunk, and I don't know where to look for relief. Mary will get better again, but her constantly being liable to these attacks is dreadful; nor is it the least of our evils that her case and all our story is so well known around us. We are in a manner *marked*. . . . I am going to try and get a friend to come and be with me to-morrow—I am completely shipwrecked."

Thus "marked," the little family was forced to find other quarters for a time; offered them in the house of one Gutch, a school-mate of Lamb's, then a law stationer in Southampton Buildings, Holborn: a house lately torn down, along with the one hard by in which lived Hazlitt, twenty years later.

It would be the dreariest of records of the young clerk's three years at Pentonville, and of his earlier life in Little Queen Street, if I could point to nothing brighter than his anxiety, loneliness, poverty—his dull days at his desk, his duller evenings with his almost imbecile father at cribbage. "I go home at night overwearied, quite faint, and then to cards with my father, who will not let me enjoy a meal in peace." He is not allowed even to write a letter, for the father says, "If you won't play with me, you might as well not come home at all." "I go nowhere and have no acquaintance. . . . No one seeks or cares for my society, and I am left alone." But he found a solace for all his privations in his books, "browsing" in many fields. "I have no repugnances. Shaftesbury is not too genteel for me, nor Jonathan Wild too low." And he had begun to write, poetry mainly: his first appearance in print being in the *Morning Chronicle*, a sonnet to Mrs. Siddons, whom he now saw for the first time. For he got away to the theatre, infrequently, loving it as keenly as when a boy—not having been allowed to go while a scholar at Christ's. And his first bow to the public as an author was made in the spring of 1796, in four sonnets, his share of a small volume of poems by Coleridge, whose preface says: "The effusions signed C. L.

were written by Mr. C. L., of the India House. Independently of the signature, their superior merit would have sufficiently distinguished them." In the summer of 1797 appeared a second edition, "to which are now added Poems by Charles Lamb and Charles Lloyd"—the former contributing about fifteen short poems. In 1798 he put forth "A Tale of Rosamund Gray and Old Blind Margaret"—the best known of his works after his essays, and of which Shelley wrote to Leigh Hunt, "What a lovely thing is his *Rosamund Gray*! How much knowledge of the sweetest and deepest part of our nature in it!" So we all think of this "miniature romance," as Talfourd calls it: yet surely most unreal and artificial, for all its charm.

Then, too, Lamb found great comfort in his few friends, above all, in Coleridge; with whom he had renewed his companionship, broken by Coleridge's visit to Germany, and by his six months' service in the Light Dragoons: and in Southey, whose healthy and wholesome common-sense was just then a timely tonic for Lamb. These three youthful dreamers used to sit and smoke and speculate of nights in a little den at the back of the "Salutation and Cat," 17 Newgate Street, nearly opposite the old school: two of them may haply have learned their way there while still scholars! "I image to myself that little smoky room at the *Salutation and Cat*, where we have sat together through the winter nights, beguiling the cares of life with poesy," he wrote, later; and he refers more than once to "that nice little smoky room at the *Salutation*, which is even now continually presenting itself to my recollection, with all its associated train of pipes, tobacco, egg-hot, welsh-rabbit, metaphysics, and poetry." They say that the wary landlord, to whom Coleridge's rhapsodies were quite unintelligible, yet who fully understood their value in drawing a knot of listeners, offered the Talker free quarters for life, if he'd stay and talk! The old tavern—so old, that within its walls Sir Christopher Wren often sat with his pipe, coming in tired from the rebuilding of St. Paul's—has been rebuilt, the little smoky room is wiped out, the

"Cat" has vanished, and the "Salutation" exists as a slap-bang City eating-house and bar. Before the destruction of the original tavern, an old fellow, who had been a Grecian in Lamb's time, used to hobble up the entrance-way, once a year, when he came to some great function of the Blue Coats, and look longingly into the room through the glass door. Invited once to enter, he stood in the smoking-room for awhile, his eyes wet and his voice husky; then he went away, never to reappear. Doubtless he had sat there during one of those "noctes cœcœque Deum! Anglice, Welsh rabbit, punch, and poesy," in Lamb's words.

Another favorite resort of these two was *The Feathers*, [p. 275] a dirty, dingy, delightful tavern, in Hand Court, Holborn, nearly opposite the Great Turnstile, leading into Lincoln's Inn Fields, and only two minutes from the home in Little Queen Street. It has been replaced by a modern something, and all that I have been able to rescue is the quaint sign which hung above the entrance of the court in Holborn, and looked down on our friend going in and out.

It was while living in Pentonville that Lamb went through his second, and his last, love-sickness. His first attack had been caused by exposure, while a boy, to the charms of the "Alice Winterton" of his later writings. It is believed that she was one Ann Simmons, and that he met her during his holidays with his grandmother, at Blakesware, in Hertfordshire; for, with all his delightful egotistic frankness in prattling about himself, he seems to have told no one ever anything of this boyish affair. He certainly refers to her in two of the four sonnets in the Coleridge poems, wherein he speaks of his "fancied wanderings with a fair-haired maid." He places the scene of "Rosamund Gray" in the cottage they still show you, near the village of Widford, not far from Blakesware, where lived Ann Simmons; and they claim that he drew her portrait in that of his heroine. He certainly hints at this affair in his letter to Coleridge, telling of his six weeks in the Hoxton asylum: "It may convince you of my regard for you when I tell you my head

ran on you in my madness, as much almost as on another person, who I am inclined to think was the more immediate cause of my temporary frenzy." And later he writes: "I am pleased and satisfied with myself that this weakness troubles me no longer. I am wedded, Coleridge, to the fortunes of my sister and my poor old father." This wedding to his sister was his life-long union, and saved him from any other; which would have sacrificed all his personality on the altar of the god Humdrum, would have harmed, rather than helped, him. His sanity asserted itself in his retaining no trace of this passing passion, and in his sober statement of the fact—true in so many cases—"if it drew me out of some vices, it also prevented the growth of many virtues." As usual, however, he had a slight and superficial relapse of the malady later in life, when, in his daily walks in Islington, he used to meet, but never spoke with, the beautiful Quakeress, Hester, whose memory he afterward embalmed in his exquisite verses, "When maidens such as Hester die."

"I am going to change my lodgings, having received a hint that it would be agreeable, at our Lady's next feast. I have partly fixed upon most delectable rooms, which look out (when you stand a tiptoe) over the Thames and Surrey Hills, at the upper end of King's Bench Walk in the Temple. There I shall have all the privacy of a house without the encumbrance, and shall be able to lock my friends out, as often as I desire to hold free converse with any immortal mind—for my present lodgings resemble a minister's levée, I have so increased my acquaintance (as they call 'em) since I have resided in town." Three significant points call for comment in this letter: the phrase "In town" shows how Islington was then in the country, and how the squalid houses of the foul Chapel Street of to-day were then pleasant cottages set in gardens with rural lanes cutting the fields; "having received a hint" to move, proves how cruelly they were "marked," as he had already put it; "so increased my acquaintance" gives us an idea of the growing attraction of this odd, original young man to all bright minds and sweet natures with whom he came in contact.

And so, on Lady Day, March 25, 1801, he and Mary moved to the Temple, there to begin, near their childhood home, that life of "dual loneliness," never again broken in upon: consoled by their mutual affection, cheered by their common tastes, brightened by the companionship of congenial beings. In the Temple they remained for seventeen years, with a short residence meantime, in 1809, while they changed chambers, at 34 Southampton Buildings; a delightful old, square, solid brick-house, just in front of the tiny garden of Staple Inn. "I have been turned out of my chambers in the Temple by a landlord who wanted them for himself, but I have got others at No. 4 Inner Temple Lane, far more commodious and roomy. . . . The rooms are delicious, and the best look back into Hare Court, where there is a pump always going. Just now it is dry. Hare Court trees come in at the window, so that it is like living in a garden! My best room commands a court, in which there are trees and a pump, the water of which is excellent cold with brandy, and not very insipid without. I was born near it, and used to drink at that pump when I was a Rechabite of six years old." His only complaint was that there was another "Mr. Lamb" not far from him; "his duns and his girls frequently stumble up to me, and I am obliged to satisfy both in the best way I am able." You may drink from that pump to-day, you may see the trees still in that court, but his windows are gone, and his building replaced by an ugly new structure.

Talfourd and Procter have left a vivid picture of the memorable Wednesday evenings in the Temple, the former contrasting them with the stately dinners of Holland House. "Like other great men, I have a public day," he wrote. Lamb loved men, he had a rare capacity for getting at the best in them, a real reverence for their abilities, a kindly sympathy with their diverse tastes, and a most friendly frankness for their foibles. "How could I hate him?" he asks of someone: "Don't I know him? I never could hate anyone I knew." Above all, he understood "how mighty is the goddess of propinquity," in Goethe's words; and although he was so untiring and

prolific and delightful in his letters to absent friends, he insisted that "one glimpse of the human face and one shake of the human hand is better than whole reams of this thin, cold correspondence; yea, of more worth than all the letters that have sweated the fingers of sensibility from Madame Sévigné and Balzac to Sterne and Shenstone." So it came to pass that his little rooms in the Temple held a motley crowd; low-browed rooms set about with worn, homely, home-like furniture, his favorite books—his sole extravagance—in their shelves all about. "In my best room, a choice collection of the works of Hogarth, an English painter of some humor"—in narrow, black frames; the sideboard spread by Mary with cold beef, porter, punch; tobacco and pipes at hand, and tables made ready for whist. This is his invitation: "Swipes exactly at nine, punch to commence at ten, *with argument*; difference of opinion expected to take place about eleven; perfect unanimity with some haziness and dimness before twelve!" He followed his programme. His old friends come, "friendly harpies," he named them: his "intimados were, to confess a truth, in the world's eye, a ragged regiment." But he never forsook a friend, and "the burrs stuck to him; but they were good and loving burrs, for all that." New friends came, too; never men of fame or fortune or fashion, but men of mark, you may be sure. And many with "some tincture of the absurd in their characters:" for, "I love a *Fool*," he said, "as naturally as if I were of kith and kin to him."

The capricious Coleridge is once more constant, after his refusal for two years to write, and his silly estrangement, which had called forth Lamb's lines, "I had a friend, a kinder friend had no man;" and of whom he yet was able after many years to say: "The more I see of him in the quotidian undress and relaxation of his mind, the more cause I see to love him and believe him a very good man." There was Hazlitt—trying to paint when Lamb first met him, finding later his true calling as a critic—arrogant, intense, bitter, brooding always on the fall of Napoleon: the only male creature he revered except Cole-

ridge; whom he nearly equalled in tireless fluency, under his sole stimulant then of strongest tea. Him Lamb finds to be, "in his natural state, one of the wisest and finest spirits breathing." There was William Wordsworth, austere, self-centred, quite sure of himself; whose real powers and all that was genuine in his genius Lamb was one of the first to recognize. There was Godwin, so darning with his pen, so mild of voice, prattling on trivial topics until he fell asleep always after supper. "He's a very well-behaved, decent man . . . quite a tame creature, I assure you: a middle-sized man, both in stature and understanding," wrote his keen-eyed host. There were the Burneys, father and son: the old captain, who had been taught by Eugene Aram and who had sailed all around the globe with Captain Cook, still young in spirit: and his son, Martin, of whom Lamb said, "I have not found a whiter soul than thine;" Leigh Hunt, airy, sprightly, full of fine fancies; Charles Lloyd, poetic, intense, melancholy; Tom Hood, slight of figure, feeble of voice, face of a Methodist parson, clad in sombre black, silent but for his sudden puns; Manning, the Cambridge mathematical tutor, "a man of a thousand;" the quiet Cary, translator of Dante, librarian of the British Museum; stalwart Allan Cunningham; the painter Haydon, eager for controversy; the preacher Edward Irving, content to be silent and to listen here; Bernard Barton, Quaker poet, bank drudge; Talfourd himself; gentle Barry Cornwall; "the self-involved" De Quincey, not one of that brilliant band before him in his love for Lamb, whom he well styles "the noblest of human beings." There was among the rest one most curious character, hardly known now as one of these others: Wainwright, "Janus Weathercock" of the *London Magazine*, the flimsy, plausible scoundrel in whom Lamb good-naturedly found something to like; and whose thefts, poisonings, disgrace, penal servitude, and mad death our friend did not live to see.

And Lamb, central and dominating personality of all these strong characters, towers above them all, not only and not so much by the greatness of his gifts as of his character. Alone among

them he was known by his first name; even as at school he had been called "Charles," as he best liked. "So Christians should call one another," he said. Reason revolts, and imagination cowers appalled before the forlorn and hopeless conception of Wordsworth addressed as "Willie," or Coleridge called "Sam!" Then, too, this man never poses, never parades himself, has no pettiness, nor petulance, nor jealousy. He was lucky in possessing that supreme antidote to the poison of conceit—an abiding sense of humor: "it is a genius in itself, and so defends from the insanities," in Emerson's apt words. No man with a keen perception of the ludicrous can take himself seriously. So when Coleridge addressed to Lamb those maudlin verses entitled, "This Lime-tree Bower my Prison"—during a visit to him at Nether Stowey of the brother and sister—in which he gushes over the "gentle-hearted Charles," this latter revolted. "For God's sake, don't make me ridiculous any more by terming me gentle-hearted in print, or do it in better verse! Substitute drunken dog, ragged-head,—self-shaven, odd-eyed, stuttering, and any other epithet which truly and properly belongs to the gentleman in question." All the rest of these men would bore us, I fear, to constantly come in contact with in actual life; they do bore us as we have to listen to and look at them—Coleridge, with his rhetorical preachments and his melancholy, born of rheumatism, rum, and opium; Hazlitt, with his tea-inspired flux of words; Wordsworth, solemnly weighted with his colossal conviction of his mission: they, and all the lesser ones, seem petty and tiresome beside this spare, silent, stuttering little fellow, who loved them all, who gave them his reverence, and who yet found fun in their foibles, and laughed at them all with a loving adroitness. How delicate and direct was his gibe when Coleridge had been longer than usual in his metaphysical clouds: "Oh, you mustn't mind what Coleridge says, he's so full of his fun." I can see his twinkling eyes when Coleridge asked him: "Charles, did you ever hear me preach?" "I never heard you do anything else!" And the theological theses sent him by Lamb, when

he went to Germany—"to be defended or oppugned (or both) at Leipsic or Göttingen"—are deliciously sly and sharp in their stab at his own complacent superiority of lesser gifted mortals held by that "archangel a little damaged." I can hear the falsetto tone of his moralities growing shriller before these among the other questions: "Whether God loves a lying angel better than a true man?" "Whether the higher order of seraphim illuminati ever sneer?"

How deftly he punctured Wordsworth's sublime conceit, on his hinting that "other poets might have equalled Shakespeare if they cared." "Oh, here's Wordsworth says he could have written '*Hamlet*' if he'd had the mind. It is clear that nothing is wanting but the mind!" Wordsworth got into a state of mind when Lamb, with friendly frankness, rated the "Lyrical Ballads" a little lower than did their author, and "wrote four sweating pages" to inspire Lamb with a "greater range of sensibility;" and the tormented critic bursts out: "After one's been reading Shakespeare for twenty of the best years of one's life, to have a fellow start up and prate about some unknown quality possessed by Shakespeare less than by Milton and William Wordsworth! . . . What am I to do with such people? I shall certainly write 'em a very merry letter." I wish we might read it.

Then there was Manning, with his slight sense of humor, and to him—then in China—Lamb loved to write the maddest inventions, and let loose his wildest whims about their friends. To Patmore, in Paris, he wrote, in an amazing letter: "If you go through Boulogne, inquire if old Godfrey is living and how he got home from the Crusades. He must be a very old man, now." To good odd Martin Burney, insatiable at whist: "Martin, if dirt was trumps, what a hand you'd have." Burney quite approved of Shakespeare, "because he was so much of a gentleman;" and he said and did so many queer things that Lamb wrote: "Why does not his guardian angel look to him? He deserves one; maybe he has tired him out!" He revelled in the fun he got out of George Dyer, the near-sighted, absent-minded, queer scholar;

who occasionally emptied his snuff-box into his tea-pot, and who kept his "neat library" in the seat of his easy-chair. Mary Lamb and Mrs. Hazlitt, going to his chambers one day in his absence, "tidied-up" the rooms and sewed up that out-of-repair easy-chair, with his books within; whereat he was greatly disconcerted! Lamb gives a ludicrous description of his visit to the same chambers in Clifford's Inn, where he found Dyer, in mid-winter, wearing "nankeen pantaloons four times too big for him, which the said heathen did pertinaciously affirm to be new. These were absolutely ingrained with the accumulated dirt of ages, but he affirmed 'em to be clean. He was going to visit a lady who was nice about those things, and that's the reason he wore nankeen that day!" It was to this credulous creature that Lamb confided that the secret author of "Waverley" was Lord Castlereagh! And he sent the guileless one to Primrose Hill at sunrise, to see the Persian Ambassador perform his orisons! It was Dyer who thought that the assassin of the Ratcliffe Highway—painted so luridly by De Quincey in his "Three Memorable Murders"—"must have been rather an eccentric character!" Haydon the painter has told of one memorable evening in his studio, when Lamb was in marvellous vein, and met that immortal Comptroller of Stamps who had begged to be introduced to Wordsworth, and who insisted on having the latter's opinion as to whether Milton and Newton were not great geniuses. Lamb took a candle and walked over to the poor man, saying, "Sir, will you allow me to look at your phrenological development?" Haydon and Keats got him away, but he persisted in bursting in, "Do let me have another look at that gentleman's organs." Edgar Poe's Imp of the Perverse took entire possession of him when thrown with uncongenial men, and forced him to give the impression of "something between an imbecile, a brute, and a buffoon." Writing of himself after the imaginary death of Elia, he says, truly: "He never greatly cared for the society of what are called good people. If any of these were scandalized (and offences were sure to arise) he could not help it."

No, nor did he try to help it, and we love him all the more for this "antic disposition" he was wont to put on; nor do I grieve greatly that his vagaries were not always "within the limits of becoming mirth" when he had to deal with prigs, pedants, or poseurs. The toady Tom Moore looked down on him, doubtless for "value received;" the portentous Macready has left on record his unfavorable impression, which pains us only a little less than the ungentle judgment of Carlyle. He found Lamb's talk but "a ghastly make-believe of wit," "contemptibly small," "diluted insanity," and labelled the brother and sister, in his humane way, "two very sorry phenomena."

Our friend was as ready to laugh at himself as at others, and his hissing his own farce is historic. He had set great store by this "Mr. H.: A Farce in Two Acts," and wrote to Manning in boyish glee at the prospect of the first performance: "All China shall ring with it by and by." He sat with Mary and Crabb Robinson in the front of the pit (his favorite seat) and joined with the audience in encoring his own witty prologue, and then was louder than any of them in hissing and hooting the luckless farce! Hazlitt, who was there, dreamed of that dreadful damning every night for a month, but Lamb only wrote: "Dear Wordsworth—'Mr. H.' came out last night and failed. We didn't grieve much, but, after all, we would rather it should have succeeded." Yet he needed the money which its success would have brought.

He has been asked to stand as godfather to a friend's child, and fears he will disgrace himself at the very font. "I was at Hazlitt's wedding,* and had liked to have been turned out several

times during the ceremony. Anything awful makes me laugh; I misbehaved once at a funeral." It was the same depth of feeling which made Abraham Lincoln tell silly stories at the most solemn crises; which suggests a sob under the maddest mirth of Sterne, Molière, Cervantes; which let Lamb write a playful paper, with the tears trickling down his cheeks, and made him seize the kettle from the hob and hold it on his sister's head when his great heart was near breaking at seeing the symptoms of her coming mania. Acting conversely, it made him write, "I often shed tears in the motley Strand for fullness of joy of so much life." His greatness of soul was never shown in a finer way than in his noble letter to Robert Southey, on the latter attacking, in the *Quarterly Review*, his first collected "Essays of Elia"—"a book which wants only a sounder religious feeling to be as delightful as it is original." This from so old a friend hurt Lamb deeply, but he wrote to Bernard Barton: "But I love and respect Southey, and will not retort. I hate his review and his being a reviewer." This is not the place to dwell on Lamb's religious belief. Like that of many other unbelievers, it was too large to be packed within a church or cathedral, or to be defined and labelled by a set of dogmas. About these weighty, as about minor matters, we may say, in Hazlitt's words: "His jests scald like tears, and he probes a question with a play upon words;" or, as Haydon put it, "He stuttered out his quaintness in snatches, like the fool in 'Lear.'"

* He was married to Sarah Stoddart on May 1, 1808, at St. Andrew's, Holborn. In this church-yard, cut through and wiped out by the Holborn Viaduct, were buried the elder Lamb and wife.

(To be continued.)



EXPIATION.

By Octave Thanet.

CHAPTER VI.



AIRFAX RUTHERFORD awoke from his delirium in the chamber which had been his as a little boy. In his ravings he was continually begging them to find Slick

Mose; Slick Mose had the money. "That's all I can do for them now," he would add. "Don't let them know about me."

It was Adèle who had divined that there was something in this iteration of Slick Mose's presence. She sought Mose the instant that the idiot returned to the plantation, which he did on the day following, starved, dirty, and, after his brute fashion, perceptibly unhappy. She followed him into the swamp and brought back the money.

But there was little enough rejoicing over its recovery. Fairfax's frenzied sentences had evoked phantoms of dishonor to flit like carrion-crows before his father's eyes.

What was the money worth, if those dark misgivings were true?

Adèle wondered drearly how many lives the saving of the money had cost, and the taint of blood seemed in the air; while Mrs. Rutherford stood in such abject fear of the "graybacks" that she regarded the possession of so large a sum as simply inviting destruction.

The Colonel at first had been absorbed in his anxiety for Fairfax's life. He would not leave him day nor night; he was questioning everybody, watching every medicine. But lately, after one interview with Aunt Mollie, he had shrunk into a strange silence.

It was a sad house, truly enough; the very negroes were dejected. Aunt Hizzie cuffed and scolded her helpers in the kitchen, and bickered with Unk' Nels in the gallery whenever they met. The subject of dispute, usually, was no

less than the efficacy of her "mixteries." Nels would not carry them upstairs. Being Aunt Hizzie's husband, he had a wide experience of her physic; and his was the tongue of the scoffer. Moreover, though nature had muffled his utterance, she had left the cutting edge to his wit.

Aunt Hizzie was not so agile of mind as her husband, but she could keep up a fight longer, whence, on the whole, they were pretty evenly matched. Aunt Hizzie's strong argument was her own robust health. "Look a' you"—this was a favorite taunt—"punyin' roun' de plumb w'ile. Look a' me, stout an' gayly! How came dat differ? You doesn't take my mixteries; I *does!*"

"I done take too many dem mixteries, *dat* whut make me puny," Unk' Nels would retort. Once he added: "Marse Fair nearly 'bout daid a'ready; reckon dey kill him off, sho."

"Is you seen 'im dis mawnin'?" Aunt Hizzie's real affection for the family called a truce to the squabble.

"Yaas, I has, Hizzie," Unk' Nels replied, with solemnity; "feveryent cooled a mite. An' he plumb outer his haid. Skreeches turrrible."

"Heabenly goodnis! Whut he say, Nels?"

"Same like he done say ever' day. '*I will not! I will not! I will not!*' dat a way. Hollers hit *loud!* Den he talk 'bout li'e black cat ain't got nare haid, talk right smart 'bout dat 'ar. W'en I fotch 'im de wine, he look a' me pow'ful cu'ris way, an' he ax me, Is de Cunnel his fader? an' w'en I says, 'Yaas, sah,' he twurn his haid topper de pilly so he kin look a' de Cunnel, an' he say, 'Howdy, sah; does you know I is de on-lies' Rutherford evah ben a cyoward?' Say, Hizzie, dat boy must a did sumfin *turrrible!*"

Aunt Hizzie snorted contempt almost beyond words: "I'se p'intedly mortified at ye, Nelson, gwine on dat a way 'bout you' young marse, you ornery, pusillanimous, trifin', black nigger!"

"Hizzie," interrupted Nels, calmly, "you minds me dem Chrismus pop-crackers like de 'postle describe—all soun' an' fury signifyin' nary! Cayn't *my* young marse ben a cyoward jes' much iz are tarrer cullud pusson's young marse? *Somebuddy's* young marse got tuh be cyowards! Naw, Hizzie, gittin' mad doan' stop Marse Fair being a cyoward. I ain't cravin' tuh 'low he *done* ben sich iz dat, but looks like—looks like. He done some turrrible meanness onyhow!"

Upstairs the wretched father heard every word. So did Adèle. The man's head fell. The girl lifted hers higher, as the color flamed in her cheek.

"Even my niggers know it," groaned Colonel Rutherford; "'I have lived a day too long.' Thank God my brave boys are dead!"

"You have one brave boy alive," said Adèle, steadily.

The Colonel, having a broken leg, could not jump up and pace the floor; he only shrunk lower into his chair, as if she had struck him a blow.

"What *can* I think, Della?" he said, miserably. "You know what Aunt Mollie tells. He—he says he killed him. He keeps accusing himself of—" the Colonel choked over the word—"you heard *them*," he said, jerking his hand downward to imply the dusky gossips below.

"If he is against himself," said Adèle, firmly, "all the more reason his own kin should stick to him. I *know* he isn't—that!"

The Colonel turned on his niece a face in which an agonizing dread was struggling with a timid hope; he bit his dry lips before he could say: "Della, did—did you—you were with him a good deal in his young days—did you observe any lack of spirit—the others were so high-spirited that the contrast might make him seem—ah—tame, like—but I don't mean that, you understand; I mean—if he had been a Yankee boy" (oh, what a comparison for a Southerner!) "would you of 'lowed there ben anything wrong 'bout him?"

Adèle, whose high color had faded, did not meet the old soldier's imploring eyes.

"He was always right delicate, Unk' Ralph," she said, hurriedly, "and Mam-

my would tell him the awfulest stories, they made him scared, like—" Somehow she could not get any more words out of her throat. The old man took his gray head into his hands, saying, huskily, "Mammy's fool talk didn't scare you!"

"Oh, but I was older."

"You were a *year* older. She didn't scare Jeff or Steve. But what's the use?"

Adèle persisted: "We really don't know anything. He's just crazy, like. Talking about killing Parson Collins! Why wasn't he somewhere 'round if he was killed? Dead men can't walk off. And—and I had Aunt Mollie, soon as she and the children went back to their cabin, I had them and two of our men look all over the ruins. And there wasn't a trace of any human body in those ashes. He couldn't be burnt up to *nothing*!"

"Adèle," said the Colonel, "what did Aunt Mollie tell you? Oh, you needn't tell me. I've seen her. She seen them torturing him. She seen him—give in." He turned his head away.

"She was too far off to tell anything," cried Adèle; "*somebody* shot a pistol, so she lays it on Fair. How could *she* tell? If he did fire that pistol he did it when he was crazy. They drove him crazy."

"How do you make that out?" said the Colonel. He did not look up or he would have seen how Fairfax had ceased his moaning of one phrase and was looking full at his father.

But Adèle saw.

In a second the wild, wide eyes closed, Fairfax lay quietly, as if asleep. Adèle motioned at him. She rose directly and arranged the coverings more smoothly, listening meanwhile. He lay so quietly that she smiled sorrowfully at her thought that he could be returning to his senses and have understood. "Fast asleep," she whispered, passing the Colonel; "I must go see to his soup."

Nevertheless, her first impression was the true one—Fairfax had heard and understood.

She wheeled the Colonel's chair near the bed in order that he might hand Fairfax his drink if he asked for it. Then her soft footstep passed through the hall, down the stair.



"You have one brave boy alive," said Adele, steadily.

The Colonel sat looking at his boy, whose delicate beauty was so like his mother's. The brow did not frown nor the lips quiver; no muscle of the sensitive mask betrayed the ever-swelling tide of memory and despair breaking like a sea over the sleeper's heart. Unavailing pity for his father, unavailing gratitude to Adèle were stronger than remorse or shame. The bed gave a little creak and rustle. The Colonel was leaning one elbow on the mattress and bending over him; he felt a trembling light touch on his hair and a tear rolled down his cheek, a tear not from his own eyes; his father had kissed him.

He lay motionless as before, but something warm stole into his chilled heart.

He waited until his father should resume his former position, and enough time should elapse to make it appear that he had not been disturbed, for he had the Anglo-Saxon shrinking from a display of emotion; then he moved and opened his eyes.

"Good-morning, sir," said he.

"Good-morning, Fair," said the Colonel; "feeling pearter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that's right, but you hadn't ought to talk."

That was all. The Colonel read "Montaigne," upside down. He always read "Montaigne" when he was in trouble; he would snatch up a volume at moments of special strain, open it anywhere, and read desperately for a few pages until he was sure of his composure.

But to-day he was past "Montaigne." His eyes saw nothing. His hands trembled so that he could not hold the book steady, and, at last, he laid it down.

Fairfax pretended to fall asleep again. Nothing further was said between the two. When Adèle came into the room, and the Colonel had gone, he beckoned to her to come nearer and said: "Slick Mose has the money."

"No, Cousin Fair, *we* have the money," she answered, as quietly as if this were not his first lucid speech. "When you were sick you told us, and we've got it."

"I am glad of that," said Fairfax. He turned to the wall and slept. When the

doctor (who rode fifteen miles every other day to Montaigne) saw his patient, he pronounced the fever broken. In a few days it was quite gone. Yet Fairfax's condition did not seem to mend.



"He has no one but me," she prayed; "help me to help him."

One who had known the merry young fellow would hardly have recognized this changed, unsmiling man, who never complained, never was pleased, and spent most of his time furtively watching a melancholy elderly man seated by his window, book in hand, all day long and late into the night.

Colonel Rutherford seldom addressed his son; Fairfax never spoke to his father.

"Della, I'm worried to death about him," Mrs. Rutherford confessed; "he didn't take on like this when Jeff and Ralph were taken—he'd cry and talk about them, and he was all broken down with grieving; but now, Della, he won't talk to me. He can't seem to bear to speak a word to anybody—just sits and studies. He ain't reading that book; it's always open at the same place, and he never turns the leaves. And his eyes, Della, have you noticed how they look at you and don't seem to see you? It fairly gives me the all-overs. I wish to

mercy Fair had never come; he never was good to him, like the dear boys, and now he has *killed* him." The speech, so unlike Mrs. Rutherford's gentle talk, ended in a burst of tears. Adèle did not answer a word. She soothed and caressed her mother, and made her a cup of their dwindling, precious tea, and put her to bed for a little time.

Then she went out into the woods, those same woods which had witnessed her bitter grief when Fair left her last. This time she did not weep. She leaned against a tree—for, indeed, she had need of support—while her hopeless eyes looked down the darkening river; and prayed. "He has no one but me," she prayed; "help me to help him!"

There are loves and loves; but of all loves what has more of that quality which our aspirations name celestial, than the love which may not look up to its object, yet will not look down, and under all the cruel mockery of failure sees the soul's divine struggle, and so forgives and loves and cherishes to the end? Such love contains more than protecting tenderness, like the affection of a mother for a deformed child; it not only pities, it comprehends and hopes.

Poor Adèle had been worshipping a magnificent cavalier; put to the test he seemed to have turned into a worthless craven and betrayer. But her faith did not desert him; she had all a Southern girl's contempt for cowardice in a man, and her own temperament was singularly fearless; nevertheless she clung to Fairfax. She remembered his childish days, going back to Fair's imaginary terrors, painfully piecing together half-forgotten circumstances to get a clear argument of the case. Fair, in fact, had the timidity of a delicate and imaginative child, just the timidity to be outgrown with years, sense, and health. She remembered instance after instance when he had overcome it. There was the time she pulled that trifling, onery Tick Robbins out of the river—Fair had been rooted to the bank panic-smitten; but when at the last, both Tick and she clinging to the branches of the willow, the branch had broken and they were drifting helplessly down the eddy, it was Fair who came trembling over the edge and crawled along the water-oak

branch and pulled it down by his weight, so that they could hang on to his legs, and actually were rescued in that position.

How well she remembered the way the Colonel laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks; but he took Fair on his knee and kissed him, and gave him a "truly silver watch" for his own because he had been a brave boy. And with a thrill she remembered, too, that Fair had dropped his eyes with a red face and in such a tremulous whisper replied, "But, paw, I wasn't brave, I was terribly scared up at first." The Colonel caught the boy to his breast and his own voice was a little husky as he said, "Boy, remember it ain't how you f-feel, it's what you d-do that counts."

It was long after this that Fair went on the annual wild-hog hunt. How white he looked as they sat on their horses before the gallery, at starting; but he came back jubilant, excited, eager to talk about the run and the sport. And there was the time with the rattlesnake. They came upon him in their walks and Fair took to his heels; but he came back and helped Adèle kill the snake. He said: "I thought you were running too, Adèle." When the snake was dead he shivered and sat down, pale and sick; she thought that he must be "chilling." But surely, surely he was not so easily startled the last time he visited the plantation; he no longer feared the dark, or ran from a tarantula, or crossed the fields to shun a bull, or looked askance at the cows; and he went to that hunt and rode with the rest if he did look pale at starting. Recapitulating and studying every incident Adèle made her own theory, her own apology (using the word in the sense of the early Christian theologians) for Fairfax.

But she did not dare to hope that he, least of all, would accept it for himself. She knew that his father would not; while her mother's attitude was hopeless. She could not stay long by herself. Half an hour later she was back by Fairfax's side.

Aunt Hizzie stalked about the gallery below in deepest gloom. "Look a' dat servah!"* she proclaimed, dismally, "he yent et a mite. Nev' does eat. An'

* Server—tray; African for salver, probably.

he yent *ill*, least bit on yearth. He does be fixin' tuh die, sho!"

"How come ye don't be totin' him up some you' sut-tea,* den? Ye 'lows

slipped from his fingers. For a while he had forgotten his troubles.

"Oh, I cayn't bear it," she said, and hid her face.



"Dress up now and stand steady, unless you all would like better to swing."—Page 294.

dat cure ever'ting," said Unk' Nels, the cynic.

"Ef he ben had dat tea studdy," returned she, "he ben better'n he am now. Law me, I cayn't git up nare burryin' dinner dese times—no sody, no flour, no raisins nur lemons, an' dem 'lasses nearly 'bout gone tew! An' who'll preach de fun'al, now Parson Collins done ben killed up? Tell me dat, will ye, ye fool nigger?"

Like most of the pair's dialogues this was distinctly audible above.

"Poor Aunt Hizzie," said Fairfax, "she takes such pride in her 'burryin' dinners, and mine will be but a poor affair. I am a disgrace all around, you see, Adèle."

He looked up to meet Adèle's wet eyes. She flashed one glance at the Colonel; his head rested peacefully on the back of the chair—"Montaigne" had

The instinct of a gentleman made Fairfax rouse himself to comfort her.

"Oh, you know you mustn't," he said. "Adèle, dear Adèle, what is the matter?"

She was near enough for him to be trying to take her hands away. They fell, and he held them. A deep flush spread over her face. Their eyes met. Suddenly he dropped her hands with a kind of groan.

At once all the nurse in her awoke. "Does your shoulder hurt you?" she said, quickly.

"No," said he, "I had forgotten for a second what I am—and I remembered."

Adèle did not blush again; she looked at him steadily as she said, "Cousin Fair, you are *aiming* to die!"

"Why not?" said he.

"Cousin Fair," she said, slowly, "would it hurt you too much to tell me about it all? I don't know anything; I only guess at things."

*Soot-tea is a remedy in high esteem with the negroes. It is neither more nor less than chimney-soot and water.

He only hesitated a moment; then the whole miserable story came—at first, with a bitter sort of self-control; but before he ended he was sobbing as uncontrollably as, when a terrified child, he used to be comforted back to courage in her arms.

"Poor Fair, poor Fair," she murmured, stretching out her hand and patting his as his mother might, "I'm sure you didn't *know* you were doing it. They drove you crazy with their wicked torments. And you were wounded and almost dead, too. You would have withstood them if you hadn't been wounded."

But he was too honest to accept her comfort.

"No, they didn't," he cried; "I knew perfectly. But I don't understand it, Adèle; I was horribly scared, and the pain drove me frantic; but I was resolved to *let* them kill me rather than yield. I was saying, 'I will not, I will not,' to myself. And even *while* I said it—I must have pulled the trigger!" He groaned again.

"Did the men hold your hand?"

"One held my arm and another one my wrist and part of my hand, so I couldn't drop the pistol; but I know he didn't pull the trigger, for I overheard him telling the other fellow that he wished Dick would let the old man off. No, I did it, Adèle, and now you see why it is better for everyone to have me die?"

"No, Cousin Fair, I don't," cried Adèle; "don't you think at all about us—about him?" moving her head in the Colonel's direction.

Fairfax's lips trembled into a dreary smile. "It is for his sake most that I want to die."

"Cousin Fair"—the passionate words were the more thrilling because spoken so low—"if you die now, how am I to convince him that you are *not* a coward? Yes, I say the word because I don't believe it. But he don't know you as I do—if you die now he never will; but if you live, if you are brave, as you always have been—you *have*, I say; you shan't interrupt me! Then, then, he will know he did you wrong, and be happy again. And there is Unk' Fair, too, who is so petted on you, and has

had such disappointment already. Cousin Fair, you have no right to leave them alone and broken down like they would be!"

He only nodded toward his father, muttering for her to hush, she would wake him. She clasped her hands more tightly, trying to smother in herself an impetuous something that was making her heart beat faster. "Look a' here, Cousin Fair, I will suppose that you have done the very worst that you fear; and I am going to say to you what I believe he would—he *will*—say to you, for I know he is alive."

Fairfax caught her arm. "If—if he were, Adèle—what makes you think so?"

Briefly Adèle repeated her reasons for hope.

"Mollie," she said, "really knows nothing, for she became so terrified when she thought Parson Collins was killed that she ran fast as she could into the swamp, and the next thing she knew the mule had thrown you off close to her."

Fairfax drew a long breath. "If—if he isn't dead there is some hope for me. But, Adèle, my firing that pistol isn't all. I had no right, whatever those devils did to me, to betray Collins into their hands. It seemed to me I had a right to give up the money. I knew Uncle Fair would pay it twice over for me; but, don't you see, it wasn't a question of money, it was my giving up Collins. I knew he was a *man* and not a—Fancy, Adèle, I haven't the courage to name the thing I am."

Adèle seemed to be thinking; it was a long minute to Fairfax before she answered. "Yes, Fair, you had no right to give in; but I don't believe you would if you hadn't been half out of your head with the pain and the chill. God won't hold you guilty for that. And even say you were guilty, guilty of the worst—well, what then? Does repentance mean despair or expiation? 'Bring forth fruits,' the apostle says. God will not despise a broken and a contrite heart: but if such a heart doesn't lead us to *do* something, it isn't contrite. Do you think that there is any good in unhappiness of itself? Unless our unhappiness for sin makes us

more merciful to other people when they do wrong, and more careful not to sin again, and anxious to repair the wrong, I don't see any good in it—not the least bit on earth. I'm sure unhappy people, who are *just* unhappy, are mighty disagreeable; they don't join in anything, they don't like anything, and you feel as if you were heartless if you laugh at a joke when they're 'round, or enjoy anything you eat." She made the little gesture with her hands which was almost the only thing about her to recall to Fairfax the eager and reckless little romp of his boyhood. But her soft voice never rose nor sharpened, though the tears of earnestness shone in her beautiful eyes.

"Fair, please try to understand what I mean, I've thought so *hard* what to say to you; it looks like I couldn't say it right, in the way to convince you, but I have to try. You think there isn't any more happiness left in life for you; I think surely there is. But if there isn't, there's *duty*. Not *only* to Unk' Ralph, Cousin Fair; I'm only a girl and I don't understand much about politics, but I know that everyone, man or woman, owes something to his country. Unk' Fairfax reckoned we all were wrong; he said he couldn't fight for the South and he wouldn't fight against her, so he stayed in Europe, and I expect you thought like him."

"Yes," said Fairfax.

"I don't; but that hasn't anything to do with it. Now I know as well as you, Cousin Fair, that we are beaten in Arkansas; but now if we are beaten, we have got to live. There is the land left and the poor people, and it's our own country, Cousin Fair; you haven't any right to desert it. And because it is ruined and miserable, that's the more reason you should try to help. If you want to make amends to Mr. Collins, to Unk' Ralph—they love this poor country—stay here and help them try to save it. Oh, you know, you know how Unk' Ralph has struggled to improve this place, to get better roads and better houses and some way civilize the people; and you know how Mr. Collins helped him. If you want to make amends—please, Cousin Fair, excuse the plain way I talk—then help to rid the

country of the graybacks and get in provisions and keep peace now, and the rest will come in time. That—that will be expiation; but to lie here and die of shame—if you do, do you know what I say? I say, Cousin Fair, you weren't a coward, but you *are*!"

"I say that *is* a blast, Adèle," said Fairfax, but the ghost of a smile crept to his lips. He looked up at her wistfully. And perhaps for a moment there flashed over him a perception of the difference in his mental attitude from what it had been so short a time ago. He had felt for his people the half-compassionate toleration of the cosmopolite for the provincial. It may be that the hawk has a kindred feeling for the quail, a useful, virtuous enough bird, but with no breadth of experience, no distinction. He had found the details of Adèle's life as depicted in her letters petty and uncouth to a degree; he had winced over his father's lapses in etiquette and grammar, over his contented rusticity, over Mrs. Rutherford's preposterous landscapes, over the whole feudal medley of magnificence and shabbiness about the place; now he, the admired young man of the world, who had started to the rescue of his father's wrecked fortunes with such a foolhardy confidence, had failed ignominiously. He lacked even those primitive, basic virtues on which manhood depends, which knit society together—courage and fidelity. Why, the very poor whites, the renters on his father's plantation, the ragged farmers in the hills who knew nothing of the refinement of the senses, were *men* at least, brave and loyal, and had the right to despise him. He who should have been the honor of his father's house, was its everlasting reproach.

It was the boy's nature to shrink from suffering; he did not know how to be unhappy; and his soul clung to Adèle's strong tenderness with its old childish abandon. What would have jarred upon him once he did not even see; he went back to the love of his childhood, but with a humility which he never had known before. Her words opened a window of hope to his darkness; and in his prostration of remorse the denial, the self-mortification, the

hardship and dangers of the expiation that she proffered him, were its poignant attraction. He experienced something of the dependence on pain, of the mediæval saint who pressed the spiked crucifix into his flesh. As not infrequently happens, the part of Adèle's little sermon which she herself felt most fervently may be said to have passed clean over Fairfax's head, and he was affected by an incidental and extraneous quality of thought.

But affected he was; dragged out of his apathy, to stand morally on his feet—a man, if a ruined and desperate one.

After a long pause he spoke :

"I don't suppose you have such things as clothes left in the store."

"We have mostly *shelves* in the store," said Adèle, hiding a thrill of hope under a light speech; "but I have been altering some of Unk' Ralph's clothes, and there's a pair of his boots, but"—dubiously—"they are pretty old."

Another long pause; the inventory of clothes did not seem to rouse Fair.

She waited; a little wind fluttered the leaves of the Essays, open on the floor. A line in italics, marked below in ink, stared out at her, hatefully plain: "*I have, therefore, lived a day too long!*" The Colonel's profile, laid back on the chair, had lost its fresh coloring, the eyes were sunken, there were new furrows cut in the forehead.

Fair's eyes followed hers from the book to the sleeping face.

"You see," said he, quietly, "he thinks so too. I have lived a day too long. But I am going to try again, Adèle." Inwardly he added, "I can't whine to her, but maybe I shall be lucky enough to get killed by the graybacks, and then the poor old governor will forgive me and be comforted."

Adèle had only said, "Thank you, Cousin Fair," in a tremulous voice. He stole another look at her; he felt so inexpressibly weak and wretched, worn out by his own passion, and she—she looked so gentle, yet, with the light in her eye, and the flush that was come to her cheek, and the erect, supple young figure, how strong!

"Adèle," he whispered, flushing to his hair, "do you—do you despise me too much to kiss me once?"

She bent her lovely neck and kissed his cheek, softly and very tenderly, as his sister might.

Then she rose and slipped out of the room. He imagined when he saw her again that there were traces of tears on her cheeks; but he had not the courage to ask her anything.

CHAPTER VII.

It is difficult for anyone not a Southerner to picture adequately the isolation of an Arkansas plantation during the last year of the war. Before the war Montaigne was a post-office, and three times a week the mail came. There were half a dozen plantations or wee settlements within riding distance. Four times a week, going or coming, the steam-boat dropped its gang-plank at the landing below the mill, to the accompaniment of a prodigious screaming of whistles, ringing of bells, hurly-burly of men, and an opulence of profanity.

Of a Saturday one might often see as many as twenty horses tied to the hitching-bar under the great willow-oak, before the store. The "big house" could entertain a dozen guests without pinching.

Strangers, whatever their degree, met a welcome of mediæval freedom. Horses, slaves, provisions abounded. There was a saying that any honest man might have a beeve or a pig from Colonel Rutherford, for the asking. Life on a plantation before the war, indeed, was a mediæval idyl.

We all know the conclusion of the idyl. Enter grim-visaged war with his visor down. There is a woful end to all the piping and dancing. The gay cavaliers ride away to battle-fields where all shall be lost save honor. The laughing dames fight a harder battle at home, in their black gowns, starving and contriving and toiling for their doomed cause and their unreturning knights.

Inevitably the war stopped all the pleasant, kindly interchange of neighborhood courtesies and visits. The cumbersome but, withal, pliable mechanism of society was crushed to atoms. The store-shelves emptied them-

selves, and thereafter stood yawning in a way to make a Northern shopkeeper weep. Rarely did a rider venture across "the creek." When visitors did come, they rode armed to the teeth; the very women had revolvers stowed somewhere about their rusty cotton riding-skirts. Bands of pillagers wasted the country, and any man might be a hidden ally of the graybacks; hence distrust, the base-born brother of fear, harassed all honest men worse than fear itself.

As the brief, chill November sunshine grew briefer and chillier, and the cold mud of the swamps deepened with frost and rain, weeks would pass, perhaps, without a strange face being seen on the plantation. Walled in by its vast and sombre forests, Montaignelay on the little river, as lonely as a Russian steppe. Such isolation could not but be an obstacle to discovering any trace of Parson Collins. There were no neighbors to bring in a clew. Even supposing anyone had found a clew, had seen the dead man alive and well, he was not likely to risk his horse, or, possibly, his life, carrying his news to Montaigne. The Colonel's parties scoured the country round the Parson's farm in vain. For any sign left behind, he might have sunk through the earth.

Meanwhile the loneliness and monotony of the life affected Fair in the worst way. His thoughts sagged forever on one theme, like a gate on a broken hinge. The canker-fret of disgrace was eating his heart. He could not believe, in spite of Adèle's assurances, that his father's precaution in sending Mollie Collins away had been successful, and that all the plantation did not consider him a craven murderer.

"As I am," thought Fair. "Even if Adèle is right and I didn't pull the trigger, I got the poor old man into the hole."

The very clothes which he was obliged to wear were like a convict's suit to him.

He had a young Englishman's respect for himself physically; and here he was,

washing with a nasty mess called soft-soap, and skulking about the plantation with his toes out of his boots, patches on his knees, and a battered old hat so large that he must needs tie it under his chin. He laughed at the grotesque figure he cut; but no lover chooses to cut a grotesque figure before his mistress, and his laugh hurt. As soon as he was able to crawl he occupied himself with incessant projects of forays against the guerillas, in which his best hope was to get killed, of course after performing prodigies of valor.



Fairfax Rutherford, Esq.

No sooner was he able to crawl downstairs than he proposed to the Colonel that he go to Memphis and buy supplies for the store. He could ride to Mrs. Crowder's, and from there to the Federal lines was but a short distance. The Colonel had listened as usual, with his eyes everywhere except on Fair. "I don't guess you better," he said; "you ain't stout enough." The words were kind, but Fair felt choked. "He won't trust me," he said to Adèle; "well, why should he? I was a fool to ask." It was not often that he spoke so freely, even to Adèle. Yet he depended on her, he felt her sympathy, and, what was a thousand times more bracing, her belief in him, every hour of the day.

It showed the real nobility of Fair's nature that, unable at first to gratify his longing for action, wherein, he conceived, lay his only chance of redemption, he should try in every humble way

to be useful. There was nothing glorious in tuning the piano, or mending chairs (in a very bungling fashion, to the bargain), or painting the ceiling of Mrs. Rutherford's sitting-room, or riding about the plantation to report the condition of fences; yet it took more resolution to push away his black moods and address himself to such trivial tasks than has carried many a man into battle.

An unexpected result of these efforts was the conquest of Mrs. Rutherford. She could not think hard long of such an amiable and ingenious young man who never found fault with his meals. The piano softened her; and his gratitude over the two shirts which she made for him convinced her entirely that he never *could* have shot Parson Collins. "And how Ralph Rutherford can go on the way he does to that poor boy," she said to Adèle, once a day at least, "I can't make out. I declare it's wicked. It is so."

The relations between father and son had grown no more familiar. When the Colonel was obliged to address Fair, he used a sort of studied gentleness; but he never spoke to his son of his own accord. Three times a day they met at the table, and talked to Mrs. Rutherford and Adèle. On Fairfax's part the restraint came from an intolerable sense of self-abasement. "*Écraser l'infame,*" he would think, bitterly. His father's good opinion had grown into a prize, now that he judged it lost forever. He could see, now, the heroic qualities of the shabby old planter, his strong will, his clear head, his stainless honor, his noble patience.

On the Colonel's part the feeling was more complex. Uncouth, and even vulgar, as some aspects of his life may appear to a Northerner, he had all the patrician instincts. "Born and raised a gentleman," is the Southern title of nobility; and the Rutherfords had been gentlemen for centuries. Fair's flinching in the face of danger and his betrayal of Collins were unpardonable sins, according to his father's code. No Rutherford ever had been a coward; no Rutherford ever could have been a traitor. Had Fair been killed by the graybacks, bravely resisting to the last,

the blow would have broken his father's heart, but the stanch old man would have exulted in his desolation because his son had been strong and quit him like a man. Fair, his best-beloved child, would have been dead, but not lost. Now, not being dead, he was lost. Ralph Rutherford could never hold up his head again. He was like a man struck a mortal blow, who staggers a few paces, not knowing what he does. To Mrs. Rutherford it seemed that Fair was dead to his father; but Adèle, whose eyes were keener, said, "Then, mamma, why does he always watch Fair and follow him wherever he goes?" and the elder woman had no answer.

She soon perceived that the Colonel shunned everyone. He said—with his eyes on his boots—that he should disturb her rest, he had such uneasy nights; and he went off to a bare room of his own. Often and often did his wife lie awake and listen, weeping, to his heavy, uncertain tread.

"And I know he'll make his leg bad again, walking on it so reckless!" she would reflect, wretchedly; "but it's no use on earth me saying a word!"

But it was hard for her, who had helped him to bear his other sorrows, to be shut out of this cruellest of all.

Were it any consolation (and women being what they are, very possibly it was), she might assure herself that no one else stood any nearer to him. He never so much as looked a negro in the face, if he could help it; the routine of the plantation seemed hateful to him; while he, the sweetest-tempered of men, was turned moody and irritable, fretted at trifles, and flew into a passion over the slightest contradiction. Frequently, however (and this was the more distressing to his wife), he would check his hasty speech with a painful sort of humility. It was as though he should say: "I am a ruined, disgraced old man; what right have I to be angry at anybody?"

The poor lady actually welcomed his plans for hunting down Dick Barnabas, since in them, at least, he showed a feverish interest.

Bud Fowler really started the first expedition. After the Colonel refused Fair permission to ride to Crowder's,

Bud, who had brought his family to the plantation, quietly rode over there without mentioning his intentions.

It was as he suspected; Mrs. Crowder had written the note. Not half an hour after Jim Fowler left the tavern Betty Ward had galloped back, and they saw smears of blood on her bridle.

"The minnit I seen that," said worthy Mrs. Crowder, "I putt it up suthin' had happened to Jim. So Tobe and me jes' taken the hoss back, an' he was layin' on the grass. Mymy! mymy! when I seen him I sot right daown and bellered, I felt so bad. I hadn't no more wits in me iz a fittified sheep. But says Tobe, 'Maw, whar's the money?' An' says I, 'Willy Crowder, if Jim done kep' that ar money, ye got t' git it back!' So we done accordin'. We uns histed you' paw on the hoss, best we cud make out, and Tobe writ the note; an' we pinte her haid an' sent her ayfter Mist' Rutherford. Looked like the critter knowed, she went off so slick."

Mrs. Crowder felt sure that Dick had a spy in Jacksonport, and that he knew of the money's being sent. He knew about young Rutherford's coming, also; but she could not decide whether he supposed that Jim was to carry the money.

Bud's own theory was to the effect that Dick was *not* sure, and that therefore he had stationed assassins along the road to kill both.

"That a way he lowed t' make the wiggle, no matter *how* the cat jumped," said Bud; "now, question is, *Who* writes them letters? But more of a question are, *Whut's* in 'em? Mis' Crowder, we got t' fine aout. An' it's easy. Jes' peek in the letters."

Thanks to the unscrupulous child who put the notion into her head, Mrs. Crowder from that day forth, opened every letter which came to her office, lest by any chance she should miss one for Dick's confederate. I believe that she had the grace to keep her tampering with the mails to herself; but it does not appear that she ever felt any compunction. Like most women, she was a bit of a Jesuit, and held that the end must look out for the means. I even fear that she was interested in the other letters.

Owing to her information, Colonel Rutherford presently was able to foil an attack of the graybacks on a "cross-roads" store. A little force of old soldiers was collected, authority was easily obtained from the Federal general in command of the district, and finally they were mounted, armed, and mustered before the house. The Colonel limped out and climbed into the saddle. Fair came out of the house to help him. "I can make out," said the Colonel, not lifting his eyes from the horse's mane. But Fair did not move away. He was white, like a piece of chalk, Unk' Nels told Hizzie.

"May I go with you, sir?" said he. The Colonel would not look at him. "You're too sick," he answered, in a gruff way.

"I am quite well again, sir."

"You ain't got nothing to ride."

"There's Laughing Johnny."

Laughing Johnny was a mule.

"Did you know Betty Ward came back last night? Lord knows from where; you better take *her*."

"Thank you, sir."

No more words were exchanged, nor did the Colonel pay his son further attention, but when the troop clattered down the avenue, Fairfax, on Betty Ward, rode in the front rank.

They overtook the guerillas at the cross-roads store, which they were looting. There was a short, sharp combat before the outlaws broke and ran. Colonel Rutherford's men were the better mounted, and Fairfax's horse outstripped the others. During the pursuit, his spirits almost rose to their old boyish level. With actual gayety he plunged in among the bullets. When the leader of the graybacks (it was not Dick) swung around in his saddle to fire at him, Fairfax saw him roll off under his return fire, with a throb of stern exultation. But, afterward, it was different. Five haggard, muddy, scared-looking men, some of them wounded, bareheaded, and their hands tied behind their backs, forced into a line to look into the muzzles of levelled guns and to hear the grizzled lieutenant's command: "Dress up now and stand steady, unless you all would like better to swing!"—there was no sight to brace a man's anger or fire his courage!

Fairfax shut his eyes because he was ashamed to turn his head.

"One moment, lieutenant," said Colonel Rutherford. "Mr. Rutherford!" Fairfax started like a girl, and then cursed himself for his nervousness, as he saluted.

"Mr. Rutherford, you will take three men and ride as fast as possible to Montaigne with the news. Tell them to get a good supper ready for us immediately."

Fairfax saluted again, took his men, and galloped away. The group in the woods was left behind, the victors with their prospect of a good supper, the doomed vanquished men casting their last glances at the sun.

In a moment a volley of musketry crashed behind them. All they could see (for every man turned in his saddle) was a little ragged cloud of smoke staining the sky.

"I seen Jim Fowler's coat on one ur 'em," one man said.

"Dessay," said the other; "wall, they got thar desarvin's. Have a pull, sir?" producing a whiskey-bottle and addressing Fairfax. "You does look p'int blank gashly. 'Tain't no joke seein' them tricks, fust time; but laws! ye'll git over hit. They're a bloody gang er thieves."

"Thanks, no," said Fairfax.

"You' paw's health then"—the flask went to the speaker's mouth, as he winked pleasantly over Fairfax's back at his comrade.

Fair rode on, raging at himself. His father would despise him for flinching; even these fellows had noticed it. "And I needn't call it humanity," he thought, angrily. "I knew they richly deserved hanging. If somebody had told me they were to be hung, supposing that I were somewhere out of sight and hearing, I daresay I shouldn't have cared a pin. It was simply my cursed cowardice; I hadn't the nerve to look at them being killed. No doubt *he* was afraid I should go to pieces entirely and make a fool of myself, so he sent me away. Might as well never have come, for any use I have been."

So the poor lad mentally scourged himself all the way home.

But that night, for the first time, Colonel Rutherford looked at him when he

asked a question; and the next morning at breakfast he said:

"Say, Fairfax, when are you 'lowing to get off on that foraging party of yours—stock for the store, you know?"

Fairfax brightened up. "I am at your service any time, sir," said he.

CHAPTER VIII.

FAIRFAX did go. More than that, he plucked up courage to propose to his father a plan for entrapping the graybacks "in a flock," as the Colonel phrased it, "instead of hunting them down in coveys."

His idea was to use Dick's spy for Dick's own undoing, to buy his provisions, load a boat, secure a guard of Federal soldiers, and let all his plans leak out in time for Dick to use them. A boat loaded with provisions (including quinine, tobacco, and whiskey), with arms, ammunition, saddles, clothes, and the like, as well as a store of greenbacks in small bills, was a treasure-ship to tempt any graybacks. The guard of soldiers would insure bringing out the full strength of Dick's band. Let them once attack the boat, Colonel Rutherford could raise enough of a force to descend on the fight and capture most of the graybacks. Of course, his men were to be gathered with great secrecy, in order that Dick might suppose that his only foe was on the boat. The Colonel listened in silence to Fair's explanations, and so grimly that Fair gave his hopes up for lost; but when he made an end, confused and reddening, his father said: "Maybe we could make out; I'll cipher it out a little to myself and tell you my notion later." He got up (rather stiffly, as he always moved nowadays), took the cane which Fair handed him, and, presently, was walking among the peach-trees in the orchard. When he returned he told Fair, curtly enough, that he had decided "to risk it."

The arrangements were quickly made. Fair was to ride to the Federal lines, and, thence, get as quickly as possible to Memphis. Half a dozen men would ride with him as far as Mrs. Crowder's, where he was to meet a company of Federal soldiers marching south. His time of

departure was arranged to correspond with their arrival.

The morning before he started Aunt Hizzie ran into the library. For Aunt Hizzie to run was an unprecedented event. She said herself that "she hadn't the figger fo' runnin', bress de Lawd! an' she didn't 'low t' traipse all over creation. Ef folkses didn't want tuh come when dey ben called, dey jes' cud stay way!" Consequently her habit was to stand still, wherever she might happen to be, and cry aloud for whomsoever she desired to see, equally regardless of the whereabouts of the person addressed. Mrs. Rutherford declared that Aunt Hizzie used to call on the Colonel when he was away to the wars. Yet now, behold Aunt Hizzie running, crying, as she runs: "Miss Della! Miss Della! It's Slick Mose! He done come. He know suthin' 'bout Passon Collins, fo' sho!"

Adèle hurried out of the room. She had sent Slick Mose on one of his quests for the minister, three weeks ago; and he had not returned. Fair and Colonel Rutherford were left together. The Colonel jumped up and restlessly paced the floor; but Fair sat like a statue at the window. His only change of attitude was to drop the sword which he was cleaning, lay both his elbows on the window-sill, and look out at the leafless branches swaying in the wind.

"Della keeps Mose on the path, don't she?" said the Colonel, yet he said it so much more like a man talking to himself than addressing another that Fair made no reply. "She sets a heap by his notions in things. Well, there's no telling 'bout these half-witted creatures. And more people are half-witted than is suspected. I reckon we don't any of us rightly know when we have committed a great folly till the consequences come projecting round to kick us. It is like Montaigne says, somewhere: 'The justest dividend nature has given us of her favors is that of sense; for there is no one that ain't satisfied with his share.' No doubt Slick Mose thinks he's a mighty schemy feller. I've made as bad breaks as Mose, I reckon. Maybe I made one 'bout you, Fairfax——"

But Fairfax was never to hear the end of that sentence; Adèle's swift footsteps sounded in the hall, she came in with

an eager, agitated manner, and flung her arms about the Colonel's neck.

"I told you he was alive, and he is alive!" she cried.

"Brother Collins?" said the Colonel. "My Lord!" He sat down, looking very pale.

"You know you can't make *very* much out of Mose," said Adèle, "but he declares and repeats that he has seen him, been with him. It must have been going from him that he got shot. Oh, Uncle Ralph, those cowards shot the poor fellow—in the leg! It must have been two weeks ago; the wound is almost healed. That's why he stayed so long. He went to his mother—the poor crazy fellow knew enough to do that."

"We have only Slick Mose's word for it," said Fair.

Adèle was quite composed again. "I'd be satisfied with that," said she, "but I don't reckon you all will. There is one thing else; some darky told Aunt Hizzie that there was a sick man at Aunt Tennie Marlow's cabin. Mose talked about Aunt Tennie too; he is so disconnected it is hard to understand; but I am sure he said she was nursing Mr. Collins."

"I'll ride over to-morrow and see," the Colonel said.

Fairfax sprang to his feet like one sitting on hot coals; he took a step toward his father, whose face changed to meet the white eagerness in the son's; then, without speaking a word, he turned on his heel and stood staring out of the window again, too absorbed in his own tumult of soul to be conscious how the elder man's burning eyes followed every motion. Neither did he look up when he spoke.

"Could you send me a letter to Memphis, sir, telling what you have found out?"

The Colonel straightened himself, drawing a deep breath. "I'll let you know," said he. He glanced from Fairfax's slim figure, the curly brown head and the oval of one smooth cheek, which was all that he could see, up to Fairfax's mother's face smiling on the wall.

Fairfax held his head, Adèle thought, like that painted lady. Did some arrow out of the past, when the son who had disgraced him, was only his own dear

little baby, fly straight to the proud, tender old heart? Adèle saw him wince and a quiver run across his mouth before he limped stiffly, and with his head on his breast, out of the room to the garden, and so back to the orchard.

"Oh, Fair," said Adèle, "I am so sorry. Sha'n't I beg Uncle Ralph to let you stay one day longer?"

"Not one hour, Adèle," Fair answered, forcing a smile. "A pretty soldier you think me."

"You could ride at night," persisted Adèle, "and catch the Yankees if they had left——"

"And if I didn't catch them? No, the governor is right. He wouldn't want me to run any risk of failing, and I sha'n't. Should *you* want me to, Adèle?"

"No, Cousin Fair," said she.

"Thank you, dear," said Fair, and went away; but his heart was sitting more lightly in his breast than it had for many a day, because of the look in her soft eyes. Before he was half-way to the quarters he had returned in triumph from his expedition, received a glorious wound somewhere (he was not particular at all where), beheld Parson Collins, been assured by him of forgiveness, built the worthy man a church, ridden about in a decent suit of clothes, and was offering himself to Adèle with amazing eloquence.

"What an ass I am, to be sure!" cried he to himself; "bad as the fellow father tells about, who offered a nigger a dime to kick him because he was such a fool; he was sure it must be catching, and he didn't want to give it to any white man!"

But Fair's exhilaration did not last. While he was jeering at himself for dallying with such day-dreams, dismissing them, yet summoning them again (all the time going at a great pace through the quarters), he was accosted by Bud Fowler.

"Say, Mist' Rutherford!"

"Well?" Fairfax stopped to listen. Bud, who was wearing a pair of Confederate gray trousers, formerly his father's, and adapted to his shorter legs by the simple device of cutting them off at the bottom, stretched his finger-tips down to the pockets, hitched the pockets up into his clutch (they were about level

with his knees), and, finally, produced a letter from the depths. It was in an old, yellow envelope, written on a page torn from a ledger, and purported to be from one Tennie Marlow to Mrs. Crowder, telling the latter that she (Tennie) could not come to help her cook because she was "waitin' on Mr. Barnabas' sprained leader* in his lef' lag."

Aunt Tennie Marlow was well enough known to Fair. She was an old and very black negress who enjoyed a great name as a bone-setter, knew "a heap 'bout beastis," ushered all the babies of the neighborhood into the world, and on the strength of these gifts and of living alone was suspected to be a "conjure woman." She lived on the edge of the plantation.

"Hit whar Ma'y Jane done hit," pursued Bud, with a grin; "she rid him up agin a fence an' mashed his laig. He swars he'll conquer her yet. I does hope he'll try 'it; Ma'y Jane's powerful schemy, powerful. His black hoss shoulder riz. They all split it, an' put in a silver dime Dick paid a greenback dollar for tuh Aunt Tennie. By the light er the moon, tew, but didn't do no good; an' Dick, he aims tuh ride Ma'y Jane."

"How ever did you find out all this, Bud?"

"Waal, sir, ole Tennie, she did come to Mistress Crowder, an' so I fotched her a 'possum. I aimed t' fine out whar Dick ben, but she wudn't let on she knowed. I 'lowed to go an' shoot a shoot at him, if thar warn't *tew* big a crowd 'raoun'."

The boy was as unconcerned as possible; he was not bragging, he was merely stating a fact.

"You wouldn't shoot a wounded man, would you?" said Fairfax.

"I'd kill a snake however ways I f'und him," said Bud; "wudn't *you*?"

"No," said Fairfax, grimly, "I would drag him out and hang him!"

With that he walked away, bitterly disappointed, sure that Dick must be the sick man, not Parson Collins. As he passed, Colonel Rutherford came down one of the little lanes or streets between the corners at right angles to that down which Fair took his way. He didn't see his father.

* Leader is a muscle or tendon.

"Fair," said the Colonel, huskily.

Fair slunk by, not hearing.

The Colonel made a motion as if to follow, but instantly resuming his former demeanor he walked rapidly away in another direction. He muttered to himself as he went: "Hates terribly to go; but he had ought to. Yes, sir. And the only chance for the lad to get righted is to do his duty."

CHAPTER IX.

"SAY, Miss Della, they all done it; they swallered the bait hull." It was Bud Fowler who spoke, his solemn, peaked little face alight with something shrewd and fierce at once. He had just returned from Mis' Crowder's, and was talking to Adèle in the gallery. "Dick's ole man ben up thar an' got the letter," said he. "I seen the letter. Mymy! mymy! but they all are scheemy. The ole 'possum, he writ iz Mist' Rutherford ben thar an' got a boat plumb full er supplies for the store, an' he 'oped graybacks wudn't meet up with him when he landed daown by the big eddy fur t' let Lum Marzin git the goods fur his store; but *did* look resky like t' *him*—an' all sich truck like that. We cudn't prove nary 'gin 'im by that letter, nur nare letter he writ, neether. But I 'low he won't be sutler for the Yanks long."

"Do you reckon Barnabas will fight, Bud?" said Adèle.

"Shore. Them graybacks is a ra'rin' on we uns now; wud of attacktid Montaigne a spell back, hadn't Dick ben laid by with his laig. Yaas, ma'am, they'll fight. An' it's they uns or we uns cleaned off the earth—one!"

He emphasized what he felt was a manly sentiment, in his own notion of a manly manner, by spitting, with a determined air, on one side. Thus he happened to look down the avenue. "Hi!" he exclaimed, "look a' thar, Miss Della!"

Down the broad roadway the silhouettes of two horsemen and a crowd on foot, stretched before the real figures. "Two graybacks, shore's you born," Bud cried, excitedly, "ain't got thar hands tied nur nary shucks! They're comin' to guv 'emseffs up," he concluded,

in a disappointed tone. "I lay thar won't be nare hangin', dad burn 'em! Look a' them a grinnin', an' big Jim, tew."

Big Jim, a gigantic negro, armed with an axe, showed his teeth from ear to ear. So did all the black faces behind him, and Mr. Rawlins, the clerk at the store, smiled in an excited way like one well pleased. He took off his hat to Adèle:

"Cunnel here, Miss Della?"

Adèle said that he was in the library. It seemed to her a strange and alarming circumstance that the three white men should enter the library unaccompanied, especially considering that the two strangers carried their guns.

"Reckon I know them two men," said Bud; "they don't be sich turrible wicked men. They call 'em Lige Rosser and Sam Martin. Expect they sorter sickened er Dick Barnabas's ways." Adèle was straining her ears for some sound from the library. It came, at last—a loud exclamation interrupting what seemed a low monotony of narration, then a staccato exchange of question and answer, finally the buzz of several voices.

"You see, Miss Della," whispered Bud, "that's hit." His face sharpened with his own brooding thoughts. He stood digging his heel into the gravel, his ridiculous trousers blowing about him, as absurd and inadequate a figure of retribution as the fancy could conceive; yet Dick Barnabas's Nemesis waited in his person. "Hit's acomin'," he muttered; "Dick Barnabas are a goin' ter git his desarvin's, shore; 'tain't on'y the ole Cunnel ayfter 'im, an' 'is own men afallin' frum 'im. Ghostis be ayfter *him*. That's what."

"Why do you think that, Bud?" said Adèle, listlessly; she was still listening and vainly trying to distinguish words out of the low murmur into which the voices had dwindled.

"'Cause why?" said Bud. "'Cause thar's ben smoke seen an' buzzards sailin' an' sailin' over yon', ye know—" Bud tilted his head backward—"Mist' Lerulege's place. Unk' Nels seen it, an' big Jim, and Aunt Hizzie she 'lows Mist' Lerulege goin' t' go that a way till Dick Barnabas gits killed up! An' thar's more tew it, Miss Della. Slick Mose ben aknockin' raoun' dretful oneasy like,

nickerin' like a hoss an' runnin'—ye know the way he does. An' he wudn't res' till he tolled me off 'longer him. But when I seen whar he ben aimin' tuh cyar me—that er same place, ye know—I got skeered up, kase I didn't never have no dealin's with ghostis, an' I didn't crave t' seek 'em. So I lit out fer home. But I ben studyin' 'baout it. Fust, looked like tew me' that ar ghostis ben jes' like the painters what wags thar tails fur tew toll on the sheep; but then I considered iz how Mist' Leruge didn't had nare grudge agin *me*, not the least bit on earth, so how come he'd seek t' do *me* mean? Same way 'baout Mose; but him and me both got a grudge agin the graybacks, an' I putt it up that ar ghostis are jes' sendin' Mose fur t' fotch me; an' he are goin' show me *some* way t' hurt Dick Barnabas. An' next time Mose axes me go thar, I are goin'. Yaas, ma'am," said Bud, resolutely, though the superstitious heart of him was quaking. He jumped to his feet, having caught a glimpse of Slick Mose dodging through the garden. "By gum," he muttered, "he does be signalling now." With that he nodded to Della, and was off like a gunshot.

Della stood a second, then reflecting that she had no right to listen, she entered the house. Thus it occurred that she neither saw Bud racing after Slick Mose toward the swamp, nor could watch the group which presently plunged out of the library window in mad haste; but she, like everyone else, heard, for the first time in many months, the forest flinging back the echoes of a boat whistle. She ran to the river shore. The low afternoon sun silvered the rippling water, and lay along the withered grass of the bank, and pierced far back into the forest cloisters. Rifts of smoke curled lazily through a still atmosphere. Children were playing by some humble doors. In the dim vistas of the woods the infinite softness of leafless tracery against the sky took on hues of purple and carmine. Across the river the silver sycamore masts rose out of a haze of underbrush, where one could see a few negroes driving cattle, which moved slowly, lowing and tinkling their bells, out from the green sea of cane. Winter in the upper South has

an austere yet not ungentle beauty, following the splendor of the other seasons like a meek sister of charity in the train of a queen. It is a loveliness (for it is soft enough for that name) which does not appeal to the senses; but it touches the heart.

How peaceful, how safe the scene looked to the beholder, who had loved it all her life. Yet the scream tearing from that iron throat was at once alarm and rallying-cry; it meant all the savagery of battle, it might mean havoc and despair. For a second her firm head played her false enough to picture flames leaping from those low roofs, and the poor earthtillers lying stark and stiff among the cotton-stalks, and little children under the merciless hoofs, and all the awful tumult of flight for life. That was no more than they had to expect should the graybacks win. "But they won't win!" said Adèle, and directly she lifted a brave smile to her uncle, mounted now at the head of his troop.

Her mother ran out and kissed him before them all, and then ran swiftly back to the house. Adèle's turn for his farewells was next. He patted her on the back, and even in the stress of the moment's emotions she remarked his altered manner—a sparkle in his eye, an erect carriage, and the old look of alert confidence on his face, as he whispered: "Tell Fair to chirk up, Collins is alive and kicking. Give him my love, tell him I know he'll look out for your maw and you. Give him the Montaigne too. Will's in the little black box. You're a good girl, Della. God bless you. *You* look ayfter Fair."

Then his glance fell on the little crowd of slaves who had hurried, by this time, to "de big house."

"Boys," said he, "and all of you, I'm going this evening to give every man and woman in Lawrence County the right to sleep nights. And those thieves and murderers that have been hounding us, we'll give them a sleep that'll last till the day of judgment."

The men set up a cheer. Adèle heard the order to march. They were going; their flying hoofs beat a cloud along the road, they reached the brow of the hill, the shadow of the cypresses received them; they were gone.

Aunt Hizzie, centre of the black group in the gallery, relieved her own pent-up feeling by cuffing the nearest wailer and sending the rest right and left "tuh make ready a big supper."

"Yent no call you'n," she declaimed to Nels, who would have reproached her for studying bout eating an' drinking when most like 'ole mars or somebuddy would get killed up, and it would be a house of mourning.

"Yent no call er you'n ef folkses does git killed up. Dem dat doan' be killed up got t'eat, doan' dey? Doan' ye take on, nigger, dar be nuff leff!"

"An' how ef Mist' Dick Barnabas licks we uns, an' cums a rampin' an' a ragin' daown yere? Hay, Hizzie!" said Nels, with acrimony. "Whar you' big supper den?"

But he could not daunt his consort. She retorted: "Yent Mist' Dick Barnabas got a stommick like de restis er men persons? I lay he be a heap apter not t' kill we all ayfter a plumb good supper. You heah me! You, Solomon Izril, shet up you' mouf, de sun gwine warp you' teef. Make haste, kill dem banty chickens. You, Judy, look in de nestes fo' aigs. You, Charley, git de po'k. Keep a runnin', keep a runnin'! Cayn't work agin a cole collar,* nare un er yer, trifflin' ornery—ye jes' does w'ar me tuh a frazzle!"

Aunt Hizzie disappeared into the gallery, driving her flock before her, leaving Nels to gloomily demand of the world in general what we were all coming to when wives berated and ra'ed on their husbands, so scandilus like? Maybe Hizzie would feel bad when the graybacks killed him plumb dead. She wouldn't find it so easy to get another husband to be patient with her, like him.

A loud snort of contempt from the gallery betrayed that Hizzie had heard. "Huh!" she bawled, "you yent gwine get killed up, not long's ye kin run! An' ef ye *ben*, dars plenty mo' like yer leff. Weeds is a sho' crap!" And (whether with or without malice) she lifted her voice in song:

"Justice settin' on de sprangles er de sun;
Justice done plumb de line!"

* A horse, in Arkansas, is said not to work with a cold collar when he must be heated before he will run or work.

Cries hypocrite, hypocrite, I despise,
Wings is craptid, kin not rise.
Justice done plumb de line!"

Meanwhile, upstairs, Adèle made what preparations for an impromptu hospital their means allowed. Soon these were completed, and there was nothing left her but to wait.

Her mother was shut up in her room. She had come out to help, but, finding all done, was gone back to her Bible and her prayers.

Adèle climbed to the roof of the house. She had a companion, the old lieutenant left in charge, because his arm had been injured in the last skirmish. A paroled soldier, like most of Colonel Rutherford's men, he was fuming over his own inaction. "I have got scouts out all over," he explained, "and if the rascals make a show against us I can send word mighty quick to the Colonel. The niggers will fight for their own necks, and they hate Barnabas like the devil. Besides, we've got three or four white men, crippled up like me, and some likely boys. Where's Bud Fowler at? I wanted to make him a sort of aide-de-camp; but Nels tells me he went off with that crazy fellow, what's his name?"

Adèle's reply was interrupted by a sharp crackling noise, then another similar sound, and another. The firing had begun. Her cheek paled, but the old soldier eagerly adjusted his field-glass. "I can see the smoke-stack of the boat," he shouted. "As sure as you're born they are at it! Say, does Dick ride a white mule?"

"He *had* a white mule, Mr. Collins's white mule. Oh, Mr. Lemew, did uncle hear that Mr. Collins wasn't dead?"

"Parson Collins? Yes, ma'am. That's what they all were saying!" He held the glass in his hand, standing recklessly on the peak of the roof, and becoming more excited every moment. What would not Adèle have given for one peep though the black tubes! Oblivious of her presence, he stood on tip-toe, twisting and craning his head in a futile effort to bring the combat into his field of vision. He ran from one portion of the roof-tree to another. All in vain. "I've got to be higher," said he.

"Say, Miss Della, if I get up on one of those chimneys, do you reckon you can hold me steady?"

Adèle felt the situation to be a galling travesty of the manner in which Rebecca reports the storming of the castle to Ivanhoe. But she had no right to snatch the glass; she was the inferior officer; she could only help her portly commander up on the brick ledge, where he balanced himself as best he might, while she served as prop below, burning with impatience. It was insupportable to watch him focusing the glasses, elevating them, depressing them, shaking his head or nodding it, all the while muttering his ridiculous compliments and apologies.

"Thank you, thank you, my dear young lady, that does right well, ma'am. I trust I am not making you too uncomfortable. If I had got two legs—but the bullet I got at Helena has left one of them powerful weak. You are a mighty brave young lady, you are so. Ah-h—Yes. There they are, for a fact. Humph!"

From his new post, he could look over the trees down to the river bank by the eddy. The boat was plainly visible. And an incessant rattle of gunshots was quite audible, since they were barely two miles away. The battleground had been chosen thus near the houses on purpose, because being within easy reach, should occasion for defence occur, therefore they might spare the more men for attack.

"Can you see, Captain Lemew?" asked Adèle. The quiver in her patient voice touched the soldier. He answered hastily: "You want to see too, I reckon. Well, I'll tell you all I can. I can see the boat, and the graybacks trying to board, and the boat fellows fighting. Cursed few of the blue coats. D—their suspicions! Heap of smoke everywhere. Cayn't make out much. Our folks ain't got there."

"Can you make out any—any person?"

"Well, I don't know; I reckon I can young Rutherford. The young fellow isn't in command, I expect, but he is a fighter. Knows how to obey orders, too. I liked the looks of him in the little brush we all had with the graybacks."

His eyes were glued to his glass, and he could not see the color dyeing his listener's pale cheeks. He continued, half to himself: "Most young fellows think all they have got to do to make soldiers is to rush ahead like a mad bull. Sold'nr know whether it is Shakespeare or some other poet author says, 'Discretion is the better part of valor;' but he has hit it, hurra! that's the old man on 'em! Now—they're charging! Parson Collins, sure's you're born!"

"What is it? Please tell me, Captain Lemew. Have the others come?"

The old soldier was prancing about in a truly perilous manner; but for her clutching his skirts and steadying him he had more than once plunged bodily down the chimney.

"Oh, my Lord, to be tied up here! Go it! Go it! At 'em again?" screamed Lemew, wildly. "Good for you, gray-back! That's one of the fellows came this morning. Saved Parson Collins. Will you look at the Parson? They all reckon he's dead, they're 'lowing he's a ghost. By gum, they're breaking! Now, now, why in—don't you try that horn on Ma'y Jane?"

"They are, they are!" cried Adèle, "hark to it!"

Thin and clear, both the listeners heard the far-away notes of a horn.

Lemew, in wild exultation, unable to spare a hand from the glass, nearly sprawled astride the chimney because he must needs kick triumphantly with one leg.

"She's a coming!" he yelled, "she knows the old horn. Look at her burn the wind! Dick cayn't hold 'er in! Ha! ha! Whoop-ee! Good Lord" (with a sudden drop of the voice to a groan), "that devil would conquer everything, he's faced her round. Hi!"

"What is it, please, what is it, sir?" Adèle pleaded.

"You cayn't see, for a fact. Wisht we had two glasses. I *have* to look, you understand; obliged. Why, what I was hollering at was Dick turned plum on young Rutherford, and if that grayback, Lige, hadn't caught the blow, you'd had one cousin the less, and a brave one too."

"But he *did*!"

"Yes, ma'am, and got a bullet for his

pains, I reckon. Anyway and anyhow he's dropped. Now they're in the smoke again. No use, Dick, you cayn't rally them."

It was indeed vain. The guerillas were flying in every direction, and at last the captain triumphantly flourished his glass in the air.

"We'll bag the whole gang most, Miss Della. The Colonel has got them on two sides, and the river's on the other. They're making for the swamp, all broke up. Well, ain't that like Ralph Rutherford?"

"Please what, Captain Lemew?"

"Oh, you can't see." (The captain had the glass at his eyes again.) "Why, the old man, if you please, jist jumped off his horse and gave her to the young feller. Let him run after Dick. He's loped a loose horse himself. He's ayfter 'em too; but he cayn't keep up. No, sir."

"That was Betty Ward. She's our best horse."

The captain danced anew while he looked. "There he runs, the precious murdering cutthroat," he yelled, "they're ayfter him like a pack of dogs ayfter a wild hog! Oh, dad gum your ornery hide! That fool mule is jest splitting the mud. Four fellers ayfter him—Shaw! One of 'em's down. Dick's firing. Three left. Young Rutherford's

gaining. Dear, dear, dear, ain't that too bad!"

"What—what——"

"One of the horses made a blunder, threwed his rider. Only two more. Thunder! his horse is played out! What a stumble! Dick will get off. No, maybe he won't. Young Rutherford's gaining—no—yes—cuss the trees! Cayn't see them now; they're in the slash."

"Won't they come out?"

"Gone the wrong way. But take the glass yourself. It's my turn now with the wagons, and after the stragglers."

He scrambled down as he spoke. The wagons stood ready, fitted up roughly with cotton seed, and blankets above, for ambulances. The few white men were mounted, and negroes sat in the wagons.

But Adèle lingered on the roof, vainly searching the darkening belt of forest against the horizon. Minute after minute passed, one fright-blurred glance after another peered down the forest aisles—useless trouble, he was gone to his unknown peril! No one to help him, and Dick Barnabas was cruel and wily as a tiger, and knew the swamp by heart.

"At least, at least, I can always be proud of him," she thought.

It was a comfort to a sore heart; and she repeated it like a talisman as she worked, afterward.

(To be continued.)

THE VANISHED YEAR.

By John Vance Cheney.

With supple limbs and heart of fire
Runs youth along his shining way;
Over the ashes of desire
Bides musing age the waning day.

Oh, it is not that shadows near,
No, it is not that night draws on:
The sigh is for the vanished year—
Not for what is, but what is gone.



A FORGOTTEN REMNANT.

By Kirk Munroe.



HERE are a few Seminoles, supposed to number about three hundred, still residing in Florida; being those, or the descendants of those, who refused to accompany the tribe when it removed to the West many years ago. But little is known of their condition or temper."

Thus wrote Helen Hunt Jackson, in her "Century of Dishonor," nearly ten years ago, and she might have written the same to-day, for but little more is known, concerning this most interesting remnant of a once powerful tribe, now than then. The average Florida tourist who visits Jacksonville and St. Augustine, ascends the St. John to the head of steam-boat navigation, makes a fishing trip down the west coast, or even passes over the entire length of the Indian River, the name of which at least suggests the presence of aborigines, sees no Indians. He merely hears of them through vague rumor, and leaves the State convinced that they exist only in the imagination of romancers or sensation-mongers. Despite his belief to the contrary, there are nearly four hundred Seminoles living in Florida, and they occupy the unique position of being the only inhabitants of the United States who have no legal existence, and no shadow of a right that a white man is legally bound to respect. When, in 1842, General Harney declared that the Seminole War had been ended by the removal of the tribe to the Indian Territory, the Government accepted his

statement literally, and thenceforth the scattered remnant who had found refuge in the wellnigh inaccessible fastnesses of the great Southern swamps ceased to exist save for themselves.

In spite of being thus let alone and left to their own devices in a country where the same number of white men, thrown absolutely upon their own resources, would have perished, these Indians seem to have thrived and to have lived comfortably, contentedly, and peaceably, neither asking nor receiving outside aid or favor. They have nearly doubled in numbers, have cultivated fields, planted and raised groves of fruit-trees, accumulated live-stock, utilized the commercial resources of their country in the shape of plumes, furs, and skins, and, above all, have engaged in the manufacture of a marketable commodity of which more will be said hereafter.

In personal appearance the Florida Seminole is as fine a specimen of the American Indian as can be found. He is of a bright copper color, tall, straight, and clean-limbed. His carriage is that of a thoroughly independent, self-reliant son of the forest, and his every attitude, save when he trammels his limbs with the habiliments of a rude civilization, is full of grace and suggestive of supple strength. His jet-black hair is clipped as short as possible except at the crown of the head, where, gathered in the traditional scalp-lock, it is allowed to grow to its full length. This lock, carefully braided and ornamented with bits of bright finery, is seldom noticed, as it is generally concealed beneath an immense turban, which is the universal masculine

head-dress and the distinguishing badge of the tribe. This turban is composed of fold upon fold of small shawls, or gayly colored handkerchiefs, in which red is the predominant color, wound round and round until the structure projects ten or twelve inches from the head. It does not cover the top of the head, and is apt to be set off by a single graceful plume of the white heron. The remainder of the costume is simplicity itself, and consists mainly of a gay calico shirt that reaches nearly to the knees. This shirt is beautifully made, all the Seminole squaws being expert needlewomen, and is by no means an unbecoming garment. The legs and feet are left bare, save when occasion demands covering, at which time they are protected by leggings and moccasins of smoke-tanned deerskin. The shirt is ornamented by the insertion, along the seams, of strips of calico of bright contrasting colors, and a gaudy handkerchief is always knotted loosely about the neck. The Seminole weapons are a hunting-knife and rifle. The latter is invariably of the best make and latest pattern of which its owner has knowledge, and he is rarely seen without it. The bow and arrow is the weapon of childhood, and it is only after he has proved himself an expert marksman with it that the Seminole boy is intrusted with anything more deadly. The manly state is, however, attained at an early age among these Seminoles, and I have seen boys of ten or twelve years armed with light rifles, and accompanying their elders upon hunting expeditions.

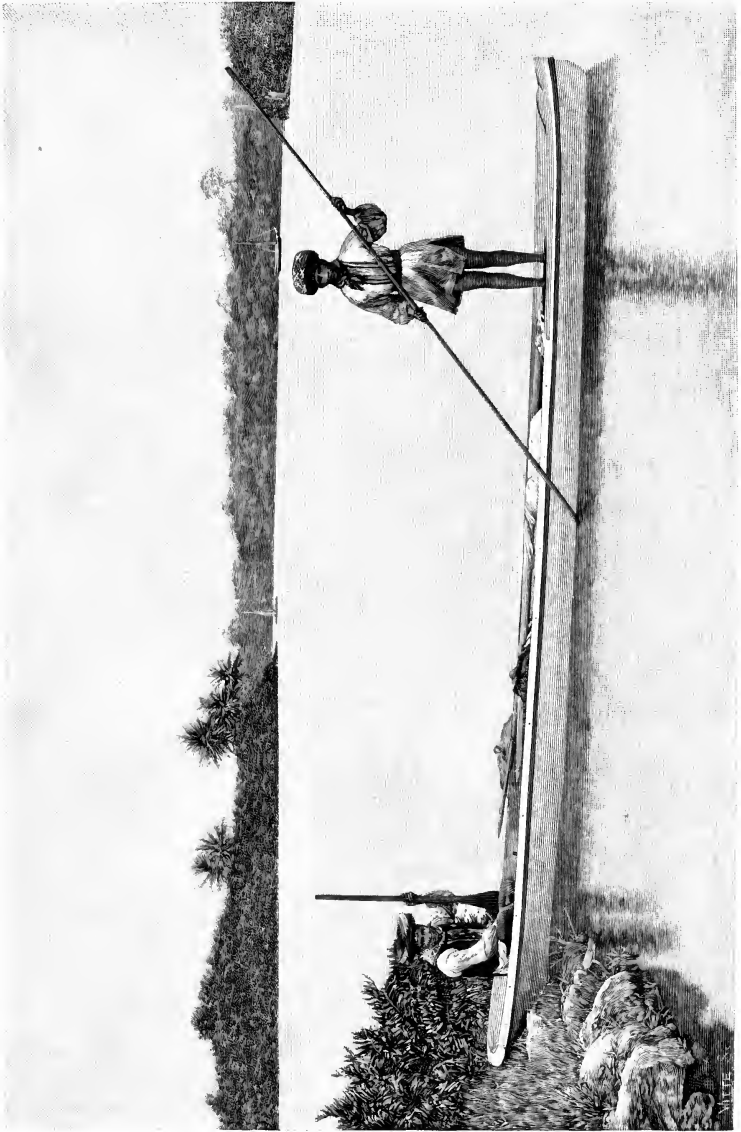
The dress of the women is of one uniform pattern, and exhibits variety only in its trimmings, which are of so simple a nature that their application can consume but little of time or thought. The universal feminine dress is a long calico skirt that hides the bare feet, and a ridiculously little, long-sleeved waist, or loose-fitting jacket, that has no connection with the skirt, and fails to meet it within an inch or more. The breast of this jacket is more or less ornamented, according to the means of the wearer's husband or father, with silver coins, beaten thin, and cut in various shapes. The chief glory of a Seminole woman is her necklace, or rather collar, of green,

blue, and white glass beads. At least one row of these is placed about her neck at birth, and row upon row is added as she grows in years and stature, until at maturity she proudly bears a burden of several pounds weight. With the advent of old age the bulk of this finery is gradually reduced, until the skinny throats of the very old women are left bare and beadless. The women wear no head-covering, and their hair, cut short across the forehead, is coiled in a simple knot behind. The majority of the girls and young women are of pleasing appearance, while some of them are extremely attractive in both face and figure. All of them, being better fed, better cared for, and less exposed to hardships than their sisters of colder climates, preserve their comeliness to an age far beyond that of most Indian women. In addition to their calico dresses they are provided with robes of neutral-tinted cloth, in which they envelop themselves from head to foot during wet or cool weather, and in the upper folds of which, on their backs, the mothers carry their babies.

A regard for decency among these people is extended to the youngest of their children, so that the smallest male toddler has his calico shirt, and the merest mite of femininity her funny little long-skirted dress and her bead necklace. The children are a happy, good-natured lot of youngsters, who rarely cry, and who are taught from earliest infancy to obey the slightest word or nod of their elders.

The aged and helpless among the Seminoles are treated with distinguished care and consideration, and he who is so unfortunate as to have outlived his kin and his usefulness lacks no comfort with which younger members of the tribe can supply him. He lives for a term of months with one family, and is then transferred to the kindly care of another, being in each treated as an honored guest rather than as a burden. This care of the aged is compulsory among the young men of the tribe, and each is obliged to contribute his full share to their support.

The present home of the Florida Seminoles is in the extreme southern portion of the State, in the little-known re-



A Seminole Dugout, Made from a Cypress Log.

gions bordering on the Everglades and the great Lake Okeechobee. The former is a vast level tract of old coral rock, covered with fresh water, in which grows luxuriantly the coarse, almost impenetrable saw-grass. The level monotony of surface is broken here and there by islands bearing dense growths of cypress, bay, custard-apple, Spanish laurel, swamp myrtle, and other heat-and-moisture-loving trees. Some of these islands are of considerable extent, and hold a good depth of soil. On these the Indians cultivate fields and raise livestock; but their preferred dwelling-places are along the streams that flow from this vast inland reservoir into the Atlantic and the Gulf. Thus their little camps or villages are to be found along the Shark River, that flows through the Big Cypress swamp on the west coast,

Tail, who was killed by a stroke of lightning some five years ago. There are several petty chiefs and medicine-men whose age and experience give them the right to be regarded as counsellors, and whose commands are very generally obeyed, and the tribe is strictly governed by a code of unwritten laws that each individual assists in enforcing.

Should a Seminole maiden unwisely bestow her affections upon any man outside of the tribe, her life would be forfeited. So certain are they of this that no one of the women under fifty years of age will speak to a white man, save in the presence of her male relatives, and then as curtly as possible. She will, in fact, hardly look at him, so fearful is she of arousing suspicion, and in consequence of this law there are no half-breeds among the Florida Semi-



Wild Fig-tree or Banyan of Southern Florida.

on the several streams emptying into Charlotte Harbor and Lake Okeechobee, and on those flowing into Biscayne Bay on the east coast. Their existing form of tribal organization is weak and imperfect, and they have had no recognized head-chief since the death of old Tiger

notes. So jealous are these Indians of the purity of their blood that I can learn of but one family among them in which there is any admixture. In this case the man took as his wife a comely young negro woman who was captured by the Indians during the Seminole



Biscayne Bay Seminoles—Little Tiger and his Boys.

War; but their children are so far from being regarded as equals by other members of the tribe that no full-blooded Indian will break bread with them. There are two young men in this family, and should a young full-blood of their own age visit their camp, he will eat with the father; but the young half-breeds must wait until he is through.

So much for this article of their moral code, and in other directions it is equally strict. The Seminole who lies to another has his nose slit; while he who steals from a fellow-tribesman loses an ear.

Having heard it asserted that the Florida Seminoles were more than half of negro blood, I have taken particular pains to find out if such were the case; upon one occasion I pressed the question closely to a young Indian with whom I was hunting. He looked at me steadily for a moment without answering, and then holding up one finger, then a second, a third, and a fourth, he

said, "Iste-hatke" (white man), "Iste-chatte" (red man)—"*E-pah*" (dog), with a decided emphasis, and "Iste-lustee" (black man); there was certainly no need to question him further upon the subject. It is said that the Florida Seminoles still hold negro slaves to the number of about eighty; but there are many reasons for doubting the truth of this statement. I have never seen a slave, nor yet a free negro, in any of the camps that I have visited, and I have passed weeks at a time in company with these Indians.

They will drink whiskey (and what Indian will not?); but even in this they observe a method and a degree of decency that white toppers would do well to imitate. When a band or family decide to get drunk, they send to the nearest market for one or more gallons of liquor. In spite of the law forbidding the sale of intoxicants to Indians, they have no difficulty in finding white agents willing to procure the stuff for them.

It is indeed stuff, and that of the vilest character, though for it the Indians are made to pay at least double the price of the best quality; but what frontier trader regards it as anything but meritorious to cheat a redskin?

at liberty to use any amount of force, even to the taking of life, to repel an attempt to regain possession of the weapons. If these are left with squaws, the same rule holds good for them.

The preparations being thus com-



On the Edge of the Everglades.

With the liquor in their possession the Indians retire to some remote spot where their orgies will not be witnessed by any save themselves, and deliberately prepare for their spree. They first set aside a share of the "fire-water" for the squaws, who will not touch a drop of it until their lords have finished their debauch. All guns, knives, and other weapons are then placed in charge of the squaws, or, if there are no women in the party, they are delivered to one of the men, for whom a certain amount of liquor is reserved. While the rest are drunk this guardian of the peace must remain sober, and keenly watchful of the actions of his companions. Should he prove unfaithful to his trust, he will be exiled from the tribe, and no Indian will hold communication with him for the term of months or years during which his exile is enforced. While the debauch of his companions lasts he is absolute master of the situation, and is

pleted, the Indians, using one small tin cup, which is impartially handed from one to another, proceed to get solemnly, funnily, furiously, and stupidly drunk. The next day it is the turn of the squaws or of the man who has stood guard, and they, too, taste the joys and sorrows of complete intoxication. Fortunately for them, as well as for their neighbors, such orgies are of rare occurrence among the Indians. They generally take place at the time of the Green Corn Dance, their great annual festival, which is held late in June or early in July. At this time the Seminoles indulge in games, dances, feasting, purification by means of "sweats" or vapor-baths, and, above all, in drunkenness. An Indian once described the festival to me as: "Plenty dance, plenty eat, plenty whisk, plenty drunk, all same white man's Kismas."

At the Green Corn Dance, too, the courtships of the year culminate in marriage, and an important feature of the

games is the racing for wives. For this a level course is laid off, and at one end of it the prospective groom toes the scratch. His would-be bride is allowed such a handicap that by the full exercise of her running powers she can if she chooses reach the goal without being caught. If she allows herself to be overtaken the marriage ceremony is complete; but if she wins the race, she is

ity to more than provide for the support of one wife, before he is permitted to take a second.

Marriage among these Indians is an honorable institution; infidelity is unknown, and though the wife obeys her husband implicitly, and shares in his labors and hardships, she is in no sense his slave. She works, and works hard; but so does he. They labor side by side



Poling up the Miami River.

no further molested nor importuned by that particular suitor. Polygamy is allowed to a certain extent, and I know of a good-natured young fellow who married both of two sisters because the younger cried at the prospect of separation from the elder, who was the only one he really wanted. A man must, however, prove beyond a doubt his abil-

in preparing fields for cultivation. He hunts, while she gathers coontie-roots and makes starch. He builds canoes, while she makes the family clothing. Together they erect the simple palmetto huts in which they live, and while he makes or repairs his sails, nets, push-poles, or cleans his rifle, she prepares his meals. She has her own purse, and may

expend as she pleases the income derived from the sale of her chickens or their eggs, the baskets she has made, or from any other source recognized as being especially hers. At the same time, she can only invest her money through her husband; for, when they visit the trader's store together, he stands up at the counter examining and selecting goods, while she, sitting on the floor in a remote corner, keeping the children quiet, and gazing wistfully at the wealth of desirable articles about her, indicates her choice by gestures or in low tones to him. He is generous to her, and, if she has no money or credit of her own, rarely refuses to gratify her modest desires in the way of calico, beads, or sewing materials.

Although ignorant of arithmetical rules the Seminole fully appreciates the value of a dollar, and of all its fractional parts. He can calculate to a certainty the amount of change due him, and is quick to detect a mistake. At the same time, he rarely handles money, being furnished in its stead, by the trader, with a slip of paper on which he is credited with the value of the alligator-skins, plumes, venison, starch, or other commodity that he has brought in to exchange for goods. As he selects one article after another its price is deducted from his credit, until the two amounts balance, when the trader announces, "All gone! good-by!" and the Indians depart in their canoes for the distant camps on the edge of the Everglades. Here they examine and gloat over their newly acquired bits of civilization with the zest of children, and what they have seen and done on their shopping expedition forms a fruitful topic of conversation for many days.

The Seminoles are industrious Indians, and are rarely idle. The men hunt assiduously, as a matter of course, for the spoils of the chase represent their chief source of income; but their efforts at self-support are by no means confined to this pursuit. With only axe, fire, and hatchet, supplemented by infinite labor, they transform huge cypress-logs into shapely and admirably designed canoes. These have flaring bows and broad sterns, both of which are decked over for a short distance in order to afford

platforms on which the push-pole men may stand. These canoes are provided with sails; but in them paddles are only used for steering. Besides sails, their sole means of propulsion is a long, slender push-pole which is well adapted for use in the shoal waters of the coast, the swift currents of the streams, or the grassy shallows of the Everglades.

In the small, almost inaccessible, but rich hammocks of the 'Glades, the Indians cultivate fields that would do credit to a market-gardener. Here they raise corn, melons, squashes, beans, sugarcane, and sweet potatoes in abundance. Upon the children devolves the task of watching these fields while their crops are maturing, and of protecting them from the ravages of beast and bird.

All the time that the women can spare from domestic duties is devoted to the manufacture of coontie-katke, or starch, prepared from a species of wild cassava that is only found in the extreme southern part of Florida. It grows luxuriantly in the piny woods and among the old coral rocks with which that part of the country is covered, and is the most valuable food-plant indigenous to the region. The available portion of the coontie-plant is its root, which is large, coarse, and covered with a rough brown skin. The squaws dig these roots with heavy grub-hoes, and "tote" them into camp on their backs in large baskets or sacks. Here they are washed, pared, and grated on coarse graters made from the copper sheathing of wrecked vessels cut into broad strips, punched full of nail-holes, and fastened to bits of board. The grated pulp, mixed with water, is strained through fine sieves into wooden troughs, or more often old and unseaworthy canoes drawn up on the bank of the nearest stream. The refuse-pulp, which is now of a bright red color, is saved as a fertilizer, while the strained material in the troughs gradually separates itself into red water, and a deposit of fine white starch. The former is drawn off, while the sedimentary deposit is washed, rewashed, and finally dried in the sun. It is now a pure starch, of a quality much sought after in Key West for both table and laundry



Seminole Squaws.

use. There it commands from six to ten cents per pound, though the Indians receive but three cents from the trader, and are forced to accept goods at his own price in payment for it.

The white settlers along the coast of southeastern Florida have learned from the Indians how to make this starch, and, Anglicizing its name into "cumpty," have engaged in its manufacture to such an extent that, aided by machinery, they are slowly but surely monopolizing the business, greatly to the dismay of their instructors. As no pains is taken to cultivate or protect the coontie-plant, and as new starch-mills are constantly being established in the region of its growth, the supply of roots must in the course of time become exhausted, and this important branch of Seminole industry will disappear.

A Seminole village rarely contains more than two or three families, who dwell in airy structures of poles and palmetto thatch. In each of these the floor of split logs is raised two feet above the ground, and beneath it numbers of chickens and small black pigs find comfortable abiding-places. The upper side of the logs, hewn smooth, is covered with the skins of deer, bear, or panther, and on these, protected from gnats and other stinging insects by canopies of cheese-cloth, the Seminole lays himself down with a degree of comfort unknown to many a white man. His food is varied and well cooked, for in the preparation of certain dishes the women of these camps are unexcelled by any *chefs* of civilization. Never have I tasted sweet potatoes equal to those grown in Seminole fields, and cooked over Seminole camp-fires, while their sofkee, or stew of meat and vegetables, is a dish to make a hungry man thankful for his appetite. These Indians have no table-manners to speak of, nor yet any tables; but eat while sitting on the ground beside their camp-fires. Their sofkee is served in its native kettle, and absorbed from one huge wooden spoon passed from hand to hand, and from mouth to mouth. It does not seem nice; but then, if that is the way to which one has been brought up, what does it matter? When one of my Seminole friends visits me and sits

down at my table, his manners are neither more nor less fine than my own, for they are an exact copy of mine. He watches my every motion, and, like the redoubtable Mr. Crockett, assures himself that he is right before going ahead.

When I visit a Seminole camp I eat with the men, while the women and children wait patiently until we are through and have lighted our pipes; but when they are alone no such distinction is made, and the entire family sits down comfortably together, only the dogs being forced to wait.

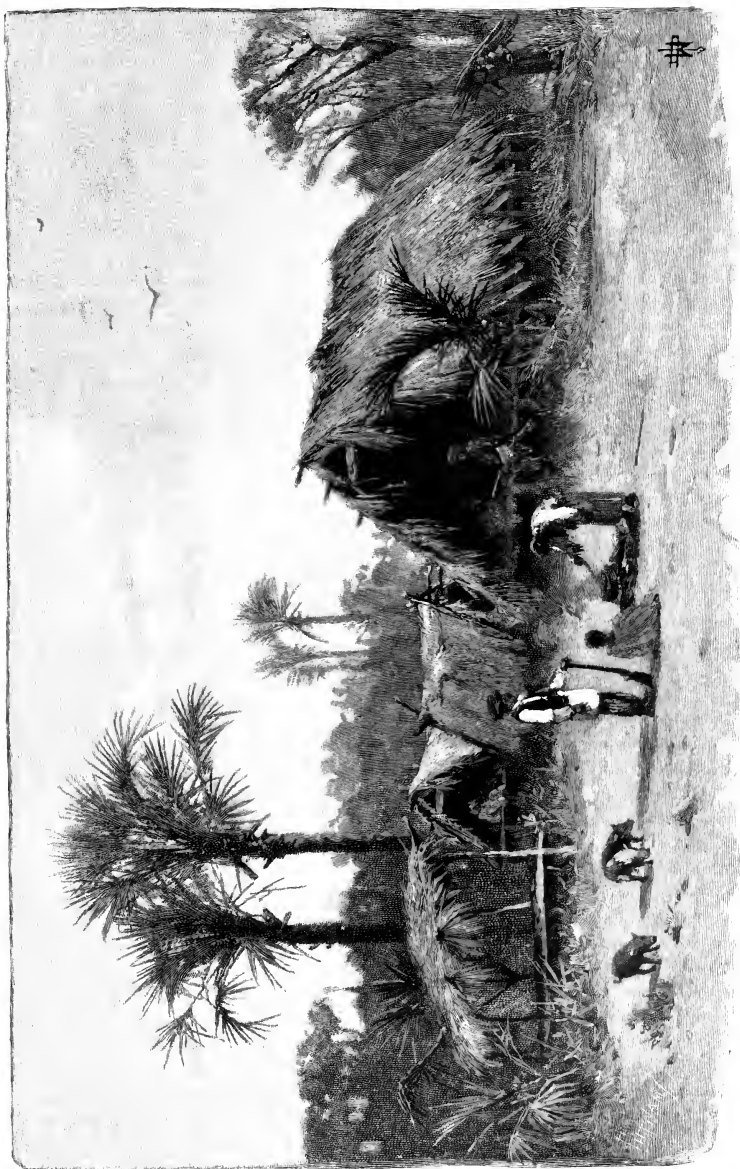
The Seminoles have no written nor pictured language, and even that spoken by them presents a confusion of tongues; for in this Florida remnant three tribes are represented: Seminoles, Miccosoukies, and Tallahasseees. It is bewildering to a student of their speech to be told by one Indian that the word for boy is *che-paw-ne*, and by another that it is *huh-nah-nu*. It is only when he discovers his first instructor to be a Miccosoukie, and the other a Seminole, that he understands the apparent contradiction. Their numerals follow a simple rule of decimal notation, and can be readily learned. They have no words to express months of the year, or days of the week; but they have named and located the principal stars and constellations, and exhibit great interest in the study of "astronomy through an opera-glass." They do not seem to be either very religious or very superstitious; but are inclined toward fatalism. "Big sleep (death) p'raps come, p'raps not come. All same, Injun can't help um," is a favorite expression. In speaking of a child who, in spite of all efforts to save its life, had just died, a Seminole father said to me:

"Pickaninny gone big sleep. Me fix um, fix um plenty. No good. Mus' go big sleep when time come."

When Aleck, the oldest of all the Indians, died, I asked my friend Doctor Jimmy where he had gone, and for answer the Indian pointed straight upward.

"Is Aleck an old man now?" I asked.

"No, young man. Heap strong; hunt plenty," was the answer, which certainly indicated a belief in a future and beatified state.



A Seminole Village in the Everglades.



Head of New River, Southern Florida.

I notice that whenever a Seminole breaks camp he carries away a small brand from the old fire. Hours afterward, when it has long since become cold, this is used as the nucleus of the next camp-fire. Whether this is done in obedience to a superstition, or whether it is a traditional custom antedating the introduction of matches, I have not been able to discover.

My Seminole friends have implicit faith in the white man's ability to do many things which they cannot. One of them, for instance, brought in a dilapidated rifle with the request that I would mend it. "But I can't mend it; I don't know how," I said.

"White man make um, white man fix um," was the logical reply.

"Very well," I said, "leave it here. Come again, one moon. Me try to fix um." I sent it to the nearest gunsmith, four hundred miles away, and when, in one moon, the Indian promptly appeared, I was able to return him his rifle in a serviceable condition. Since then half the rifles in the tribe have been brought to me with the request, "White man fix um."

Another Indian brought an orguINETTE that he had acquired from the trader,

and some old brown-paper bags, neatly smoothed, with the demand that I make him some new music for the instrument. I could not, of course; but he believes to this day that I would not.

Still again, two anxious parents brought their sick child, saying: "Pickaninny heap bad. Medicine-man no fix um. Tell white man fix um." Fortunately a simple dose of castor-oil "fixed um," and the pickaninny flourishes to this day.

The Seminole is a grateful Indian, who rarely accepts a favor without attempting to repay it, and he finds as much pleasure in making gifts to those whom he esteems as in receiving them. Upon one occasion, when on a long trip in the 'Glades, and with supplies running low, I met an Indian whom I knew and who began to beg, saying: "Tobac, you got um?"

"No," I replied, "I haven't any; but wish I had."

"Ugh!" he exclaimed. "Me got um," and displaying a plug he forced me to accept half of it. It evidently afforded him great satisfaction to be able to play the part of a benefactor to a white man, though at the same time he would readily have accepted some of my tobacco, and said nothing about his own, if I had had any to give him.

The Seminoles, in common with many other Indian tribes, transmit intelligence speedily, and over long distances, by means of smoke telegraphy ; but the meaning of their signals is carefully concealed from white men. Besides this, they manage to gain information concerning events of interest to them, that occur far beyond their range, with astonishing promptness, though by what means they will not divulge. Thus when, several years ago, a number of Apaches were confined in the old fort at St. Augustine, three hundred miles from the Everglades, the Seminoles knew of it before the tardy mails brought definite information upon the subject, and questioned me as to "Injun, St Augustine—you know um."

Their ever-present fear is that an attempt will be made to remove them to the Indian Territory ; and so strong is their attachment to their warm, sunny, Everglade homes, that they declare they will fight rather than submit to expatriation. This fear renders them shy of all white men, and especially of those whom they suspect of being in any way connected with Government. The land-grabbers and cowboys of south Florida are mak-

successful. These efforts often take the form of insults or open aggression ; but are generally confined to the concocting of tales of threatened Seminole outbreaks or outrages, that always find a ready circulation through the newspaper press of both South and North.

The Indians themselves are rapidly killing off the deer and alligators from their hunting-grounds, while the plume-birds are disappearing like morning dew before the white bird-butchers, who, in the employ of Northern millinery houses, infest the coasts of south Florida, and ruthlessly destroy old birds and young, eggs and nests, wherever they find them. White settlers are crowding the Seminoles away from their old-time haunts ; their choicest lands are being seized upon by speculators. Their future offers no brighter prospect than that of many another tribe long since blotted from existence, and, unless some attention is given to their condition, another chapter of our Indian history will be sealed with injustice and murder. Some of the Indian fields, upon which they are most dependent for their food-supplies, have already been homesteaded



The Mouth of the Miami River.

ing constant efforts to promote a cause for such removal or extermination, and probably, in course of time, they will be

by white land-grabbers, who, when asked to show proofs of occupation and improvement, point to the work of the Ind-



Seminoles Transporting Wrecked Lumber from the Beach into the Everglades.

ians and claim it as their own. President Cleveland became much interested in these Seminoles, and declared that, as he could discover no substantial reason for their removal from the country they now occupy, they should not be molested during his term of office.

To remove them from their tropical home to the comparatively cold latitude of the Indian Territory would not only be an act of cruelty, but of unnecessary and costly cruelty. The lands they now hold belong to the Government, and can never be of great value to white settlers. It would cost the Government nothing to reserve them forever for the use of their present occupants, nor would it entail any hardship upon the whites, to whom they would thus be made a forbidden territory. On the other hand, if the crowding and persecution of the Florida Seminoles, already begun, is continued, they will ultimately be driven to desperation, and will choose to die fighting rather than be killed by slower but equally certain methods. Feeble remnant as they are, they could, in their

swamps and watery fastnesses, maintain for an indefinite period a contest that would entail the loss of hundreds of precious lives and millions of dollars.

To-day these Florida Seminoles are peaceful, industrious, and self-supporting. Civilization has already gained a hold upon them, and each successive year finds them living more and more as white men live. If they could only be assured the inalienable rights guaranteed by our Constitution—the possession of life and property, and the pursuit of happiness—they would soon work out their own salvation, and prove themselves as worthy members of society as many a white community that enjoys these privileges without question. The mere recognition by the Government of these Indians as human beings possessed of human rights, as well as of human failings, would be the taking of one step toward the creation of a century of honor that should, in some measure, efface the memory of the “Century of Dishonor” just closed.

INSCIENS.

By W. G. van Tassel Sutphen.

WHILE parchèd pines are dying
 Thy hair is wet with dew;
 While hearts are faint with crying
 And sharp swords piercing through,
 Thou standest all unknowing
 Of chains and prison bars,
 Thy hair behind thee flowing,
 Thine eyes upon the stars.

Thou hast no need to borrow,
 Yet all men give thee alms;
 What knowest thou of sorrow,
 Fierce storms, and sudden calms?
 And what of nights that follow
 Hard after blazing noons,
 Wan stars in Heaven's hollow,
 And lights of waning moons?

With eager eyes unfailling,
 Thou lookest out to sea,
 To where thy ships are sailing
 With precious gifts to thee.
 And down full fathoms seven
 A diver, in the swirl,
 Falls back with strong heart riven,
 And in his hand a pearl.

IN THE VALLEY.

By Harold Frederic.

CHAPTER XXI.

CONTAINING OTHER NEWS BESIDES THAT FROM
BUNKER HILL.

TO pass from October, 1774, to mid-June of 1775—from the moonlit streets of sleeping Albany to the broad noonday of open revolt in the Mohawk Valley—is for the reader but the turning of a page with his fingers. To us, in those trying times, these eight months were a painfully long-drawn-out period of anxiety and growing excitement.

War was coming surely upon us—and war under strange and sinister conditions. Dull horse-racing, dog-fighting noblemen were comforting themselves in Parliament at London, by declaring that the Americans were cowards, and would not fight. We boasted little, but we knew ourselves better. There was as yet small talk of independence, of separation. Another year was to elapse before Thomas Paine's "Common Sense" should flash a flood of light as from some new sun upon men's minds, and show us both our real goal and the way to attain it. But about fighting, we had resolved our purpose.

We should have been slaves otherwise.

Turn and turn about, titled imbecile had succeeded distinguished incapable at London in the task of humiliating and bullying us into subjection. Now it was Granville, now Townshend, now Bedford, now North—all tediously alike in their refusal to understand us, and their slow obstinacy of determination to rule us in their way, not in ours. To get justice, or even an intelligent hearing, from these people was hopeless. They listened to their own little clique in the colonies—a coterie of officials, land-owners, dependents of the Crown, often men of too worthless a character to be tolerated longer in England—who lied us impudently and unblushingly out of court. To please these gentry, the

musty statutes of Tudor despotism were ransacked for a law by which we were to be haled over the seas for trial by an English jury for sedition; the port of Boston was closed to traffic, and troops crowded into the town to overawe and crush its citizens; a fleet of war-ships was despatched under Lord Howe to enforce by broadsides, if needs be, the wicked and stupid trade and impost laws which we resented; everywhere the Crown authorities existed to harass our local government, affront such honest men as we selected to honor, fetter or destroy our business, and eat up our substance in wanton taxations.

There had been a chance that the new Parliament, meeting for the first time in the January of this 1775, would show more sense, and strive to honestly set matters right. We had appealed from Crown and Commons to the English people; for a little we fancied the result might be favorable. But the hope speedily fell to the ground. The English, with that strange rushing of blood to the head which, from age to age, on occasion blinds their vision, confuses their judgment, and impels them to rude and brutal courses, decreed in their choler that we should be flogged at the cart-tail.

To this we said no!

In Albany, on this day in the latter part of June when the thread of the story is again resumed, there were notable, but distressingly vague, tidings. Following upon the blow struck at Concord in April, a host of armed patriots, roughly organized into something like military form, were investing Boston, and day by day closing in the cordon around the beleaguered British General Gates. A great battle had been fought near the town—this only we knew, and not its result or character. But it meant War, and the quiet burgh for the nonce buzzed with the hum of excited comment.

The windows of my upper room were open, and along with the streaming sun-

light came snatches of echoing words from the street below. Men had gone across the river, and horses were to be posted farther on upon the Berkshire turnpike, to catch the earliest whisper from across the mountains of how the fight had gone. No one talked of anything else. Assuredly I too would have been on the street outside, eager to learn and discuss the news from Boston, but that my old friend Major Jelles Fonda had come down from Caughnawaga, bearing to me almost as grave intelligence from the Mohawk Valley.

How well I remember him still, the good, square-set, solid merchant-soldier, with his bold broad face, resolute mouth, and calm, resourceful, masterful air! He sat in his woollen shirt-sleeves, for the day was hot, and slowly unfolded to me his story between meditative and deliberate whiffs of his pipe. I listened with growing interest, until at last I forgot to keep even one ear upon the sounds from the street, which before had so absorbed me. He had much to tell.

More than a month before, the two contending factions had come to fisticuffs, during a meeting held by the Whigs in and in front of John Veeder's house, at Caughnawaga. They were to raise a liberty pole there, and the crowd must have numbered two hundred or more. While they were deliberating, up rides Guy Johnson, his short, puffy figure waddling in the saddle, his arrogant, high-featured face redder than ever with rage. Back of him rode a whole company of the Hall cabal—Sir John Johnson, Philip Cross, the Butlers, and so on—all resolved upon breaking up the meeting, and supported by a host of servants and dependents, well armed. Many of these were drunk. Colonel Guy pushed his horse into the crowd, and began a violent harangue, imputing the basest motives to those who had summoned them thither. Young Jake Sammons, with the characteristic boldness of his family, stood up to the Indian Superintendent and answered him as he deserved, whereat some half-dozen of the Johnson men fell upon Jake, knocked him down, and pummelled him sorely. Some insisted that it was peppery Guy himself who

felled the youngster with his loaded riding-whip, but on this point Major Jelles was not clear.

"But what were our people about, to let this happen?" I asked, with some heat.

"To tell the truth," he answered, regretfully, "they mostly walked away. Only a few of us held our place. Our men were unarmed, for one thing. Moreover, they are in awe of the power of the Hall. The magistrates, the sheriff, the constables, the assessors—everybody, in fact, who has office in Tryon County—take orders from the Hall. You can't get people to forget that. Besides, if they had resisted, they would have been shot down."

Major Jelles went on to tell me that, despite this preponderance of armed force on the side of the Johnsons, they were visibly alarmed at the temper of the people, and were making preparations to act on the defensive. Sir John had set up cannon on the eminence crowned by the Hall, and his Roman Catholic Highlanders were drilling night and day to perfect themselves as a military body. All sorts of stories came down from Johnstown and up from Guy Park, as to the desperate intentions of the aristocrats and their retainers. Peculiarly conspicuous in the bandying of these threats were Philip Cross and Walter Butler, who had eagerly identified themselves with the most violent party of the Tories. To them, indeed, was directly traceable the terrible rumor that, if the Valley tribes proved to have been too much spoiled by the missionaries, the wilder Indians were to be called down from the head-waters of the Three Rivers, and from the Lake plains beyond, to coerce the settlements in their well-known fashion, if rebellion was persisted in.

"But they would never dare do that!" I cried, rising to my feet.

"Why not?" asked Jelles, imperturbably sucking at his pipe. "After all, that is their chief strength. Make no mistake! They are at work with the redskins, poisoning them against us. Guy Johnson is savage at the mealy-mouthed way in which they talked at his last council, at Guy Park, and he has already

procured orders from London to remove Dominie Kirkland, the missionary who has kept the Oneidas heretofore friendly to us. That means—you can see as well as the rest of us what it means.”

“It means war in the Valley—fighting for your lives.”

“Well, let it! My customers owe me three thousand pounds and more. I will give every penny of that, and as much besides, and fight with my gun from the windows of my house, sooner than tolerate this Johnson nonsense any longer. And my old father and my brothers say it with me. My brother Adam, he thinks of nothing but war these days; he can hardly attend to his work, his head is so full of storing powder, and collecting cherry and red maple for gun-stocks, and making bullets. That reminds me—Guy Johnson took all the lead weights out of the windows at Guy Park, and hid them, to keep them from our bullet-moulds, before he ran away.”

“Before he ran away! Who ran away?”

“Why, Guy, of course,” was the calm reply.

I stared at the man in open-mouthed astonishment. “You never mentioned this!” I managed to say at last.

“I hadn’t got to it yet,” the Dutchman answered, filling his pipe slowly. “You young people hurry one so.”

By degrees I obtained the whole story from him—the story which he had purposely come down, I believe, to tell me. As he progressed, my fancy ran before him, and pictured the conclave of desperate plotters in the great Hall on the hill which I knew so well.

I needed not his assurances to believe that Molly Brant, who had come down from the upper Mohawk Castle to attend this consultation, led and spurred on all the rest into malevolent resolves.

I could conceive her, tall, swart, severely beautiful still, seated at the table where, in Sir William’s time, she had been mistress, and now was but a visitor, yet now as then every inch a queen. I could see her watching with silent intentness—first the wigged and powdered gentlemen, Sir John, Colonel Guy, the Butlers, Cross, and Claus, and then her own brother Joseph, tall like herself, and

darkly handsome, but, unlike her, engrafting upon his full wolf-totem Mohawk blood the restraints of tongue and of thought learned in the schools of white youth. No one of the males, Caucasian or aboriginal, spoke out clearly what was in their minds. Each in turn befogged his suggestions by deference to what the world—which to them meant London—would think of their acts. No one, not even Joseph Brant, uttered bluntly the one idea which lay covert in their hearts—to wit: that the recalcitrant Valley should be swept as with a besom of fire and steel, in the hands of the savage horde at their command. This, when it came her time, the Indian woman said for them frankly, and with scornful words on their own faint stomachs for bloodshed. I could fancy her darkling glances around the board, and their regards shrinking away from her, as she called them cowards for hesitating to use in his interest the powers with which the King had intrusted them.

It was not hard, either, to imagine young Walter Butler and Philip Cross rising with enthusiasm to approve her words, or how these, speaking hot and fast upon the echo of Mistress Molly’s contemptuous rebuke, should have swept away the last restraining fears of the others, and committed all to the use of the Indians.

So that day, just a week since, it had been settled that Colonel Guy and the two Butlers, father and son, should go West, ostensibly to hold a Council near Fort Schuyler, but really to organize the tribes against their neighbors; and promptly thereafter, with a body of retainers, they had departed. Guy had taken his wife, because, as a daughter of the great Sir William, she would be of use in the work; but Mrs. John Butler had gone to the Hall—a refuge which she later was to exchange for the lower Indian Castle.

The two houses thus deserted—Guy Park and the Butler’s home on Switzer’s Hill—had been in a single night almost despoiled by their owners of their contents; some of which, the least bulky, had been taken with them in their flight, the residue given into safe keeping in the vicinity, or hidden.

"My brother Adam went to look for the lead in the windows," honest Jelles Fonda concluded, "but it was all gone. So their thoughts were on bullets as well as his. He has his eye now on the church roof at home."

Here was news indeed! There could be no pretence that the clandestine flight of these men was from fear for their personal safety. To the contrary, Colonel Guy, as Indian Superintendent, had fully five hundred fighting men, Indian and otherwise, about his fortified residence. They had clearly gone to enlist further aid, to bring down fresh forces to assist Sir John, Sheriff White, and their Tory minions to hold Tryon County in terror, and, if need be, to flood it with our blood.

We sat silent for a time, as befitted men confronting so grave a situation. At last I said:

"Can I do anything? You all must know up there that I am with you, heart and soul."

Major Jelles looked meditatively at me, through his fog of smoke.

"Yes, we never doubted that. But we are not agreed how you can best serve us. You are our best schooled young man; you know how to write well, and to speak English like an Englishman. Some think you can be of most use here, standing between us and the Albany Committee; others say that things would go better if we had you among us. Matters are very bad. John Johnson is stopping travellers on the highways and searching them; we are trying to watch the river as closely as he does the roads, but he has the Courts and the Sheriff, and that makes it hard for us. I don't know what to advise you. What do you think?"

While we were still debating the question thus raised by Major Fonda—although I have written it in an English which the worthy soul never attained—my cousin Teunis Van Hoorn burst into the room with tidings from Boston which had just arrived by courier. Almost before he could speak, the sound of cheering in the streets told me the burden of his story. It was the tale of Bunker Hill which he shouted out to us—that story still so splendid in our ears, but then, with all its freshness of vigor

and meaning upon us, nothing less than soul-thrilling!

An hour later, Major Jelles rose, put on his coat, and said he must be off.

He would sleep that night at Mabie's, so as to have all the Tryon County part of his ride by daylight next day, when the roads would be safer.

It was only when we were shaking hands with him at the door that I found how the secretive Dutchman had kept his greatest, to me most vital, tidings for the last.

"Oh, yes!" he said, as he stood in the door-way; "perhaps I did not mention it. Young Cross has left his home, and gone to join Guy Johnson and the Butlers. They say he had angry words with his wife—your Daisy—before he deserted her. She has come back to The Cedars again to live!"

CHAPTER XXII.

THE MASTER AND MISTRESS OF CAIRNCROSS.

THERE is the less need to apologize for now essaying to portray sundry scenes of which I was not an actual witness, in that the reader must by this time be heartily disposed to welcome an escape from my wearisome *ego*, at any expense whatsoever of historical accuracy. Nor is it essential to set forth in this place the means by which I later came to be familiar with the events now to be described—means which will be apparent enough as the tale unfolds.

Dusk is gathering in the great room to the right and rear of the wide hall at Cairncross, and a black servant has just brought in candles, to be placed on the broad marble mantel, and on the oaken table in the centre of the room. The soft light mellows the shadows creeping over the white and gold panelling of the walls, and twinkles faintly in reflection back from the gilt threads in the heavy curtains, but it cannot dispel the gloom which, like an atmosphere, pervades the chamber. Although it is June, and warm of mid-days, a fire burns on the hearth, slowly and spiritlessly, as if the task of imparting cheerfulness to the room were beyond its strength.

Close by the fireplace, holding over it,

in fact, his thin, wrinkled hands, sits an old man. At first glance, one would need to be told that it was Mr. Stewart, so heavily has Time laid his weight upon him in these last four years. There are few enough external suggestions now of the erect, soldierly gentleman, swift of perception, authoritative of tone, the prince of courtiers in bearing, whom we used to know. The white hair is still politely queued, and the close-shaven cheeks glisten with the neat polish of the razor's edge, but, alas! it is scarcely the same face. The luminous glow of the clear blue eyes has faded; the corners of the mouth, eloquently resolute no longer, depend in weakness. As he turns now to speak to his companion, there is a moment's relief; the voice is still calm and full, with perhaps just a thought of change toward the querulous in tone.

"I heard something like the sound of hoofs," he says; "doubtless it is Philip."

"Perhaps, father; but he is wont to be late, nowadays."

Here the change is in the voice, if little else be altered. It is Daisy who speaks, standing by his chair, with one hand upon his shoulder, the other hanging listlessly at her side. Like him she looks at the smouldering fire, preferring the silence of her own thoughts to empty efforts at talk. The formal, unsympathetic walls and hangings seem to take up the sad sound of her murmured words and return it to her, as if to emphasize her loneliness.

"The rooms are so large—so cold," she says again, after a long pause, in comment upon a little shiver which shakes the old man's bent shoulders. "If we heaped the fireplace to the top, it could not make them seem homelike."

The last words sink with a sigh into the silence of the great room, and no more are spoken. Both feel, perhaps, that if more were spoken there must be tears as well. Only the poor girl presses her hand upon his arm with a mute caress, and draws closer to his side. There is nothing of novelty to them in this tacitly shared sense of gloom. This Thursday is as Monday was, as any day last year was, as, seemingly, all days to come will be.

The misery of this marriage has never

been discussed between these two. The girl is too fond to impute blame, the old gentleman too proud to accept it; in both minds there is the silent consciousness that into this calamity they walked with eyes open, and must needs bear the results without repining. And more, though there is true sympathy between the two up to a certain point, even Daisy and Mr. Stewart have drifted apart beyond it. Both view Philip within the house with the same eyes; the Philip of the outer world—the little Valley-world of hot passions, strong ambitions, fierce intolerances, growing strife and rancor—they see differently. And this was the saddest thing of all.

Philip Cross entered abruptly, his spurs clanking with a sharp ring at his boot-heels, and nodded with little enough graciousness of manner to the two before the fire.

"I have not ordered supper to be laid," said Daisy; "your coming was so uncertain. Shall I ring for it now?"

"I have eaten at the Hall," said the young man, unlocking an *escritoire* at the farther end of the room as he spoke, and taking from it some papers. He presently advanced toward the fire, holding these in his hand. He walked steadily enough, but there was the evil flush upon his temples and neck—a deep suffusion of color against which his flaxen, powdered hair showed almost white—which both knew too well.

"Who is at the Hall?" asked Mr. Stewart.

"There were good men there to-day—and a woman, too, who topped them all in spirit and worth. We call the Indians an inferior race, but, by God! they at least have not lost the trick of breeding women who do not whine—who would rather show us blood than tears!"

Thus young Mr. Cross spoke, with a sulky inference in his tone, as he held up his papers to the candle, and scanned the writings by its light.

"Ah," Mr. Stewart made answer, dissembling what pique he might have felt, and putting real interest into his words. "Is Molly Brant, then, come down from the Castle? What does she at the Hall? I thought Lady Johnson would have none of her."

"Yes, she is at the Hall—or was when I left. She was sorely needed, too—to put something like resolution into the chicken-hearts there. Things will move now—nay, are moving! As for Lady Johnson, she is too dutiful and wise a woman to have any wishes that are not her husband's. I would to God there were others half so obedient and loyal as Polly Watts!"

Again there was the obvious double meaning in his sullen tone. A swift glance flashed back and forth between Mr. Stewart and the pale-faced young wife, and again Mr. Stewart avoided the subject at which Cross hinted. Instead he turned his chair toward the young man, and said:

"Things are moving, you say. What is new?"

"Why, this is new," answered Cross, lowering the papers for the moment, and looking down upon his questioner: "Blood runs now at last instead of milk in the veins of the King's men. We will know where we stand. We will master and punish disloyalty; we will brook not another syllable of rebellion!"

"Yes, it has been let to run over-long," said Mr. Stewart. "Often enough, since Sir William died, have I wished that I were a score of years younger. Perhaps I might have served in unravelling this unhappy tangle of misunderstandings. The new fingers that are picking at the knot are honest enough, but they have small cunning."

"That as you will; but there is to be no more fumbling at the knot. We will cut it now at a blow—cut it clean and sharp with the tomahawk!"

An almost splendid animation glowed in the young man's eyes as he spoke, and for the nonce lit up the dogged hardness of his face. So might the stolid purple visage of some ancestral Cross have become illumined, over his heavy beef and tubs of ale, at the stray thought of spearing a boar at bay, or roasting ducats out of a Jew. The thick rank blood of centuries of gluttonous, hunting, marauding progenitors, men whose sum of delights lay in working the violent death of some creature—wild beast or human, it mattered little which—warmed in the veins of the young man, now, at the prospect of

slaughter. The varnish of civilization melted from his surface; one saw in him only the historic fierce, bloodletting islander, true son of the men who for thirty years murdered one another by tens of thousands all over England, nominally for a York or a Lancaster, but truly from the utter wantonness of the butcher's instinct, the while we Dutch were discovering oil-painting and perfecting the noble craft of printing with types.

"Yes!" he repeated, with a stormy smile. "We will cut the knot with the tomahawk!"

The quicker wit of the young woman first scented his meaning.

"You are going to bring down the savages?" she asked, with dilated eyes, and in her emotion forgetting that it was not her recent habit to interrogate her husband.

He vouchsafed her no answer, but made a pretence of again being engrossed with his papers.

After a moment or two of silence the old gentleman rose to his feet, walked over to Philip, and put his hand on the young man's arm.

"I will take my leave now," he said, in a low voice; "Eli is here waiting for me, and the evenings grow cold."

"Nay, do not hasten your going, Mr. Stewart," said Philip, with a perfunctory return to the usages of politeness. "You are ever welcome here."

"Yes, I know," replied Mr. Stewart, not in a tone of complete conviction. "But old bones are best couched at home."

There was another pause, the old gentleman still resting his hand affectionately, almost deprecatingly, on the other's sleeve.

"I would speak plainly to you before I go, Philip," he said at last. "I pray you, listen to the honest advice of an old man, who speaks to you, God knows, from the very fulness of his heart. I dislike this adventure at which you hint. It has an evil source of inspiration. It is a gloomy day for us here, and for the Colony, and for the cause of order, when the counsels of common-sense and civilization are tossed aside, and the words of that red She-Devil regarded instead. No good will come out

of it—no good, believe me! Be warned in time! I doubt you were born when I first came into this Valley. I have known it for decades, almost, where you have known it for years. I have watched its settlements grow, its fields push steadily, season after season, upon the heels of the forest. I understand its people as you cannot possibly do. Much there is that I do not like. Many things I would change, as you would change them. But those err cruelly, criminally, who would work this change by the use of the savages.”

“All other means have been tried, short of crawling on our bellies to these Dutch hinds!” muttered the young man.

“You do not know what the coming of the tribes in hostility means!” continued Mr. Stewart, with increasing solemnity of earnestness. “You were too young to realize what little you saw, as a child here in the Valley, of Bellétre’s raid. Sir John and Guy know scarcely more of it than you. Twenty years, almost, have passed since the Valley last heard the Mohawk yell rise through the night-air above the rifle’s crack, and woke in terror to see the sky red with the blaze of roof-trees. All over the world men shudder still at hearing of the things done then. Will you be a willing party to bringing these horrors again upon us? Think what it is that you would do!”

“It is not I alone,” Philip replied, in sullen defence. “I but cast my lot on the King’s side, as you yourself do. Only you are not called upon to fit your action to your words; I am! Besides,” he went on, sulkily, “I have already chosen not to go with Guy and the Butlers. Doubtless they deem me a coward for my resolution. That ought to please you.”

“Go with them? Where are they going?”

“Up the river; perhaps only to the Upper Castle; perhaps to Oswego; perhaps to Montreal—at all events, to get the tribes well in hand, and hold them ready to strike. That is,” he added, as an afterthought, “if it really becomes necessary to strike at all. It may not come to that, you know!”

“And this flight is actually resolved upon?”

“If you call it a flight, yes! The Indian Superintendent goes to see the Indians; some friends go with him—that is all. What more natural? They have in truth started by this time, well on their way. I was sorely pressed to accompany them; for hours Walter Butler urged all the pleas at his command to shake my will.”

“Of course you could not go; that would have been madness!” said Mr. Stewart, testily. Both men looked toward the young wife, with instinctive concert of thought.

She sat by the fire, with her fair head bent forward in meditation; if she had heard the conversation, or knew now that they were thinking of her, she signified it not by glance or gesture.

“No, of course!” said Philip, with a faltering disclaimer. “Yet they urged me strenuously. Even now they are to wait two days at Thompson’s, on Cosby’s Manor, for my final word—they choosing still to regard my coming as possible.”

“Fools!” broke in the old gentleman. “It is not enough to force war upon their neighbors, but they must strive to destroy what little happiness I have remaining to me!” His tone softened to one of sadness, and again he glanced toward Daisy. “Alas, Philip,” he said, mournfully, “that it *should* be so little!”

The young man shifted his attitude impatiently, and began scanning his papers once more. A moment later he remarked, from behind the manuscripts:

“It is not we who begin this trouble. These committees of the rebel scoundrels have been active for months, all about us. Lying accounts to our prejudice are ceaselessly sent down to the committees at Schenectady and Albany—and from these towns comes back constant encouragement to disorder and bad blood. If they will have it so, are we to blame? You yourself spoke often to me, formerly, of the dangerous opinions held by the Dutch here and the Palatines up the river, and, worst of all, by those canting Scotch-Irish Presbyterians over Cherry Valley way. Yet now that we must meet this thing, you draw back, and would tie my hands as well. But doubtless you are unaware

of the lengths to which the Albany conspirators are pushing their schemes."

"I am not without information," replied Mr. Stewart, perhaps in his desire to repudiate the imputation of ignorance, revealing things which upon reflection he would have reserved. "I have letters from my boy Douw regularly, and of late he has told me much of the doings of the Albany Committee."

Young Cross put his papers down from before his face with a swift gesture. Whether he had laid a trap for Mr. Stewart or not is doubtful; we who knew him best have ever differed on that point. But it is certain that his manner and tone had changed utterly in the instant before he spoke.

"Yes!" he said, with a hard, sharp inflection; "it is known that you hold regular correspondence with this peculiarly offensive young sneak and spy. Let me tell you frankly, Mr. Stewart, that this thing is not liked overmuch. These are times when men—even old men—must choose their side and stand to it. People who talk in one camp and write to the other subject themselves to uncomfortable suspicions. Men are beginning to recall that you were in arms against His Majesty King George the Second, and to hint that perhaps you are not precisely overflowing with loyalty to his grandson, though you give him lip-service readily enough. As you were pleased to say to me a few minutes ago, 'Be warned in time, Mr. Stewart!'"

The old gentleman had started back as if struck by a whip at the first haughty word's inflection. Gradually, as the impertinent sentences followed, he had drawn up his bent slender frame until he stood now erect, his hooked nose in the air, and his blue eyes flashing. Only the shrunken lips quivered with the weakness of years, as he looked tall young Mr. Cross full in the face.

"Death of my life!" he stammered. "You are saying these things to me! It is Tony Cross's son whom I listen to—and her son—the young man to whom I gave my soul's treasure!"

Then he stopped, and while his eyes still glowed fiery wrath, the trembling lips became piteous in their inability to form words. For a full minute the fine old soldier stood, squared and quivering

with indignation. What he would have said, had he spoken, we can only guess. But no utterance came. He half-raised his hand to his head with a startled movement; then, seeming to recover himself, walked over to where Daisy sat, ceremoniously stooped to kiss her forehead, and, with a painfully obvious effort to keep his gait from tottering, moved proudly out of the room.

When Philip, who had dumbly watched the effect of his words, turned about, he found himself confronted with a woman whom he scarcely knew to be his wife, so deadly pale and drawn was her face, so novel and startling were the glance and gesture with which she reared herself before him.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HOW PHILIP IN WRATH, DAISY IN ANGUISH,
FLY THEIR HOME.

"You are, then, not even a gentleman!"

The ungracious words came almost unbidden from Daisy's pallid lips, as husband and wife for the first time faced each other in anger. She could not help it. Passive, patient, long-suffering she had been, the while the mortifications and slights were for herself. But it was beyond the strength of her control to sit quietly by when Mr. Stewart was also affronted.

Through all the years of her life she had been either so happy in her first home, or so silently loyal to duty in her second, that no one had discovered in Daisy the existence of a strong spirit. Sweet-tempered, acquiescent, gentle, everyone had known her alike in joy or under the burden of disappointment and disillusion. "As docile as Daisy," might have been a proverb in the neighborhood, so general was this view of her nature. Least of all did the selfish, surly-tempered, wilful young Englishman who was her husband, and who had ridden rough-shod over her tender thoughts and dreams these two years, suspect that she had in her the capabilities of flaming, wrathful resistance.

He stared at her now, at first in utter bewilderment, then with the instinct of combat in his scowl.

"Be careful what you say!" he answered, sharply. "I am in no mood for folly."

"Nay, mood or no mood, I shall speak. Too long have I held my peace. You should be ashamed in every recess of your heart for what you have said and done this day!" She spoke with a vibrant fervency of feeling which for the moment pierced even his thick skin.

"He was over-hasty," he muttered, in half-apology. "What I said was for his interest. I intended no offence."

"Will you follow him—and say so?"

"Certainly not! If he chooses to take umbrage, let him. It's no affair of mine."

"Then I will go—and not return until he comes with me, invited by you!"

The woman's figure, scornfully erect, trembled with the excitement of the position she had on the moment assumed, but her beautiful face, refined and spiritualized of late by the imprint of womanhood's saddening wisdom, was coldly resolute. By contrast with the burly form and red, rough countenance of the man she confronted, she seemed made of another clay.

"Yes, I will go!" she went on, hurriedly. "This last is too much! It is not fit that I should keep up the pretence longer!"

The husband burst out with a rude and somewhat hollow laugh. "Pretence, you say! Nay, madame, you miscall it. A pretence is a thing that deceives—and I have never been deceived. Do not flatter yourself. I have read you like a page of large print, these twenty months. Like the old gaffer whose feathers I ruffled here a while ago with a few words of truth, your tongue has been here, but your thoughts have been with the Dutchman in Albany!"

The poor girl flushed and recoiled under the coarse insult, and the words did not come readily with which to retaliate.

"I know not how to answer insolence of this kind," she said at last. "I have been badly reared for such purposes."

She felt her calmness deserting her as she spoke; her eyes began to burn with the starting tears. This crisis in her life had sprung into being with such terrible swiftness, and yawned before

her now, as reflection came, with such blackness of unknown consequences, that her woman's strength quaked and wavered. The tears found their way to her cheeks, now—and through them she saw, not the heavy, half-drunken young husband, but the handsome, slender, soft-voiced younger lover of three years ago. And then the softness came to her voice, too.

"How can you be so cruel and coarse, Philip, so unworthy of your real self?" She spoke despairingly, not able wholly to believe that the old self was the true self, yet clinging, woman-like, to the hope that she was mistaken.

"Ha! So my lady has thought better of going, has she?"

"Why should you find pleasure in seeking to make this home impossible for me, Philip?" she asked, in grave gentleness of appeal.

"I thought you would change your tune," he sneered back at her, throwing himself into a chair. "I have a bit of counsel for you: Do not venture upon that tone with me again. It serves with Dutch husbands, no doubt; but I am not Dutch, and I don't like it."

She stood for what seemed to be a long time, unoccupied and irresolute in the centre of the room. It was almost impossible for her to think clearly or to see what she ought to do. She had spoken in haste about leaving the house—and felt now that that would be an unwise and wrongful step to take. Yet her husband had deliberately insulted her, and had coldly interpreted as weak withdrawals her conciliatory words—and it was very hard to let this state of affairs stand without some attempt at its improvement. Her pride tugged bitterly against the notion of addressing him again, yet was it not right that she should do so?

The idea occurred to her of ringing for a servant, and directing him to take off his master's boots. The slave-boy who came in was informed by a motion of her finger, and, kneeling to the task, essayed to lift one of the heavy boots from the tiled hearth. The amiable Mr. Cross allowed the foot to be raised into the boy's lap. Then he kicked the lad backward, head over heels, with it, and snapped out angrily:

"Get away! When I want you, I'll call!"

The slave scrambled to his feet and slunk out of the room. The master sat in silence, moodily sprawled out before the fire. At last the wife approached him, and stood at the back of his chair.

"You are no happier than I am, Philip," she said. "Surely there must be some better way to live than this. Can we not find it, and spare ourselves all this misery?"

"What misery?" he growled. "There is none that I know, save the misery of having a wife who hates everything her husband does? The weathercock on the roof has more sympathy with my purposes and aims than you have. At least once in a while he points my way."

"Wherein have I failed? When have you ever temperately tried to set me aright, seeing my errors?"

"There it is—the plausible tongue always! 'When have I done this, or that, or the other?' It is not one thing that has been done, madam, but ten thousand left undone! What did I need—having lands, money, position—to make me the chief gentleman of Tryon County, and this house of mine the foremost mansion west of Albany, once Sir William was dead? Naught but a wife who should share my ambitions, enter into my plans, gladly help to further my ends! I choose for this a wife with a pretty face, a pretty manner, a tidy figure which carries borrowed satins gracefully enough—as I fancy, a wife who will bring sympathy and distinction as well as beauty. Well, I was a fool! This precious wife of mine is a Puritan ghost who gazes gloomily at me when we are alone, and chills my friends to the marrow when they are ill-advised enough to visit me. She looks at the wine I lift to my lips, and it sours in the glass. She looks into my kennels, and it is as if turpentine had been rubbed on the hounds' snouts. This great house of mine, which ought of right to be the gallant centre of Valley life and gayety, stands up here, by God! like a deserted church-yard. Men avoid it as if a regicide had died here. I might have been Sir Philip before this, and had His Majesty's Commission in my pocket, but for this petticoated

skeleton which warns off pleasure and promotion. And then she whines, 'What have I done?'"

"You are clever enough, Philip, to have been anything you wanted to be, if only you had started with more heart, and less appetite for pleasure. It is not your wife, but your wine, that you should blame."

"Ay! there it comes! And even if it were true—as it is not, for I am as temperate as another—it would be you who had driven me to it!"

"What folly!"

"Folly, madam? By heaven, I will not——"

"Nay, listen to me, Philip, for the once. We may not speak thus frankly again; it would have been better had we freed our minds in this plain fashion long ago. It is not poor me, but something else, that in two years has changed you utterly. To-day you could no more get your mind into the same honest course of thoughts you used to hold than you could your body into your wedding waistcoat. You talk now of ambitions; for the moment you really think you had ambitions, and because they are only memories, you accuse me. Tell me truly, what were your ambitions? To do nothing but please yourself—to ride, hunt, gamble, scatter money, drink till you could drink no more. Noble aspirations these, for which to win the sympathy of a wife!"

Philip had turned himself around in his chair, and was looking steadily at her. She found the courage to stand resolute under the gaze and return it.

"There is one point in which I agree with you," he said, slowly: "I am not like ever again to hear talk of this kind under my roof. But while we are thus amiably laying our hearts bare to each other, there is another thing to be said. Everywhere it is unpleasantly remarked that I am not master in my own house—that here there are two kinds of politics—that I am loyal and my wife is a rebel."

"Oh, that is unfair! Truly, Philip, I have given no cause for such speech. Not a word have I spoken, ever, to warrant this. It would be not only wrong but presuming to do so, since I am but a woman, and have no more than a woman's partial knowledge of these

things. If you had ever asked me, I would have told you frankly that, as against the Johnsons and Butlers and Whites, my feelings were with the people of my own flesh and blood; but as to my having ever spoken——”

“Yes, I know what you would say,” he broke in, with cold, measured words. “I can put it for you in a breath: I am an English gentleman; you are a Dutch foundling!”

She looked at him, speechless and mentally staggered. In all her life it had never occurred to her that this thing could be thought or said. That it should be flung thus brutally into her face now by her husband—and he the very man who as a boy had saved her life—seemed to her astonished sense so incredible that she could only stare, and say nothing.

While she still stood thus, the young aristocrat rose, jerked the bell-cord fiercely, and strode again to the escritoire, pulling forth papers from its recesses with angry haste.

“Send Rab to me on the instant!” he called out to the slave who appeared.

The under-sized, evil-faced creature who presently answered this summons was the son of a Scotch dependent of the Johnsons, half-tinker, half-trapper, and all ruffian, by an Indian wife. Rab, a young-old man, had the cleverness and vices of both strains of blood, and was Philip’s most trusted servant, as he was Daisy’s especial horror. He came in now, his black eyes sparkling close together like a snake’s, and his miscolored hair in uncombed tangle hanging to his brows. He did not so much as glance at his mistress, but went to Philip, with a cool—

“What is it?”

“There is much to be done to-night, Rab,” said the master, assorting papers still as he spoke. “I am leaving Cairncross on a journey. It may be a long one; it may not.”

“It will at least be as long as Thompson’s is distant,” said the familiar.

“Oh, you know, then,” said Philip. “So much the better, when one deals with close tongues. Very well! I ride to-night. Do you gather the things I need—clothes, money, trinkets, and what not—to be taken with me. Have the

plate, the china, the curtains, pictures, peltries, and such like, properly packed, to be sent over to the Hall with the horses and dogs in the early morning. I shall ride all night, and all to-morrow, if needs be. When you have seen the goods safely at the Hall, deliver certain letters which I shall presently write, and return here. I leave you in charge of the estate; you will be master—supreme—and will account only to me, when the King’s men come back. I shall take Cæsar and Sam with me. Have them saddle the roan for me, and they may take the chestnut pair and lead Fire-fly. Look to the saddle-bags and packs yourself. Let everything be ready for my start at eleven; the moon will be up then.”

The creature waited for a moment, after Philip had turned to his papers.

“Will you take my lady’s jewels?” he asked.

“Damnation! No!” growled Philip.

“If you do not, they shall be thrown after you!”

It was Daisy who spoke—Daisy, who leaned heavily upon the chair-back to keep erect in the whirling dream of bewilderment which enveloped her. The words, when they had been uttered, seemed from some other lips than hers. There was no thought in her mind which they reflected. She was too near upon swooning to think at all.

Only dimly could she afterward recall having left the room, and the memory was solely of the wicked gleam in the serpent-eyes of her enemy, Rab, and of the sound of papers being torn by her husband, as she, dazed and fainting, managed to creep away, and reach her chamber.

The wakeful June sun had been up for an hour or so, intent upon the self-appointed and gratuitous task of heating still more the sultry, motionless morning air, when consciousness returned to Daisy.

All about her the silence was profound. As she rose, the fact that she was already dressed scarcely interested her. She noted that the lace and velvet hangings were gone, and that the apartment had been despoiled of much else besides—and gave this hardly a passing thought.



"While his eyes still glowed fiery wrath, the trembling lips became piteous in their inability to form words."
—Page 325.

Mechanically she took from the wardrobe a hooded cloak, put it about her, and left the room. The hallways were strewn with straw and the litter of packing. Doors of half-denuded rooms hung open. In the corridor below two negroes lay asleep, snoring grotesquely beside some chests at which they had worked. There was no one to speak to her or bar her passage. The door was unbolted. She passed listlessly out, and down the path toward the gulf.

It was more like sleep-walking than waking, conscious progress—this melancholy journey. The dry, parched grass, the leaves depending wilted and sapless, the leaden air, the hot, red globe of dull light hanging before her in the eastern heavens, all seemed a part of the lifeless, hopeless pall which weighed from every point upon her, deadening thought and senses. The difficult descent of the steep western hill, the passage across the damp bottom and over the tumbling, shouting waters, the milder ascent, the cooler, smoother forest-walk toward The Cedars beyond—these vaguely reflected themselves as stages of the crisis through which she had passed: the heartaching quarrel, the separation, the swoon, and now the approaching rest.

Thus at last she stood before her old home, and opened the familiar gate. The perfume of the flowers, heavily surcharging the dewless air, seemed to awaken and impress her. There was less order in the garden than before, but the plants and shrubs were of her own setting. A breath of rising zephyr stirred their blossoms as she regarded them in passing.

"They nod to me in welcome," her dry lips murmured.

A low, reverberating mutter of distant thunder came as an echo, and a swifter breeze lifted the flowers again, and brought a whispered greeting from the lilac-leaves clustered thick about her.

The door opened at her approach, and she saw Mr. Stewart standing there on the threshold, awaiting her. It seemed natural enough that he should be up at this hour, and expecting her. She did not note the uncommon whiteness of his face, or the ceaseless twitching of his fallen lips.

"I have come home to you, father!" she said, calmly, wearily.

He gazed at her without seeming to apprehend her meaning.

"I have no longer any other home," she added.

She saw the pallid face before her turn to wax, shot over with green and brazen tints. The old hands stretched out as if to clutch hers—then fell inert.

Something had dropped shapeless, bulky, at her feet, and she could not see Mr. Stewart. Instead, there was a reeling vision of running slaves, of a form lifted and borne in, and then nothing but a sinking away of self amid the world-shaking roar of thunder and blazing lightning streaks.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE NIGHT ATTACK UPON QUEBEC—AND MY SHARE IN IT.

OF these sad occurrences it was my fortune not to be informed for many months. In some senses this was a beneficent ignorance. Had I known that, under the dear old roof which so long sheltered me, Mr. Stewart was helplessly stricken with paralysis, and poor Daisy lay ill unto death with a brain malady, the knowledge must have gone far to unfit me for the work which was now given unto my hands. And it was work of great magnitude and importance.

Close upon the heels of the Bunker Hill intelligence came the news that a Continental Army had been organized; that Colonel Washington, of Virginia, had been designated by Congress as its chief, and had started to assume command at Cambridge; and that our own Philip Schuyler was one of the four officers named at the same time as major-general. There was great pleasure in Albany over the tidings; the patriot committee began to prepare for earnest action; and our Tory mayor, Abraham Cuyler, sagaciously betook himself off, ascending the Mohawk in a canoe, and making his way to Canada.

Among the first wishes expressed by General Schuyler was one that I should assist and accompany him, and this, flattering enough in itself, was made delightful by the facts that my friend Peter

Gansevoort was named as another aide, and that my kinsman, Dr. Teunis, was given a professional place in the general's camp family. We three went with him to the head-quarters at Cambridge very shortly after, and thenceforward were too steadily engrossed with our novel duties to give much thought to home affairs.

It was, indeed, a full seven months onward from the June of which I have written that my first information concerning The Cedars, and the dear folk within its walls, came to me in a letter from my mother. This letter found me, of all unlikely places in the world, lying in garrison on the frozen bank of the St. Lawrence—behind us the strange, unnatural silence of the Northern waste of snow, before us the black, citadel-crowned, fire-spitting rock of Quebec.

Again there presses upon me the temptation to put into this book the story of what I saw there while we were gathering our strength and resolution for the fatal assault. If I am not altogether proof against its wiles, at least no more shall be told of it than properly belongs here, insomuch as this is the relation of my life's romance.

We had started in September with the expedition against Canada, while it was under the personal command of our general; and when his old sickness came unluckily upon him, and forced his return, it was at his request that we still kept on, under his successor, General Richard Montgomery. It was the pleasanter course for us, both because we wanted to see fighting, and because Montgomery, as the son-in-law of Mr. Livingston, was known to us and was our friend. And so with him we saw the long siege of St. John's ended, and Chambly, and then Montreal, Sorel, and Three Rivers, one by one submit, and the *habitants* acclaim us their deliverers as we swept the country clean to the gates of Quebec.

To this place we came in the first week of December, and found bold Arnold and his seven hundred scarecrows awaiting us. These men had been here for a month, yet had scarcely regained their strength from the horrible sufferings they encountered throughout their wilderness march. We were by this time

not enamoured of campaigning in any large degree from our own experience of it. Yet, when we saw the men whom Arnold and Morgan had led through the trackless Kennebec forest, and heard them modestly tell the story of that great achievement—of their dreadful sustained battle with cold, exhaustion, famine, with whirling rapids, rivers choked with ice, and dangerous mountain precipices—we felt ashamed at having supposed we knew what soldiering was.

Three weeks we lay waiting. Inside, clever Carleton was straining heaven and earth in his endeavor to strengthen his position; without, we could only wait. Those of us who were from the Albany and Mohawk country came to learn that some of our old Tory neighbors were within the walls, and the knowledge gave a new zest to our eager watchfulness.

This, it should be said, was more eager than sanguine. It was evident from the outset that, in at least one respect, we had counted without our host. The French-Canadians were at heart on our side, perhaps, but they were not going to openly help us—and we had expected otherwise. Arnold himself, who as an old horse-dealer knew the country, had especially believed in their assistance and sympathy, and we had bills printed in the French language to distribute, calling upon them to rise and join us. That they did not do so was a grievous disappointment from the beginning.

Yet we might have been warned of this. The common people were friendly to us—aided us privily when they could—but they were afraid of their seigneurs and curés. These gentry were our enemies for a good reason—in their eyes we were fighting New England's fight, and intolerant New England had only the year before bitterly protested to Parliament against the favor shown the Papist religion in Quebec. These seigneurs and priests stood together, in a common interest. England had been shrewd enough to guarantee them their domains and revenues. Loyalty meant to them the security of their *rentes et dîmes*, and they were not likely to risk these in an adventure with the Papist-hating Yankees. Hence they stood by England, and, what is more, held their people practically aloof from us.



"Then a great mashing blow on my face ended my fight."—Page 334.

But even then we could have raised Canadian troops, if we had had the wherewithal to feed or clothe or arm them. But of this Congress had taken no thought. Our ordnance was ridiculously inadequate for a siege; our clothes were ragged and foul, our guns bad, our powder scanty, and our food scarce. Yet we were deliberately facing, in this wretched plight, the most desperate assault of known warfare.

The weeks went by swiftly enough. Much of the time I was with the Commander at our headquarters in Holland House, and I grew vastly attached to the handsome, gracious, devoted young soldier. Brigadier-General Montgomery had not, perhaps, the breadth of character that made Schuyler so notable; which one of all his contemporaries, save Washington, for that matter, had? But he was very single-minded and honorable, and had much charm of manner. Often, during those weeks, he told me of his beautiful young wife, waiting for his return at their new home on the Hudson, and of his hope soon to be able to abandon the strife and unrest of war, and settle there in peace. Alas! it was not to be so.

And then, again, we would adventure forth at night, when there was no moon, to note what degree of vigilance was observed by the beleaguered force. This was dangerous, for the ingenious defenders hung out at the ends of poles from the bastions either lighted lanterns or iron pots filled with blazing balsam, which illuminated the ditch even better than the moon would have done. Often we were thus discovered and fired upon, and once the general had his horse killed under him.

I should say that he was hardly hopeful of the result of the attack already determined upon. But it was the only thing possible to be done, and with all his soul and mind he was resolved to as nearly do it as might be.

The night came, the last night but one of that eventful, momentous year 1775. Men had passed each day for a week between our quarters and Colonel Arnold's at St. Roch, concerting arrangements. There were Frenchmen inside the town from whom we were promised aid. What we did not know was that

there were other Frenchmen, in our camp, who advised Carleton of all our plans. The day and evening were spent in silent preparations for the surprise and assault—if so be it the snow-storm came which was agreed upon as the signal. Last words of counsel and instruction were spoken. Suppressed excitement reigned everywhere.

The skies were clear and moonlit in the evening; now, about midnight, a damp, heavy snowfall began and a fierce wind arose. So much the better for us and our enterprise, we thought.

We left Holland House some hours after midnight, without lights and on foot, and placed ourselves at the head of the three hundred and fifty men whom Colonel Campbell (not the Cherry Valley man, but a vain and cowardly creature from down the Hudson, recently retired from the British Army) held in waiting for us. Noiselessly we descended from the heights, passed Wolfe's Cove, and gained the narrow road on the ledge under the mountain.

The General and his aide, McPherson, trudged through the deep snow ahead of all, with Gansevoort and me keeping up to them as well as we could. What with the very difficult walking, the wildness of the gale, and the necessity for silence, I do not remember that anything was said. We panted heavily, I know, and more than once had to stop while the slender and less eager carpenters who formed the van came up.

It was close upon the fence of wooden pickets which stretched across the causeway at Cape Diamond that the last of these halts was made. Through the darkness, rendered doubly dense by the whirling snowflakes with which the wind lashed our faces, we could only vaguely discern the barrier and the outlines of the little block-house beyond it.

"Here is our work!" whispered the general to the half-dozen nearest him, and pointing ahead with his gauntleted hand. "Once over this, and into the guard-house, and we can never be flanked, whatever else betide."

We tore furiously at the posts, even while he spoke—we four with our hands, the carpenters with their tools. It was the work of a moment to lay a dozen of these; another moment and the first

score of us were knee-deep in the snow piled to one side of the guard-house door. There was a murmur from behind, which caused us to glance around. The body of Campbell's troops, instead of pressing us closely, had lingered to take down more pickets. Somebody—it may have been me—said "Cowards!" Someone else, doubtless the general, said "Forward!"

Then the ground shook violently under our feet, a great bursting roar deafened us, and before a scythe-like sweep of fire we at the front tumbled and fell!

I got to my feet again, but had lost both sword and pistol in the snow. I had been hit somewhere—it seemed in the side—but of that I scarcely thought. I heard sharp firing and the sound of oaths and groans all around me, so it behoved me to fight, too. There were dimly visible dark forms issuing from the guard-house, and wrestling or exchanging blows with other forms, now upright, now in the snow. Here and there a flash of fire from some gun or pistol gave an instant's light to this Stygian hurly-burly.

A heavy man, coming from the door of the block-house, fired a pistol straight at me; the bullet seemed not to have struck me, and I leaped upon him before he could throw the weapon. We struggled fiercely backward toward the pickets, I tearing at him with all my might, and striving with tremendous effort to keep my wits as well as my strength about me, in order to save my life. Curiously enough, I found that the simplest wrestling tricks I tried I had not the power for; even in this swift minute, loss of blood was telling on me; a ferocious last effort I made to swing and hurl him, and, instead, went staggering down into the drift with him on top.

As I strove still to turn, and lifted my head, a voice sounded close in my ear, "It's you, is it? Damn you!" and then a great mashing blow on my face ended my fight.

Doubtless some reminiscence in that voice caused my mind to carry on the struggle in the second after sense had fled, for I thought we still were in the snow, wrestling—only it was inside a mimic fort in the clearing around Mr.

Stewart's old log-house, and I was a little boy in an apron, and my antagonist was a yellow-haired lad with hard fists, with which he beat me cruelly in the face—and so off into utter blackness and void of oblivion.

One morning in the latter half of January, nearly three weeks after, I woke to consciousness again. Wholly innocent of the lapse of time, I seemed to be just awakening from the dream of the snow fort, and of my boyish fight with little Philip Cross. I smiled to myself as I thought of it, but even while I smiled the vague shadows of later happenings came over my mind. Little by little the outlines of that rough December night took shape in my puzzled wits.

I had been wounded, evidently, and had been borne back to Holland House, for I recognized the room in which I lay. My right arm was in stiff splints; with the other hand I felt of my head and discovered that my hair had been cut close, and that my skull and face were fairly thatched with crossing strips of bandage. My chest, too, was girdled by similar medicated bands. My mental faculties moved very sedately, it seemed, and I had been pondering these phenomena for a long time when my cousin, Dr. Teunis Van Hoorn, came tiptoeing into the room.

This worthy young man was sincerely delighted to find me come by my senses once more. In his joy, he allowed me to talk and to listen more than was for my good, probably, for I had some bad days immediately following; but the relapse did not come before I had learned much that was gravely interesting.

It is a story of sufficient sorrow and shame to American ears even now—this tale of how we failed to carry Quebec. Judge how grievously the recital fell upon my ears then, in the little barrack-chamber of Holland House, within hearing of the cannonade by which the farce of a siege was still maintained from day to day! Teunis told me how, by that first volley of grape at the guard-house, the brave and noble Montgomery had been instantly killed; how Arnold, forcing his way from the other direction at the head of his men, and being early shot

in the leg, had fought and stormed like a wounded lion in the narrow Sault-au-Matlot; how he and the gallant Morgan had done more than their share in the temerarious adventure, and had held the town and citadel at their mercy if only the miserable Campbell had pushed forward after poor Montgomery fell, and gone on to meet those battling heroes in the Lower Town. But I have not the patience, even at this late day, to write about this melancholy and mortifying failure.

Some of our best men—Montgomery, Hendricks, Humphreys, Captain Chese-man, and other officers, and nearly two hundred men—had been killed outright, and the host of wounded made veritable hospitals of both the head-quarters. Nearly half of our total original force had been taken prisoners. With the shattered remnants of our little army we were still keeping up the pretence of a siege, but there was no heart in our operations, since reverse had broken the last hope of raising assistance among the French population. We were too few in numbers to be able now to prevent supplies reaching the town, and everybody gloomily foresaw that when the river became free of ice, and open for the British fleet to throw in munitions and reinforcements, the game would be up.

All this Dr. Teunis told me, and often during the narration it seemed as if my indignant blood would burst off the healing bandages, so angrily did it boil at the thought of what poltroonery had lost to us.

It was a relief to turn to the question of my own adventure. It appeared that I had been wounded by the first and only discharge of the cannon at the guard-house, for there was discovered, embedded in the muscles over my ribs, a small iron bolt, which would have come from no lesser firearm. They moreover had the honor of finding a bullet in my right forearm, which was evidently a pistol-ball. And lastly, my features had been beaten into an almost unrecognizable mass of bruised flesh by either a heavy-ringed fist or a pistol-butt.

"Pete Gansevoort dragged you off on his back," my kinsman concluded. "Some of our men wanted to go back

for the poor general, and for Chese-man and McPherson, but that Campbell creature would not suffer them. Instead, he and his cowards ran back as if the whole King's army were at their heels. You may thank God and Gansevoort that you were not found frozen stiff with the rest, next morning."

"Ah! you may be sure I do," I answered. "Can I see Peter?"

"Why, no—at least not in this God-forgotten country. He has been made a colonel, and is gone back to Albany, to join General Schuyler. And we are to go—you and I—as soon as it suits your convenience to be able to travel. There are orders to that purport. So make haste and get well, if you please."

"I have been dangerously ill, have I not?"

"Scarcely that, I should say. At least, I had little fear for you after the first week. Neither of the gunshot wounds was serious. But somebody must have dealt you some hearty thwacks on the poll, my boy. It was these, and the wet chill, and the loss of blood, which threw you into a fever. But I never feared for you."

Later in the year, long after I was wholly recovered, my cousin confided to me that this was an amiable lie, designed to instil me with that confidence which is so great a part of the battle gained, and that for a week or so my chance of life had been held hardly worth a sou marquee. But I did not now know this, and I tried to fasten my mind upon that encounter in the drift by the guard-house, which was my last recollection. Much of it curiously eluded my mental grasp for a time; then all at once it came to me.

"Do you know, Tennis," I said, "that I believe it was Philip Cross who broke my head with his pistol-butt."

"Nonsense!"

"Yes, it surely was—and he knew me, too!" And I explained the grounds for my confidence.

"Well, young man," said Dr. Teunis, at last, "if you do not find that gentleman out somewhere, some time, and choke him, and tear him up into fiddle-strings, you've not a drop of Van Hoorn blood in your whole carcass!"

JOHN ERICSSON, THE ENGINEER.

JULY 31, 1803—MARCH 8, 1889.

By William Conant Church.



The Giant and the Dwarfs; or, John E. and the Little Mariners.

[From a Swedish caricature, February 10, 1867.]

JOHN.—Come here, little boys, and I will show you. What do you say about this model of a gunboat for our coast defence?

THE LITTLE BOYS.—Won't do; too small . . . too heavy draught . . . too large guns . . . too light draught . . . too large . . . too small guns . . . won't do,—that's what I say . . . and I also,—because it isn't *our* invention.

JOHN.—Well, little boys, that is at least some reason.

II.

JOHN ERICSSON'S career covers the entire period within which civil engineering has been recognized as a distinct profession—if we are to date from the organization in 1818 of the English Institution of Civil Engineers. During the fifty years preceding this date the modern era of engineering had been gradually shaping itself out of the labors of Smeaton, originally a maker of mathematical instruments; Brindley, a millwright; Telford, a stone-mason; Fairbairn and Stephenson, Newcastle collierymen, and others like them, uneducated or self-taught. In professional equipment Ericsson was superior to any of these, and, when he landed in England, in 1826, was prepared to enter the lists against the ablest of his contemporaries. His youthful training on the Götha Canal, his intercourse there with men familiar with English methods, and his intelligent study of the best models

had admirably fitted him for the work before him. He understood English well, he was full of energy and enthusiasm, he had an inexhaustible fund of vital force and a rare capacity for continuous work. But his strength in natural endowment was at the same time his weakness, so far as the advancement of his personal fortunes was concerned. His inventive fecundity, the rapidity of his mental processes, the readiness with which his imagination transported him into new regions of industrial development made it difficult for him to realize that others must follow him by laborious steps, and that isolation in inventive experience is fatal to success in a business sense.

Before he had been two years in England, before his garments had fairly lost their Swedish cut or his speech the Norrland accent, Ericsson had added at least seven inventions to a list which was destined to grow so rapidly. In one of these, a machine for compressing air, patented in 1828, his friend and countryman Count von Rosen invested £10,000. It was employed to convey power to the pumps engaged in clearing of water a Cornish tin-mine lying off the shore, and was apparently the earliest example of the use of this mechanical expedient. In 1828 also Ericsson patented a steam boiler, constructed on the principle of artificial draught, upon which all rapid locomotion depends. At this time Sir John Ross was planning his second expedition to the Polar seas. He ordered an engine for his vessel, the *Victory*, from the firm of which Ericsson was now a member, known as Braithwaite & Ericsson. Not wishing to reveal the purpose of his voyage, Ross allowed it to be understood that it was a naval vessel. The new engine was put into her, and a "surface-condenser," or the apparatus now in common use for condensing the steam from the engine by passing it, in closed pipes, through cold water and returning it to the boiler, to



Ericsson on his Arrival in England, aged twenty-three.

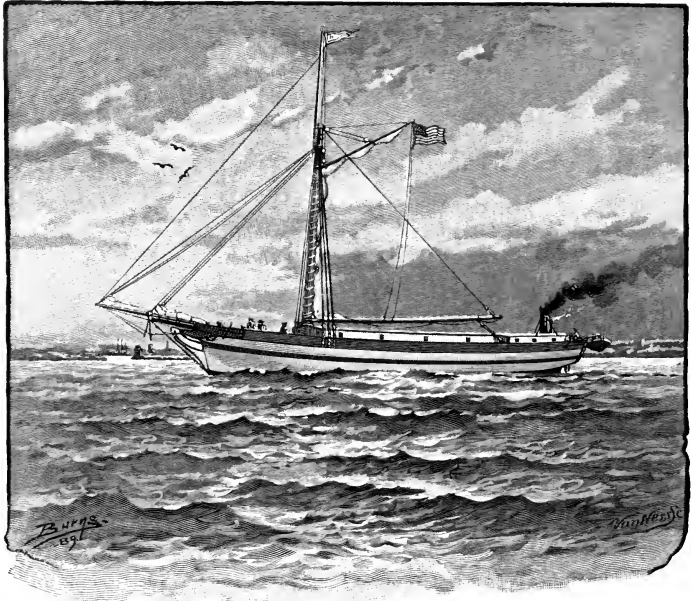
be used over and over again in a continuous circuit.

An important branch of Braithwaite's business was the construction of refrigerators and coolers for the mammoth breweries and distilleries of London, and it was experience with these that suggested the idea of adapting the same machinery to steam-vessels. The plan, then entirely novel, of putting the engine below the water-line, was adopted in the *Victory*, and other devices, since common, were experimented with in her. Compactness in marine engines was from the first one of Ericsson's hobbies, but in this case he made a mistake. Greatly chagrined when he discovered the nature of the service for which the *Victory* was intended, he warned Captain Ross, in heated language, of the consequences of his disingenuousness. Features which afterward proved so successful in naval construction were out of place in a vessel intended for Arctic voyaging, and the engine was

tumbled overboard as soon as the *Victory* got into the ice, to furnish proof to some post-glacial age that the Esquimaux were acquainted with steam-engineering.

On his return from an unsuccessful voyage, after expending nearly one hundred thousand dollars of his patron's money, Sir John charged his failure to the unlucky engine. This was too much for Ericsson, who seldom found use for the soft answer that turneth away wrath when stung by a sense of injustice. A sharp controversy followed, and an encounter between the British naval officer and the ex-captain of the Swedish army was in prospect. Mr. Felix Booth, late High Sheriff of London, who had fitted out the Ross expedition, finally interfered and bloodshed was prevented.

The methods of extinguishing fires in London at this time were of the most primitive sort, and conflagrations were numerous and disastrous. The city had thrice been nearly destroyed. Drury



The Vandalia—Pioneer Propeller on the Lakes.

Lane and Astley's Theatre had been twice burned ; Covent Garden, the Italian Opera House, and Surrey, each once. The fire-engines in use were provided by the several parishes into which London was divided and their inefficiency was notorious. Dickens describes an engine seen by him on the occasion of a fire, coming up "in gallant style—three miles and a half an hour at least"—but so inefficiently worked when it arrived on the ground, "that eighteen boys and men had exhausted themselves in pumping for twenty minutes without producing the slightest effect." This was uncommon speed, for a mile and a half an hour was the best gait of the broken-down old fellows from the workhouse who ordinarily manned the engines.

Ericsson sought to remedy this condition of things by inventing a steam fire-engine. An experimental engine, placed on a rude carriage, was built in 1828.

This was followed by four completed engines, mounted on springs, so as to run over the pavements easily. One was employed in London, another went to the Liverpool Docks, and a third was ordered by the King of Prussia. The fourth was an experimental engine, built in 1833, on a new plan. The London engine proved its efficiency by extinguishing a fire at the Argyle Rooms when the hand-engines were frozen up. It was then borrowed by Barclay & Co., after a fire which destroyed their brewery, and kept steadily at work for a month in emptying their vats of beer. It next went on a starring tour through France and Russia, where it worked with perfect success. The Liverpool engine was in constant use, both for pumping water in large quantities, and for extinguishing fires, and the success of the Prussian engine—employed in protecting the public buildings of the capital—led to the bestowing of an honor-

ary membership in the Berlin Institute upon its manufacturer.

This was the end of Messrs. Braithwaite & Ericsson's attempts to substitute steam for hand-power in extinguishing fires. The very completeness of their success was their ruin. The most violent prejudices were aroused; the hose of the engine they had sent out at their own expense was cut by the jealous firemen; they were annoyed in every way; and the parish authorities who ruled London would have nothing to do with an engine that consumed so much water.

"Mashallah!" exclaimed the Pasha, when a Yankee hand-engine was first exhibited to him; "very good, but it will require a sea to supply it with water. It won't do for us, for there is no sea in the middle of Constantinople." There was no sea in the heart of London, and

machine. There is on record a report by the Chief of the New York Fire Department declaring that steam fire-engines would do more damage with water than could possibly be done by fire. A generation passed before the London authorities were ready for the steam fire-engine. Then, in 1860, they adopted one, a machine so defective that they replaced it, after a trial of ten months, with another bearing a closer resemblance to the original invention.

While he was still at work upon his fire-engine Ericsson found opportunity to apply in another direction the experience acquired in its construction. During the century preceding his transfer to England £220,000,000—a sum equivalent to our present National debt—had been expended in constructing twenty thousand miles of English turnpikes, so as to increase the possibilities of land



Steam Fire Engine awarded a Prize by the American Institute, 1840.

it was further urged that so much water "might be injudiciously applied." The firemen were then accustomed to supply their engines by digging a hole in the middle of the street, to collect the water, and they never had enough to do any harm. The same objection was made to the steam fire-engine for which the Mechanics' Institute of New York, in 1840, awarded to Ericsson the prize offered for the best model of such a

carriage. Advance in this direction had reached its limit. Light vehicles, mounted on springs and speeding over the perfect highways of Macadam, had gradually replaced the pack-horses and the rude carriages of a hundred years before. Great attention had been paid to improving the breed of carriage-horses, and a speed of as much as ten miles an hour was familiar to passengers by the stage-coaches. Such rapid trav-

elling was considered highly deleterious, and when Lord Campbell first made the journey of two nights and three days from Edinburgh to London, whither

had saved her from the disaster impending when her mines had been excavated below the limits of economical mining by hand-power. It was now looked



Mrs. John Ericsson, née Amelia Byam. (From an early daguerreotype.)

he went to seek his fortune in 1798, his anxious family were alarmed with stories of those who had died of brain affections after journeying with a celerity so dangerous. The still more alarming speed of sixteen miles an hour was attained for a short distance with the Shrewsbury coaches over the exceptional route between Cheltenham and Tewkesbury. Beyond this, progress was impossible, for the limit of muscle-power was reached.

Various unsuccessful attempts had been made to apply steam-power to traction upon the ordinary highways, but the demand for improvement in the transportation of passengers does not appear to have been active. The needs of the growing internal commerce of Great Britain were more urgent. Steam

to as a means of relief from the further danger that commercial stagnation might result from inadequate means of transportation. The suggestion of a coming revolution was found in the system of tramways, employed at the Newcastle collieries for transporting coal for short distances from the mouths of the pits. George Stephenson, who had here gained his experience as an engine-driver, was fighting the battle for railroads against Philistine England. Ponderous review logic and sparkling newspaper wit were devoted to ridiculing his claim that freight might be conveyed at a speed in excess of the ordinary passenger limit of ten miles an hour, and doleful prophecies were indulged in as to the results to follow the adoption of his revolutionary projects. Ste-



John Ericsson at the Time he Built the Monitor.

phenson's chief purpose was the conveyance of freight. Even he does not appear to have dreamed of the effect upon passenger travel of his invoking "the aid of the devil, in the form of a locomotive, sitting as postilion on the forehorse," as a parliamentary advocate described it. Sir Astley Cooper complained that the railroad would "destroy the noblesse." Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, for the same reason, rejoiced, declaring that feudality was gone forever, and that it was a blessing to think that any one evil was really extinct. The aristocratic few were no longer to have the pleasure of throwing their dust in the faces of the humble thousands, trudging wearily along the public highways. Comfort and speed, such as the lordliest had never dreamed of, were to

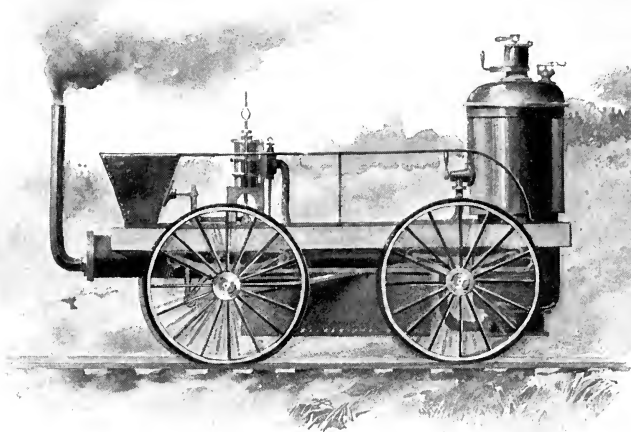
be brought within the reach of all. "To move the rich needed only a four-horse coach, running in an agony of ten miles an hour; but to move the poor required cars before which those of the triumphant Cæsars must pale their ineffectual competition."

In 1829 Stephenson had secured his railroad uniting Liverpool with Manchester, and had narrowed the discussion between himself and his opponents to determining whether stationary engines or locomotives should be used. In the decision of this question, as the result showed, was involved the future of railroad development. It was finally decided to test the matter by offering a prize of £500 sterling for the best locomotive answering certain requirements. Five months were allowed for prepara-

tion. The advertisement inviting the competition did not reach the eye of Ericsson, busied at this time with his

was declared a loser under the rules of the competition.

The conditions were a run of seventy

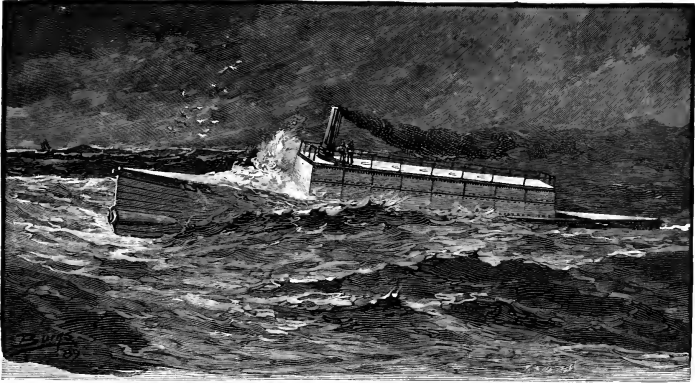


The Novelty Locomotive, built by Ericsson to compete with Stephenson's Rocket, 1829.

fire-engine. He could have had no better training for locomotive construction than this was giving him ; but, unfortunately, only seven weeks of the twenty-one remained, when an incidental allusion in the letter of a friend from Liverpool for the first time informed him of the coming contest. Stephenson was the engineer of the railroad offering the prize ; he had made a special study of locomotives, and even before Ericsson commenced work had, with the aid of his son Robert, completed his trial engine, and was sifting it of its defects by testing it on a track controlled by him. Ericsson had to design and construct his locomotive in the utmost haste, and to hurry it to the track straight from the workshop, without opportunity for the preliminary trial requisite for all machines, and especially for one of novel construction. The result was what might have been expected. Minor defects of workmanship, such as might have been corrected, and which were corrected when too late, revealed themselves on the trial, and Ericsson

miles, back and forth, over a level stretch of track about two miles in length, at Rainhill, this being the only portion of the railroad completed. The contest was almost equal to a Derby Day, in the interest and excitement it created, and the track on both sides, for its entire length, was lined with spectators on foot, on horseback, and in carriages. Five engines entered ; but it was soon seen that the question of victory lay between two of them—Stephenson's "Rocket" and Braithwaite & Ericsson's "Novelty."

The "Novelty" was the favorite from the start. In beauty of design, in compactness of construction, in the combination of lightness with strength, it compared in appearance with the "Rocket" much as the Kentucky racer with the Normandy percheron. A glance at the illustration above will show its graceful outlines. By the use of blowers, to increase the draught as the speed increased, Ericsson was able to dispense with Stephenson's clumsy smoke-stack. To avoid thrust and heating, he applied the power to his driving-wheels horizon-

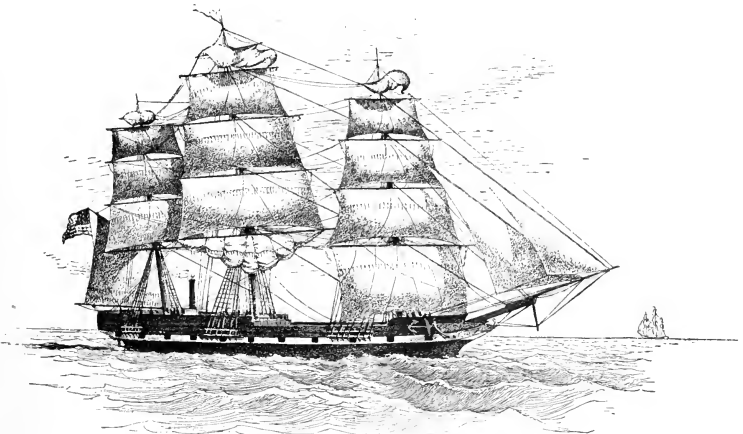


Ericsson's Torpedo-boat Destroyer.

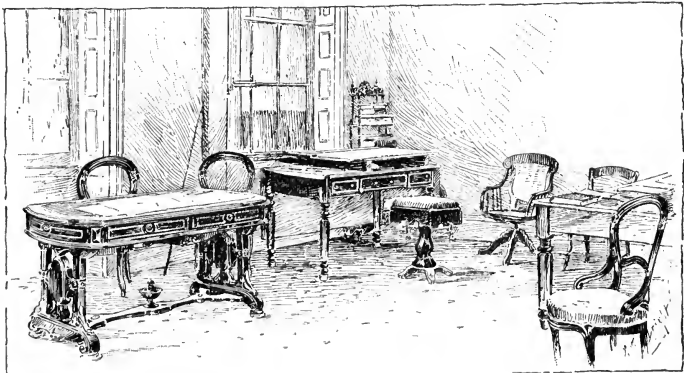
tally, while Stephenson's connecting-rods were put at an angle of forty-seven degrees, counteracting the action of his springs. So while the "Novelty" moved along the track with perfect smoothness, the "Rocket" was as unsteady as a "jolly-boat in a gale of wind."

On the day of the competition—October 6, 1829—the "Rocket" was the only locomotive ready, and the trial of the "Novelty" was postponed until the 11th, when the pipe from the forcing-

pump burst and brought it to a speedy termination. This was repaired in the course of the day, and the engine made several trips in the absence of the judges. On its trial before the judges, on the next day, a "green joint" yielded, and the choleric Ericsson somewhat too hastily, smarting under what he considered some unfairness, withdrew his engine, and the award was given to Stephenson, who had alone "fulfilled every stipulated condition."



Auxiliary Steam-packet-ship Massachusetts, 1843.



Exterior View of Ericsson's House, 36 Beach Street, New York; and view of the room in which he worked for more than twenty years.

Still, the judges in their report said "the appearance of the 'Novelty' is very much in its favor; the machinery is ingeniously contrived to work out of sight, and the whole form is as compact a machine as can be imagined." The *London Times* was enthusiastic in its praise. Describing an unofficial contest

between the rival locomotives, during which Ericsson's was in working order, it said: "They ran up and down during the afternoon more for amusement than experiment, surprising and even startling the unscientific beholders by the amazing velocity with which they moved along the rails. But the speed of all the

locomotive steam-carriages was far exceeded by that of Messrs. Braithwaite & Ericsson's beautiful engine from London. It was the lightest and most elegant carriage on the road yesterday, and the velocity with which it moved surprised and amazed every beholder. It shot along the line at the amazing rate of thirty miles an hour!

"It seemed, indeed, to fly, presenting one of the most sublime spectacles of human ingenuity and human daring the world ever beheld. It actually made one giddy to look at it, and filled thousands with lively fears for the safety of the individuals who were on it."

The prize went to Stephenson; the *succès d'estime* was with Ericsson. The eminent English engineer, John Scott Russell, who was present at Rainhill on this famous day, describing his experience, in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," edition of 1840, said: "The 'Novelty' had to be withdrawn, through a series of unfortunate accidents which had no reference to the character or capabilities of the engine, and we well recollect that it made a powerful impression on the public mind at the time. On the first day of the trial it went twenty-eight miles an hour (without any attached load) and did one mile in seven seconds under two minutes. This performance will now appear trifling, but at the time the sensation that it produced was immense."

There is no higher authority than Scott Russell, who here credits the "Novelty" with a speed of nearly thirty-two miles an hour. C. B. Vignoles, F.R.S., another British engineer, of equal authority, who rode with Ericsson that day, declared that he should never forget the look upon Stephenson's face when it shot by the "Rocket" on the occasion described by Mr. Russell. In his address, upon his taking the chair of the English Institution of Civil Engineers, January 11, 1870, Mr. Vignoles said: "The 'Novelty' was long remembered as the beau idéal of a locomotive, which, if it did not command success, deserved it." Still another British authority, John Bourne, says: "To most men the production of such an engine would have constituted an adequate claim to celebrity. In the

case of Ericsson it is only a single star in the brilliant galaxy with which his shield is spangled." In considering these opinions, it should be remembered that our ideas of the Rainhill contest are derived from prejudiced accounts. Chief of these is that contained in Smiles's "Life of Stephenson," described by Knight's "American Mechanical Dictionary" as "ignoring facts and pettifogging the whole case; about as one-sided an affair as 'Abbott's Life of Saint Napoleon.'"

We may imagine the excitement following the announcement in the *Times* of the performance of the "Novelty" to which its chief attention was directed. Railroad shares leaped at once to a premium, and excited groups gathered on 'Change to discuss the wonderful event. The pessimists were silenced; the era of modern railway travel was inaugurated, and the world was called upon to adjust itself to wholly new conditions. To the young engineer of twenty-six years, who played his part so well on that day, was accorded the rare privilege of living long enough to witness the development of the new age he had helped to usher in. In the closing years of his life he could look back upon a "change in the physical relations of man to the planet on which he dwells, greater than any which can be distinctly measured in any known period of historic time," and this he had no small part in creating.

There was a notable gathering of scientific and professional men at the Rainhill trial. It was followed by a dinner, and the praises of the speakers made Ericsson known to all England as one of the rising men of his profession. Following his experience with the "Novelty," Ericsson built, in 1830, in conjunction with Braithwaite, two locomotives of elegant design and costly workmanship, called the "King William" and "Queen Adelaide." With these he expected to astonish the engineering world, but the restrictions put upon him by his associates prevented his fully carrying out his ideas, and the new engines did not meet expectation. The direct steam-blast, accidentally discovered by Timothy Hackworth during the Rainhill trial, and used by Stephenson, was superior to Ericsson's plan of

producing draught by the suction of a fan-wheel, to which he appears to have adhered with a pertinacity that was characteristic; so he abandoned the field of locomotive construction and turned to other pursuits.

Ericsson was now a partner in a well-known London house, but in the routine of his profession he still found time for perfecting numerous devices and inventions, in many of which the methods of later years were anticipated or suggested. In 1830 he applied to the engines of a Liverpool steamer, the *Corsair*, the centrifugal fan-blower, afterward universally adopted upon American river-steamers. He anticipated Sir William Thomson with a deep-sea lead, recording depths, without reference to the length of the line, upon a principle similar to his. This lead was patented in 1834, and came into extensive use, receiving the approval of navy officers and sea-captains, and brought some thousands into the inventor's exchequer. For a hydrostatic weighing-machine, patented in the same year, the London Society of Arts presented a prize, and a medal was also bestowed upon Ericsson by the first International Exhibition at London, 1852, for an instrument to measure distances at sea, an alarm barometer, which warned the mariner of an approaching storm by sounding a gong, and a pyrometer for measuring temperature up to the boiling-point of iron. By this last instrument, the error of Wedgwood in giving such high temperatures to fused iron, glass, etc., was demonstrated. An instrument for measuring the compressibility of water was also invented, and various devices for propelling boats upon the canals patented; in one of these was applied the mode of ascending heavy grades, now in use on the Swiss mountain railroads. A water-meter invented at this time was afterward used for a time by the Croton Aqueduct Department, New York; but the mistaken ideas prevailing at that time as to the degree of accuracy required in the measurement of water interfered with its use.

Ericsson's study of the steam-engine was constant, and he experimented with numerous ingenious devices for its improvement. From first to last he de-

signed over five hundred steam-engines. Into these he introduced many novelties, of which some have come into general use. Even from those he abandoned, because they produced no economical results, he derived valuable hints and experience. He tested superheated steam in an engine erected on the banks of the Regent's Canal Basin, London, in 1834. He built at Liverpool a centrifugal pump, worked by an engine formed of a hollow drum, turned on its axis at the rate of 900 feet a second, or 700 miles an hour, by the impact of steam against inclined planes projecting from the interior. Several rotary engines of novel design, a file-cutting machine, and an apparatus for making salt from brine were among the inventions which, from this time on, averaged three a year for thirty years.

In the midst of his labors upon the steam-engine Ericsson persisted in his search for a substitute. In 1827 he built three engines, actuated by the expansion of air, and continued his experiments with hot air as a motor until 1833, when his first "caloric" engine appeared. Numerous modifications of this followed, as his investigations continued, and his researches into the nature of heat were finally recognized by the award of the Rumford Medal in 1856. His studies began in Sweden with his invention of a "flame-engine," and in 1826 he contributed to the archives of the English Institution of Civil Engineers a paper describing his experience with this, and presenting his theories upon the subject of air-engines. During the succeeding thirty years he expended over a quarter of a million dollars in building twenty-seven experimental machines for testing his theories, including the engines of his caloric ship, which cost one-half this total (\$260,400). Nearly \$100,000 more was devoted to his later researches into the nature of solar heat.

The "caloric" engine of 1833 was a sore puzzle to the scientific men of that day. They were unwilling to accept Ericsson's theories concerning it; but their own opinions as to the nature of heat were not sufficiently settled to enable them to explain clearly their own skepticism. Aristotle had told

them that the first principle in Nature, through all its manifestations, was unity, and that these manifestations were always reducible to motion as their foundation, and Bacon had declared that "the very essence of heat, or the substantial self of heat, is motion;" but the science of thermo-dynamics was not yet established on the present basis of theory and experiment. It was not until 1849 that Joule (whose death is announced as I write) in his paper before the Royal Society, presented his final conclusion as to the mechanical equivalent of heat, and established the existence of an exact relation between heat and force, as the result of investigation begun by him in 1843, and by Mayer in Germany a year earlier.

Ericsson was guided by the accepted theories of his time, and his experiments had led him to the conclusion that heat is an agent that excites mechanical force without undergoing change. To his engine he gave the name of this supposed agent—"Caloric."

His first five-horse-power caloric engine was the sensation of London in scientific and mechanical circles. It was visited by a large number of men of distinction, as well as by curious crowds of sightseers, and many years after its appearance it was still being learnedly discussed in engineering circles. Sir Richard Phillips, in his "Dictionary of the Arts of Life and of Civilization," records the "inexpressible delight" with which he witnessed the workings of this machine, and declared its action "capable of extension to as great forces as ever can be used by man." Dr. Andrew Ure believed that the invention would throw the name of James Watt in the shade; and Robert Hunt, F.R.S., the editor of the supplement to Ure's Dictionary, after the failure of the attempt to apply it to the purposes of navigation, declared that, in spite of this, "the expansion of air by heat will eventually in some condition take the place of steam as a motive power." Professor Michael Faraday, characterized by John Tyndall as "the greatest experimental philosopher that the world has ever seen," was first convinced and then bewildered. In 1834 he lectured on the new motor at the Royal Institution, but was com-

pelled to inform his audience, which included many gentlemen of scientific reputation, that he did not altogether understand it. This was a sore disappointment to Ericsson, who had counted much upon Faraday's advocacy of his invention. At the end of his notes upon this lecture Faraday has written: "Must always work practically; never give a final opinion except on that."

Braithwaite does not appear to have joined Ericsson in his caloric venture. Their partnership was not a commercial success, brilliant as it was with engineering achievement. Frugal in personal expenditure, Ericsson was a spendthrift in gratifying his love for invention. To bring forth some new thing, or to transform the old in the alembic of his creative imagination, was his one consuming desire. Though he was far too thorough a master of his craft to occupy himself with conceptions not practicable in an engineering sense, his own means and the means of his friends were sometimes absorbed in ventures not profitable commercially. But were not the elder Brunel's Thames Tunnel, his designs for the Capitol at Washington, his son's "Great Eastern" steamship, and innumerable other ventures of the most successful of men equally impracticable in the same sense? Even the greatest of generals sometimes loses a battle.

"Will it pay?" is the supreme test of contemporary appreciation, and Ericsson's inventions did not always pay; sometimes because the result he sought could be more economically accomplished in other ways, if less efficiently, and as often because a long educational process was required to convince those he would benefit of their need of what his genius had provided for them. The reception, no less than the conception, of ideas necessitates evolution. This is a weary world for those who see much beyond their fellows.

The steam fire-engine was, as I have shown, a full generation in advance of the demand for it, and the field of locomotive construction was occupied by Stephenson, whose labors, concentrated upon the work of improving and adapting, were not disturbed by the buzzing of inventive conceits. Ericsson's investments in "futures," as they would be

called on the Exchanges, were too heavy, and the financial difficulties resulting from this imprudence were increased by the enforcement of an obligation assumed on behalf of a friend. The firm of which he was a member had failed; the bailiffs were on his track, and for a time he enjoyed the hospitalities of "The Fleet" as a foreign debtor. In the year 1837, so disastrous to many others, he took the benefit of the "Act for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors," and secured his discharge in bankruptcy.

We had in our navy at this time a sailor, Robert F. Stockton, who united qualities rarely found in combination. An accomplished and experienced officer, showing an intelligent interest in all that concerned his profession, he was at the same time a man of fortune and family influence, and also an important factor in the politics of his native State, New Jersey, which he afterward represented in the Senate of the United States. Captain Stockton was building the Delaware and Raritan Canal, and had invested his fortune, and that of his family, in it. The financial difficulties of 1837 compelled him to visit England to procure the means for completing the canal. Ericsson found in him for a time a congenial spirit, quick to recognize the value of his novel ideas on marine propulsion. The year before, Ericsson had made his first experiment with his screw-propeller, associating with him in this enterprise a friend of Stockton's and a fellow-Jerseyman, Francis B. Ogden, then United States consul at Liverpool. Ogden and Ericsson had been friends for years, and were connected in other undertakings, Ogden's previous experience in navigation on the Mississippi giving him an intelligent appreciation of his associate's efforts to improve the marine engine.

First, a model of Ericsson's propeller was built, and thoroughly tested in a public bath at Liverpool. Next, a boat, forty feet long, was launched upon the Thames. This, propelled by a double screw, attained a speed of ten miles an hour and demonstrated most conclusively its capacity by its feats in towing heavy vessels. As the propeller was especially adapted to naval needs, the potent Lords of the Admiralty must

be convinced. They permitted themselves to be towed in their barge up and down the Thames at the rate of ten miles an hour, but gave the anxious inventor no hint as to their conclusions from the experiment. Quite by accident he learned that their sage determination was that no vessel could be steered if the power was applied at the stern. The author of this *a priori* conclusion, which experience could not disturb, appears to have been the then Surveyor of the British Navy, Sir William Symonds. It was a most illogical deduction from previous experience with paddles too near the stern.

This unwillingness to be convinced by facts is characteristic of the British Admiralty, and explains why they have so often been found in the rear of the procession in adopting the changes required by mechanical invention. They must needs wait until France approved the Ericsson propeller before accepting it. The civil engineers of England were equally blind to the merits of an invention which was destined to make a mock of their theories.

Stockton declared his contempt for the opinions of these pundits. Seeing with him was believing. He at once ordered a little propeller vessel, named after him, and sent it across the Atlantic under sail, and in command of a venturesome Yankee skipper, to whom the freedom of New York was granted by resolution of the Common Council upon his arrival.

Years after, from the British Patent Office came a request that the engine of this vessel should be purchased for its museum, to complete a series of models illustrating the progress of steam navigation. The Stockton was then (1866) in the possession of the Messrs. Stevens, of Hoboken, doing duty as a tug, under the name of the New Jersey. Ericsson tried in vain to get possession of the engine of this vessel, offering to replace it with a new one at his own expense. He was finally compelled to announce the failure of this attempt. "Nothing," he wrote, "could induce the Messrs. Stevens, who claim to be the originators of screw propulsion, to permit the machinery of the *real* pioneer screw vessel to be placed in your

museum. Accordingly, some time ago, the Robert F. Stockton was hauled out of the water and cut up, each plate being separated from the other, while the machinery was broken up and put into the melting-pot."

At the time of his association with Stockton, Ericsson was superintending engineer of the Eastern Counties Railway, one of the leading lines out of London, and had invented a machine to be employed in the construction of its roadway embankments. Encouraged by Captain Stockton he resigned this position, and transferred himself to the United States, arriving here in the British Queen, November 2, 1839, being then in his thirty-seventh year. A gentleman who was in his employ at this time says of him: "His manner with strangers was courteous and extremely taking. He invariably made friends of high and low alike. With those in immediate contact with him in carrying out his work, he was very popular. He had few intimates of his own social level. With these his manner was very hearty, open, and frank, and he was an excellent talker. To me, from my first intercourse with him to the last, he was always gentle, kind, and considerate. In his habits of life he was frugal, but he never considered money or counted the cost of carrying out his mechanical conceptions."

Three years before, on the 15th of October, 1836, Captain Ericsson had been married, at St. John's Church, Paddington, London, to Amelia Byam, daughter of Edward Byam, second son of Sir John Byam, formerly British Commissioner for Antigua. The bridegroom was then thirty-three years of age and the bride but nineteen. Mrs. Ericsson was a very handsome woman, intelligent, and of a generous disposition. She joined her husband after his removal to America, and they resided for some time at the Astor House, and afterward at the house he occupied in Franklin Street, New York. Subsequently she returned to England, where she insisted upon residing, an amicable separation putting an end to Ericsson's brief dream of domestic happiness. He continued to contribute liberally to her support, and they corresponded until her death, in

1868. Her letters to him display respect and affection. None of his replies are preserved, but the invariable indorsement of the pet name of "Duck" upon her letters, which, according to his methodical habit, were all filed, indicates his feeling toward the one he was accustomed to describe as the most fascinating woman he had ever met.

Ericsson's acquaintance with Captain Stockton came just at the time when the inventor of the propeller was most in need of influential assistance to enable him to develop, in some more congenial clime, schemes in danger of perishing under the chilling influence of prejudice and indifference. Stockton was at this time in close association with the Messrs. Stevens, of Hoboken, who constructed locomotives and steam-boats for the public highways in which he was interested. Considering the fact of the elder Stevens's, claim to the screw, and considering, further, Captain Stockton's intimate relations with the Stevens family at this time, his active interest in securing the introduction of Ericsson's propeller into this country is significant.

There were then no steam-vessels in our navy. The Demologos, built by Robert Fulton in 1813, was never entirely completed, owing to the termination of the war in which she was to take part. In 1829, while stationed at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard as a receiving-ship, she was blown up, whether by accident or design was never determined, a large loss of life resulting. A second vessel, called the Fulton, had been built in 1837-38; but this was a failure, and lay a useless hulk at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard until rebuilt in 1851. Thus the field of steam-engineering, as applied to vessels of the United States Navy, was an open one. Many naval officers opposed altogether the introduction of steam into naval vessels, and Ericsson's ideas as to its application were so bold and original as to still further alarm their conservatism; but he had entirely convinced Stockton of their practicability, and Stockton was all-powerful at Washington. Captain William Hunter, of the Navy, had submitted a plan for a vessel with submerged wheels, and Stockton urged the building of a steam-frigate on the plans of Ericsson, prepared in England pre-

vious to his arrival here. It was finally decided to build a vessel upon each plan. The usual delay attending Government business occurred, and Ericsson had to wait three years before the vessel which he came over to build—the Princeton—was commenced. Before she was completed, in 1844, his screw had been applied to forty-one commercial vessels running upon the great lakes and along the coast. The first of these was the *Vandalia*, of one hundred and sixty tons burden. She was contracted for in December, 1840, and made her experimental trip in November, 1841, from Oswego to the head of Lake Ontario. The next was a coasting vessel, the *Clarion*, running to Cuba. In 1843 he applied an auxiliary screw to the sailing packet *Massachusetts*, afterward sold to the Government and used as General Scott's flag-ship in his landing at Vera Cruz during the war with Mexico.

The Princeton was built at the Philadelphia Navy-Yard, under Ericsson's direction. As there was no specific authority for his employment, he was obliged to accept the assurances that he should be properly compensated for his time and for the use of his numerous inventions applied to the vessel. There was not, as he was accustomed to say, a portion of the Princeton as big as a pin's-point which was not built from his designs. With the exception of \$1,000 advanced by Captain Stockton, nothing was paid him at this time, and it was not until the United States Court of Claims, in 1857, unanimously allowed him \$13,930, that he established any legal claim against the Government. This judgment represented, as Ericsson states in a petition to Congress, "not only the services and expenses of two entire years exclusively devoted to this work, but all the pecuniary compensation that your petitioner has received or can receive for the creation of the first war steamer in any country of the class now universally adopted not only in the Navy of the United States, but in all other navies of the world." A report presented by a committee of the Senate, in 1865, confirms this statement, declaring that the Princeton performed the service specified in the calculations, was entirely satisfactory to Captain

Stockton, and highly advantageous to the United States. For this, it is added, "we are indebted to the fidelity, ingenuity, and services of Captain John Ericsson, and for which he has never been paid."

Thus did the United States avail itself, without compensation, of the experience acquired at great cost by a private individual, and it has continued to make use, from that day to this, of ideas which he undoubtedly originated and first applied. If this does not violate the letter it certainly does offend the spirit of the constitutional requirement that private property shall not be taken for public use without just compensation, for property, as the United States Supreme Court has said, "is a word of large import." In 1866 a competent engineering authority declared that no screw-propeller engine "has since been constructed to go below the water-line which surpasses that of the Princeton in trustworthiness, durability, strength, lightness, and mechanical excellence of performance. It was simpler and had fewer parts than any propeller engine ever put into a war steamer." Ericsson was the pioneer in applying power directly to the shaft turning the screw, so as to get rid of the complication of belts or gearing, and the engine of the Princeton was the first large example of this type. It marked a new departure, and was at the time openly and unsparingly ridiculed by all the experts who examined it. In spite of them and their wisdom it did its work so perfectly and accurately that it wore out one hull, and another was built expressly for it.

In 1843 Ericsson's representative in England, Count von Rosen, received orders to fit up the *Pomone*, a French 44-gun frigate, with Ericsson's propeller and engines below the water-line, and this example was followed the next year (1844) by the dilatory British Admiralty, in an order given to Von Rosen for the *Amphion* frigate, Ericsson furnishing the general plans for the vessel, from this country. Bourne, in his standard "Treatise on the Screw-Propeller" (1852), tells us that the engines of these vessels were the first engines in Europe which were kept below the water-line; the first direct-acting horizontal en-

gines employed to give motion to the screw, and that Ericsson's was the first example of a screw vessel's "being employed for commercial purposes." Ericsson, he says, "threw the dogmas of the engineers to the winds, and coupled the engine immediately to the propeller."

During their discussions of naval matters in England, Ericsson had presented to Stockton and Ogdén his ideas on the subject of ordnance. Wrought-iron was used in the earliest years, but, as sizes increased, cast-iron was resorted to. Recent successful attempts at forging large shafts in England had satisfied him, and he succeeded in satisfying Stockton, that heavy guns could be forged. So a wrought-iron gun of the then enormous calibre of twelve inches was forged in England, after designs made by Ericsson, as early as 1834. This he brought with him when he came to this country. It was tested at Sandy Hook against a target of four and a half inches, then and so long after considered impregnable, and sent a shot clean through it and far into the bank behind. The gun was sighted by its designer, who was an expert artilleryman, and had been known as early as 1820 as a skilled artillery draughtsman. He was familiar, too, with the construction and manipulation of the Swedish 80-pounders employed in the Baltic boats, when nothing beyond a 40-pounder was known in the American navy.

This 12-inch gun proved too weak, and it was strengthened with bands, as is now the general custom in building heavy guns. These bands were $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches in depth by 9 inches in width, and the four were placed contiguous to each other, and so neatly finished that in appearance they formed a single band. The plan proved entirely successful, and after further tests the gun was put on board the Princeton. To it were applied Ericsson's self-acting lock and his gun-carriage, which made it possible to fire heavy guns at sea by effectually taking up the recoil. The Princeton was also furnished with the instrument for measuring distances, for which the London Exposition in 1852 awarded a medal.

Stockton also ordered a gun in this country on the model of the one brought

from England, but a foot larger in diameter at the breech, and thus much heavier. This is the gun called the Peacemaker, which burst while a distinguished party was visiting the Princeton, at Washington, February 28, 1844, killing the Secretary of State, Mr. Upshur, and the Secretary of the Navy, T. W. Gilman; Colonel Gardiner, of Gardiner's Island (off Long Island), and four other visitors, besides desperately wounding several of the vessel's crew. Ericsson's first gun stood the severest possible tests, and was subsequently fired one hundred and fifty times with heavy charges, in the vain attempt to burst it. It is now at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard with the target it pierced. Ericsson had more confidence in his gun called the Oregon, and urged Stockton to fire that when exhibiting his vessel, instead of the Peacemaker. This advice was not accepted; but when the disastrous result followed Stockton wished Ericsson to take the responsibility for the gun. As he had been most unhand- somely deprived of the credit which belonged to him for his work upon the Princeton, he refused to be thus made a scapegoat of, and a breach in their friendship followed.

"The triumphs of genius," says Dr. Dionysius Lardner, in his "Popular Lectures on Science and Art" (1846), "are not unattended with alloy. The moment that any invention proves to be successful in practice, a swarm of vermin are fostered into being to devour the legitimate profits of the inventor, and to rob genius of its fair reward. Captain Ericsson, so long as his submerged propeller retained the character of a mere experiment, was left in undisturbed possession of it; but when it forced its way into extensive practical use—when it was adopted in the United States Navy, and in the Revenue Service—when the coast of this country witnessed its application in numerous commercial vessels—when it was known that in France and England its adoption was decided upon—then the discovery was made for the first time that this invention of Captain Ericsson's was no invention at all—that it had been applied since the earliest dates in steam navigation. Old patents

—some of which had been still-born, and others which had been for years dead and buried—were dug from their graves, and their dust brought into courts of law to overturn this invention, and wrest from Captain Ericsson his justly earned reward.”

During the years immediately succeeding the Princeton experience Ericsson was occupied in introducing his propeller and defending his rights of property in the courts at great expense. Meanwhile he devoted such attention as he could to his caloric engine. He never ceased to believe in his pet, and later on, in the midst of his Monitor triumphs, he wrote: “The satisfaction with which I place my head on the pillow at night, conscious of having, through my little caloric engine, conferred a great boon on mankind—though the full importance of that boon may not be understood until the lapse of perhaps another century—is far greater than any satisfaction the production of an engine of war can give. The steam-engine uses water, which prevents its employment in millions of cases requiring motors to relieve human drudgery. We cannot trust that dangerous agent to the care of our wives and children, but the caloric engine we safely may. We can turn the key to the room containing it, and the humble artisan may, without apprehension, ply his tool while this harmless servant turns the crank and cooks his food.”

Of this little caloric engine thousands have been sold, and many thousands more of the hot-air engine that succeeded it. This last still continues in extensive use, requiring a large establishment for its manufacture and sale. The patents for these inventions Ericsson gave to business associates to whom he was indebted for favors and assistance in carrying on his experiments.

In the attempt to apply the caloric principle upon a larger scale Ericsson failed; yet this failure was accompanied by a display of engineering capacity which would have transformed it into a triumph for most men. The fact that he succeeded in procuring half a million dollars to build the caloric vessel bearing his name, illustrates his influence with men of capital and conservative tempera-

ments. He was an eloquent talker upon any subject in which he was warmly interested—“all fire and flame,” as one of his countrymen described him. He was a member of and a frequent visitor to the Union Club in New York. Discouraging there one night on the subject of a caloric ship, Francis B. Cutting, the eminent patent lawyer, who was present, declared emphatically “that if Ericsson was sure of producing a speed of five miles an hour, he ought not to hesitate,” reminding him of Fulton and his first attempt.

Thus encouraged he determined to proceed with his plans. Mr. Edward Dunham, late president of the Corn Exchange Bank, Mr. John B. Kitching, and other men then well known in commercial circles, furnished the money to build a vessel of two thousand tons, with caloric engines costing \$130,000, and having cylinders of one hundred and sixty-eight inches in diameter and six feet stroke. Work upon her was pushed with her designer's accustomed energy, and her machinery was in motion within seven months from the date of laying the keel—a feat unrivalled, considering the enormous mass of the machinery and its novel features. The vessel on an experimental trip to Washington and Richmond registered a speed of eight miles an hour, and even attained a speed of eleven miles—three miles in excess of Mr. Cutting's limit. But the inherent vice of hot air as a motor revealed itself in a most unmanageable form when it was attempted to apply it on this colossal scale. Ericsson found, as did his rival, Rev. Dr. Stirling, of Dundee, Scotland, that the high heat required affected the shape of the cylinders, causing leakage, and burned out the lubricants with which it is usual to tighten the joints. The temperature of a hot-air engine, it must be remembered, is necessarily twice that of ordinary steam.

In a commercial sense, the Ericsson was unsuccessful, and yet it was one of the greatest mechanical triumphs of the period. No better specimen of workmanship than her huge engines had then been produced by American artisans in American workshops. With steam substituted for caloric, the vessel carried the Seventh New York Regiment,

in 1858, to Richmond, as escort to the body of President Monroe; was used as a transport vessel during the civil war; and finally, in her old age, was transformed into a sailing vessel, carrying coal.

Ericsson was defeated but not discouraged. Nothing better illustrates his energy, his force of character, and his unflinching confidence in his own mechanical conceptions than the fact that he still continued his labors upon his caloric engine. He insisted that it was "a boon to humanity, and another step in the progress of man ordained of God." Nor did he lose the confidence of his friends. Twenty or thirty thousand dollars more were expended on experimental engines, and improvements were patented in 1851, 1855, 1856, 1858, and 1860. He was compelled now to work on what the artists call "pot-boilers," and lay aside his grander schemes for some more fitting season, a season never to come. In a letter to the associates in his earlier enterprise he gave expression to the painful disappointment he experienced in being obliged to limit his ambition. He declared his most emphatic belief that the system of motive power he was at work upon would some day be perfected, and asserted that ten per cent. of the \$500,000 expended upon the caloric ship, devoted to further experiments, would produce great results. He had given up his time for four years, and incurred personal liabilities amounting to \$30,000 in attempting to show "that bundles of wires are capable of exerting more force than shiploads of coal," and he could go no further.

These "bundles of wires" were what Ericsson called his "regenerator;" an apparatus consisting of masses of wire netting so arranged as to extract the heat from the air passing out, after having done its work, and transfer it to the cold air coming in to complete the circuit. Sir William Siemens, who afterward made effective use of this principle in his regenerative furnace, declared that it failed in the hot-air engines for want of proper application; and there can be little doubt that Ericsson would have conquered the difficulties he encountered could he have continued his experiments.

Sir William further insisted, in his address before the British Association, in August, 1882, that "the gas or caloric engine combines the conditions most favorable to the attainment of maximum results, and it may reasonably be supposed that the difficulties still in the way of their application on a large scale will gradually be removed."

This was Ericsson's belief, and it was with a heavy heart that he abandoned further experiment, and devoted himself to perfecting his early engine of a simpler device, which could be made available at once, even if its possibilities were less brilliant. "I find myself on the verge of ruin," he wrote, "and I must do something to obtain bread, and vindicate to some extent my assumed position as the opponent of steam." This was in 1855, and during the six years intervening between that time and our Civil War he had redeemed his fortunes and was in receipt of the handsome income of which long before he would have been in possession had he been content to let the Future take care of itself, so far as the solution of mechanical problems is concerned.

One motive prompting Ericsson's labors on the caloric engine is explained in a letter he wrote to the *London Times* in 1860. "The close observer of labor-saving machines is well aware," he said, "that of late years the legitimate bounds have been passed, and that we are rapidly encountering the danger of *intellect-saving* machines by introducing mechanical devices for effecting everything which has hitherto been the result of the combination of intellect and muscular effort. It is needless to speculate as to the effect upon our race which this dispensing with intellect and the substitution of monotonous muscular labor will produce in time. The evil is manifest."

This is only one of numerous contributions to the periodical press, for Ericsson wrote with clearness and force upon subjects in which he was interested, and his articles were always welcome. On one occasion he sent a contribution to a leading New York newspaper. Its appearance was so long delayed that he concluded that it was not wanted, and sent a copy to another paper. The next

day the two contributions were published as editorials, and for once papers that could by no possibility agree were found in perfect accord, not only as to ideas, but as to the language in which they found expression. Amusing explanations from these papers and some good-natured gibing from their rivals, was the result; the occasion being unusually favorable for a display of that amiable solicitude concerning the mistakes of contemporaries which is characteristic of the press.

Ericsson's relations to the Government were not confined to his work upon the *Princeton*. His services and his inventions were in request for the transport vessels of the Quartermaster's Department of the Army during the war with Mexico and for the Revenue Marine vessels of the Treasury Department, as well as for the Navy. Necessity compelled him to realize some of his most brilliant conceptions through the favor of the Government, if at all. He seems to have seen from the beginning, more clearly than anyone else, that the introduction of steam-power called for a complete reconstruction of navies, instead of a mere adaptation of the existing establishments to new necessities. He comprehended with equal clearness the conditions essential to the use of armor as a means of protecting naval vessels from the destructive fire of shell. Hence the two distinct epochs of change marking the progress of naval science during the quarter-century from 1840 to 1865 dated, one from the appearance of his *Princeton* in 1843, the other from the advent of his *Monitor* in 1862. The idea of a submerged turreted vessel was the result of studies leading naturally and inevitably to the absolute discarding of sails in favor of engines, and the substitution of "steamship" for seamanship. It was an idea against which nautical prejudice was naturally arrayed, for it put an end to the romance of the sea, replacing the trim sailor with the grimy stoker, and destroying the charm of a life upon the ocean wave.

"Do you not know," wrote Ericsson, "that you can never convince a sailor?" As someone else has said, "Sailors is the most fashionablest folks there is."

Forty years, or the period of Israelitish wandering in the wilderness, is supposed to be required for the complete acceptance of a new idea. Another generation must first succeed, and the old be buried, and its prejudices with it. This period of probation will not have passed before there is a general recognition of the force of the arguments which led logically to the *Monitor* as the most efficient type of armor-clad—"the safest, stanchest, and most formidable vessels in the world," as one of our naval officers, Commander J. J. Brice, has recently declared. Millions have been spent in the vain attempt to improve upon it, and its critics fail to recognize the unities of the design and disregard its inventor's most positive declaration, that the turret system and the *Monitor* system must go together; that a *Monitor* without a turret or a turret without a *Monitor* is worthless. The plan of putting turrets upon vessels with sides rising fourteen or fifteen feet above the water is, Ericsson said, simply ridiculous. Officials who plan such structures show gross ignorance of first principles.

The contest between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* was a fair test of the relative value of Ericsson's theory and the theories which have been so persistently opposed to it. Now from one of our sailors comes the declaration, equally frank and truthful, that "there is no doubt, if improved vessels of to-day, representing the respective types, became engaged in battle, the effect in its results would be a repetition of the first fight." "Contenting ourselves with looking idly on at ship-building," says Commander Brice, "speculating upon the success of the magnificent vessels yearly launched in Europe, we are to take advantage of these improvements, so we are told, and thus make ready to seize upon the right thing, when it has been discovered, at the expense of someone else. What should be our mortification now in seeing the tendency of European construction drift into the *Monitor* system, whilst we, who have been parading our shrewdness in profiting by others' experience, have failed to comprehend that we held in our hands what the world has been seeking."

The *Monitor* was part of what Ericsson

son called his system of subaquatic attack. This was in his mind from his youth up, and strongly presented itself to his imagination in 1826, the year in which he had the conversation with Count von Rosen heretofore referred to. "An impregnable and partially submerged instrument for destroying ships of war has been one of the hobbies of my life," he said. "I had the plan matured long before I left England (1839). As to protecting war engines for naval purposes with iron, the idea is as old as my recollection." It was not until our Civil War offered such an exceptional opportunity for overcoming prejudice with the crushing weight of public opinion that he was able, however, to secure attention to these plans of his.

Meantime he had advanced step by step, as occasion permitted, to the development of his scheme. Every stage of progress had thus become familiar to him, and therefore when all others doubted or denied, he did not for one moment hesitate. His experiments of 1842 had shown him, what no one else seemed to know, and what the English had not discovered when Fort Sumter was fired on, that four and one-half inches of armor would not stop a projectile such as that fired from the Princeton gun. His superiority to all others in naval engineering was, at the time he undertook his work upon the Monitor, so marked that the soberest statement of the facts appears like extravagant assumption. We have seen what he accomplished with the Princeton in 1842; during the twenty years following he had unusual opportunities for extending his experience, his judgment matured, and he lost nothing of his capacity for rapid and effective work.

These facts were known, or should have been known, at Washington in 1862. Yet the suggestions of the man who had shown such capacity to deal with the problems of naval warfare were not only not invited, but they were at first treated with disdain. "Take the thing home," said a member of the Naval Board on Armor-clads when the model of the Monitor was shown to him, "and worship it; in so doing you will violate no law, for it resembles nothing that is

in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the waters under the earth."

Before this, Ericsson had written—in August, 1861—to President Lincoln, proposing to build a vessel for the destruction of the Confederate fleet at Norfolk, and "for scouring the Southern rivers and inlets of all craft protected by rebel batteries." In this letter he called attention to the experience which had fitted him for the work, and declared that he sought no private advantage or emolument, as his caloric engine gave him "ample income and the prospect of affluence." "Attachment to the Union alone impels me," he said to Mr. Lincoln, "to offer my services at this fearful crisis—my life, if need be—in the great cause which Providence has called you to defend."

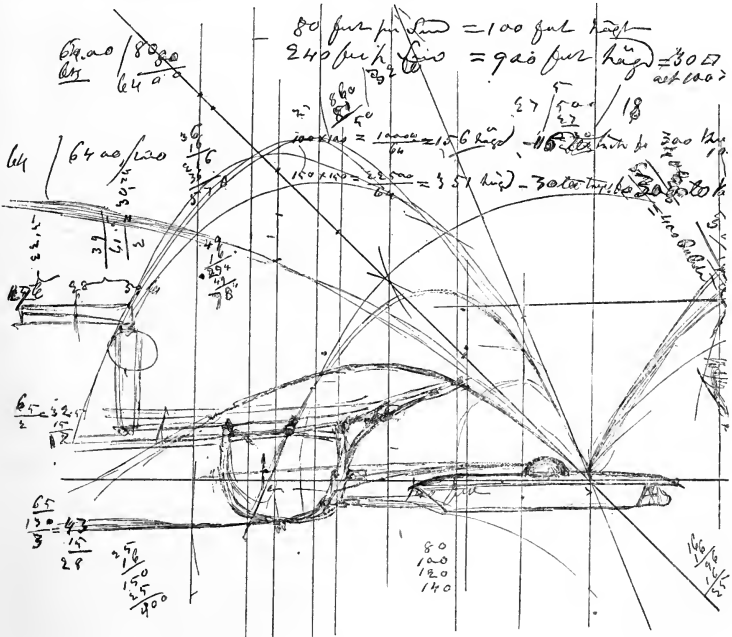
Stephen R. Mallory, who was Ericsson's champion in the Senate in the matter of the Princeton, was at this time Confederate Secretary of the Navy. He was familiar with Ericsson's work, and had a profound respect for his abilities, of which he had learned much in his capacity as chairman of the Naval Committee of the Senate. Had Ericsson's fortune led him south of Mason and Dixon's line his services would without doubt have been called for, as the Confederates were prompt to recognize the value of armor-clads. While they were making use of their meagre resources to provide them, our authorities at Washington appear to have been in the state of mind of

"The great Bomfagus, who of old,
Wore his legs bare, and died of cold,"

because he could not decide which extremity should be first incased in his breeches. They did not know whether they wanted armored vessels or not, and in an official report, more creditable to their frankness than to their knowledge, they confessed, with charming *naïveté*, their ignorance of the whole subject. Some counselled one thing and some another. In the midst of this confusion of tongues Ericsson presented himself. His overmastering presence for the time silenced contention, but no sooner was his back turned than the old

silenced by the circumstances of that world-famous battle in Hampton Roads, on the 9th of March, 1862. The unequal contest of the first day crowned our navy with a halo of undying glory; but it showed, at the same time, at what a price naval experience has been bought, as it must be bought again. The gallant old sailor, Commodore Smith, under whose directions Ericsson had built his vessel, and whose son was killed in this engagement, was called out of church in Washington, by Secretary Welles, on the day of the Monitor and Merrimac fight, and told that the Congress, commanded by his son, Lieutenant Joseph B. Smith, had surrendered to the enemy at Hampton Roads the day before. "Then Joe is dead," was the father's instant response. He knew his son, and he knew how fully he, like others of the class to which he belonged, could be depended upon to maintain the noblest traditions of a noble service.

All that gallantry and self-devotion could do had been done, but in vain. "The Confederate fleet," says the historian of "The Confederate States Navy" (J. Thomas Scharf), "steamed proudly and triumphantly back to its anchorage, having sent a thrill of joyful enthusiasm through the length and breadth of the Confederate States, dismay and disgrace all over the United States, and revolutionized naval construction throughout the world. From that anchorage, and by the blaze of the burning Congress, the crews of the Confederate vessels saw waving from the masts of the sunken Cumberland the flag of the United States, and heard the booming of the guns of the burning Congress, until the magazine exploding scattered over the water of the Roads the fragments of the frigate; the stranded Minnesota lying riddled; the Roanoke, St. Lawrence, Mystic, and other gun-boats lying huddled under the guns of Fortress Mon-



Facsimile of Ericsson's Original Pencil Drawing of his Monitor, 1854.

roe, and no flag but the stars and bars waving in defiance over all the waters of the Hampton Roads."

The success of the Monitor, on the day following the conflict here described, only partially redeemed the disasters of the first day. The Confederate claim that the encounter between the Merrimac—or Virginia—and the Monitor was indecisive, in fact, a drawn battle, is well founded. Ericsson recognized this, and while all other voices, save those singing Hallelujah, were silenced, he was more disposed to criticise than to commend. He had been thoroughly trained in the science of artillery in his youth; through life he had made the subject of ordnance a study, and his engineering experience had given him an unusually thorough knowledge of the strength of material. He built his vessel to carry a gun far larger than any in the service of foreigners at that time, and he believed that this gun could be safely fired with a charge much in excess of that allowed by the timidity of our ordnance authorities. In this he spoke as one having authority, and the result proved that he was right. It was against his judgment that the charge for the guns of the Monitor was limited to fifteen pounds of powder. Later experience showed that they were safe with charges more than three times as great. Firing thirty-five pound charges, John Rodgers, in the Weehawken, with his first shot knocked a hole in the armored sides of the Atlanta, *née* Fingal, wounding with flying splinters sixteen men and prostrating forty more insensible. A second shot crushed in the pilot-house, wounded both pilots and one helmsman, and stunned the other helmsman. Within fifteen minutes the Atlanta surrendered, and the same fate would have overtaken the Merrimac had Ericsson's advice been followed.

Besides the Monitors built by others, nine were built for the Government by Ericsson and his business associates, Messrs. Bushnell, Griswold, and Winslow, costing altogether between five and six millions of dollars. His labors culminated in the Dictator and Puritan, the latter of which had five times the displacement of the original Monitor, or, in all, 11,002,000 pounds. The Puri-

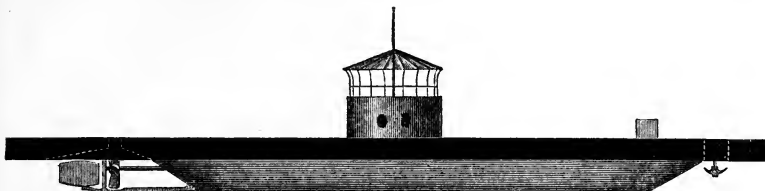
tan was never completed. The Dictator was the work of Ericsson from beginning to end, the only exception being the boilers. These were of a type he was compelled unwillingly to use, and greatly interfered with the efficiency of the vessel. Model, machinery, engines, and propeller, steering and ventilating apparatus, gun-carriages and innumerable devices for increasing efficiency and comfort are all his. Review the history of naval construction, its follies and failures; remember how many minds unite ordinarily to produce the best models of war-ships, and how difficult it is to successfully translate into wood and iron the ideas recorded at the drawing-board—and then share with John Ericsson in the pride with which, in 1863, he wrote to the Navy Department that the Dictator was afloat with a displacement, amounting altogether to 10,000,000 pounds, some fraction of an inch less than he had calculated!

To understand what this means, recall the fact that an engineer officer of our Navy during the Civil War, following out the Monitor plan, built twenty light-draught vessels at a cost to the public treasury of many millions, and not one of them was ever worth a dollar. Miscalculation had been made in their displacement, and they could not be kept afloat without changes too costly to be made. It is a curious fact that this stupendous blunder excited less comment in naval circles than the alleged deficiencies of Ericsson's Monitors. One of these vessels was fitted up after a fashion, and put into commission. The officer referred to was ordered to duty on board her. The next day he was found at work with a cold chisel, cutting his name out from a plate set into the vessel for the purpose of glorifying his constructive skill by announcing him as her designer.

A British naval captain—Cowper Coles—disputed with Ericsson the honor of originating turret vessels, and undertook to show how superior his own ideas were. He built a vessel on his plan, with the approval of the successors in Somerset House of those officials who solemnly declared that with Ericsson's propeller no vessel could be steered. This expensive war-ship, the

Captain, with its crew of five hundred men, had scarcely left the British waters on her first voyage when she turned

ness, and the story of that eventful day in Hampton Roads would not have been written.



The Original Monitor.

over in the Bay of Biscay off Cape Finisterre, in an ordinary squall, and carried to the bottom Captain Coles and nearly every soul on board. A little boat flag, hanging like a signal of distress over a tomb in a parish church in England, is the sole relic of the unfortunate author of this attempt to improve upon the design of the Monitor. It is well to remember not only what Ericsson did, but what he escaped, by his thorough mastery of any subject with which he presumed to deal.

Consider the chances of blundering in a vessel of wholly novel design, built as the Monitor was! Beyond drawings showing the general plan of the vessel, nothing had been done when the contract for her was secured, though she existed fully developed in the brain of her author. In one hundred days everything was completed—working plans drawn, calculations made, contracts executed, the work upon the different parts distributed, and the contractors watched through every stage of progress to see that there was neither error nor delay. Ericsson's labors during those three months were Herculean. After spending a considerable part of each day at Greenpoint superintending the work, he was to be found all through the evening, and far into the night, engaged at the drawing-board in his office in Franklin Street. From that wonderful race of vikings, who have had no superiors in physical development, he had inherited the strength of two ordinary men, and he needed it all. Sinews and nerves must needs be of steel to bear the strain. The least halting, even trifling delay, or confusion of mind from bodily weak-

The war over, Ericsson withdrew from public notice, so far as such a man could, and devoted himself to the study of solar heat. In his way he sought to follow Emerson's advice, to "hitch your wagon to a star." He believed that upon man's ability to train the sun to harness depended the future of industrial development; forecasting the inevitable day when the last of our coal-bins will be emptied, and the stores of fuel gathered for us by provident nature through so many centuries expended. He had fitted up for a home and workshop an old-fashioned house at 36 Beach Street, opposite the land now occupied as a freight depot, then forming St. John's Park, one of the most charming in New York City. As the neighborhood grew less and less attractive he thought of moving, and one of the reasons he gave for not doing so was the very ungallant one that the ladies had ceased to call upon him there. He was absorbed in his work, and was ordinarily as unapproachable as an Oriental despot. For the first time in his life he found himself in a position to labor for the enjoyment of producing, without reference to a pecuniary return, and this was a passion with him; his sole recreation being a change from one form of occupation to another.

At the solicitation of the chief of the Naval Bureau of Ordnance, Commodore Jeffers, he turned aside for a time from his chosen work to experiment with the Destroyer, representing the final development of his ideas of subaquatic attack. In 1878 Commodore Jeffers called upon Ericsson, in company with the writer of this article, to ask advice as to what he should substitute for torpe-

does, for in these he had little faith. Under the assurance that a vessel of the type proposed by him would be accepted, Ericsson put his services and his purse at the disposal of the Government, and again he was left to "pay the piper," for he and his associate in this enterprise—Mr. Cornelius H. Delamater—were saddled with a white elephant in the shape of a war-vessel.

His native land and his adopted country could always command Ericsson's services whether they were paid for or not. With others he dealt differently. In 1869 the Spanish Government appropriated a sum of money to provide vessels to prevent blockade-running by the Cuban insurgents. They came to the United States for proposals. One ship-building firm proposed to furnish one vessel for the amount appropriated, another two. Neither plan was satisfactory. "Why do you not consult Ericsson?" someone suggested. It was done. "Call to-morrow," he said, "and I will have something to show you." The plan he presented was at once approved, and specifications more in detail were asked for. These were refused, but he agreed to have thirty gun-boats ready for the Spaniards in six months, and within four months from the signing of the contract, and three months and a half from the time of laying the first keel, the last vessel of the fleet was launched, and fifteen of them had engines and boilers on board. Into these gun-boats various novelties were introduced, and they admirably answered the purpose of patrolling the Cuban waters as a sort of naval police. Each carried a 100-pound improved Parrott rifle, and drew but five feet of water. The decoration of Isabel la Católica was bestowed upon Ericsson by the Spanish Government in token of its appreciation of his success.

Of all the men most prominently connected with the events of our Civil War, Ericsson is the one whose history is least known, and whose personal characteristics are least understood. His absorbing occupation with Government work during the conflict compelled him to habits of seclusion, and when the struggle was over he found no time to be lionized, a pastime for which he had

no inclination. His work was important, and life was too short for it, as he was already a sexagenarian. In guarding himself against visits of mere curiosity he was obliged to make rules admitting of no discrimination. As his few intimate friends passed away one by one, he formed no new associations. And finally the death of his intimate friend and associate of half a century, Mr. Delamater, gave him a mental shock that aggravated existing disease and resulted in his own death on March 8, 1889.

If he was never willing to pose for the admiration of visitors, Ericsson was always ready to receive those who had specific business with him, and the walls that inclosed him were never so impenetrable that the cry of distress could not reach him. It was the rule of his house that no one who applied for food should be turned away empty, and his solicitude as to the exhaustion of the coal-supply of the universe never went so far as to lead him to refuse to fill the empty coal-bins of the distressed widows of his neighborhood. To the poor and friendless, or to the injured workmen who came under his observation, he was always the kind friend and adviser—the generous almoner—and he had a pension-roll as long as that of a Grand Duke. The reputation he enjoyed in his neighborhood is shown by the message that came to him from the nearest engine-house during the drafts riots of 1864, that if "the old man" had "any use for the boys," they were at his service. The tears that filled his eyes and choked his voice when he was told the story of the starving Norrlanders of Sweden and opened wide his purse for their relief, testified at once to his liberality, his love of country, and his tenderness of heart. Peter Cooper found in Ericsson a congenial spirit, and was warmly welcomed when he called. Ole Bull, a friend of his early years, was received with a hearty Norse hug. In the "Memoirs" of her husband Mrs. Bull tells us of the help extended to him by his friend in a matter that concerned his professional pride. "No friendly service," she says, "ever touched Ole Bull more deeply than the generous helpfulness of John Ericsson, whom he admired and loved." Of her

husband, Ericsson wrote: "So warm a heart, and so generous a disposition as his I have never known." "These words," adds Mrs. Bull, in quoting them, "it may be truthfully said, expressed the sentiment and the judgment of the violinist concerning the great engineer and inventor."

Limitations of space have compelled me, in these brief articles, to pass over much of Ericsson's important work, and to confine myself, in some cases, to assertion where I should have been glad to give proof. But the opportunity for this will come when the history of his life is told in full. As I study the letters and manuscripts left by him, I follow with increasing interest and admiration

the story they tell of the strength of his intellect, the generosity of his nature, and the lofty purposes which were the impelling forces of his life. Even his weaknesses were those of a strong man; of a luxuriant nature, wherein wheat and tares grew together abundantly, awaiting the harvest.

What is to follow this age of steam and iron, who can tell? In the future, whatever it may be, for which it is opening the way, men will remember John Ericsson as one of those whose absolute fidelity to the responsibility imposed upon them by great abilities and grand opportunities has made possible a new advance in the line of human progress.

THE HIDDEN SELF.

By William James.

THE great field for new discoveries," said a scientific friend to me the other day, "is always the Unclassified Residuum." Round about the accredited and orderly facts of every science there ever floats a sort of dust-cloud of exceptional observations, of occurrences minute and irregular, and seldom met with, which it always proves less easy to attend to than to ignore. The ideal of every science is that of a closed and completed system of truth. The charm of most sciences to their more passive disciples consists in their appearing, in fact, to wear just this ideal form. Each one of our various *ologies* seems to offer a definite head of classification for every possible phenomenon of the sort which it professes to cover; and, so far from free is most men's fancy, that when a consistent and organized scheme of this sort has once been comprehended and assimilated, a different scheme is unimaginable. No alternative, whether to whole or parts, can any longer be conceived as possible. Phenomena unclassifiable within the system are therefore paradoxical absurdities, and must be held untrue. When, moreover, as so often happens, the reports of them are vague and indirect, when they come as

mere marvels and oddities rather than as things of serious moment, one neglects or denies them with the best of scientific consciences. Only the born geniuses let themselves be worried and fascinated by these outstanding exceptions, and get no peace till they are brought within the fold. Your Galileos, Galvanis, Fresnels, Purkinjes, and Darwins are always getting confounded and troubled by insignificant things. *Anyone* will renovate his science who will steadily look after the irregular phenomena. And when the science is renewed, its new formulas often have more of the voice of the exceptions in them than of what were supposed to be the rules.

No part of the unclassified residuum has usually been treated with a more contemptuous scientific disregard than the mass of phenomena generally called *mystical*. Physiology will have nothing to do with them. Orthodox psychology turns its back upon them. Medicine sweeps them out; or, at most, when in an anecdotal vein, records a few of them as "effects of the imagination," a phrase of mere dismissal whose meaning, in this connection, it is impossible to make precise. All the while, however,

the phenomena are there, lying broadcast over the surface of history. No matter where you open its pages, you find things recorded under the name of divinations, inspirations, demoniacal possessions, apparitions, trances, ecstasies, miraculous healings and productions of disease, and occult powers possessed by peculiar individuals over persons and things in their neighborhood. We suppose that mediumship originated in Rochester, N. Y., and animal magnetism with Mesmer; but once look behind the pages of official history, in personal memoirs, legal documents, and popular narratives and books of anecdote, and you will find that there never was a time when these things were not reported just as abundantly as now. We college-bred gentry, who follow the stream of cosmopolitan culture exclusively, not infrequently stumble upon some old-established journal, or some voluminous native author, whose names are never heard of in *our* circle, but who number their readers by the quarter-million. It always gives us a little shock to find this mass of human beings not only living and ignoring us and all our gods, but actually reading and writing and cogitating without ever a thought of our canons, standards, and authorities. Well, a public no less large keeps and transmits from generation to generation the traditions and practices of the occult; but academic science cares as little for its beliefs and opinions as you, gentle subscriber to this *MAGAZINE*, care for those of the readers of the *Waverley* and the *Fireside Companion*. To no one type of mind is it given to discern the totality of Truth. Something escapes the best of us, not accidentally, but systematically, and because we have a twist. The scientific-academic mind and the feminine-mystical mind shy from each other's facts, just as they fly from each other's temper and spirit. Facts are there only for those who have a mental affinity with them. When once they are indisputably ascertained and admitted, the academic and critical minds are by far the best fitted ones to interpret and discuss them—for surely to pass from mystical to scientific speculations is like passing from lunacy to sanity; but on

the other hand if there is anything which human history demonstrates, it is the extreme slowness with which the ordinary academic and critical mind acknowledges facts to exist which present themselves as *wild* facts with no stall or pigeon-hole, or as facts which threaten to break up the accepted system. In psychology, physiology, and medicine, wherever a debate between the Mystics and the Scientifics has been once for all decided, it is the Mystics who have usually proved to be right about the *facts*, while the Scientifics had the better of it in respect to the theories. The most recent and flagrant example of this is "animal magnetism," whose facts were stoutly dismissed as a pack of lies by academic medical science the world over, until the non-mystical theory of "hypnotic suggestion" was found for them, when they were admitted to be so excessively and dangerously common that special penal laws, forsooth, must be passed to keep all persons unequipped with medical diplomas from taking part in their production. Just so stigmatizations, invulnerabilities, instantaneous cures, inspired discourses, and demoniacal possessions, the records of which were shelved in our libraries but yesterday in the alcove headed "Superstitions," now, under the brand-new title of "Cases of hystero-epilepsy," are republished, reobserved, and reported with an even too credulous avidity.

Repugnant as the mystical style of philosophizing may be (especially when self-complacent), there is no sort of doubt that it goes with a gift for meeting with certain kinds of phenomenal experience. The writer has been forced in the past few years to this admission; and he now believes that he who will pay attention to facts of the sort dear to mystics, while reflecting upon them in academic-scientific ways, will be in the best possible position to help philosophy. It is a circumstance of good augury, that scientifically trained minds in all countries seem drifting to the same conclusion. Nowhere is this the case more than in France. France always was the home of the study of character. French literature is one long loving commentary on the variations of which individual human nature is capable. It seems fit-

ting, therefore, that where minute and faithful observation of abnormal personal peculiarities is the order of the day, French science should take the lead. The work done at Paris and Nancy on the hypnotic trance is well known. Grant any amount of imperfection, still the essential thing remains, that here we have a mass of phenomena, hitherto outlawed, brought within the pale of sober investigation—the rest is only an affair of time. Last summer there appeared a record of observations made at Havre on certain hysterical somnambulists, by M. Pierre Janet, Professor of Philosophy in the Lycée of that town, and published in a volume of five hundred pages, entitled “De l'Automatisme Psychologique” (Paris, Alcan), which, serving as the author's thesis for the Doctorate of Science in Paris, made quite a commotion in the world to which such things pertain.

The new light which this book throws on what has long been vaguely talked about as unconscious mental life seems so important that I propose to entertain the readers of SCRIBNER'S with some account of its contents, as an example of the sort of “psychical research” which a shrewd man with good opportunities may now achieve. The work bristles with facts, and is rather deficient in form. The author aims, moreover, at generalizing only where the phenomena force him to, and abstract statements are more embedded, and, as it were, interstitial, than is the case in most Gallic performances. In all this M. Janet's mind has an English flavor about it which it is pleasant to meet with in one otherwise so good a Frenchman. I shall also quote some of the observations of M. Binet,* the most ingenious and original member of the Salpêtrière school, as these two gentlemen, working independently and with different subjects, come to conclusions which are strikingly in accord.

Both may be called contributors to the comparative science of trance-states. The “Subjects” studied by both are sufferers from the most aggravated forms of hysteria, and both authors, I fancy, are consequently led to exaggerate the dependence of the trance-conditions upon

this kind of disease. M. Janet's subjects, whom he calls Léonie, Lucie, Rose, Marie, etc., were patients at the Havre Hospital, in charge of doctors who were His friends, and who allowed him to make observations on them to his heart's content. One of the most constant symptoms in persons suffering from hysteric disease in its extreme forms consists in alterations of the natural sensibility of various parts and organs of the body. Usually the alteration is in the direction of defect, or anæsthesia. One or both eyes are blind, or blind over one half of the field of vision, or the latter is extremely contracted, so that its margins appear dark, or else the patient has lost all sense for color. Hearing, taste, smell may similarly disappear, in part or in totality. Still more striking are the cutaneous anæsthesias. The old witch-finders, looking for the “devil's seals,” well learned the existence of those insensible patches on the skin of their victims, to which the minute physical examinations of recent medicine have but lately attracted attention again. They may be scattered anywhere, but are very apt to affect one side of the body. Not infrequently they affect an entire lateral half, from head to foot, and the insensible skin of, say the left side, will then be found separated from the naturally sensitive skin of the right by a perfectly sharp line of demarcation down the middle of the front and back. Sometimes, most remarkable of all, the entire skin, hands, feet, face, everything, and the mucous membranes, muscles, and joints, so far as they can be explored, become *completely* insensible without the other vital functions being gravely disturbed. These anæsthesias and hemianæsthesias, in all their various grades, form the nucleus of M. Janet's observations and hypotheses. And, first of all, he has an hypothesis about the anæsthesia itself, which, like all provisional hypotheses, may do excellent service while awaiting the day when a better one shall take its place.

The original sin of the hysteric mind, he thinks, is the *contractions of the field of consciousness*. The attention has not sufficient strength to take in the normal number of sensations or ideas at once. If an ordinary person can feel ten things

* M. Binet has contributed some of his facts to the Chicago Open Court for 1889.

at a time, an hysteric can feel but five. Our minds are all of them like vessels full of water, and taking in a new drop makes another drop fall out; only the hysteric mental vessel is preternaturally small. The unifying or synthetizing power which the Ego exerts over the manifold facts which are offered to it is insufficient to do its full amount of work, and an ingrained habit is formed of neglecting or overlooking certain determinate portions of the mass. Thus one eye will be ignored, one arm and hand, or one-half of the body. And apart from anæsthesia, hysterics are often extremely *distraites*, and unable to attend to two things at once. When talking with you they forget everything else. When Lucie stopped conversing directly with anyone, she ceased to be able to hear anyone else. You might stand behind her, call her by name, shout abuse into her ears, without making her turn round; or place yourself before her, show her objects, touch her, etc., without attracting her notice. When finally she becomes aware of you, she thinks you have just come into the room again, and greets you accordingly. This singular forgetfulness makes her liable to tell all her secrets aloud, unrestrained by the presence of unsuitable auditors. This contracted mental field (or state of monoideism, as it has been called) characterizes also the hypnotic state of normal persons, so that in this important respect a waking hysteric is like a well person in the hypnotic trance. Both are wholly lost in their present idea, its normal "reductives" and correctives having lapsed from view.

The anæsthesias of the class of patients we are considering can be made to disappear more or less completely by various odd processes. It has been recently found that magnets, plates of metal, the electrodes of a battery, placed against the skin, have this peculiar power. And when one side is relieved in this way, the anæsthesia is often found to have transferred itself to the opposite side, which, until then, was well. Whether these strange effects of magnets and metals be due to their direct physiological action, or to a prior effect on the patient's mind ("expectant attention" or "suggestion") is still a mooted

question.* A still better awakener of sensibility in most of these subjects is the *hypnotic state*, which M. Janet seems to have most easily induced by the orthodox "magnetic" method of "passes" made over the face and body. It was in making these passes that he first stumbled on one of the most curious facts recorded in his volume. One day, when the subject named Lucie was in the hypnotic state, he made passes over her again for half an hour, just as if she were already "asleep." The result was to throw her into a sort of syncope from which, after another half hour, she revived in a second somnambulant condition entirely unlike that which had characterized her hitherto—different sensibilities, a different memory, a different person, in short. In the waking state the poor young woman was anæsthetic all over, nearly deaf, and with a badly contracted field of vision. Bad as it was, however, sight was her best sense, and she used it as a guide in all her movements. With her eyes bandaged she was entirely helpless, and, like other persons of a similar sort whose cases have been recorded, she almost immediately fell asleep in consequence of the withdrawal of her last sensorial stimulus. M. Janet calls this waking or primary (one can hardly, in such a connection, say "normal") state by the name of Lucie 1. In Lucie 2, her first sort of hypnotic trance, the anæsthesias were diminished but not removed. In the deeper trance, "Lucie 3," brought about as just described, no trace of them remained. Her sensibility became perfect, and instead of being an extreme example of the "visual" type, she was transformed into what, in Professor Charcot's terminology, is known as a motor. That is to say, that whereas, when awake, she had thought in visual terms exclusively, and could imagine things only by remembering how they *looked*, now, in this deeper trance, her thoughts and memories seemed largely composed of images of movement and of touch—of course I state summarily here what appears in the book as an induction from many facts.

* M. Janet seems rather to incline to the former view, though suggestion may at times be exclusively responsible, as when he produced what was essentially the same phenomenon by pointing an orange-peel held out on the end of a long stick at the parts!

Having discovered this deeper trance in Lucie, M. Janet naturally became eager to find it in his other subjects. He found it in Rose, in Marie, and in Léonie; and, best of all, his brother, Dr. Jules Janet, who was *interne* at the Salpêtrière Hospital, found it in the celebrated subject Witt . . . whose trances had been studied for years by the various doctors of that institution without any of them having happened to awaken this very peculiar modification of the personality.

With the return of all the sensibilities in the deeper trance, the subjects are transformed, as it were, into normal persons. Their memories, in particular, grow more extensive; and here comes in M. Janet's first great theoretic generalization, which is this: When a certain kind of sensation is abolished in an hysterical patient, there is also abolished along with it all recollection of past sensations of that kind. If, for example, hearing be the anæsthetic sense, the patient becomes unable even to imagine sounds and voices, and has to speak, when speech is still possible, by means of motor or articulatory cues. If the motor sense be abolished, the patient must will the movements of his limbs by first defining them to his mind in visual terms, and must innervate his voice by premonitory ideas of the way in which the words are going to sound. The practical effects of this law of M. Janet's upon the patient's recollections would necessarily be great. Take things touched and handled, for example, and bodily movements. All memories of such things, all records of such experiences, being normally stored away in tactile terms, would have to be incontinently lost and forgotten so soon as the cutaneous and muscular sensibility should come to be cut out in the course of disease. Memory of them would be restored again, on the other hand, so soon as the sense of touch came back. Experiences, again, undergone during an anæsthetic condition of touch (and stored up consequently in visual or auditory terms exclusively), can have contracted no "associations" with tactile ideas, for such ideas are, for the time being, forgotten and practically non-existent. If, however, the touch-

sensibilities ever are restored, and their ideas and memories with them, it may easily happen that they, with their clustered associations, may temporarily keep out of consciousness things like the visual and other experiences accumulated during the anæsthetic period which have no connections with them. If touch be the dominant sense in childhood, it would thus be explained why hysterical anæsthetics, whose tactile sensibilities and memories are brought back again by trance, so often assume a childlike deportment, and even call themselves by baby-names. Such, at least, is a suggestion of M. Janet's to explain a not infrequent sort of observation. MM. Bourru and Burot found, for instance, in their extraordinary male somnambulist Louis V., that reviving by suggestion a certain condition of bodily feeling in him would invariably transport him back to the epoch of his life when that condition had prevailed. He forgot the later years, and resumed the character and sort of intellect which had characterized him at the earlier time.

M. Janet's theory will provoke controversy and stimulate observation. You can ask little more than that of any theory. My own impression is that the law that anæsthesias carry "amnesias" with them, will not come out distinctly in every individual case. The intricacy of the associative processes, and the fact that comparatively few experiences are stored up in one form of sensibility alone, would be sufficient to prevent this. Perfect illustrations of the law will therefore be met with only in privileged subjects like M. Janet's own. *They* indeed seem to have exemplified it beautifully. M. Janet says:

"It seems to me, that if I were to awake some morning with no muscular or tactile feelings, if, like Rose, I should suddenly lose my sense of color, and distinguish nothing in the universe but black and white, I should be terrified, and instantly appeal for help. These women, on the contrary, find their state so natural that they never even complain. When I, after some trials, proved to Rose that she could perceive no color, I found her ignorant of the fact. When I showed Lucie that she could feel neither pain nor contact, she answered, 'All the better!' When I made her conscious that she never knew where her arms were till she saw them, and that she lost

her legs when in bed, she replied, '*C'est tout naturel*, as long as I don't see them; everyone is like that.' In a word, being incapable of comparing their present state of sensibility with a former one of which all memory is lost, they suffer no more than we do at not hearing the 'music of the spheres.'"

M. Janet restored their tactile sense temporarily by means of electric currents, passes, etc., and then made them handle various objects, such as keys and pencils, or make particular movements, like the sign of the cross. The moment the anæsthesia returned, they found it impossible to recollect the objects or the acts. "They had had nothing in their hands, they had done nothing," etc. The next day, however, sensibility being again restored by similar processes, they remembered perfectly the circumstance, and told what they had handled or had done.

It is in this way that M. Janet explains the general law that persons forget in the waking state what has happened to them in trance. There are differences of sensibility, and consequently breaches in the association of ideas. Certain of his hysterics (as we have seen) regained complete sensibility in their deeper trance. The result was such an enlargement of their power of recollecting that they could then go back and explain the origin of many of their peculiarities which would else be inexplicable. One stage in the great convulsive attack of hystero-epilepsy is what the French writers call *la phase des attitudes passionnelles*, in which the patient, without speaking or giving any account of herself, will go through the outward movements of fear, anger, or some other emotional state of mind. Usually this phase is, with each patient, a thing so stereotyped as to seem automatic, and doubts have even been expressed as to whether any consciousness exists while it lasts. When, however, the patient Lucie's tactile sensibility came back in her state of Lucie 3, she explained the origin of her hysterical crises in a great fright which she had had when a child, on a day when certain men, hid behind the curtains, had jumped out upon her; she told how she went through this scene again in all her crises; she told of her sleep-walking fits through the house when a child, and how,

for several months, she had been shut in a dark room because of a disorder of the eyes. All these were things of which she recollects nothing when awake, because they were records of experiences mainly of motion and of touch, and when awake her feelings of touch and movement disappeared.

But the case of Léonie is the most interesting, and shows beautifully how, with the sensibilities and motor impulses, the memories and character will change.

"This woman, whose life sounds more like an improbable romance than a genuine history, has had attacks of natural somnambulism since the age of three years. She has been hypnotized constantly, by all sorts of persons, from the age of sixteen upward, and she is now forty-five. While her normal life developed in one way in the midst of her poor country surroundings, her second life was passed in drawing-rooms and doctors' offices, and naturally took an entirely different direction. To-day, when in her normal state, this poor peasant-woman is a serious and rather sad person, calm and slow, very mild with everyone, and extremely timid; to look at her one would never suspect the personage which she contains. But hardly is she put to sleep hypnotically than a metamorphosis occurs. Her face is no longer the same. She keeps her eyes closed, it is true, but the acuteness of her other senses supplies their place. She is gay, noisy, restless, sometimes insupportably so. She remains good-natured, but has acquired a singular tendency to irony and sharp jesting. Nothing is more curious than to hear her, after a sitting when she has received a visit from strangers who wished to see her asleep. She gives a word-portrait of them, apes their manners, pretends to know their little ridiculous aspects and passions, and for each invents a romance. To this character must be added the possession of an enormous number of recollections whose existence she does not even suspect when awake, for her amnesia is then complete. . . . She refuses the name of Léonie, and takes that of Léontine (Léonie 2), to which her first magnetizers had accustomed her. 'That good woman is not myself,' she says, 'she is too stupid.' To herself Léontine (or Léonie 2), she attributes all the sensations and all the actions; in a word, all the conscious experiences, which she has undergone in somnambulism, and knits them together to make the history of her already long life. To Léonie 1, on the other hand, she exclusively ascribes the events lived through in waking hours. I was at first struck by an important exception to the rule, and was disposed to think that there might be something arbitrary in this partition of her recollections. In the normal state Léonie has a husband and children. But Léonie 2, the somnambulist, while acknowl-

edging the children as her own, attributes the husband to 'the other.' This choice was perhaps explicable, but it followed no rule. It was not till later that I learned that her magnetizers in early days, as audacious as certain hypnotizers of recent date, had somnambulized her for her first *accouchements*, and that she had lapsed into that state spontaneously in the later ones. Léonie 2 was thus quite right in ascribing to herself the children—since it was she who had had them—and the rule that her first trance-state forms a different personality was not broken. But it is the same with her second state of trance. When after the renewed passes, syncope, etc., she reaches the condition which I have called Léonie 3, she is another person still. Serious and grave, instead of being a restless child, she speaks slowly and moves but little. Again she separates herself from the waking Léonie 1. 'A good but rather stupid woman,' she says, 'and not me.' And she also separates herself from Léonie 2. 'How can you see anything of me in that crazy creature?' she says. 'Fortunately I am nothing for her!''

Léonie 1 knows only of herself; Léonie 2 of herself and of Léonie 1; Léonie 3 knows of herself and of both the others. Léonie 1 has a visual consciousness; Léonie 2 has one both visual and auditory; in Léonie 3 it is at once visual, auditory, and tactile. Professor Janet thought at first that he was Léonie 3's discoverer. But she told him that she had been frequently in that condition before. Dr. Perrier, a former magnetizer, had hit upon her just as M. Janet had, in seeking by means of passes to deepen the sleep of Léonie 2. "This resurrection of a somnambulant personage, who had been extinct for twenty years, is curious enough; and in speaking to Léonie 3 I naturally now adopt the name of Léonore, which was given her by her first master."

The reader easily sees what surprises the trance-state may prepare, not only for the subject but for the operator. For the subject the surprises are often inconvenient enough, especially when the trance comes and goes spontaneously. Thus Léonie 1 is overwhelmed with embarrassment when, in the street, Léonie 2's gentlemen-friends (who are not hers) accost her. Léonie 2 spontaneously writes letters, which Léonie 1, not understanding, destroys when she finds them. Léonie 2 proceeds to there-upon hide them in a photograph album, into which she knows Léonie 1 will never look, because it contains the por-

trait of her former magnetizer, the sight of whom may put her to sleep again, which she dislikes. Léonie 1 finds herself in places known only to Léonie 2, to which the latter has led her, and then taken flight, etc. One sees the possibility of a new kind of "Comedy of Errors," to which it would take the skill of a Parisian *vaudevilliste* to do justice.

I fear that the reader unversed in this sort of lore will here let his growing impatience master him, and throw away my article as the work of either a mystifier or a dupe. These facts seem so silly and unreal, these "subjects" so contrary to all that our education has led us to expect our fellow-creatures to be! Well, our education has been too narrow, that is all. Let one but once become familiar with the behavior of that not very rare personage, a good hypnotic subject, and the entire class of phenomena which I am recording come to seem not only possible but probable. It is, after all, only the fulfilment of what Locke's speculative genius suggested long ago, when, in that famous chapter on "Identity and Diversity" which occasioned such scandal in its day, after saying that personality extended no farther than consciousness, he went on to affirm that there would be two different selves or persons in one man, if the experiences undergone by that man should fall into two groups, each gathered into a distinct focus of recollection.

But still more remarkable things are to come, so I pray the reader to be patient and hear me a little longer, even if he means to give me up at last. These different personalities, admitted as possible by Locke, which we, under M. Janet's guidance, have seen actually succeeding each other under the names of Lucie 1, 2, and 3; and under those of Léonie 1, 2, and 3 mutually disowning and despising each other; are proved by M. Janet not only to exist in the successive forms in which we have seen them, but to *coexist*, to exist simultaneously; in such wise that while Lucie 1, for example, is apparently the only Lucie, anaesthetic, helpless, yet absorbed in conversation, that other Lucie—Lucie 3—is all the time "alive and kicking" inside

of the same woman, and fully sensible and wide awake, and occupied with her own quite different concerns. This simultaneous coexistence of the different personages into which one human being may be split is the *great* thesis of M. Janet's book. Others, as Edmund Gurney, Bernheim, Binet, and more besides, have had the same idea, and proved it for certain cases; but M. Janet has emphasized and generalized it, and shown it to be true universally. He has been enabled to do this by *tapping* the submerged consciousness and making it respond in certain peculiar ways of which I now proceed to give a brief account. He found in several subjects, when the ordinary or primary consciousness was fully absorbed in conversation with a visitor (and the reader will remember how absolutely these hysterics then lapse into oblivion of surrounding things), that the submerged self would hear his voice if he came up and addressed the subject in a whisper; and would respond either by obeying such orders as he gave, or by gestures, or, finally, by pencil-writing on a sheet of paper placed under the hand. The *ostensible* consciousness, meanwhile, would go on with the conversation, entirely unaware of the gestures, acts, or writing performances of the hand. These latter, in turn, appeared quite as little disturbed by the upper consciousness's concerns. This proof by automatic writing of the secondary consciousness's existence is the most cogent and striking one; but a crowd of other facts prove the same thing. If I run through them all rapidly, the reader will probably be convinced.

The apparently anæsthetic hand of these subjects, for one thing, will often adapt itself discriminately to whatever object may be put into it. With a pencil it will make writing movements; into a pair of scissors it will put its fingers, and will open and shut them, etc. The primary consciousness, so to call it, is meanwhile unable to say whether or no *anything* is in the hand, if the latter be hidden from sight. "I put a pair of eye-glasses into Léonie's anæsthetic hand; this hand opens it and raises it toward the nose, but half-way thither it enters the field of vision of

Léonie, who sees it and stops stupefied. 'Why,' says she, 'I have an eye-glass in my left hand!'" M. Binet found a very curious sort of connection between the apparently anæsthetic skin and the mind in some Salpêtrière subjects. Things placed in the hand were not felt, but *thought* of (apparently in visual terms), and in nowise referred by the subject to their starting-point in the hand's sensation. A key, a knife, placed in the hand occasioned *ideas* of a key or a knife, but the hand felt nothing. Similarly the subject thought of the number 3, 6, etc., if the hand or finger was bent three or six times by the operator, or if he stroked it three, six, etc., times.

In certain individuals there was found a still odder phenomenon, which reminds one of that curious idiosyncrasy of "colored hearing" of which a few cases have been lately described with great care by foreign writers. These individuals, namely, *saw* the impression received by the hand, but could not feel it; and the things seen appeared by no means associated with the hand, but more like an independent vision, which usually interested and surprised the patient. Her hand being hidden by a screen, she was ordered to look at another screen and to tell of any visual image which might project itself thereon. Numbers would then come, corresponding to the number of times the insensible member was raised, touched, etc. Colored lines and figures would come, corresponding to similar ones traced on the palm; the hand itself, or its fingers, would come when manipulated; and, finally, objects placed in it would come; but on the hand itself nothing could ever be felt. Of course, simulation would not be hard here; but M. Binet disbelieves this (usually very shallow) explanation to be a probable one of the cases in question.*

The usual way in which doctors measure the delicacy of our touch is by the compass-points. Two points are normally felt as one whenever they are too close together for discrimination; but what is "too close" on one part of the

* This whole phenomenon shows how an idea which remains itself below the threshold of a certain conscious self may occasion associative effects therein. The skin-sensations, unfelt by the patient's primary consciousness, awaken, nevertheless, their usual visual associates therein.

skin may seem very far apart on another. In the middle of the back or on the thigh less than three inches may be too close; on the finger-tip a tenth of an inch is far enough apart. Now, as tested in this way, with the appeal made to the primary consciousness, which talks through the mouth, and seems to hold the field alone, a certain person's skin may be entirely anæsthetic and not feel the compass-points at all; and yet this same skin will prove to have a perfectly normal sensibility if the appeal be made to that other secondary or sub-consciousness which expresses itself automatically by writing or by movements of the hand. M. Binet, M. Pierre Janet, and M. Jules Janet have all found this. The subject, whenever touched, would signify "one point" or "two points," as accurately as if she were a normal person. But she would signify it only by these movements; and of the movements themselves her primary self would be as unconscious as of the facts they signified, for what the submerged consciousness makes the hand do automatically is unknown to the upper consciousness, which uses the mouth.

Messrs. Bernheim and Pitres have also proved, by observations too complicated to be given here, that the hysterical blindness is no real blindness at all. The eye of an hysteric which is totally blind when the other, or seeing eye, is shut, will do its share of vision perfectly well when *both* eyes are open together. But even where both eyes are semi-blind from hysterical disease, the method of automatic writing proves that their perceptions exist, only cut off from communication with the upper consciousness. M. Binet has found the hand of his patients unconsciously writing down words which their eyes were vainly endeavoring to "see," *i.e.*, to bring to the upper consciousness. Their submerged consciousness was, of course, seeing them, or the hand couldn't have written as it did. Similarly the sub-conscious self perfectly well perceives colors which the hysterically color-blind eyes cannot bring to the normal consciousness. Again, pricks, burns, and pinches on the anæsthetic skin, all unnoticed by the upper self, are recollected to have been suffered, and complained of, as soon as the under

self gets a chance to express itself by the passage of the subject into hypnotic trance.

It must be admitted therefore that, in certain persons at least, the total possible consciousness may be split into parts which coexist, but mutually ignore each other and share the objects of knowledge between them, and—more remarkable still—are complementary. Give an object to one of the consciousnesses, and by that fact you remove it from the other or others. Barring a certain common fund of information, like the command of language, etc., what the upper self knows, the under self is ignorant of, and *vice versa*. M. Janet has proved this beautifully in his subject Lucie. The following experiment will serve as the type of the rest: In her trance he covered her lap with cards, each bearing a number. He then told her that on waking she should *not see* any card whose number was a multiple of three. This is the ordinary so-called "post-hypnotic suggestion," now well known, and for which Lucie was a well-adapted subject. Accordingly, when she was awakened and asked about the papers on her lap, she counted and picked up only those whose number was not a multiple of 3. To the 12, 18, 9, etc., she was blind. But the hand, when the sub-conscious self was interrogated by the usual method of engrossing the upper self in another conversation, wrote that the only cards in Lucie's lap were those numbered 12, 18, 9, etc., and on being asked to pick up all the cards which were there, picked up these and let the others lie. Similarly, when the sight of certain things was suggested to the sub-conscious Lucie, the normal Lucie suddenly became partially or totally blind. "What is the matter? I can't see!" the normal personage suddenly cried out in the midst of her conversation, when M. Janet whispered to the secondary personage to make use of her eyes. The anæsthesias, paralyses, contractions, and other irregularities from which hysterics suffer seem, then, to be due to the fact that their secondary personage has enriched itself by robbing the primary one of a function which the latter ought to have retained. The curative indication is evident: Get at the secondary per-

sonage by hypnotization, or in whatever other way, and make her *give up* the eye, the skin, the arm, or whatever the affected part may be. The normal self thereupon regains possession, sees, feels, and is able to move again. In this way M. Jules Janet easily cured the subject Witt . . . of all sorts of afflictions which, until he had discovered the secret of her deeper trance, it had been difficult to subdue. "*Cessez cette mauvaise plaisanterie,*" he said to the secondary self, and the latter obeyed. The way in which the various personages share the stock of possible sensations between them seems to be amusingly illustrated in this young woman. When awake, her skin is insensible everywhere except on a zone about the arm where she habitually wears a gold bracelet. This zone has feeling; but in the deeper trance, when all the rest of her body feels, this particular zone becomes absolutely anæsthetic.

Sometimes the mutual ignorance of the selves leads to incidents which are strange enough. The acts and movements performed by the sub-conscious self are withdrawn from the conscious one, and the subject will do all sorts of incongruous things, of which he remains quite unaware.

"I order Lucie [by the method of *distrac-tion*] to make a *piéd de nez*, and her hands go forthwith to the end of her nose. Asked what she is doing, she replies that she is doing nothing, and continues for a long time talking, with no apparent suspicion that her fingers are moving in front of her nose. I make her walk about the room, she continues to speak, and believes herself sitting down."

M. Janet observed similar acts in a man in alcoholic delirium. While the doctor was questioning him, M. Janet made him, by whispered suggestion, walk, sit, kneel, and even lie down on his face on the floor, he all the while believing himself to be standing beside his bed. Such *bizarrerries* sound incredible until one has seen their like. Long ago, without understanding it, I myself saw a small example of the way in which a person's knowledge may be shared by the two selves. A young woman, who had been writing automatically, was sitting with a pencil in her hand, trying to recall, at my request, the

name of a gentleman whom she had once seen. She could only recollect the first syllable. *Her hand*, meanwhile, without her knowledge, wrote down the last two syllables. In a perfectly healthy young man who can write with the planchette, I lately found the hand to be entirely anæsthetic during the writing act. I could prick it severely without the subject knowing the fact. The planchette, however, accused me in strong terms of hurting the hand. Pricks on the *other* (non-writing) hand, meanwhile, which awakened strong protest from the young man's vocal organs, were denied to exist by the self which made the planchette go.

We get exactly similar results in post-hypnotic suggestion. It is a familiar fact that certain subjects, when told during a trance to perform an act or to experience an hallucination after waking, will, when the time comes, obey the command. How is the command registered? How is its performance so accurately timed? These problems were long a mystery, for the primary personality remembers nothing of the trance or the suggestion, and will often trump up an improvised pretext for yielding to the unaccountable impulse which comes over him so suddenly, and which he cannot resist. Edmund Gurney was the first to discover, by means of automatic writing, that the secondary self was awake, keeping its attention constantly fixed on the command and watching for the signal of its execution. Certain trance-subjects, who were also automatic writers, when roused from trance and put to the planchette—not knowing then what they wrote, and having their upper attention fully engrossed by reading aloud, talking, or solving problems in mental arithmetic—would inscribe the orders they had received, together with notes relative to the time elapsed and the time yet to run before the execution. It is therefore no "automatism," in the mechanical sense, that such acts are due: a self presides over them, a split-off, limited, and buried, but yet a fully conscious self. More than this, the buried self often comes to the surface and drives out the other self while the acts are performing. In other words, the subject lapses into trance again when the

moment arrives for execution, and has no subsequent recollection of the act which he has done. Gurney and Beaunis established this fact, which has since been verified on a large scale; and Gurney also showed that the patient became *suggestible* again during the brief time of the performance. M. Janet's observations, in their turn, well illustrate the phenomenon.

"I tell Lucie to keep her arms raised after she shall have awakened. Hardly is she in the normal state when up go her arms above her head, but she pays no attention to them. She goes, comes, converses, holding her arms high in the air. If asked what her arms are doing, she is surprised at such a question and says, very sincerely: 'My hands are doing nothing; they are just like yours.' . . . I command her to weep, and when awake she really sobs, but continues in the midst of her tears to talk of very gay matters. The sobbing over, there remains no trace of this grief, which seemed to have been quite sub-conscious."

The primary self often has to invent an hallucination by which to mask and hide from its own view the deeds which the other self is enacting. Léonie 3 writes real letters, while Léonie 1 believes that she is knitting; or Lucie 3 really comes to the doctor's office, while Lucie 1 believes herself to be at home. This is a sort of delirium. The alphabet, or the series of numbers, when handed over to the attention of the secondary personage, may, for the time being, be lost to the normal self. While the hand writes the alphabet, obediently to command, the "subject," to her great stupefaction, finds herself unable to recall it, etc. Few things are more curious than these relations of mutual exclusion, of which all gradations exist, between the several partial consciousnesses.

How far this splitting up of the mind into separate consciousnesses may obtain in each one of us is a problem. M. Janet holds that it is only possible where there is abnormal weakness, and consequently a defect of unifying or coordinating power. An hysterical woman abandons part of her consciousness because she is too weak nervously to hold it all together. The abandoned part, meanwhile, may solidify into a secondary or sub-conscious self. In a perfectly

sound subject, on the other hand, what is dropped out of mind at one moment keeps coming back at the next. The whole fund of experiences and knowledges remains integrated, and no split-off portions of it can get organized stably enough to form subordinate selves. The stability, monotony, and stupidity of these latter is often very striking. The post-hypnotic self-consciousness seems to think of nothing but the order which it last received; the cataleptic sub-consciousness, of nothing but the last position imprinted on the limb. M. Janet could cause definitely circumscribed reddening and tumefaction of the skin, on two of his subjects, by suggesting to them in hypnotism the hallucination of a mustard-poultice of any special shape. "*J'ai tout le temps pensé à votre sinapisme*," says the subject, when put back into trance after the suggestion has taken effect. A man, N—, whom M. Janet operated on at long intervals, was between whiles tampered with by another operator, and when put to sleep again by M. Janet, said he was "too far away to receive orders, being in Algiers." The other operator, having suggested that hallucination, had forgotten to remove it before waking the subject from his trance, and the poor, passive, trance-personality had stuck for weeks in the stagnant dream. Léonie's sub-conscious performances having been illustrated to a caller by a *piéd de nez*, executed with her left hand in the course of conversation, when, a year later, she meets him again up goes the same hand to her nose again, without Léonie 1 suspecting the fact.

And this leads me to what, after all, is the really important part of these investigations—I mean their possible application to the relief of human misery. Let one think and say what one will about the crudity and intellectual barbarism of much of the philosophizing of our contemporary nerve-doctors; let one dislike as much as one may please the thoroughly materialistic attitude of mind which many of them show; still, their work, as a whole, is sanctified by its positive, practical fertility. Theorems about the unity of the thinking principle will always be, as they always have

been, *barren*; but observations of fact lead to new issues *in infinitum*. And when one reflects that nothing less than the cure of insanity—that direst of human afflictions—lies possibly at the end of such inquiries as those which M. Janet and his *confrères* are beginning, one feels as if the disdain which some spiritualistic psychologists exhibit for such researches were very poorly placed. The way to redeem people from barbarism is not to stand aloof and sneer at their awkward attempts, but to show them how to do the same things better. Ordinary hypnotic suggestion is proving itself immensely fertile in the therapeutic field; and the subtler knowledge of sub-conscious states which we are now gaining will certainly increase our powers in this direction many fold. Who knows how many pathological states (not simply nervous and functional ones, but organic ones too) may be due to the existence of some perverse buried fragment of consciousness obstinately nourishing its narrow memory or delusion, and thereby inhibiting the normal flow of life? A concrete case will best exhibit what I mean. On the whole, it is more deeply suggestive to me than anything in Janet's book.

The story is that of a young girl of nineteen named Marie, who came to the hospital in an almost desperate condition, with monthly convulsive crises, chill, fever, delirium, attacks of terror, etc., lasting for days, together with various shifting anæsthesias and contractures all the time, and a fixed blindness of the left eye. At first M. Janet, divining no particular psychological factor in the case, took little interest in the patient, who remained in the hospital for seven months, and had all the usual courses of treatment applied, including water-cure and ordinary hypnotic suggestions, without the slightest good effect.

She then fell into a sort of despair, of which the result was to make M. Janet try to throw her into a deeper trance, so as to get, if possible, some knowledge of her remoter psychologic antecedents, and of the original causes of the disease, of which, in the waking state and in ordinary hypnotism, she could give no definite account. He succeeded even

beyond his expectations; for both her early memories and the internal memory of her crises returned in the deep somnambulism, and she explained three things: Her periodical chill, fever, and delirium were due to a foolish immersion of herself in cold water at the age of thirteen. The chill, fever, etc., were consequences which then ensued; and now, years later, the experience then stamped in upon the brain for the first time was *repeating itself* at regular intervals in the form of an hallucination undergone by the sub-conscious self, and of which the primary personality only experienced the outer results. The attacks of terror were accounted for by another shocking experience. At the age of sixteen she had seen an old woman killed by falling from a height; and the sub-conscious self, for reasons best known to itself, saw fit to believe itself present at this experience also whenever the other crises came on. The hysterical blindness of her left eye had the same sort of origin, dating back to her sixth year, when she had been forced, in spite of her cries, to sleep in the same bed with another child, the left half of whose face bore a disgusting eruption. The result was an eruption on the same parts of her own face, which came back for several years before it disappeared entirely, and left behind it an anæsthesia of the skin and the blindness of the eye.

So much for the origin of the poor girl's various afflictions. Now for the cure! The thing needed was, of course, to get the sub-conscious personality to leave off having these senseless hallucinations. But they had become so stereotyped and habitual that this proved no easy task to achieve. Simple commands were fruitless; but M. Janet at last hit upon an artifice, which shows how many resources the successful mind-doctor must possess. He carried the poor Marie back in imagination to the earlier dates. It proved as easy with her as with many others when entranced, to produce the hallucination that she was again a child, all that was needed being an impressive affirmation to that effect. Accordingly M. Janet, replacing her in this wise at the age of six, made her go through the bed-

scene again, but gave it a different *dé-nouement*. He made her believe that the horrible child had no eruption and was charming, so that she was finally convinced, and caressed without fear this new object of her imagination. He made her re-enact the scene of the cold immersion, but gave it also an entirely different result. He made her live again through the old woman's accident, but substituted a comical issue for the old tragical one which had made so deep an impression. The sub-conscious Marie, passive and docile as usual, adopted these new versions of the old tales; and was apparently either living in monotonous contemplation of them or had become extinct altogether when M. Janet wrote his book. For all morbid symptoms ceased as if by magic. "It is five months," our author says, "since these experiments were performed. Marie shows no longer the slightest mark of hysteria. She is well; and, in particular, has grown quite stout. Her physical aspect has absolutely changed." Finally, she is no longer hypnotizable, as often happens in these cases when the health returns.

The mind-curers and Christian scientists, of whom we have lately heard so much, unquestionably get, by widely different methods, results, in certain cases, no less remarkable than this. The ordinary medical man, if he believes the facts at all, dismisses them from his attention with the cut-and-dried remark that they are "only effects of the imagination." It is the great merit of these French investigators, and of Messrs. Myers, Gurney, and the "psychical researchers," that they are for the first time trying to read some sort of a definite meaning into this vaguest of phrases. Little by little the meaning will grow more precise. It seems to me a very great step to have ascertained that the secondary self, or selves, coexist with the primary one, the trance-personalities with the normal one, during the waking state. But just what these secondary selves may be, and what are their remoter relations and conditions of existence, are questions to which the answer is anything but clear. My own

decided impression is that M. Janet's generalizations are based on too limited a number of cases to cover the whole ground. He would have it that the secondary self is always a symptom of hysteria, and that the essential fact about hysteria is the lack of synthesizing power and consequent disintegration of the field of consciousness into mutually exclusive parts. The secondary and the primary consciousnesses added together can, on M. Janet's theory, never exceed the normally total consciousness of the individual. This theory certainly expresses pretty well the facts which have fallen under its author's own observation, though even here, if this were a critical article, I might have something to say. But there are trances which obey another type. I know a non-hysterical woman who, in her trances, knows facts which altogether transcend her *possible* normal consciousness, facts about the lives of people whom she never saw or heard of before. I am well aware of all the liabilities to which this statement exposes me, and I make it deliberately, having practically no doubt whatever of its truth. My *own* impression is that the trance-condition is an immensely complex and fluctuating thing, into the understanding of which we have hardly begun to penetrate, and concerning which any very sweeping generalization is sure to be premature. A *comparative study of trances and sub-conscious states* is meanwhile of the most urgent importance for the comprehension of our nature. It often happens that scattered facts of a certain kind float around for a long time, but that nothing scientific or solid comes of them until some man writes just enough of a book to give them a possible body and meaning. Then they shoot together, as it were, from all directions, and that book becomes the centre of crystallization of a rapid accumulation of new knowledge. Such a book I am sure that M. Janet's ought to be; and I confidently prophesy that anyone who may be induced by this article to follow the path of study in which it is so brilliant a pioneer will reap a rich reward.



Successive Positions in Throwing the Boomerang.
(From photographs.)

THE BLACKFELLOW AND HIS BOOMERANG.

By Horace Baker.

THERE are many theories regarding the origin of the Australian blackfellow, such as his descent from the African, Asiatic, Malayan, or Papuan, but none of these is satisfactorily proved. The natives of the extreme north resemble the Papuan in physique and many characteristics, but the representative aborigine of Australia is of a unique race, whose origin is involved in total mystery.

Without traditions, without monuments, without writings, except a few rock or tree markings, the blackfellow's past is singularly wanting in historical facts. In the midst of this obscurity the aborigine himself casts as little light upon the subject as all our theories and conjectures, notwithstanding he tells us, with admirable credulity, that the oldest man he remembers having seen in his childhood was the "first man," and repeats a native story about how this Adam of the race paddled his canoe to the seven stars and got him a wife.

So at this late day we must take him as we find him, and evidently, when not

in close proximity to civilization, the descendant of this somewhat mythological pair is living in quite the same way as his unknown ancestors.

His rude covering, chiefly worn in the mild winter season, is made of opossum skin dexterously sewn together by the native woman, who uses kangaroo sinew for thread. His primitive hut is simply constructed of a young sapling bent to the ground for the support of boughs or sheets of bark; and the smallness of his "humpy" is of no consequence, for the wild man is not confined by walls; this shelter is for the night, and without severe cold or danger from any wild beast, its principal object is protection from cold winds.

The covering for his hut the nomad often carries with him from place to place, and so soon forms his camp where good hunting or fishing is to be found.

The general conditions of life in Australia are remarkably easy; the lawn-like stretches of country and the open sunny "bush" favor a dreamy idleness; the blackfellow is most susceptible to this

influence, and will lie stretched out in the broiling sunshine for days together, protected by some peculiarity of skin, remarkable thickness of skull, and abundance of hair, from any disastrous consequences, happy so long as he is not hungry.

When hunger makes him active, ants, animals, birds, fish, reptiles, grubs, eggs of all kinds, native honey, anything and everything edible, must supply him with food ; and while not an out-and-out cannibal like other South Sea savages, yet it is also asserted that in a case of emergency he will not hesitate to "sacrifice a fat pickaninny." His skill, shown in obtaining all the things which furnish his sustenance, and his knowledge of each, are something astonishing ; and the blackfellow admirably illustrates the truth that use is the absolute condition of development.

In his primitive state, likewise, necessity stimulated the ingenuity of the prehistoric blackfellow, till he produced his various implements, among which was the boomerang, that dynamic curiosity which still remains a puzzle to the civilized world. Spears, clubs, and other weapons of warfare or hunting are the property of all savages ; but the boomerang belongs exclusively to the native of Australia, and is probably the one thing by which he will be remembered when his race shall have become extinct.

This curious and unique weapon, about which so much has been written and so little is really known, is a curved piece of wood, slightly convex on one side and nearly flat on the other. It is cut from a natural bend or root of a tree, the hardest and heaviest wood being always selected, and its curve follows the grain of the wood. Thus it will vary from a slight curve to nearly a right angle ; no two ever being the same shape. It is about three-eighths of an inch thick, and from two to three inches wide, tapering toward the ends, which are either round or pointed. The edge is sharpened all around, and the length varies from fifteen inches to three and a half feet.

This is the shape of the boomerang, but the secret of its peculiar flight is to be found not so much in its general

form as in its surface. This, on examination, is found to be slightly waving and broken up by various angles. These angles balance and counterbalance each other ; some, by causing differences in the pressure of air on certain parts, give steadiness of flight and firmness ; others give buoyancy, and each has generally to be determined practically by experimental throwing. Some boomerangs appear to be mere dented or crooked sticks ; but they are really implements which some blackman has whittled and scraped till these dents or angles have been properly adjusted according to the boomerang principle. I believe it is possible to make a boomerang by exact mathematical calculation ; but yet I have never seen two exactly alike. I have made two, apparently the same in every particular, yet, while one rose buoyantly the other fell dead, because of some untrue adjustment of the angles of its faces. When all angles are properly arranged the boomerang goes through the air somewhat as a screw-propeller goes through the water—whirling rapidly in its flight like a revolving wheel.

Gravitation and the force with which it is directed cause its peculiar, swallow-like swoops, which are prolonged by the action of the floating angles in counteracting gravitation ; consequently, with



Boomerangs of Various Shapes.

spent force it is still kept on the wing, and often reaches the ground considerably behind the thrower. The centre of gravity varies in different boomerangs.

According to the purposes for which they are used, we find them classified as hunting, fighting, and amusement boomerangs. Among the latter are small ones with which the little blacks practise, aiming at a disk of wood which is rolled along in front of them to imitate the running and leaping of animals.

The hunting and fighting boomerang is not made for returning. For fighting it is a long, heavy, formidable weapon ; for hunting, of lighter weight, and

thrown with remarkable precision. In hunting the kangaroo, it is either aimed directly or made to ricochet first along the ground.



Diagrams Sketched from the Actual Flight of a Boomerang thrown by the Author.

(In this case when the boomerang left the hand it went nearly straight away for about one hundred and fifty feet, revolving in a perpendicular plane, then curved to the left. Then it rose (the plane of revolution gradually becoming horizontal), until, having reached a height of about eighty feet, it began to descend, continuing its spiral flight until nearly opposite the thrower. Then it struck the ground at a very acute angle, and just at the feet of the thrower. This gyration was about three hundred feet in diameter, was all *in front* of the thrower, and lasted ten seconds.)

As everyone knows, the boomerang has served to illustrate many a joke, to supply many a rhetorical figure. Many false ideas are entertained about its eccentric properties, yet, when one is told that it can be thrown around the outside of a house, he smiles incredulously and puts it down as a traveller's story.

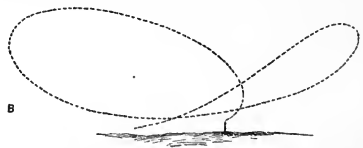
During a residence of several years in Australia, I became much interested in the subject, and went among the blacks whenever opportunity offered. The potency of English shillings and half-crowns put me on a friendly footing with the bushy heads; after a time their shyness disappeared and my appearance became an event, instilling new life in the camps, the half-naked aborigines becoming alert to fetch, carry, throw, or sell boomerangs. Thus I added to my private collection, and by close observation learned the manner of throwing and controlling the boomerang so as to make it revolve in its circuit and return to me. In acquiring this facility, of course, I lost and broke many. At last it occurred to me that breaking boomerangs which cost from six to ten shillings each was an expensive amusement, and that it would be to my interest to make them. After repeated failures, which covered more time than I care to confess having given to a hobby, I succeeded.

About that time a tribe of blacks

from the Murrumbidgee was encamped on the coast near Botany Bay; so I spent a night near by, and as it was in February, one of the hottest months at the antipodes, I arose early the next morning for a walk along the shore to the camp.

The early morning in Australia has a delicious balminess quite unknown in northern latitudes. Just to live in it is a pure delight. I felt myself expanding into a new man with the new day. The very remote, cloudless sky of this part of the world gave a feeling of boundless space; the mighty waves of the Pacific, rolling grandly, gave a sense of infinite strength; and the quietness, unbroken except by the wash of the sea, a deep peace.

Half hidden in the low bush growing along the shore, I saw the collection of huts and heard a kind of monotonous minor chant, accompanied by the slapping together of two boomerangs to mark time. At intervals an apparently improvised solo intervened, which ended in a diminuendo; then the full chant was joined in again by all, beginning high and gradually ending in something like a descending chromatic scale. A curious bit of singing. They were evidently enjoying themselves with a morning song while the "gins" were making tea for breakfast. As they dislike to have strangers intrude upon them without ceremony, I hallooed. Presently two or three bushy heads came out for the purpose of inspection, and seeing me, answered with their native "Coo-ey." This being a sign of welcome, I walked in, and they went on with their own

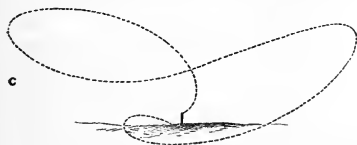


(In this instance the boomerang began its flight in the same way as in case A, but turned more quickly to the left and passed around behind the thrower. Then it ascended to the right, returning to the front, then recurred sharply, and descended to the ground at the left. The extremes of this flight were about three hundred feet apart.)

affairs, ignoring me completely, notwithstanding one and all had, probably, made a quick and keen observation.

Knowing this to be their custom, I said, in an off-hand way: "I want some of you boys to throw the boomerang for me."

A well-formed black, dressed in a pair of trousers, now led me to one of the "humpies," where an expert boomerang-thrower still lay asleep. On being roused, he grunted, "H'm, boss," and in a minute crawled out. Reaching



(The boomerang was here thrown so as to describe a figure 8. After the first circular flight it passed over the head of the thrower and gyrated in a reverse direction behind him, finally falling near his feet.)

back in a corner to a heap of rags under which the boomerangs are generally kept, he pulled out two. Then, followed by several others of the tribe and a number of pickaninnies, in a variety of costumes, or no costume at all—an odd crowd—we started off. On the way "Old Daddy" gave a few trial shies of his boomerangs along the ground. Arrived at a safe distance from the camp, he braced himself, and saying, "Look out, boss!" ran forward two or three steps, bent his body backward in the form of a bow, brought the boomerang over between head and shoulder, then hurled it into space. The moment it left his hand it looked like a wheel revolving rapidly in the air, and made a harsh, whirring sound. Taking a circle about one hundred and fifty yards in diameter, it passed around to the left, turning backward in a gradual curve, and struck the ground a few yards from us, sending up a cloud of sand.

After a little further amusement I took from the boomerangs I carried with me one of my own make, and

handed it to him. "Old Daddy" took the implement, turned it dexterously about, brought the concave edge up on a level with his eyes, and scrutinized it with the look of a connoisseur.

Each tribe produces its own kind of boomerang, and the different varieties are well known to each. This one was evidently a stranger which he was at a loss to classify.

"Will it come back, boss?" he asked, at the same time giving it a little shy along the ground. This experiment seemed to establish some claim to merit, so, straightening himself, he grasped it firmly for a fair test, and let it go.

Phew! Away, away it went, rivalling a bird in its graceful flight, while, according to native custom, the old fellow, watching it intently, jumped up and down, performing the most grotesque antics; beckoning at the same time and calling it to come back. As it circled far out over the ocean, I thought my first boomerang was destined to end its short career in a watery grave. But it circled back gracefully, and, having spent its force, fluttered down at our feet.

Of course I was elated, and the blackfellow asked, in his curt way:

"Who made it?"

"I."

He smiled a half-smile, which among the blacks signifies entire unbelief. I heard the others mumble:

"Don' b'lieve it."

And so the matter rested.

But boomerang-throwing in Australia is nearly done with. The conquering Caucasian is taking possession of the southern seas; even the fierce northern tribes, because of whom the northern coast is still an unexplored region, must sooner or later yield to their fate. Those on the borders of civilization, whom the white man may approach with impunity, are now disappearing with great rapidity. These are the last days of the Blackfellow and his Boomerang.

A DEEDLESS DRAMA.

By George A. Hibbard.

"What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."

BURNS.—"Address to the Unco Guid."

I



HE mail," said Pruden, adjusting his gold eyeglasses more accurately upon his nose, "seems unusually heavy this morning."

The cool morning light that fell through the panes of the high windows on the letter-strewn table, was broken and rendered tremulous by the sway of the gently stirring branches and the fall and flutter of the autumn foliage without. The smooth lawn, encircled by the firm driveway between the house and the heavy iron fence, appeared unusually green where the grass was visible through the massed stretches of russet leaves; but already the gardeners had begun work, and soon the approach and the encompassed sward would be as neat as if it were close-girdled summer instead of slovenly autumn. The house that stood in the midst of the carefully tended parterre, belonged to the red-brick and yellow-sandstone period of American architecture, specimens of which crop up so plentifully throughout the country. It was very large, very regular, and very impersonal; it produced the impression of having cost a great deal of money, and was honored accordingly.

"There have been more letters every day," said the person to whom Pruden spoke, a tall woman, who turned from the window with something of the alertness of youth and a little of the apathy of age in the movement, but still with a peculiar self-contained poise evidently characteristic of the individual rather than of her time of life. "As to-morrow is the day before election, I suppose you will be inundated."

Then she added, after a short pause, a little listlessly, and as if by some effort

of memory she brought herself to ask the question:

"What are they all about?"

"About," answered Pruden, with his habitual laugh, "about everything and about nothing. They're all alike in this, however, they all ask something. I think that no one can really understand the multifarious demands of humanity unless he is a millionaire or has been a candidate for public office. Here," he continued, picking up a sheet of paper, "is a Chatterton who has written a poem in my honor, of sixty-three stanzas, in which I am compared to Columbus;" and he read,

"Like him who first the country saw,
And gave the world a continent,
So you will bring reform and law,
And give us honest government."

However, he only wants a subscription to help him to bring out his book. This," he went on, taking up another letter, "is to inform me that a gentleman who has been blessed with twins has done me the honor to christen one after me, and wishes to know my wife's name so that he may name the other after her. He does not say expressly what he wants, but darkly hints at the fitness of his wife's grandmother for the position of a scrub-woman in the City Buildings. Here is one from a person who says that he has noticed with regret that I am growing slightly bald, and that he ventures to send me a wash that he assures me will bring back the hair in its accustomed luxuriance and restore it to its pristine color. All that he desires is a certificate attesting the beneficial effects I have experienced from its use. Here are others," and he gathered up a handful "of the regulation pattern, promising support and influence, all for more or less clearly expressed considerations. And here is

one from the editor of *The Multiple*, asking for an interview upon a most important matter."

"What is it?" she demanded, with that sudden quickening of utterance and vigor of accent that denotes increased attention, if not newly awakened interest.

"Why—you see—my dear," began Pruden, coughing slightly and glancing over his glasses, placed far down on his nose, "I suppose—I do not say certainly—but I suppose it is about the same old thing."

His wife rose from the chair beside the gently flickering fire, in which she had just seated herself, and throwing aside the newspaper at which she had carelessly glanced, came and stood before him on the other side of the table. Gray hairs were discoverable in the crisp waves of her black locks; her maid had at one time attempted their extraction, but had been somewhat peremptorily ordered to desist, and a few small wrinkles might have been discerned about her eyes and the corners of her mouth when it was motionless, the strange fixity of expression peculiar to her making Time's delicate *intaglio* the more evident. But she was still a strangely beautiful woman. Although her complexion had not the freshness of extreme youth there was in her face a ruddy color—the color of vigorous, untroubled health—that was almost a compensating quality; and the brilliancy of her eyes, which had not known, and evidently never would know, diminution or change until the last, gave her face a youthful vividness, and often a quick animation, in spite of its habitual coldness of expression. As she stood with the light full upon her, as strongly erect as she had stood when Ethel Burdine at her first ball, it hardly would seem possible that she had been the wife of Robert Pruden for fourteen years—marrying him at twenty-three with the full consent of her family and the unqualified approbation of the town.

"Will that hateful old story never die?" she exclaimed, impatiently. "Of course, you will refuse to see him?"

"I cannot very well do that," answered Pruden, fingering the letter. "Of course,

I can refuse to accede to what he probably wishes."

"You can; you must," she answered. "Robert, you would not do such a thing—you know that you would not. There are too many reasons why Mr. Harding, enemy though he may have been for a very long time, and political opponent though he now is, should be well treated by you."

"But is this really just?" remonstrated Pruden, a little petulantly. "A man should suffer for his misdeeds; and if another profits by his suffering, it is but a part of his penalty."

"Are you sure that he was guilty?" she asked, with the manner of one who puts an often-repeated question.

"I could not prove it, you know," he replied; "but every indication at the time pointed to his guilt, and popular opinion universally condemned him."

"But nothing was ever established," she said, wearily, and with the slow, lagging words of ineffectual repetition. "Would you profit by a doubt?"

She had urged the same point so often, repeated the same arguments so frequently during the past few weeks.

"You know that I have refused to have the story used. But I hesitate—I doubt sometimes——"

"Robert," she interrupted, and there was something in her voice that startled even herself, "you are certain of your success; you can afford to be magnanimous. The day after to-morrow will be election-day: you are sure to be elected. Do not let the value of your victory be lessened in your own estimation by the knowledge that an unjust, and certainly an ungenerous, action may have contributed toward it; do not make another's defeat the more bitter by the fact that perhaps it has been in a manner brought about by the imputation of a fault of which perhaps he was never guilty."

"You always plead for him," said Pruden, angrily, as one thin wrinkle struck across his smooth, white forehead, and his full, pink lips gathered in quick contraction.

"You know I do not," she answered, with the remnant of an almost outworn indignation in her tone. "Why do you always accuse me of it? Cannot you be-

lieve me? I plead for you—for you, yourself. You have so far resisted a temptation; do not yield to it now.”

“If it had been any other man would you have been so persistent—so insistent?” continued Pruden, looking at her and then glancing away. His eyes were small, and the steadiness of his gaze had only given them an expression of anxious and suspicious incredulity.

“You have asked me that before—you have asked it of me a dozen times in the last month. Why have you done so?”

“Because,” he replied, in a voice that would have been gibing had it not been apologetic, and with an expression that might have been sneering had it not been one of fearfulness, “because a woman always has a weakness for the man who once loved her, because—”

“Robert,” she said, in the measured tone of conscious repression, “you are a good man and I am a good woman. We can afford to speak the truth. Fifteen years ago James Harding sought to marry me. I married you. Cannot you forget that he was your rival; does the fact that he is your opponent now so embitter you that you misjudge him—and me? In the last few days, in look and tone, in words even, you have implied that I have been watchful of his interests, more watchful than I should have been of the interests of another. Because I have asked you not to revive this old scandal, you have insinuated more or less clearly that I have not been true to you. Is this fair, is it fitting, is it even dignified? Have not all the years that we have lived together led to something better—more secure? Cannot you trust me? Because you have hated him, and he, as I suppose, has hated you, must you with wilful perversity misrepresent circumstances and lives?”

“But”—began Pruden, suspicious as are those who are uncertain of themselves—whose self-doubt begets doubt of others. He paused, beat his fingers softly on the table, and then went on with greater boldness than he had hitherto shown: “But he loved you once.”

“I have understood the meaning underlying your words,” she said. “What I feared has come. When you

were nominated, and I learned that you were to be the opponent of Mr. Harding I did what I could to dissuade you from running against him.”

“If my interests—” commenced Pruden, with the insistence of weakness.

“You know that I have always made your interests mine,” she interrupted, in her sudden scorn, letting her clear voice ring out with something of its natural vigor. “After fourteen years, can you not trust me—once? I tried to induce you to refuse the honor, as you called it. I could give no reason; I knew none. I only vaguely feared trouble, and trouble has come. Suspicion may exist, doubt may even be ever present, but when they have not found utterance people may live with dignity and self-respect, if not with tranquillity and happiness. But let what each knows be once acknowledged by both, and all peace, all restraint is at an end. What has been said once will be said again; both will live but in apprehension of its repetition. You taunt me with the fact that James Harding loved me; you will next accuse me of having loved him. No two, quarrelling in a hovel, could really be more rudely explicit than we should become; and though our language might be better, our lives would really be as squalid.”

She paused and glanced down at her husband as he sat at the table.

James Harding and Robert Pruden had journeyed through life with orbits constantly crossing and recrossing in one of those compulsory relations which sometimes seem inexorably imposed upon human beings, and which they no more can change, however discontented they may be, than a dissatisfied planet can change its system. Of nearly the same age, and born to nearly equal positions and fortunes, their lives had been so much alike in circumstance as to invite comparison, and their names had always been inseparably bracketed in the public mind.

It is not only between the patrician families of a picturesque Verona, that personal feuds arise that involve families and communities as well as individuals. Race hatreds that have existed for a greater or less time are to be found in

all our cities, and, though they may not be carried on as frankly and as bloodily as in other places and other times, they are really hardly less bitter. They may not be fought out with the sword thrust and parry in the moonlit streets; but they certainly are very vigorously prosecuted in the drawing-room and across the dinner-table with the tongue's give and take. Once, "before the war," the Hardings and the Prudens had been friends; and in childhood and boyhood Pruden and Harding had lived in the compulsory intimacy of a limited society. Whether they had been really friends they could themselves hardly have said; often those who are by circumstances much thrown together acquire a habit of intercourse that very effectively replaces actual congeniality, and enables them to go on without the necessity of questioning the exact nature of their relations. Although they were social equals, the quality, so to speak, of their families' positions was very different. Pruden the elder had always affected a certain simplicity of life and austerity of manner that marked him as a zealous upholder of most things called conservative, and had already, in that remote time, won for him the appellation of "old-fashioned." Harding, on the other hand, had, as far as was possible in that unvitalized period, led the lighter life of the larger world; had rather despised Pruden's "puritanical" prejudices; had married a Harpending; had been wise in wine and "horse," and, before anyone else in the city, had put a high hat with band and buckle upon his coachman. Young Pruden was an exemplary student, rejoicing in an examination and scenting a prize from afar, a "dig" and a "grind;" but young Harding found the *pons asinorum* a "Bridge of Sighs," and with difficulty had advanced with Xenophon even the regulation number of parasangs a day. But he could ride more lightly, run more swiftly, and swim more strongly than any of his companions. When Pruden spoke of Harding's son it was as "that young savage;" while Harding designated his friend's offspring as "the bookworm."

At Harvard, Harding was the first marshal of his class; Pruden delivered the oration. Both men had inherited

fortunes and were really independent; but society at that time demanded at least an ostensible occupation, and after graduation, on their return home to assume the responsibilities of their positions, both became active partners in a firm of long standing, whose founders were all dead except one—Christopher Burdyne—the father of Ethel Burdyne.

The men fell apart. Harding made idleness, which had hitherto been regarded with absolute disfavor in the place, possible, if not distinguished, and really revolutionized much of the life of the town, making its society, for better or worse, a more accurate counterpart of the life of larger and older places. Mankind always demands a leader, the living exponent of an idea, someone to whom it is possible to point and say, "Behold, this is an example of all that is admirable." Pruden—without effort, and unavoidably, became the representative of those who felt themselves aggrieved by young Harding's mode of life—found himself advanced as the exemplar of the principles of the more staid members of the community. He was scrupulous in his attention to "business;" systematic in his charities; accurate in every conventional observance. Respectable heads of families held him up as a pattern of all that was desirable for their sons, and worthy matrons welcomed him effusively as a partner for their daughters. But there was many a radiant young sovereign of the ballroom, reigning by true right divine, who smiled on young Harding, and hardly a spirited youngster in town who was not his friend.

The almost imperceptible but inevitable disintegration of time took place; then the most sudden and absolute fracture possible occurred—that cleavage that can separate the closest-bound lives, the firmest friendships. Both men fell in love, and the woman both loved was the same. Had it been another than she was, the dormant, unrecognized antipathy that had so long existed might not have so suddenly developed into open, active animosity; but both loved Ethel Burdyne, and such result was inevitable. She was not a woman to be loved half-heartedly: he who had once felt the power of her dark glance was as

little able to free himself from its subversive influence as it was once supposed the tarantula-bitten wretch was to escape from the effect of the venomous sting. And it was a pretty dance she led her victims—a wild tarantism, from which they neither sought nor desired freedom. Her careless, girlish arrogance drove Harding, with his more excitable nature, to desperation; with Pruden her calm capriciousness was only a needed excitant, animating but not overmastering him. His love, however, played strange havoc with his well-formulated beliefs and well-grounded prejudices; it came across his life like a tumultuous gust of wind sweeping across his well-kept desk, mixing and confusing all his carefully arranged ideas as the invading puff might his perfectly ordered papers.

Harding was in difficulty, and his present infatuation seemed only to make him the more reckless. There was talk of dissipated faculties and wasted opportunities; there were whispers of large losses at play. That he was embarrassed for want of money was well known; although he had but a short time before possessed ample means it was understood that he was borrowing largely.

Sometimes it is a great thing, sometimes a very small one, but sooner or later, although often unaccountably delayed, something happens that is the culmination of a cumulative series of events, and that characterizes all that has gone before and all that comes afterward. One morning about "the streets," and one afternoon at the club, there was a strange rumor. Burdyne, Harding & Pruden, it was said, had been robbed of a large sum of money. Where the story started no one could tell; but, with all the strange amplitude of detail of undefined report, it was in men's mouths, and thenceforth was, within even the lives of generations, never to be driven from men's minds. That a large sum had been stolen—from fifty to a hundred thousand dollars—no one doubted. The night before it had been in the firm's vault; in the morning it was gone. The lock was intact; the great door was untouched. But the drawer in which the money had been was empty. Only the members of the firm

possessed a key that would open the complicated lock or knew the "sesame" of the "combination;" and yet the money was undoubtedly missing. When old Mr. Burdyne was incidentally questioned, he only shook his head and admitted that the firm had sustained a considerable loss; interviewed by the representative of an enterprising newspaper, he confessed that the matter was under investigation. Neither Harding nor Pruden would say anything, and all that was ever publicly known was what had come into common knowledge at the very first. Finally, with decreasing speculation, the affair ceased actively to occupy the general attention; but from that morning Harding was a marked man—by the irresponsible tribunals of the counting-room and smoking-room he had been as irrevocably condemned as was ever a criminal by judge or jury. But little was ever said that he could hear; it is doubtful if he could have described any change in the manner of those whom he daily met, but from that moment he was in a measure an outcast—a man out of full and perfect communion with his kind. He was a man with a story. Such men are to be found everywhere, often apparently enjoying the esteem of many and the confidence of all; but let even a stranger look a little more closely or observe a little longer existing conditions, and he will detect as to such a one marked differences and strange reservations. He is the man with a history, at his heels drag an invisible but impeding ball and chain, and on his wrists are undiscernible manacles; unconsciously his eyes fall in anticipation of the condemnatory glance; unavoidably his tongue hesitates as if fearful of rebuff, for, even if innocent, he cannot preserve the frankness and freedom of unsuspected integrity. What is said of him may not be true, and he may know it; but it has been said, and no words graven on monumental brass or cut in memorial marble are more enduring than those recorded in grave or light character on the public mind—no conviction so absolute and without appeal as that pronounced by the public voice.

Harding was at first indifferent, then actively and proudly rebellious—ready

to suspect affront and resentful of any imagined insult—then dully resigned. What could he do against the many? He might convince one in a thousand, but, with their wide dissemination, could he ever hope to destroy the wide-spread plague-germs of scandal, the microbes of defamation?

Men forgot in the press of newer matters to discuss the ugly story; but there was not one whose first thought at sight of Harding was not of the robbery. After a while the subject was absolutely stricken out of the list of the day's topics; then it was revived for a time when it was known that the firm of Burdyne, Harding & Pruden had been dissolved; and again was less actively taken up when it was learned that Pruden was to marry Ethel Burdyne. A decade passed; the place changed and the people, but the story was not quite forgotten. It lingered in the memory of many of the towns-people, gaining something in romantic interest by the flight of time in much the same manner as the town-pump that had once stood in the main street, a plain and unpretentious affair, had in unrecognized association acquired a certain picturesqueness. Harding's story became one of the legends of the place. As another generation began its life it was whispered in attentive ears, and heard almost as eagerly as on the morning when it was new. Harding himself had changed. Levity and carelessness were gone; an unvarying and disdainful reserve had taken the place of his former blithe *bonhomie*. His manner of life changed. He who had been the most flippant *flaneur* became an unquestionable hard worker—absorbed in affairs and apparently without other thought than gain. He greatly prospered, gathering to himself a huge fortune; and men looked almost with awe upon the man whom no turn of a market ever found unprepared. Harding's party, in the minority in the place, sought a candidate. His popularity was an uncertain quantity, but his riches were indubitable. If the spoils of victory were not to be won, the pickings of the "campaign" were not to be despised. He was nominated, and to the surprise of everyone he accepted the nomination.

There was a moment's silence in the room where Pruden sat before his wife; then he laughed irritably. He laughed very frequently; sometimes excitedly, often embarrassedly, occasionally exultingly. It was a peculiarity to which Ethel had never become resigned; and she dreaded inexpressibly that inopportune, boisterous laughter, boyish without boyishness, breaking out in some loud guffaw at some silly joke, covering some new *gaucherie*, rejoicing over some small point gained. Often some little habit, at first almost unnoticed, will, by its persistence, thrust itself upon the attention of one who is obliged to live with its possessor, and, in the course of time, become a terrible infiction. It may be only a very small thing, but sometimes, where a previous and prevailing fondness does not exist, it starts, fosters, and perfects a hatred such as the discovery of crime could not have occasioned. With morbid expectancy the sufferer watches for the recurrence of the distasteful thing, unable to drive away the consciousness of its coming, and proximity becomes a prolonged dread. Such a thing in a measure was Pruden's laugh to Ethel; it had from the first jarred upon her; in time it became almost physically disagreeable. Now it seemed almost unendurable.

"I speak seriously," she said, "and for the future. Robert," she went on, picking up a paper-knife, an imitation dagger whose bright blade gleamed viciously in her firm grasp, "you have been tempted, and you have resisted nobly. How great the inducement must have been to take advantage of what chance offered to you I can understand, all must understand. You had only to consent to the use of the story as a campaign measure to injure James Harding and advance your own interests. With all the pressure brought to bear upon you—and I know what it has been—you have refused to do so. I honor you for it; all must honor you for it. I said a moment ago that you were a good man. You have always been very good to me—"

She paused, and the little knife dropped from her hand with a sharp, metallic ring upon the table.

"And yet," he said, slowly, "you never have loved me."

She looked down at Pruden, who, with his diffident indirectness of glance, seemed rather one accused than one accusing.

"I knew it always," he added, almost plaintively, "but I have always hoped that I might overcome your—your indifference. I have done what I could, and now it seems that your—aversion—"

"No, no," she interrupted.

He hesitated as if he expected her to speak further, but she said nothing.

"At all events, your affection is as far beyond my attainment as ever," he went on. "James Harding—"

"Must his name be used—must we speak of him?"

"Yes," answered Pruden, with that apathy with which much that is most vital can be said when it has been long thought. "You would have married James Harding if you had not thought him unworthy—had not known him to be a—"

"No," she interrupted, almost fiercely, "I never thought it, and—you shall not say it."

"You defend him now, even when you know him indefensible," he said, with jealous readiness.

"I defend him as I would any stranger I believed unjustly accused."

"If you believed him innocent why did you not marry him?" he demanded, forgetful of all self-control and with that abject curiosity of the jealous, who stop at no self-abasement to learn what they desire to know.

She smiled a little sadly.

"I married you," she answered. "Have you any reason to suppose that it was not because I wished to do so?"

"No," he replied, sullenly.

"And I have loved you, Robert."

"Love!" he said, almost as if in soliloquy. "Yes," and he smiled with a certain patient resignation that was not without dignity, "you have loved me. I know. But how have you loved me? The best love is given in spite of all reason; it was reason alone that accredited me to you, otherwise you would not have married me. You never have—you never could have loved me, with

that other love. The thought that I could not win what was given to a worthless idler was exasperation to me. I exulted in his downfall. I—"

"You do not know he did it," she said, with the same tone of mechanical reiteration with which she had urged the possibility of Harding's innocence before—as if she were fulfilling some duty so habitual as to be almost unconsciously performed.

"We dissolved the firm upon that supposition," he said, "choosing to lose the money rather than prosecute an associate. I firmly believe that he did the thing, and with the dislike—hatred—that I have always had for him, it has been very difficult for me to refrain from doing something that many would think only natural. I have had nothing to lose and much to gain."

"If you had done otherwise you would have lost in the consideration of all thoughtful people. You could prove nothing—you could only vilify; and in refraining from doing that, you have the consciousness that you have been an honorable gentleman."

"I have not done it; I have been weak, at times, but I have not done it. This temptation has been nearly the measure of my power. I cannot imagine an added element that would make it greater; but were it possible that it should be greater—I hope you will understand what I have done—I could not have resisted it."

He paused, for he had spoken with an intensity unusual with him, and he appeared almost physically exhausted.

"The better part of our lives is behind us," he resumed, in a moment. "If we have not been joyously successful, we have at least been decently peaceful. I do not mean to say any distressing or disturbing things now. We have gone too far for that. I have tried to do the best for you, in my way—another way might have made you happier, perhaps, but I was unequal to it or did not know. That I could not do better I am sorry. I do not blame you for anything. I understand now how hard you have tried too—in your way."

"We have not done so very badly, Robert," she answered, kindly. "I think we are not exactly people for tremor and

transport ; and if we have missed a little of the intoxication, we are not now of an age when we should regret it. Believe me," and she spoke with even regretful tenderness, "no one could have been kinder, more considerate, more forbearing."

She held out her hand to him across the table, and, taking it clumsily in both his own, he shyly kissed it.

II.

As Harding closed and locked the door of his private office, shutting out the discordant hum of voices that filled the crowded rooms beyond, the stamp of hurried feet, the grating noise of chairs shoved abruptly back or drawn hastily forward over the wooden floor—as he removed the newspaper from the pocket in which he had so hastily thrust it when it had first been brought to him, he felt that relief that is often brought by the consciousness that the period of suspense is finally ended, that the long-dreaded blow has at last fallen, that the worst that can be has come. He stepped to the window and unfolded the scant leaves. *The Multiple* was only a penny paper, and hardly indicative in its appearance of its large circulation and wide influence. He glanced along the columns of the first page, and instantly the article he sought caught his eyes. Double-lead and with heavy black heading, the lines that he had dreaded every morning and evening to find in some hostile sheet stood conspicuous. He bit his lower lip, as was a habit with him, and his fingers tightened slightly upon the common hard paper upon which *The Multiple* was printed, causing the coarse fabric to crackle with an almost malicious sharpness. Still he did not at once read the words staring him in the face ; he only looked vacantly out and through the dust-dimmed pane. He was anxious, feverishly, fearfully anxious, to gather the full import of the dreaded sentences, but still he weakly postponed the moment of full realization. If comprehension could only be reached without reading the detestable phrases, word after word!

The window looked upon the courtyard of the great building—his own—the "Harding Building," in which were his offices, as were also the offices, story on story, of nearly every important professional man or considerable corporation in town ; a building from which he drew the revenue of a German principality, and which was a boast for the inhabitants and a jest for the dwellers in rival and envious cities. It was a little later than noon. The telegraph and telephone wires, stretching from roof to roof in bewildering confusion, cast thick shadows on the walls and pavement, so thick and strong that, looking only at them, you might have imagined that innumerable heavy cables had been stretched across the space for the aerial performance of a troop of tight-rope dancers. Dully the sound of the jarring wheels rose from the street, vaguely the cries of the small traffickers of the sidewalk rose to the secluded room. The business-day was at its meridian ; the business-world supremely active—that world in which latterly he had solely lived, and which he had come to know so well. He was upon his own ground, in secure possession upon an often contested field ; with his massed millions, what could harm him ? But even as he sought to assure himself he almost trembled. He understood the cowardly cruelty of the many, and knew that a bold assault like the present would be followed by almost endless guerilla warfare.

He grasped the paper still tighter, and looked again at the article.

"He has done it at last," Harding muttered. "I knew he would. The chance was too good for him to lose. The sanctimonious hypocrite!"

He had only half an hour before learned that the attack upon him had appeared. No one had dared to speak to him of it, and it was only when Ples-tero, entering the committee rooms, had, with the innocence of fatuity and the hardihood of folly, made joking allusion to it that Harding learned that what he dreaded most in the world had happened. There, at last, it all was, in black and white—the old, old miserable story, with dates, names, and even the amount confidently given. He read

almost in one comprehensive glance, then with a quick, indignant exclamation, that ended in an oath, he tore the paper across and cast it on the floor. He was so helpless, and he knew it; so friendless, and he fully realized it. Before this accusation, that had been gathering force for fifteen years, he must remain silent. He felt "cornered"—at bay—and something of the anguish and brute anger of a trapped and desperate animal rose in his heart, arousing every instinct of self-preservation and every impulse of revenge.

He turned and walked across the floor. There are times in the lives of the best of us when, shirk the fact as we may, if the weapon of destruction were in our grasp we would not put it away. Well it is indeed that means are not always responsive to desire. To Harding, as he paced the room, nature seemed a hostile, threatening thing and mankind a personal enemy; in his fierce revolt no act of retaliation would have appeared a crime.

There was a knock at the door.

With election on the day after the morrow, all had business with him, and none could be refused.

"Come in," he cried, and then he turned the key and instinctively stood with his back to the light.

"A young man who wishes to see you, sir," said the clerk, as he entered. "I've tried to get rid of him, but he won't go. He says he has something most important to say."

"Well," responded Harding, sharply.

The man closed the door softly, but in a moment it was again opened and another figure stood upon the threshold. With one hand upon the handle the new-comer steadied himself and looked vaguely around.

"Good-morning, Mr. Harding," he said, rather huskily, but still intelligibly enough.

It sometimes happens that we meet people who are so perfectly "dressed" for their too evident character that they almost impress us with a sense of unreality. It almost seems that they are "doing it on purpose," so exactly are their habiliments such as we should expect to find upon a clever actor representing what they clearly are. The

young man who stood in the door-way was so consummate a personification of the species "tough" that he was almost ludicrous in his exactitude. He seemed, as it were, some grotesque caricature of himself.

"Mornin', Mr. Harding!" he went on.

"Good-morning."

"I hate to take your time," he continued, "as the man said when he annexed the other fellow's watch. But I believe in going to head-quarters straight, and so I came to you."

Harding did not speak.

"I suppose you don't know who I am." He took one step into the room, with his hand still on the door-handle.

"Perhaps I do," answered Harding.

"I am very much occupied; if you have anything to say I hope you will say it."

"But if I told you I was the son of Cycles, the book-keeper of the firm of Burdyne, Harding & Pruden, perhaps you might think there was some reason for talking to me."

Cycles glanced over his shoulder at the clerk who stood behind him.

"A confidential communication," he said.

Harding nodded, and the clerk disappeared.

Moved as he was by what he had just read, the immediate mention of the name of the old firm affected him strangely; it seemed, coming as it did in such close connection, some mocking play of fate, and it was with an unusual sense of excitement that he spoke.

"I remember your father very well, Mr. Cycles," he said. "He was a very worthy man, and had the respect of all who knew him. He died, I think, about five years ago—and I am unable to see——"

"Don't accelerate the conversation, Mr. Harding, or, in other words, don't go too fast. I've heard it said that dead men tell no tales. Well, it ain't true. They talk sometimes, and then they talk loud."

He winked at Harding, at the same time slightly elevating his chin.

"It's true he died five years ago," continued Cycles, "but just before he freed his mind of something that I thought perhaps you'd like to hear."

"Yes," said Harding, with almost tremulous anxiety. Excited as he was, there seemed something terrifying in the appositeness of the incident.

"Mr. Harding," said Cycles, carefully closing the door, "you never stole that money."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean you never stole that money—because another man did it."

Harding sank into the chair beside which he stood.

"And I've got the way to prove it."

Harding did not speak. Not for an instant did he doubt the truth of what was said. After his involuntary acquiescence in the probability of what had seemed impossible, he was prepared to believe anything.

Cycles advanced a step or two farther into the room.

"I have my father's statement—all regular and sworn to—proving who stole that money, and it wasn't you, Mr. Harding."

Still Harding said nothing.

"When I saw that thing in the paper this morning, I thought I'd better act. The old gentleman was always unwilling that the truth should come out, for some reason; but it lay on his mind, and just before he died he wrote it down. I'm hard up, or, rather, hard down, for I've touched my lowest level—my last cent. I've got to raise the wind, I wouldn't mind if it blew a Western cyclone, and I thought that, all things considered, you might be willing to help turn on the breeze."

"What do you want?"

"I'm not particular, I only want money. Give me enough, and I'll give you the means of fixing old Pruden so that he'll not squeal again."

"Pruden?"

"It was he stole that money—see here." And drawing a paper from his pocket he began to read from it. "Being upon the point of quitting this world, and wishing to have nothing upon my soul, I make the following statement, earnestly hoping that it may never be used to the detriment of any of the persons concerned, all of whom have treated me with unvarying kindness, and none of whom I would desire to injure. Still, as the truth is always desirable and cer-

tain in the end to be beneficial, I now say what I do. On the night of June 15, 18—, the night of the robbery of the firm of Burdyne, Harding & Pruden, I had returned to the office to complete some work that was pressing upon me. I was the confidential clerk of the firm, and had a key that admitted me to the offices at any time. It was late at night when I finished what I had to do, and I had turned out the gas preparatory to leaving, when I heard a slight noise in the next room. I was an old man even at that time, and I was timorous. I thought that it would be best for me to conceal myself, and then if anything happened I could later give the alarm. I saw a figure enter the room in which I was. I saw the person, whose features the darkness did not then permit me to distinguish, grope his way to the safe and open it. For some time he rummaged among the papers, but evidently not being able to find what he sought, he drew what I supposed to be a match-case from his pocket and lit a match. I saw Robert Pruden standing before that safe as clearly as I ever saw any man in my life; I saw him extract a small bundle from it; saw him close the door, blow out the match, make his way back across the room. I——"

"Your father wrote that?" said Harding.

"Yes."

"Let me see it."

"You can look at it," said Cycles, holding up the paper so that Harding could see the writing across the large office-table.

There could be no doubt about its authenticity; there, in old Cycles's clerky characters, in that handwriting he knew almost as well as his own, were the words that had just been read to him.

"The thing's worth a gold mine to you," said Cycles.

"It is evidently only a question with you of how much money you can get?" said Harding, with interrogatory inflection.

"Oh, how much ain't for me to say. I'm not here to bargain. There ain't no market-price on such things, and the amount is bound to vary according to the fancy of the purchaser. I've got some-

thing here that's to be got nowhere else—I'm the only shop dealing in just this kind of goods ; it's a fancy article, and I naturally look to get money for it. Now, just you say what you think it's worth to you, and then—"

Harding did not answer, but, stepping to a desk, he hurriedly filled out a check.

"There," he said, turning and holding out the thin slip of paper. "Not a cent more."

A quick gleam of satisfied covetousness showed for an instant in young Cycles's dull eyes.

"It don't take gentlemen long to understand one another, does it?" he said, with the first respectful intonation his voice had held.

"I think that is all."

"I think," answered Cycles, with a nervous laugh, "that we'll call this little matter ended and part friends."

Few things in life had power to awe him, but the ability of a man to draw his check for such an amount abashed and, without question, filled him with an admiration and reverence that hardly any other manifestation of human power could have caused.

"Go, then, and—" began Harding, with a gesture of dismissal—"take that side-door ; you need not go back through the offices."

With an utter absence of the jaunty confidence with which he had entered, Cycles opened the door to which Harding pointed.

"I'd thank you," he faltered, "only I know that obligations are mutual."

And he was gone.

It had not been difficult for Harding to keep himself from any undue exhibition of his perturbation during the interview, so surprisingly brief for one of such moment ; his very excitement, in raising him, as it were, to a higher level of emotion, had made all his words and actions accordant and consistent, and precluded that abruptness that is generally the first indication of unusual agitation. It happens but rarely that a man experiences so absolute a change of emotion in so short a time. But ten minutes before he had felt the outrage of unjust accusation—an accusation that, after having been almost mute for years, had at last, when patience was exhaust-

ed and power of endurance almost lost, found condensed and effective utterance at a time when of all others it was most calculated to do him serious harm ; ten minutes before he had felt the blind wrath of his utter powerlessness—that wrath that, springing from a sense of injustice done, makes the human being eager to shake the support of all things as the strong man did the pillars at Dagon's feast, and involve himself and everyone in one general destruction. It had all passed so rapidly that as yet he hardly realized what had really happened. Sitting at the desk on which he had written the check, he let his head fall upon his folded arms, unconscious of the darkness of closed eyelids and the prisoning grasp of his hands about his forehead, for suddenly life seemed newly illumed, and his spirit strangely free. Now, for the first time in fifteen years, he experienced something of the joy of unrestrained existence ; now seemed able to meet the curious and accusative glances, the expressive silences ; now he had a response for every unasked question ; and now he felt in anticipation the thrilling exultation of revenge. A man does not live for fifteen years at conscious variance with his kind without some hardening of the heart, some embitterment of the spirit, and Harding experienced now almost the joy of a conqueror overcoming a hostile race. He had been a successful man, but all that he had won had been difficult of acquirement ; and he felt a malevolent resentment against mankind who had made his life so difficult, such as the miner may feel against the obdurate soil, or a fisherman against the cruel and baffling sea. But now all was changed. As if at some incantation, in response to his desire for vengeance, this ugly distortion of humanity had appeared and given into his hands power as absolute as any invoked and willing demon could confer. Now he held the means of reinstating himself, of ruining another, and that other the one who had sought to injure him. He thought, as he almost lay upon the desk, that he could not act too quickly ; and yet he did not stir.

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There was a knock at the door connecting with the other offices.

He did not even raise his head.

The knock was repeated.

At his sudden command, the clerk who had before appeared again entered.

"There is a lady in the outer room who wishes to speak to you, sir," said the man. "She will not tell her business."

"Say I'm engaged," answered Harding, peremptorily.

The man hesitated. Something had evidently impressed either his judgment or his imagination, and he was visibly unwilling to depart with such message of dismissal. He stood mutely advocating the desired interview in the silently expressive way known to all employees. Unsettled, unnerved, unmanned as Harding was, even such influence possessed strange coercive power.

"Let her come in," he said, impatiently. "Bring her through the hall by the side-door."

The clerk disappeared, and almost on the instant Harding had forgotten the interruption. His thoughts were busy again with the great fact of his emancipation, and fancy was active fashioning his probable future. In quick visionary sequence he saw the scenes of the new life that was before him—a life of lessened repression and, in his freedom of action, of larger attainment. With this stigma removed, what might not be possible for him—with this election gained, what high offices might not be open to him!

After a knock of warning—a moment's pause—the door through which Cyples had made his exit opened, and a woman was ushered in by the clerk. Her veil was so thick that even in a stronger light it would have been impossible to distinguish her features, and her drapery was so voluminous as utterly to conceal her figure.

"I would like, Mr. Harding," she said, with her voice only raised to half its usual power, "to speak with you alone."

Harding's frame seemed suddenly to stiffen, as the body of an animal stiffens after the death-blow, and then as quickly relaxed.

"You may go," he said to the man.

Hardly had the door closed when he was on his feet.

"Ethel!" he cried.

"Yes," she answered, quietly and sadly, as she unwound the veil that in its density seemed almost a scarf. "Ethel Burdlyne, when we last spoke to each other alone, fifteen years ago—but not Ethel Burdlyne now."

Harding stood looking curiously at her.

"It is a long time," she went on. "Why have you not, in all that time, sought once to talk with me?"

"What had I to say? Long ago I said all that a man can say to a woman—I said I loved you. After that there is nothing more to say. I have never had anything to add, nothing to take away. I have lived silent and as best I might the life that was left to me."

"I know," she said. "It is strange; we have lived in the same place; at first we met in the same drawing-rooms, sometimes at the same dinner-tables, with only a formal word; latterly we have driven past each other in the street or park with a hardly more formal bow. We have been as much separated as if we were in different zones. Has it been necessary? Because——"

"Because you would not marry me—no; because you did me a great wrong—yes. Why do you speak of all this? Why——"

"Because I wish to remind you that it was not always so. There was a time when we could speak directly—with mutual confidence. We must do so again. We must speak as if we were still—friends."

"You ask me to remember; you should ask me to forget. When you have made my years what they have been, when—but I will not reproach you even now. I should have won you; it is not the woman's fault if she is not won. But fault or no fault, you see what my life has been."

"A life successful, powerful."

"I am rich, influential, feared even; but I am more without a home than one of the horses in my stables; as much without human sympathy as a machine in one of my factories."

"But you might have all. Many another since——"

"It may be admirable or it may not, but I cannot change. I have never been

envious of a nature that can vary. I lost you, but the injustice——”

“I know what you wish to say. Do not say it—do not accuse me; I acknowledge my guilt before the accusation. But if suffering——”

“Then you know you did me wrong,” he cried, with a quick break of exultation in his voice, “that I was no thief?”

They had spoken hurriedly—with short sentences overlapping and breaking in upon each other, like people speaking from dock and deck when a vessel is rapidly borne away from the shore.

“Yes,” she answered. “But you do not—you cannot know all.” She paused as one who fears that the distracting influence of her emotion may lead her from a pre-established course. “It is because of that hateful story—that miserable thing—that I am here. I would not have come for myself—I would not have come for yourself. It is only for another that I came.”

“For whom?”

“My husband.” She spoke as if uttering some cabalistic word, powerful to sustain and protect. “This morning I received a letter from an old woman to whom I had done some kindnesses—the wife of a man named Cyples, who was the book-keeper of your old firm—in which she said that her son, a man evidently utterly dissolute and worthless, had stolen from her a statement made by her husband, in which he accused my husband of being the man who stole the money. She said that she could only imagine that her son intended to use the paper to obtain money from you, and that because of the gratitude she felt toward me she wished to warn me. Has any such person brought you such a paper?”

“Yes.”

“Have you it now?”

“Yes.”

“You bought this stolen declaration—you paid this man money for it?”

“Yes.”

“You intend to make use of it?”

“Yes.”

“James,” she said, stepping toward him, “you must not do it.”

“Why?”

“Because I ask you.”

He laughed harshly, almost brutally.

“Do you know what you are saying—do you realize what you are asking me to give up? Have you seen *The Multiple* this morning?”

“What appeared in *The Multiple* was wholly without my husband’s knowledge or sanction. I know that he has always refused to make use of the scandal. He has resisted his temptation nobly; do you now resist yours.”

The strange parallelism of her present position with that in which she had been placed in the morning bewildered her. Again she was entreating a man to refrain from doing injury to another, and again the injury from which she besought a man to abstain was the same.

“His temptation!” said Harding, and the dense significance of the word seemed edged with a burning scorn, as the black disk before the eclipsed sun appears edged with darting flames. “His temptation!” he repeated. “What was his temptation? He is honored, praised; it would not add a particle to the esteem in which he is held if he succeeded in sinking me still lower than I am in public appreciation. In lowering me he would not raise himself. Where was his temptation? A temptation in which no active action was required—only mere abstinence. He had only to do nothing, to lose nothing. Did he not know that men must say, ‘See how magnanimous he is.’ Would he have acted as he has, if he had been obliged to act without the world’s knowledge of what was done, as I must if I do what you wish? What is offered to me if I yield? For years I have been a pariah—my name blackened by a shameful tale. I am offered liberation from more than physical bondage. I have but to speak, and I am not only free, but I am avenged. Do you think that, with my nature, all these years have not made me resentful—not made me rabidly revengeful? Can you believe that now, when, in the first realization of a hope almost unhopd, I stand ready to strike, I will withhold the blow because the woman who married him rather than me—although she be you—asks me to do so?”

“And yet,” she said, steadily, “you will do it.”

He laughed again, a rattling laugh as hard as the rattle of shaken dice.

"Will do it?" he repeated. "Either you are mad or I. Will do it, because he did not see fit to make use of a slander that lay ready at his hand? Will do it, because when he knew me innocent he did not choose to proclaim me guilty? We are all of us heroes, then, if we only knew it, because we do not bear false witness against our neighbors."

"But if he thought you guilty?"

"That is impossible. How could he think that I had done what he knew that he himself did?"

"James," she said, "trust me. I have not done so much for you that I can ask you to do it as a right, but I ask it humbly of your generosity. Do what I wish without further question; and, believe me, if you understood all, you would not repent it. As you once loved me——"

"There can be no light without shadow—no love without hate. I loved you once—I almost hate you now."

"James, James," she cried, coming nearer to him, "will you drive me to it? Will you cruelly force me——"

"Should you expect mercy from me? When I was innocent you doubted me, and married him who was really guilty."

"If I can urge nothing that will influence you," she almost moaned, "I must tell you. Robert Pruden never stole that money."

"How do you know?"

"Because I know that it was stolen by another."

"What other?" he asked, in what was almost a gasp.

"My father," she answered, looking him full in the face.

For a moment neither stirred nor spoke. The hum of voices continued in the room beyond, and from the distant street trembled up the noise of traffic. But they heard nothing. To both of them it seemed as if the everyday, habitual world were far away, as foreign as it might seem to the conscious dead.

"Now you know the truth," she continued, lowering her voice. "Now you know why I dared to come here. My suffering—your suffering—would not have brought me; suffering is perhaps

our lot. The danger that threatened another—my husband—a danger that could be averted by me, was all that made me come—it was my duty. Long ago, before my father died, I learned the truth from him; in his repentance for what he had done, he told me. On the night the money was taken he was concealed in the office, waiting for Cycles to finish his work and go. He saw Robert Pruden open the safe and remove some private papers. When he was finally alone he unlocked the safe and took the money. He had speculated and lost. He hoped to return the money, but the loss had been discovered, and when he was able to act, it was too late. With his reputation, he stood above suspicion; you, with your manner of life, laid yourself open to distrust and were condemned. He could do nothing except confess, and that he was never strong enough to do. I never doubted you even when I did not know the truth, or, if I did doubt, it did not influence my feelings. But you were proud, and from the first, when you knew that you were suspected, you carried yourself with a certain reserve. I perhaps should have sought to make you understand me; but then I did not understand myself. A girl's pride—for a moment's pique she will not utter the word that may assure a future. You held aloof, and in time I married Robert Pruden. Now you know all, and now you will not do what a moment ago you threatened to do."

Again there was silence.

"No," said Harding, and the word edged its way through his closed lips. "I will not be stopped. Do you think that after the injustice of years I will be deterred by the fact that I may be unjust? The position, for all purposes of freedom or revenge, is the same. I have but to publish this statement. He cannot disprove it; you will not speak, or if you do the world would not heed you. They would say that you were demented—a daughter who betrayed her father would be too unnatural—and even if you were believed, my end would be gained; I should be held innocent. I will do as I have been done by; the accusation that has been upon me for years will be transferred

to him; unjustly, perhaps, but why should I alone suffer?"

"No, no," she exclaimed, "you cannot do it."

"You spoke of temptations," he went on, disregarding her. "What is my temptation now? How much harder is it for me to resist doing this wrong than it was for him merely to do something that was only fairly right? If I do not do this, what is my future but a continuation of my past—a hell of doubt and scorn? When he withheld, as you say he did, from injuring me, what had he to apprehend? Nothing. He could live on as he always had lived, but I—the man with a story—I must always see the world glance at me askance."

"I know," she said, "that it is often harder to resist doing wrong than simply to do right—that repression often requires more courage than action. But you will do it—do it for yourself and for me."

She stepped forward, bending almost as if she would fall at his feet. He, with the first agony of his disappointment, the first fury of his anger past, and the period of doubt begun, stood as if unconscious of her presence.

"James," she said, and with self-mocking bitterness she thought how much her words were an echo of those she had spoken in the morning, "we have not made so very much out of our lives, you and I, but we have not acted wrongly after all. Do not let us spoil all now. There is something strengthening, self-sustaining in suffering. It will not be so hard. Believe me—I tell you so—I myself who have known—"

Still he gave no sign that he was aware that she had spoken to him; stolid in his absorption, he stood seemingly looking through and beyond her, while she, with clasped hands and pale, anxious face, stood waiting his further

action. What did he see? The dark stretches of later life, sombre at best, but more sombre for him than for another if he did not act. He must give up all, bid stand still the dark wrong that eclipsed his whole existence; blot out all that but a few moments before had brought joy and hope such as he had not known in years. With the weapon in his hand he must cast it away, because the blow was unworthy of an honest man; must condemn himself, as but few condemn themselves, for he knew the full measure of his condemnation; must consent to see another honored and himself despised; and worst, bitterest of all, must hear another praised for refraining from doing something that, though it palely resembled the act he was compelled in honor to perform, was as different from it as the shadow from the substance—something that, from the very weakness of its similarity, made the plaudits that it would win and which he could never hope to hear for his mightier renunciation the more unbearable. Such was the fate that awaited him, did he do but what he ought in honesty to do.

A slight sigh broke from him. If the silence had not been so perfect she could not have heard it, but as she did the light of an infinite happiness shone in her eyes.

Picking up the paper that had lain on the desk ever since he had received it, Harding handed it to her. Neither spoke. Dragging the fluttering thing from his grasp, she seized the trembling hand that had held it out to her and pressed it against her side, above her heart, with all her force—pressing it down until he felt the indentation made by a fold of her heavily embroidered dress.

He heard the door close, and, looking up, he found himself alone.





THE POINT OF VIEW.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER declares that the American type has not yet appeared; but no one, probably, would consider it imprudent to wager a large sum that when it does, one of its most salient traits will be humor. Humor, indeed, is a salient trait of the type which, according to Mr. Lowell's "Commemoration Ode," we have already developed; and it is perhaps the one characteristic of the ideal therein celebrated which has of late years grown rather than atrophied. Our public men at least, that is to say, perhaps more frequently recall "the first American" in being "reminded of little stories" than in any other way. Except by having demonstrated the very noteworthy ability to make a great deal of money, there is at present surely nothing by which a man so readily wins the admiration and envy of his fellows as by being successfully "funny." Society is honeycombed with mirth. With many of the men, and nearly all the unmarried women, who compose it, being amusing is a constant preoccupation. The coincidence of the final disappearance in New York of negro-minstrelsy with the culmination of the art of after-dinner speaking is extremely suggestive. Of old, this kind of humor sat in burnt-cork majesty on the heights of a platform, but it has now stepped down through town and field, and everyone has got so accustomed to its delights that its occasional absence is as painful as it is rare.

Being funny, in fact, seems the one disinterested and æsthetic activity in which Americans have attained a pre-eminence that is uncontested. And our pre-eminence

here has been brought about in the only way in which national pre-eminence in any department of fine art can be attained, that is to say, by the entire nation's giving its mind to it to the exclusion of everything that might distract or disturb. This is, of course, the secret of the national success in the plastic arts of Greece and Italy; in comedy, of France; in music, of Germany. In accordance with the well-known provision of "spendthrift nature," whereby one seedling presupposes a myriad seeds, the entire community must be penetrated with a common inspiration in order to produce here and there truly pre-eminent painters, sculptors, architects, or post-prandial "endmen." And if we are to succeed in other æsthetic directions we must all react as quickly and sympathetically in the presence of their inspiration as we do now in the presence of pure fun. At present certainly this is not the case. We move rather slowly when it is a question of statue pedestals and memorial arches, but where a learned and pious assemblage is met together to ordain a spiritual pastor, or to discharge a function similar to that which made Nice and Trent and Westminster famous, the appreciation of a "little story"—an extremely funny little story, of course—is as prompt as instinct, and the story itself as persuasive as logic.

There is, however, as Thackeray observed "life and death going on in everything;" and constant concentration of one's faculties on pure fun involves a certain detachment from what is permanent and important. Unhappily there is, for this reason, ground for fearing that what is best, what is classic, one may say, in our pure fun will not last.

Other people do not now, and posterity may not hereafter, savor it as we do at present. The fun of Rabelais, and Swift, and Voltaire is not pure fun, from which it differs by an alloy both of wit and of significance. The essence of intoxication of all kinds is incoherence and irresponsibility, and those of us who enjoy most such pure fun as that, for example, created by the idea of a Connecticut Yankee going out "Holy-grailing," cannot fail to recognize that what really produces our undoubted pleasure is the effect of levity on a slight predisposition to hysteria. It must be clear, on reflection, that this sort of pleasure cannot be depended on to be perennial. As an ideal it is hardly sane enough to endure, hardly admirable enough to impose itself on a future whose nerves may be expected to be less excitable. There are already signs that the Pompeian is about to succeed to the Attic epoch of pure fun. No one is any longer seeking, for all have got, the seed, and are raising the flowers in unexampled rankness. The perfume, however, is perhaps already departed; and as for color, there are symptoms, one must admit, that we are on the point—as Arnold predicted of his countrymen—of going "into the drab." Unless we take heed we may find ourselves—to enforce the moral with a "little story"—in the position of the young man who was delighting his companions and himself with facial contortions, when he suddenly perceived that he had dislocated his jaw, whereupon, his countenance remaining fixed, its expression underwent a change.

THERE is need of a new social canon to save a man alike from his friends and from himself; something, for instance, akin to the familiar club-house rule prohibiting the introduction of a good fellow "who doesn't belong," oftener than once in just so often, within the precincts: something that shall stand between the good fellow who works creatively (in colors or in clay, in rhyme or in reason) and those decorous precincts where the weary goddess, miscalled of Pleasure, marshals her votaries with a rod of iron. He doesn't belong among them. And though an occasional leap across the silken barrier can do him only good, the act of vaulting it again and again must soon react fatally upon his success in

art and upon his peace of mind. As the case stands now, the innocent suffer with the guilty, and no man but a boor or an ancho-rite escapes the fearful burden. Many a poor wretch marries in the hope of securing freedom, only to find that as a householder his doors fly open at a touch, and that he has changed the scene but not the corps of zealous supernumeraries. Moreover, in the part of host, he now assumes an added weight of responsibility. He is no longer permitted to enter at one door and make a quick exit by another; he must take the stage and hold it until the last light goes out. The caged lion is on view to the end of the show. The next morning he prepares to face another audience, and grapples with the bars in vain.

Does anyone doubt that this is all wrong? that the place for a painter is in his studio, for a poet in his library? "The secret studies of an author," said Longfellow, putting for once poetic thought in prose, "are the sunken piers upon which is to rest the bridge of his fame, spanning the dark waters of Oblivion." A fierce current, that, to build a bridge in! and he who would resist it must toil early and late, keeping his brain unmixed with baser matter. "And recreation?" demands the scoffer; "and the all-important study of his fellowmen?" True, he should take time for both, but at his own pleasure—not the world's. Even then, the chances are many that he will divert himself too much rather than too little, since he is human and therefore prone to idleness. As for observation of character, his note-book will avail him little at a dress-parade. The heated air of ceremony is blasting to a wholesome talent; it can but exhaust itself in the effort to be formal.

Yet no sooner does a fine, young talent chip the shell, than Conventionality pounces upon it to clap its yoke upon the fledgling's shoulders. The victim yields, of course; to evade the flattering tribute to his own worthiness would be injudicious and uncivil. He eats his way through his state dinner, smiles through his state reception. Well, the mischief is over, and on the whole he has enjoyed it. He won't count that one. No, nor the next to which that leads; nor the next, nor the one after. Presto! the mischief is performed. He

finds himself perplexed by a thousand engagements which he knows not how to refuse. With the utmost possible reluctance he is doing just what he ought not to do. In a twinkling he has been transformed from a man of toil, for whom life is far too short, into a man of the world who finds it intolerably long.

But all this, it may be said, implies a weakness in the victim. Were he truly great and strong he would resist, and be master of his time. As if, since time was, great men had not waited in tragic chorus over the same subjection. Not to mention the living, read in Motley's letters of his experiences at London, Vienna, and St. Petersburg. At times he fled to lesser states, where work was possible; at other times he accepted the situation, and discussed the weather with the Czar. Then he groaned in spirit, and complained that he was growing old.

Look to it well, Conventionality! Search thy dusty *Æsop* for the fable of the "Goose with the Golden Eggs," and call immediately a solemn congress for the adjustment of this awful difficulty! lest we all become toilers of the sea, as one of us has done already, and in pursuit of free air, free thought, and free worship of our high ideals maroon ourselves upon a desert island.

MR. GRANT ALLEN avers, in an English magazine, that we are not giving our young women the right sort of education; and this not because our educational machinery cannot do what is expected of it, but because the thing that is expected is the wrong thing. He declares that the aim and result of female education in America and England is to make sprightly and intelligent spinsters, whereas what ought to be its aim is, not to make spinsters at all, but to educate young women with a view to their becoming wives and mothers. Mr. Allen declares that while it is essential to the best interests of the state that ninety-something women out of every hundred should get married and have not less than four children apiece, and while an overwhelming majority of the women do get married, the whole hundred women are educated with a view to the best interests of a half-dozen or less of them, who become old maids. Mr. Allen's blood boils at this,

and he says flatly that the women who don't marry, though charming possibly as individuals, are socially and politically of no account in comparison with those who do. *Mothers* are what the country needs, he says, and he calls for them with the energy of a founding asylum; while he avers that literary women, school-mistresses, hospital nurses, and lecturers on cookery are the natural product of our system of education as it is. He does not deny that these are useful products, but he does deny that the system that produces them fits our needs.

Mr. Allen is so much in the habit of knowing what he is writing about that it is not safe to enter any general denial of the truth of what he says about the schools, but he seems to blame, for the condition that he condemns, those exceptional and comparatively unimportant spinsters who are supposed to benefit by it. A wiser theory appears to be that in this case, as in most others, if there is anything wrong about women and their concerns it is the fault of the men. So prevalent among women is the amiable wish to please the lords of creation, that it may reasonably be doubted whether they ever do anything amiss the motive for which cannot be traced to this desire. Though Eve ate the forbidden fruit, it is nowhere denied that Adam had twitted her about the comparative unimportance of her attainments, and had bred in her a restless appetite for miscellaneous learning which made her the serpent's easy prey. Is it not so with our female education? If there is anything wrong with it, are not the men to blame? Our girls cannot be mothers and have the four children apiece that Mr. Allen calls for until they have first become wives, and, in order that they may become wives, it is important that they shall be educated on such a system as will produce results such as men most admire. If it is true, as Mr. Allen says, that the present system produces literary women, school-mistresses, and lecturers on cookery, it will probably be found, on investigation, that it is precisely those species of educated female that the unmarried male most affects. No doubt female education is all wrong, if Mr. Allen says it is, but if he is to set it right, let him consider whether the best way to go about it is not to try and teach a wiser

discrimination to his males. To find, as the result of an educational experiment, that he has a lot of young women on his hands whom his men are not disposed to marry would be an awful fate; the more so because his girls, being all educated to be mothers, might lack the special training necessary to their spinsterial success. To find that he had a lot of boys in stock who were trained to abhor spectacles, to sniff at school-ma'ams, and run away from literary ladies would be by no means so serious a case; for, even though his young males should fail to find wives, they would not necessarily be incapable of self-support.

THE growth in New York of the spirit of society is just now a phenomenon worth a glance from the social philosopher—meaning by the spirit of society not, of course, the genius of the *beau monde*, but rather that instinct whose manifestations distinguish a great capital from a great centre of population merely, and are to be observed less in drawing-rooms than out-of-doors. We are over-near the picture to get a realizing perception of it, perhaps; but any New Yorker's memory, exercised a little, will provide the requisite sense of contrast between to-day and a dozen years ago. How long ago was it that the Broadway pedestrian current, with its "set" down-town in the morning, and up-town at night, was nearly the only constant and conspicuous social phenomenon to be observed in our streets? Its ebb and flow, too, were regulated by business hours, and what was not utilitarian about it was wholly incidental—unless we except sundry eddyings which varied the steadiness of its reflux, and of which the social spirit was, besides, the excuse rather than the cause. Now the *flâneur* seems at last to have made his appearance. He is in enough force to resent to some purpose the hitherto overbearing and over-running pedestrian with a destination. The crowd is beginning to stroll, instead of hurrying and rushing as heretofore. People look at each other, and are even conscious of being looked at. They speculate as to the character and occupation, the position in life, the means, the functions of their ambulant neighbors. Cabs have sprung

up. Hansoms have really become an established institution. In a word, the out-of-doors spectacle is far more interesting than it used to be, and in natural consequence the promenading procession of spectators is becoming so too. It includes more and more actors also, as well as spectators—to carry out the figure. New York, when the season is once fairly started, is at last taking on definite resemblance to that aspect of "all the world" in virtue of which it is "a stage."

The mundane as well as the more largely social aspect of the city is changing also. The stream of carriages which every afternoon makes crossing the Fifth Avenue a problem for pedestrians, and, in the season, winds around the drive in the Central Park, and the cavalcade that follows the bridle-paths are inferior in splendor only to the similar processions in Hyde Park and the Allée des Acacias. The clubs are more frequented than ever, and there are more of them. No self-respecting society man limits his expenditure and attendance to a single one, as in the days of special rather than social enjoyment. Every division into which men may be separated has now its club. Even college fraternities have these excuses for the assembling and association of their several New York alumni. The resemblance, both in social and architectural importance, to Pall Mall and St. James's Street, is still rather faint, perhaps, but we are assuredly demonstrating, in far greater measure than ever heretofore, our inheritance of the English tradition in this respect.

Finally, the æsthetic side of society shows signs of evolutionary travail, which is always a mark of social expansion. People who never did so before are beginning to display a feeling for all those manifestations of disinterested human activity into which the element of art enters, to have opinions in regard to them, to discuss them, to think of them as really related to the general social structure. We are, in a word, finding time to amuse ourselves, and caring about the quality of the amusement. And of course nothing poses a community, from a social point of view, like the capacity to be frivolous seriously.





DRAWN BY J. R. WEGELIN.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

"NOW CHAPLETS BIND."

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HORACE, BOOK I., ODE IV.

TO SESTIUS.

[*Solvitur acris hiems.*]

(*Archdeacon Wrangham's Translation, 1821.*)

By spring and zephyr's gladsome sway
Unloosed, stern winter hastes away.
Again the vessel tempts the sea ;
The herds again bound o'er the lea ;
His ingle-nook the hind forsakes ;
And frosts no longer bleach the brakes.
Beneath the moon, o'er grassy meads
The sprightly dance soft Venus leads ;
And link'd, the nymphs' and graces' train
With foot alternate beat the plain ;
While Mulciber, with kindling fires,
The Cyclops' toilsome forge inspires.

Now round the brow be myrtle twined
In verdant braid ; now chaplets bind
Of flowers, from earth's freed bosom thrown :
The sacrifice now lead to Faun,
Lambkin or kid, whiche'er he claim,
In grove deep-hallow'd with his name.

Pale Death knocks with impartial foot
At prince's hall and peasant's hut :
Warn'd, Sestius, by life's brief amount,
Forbear on distant bliss to count :
Soon, soon to realms of night away
Hurried, where fabled spectres play,
Thou shalt 'neath Pluto's shadowy dome,
Thyself a shadow, thither come ;
No more shall dice allot to thee
The banquet's jovial sovereignty ;
Nor Chloe more shalt thou admire,
The virgins' pride, the youths' desire.



Colonnade of the Temple of the Sun, Palmyra.

TADMOR IN THE WILDERNESS.

By Frederick Jones Bliss.

I.

EASTER in Palmyra: it certainly had a fascinating sound. In the first place, though spending the winter in Syria, not one of us was quite sure just where Palmyra might be. "Tadmor in the wilderness" was a description at once vague and splendid. It fired our imagination. It did not suggest Cook's Circular Tours, and it did suggest Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, general vastness and desolation, and a probable descent of Arabs on "coal-black chargers," demanding our money, our watches, perhaps our ears. They might even strip us and leave us

to find a way out of the wilderness as best we could. We decided to go.

So Palm-Sunday found us in Damascus, at the house of a veteran missionary, whose story of the cheap and simple way in which he had made the journey to Palmyra had first put the idea into our heads. On Monday we presented the appearance of veterinary surgeons, for the horses which we inspected looked as if they must have been brought to us for treatment rather than as mounts for a one-hundred-and-fifty-mile ride and return. They were lean, they were angular, they were not shaped exactly according to one's idea of a horse, but they

could walk off at a grand swinging gait which augured well for the trip. We chose three horses for ourselves, one for our man-of-all-work Yusif, and a hack animal for our moderate baggage. We felt that in taking three cots and two small boxes filled with canned goods, tea, coffee, and sugar, with a spirit-lamp, and a very few utensils, we were doing our proper share, and that the country was bound to furnish us with everything else. We had chosen Yusif for his versatility. He could cook an omelette, and, if necessary, shoot a Bedouin; he could talk theology, and flatter a village sheik out of his house if we needed it for the night; he understood grooming a horse, and was familiar with the history of Zenobia. And, best of all, he spoke no English, and as we spoke Arabic we were always masters of him and of the situation.

On Wednesday, at one o'clock, our small cavalcade filed through the narrow Damascus streets toward Bab Tûma, or the Gate of Thomas. The owner of the horses, who had agreed to go along as groom, had started an hour before, riding the baggage-horse. He was a wicked-looking old Metuali, with high shoulders, and with a white beard flaming out from his face in the style of the traditional Turk in the story-books. We called him the Count. He looked as if he might have had a share in the Christian massacres of 1860, and we hoped that when in an amiable mood he might be persuaded to divulge a few atrocities. But we were doomed to disappointment. Our horses' hoofs clattered on the large stones of the rough pavement. The small doors in the high walls of the passage-like streets give no promise of the splendid courts of the houses to which they lead. Damascus interiors are spacious, often containing thirty rooms or more, on the four sides of an open court, paved with marble, and bright with fountains, orange-trees, and roses.

Once out of the city we began to wind among the fruit-gardens, still pink and white with blossoms, while the tender green of the spring foliage was already appearing. For miles about Damascus we can wander in a forest of apricots, plums, and apples, mingling with pomegranates, walnuts, and olive-trees. The plain owes its fertility to irrigation. A mile or two away the River Barada rushes out of a mountain gorge and is at once divided into channels and aqueducts and carried this way and that, through the city, into the gardens, away to the wheat-fields, and on to distant parts of the plain. It is a most fascinating stream. You have but to see it as it hurries down the deep gorge, full of life and exuberance, and you recognize it wherever it appears. It fairly



Sheik Mohammed Abdallah of Tadmor.

pervades the city. It breaks out into fountains in the houses and mosques. You hear it laughing and singing behind the walls as you pass along the narrow streets. You see an opening in the wall, and there it is bubbling up from a central hole in a polished brown slab, and dividing itself off to

right and left to run down two other holes and gladden houses in different directions. And it is not simply water: it is always the Barada, with its power and sparkle. In one place this irrepressible stream seemed to need lock and key to keep it in its place, for it was gurgling behind a clay projection in the wall, with a cover stoutly padlocked.

After leaving the gardens we ascended to the northeast, and by five o'clock we had reached the top of a ridge over which our road crossed. We turned for a last view of the plain. Directly below us the rocks formed a deep precipice, and then the land rose and fell in a rolling, treeless country to far lower ridges a couple of miles away. Beyond this stretched the great plain to the pale-blue hills of the Druse Mountains in the distant Hauran. It was like a sketch in water-colors. Everything was so light and bright and clear. The soil of the rolling land below us showed tints of pink, yellow, and maize, varied with the darker square patches of the brown ploughed fields and of the green of the springing wheat. The plain was a carpet of many shades of green, from the light tender foliage of poplar and mulberry to the rich dark coloring of the olive-groves. Over all arched the soft, intense blue of the Syrian sky. Like a rocky island in the sea of verdure lay the city of Damascus, stretching out a long cape here and a rounded promontory there. It was an extensive bird's-eye view, and our gradually descending foreground saved us from the map-like effect which usually spoils such a picture.

Crossing the ridge we soon caught sight of Maarra, a low mud village on a higher plain, where we hoped to put up for the night. A solitary horseman stopped at the village fountain just ahead of us. It was the Count, who received us with a salutation full of *Metuali blarney*.

Supper-time found us seated on the floor around a well-spread tray, set on one of our small boxes. We had taken possession of the one living-room of a mud house belonging to a man whose name we had picked up in Damascus. It was primitive, but it was clean. A

post or two supported the thatched ceiling. The windowless room had no furniture on the mud floor except a couple of rugs and cushions. Beds were piled high on a shelf in the mud wall, in which also little holes were scooped out to contain jars and other utensils. A mud receptacle for wheat was built into one corner. A mud chimney, narrowing at the top and generously large at the bottom, was built down into another corner of the room. A fire of twigs threw a rich red light out into the dusk of the clay room. Before the crackling fire crouched Yusif, coaxing the kettle for our tea. Warming herself in the same corner sat a blind girl, in dark blue gown and veil, the spoiled daughter of the house, with her deaf brother Nikola, who resembled a rabbit both in face and movements. *Im-Nikola*—a Syrian woman prefers the name of *Im*, or *Mother*, of her oldest son to any other title—bustled about the place, dismally coughing, as her share in the afflictions of the family. This cough was an affliction to us later on, for, as *Im-Nikola* apparently did not mind sharing her one-roomed house with the travelling public, she spread out her bed next to Nikola's on the mud floor and kept up a painful coughing the whole night through.

II.

ALL Thursday morning we were riding under the shadow of a mountain-range—gravelly hills rounded to a steep, bare incline, terminating in a rocky palisade which reared itself to an apparent height of seventy feet, now in smooth pillars and pilasters, now in fantastic shapes like teeth with monstrous fangs; for miles ahead and behind, the red and yellow rock-work of this fortification reared itself against the deep blue sky above. We came across this same formation in various ridges all the way to Palmyra.

The Count's *blarney* was explained: he had wished to prepare us for his abdication, which occurred in the morning. So the pack-horse got a lighter load in the person of a village lad of fourteen, with a square, flat-nosed, good-natured



Arch of Triumph at Palmyra.

face, which was rather black to start with, but which became a very nice brick-color after we began lending him the soap. He received our announcement that he was to be called Joe with the phlegmatic good-humor which was his one characteristic. I believe he had no

the projections of the rock, hung the village of Malula. The soil was dazzling white; the houses, only a little less blinding to the eyes. Hanging from almost every window and over every wall were dozens of lehafs or bed-quilts, evidently put out to dry—dabs of white

and color that gave the place a holiday appearance. From the bottom of the village a series of grassy terraces descended into the plain. As we looked down, the effect of contrast between the white sides of the terraces and the vivid greenness of their surface was almost garish.

Malula is one of the three or four villages in Syria where the ancient Syriac is still spoken as the local dialect. The people have their Arabic, of course, for communication with other villages. A merry girl, with blotches of whitewash on her handsome face, was filling her jar at the stream which trickled through the village, and she seemed immensely amused at our questions about the place. She told us that everybody was preparing for Easter. After translating several Arabic words into



Water after a Desert March.

idea where we were going, but he sat astride of the broad load the very model of a lazy content.

At about noon there were signs of a break in the massive palisade. It rounded inward and then outward again, and in the back of the hollow thus formed there were two gashes or ravines leading up to the high land above. Rocks, still smooth in surface, lay in confused heaps at the foot of the palisade, which here must have been two or three hundred feet high. Rising from this amphitheatre quite up into the rocks and crags, its houses growing out of each other, as it were, clinging tier above tier to the steep sides of the hollow, and accommodating themselves to

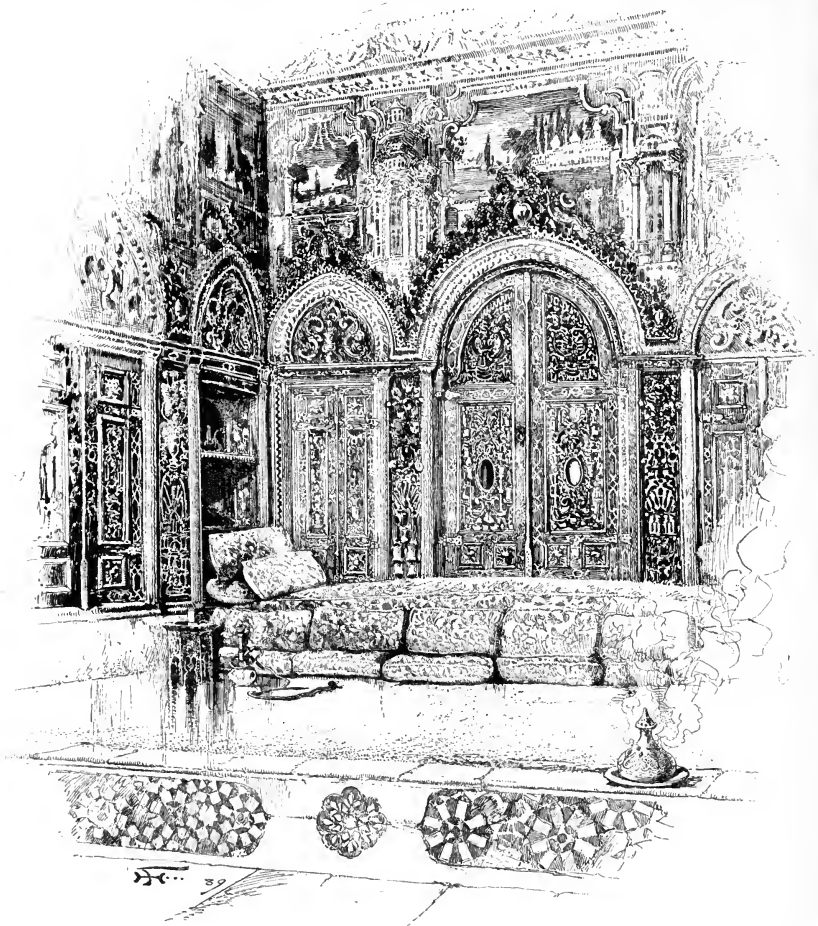
Syriac, she laughed and said: "Why don't you stop a while and learn our language?" We told her that we must "hurry on." Hurrying, however, became impossible as we began to ascend the narrow, craggy streets, or paths, zigzagging up this honey-comb of a town, with the houses climbing the precipitous road on either side, and sometimes forming a bridge over our heads. We dismounted. Joe's horse, which was ahead, stumbled, fell, and began to roll, boxes and all. As we were directly in the path of the equine avalanche, it looked for an instant as if we might never leave Malula, except possibly on a litter. A ledge, however, providentially cropped up and stopped the rolling horse just above us.



A Group of Travellers in the Syrian Desert.

Yusif was sent on to explore the gorge, which disappeared through huge walls of bare, smooth rock, richly colored.

high leather boots, and flying head-gear suggested a sort of orientalized "Freischütz." Bronzed face, flashing eyes,



An Arab Interior, Damascus.

On the left of the entrance towered one side of the amphitheatre, pierced here and there with square holes leading to rock tombs. Suddenly Yusif made a dramatic reappearance from between the yawning rocks. His baggy trousers,

and fierce black mustache so completed the idea that I waited involuntarily for him to strike an attitude and begin a bass solo, but he only advanced and said, respectfully :

"I think we can get the horses up."

The attempt was very like leading our horses upstairs; but somehow or other we found ourselves at last on high level ground, quite ready for a pleasant meal in a cool convent perched on the edge of the cliff.

A hearty welcome awaited us at Nebk, where we arrived at sunset. A young Syrian doctor sent us in a fine dinner, and came himself in the evening with his *aoud*, a sort of viol, strung with gut and metal and played with a quill. It sounds like the combination of guitar and banjo. He played us some dashing Turkish and Arabic airs, which hummed in our ears for days. The next day's ride to Kuryatan was long and uninteresting, and Saturday morning at nine o'clock found us mounted again, and ready for twenty-four hours in the Syrian Desert.

III.

THE name is misleading, if one associates the word desert with sand and barrenness all the year round. The vast place is certainly deserted, but we found many signs of verdure and no sand. As we left the gardens of Kuryatan—a town securely walled against a descent of the Bedouins—we noticed, a few miles away toward the south, a low steep mountain-range which seemed inclined to our course at an angle of less than thirty degrees. Farther away on the north, and of less regular formation, another range converged toward a distant eastern point, where it seemed to meet the southern range. Beyond the distant meeting of the hills lay Palmyra. For this point we steered. The word is sugges-

tive. The great plain between the hills was not unlike the sea. It had the sea's monotony, which is not monotonous. No track, no road, except here and there the semblance of a beaten way, like the path in the wake of a steamer. We rode on and on, hour after hour, and never tired of the beautiful sameness. The elements of the view were simple, but it



A Four-story Mausoleum Filled with Sarcophaguses.

was beautiful. The nearer hills to the right had shoulders and hollows at almost regular intervals, and a sky-line of an almost regular curve. That day their coloring was a warm blue, with deep shadows in the hollows morning and evening. The more distant Jebel el Abiad, to the left, had foot-hills, with an apparent vegetation. Far away over our left shoulder we could see the Cedar

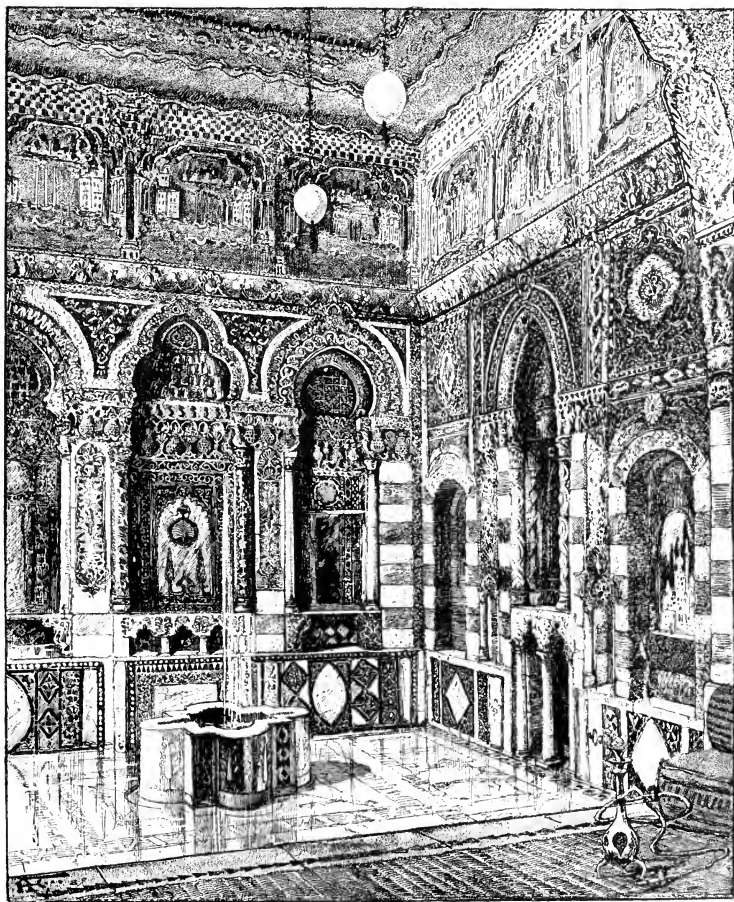
Mountain of the Lebanon, streaked with snow. It seemed one last link with the busy world. The plain over which our horses gayly stepped was of firm brown soil. Under our feet the short grass always seemed sparse, and the low sage-shrubs rather dingy; but as we looked over the plain, stretching away in every direction, it had a distinctly green tint, blending with the brown and contrasting with the blue-gray of the sage-shrubs which were scattered over it regularly like dots on a muslin. We saw occasionally a red poppy and a purple iris; but owing, perhaps, to a lack of rain we failed to find the carpet of flowers over which our missionary friend had once ridden here.

Not a tree was to be seen, nor a rock. Sometimes the land lay absolutely level and smooth, with hardly a stone larger than a bean. Again it would be more rolling, and furrowed by the bed of a winter water-course. The soft blue sky was cloudless; the air, cool, bracing, and perfectly pure. What was there to exhaust it? We and our horses seemed to be the only living creatures larger than a gazelle in the great solitude. The phlegmatic Joe was roused to a show of enthusiasm by the sight of a herd of these graceful creatures skimming the plain. High in the air the larks soared and sang. The ground, perforated with holes, gave signs of an abundant population of springing mice. A rapidly disappearing tail, however, was about the only other sign we had of their existence. The holes were also utilized by lizards. I remember one specimen who planted his forefeet on the edge of a hole and held up his square head with a stupid curiosity in his beady eyes, and who executed an admirable descent on my approach, diving in and then under so that one's last view was of the underparts of his body and tail. The only object during the day to distinguish one part of the plain from another was a stork-haunted old tower about seven hours from Kuryatan. We loitered here for a quarter of an hour to wait for the baggage contingent. This had been enlarged by two furry, white-nosed little donkeys, with pretty faces and kittenish ways. One of them carried a couple of water-skins and some

barley, while on the other rode the most remarkable object we saw on our journey, including Palmyra itself.

He was over seventy, and we called him the Sect. This was because he was introduced to us as the only Protestant in Kuryatan besides the teacher. We liked the importance of having as escort the whole Protestant Sect of the town. He was short, he was the color of a rich mahogany, his nose was a perfect triangle, he had a long slit of a mouth which parted when he smiled (a yard of smile), revealing a beautiful set of white teeth. A mixed beard of white and black grew straight down from cheeks and chin. His expression was like that of a great bird, an idea carried out by the chirps and squawks which he doubtless intended for articulated speech. He wore a coat, short in the sleeves and waist, made of sheepskin lined with blue cloth, or of blue cloth lined with sheepskin, we never could tell which, as he wore it first one way and then the other. A blue veil with black ropes on the head, a long white shirt open to the waist, and a pair of full white trousers completed his costume. Up to this time he was nothing to us but a queer-looking old guide. We found later that it took moonlight to bring him out.

At sunset we encamped. And what a sunset! There was still the same simplicity of the desert, for all the glory in sky and mountain was not aided by a single cloud. The west was brilliant with pure gold, while the hills to the southeast glowed with a burnished blending of red and blue like the bloom on a plum. Every crag and valley stood out distinct, while the outline of the range was sharply pencilled against the deep purple of the sky, which changed imperceptibly to a blushing crimson and then paled upward to a clear star-pierced blue. Above our heads there was no longer a rounded dome; it seemed to dissolve into an infinite number of colored particles, each radiating a light of purplish-blue. Long, thin lines of shadow were cast by the tiny sage-bushes as the western light slanted over the plain. The great wide plain, so silent all day, seemed hushed to a more solemn stillness.



Salon in an Arab House, Damascus.

Syrian twilights are short, and we bustled about to get our little camp in order before darkness should fall. Cots were put up, the spirit-lamp set going, and soon we were ready for bed, after a hearty meal from our box. It was indeed a curious experience, this trying to sleep under the blazing stars, out alone in the Syrian Desert. The air was cold, but perfectly dry. The sound of the horses, as they contentedly munched

their barley about our beds was pleasant to the ears. One did not sleep much. The stars were too beautiful for one thing. They seemed to hang down out of the sky like rounded lamps. Then one would be falling into a delicious doze when suddenly his bed would be jerked up into the air by the horse that was tied to it! Yusif would call out "Deh!" to the refractory beast, that would wake us all up for another look



Court of an Arab House, Damascus.

at the stars, and then we would doze off again. Only one thought troubled us. We had come without the usual guard of soldiers, and we longed to realize the risk. Our imaginations, however, miserably failed us, even when we tried to stimulate them by recalling the Bedouin raids which had occurred on this very plain. It was very mortifying. The sense of security would not be shaken off.

The late yellow moon rose soon after ten. We broke up camp, and started off in the exhilaration of the cold night-air. The moonlight seemed to affect the Sect as the warmth of summer does the sleeping brown bear. All day long this aged man had ridden along in a torpid state; but soon after midnight, when the moon was mounting in the sky, without the slightest warning he leaped from his tiny donkey, emitted a series of sharp, bird-like cries and ran after both donkeys, brandishing a huge white club. The little creatures scampered off in opposite directions, but, with an agility that was simply ubiquitous, he chased them together and then turned upon us. He danced about our horses, club in hand, he picked up stones and pretended to throw them, he squeaked out noises like "sook, sook, sook," and "ur-r-r-r," and in a few minutes our cavalcade was dash-

ing off at a rattling pace, with this grotesque imp skurrying in our rear and acting as tonic to the whole party. If a horse gave any sign of falling behind, the Sect would instantly dart after it, and the terrified beast would plunge on again, while the rider would be almost unseated by laughter. To this the Sect instantly responded with a series of extraordinary winks from the dozen folds of brown skin about his sunken left eye and with the sudden gleam of his horizontal smile. This went on for a couple of miles. All at once he collapsed. He mounted his donkey in his original method of standing behind it, falling lengthways on its back, and then crawling up. He fell to the rear of the party. He relapsed into his torpid condition. He was no longer a dancing, screeching fiend, but our aged guide of seventy years, the Sect.

The night passed quickly. We dreaded the rising of the Easter sun and the sleepiness its warmth would bring; but for two hours after it peered over the hill a sweet, cool breeze tempered its rays. The dawning light revealed to us a shocking sight in the large gaunt eyes and the unnatural lines which appeared in each other's faces. The meeting-point of the hills seemed near, and

two or three towers were soon visible. These, however, seemed to recede as we rode on hour after hour. The heat increased and the soil grew white and blinding. A moody silence fell on the party. The last hour was a desperate fight with sleep. But just twenty-four hours after we had left Kuryatan (twenty of which had been passed in the saddle) we were actually crossing over the low pass, and there, in another plain below us, lay Palmyra. With feeble interest we noticed the broken lines of distant columns, the oasis of green, and the desert stretching beyond.

was slaked. Our one idea was sleep, and soon in the welcome shelter of the house belonging to the village sheik we were sunk in a profound and dreamless slumber.

IV.

LEAVING US to our much-needed sleep, the reader may like to recall the principal events in Palmyra's history. In one way this history is like a novel, for the interest culminates in the last pages of the third volume. After Zenobia, Palmyra was almost nothing politically, but



Faubourg du Meidan, Damascus.

Our horses hastened toward a stream which gleamed in the sun like a broad ribbon of light blue satin. Their need was water, and soon their long thirst

under her it aimed at, and achieved, supreme power in the East.

This Arab queen contrasts strangely with the Egyptian Cleopatra, who may



General View of Palmyra.

be called her rival for the position of the most interesting woman in history. Both were rarely beautiful, but Zenobia's beauty was of the handsome rather than of the lovely type. Her flashing eyes, her commanding manners, subdued men's wills rather than their hearts. She had the virtue of a Roman matron. Her versatility was admirable. She joined a military skill with a clear understanding of economic questions. She was a clever linguist, and something of a student.

When Zenobia was born, Palmyra was a great commercial city of the Roman Empire. From the earliest times, when a tribe of nomads settled in the spot, doubtless attracted by the phenomenon of a copious spring in a desert land, the genius of the place was commercial. Gradually it became the centre of many caravan-routes between the Mediterranean, the Persian Gulf, Petra, and central Arabia. Its isolated position always secured for it a sort of independence; but as early as Germanicus it acknowledged Roman control in general. Hadrian celebrated his visit to the city by calling it Adrianopolis. Later on it received the *jus italicum*, and became a Roman colony. When the Persian Sapor captured the Emperor Valerian in the year 258 A.D., we hear of a certain Palmyrene, called Odenatus, sending propitiatory gifts to the Eastern conqueror. Odenatus then enjoyed the honorable Roman title of Consular—a title which may have just been conferred in person by Valerian. However, Sapor refused the gifts, and Odenatus, who always had an eye to the main chance, promptly joined his forces with those of the weak Emperor Gallienus, who seemed a promising sort of suzerain, and the united armies were soon victorious over Sapor. Odenatus was named Supreme Commander in the East, and though he was looked upon at Rome as a subject of the Empire, yet within his own wide realm he was practically sovereign. Our interest in him, of course, is merely for his wife's sake. Aurelian gives Zenobia the credit of her husband's successes. At any rate, the assassination of Odenatus made no difference in the power which radiated from Tadmor in the wilderness, except that this increased until

it was felt through Syria, Egypt, Mesopotamia, and in Asia Minor as far as Ancyra. After a few years of actual royalty Zenobia decided to assume the name of it as well. Coins were struck in her own name and that of her son, with no reference to the Empire. Rome could not let this challenge go unnoticed. Aurelian's army met hers at Antioch and Emesa. Rome was victorious. The imperial army crossed the desert and laid siege to Palmyra itself. After a brave defence the town was taken, and Zenobia, who had escaped as far as the Euphrates—a distance of five days—was captured and brought back. It is sad to think of the proud, noble queen as an ornament to the triumph which greeted the Emperor at Rome. She was, however, well treated and allowed to end her days in a Roman villa, as a Roman matron. These events took place in 272. The next year an insurrection in the town was punished by its destruction. After this the place was never glorious, though it appears as a Roman city. Later on it fell into the hands of the Saracens, and its history is obscure. Indeed, its very site was forgotten, and when, in 1678, some Aleppo merchants came across it, they hailed it almost as a new discovery.

V.

PROMPTLY at two in the afternoon our host, Sheik Mohammed Abdallah, knocked at the darkened room, and a refreshing lunch was brought in, of cool sour milk, eggs fried in Arab butter, with the native bread, coffee, etc. The sheik had lunched long before, and he watched us in dignified silence, varied by an occasional brief remark, while we sat cross-legged around the low table, eight inches high, which had been carried in and placed before us, all set. He was a handsome man of forty years—tall, straight, with clear brown eyes, good features, a well-shaped mustache and well-trimmed black beard. His first appearance had strongly prejudiced us in his favor. In fact, he had played the part of a deliverer. Deathly tired, overpoweringly sleepy, and without a will of our own, a few hours before we

had entered the "Guest House" in the village and desperately submitted to the salaams of what seemed to be a score of polite Arabs. In a dream we had seen them flitting about, spreading rugs, arranging cushions, preparing pipes, evidently expecting that the Franks would settle down for a good long chat. We knew that their elaborate Arab compliments must be matched by an ingenious answer of sweet nothings on our part. The dream became a nightmare. I was beginning drearily to construct a pretty speech, when suddenly there was a stir in the room. Our score of hosts arose. Mechanically we rose also. Into our midst, with stately tread, and calm, gracious bearing came a man dressed in silken garments, and with a long black cloak hanging from his shoulders. On his head there was a silk scarf of a maroon color, bound with black ropes of camel's hair. Authority surrounded him like an atmosphere. *Incessit rex.* He greeted us in Arabic and French, and then, with a sweeping glance about the room, he said :

"They are as thick as flies here ; come with me."

Immediately the low, crowded room melted from our sleepy vision, and we found ourselves thankfully, trustfully following the sheik out of the village to his house a few rods away, where, as I have said, we were left to a delicious rest.

This house was given up to us during our short stay. About a year ago a rich French lady visited Palmyra, and determined to return its hospitality. Accordingly, Sheik Mohammed Abdallah had a trip to Europe, with visits to Paris, Nice, Monte Carlo, as well as to madame's famous château. He picked up a primitive but most effective French, though he never got hold of the letter *p*. I will try to reproduce for the reader his terse account of the sensation that his Oriental splendor made at the Grand Opera.

"Barti—moi—à l'Obéra. Dont le monde parla : Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça ? Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça ?" His simplicity was delightful. He found nothing to eat in Paris. The Koran forbids wine, and the water made him ill. He was received by President Grévy,

and the great bedstead in the corner of his Palmyra hut was a gift of M. Wilson. A Parisian varnish was visible not only in his speech but in his house. Paris and Palmyra do not mix well. The roof consisted of unhewn beams with a ceiling of twigs, in which birds were planning to build their nests. The walls were covered with rough plaster. The only window was blocked up with large stones. Handsome rugs were stretched over a part of the room. The only bit of furniture besides some boxes and Paris trunks was M. Wilson's bed, which was piled high with rugs and blankets. On a shelf were nargilehs with porcelain bowls. There was a good display of firearms, among them a Remington repeater. Against the walls were hung robes of silk from Damascus. The sheik showed us all his treasures with the frank enjoyment of a child. His brief descriptions usually ended in one way, with, "Madame B——." This lady's notions of hospitality were indeed admirable. Taking down a lady's wrap that was hanging on the rough mud wall, he handed it to me and asked :

"What would be the price of that in Paris?"

I turned it over, and, catching sight of the maker's name, read the magic word "Worth." I think that we may now say that the nineteenth century has done its best—or its worst.

Our Easter Sunday began after lunch, when we strolled through the narrow lanes between the high mud walls that protect the fruit-gardens from Bedouin raids, to a cool place by the brook, where we enjoyed the quiet for an hour. On returning to the house we found that a kid had been killed and prepared in our honor. This was brought in at dinner-time, after a nourishing soup, with a huge pyramid of rice. Iron spoons were conceded to our Western habits, but the Arab way is to dip in anywhere and scoop out a handful. Then came cooked dates, and various dishes of curds. Tea was served in Persian china, with gold spoons. A younger brother of the sheik stood in a depression of the room, near the door, with a glass clasped in both hands, which he presented whenever anyone wished to drink. He was expected to be silent, as we found when

we tried to talk with him. Sheik Mohammed was master in his own house. His brothers did not sit in his presence, except on invitation. A certain etiquette, however, did not prevent affectionate relations between the members of this really charming family. The next evening the youngest sheik, a silent boy of eighteen, with something very winning in his simple manners, was to be betrothed. He was a favorite with his eldest brother, who had given him a fine garment of silk. The young fellow was as nervous as a girl. Old Sheik Faris was dining with us that evening, in sign of the healing of a family feud, and etiquette seemed to demand that the ceremony wait for him. The young lover, though polite, was very *distrain*, but the old sheik was having a fine time with the Americans, and had no thought of leaving. A wonderful old man he was—a veritable personage. As he sat before us on the floor, his beautiful dark eyes flashing from under his cavernous brows, with his thick white beard flowing down over a shaggy breast, with his splendidly set head and well-shaped hands, which he used in eloquent gesture to accompany a voice both deep and rich, I felt like a youth at the feet of a patriarch, not as a civilized Frank in the presence of an ignorant, barefooted, camel-driving Arab. His personality was still more potent when he announced that he would cure me of a headache. Fixing his blazing eyes upon mine, he smoothed and puckered my forehead with his right hand, muttering some incantation in a low, rumbling voice, which he suddenly raised to a trumpet-like monotone as he intoned the words, "In the name of God, the Merciful, the Gracious One."

Then his face relaxed from its intense look, he removed his hand, and in a pleasant, natural tone he said :

"Now you will be better."

I am sorry to say that his touch did not help my head, neither did the paternal kiss which he gave me on parting, though this was gratifying as a mark of extreme favor. We learned the next day that there had been some hitch in the betrothal, and the young sheik's spirits were very low in consequence. If I did not like him so much, I should

say that he was decidedly sulky. But then, did not Achilles fall to crying when he lost his bride? I think that the Palmyrene lover behaved, on the whole, rather better than the Greek.

VI.

A soft gray coverlet of cloud was spread over the sky on Monday when we started out for the day's work of examining the ruins. First came a delightful bath. The Sacred Fountain of Ephka flows quietly out of a cave that penetrates far into the side of a hill. A bath-house has been built over the mouth of the grotto. It was a new sensation, this swimming along a river fifteen feet wide, in a cool dark tunnel, straight toward the centre of the mountain. The water is warm, and strongly impregnated with sulphur, which renders it soft and oily, sweetish to the taste, and delicious to the skin. Outside the cave the stream slides noiselessly over an irregular pavement of flat white stone, fringed with a gray-green growth like sea-weed. The water is a clear opal in color, and on its surface are dark, oily circles floating down in rims of gold. The stream has a strange effect, as of molten, moving glass. Farther along on the hill-side we found the towers which had mocked us the day before. The Palmyrene tombs are unique. Imagine a tower of four or five stories, each story consisting of a square chamber, lined with deep shelves for bodies. In one corner there mounts a staircase. Some of the chambers are elaborately carved in stone, with pilasters, cornices, and diamond penetrations in the ceiling, in which portraits—now sadly defaced by the Arabs—were sculptured. The art is not fine, and represents a debased classic period. Mummies may still be found in these tombs. We came across a lot of wrappings, bones, skin, teeth, and fingers. The exterior of the towers is usually plain. Half-way up one sees a tablet with a long inscription in Greek and Palmyrene. A good view of Palmyra is obtained here. Bare white hills protect it on the north and west, with a hill of grayish-blue more to the south. High on an

eastern peak is a massive Turkish fort, quite deserted. One looks east to the great enclosure of the Temple of the Sun, which shows a gate-way, lofty walls, and a few pillars here and there. Directly to the east of the Temple is the bright green patch of the gardens, the only sign of fertility in the landscape, for beyond this stretches the flat of the desert, with streaks of yellow and of white, and with a band of dull blue toward the horizon, like the sea under a leaden sky. Stretching for the best part of a mile along the plain between the great Temple and the western hills is the Street of Columns, with scores of smaller ruins, temples, markets, houses, to right and left. The effect is very light, for the stone used was the pale yellow limestone of the surrounding hills.

The court-yard of the Temple of the Sun occupied a platform two hundred and sixty-five yards square, approached by a broad flight of steps, since destroyed, and enclosed with a high wall, still standing, divided off by pilasters. We entered by the Saracenic gate-way, which replaces the old portal, expecting to get a good sight of the fifty remaining columns of the colonnade, double on three sides and single toward the east, which followed the inner line of the wall. But the court is no longer open. Huddled within the enclosure and filling its whole space, like sheep in an Eastern fold, are the scores of mud huts which form the modern village of Tadmor. We made our way through long lanes of wretched hovels, with naked children playing about and half a dozen dignified old men sitting in flowing robes at the corners, to the Temple itself, which stands at about the centre of the court. This building, which had a single peristyle of fluted columns, preserved only on the south side, was about sixty-five yards long and thirty-four yards wide. A richly ornamented door-way leads into the interior, part of which is roofed in as a mosque. The portal of the Cella is considered one of the finest bits of work in Palmyra. The ceiling of the doorway bears a sculptured eagle, with outstretched wings on a starred ground. A broken flight of steps in the northern apse brings you to a charming view

from the walls. I like to remember one glimpse through the framework of the Temple gate, over the roofs of the squalid village, between the yellow-white columns of the outer court, with the bright oasis just outside and the gray, flat desert beyond. I confess that my preference is for these general views, and that I was sorry to descend to the instructive but arduous duty of examining the row of columns without the Temple walls.

There is enough here, however, to set the imagination at work when one remembers that the imposing system of streets, consisting of one long avenue, having its double and perhaps fourfold set of columns, with branching side-streets and small plazas at their intersection with the main way, was once alive with merchants, shoppers, and caravans of camels, and brilliantly lined with gay bazaars. I confess that the visitor will be at first confused by the irregularity of the ruins strewn over the sandy plain. He will find that a sense of order will grow upon him if he walks along the whole extent of the street from the Eastern Portal, with its Triumphal Arch, flanked by two lower archways, to the six monolithic columns of the ruined tomb which terminates the long colonnade. He will observe that this is not quite in a straight line, as a slight divergence to the right occurs at one of the open places where the crossway is marked by four larger columns. He will notice on almost every column, about two-thirds of the way up, a corbel or shelf, on which statues were erected to prominent citizens. Scattered about everywhere are fragments, variously ornamented with the lotos and egg-and-dart pattern.

The ruins of Baalbec are not so extensive, but they are, on the whole, more imposing, and their detail, while no richer, represents a purer art. Baalbec, however, can mean no more than a splendid achievement of architecture. It has almost no history. Upon the sympathetic visitor Palmyra acts like a charm. The prostrate columns rise. The plazas hum with the noise of barter. The spot in the desert is still a terror to Rome. The whole Eastern world is still ruled by the beautiful Zenobia.

VII.

ON our return journey to Damascus we had all the pleasure of seeing familiar landscapes under different effects of cloud and sky. Again we felt the solemnity of a night in the Syrian Desert. We had the same good fortune in weather. Thunder-storms raged a mile away, but only cooled the air for us, and passed on, leaving us untouched. Our last night, like our first, was spent at Maarra. The blind girl sat by the fire and Im-Nikola still coughed. The village turned out to meet Joe, who received the ovation with a nonchalance befitting an experienced traveller, but I know he was gratified. To watch him

roving about the village with a transient air was distinctly edifying. The sense of leisure which we had the next day was new and pleasant. We had been riding eight and nine hours a day, and the four hours to Damascus seemed a trifle. When we crossed the ridge and saw the broad plain, it was under the canopy of a thunderous cloud with vivid spots of sunlight on the green beyond. Our last lunch was taken in the gardens outside the city walls. The Barada water rippled a welcome as we sat under a generous walnut-tree. Soon after, when we found ourselves entering Bab Tûma, the sight of the Oriental Mohammedan city of Damascus really thrilled us with a sense of home.

THE RIGHTS OF THE CITIZEN.

I.—AS A HOUSEHOLDER.

By Frederick W. Whitridge.



THE series of papers upon the rights of citizens, of which this is the first, happened lately to be mentioned before a person of ripe and sound judgment, who has seen much of the world, but who is not a native of this Monte Cristo of nations; and this person, illuminated by the knowledge of many cities and men, thereupon exclaimed: "Rights of citizens! You Americans haven't got any rights; or if you have, you are all so afraid of each other you dare not assert them." The distinction which underlies this somewhat feminine observation between the rights to which a citizen is legally entitled and those which he actually enjoys would be interesting to follow, but the attempt to do so would lead to the consideration of innumerable questions, such as: why citizens do not make themselves felt at the primaries; why the negro vote is not counted; why political corporals in large cities are so often scalawags; why taxes do

not fall equally upon the just and the unjust—and others, the discussion of which would be here misplaced, and which, moreover, are threadbare. The distinction ultimately rests, however, upon the principle that every right carries with it a corresponding duty, and in attempting to consider any class of a citizen's rights, this distinction is to be kept continually in mind.

The more civilized we become the more the rights we enjoy depend upon the performance by our neighbors of their duties to us. In the complicated life of great cities, especially, most of a citizen's rights are enjoyed through the fulfilment by other citizens of their duties to him. If everybody spontaneously discharged these duties the millennium would be at hand. If anybody might enforce them as he had the power we should be under the reign of brute force. As neither of these conditions is true, we depend upon governments as the instruments by which rights are defined and protected, inordinate desires restrained, the performance of duties compelled, and the citizen thus

really enabled to enjoy the rights to which he is legally entitled. This is indeed the idea of civil society. It was admirably stated in 1643, by Governor Endicott, upon the occasion of the first symptom of a revolt against the Puritan authority, in words with which, if we only could, it would have been a good thing to have branded every man who has come through Castle Garden since 1848. John Winthrop reports him as saying: "Concerning liberty, I observe a great mistake in the country about that. There is a twofold liberty, natural (I mean as our nature is now corrupt), and civil or federal. The first is common to man with beasts and other creatures. By this, man, as he stands in relation to man simply, hath liberty to do what he lists; it is a liberty to evil as well as to good. . . This is that great enemy of truth and peace; that wild beast, which all the ordinances of God are bent against to restrain and subdue it. The other kind of liberty I call civil or federal. . . This liberty is the proper end and object of authority, and cannot subsist without it; and it is a liberty to that which is good, just, and honest. This liberty you are to stand for, with the hazard, not only of your goods, but of your lives, if need be."

When men began to be householders each probably did in his own dwelling what, in his corrupt nature, he listed; and it is in a man's own house that the largest amount of natural liberty still exists. In the endeavor to protect that liberty houses grew into castles. "A man's house is his castle" is a maxim which early expressed how strong and free a man was in his own house. Castles and their inhabitants were, perhaps, always able to take care of themselves; but at the dawn of the English law a man was protected by it in his own dwelling. Magna Charta declared that no free man should be taken or imprisoned, or ousted from his property, or in any way destroyed, save by the judgment of his equals and the law of the land. His house is a man's castle, in many ways, still. True, he can no longer put his enemies, if he catches them, into his cellars, and pluck out their teeth and hairs one by one, yet there remains in

the modern householder a residuum of the rights of a castellan. A man's house is his own; nobody else can occupy it or enter it, unless he enters in the name of the law, without his permission. If one man burglariously breaks into the house of another to-day the owner may lawfully, if necessary, kill him. If the householder finds an intruder in his house he may eject him. And in his own house a man may do many things which he cannot do outside of it. He is the descendant of the Teutonic house-father, and he must still be obeyed in the house by his wife, children, and servants. If they disobey, he may turn out the servants and punish the children. Within three hundred years he might also have punished his wife with a rod not bigger than the judge's thumb. If, however, the wife disobey her husband in these times there is nothing which the Teutonic house-father would have been likely to do under those circumstances which can be safely accepted as a precedent by the modern husband.

The citizen may, in his own house, wear what clothes he likes, use what language he likes, and, generally speaking, may do in his own house what he pleases to do; save only the things which conflict with what some other householder happens to please at the same time, or the things of which the consequences would be injurious to the whole body of citizens. In Boston, for instance, he may, in his own house, swear freely, which he cannot do outside without committing a misdemeanor; in Washington he may take the name of the Trinity in vain, while if he does it in the streets he renders himself liable to be fined two hogsheads of tobacco; and in Maine and Kansas, if he can get wine and beer into his house, he may drink it without let or hindrance, and without a physician's certificate.

In cities, the crowding of people has necessitated laws to govern what they may do and what they may not. These laws treat of many matters which in the country would be regarded as flagrant breaches of the liberty of the citizen. In the country a man may build his house exactly as he pleases; but in New York, for instance—and the same is more or less true of other cities—there

are a great number of laws for the prevention of fire; among them are twenty pages devoted to the "construction of buildings," which restrict that liberty. A Bureau of Inspection of Buildings is created in the Fire Department, and before the erection, construction, alteration, or repair of any building or part of a building can be begun, in New York, the modern householder must file with this Bureau a detailed written statement of the specification, and a complete copy of the plans of the building he proposes to undertake, and must, moreover, swear to it, or get his agent to do so for him. After these plans have been approved by the Bureau, the citizen may begin to build his house. He may not, however, south of One Hundred and Fortieth Street, build of any material except stone, brick, or iron, and the law contains the most minute regulations as to the manner of building. It defines how excavations are to be dug, and foundation walls, party walls, and partition walls to be built; it describes the quality of brick and mortar which can be put into buildings, and prescribes the use of anchors, girders, beams, and columns. The construction of arches over openings, of lintels, openings for doors and windows, hoistways, chimneys, stairways, flues, hot-air flues and registers, and the manner of introducing steam, water, and gas pipes, furnaces, and smoke-pipes, are all elaborately limited and specified.

Many of these regulations are intended for public or quasi-public buildings, such as schools, theatres, and churches, rather than for dwellings. But enough of them apply to private houses to have filled citizens of the time of Poor Richard or Sir Roger de Coverley, could they be restored to become householders in modern New York, with wonder and, at first blush, with indignation. Our liberty, they would say, is gone. Submerged, indeed, it partially is, in the rights of others. Such feelings, moreover, are not peculiar to the citizens of another century. Citizens from Montana, and even Ohio, where the individual does not yet wither before the world, have been known to express a similar feeling when they first come to New York to become householders; though

they vent it differently from the way in which Sir Roger would have expressed himself.

The law provides that in dwellings, as in every other sort of buildings, each floor must be of sufficient strength to bear seventy-five pounds on each square foot of its surface. Every exterior cornice or gutter must be of fireproof material. The roof of every building, as well as the top and sides of dormer windows, must be covered with slate, tin, zinc, copper, iron, or such other equally fireproof material as the Fire Department may approve. Every building must have a scuttle leading to the roof, which in tenement-houses must never be locked, though it may be bolted on the inside; and all buildings must be provided with metallic leaders for conducting water from the roof to the sewer or street gutter, in such way that the water cannot flow over the sidewalk. Besides conforming to all these laws, and filing his plans with the inspector of buildings, the householder must also file in the Health Department, suitable drawings and descriptions of the plumbing and drainage which he wants to have; and not until those have been approved in writing by the Board of Health, can he proceed with that part of his house. Should he attempt to evade this provision of the law, he would be guilty of a misdemeanor.

All these restrictions upon the citizen as a householder, which prevent him from doing what, in his corrupt or ignorant nature, he might list, are for the purpose of preserving the health, property, or security of other citizens; and the right of each citizen to compel others to comply with these restrictions, as well as to perform the duties they impose, constitutes a large portion of the rights to which he is entitled. Accordingly, we find in the statutes another class of provisions, for the purpose of protecting not merely the individual householder, but, if it may be so expressed, the circumjacent householders, against the careless, ignorant, or reckless acts or omissions of the individual, and which give to public officers the right to enter any building on the complaint of a citizen, or of their own motion, in the interest of the public

health or safety. We also find certain further provisions which limit the owner's use of his own house, with the same end in view. These statutes relate first to the Fire Department proper, second, to the Bureau of Buildings, and third, to the Health Department.

First, in case of fire, it is lawful for the mayor, or in his absence the recorder, with the consent of any two aldermen—or for any three aldermen—to direct either the building which is on fire, or any other building, to be pulled down and destroyed; and the Fire Department is provided with a corps of sappers and miners for the discharge of this public duty. The fire marshal, or any of his officers or agents thereto authorized by him, may also enter any building in the city, for the purpose of examining the stoves, pipes, ranges, furnaces, and heating apparatus of every kind, including chimneys or other things which in his opinion may be dangerous, in causing or promoting fires, or to the firemen or occupants in case of fire; and upon his report the Board of Fire Commissioners may direct the owner to alter or remedy the same within such time as may be in their judgment necessary; and if the owner does not do it they may cause it to be done at his expense. So, if the officers of the bureau of buildings in the Fire Department consider any building or parts of a building, staging, or other structure, to be unsafe, they may compel the owner, or any other person having an interest in the same, upon written notice containing a description of the premises or structure deemed unsafe or dangerous, to make it secure or have it removed; and if he does not begin one of those operations by twelve o'clock, noon, of the day following the service of such notice upon him, it may be begun by the Bureau of Buildings at the latter's expense. The householder in New York City must not keep gunpowder or any other explosive in his house, and if by any chance he should desire to keep more than five barrels of petroleum, kerosene, or any compounds or products containing those or kindred substances in the house, he is prohibited from keeping them above his first floor.

These provisions are apparently am-

ple and explicit enough to give the Fire Department power to remove anything likely to foster a conflagration. They apply, however, only to "structures," and consequently not to the collections of empty wooden drygoods boxes, which one or two people in New York have apparently been seized with a mania for making. These persons gather boxes in vast quantities, and pile them in vacant lots, as high as the second stories of the surrounding houses. There are two such collections of kindling wood not far from my own house, which have remained apparently undisturbed, save by gradual additions, for years. As the land is valuable, it is fair to assume that there is some design in thus devoting it to the storage of empty boxes; but all that can be positively affirmed about it is, that these heaps of inflammable material afford a refuge for myriads of vagrant cats, that they constitute a standing menace to the surrounding dwellings in case of fire, and that, as they are not "structures," neither the Fire Department nor anyone else has power to cause their removal.

In the third place, some of the most important rights which the householder enjoys, either directly or through the medium of public officers, over against the others, are secured to him by the Board of Health. That body is authorized, in the language of the law, "Whenever any building, erection, excavation, premises, business, pursuit, matter or thing, or the sewerage, drainage, or ventilation thereof, in said city, shall, in the opinion of the Board (whether as a whole or in any particular), be in a condition or in effect dangerous to life or health," it may, on the record of what it shall consider sufficient proof, thereupon declare the same a nuisance, and order "it to be removed, abated, suspended, altered, or otherwise improved or purified." Before such an order is acted upon, any person affected by it has three days within which to apply for its modification or rescission. The powers of the Board of Health are, by law, to be construed to include the enforcement of the repairs of buildings, houses, or other structures, the regulation of the public markets, the removal of any obstruction or thing from the

public streets or sidewalks, which shall in their opinion be liable to lead to results dangerous to life or health; the prevention of accidents by which life or health may be endangered, and, generally, the abating of all nuisances.

In order to make these powers effective the further power is conferred upon the members of the Board, the sanitary superintendent, the sanitary inspectors, or such other persons as the Board may authorize, to enter, without fee or hindrance, and examine and survey all grounds, erections, vehicles, structures, apartments, buildings, and places in the city, as well as all sewers, cellars, and excavations of every kind, and inspect their safety and sanitary condition.

The law declares it to be the duty of every householder, and of everyone who is in any way interested in a dwelling—and for this, and most other legal purposes, a single apartment or room in which a man lives is his dwelling—to put and preserve that dwelling, and especially the sewerage, drainage, and ventilation thereof, in such condition that it shall not be dangerous or prejudicial to life or health; and anything which is putrid or otherwise dangerous to health, the Board may have destroyed or removed; certain kinds of business, such as bone boiling, the skinning of dead animals, is prohibited altogether.

The most formidable powers of the Board of Health, however, are those relating to quarantine. Something in the nature of quarantine has been known ever since the Jews isolated their lepers, and compelled them to cry out, "unclean" on the approach of a fellow-creature. During the mediæval plagues quarantines were instituted at the Italian seaports, and to avoid that disease an isolation was sometimes voluntarily undertaken, in monasteries and palaces, rigid enough to be effective. But not until our own generation has the power existed to compel every householder, if need be, to live in seclusion as complete as that Boccaccio tells us his gay, though discreet, young people undertook in self-defence in that famous villa beyond the walls of Florence. The power which King Pamfilo or Queen Fiammetta there exercised was much less than that vested

in the New York Board of Health by statute to-day. It is made the duty of that body:

"To cause any avenue, street, alley, or other passage whatever, to be fenced up or otherwise inclosed, if they shall think the public safety requires it, and to adopt suitable measures for preventing all persons from going to any part of the city so inclosed.

"To forbid and prevent all communication with the house or family infected with any contagious, infectious, or pestilential disease, except by means of physicians, nurses, or messengers to carry the necessary advice, medicines, and provisions to the afflicted.

"To adopt such means for preventing all communication between any part of the city infected with a disease of a pestilential, infectious, or contagious character, and all other parts of the city, as shall be prompt and effectual."

The Board of Health may also, "in their discretion, prohibit or regulate the internal intercourse by land or water between the city of New York and such infected place; and may direct that all persons who shall come into the city, contrary to their prohibitions or regulations, shall be apprehended and conveyed to the vessel or place whence they last came; or if sick, that they be conveyed to such place as the Board of Health shall direct."

While these are the largest powers of the Board of Health, they are fortunately rarely exercised. The "abating of all nuisances" is the function it is most frequently called upon to discharge, as well as that the exercise of which oftenest makes a householder feel that he is being interfered with. A nuisance is any act or omission which annoys, injures, or endangers the comfort, repose, health, or safety of any considerable number of persons. It would not be easy to enumerate here what these acts are, but it is sufficient to illustrate the power of the Board of Health to say, that if my neighbor keeps a parrot, or dogs, or plays his cornet-à-piston in his yard, or if I suspect that microbes are escaping from his sewer-pipes into mine, I may complain to the Board, and it may thereupon send a man who, without fee or hindrance, may enter my neigh-

bor's house to examine the justice of my complaint, and if he thinks it well founded, the Board may order and compel my neighbor to give up his pets and his playing, or to have his pipes repaired.

The rights of the householder, thus far considered, are, first, those absolute rights protected by the criminal laws of civilized society; secondly, those rights originating in the exigencies of a crowded population, the enjoyment of which largely depends upon the performance, by his neighboring householders, of their statutory duties. Both these classes of rights are, on the whole, well secured. If they are infringed, the delinquent is an individual, and he can always be got at. The third and most prominent, if not the most important, class of rights of the householder are those of which the enjoyment depends upon the performance by the whole public, that is, the government, of the statutory duties imposed upon it. The difference between the position of the householder in reference to this third class, and his position in reference to the other two classes is very great. If the citizen fails to enjoy the rights to which he is entitled in consequence of the omission of the municipal government to discharge its duties, the delinquent is usually not, as in the other two cases, a tangible individual; he is at best an official, and it requires a greater expenditure of time, energy, and patience to cope with an official in New York than most private citizens can afford. If we had a considerable number of citizens like the late Henry Bergh the task would long since have been made easy, New York would now probably be as well governed a city as any in the world, and the householder would enjoy all the rights he is entitled to receive from his municipality.

These are, in brief, the right to have those things done for him by the city which, in his castle, a man did for himself; but which the crowding of people together in cities makes it expedient or necessary to have done by the representatives of all, instead of by each one for himself, and it is for their performance that he pays taxes. In his natural state or in his castle, for instance, a

man protected himself and his property. It would be a little chaotic if each man undertook to do that in New York, so the government provides a police force for that and some other purposes. So it would be inconvenient for every householder to attempt to construct his own sewers, have his own aqueducts, own his own parks, pave and clean the streets in front of his own land, or do the thousand things which the necessities of communal living impose upon the municipality. All these things we pay for having done for us, and the statutes relating to New York provide, at length and in detail, for the manner in which the money is to be raised and expended, and for the definition of the duties of those entrusted with the spending of it. This is done through the medium of the mayor's office and of the following city departments: 1. The Department of Public Works, containing nine bureaus for the following purposes: (a) for laying water-pipes, constructing and repairing hydrants, the head of which is called "the water purveyor;" (b) for collecting the revenue from the sale of water, the head of which is the "water register;" (c) for having the care of all structures and property connected with the supply and distribution of water, the head of which is "the chief engineer of the Croton Aqueduct;" (d) for grading, flagging, curbing, and guttering streets, the head of which is called the "superintendent of street improvements;" (e) the bureau of "the superintendent of lamps and gas;" (f) the bureau "of the superintendent of streets;" (g) a bureau which shall have cognizance of all supplies and repairs in all public building places and works; (h) a bureau for the removal of incumbrances in the streets and public places outside the parks, the head of which bureau is called "superintendent of incumbrances," to whom all complaints shall be made, and by whom all such incumbrances shall be removed; (i) a portion of the duties of the water purveyor have also been transferred to a new bureau for the construction and repair of sewers. 2. The Finance Department. 3. The Law Department. 4. The Police Department. 5. The Department of Public Charities and Correction.

6. The Fire Department. 7. The Health Department. 8. The Department of Public Parks. 9. The Department of Taxes and Assessments. 10. The Department of Docks. 11. The Department of Street Cleaning.

The purpose and functions of these departments and bureaus will be sufficiently understood from their titles; any further definition of their several duties and powers is here unnecessary. On paper they show an almost perfect scheme for the administration of a great city. If every public officer did as it appears from the statute he was going to do the householders and all the other citizens of New York would enjoy all the rights which the most enthusiastic immigrant ever dreamed would be his when he had once entered the portals of the New World.

It would exceed the limits of this article to catalogue or specify all the rights to which we are entitled, but do not enjoy, in consequence of the failure of these departments to discharge the duties on which those rights depend. Yet I do not wish to imply that all these departments are badly administered. They are not. The duties of the Fire Department are efficiently, bravely, and often heroically, performed. The Police Department, if not the "finest" in the world, is still admirable. It is cursed with the error of believing that it has something to do with politics, and its members would be vastly improved, and their excellence in no way diminished, if they had better manners; yet the fame of the New York police has spread wide, and justly. I once heard Professor von Treitschke, lecturing in the University of Berlin, say that never in the world had such good order been preserved among such a population by so small and efficient a police force as that in New York.

On the other hand, some of the other departments are continually being investigated, charged with politics and corruption, and we all know that some of their duties are scarcely performed at all. Suppose the superintendent of incumbrances, "by whom such incumbrances shall be removed" from the streets, should walk down Broadway one day and really remove even half the in-

cumbrances which impede its sidewalks, the pedestrian would no longer feel that it was the broad way which leadeth to destruction, and the superintendent would have merely done half his duty. Take also the Department of Street Cleaning; it, in the language of the statute, "shall have exclusive charge of the cleaning of the streets, and the removal of ashes and garbage in the city. The commissioner of street cleaning shall have power and authority, and is hereby charged with the duty, of causing the streets of said city, which shall include all the public avenues, streets, lanes, alleys, places, wharves, piers, and heads of slips therein, except such as are within any park under the control and management of the Department of Public Parks, to be thoroughly cleaned and kept clean at all times, and of removing from said city, or otherwise disposing of, as often as the public health and use of the streets may require, all street sweepings, ashes, and garbage, and of removing new fallen snow from leading thoroughfares and such other streets and avenues as may be found practicable."

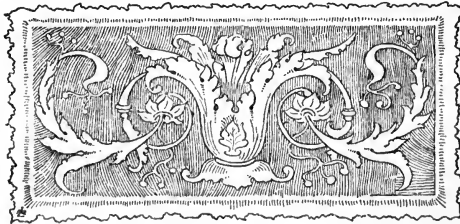
The administration of this law has for years been farcical; most householders in New York know that to be the fact through the evidence of their own senses, and a personal experience may interest citizens of other places. A few winters since, a cat came to its death at my door, and its body remained in the gutter for ten days. At the end of the second day I asked the policeman in my street if he had reported the presence of that cat's body. He had, but nothing came of it. On the third day I wrote the captain of the police precinct, asking that the body be removed. He did not answer. On the fourth day, I wrote the commissioner of street cleaning, asking that the dead cat be removed. He did not answer. On the fifth day, I wrote the Bureau of Street Incumbrances, asking if they would please remove that cat. I got no answer. Then I wrote the commissioner of public works, asking if he would please see that the cat's body was taken away. This time I got an answer, saying it was not the commissioner's business. Then I wrote the Board of

Health, and was told that it had no power in the matter. Finally I stated all these facts to the then mayor. Thereupon somebody was in some way moved to act, the dead cat disappeared, and I was thereafter officially informed that my complaint was groundless and that a cat's body, of which I had complained, was not to be found.

The result of such administration of the laws obviously is that the householder does not get all that the payment of taxes entitles him to receive, and if he desires to live as he is entitled to do, he and his neighbors make a private contract with one man, to clean the street in front of his door and remove his garbage, with another to water it, with another to watch it at night, and sometimes with another to put down a decently quiet pavement.

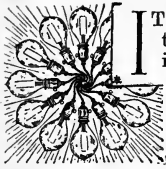
Yet the householder in New York should not be discouraged; he has, as we have seen, many rights, and there are a good many more which he can have when he can afford to devote the time to getting them. And for all the deficiencies of his city, he may still plead that the city is still young; that it is still being built, and is not yet completed. Mommson once said to an American who was defending his country from some charge of the historian, "You Americans are always pleading your infancy as the excuse for your failings." But that plea, in law and in other directions, in most cases still a good one. Our cities are only beginning to be great cities, and within measurable time New York will be the greatest. No considerable place in

the world is so favored by nature and circumstance as it is. The noble rivers which daily perform their task of ablu-tion round its shores; its temperate climate; its brilliant skies; its varied and interesting elements of population; the natural, apparently inevitable, concentration of the accumulated wealth of the country within its limits, promise that it will become a magnificent city, fit to be the metropolis of the Union. Its merchants and traders are building houses as splendid, and filling them with treasures as great and varied as the other merchants and traders, who long ago became princes, built and gathered in their generations in Florence, Venice, the Hanse towns, and the Netherlands. In New York, life, property, and all the fundamental rights of the holders of these splendid houses, as well as of the lodgers in tenements, are as well secured to them as they have ever been secured to any householders in any other place. It is only the enjoyment of those rights which may be termed, and which not very long ago were everywhere considered, the refinements of civilization of which the householders of New York are deprived; and when we either no longer can, or are ashamed to, plead our infancy, we shall doubtless have our streets smoothly paved, brightly lighted, cleanly swept, and unincumbered; no more investigating committees will have to come down from Albany to investigate our city departments; our taxes will be honestly collected, economically and wisely spent, and the charter of Tammany Hall will be in a museum.



THE ELECTRIC RAILWAY OF TO-DAY.

By Joseph Wetzler, M.E.



IT has been remarked truthfully that the civilization of a country may be gauged by its methods and means of communication, and the transition from the stage-coach

of old to the lightning express of to-day marks as great an advance in the methods of passenger transportation, probably, as does that of the telegram over the post message. But while these improvements in methods of highway transportation have been going on steadily for over fifty years, with the brilliant results well known to all, there is one class of traffic which, even up to within a short time, has remained perfectly stationary since its inception; and that is, the street-car or tramway traffic. Beginning with the horse as the motive power, over fifty years have passed without an essential change in the method of propulsion, and it has remained for that subtle and vigorous agent, electricity, to solve the problem which has taxed the capacity of engineers for half a century. Attempts, it is true, have been made to displace the horse by mechanical power, applied in the shape of the steam and compressed-air locomotives, and again by the more recent cable; but the objections to their employment in the crowded streets, together with the now acknowledged superiority of the electric railway, allow of the assertion being safely made that, except in very rare cases, the former must now be considered methods of the past, and that the long serfdom of the horse will be brought to an end by the electric motor applied to the street-car.

As brilliant an achievement as the electric railway of to-day undoubtedly is, it has had its period of development, like every other modern industrial application of importance; and the period from its inception to final consummation was indeed by no means a short one. The reasons for this are, however,

traceable to the same causes which so long retarded the introduction of the electric light, and which were very clearly pointed out by Professor Morton in the August, 1889, number of this MAGAZINE; the long delay being due to the absence of a sufficiently powerful and economical generator of electricity. To the student, the tracing of the history of this development presents a most interesting line of study and research, but the limits of the present article forbid our entering upon it except to briefly mention the early workers in this field.

As far back as 1835, Stratingh and Becker, of Groeningen, and Botto, of Turin, in 1836, constructed crude electric carriages. They were shortly followed by Davidson, a Scotchman, who in 1838-39, built an electric car weighing five tons, with which he obtained a speed of four miles an hour. These were contemporaneous with others in the United States, where Thomas Davenport, a blacksmith of Brandon, Vt., built a small circular railway at Springfield, Mass., in 1835, which he operated by means of electricity. It is also worthy of note here that to Davenport, probably, belongs the honor of having first printed a newspaper by electricity, one called *The Electro-Magnet and Mechanics' Intelligencer*, in 1840. Foremost in the ranks of American pioneers in this field, however, was Professor Page, of the Smithsonian Institution, some account of whose works is given in a previous issue of the MAGAZINE.*

The railroad experiments of this scientist consisted in the operation of an electric locomotive between Washington and Baltimore, in the course of which he obtained on one occasion a speed of nineteen miles an hour; but the difficulties experienced with the Grove primary batteries on the car were such as to force him to abandon the scheme. The work, in this field, of

* See "The Electric Motor and its Applications," by Franklin Leonard Pope, in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for March, 1888.

Professor Moses G. Farmer, in 1847, and of Thomas Hall, who exhibited a model electric locomotive at the Charitable Mechanics' Fair in Boston, in 1851, can only be mentioned.

All these experiments, however, interesting as they were from a scientific stand-point, were destined to practical failure on account of the enforced employment of batteries as the source of electrical energy; and it was not until the invention of the continuous-current dynamo-electric machine that the actual solution of the problem became possible. Soon after the invention of the dynamo, Siemens and Halske, of Berlin, made some attempts to apply electricity to railroad purposes; but the imperfections of the early machines led to the abandonment of the project.

But the advances which had been made in the art of dynamo-building, and the discovery of the reversibility of the dynamo, so that it could be employed as a motor, led to renewed attempts, and at the Berlin Exposition of 1879, this same firm operated a small electric railway, which was perhaps the first commercial electric railway in the world opened for regular traffic. American inventors, however, had by no means been idle, since almost at the same time Stephen D. Field, the nephew of Cyrus W. Field, of Atlantic cable fame, and Thomas A. Edison, had conceived the idea of the modern method of operating electric railways; and it is interesting to recall these attempts, as showing the lines on which these early experiments were carried out. This is illustrated by the locomotive constructed by Mr. Edison at Menlo Park, in 1880, shown on page 433, in a drawing taken from a photograph preserved in Mr. Edison's library.

These experiments encouraged other inventors in this country, among whom may be mentioned Leo Daft, who, in 1883, operated the Saratoga and Mount McGregor Railroad by electricity. Edward M. Bentley and Walter H. Knight also deserve mention for their pioneer work, which tended mainly in the direction of supplying a practical system for operating railways by means of the conduit system; and finally C. J. Van Depole, to whom the progress which the

electric railway has made in this country is largely indebted.

With this brief review of the efforts which have led up to the electric railway of to-day, I shall pass to the consideration of the subject as it presents itself in its latest aspect.

Broadly speaking, the electric car is a self-propelling vehicle, in which the propelling force is furnished by a motor actuated by an electric current. For the purposes of convenience, electric railways may be divided into three classes, depending upon the manner in which the current is supplied to the electric motor upon the car. These are:

1. The "*overhead system*," as it is called, in which the current is led from the generating machine at the station to the car through a wire placed above the ground.

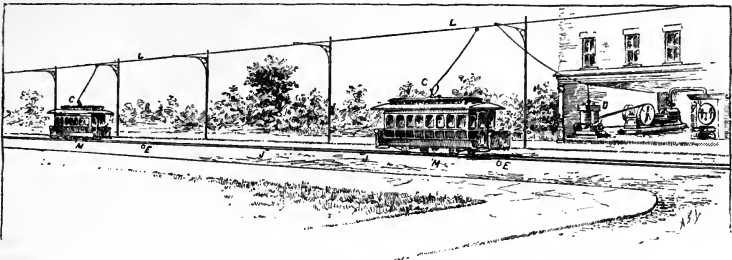
2. The "*underground system*," or that in which the supply conductors are placed below the ground.

3. The "*storage-battery system*," in which the current is furnished by storage batteries carried on the car, which have been previously charged with the required current.

Though differing in name, these various systems are alike in principle, and, indeed, have much in common; but this artificial distinction may be conducive to a better understanding of the subject.

As the previous articles in this series have already given the reader a sufficiently good idea of the theory and action of the electric motor and the dynamo,* they need not be again described, and a view of the plan upon which the first of the systems of modern electric railways above mentioned is operated can be at once presented. The sketch [on p. 427] shows in outline the principal elements of this system. These consist, broadly speaking, of the generating station, the line, the car, the motor, and the return circuit. At the generating station there are an engine and boiler which furnish power to drive the dynamo, *D*. The current generated by this machine is conducted by a wire to the line *L*, which is strung on posts and

* See "Electricity in the Service of Man," in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for June, 1889, pp. 653, 654; and "Electricity in Lighting," August, 1889, pp. 181-184.



Plan showing Principles of Operating the Overhead System of Electric Railways.

runs parallel with the track. The car, in order to obtain the current, makes continual contact with the line *L* by means of a trolley, the current passing down by wires to the motor *M*, connected with the axles of the car. After passing through the motor, the current passes into the wheels of the car, and thence into the track; the latter, it will be seen, is connected to the other pole of the dynamo *D*, and a complete circuit is thus formed. It will be noted that in addition to the track connection as a return for the current, the earth is also called into play, acting as a conductor in the same manner as it is employed in telegraphy, and with the same advantages. This is effected by connecting the track at intervals with large plates buried in the wet ground, and the integrity of the circuit is additionally enforced by connecting the rails electrically by means of copper wire, indicated at *J*, as the ordinary fish-plates joining the rails cannot be relied upon to give a continuous electric circuit such as required.

Some of the more important details, upon the success of which the operation of the electric railroad largely depends, should be next considered.

As recently remarked, with much truth, by a writer in referring to the electric street-car: "The truck is the car;" hence, as this element is common to the three systems above mentioned, it seems first in order to claim attention. The truck being the support of the car-body in which the passengers are carried, is necessarily limited to certain dimensions, and the problem of concentrating

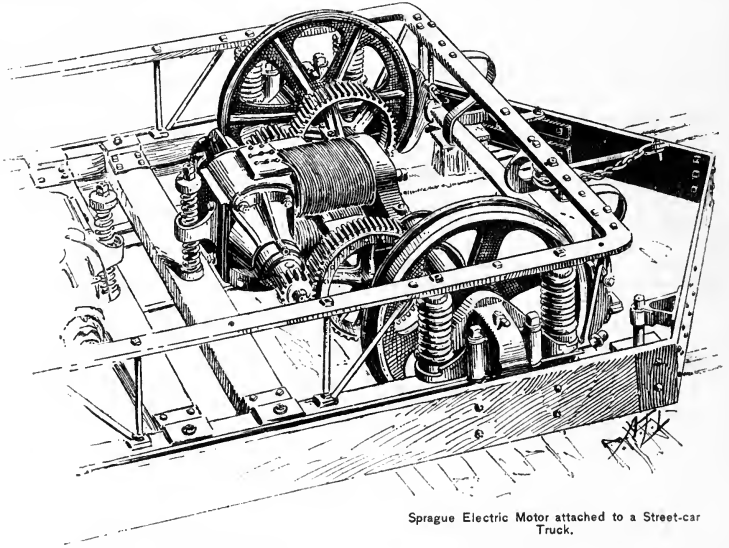
motors of sufficient power to propel the car, into the limited space available, afforded a good field for inventive genius. Again, the manner in which the power generated by the motor was to be transmitted to the wheels and axles, though apparently simple, was found to be by no means easy of solution; and even at the present time differences of opinion exist on this point. Economy in weight as well as in power requires that motors shall be run at high speed, and, as the car-wheel, as a rule, runs at comparatively low speed, it is evident that some method of reducing the speed of the motor to that of the car-wheel must be employed. Among the various methods which have been proposed and tried are friction gearing, connection by means of belts, the sprocket and chain, the worm and wheel, the direct crank action, and finally the gear and pinion. Of all these, the last may be said to be practically the only one which has thus far come into any extensive use, at least so far as this country is concerned; and, as the number of our railways in operation far exceeds that of all the rest of the world put together, it is safe, for the present at least, to designate this method as the typical one in use to-day.

In order that the reader may therefore clearly understand the construction of the ordinary electric railway truck, a view is shown on page 428 of the form designed by Frank J. Sprague, one of the most successful of the new school of electrical engineers. As the space between the bottom of the car and the ground is necessarily confined, it has been found expedient in practice to divide the motive power into two units by

the application of two motors, one to each axle, as it is evident that one motor sufficiently powerful to do the work would, as a rule, be very difficult to place under the car without interfering with its present construction. The manner in which the power of the motor is transmitted to the wheels is very clearly shown. The only moving part, the armature, has at one end of its shaft a small gear-wheel which meshes with a pinion placed upon a counter-shaft which passes through the legs of the magnet; and the other end carries a similar pinion, gearing with a toothed wheel connected to the axle of the car. Hence the armature of the motor, which runs at high speed, transmits its power to the axle at a lower

these wheels will always bear the same relation to each other and to the axle upon which they are mounted—a most essential point for their proper operation.

Provision must also be made for the easy starting of the car, and to prevent disagreeable shocks from the sudden starting of the motor when the current is switched on. This is accomplished by suspending the free end of the motor between a pair of springs, which are shown supported by cross-bars stretching from side to side of the truck. Thus the motor is given free vertical play for a short distance, and the shocks which would be caused by a rigid arrangement are taken up by the springs, and the car started with a gradual movement. It may be said that the advent



Sprague Electric Motor attached to a Street-car Truck.

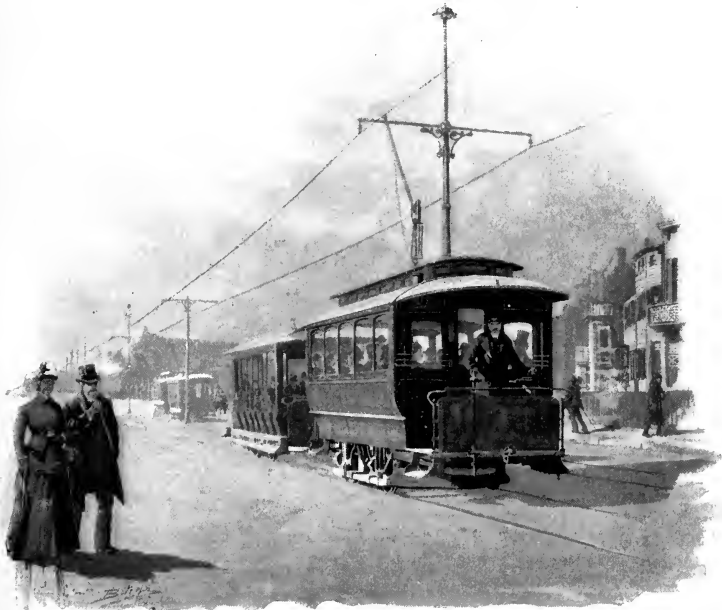
speed by means of this gearing. The successful operation of this gearing, however, requires that all these wheels shall remain in a constant fixed relation to each other, and in order to accomplish this the very ingenious expedient has been applied of centring the motor itself upon the axle of the car; thus, no matter how much the vehicle may be jarred during its passage over the track,

of the electric railroad has entailed an entire remodelling of the street-car truck formerly employed, and has indeed constituted an almost distinct, new field of invention.

It is upon a truck of the nature above described that the car-body is mounted, and the result of the construction adopted is that the working mechanism is entirely removed from view.

A small but very important detail, which has added much to the successful operation of the motor and the car, consists in the substitution of a carbon

to inclose the motor entirely within the car-wheel, and thus to relieve the axles of all strain due to the weight of the motors.



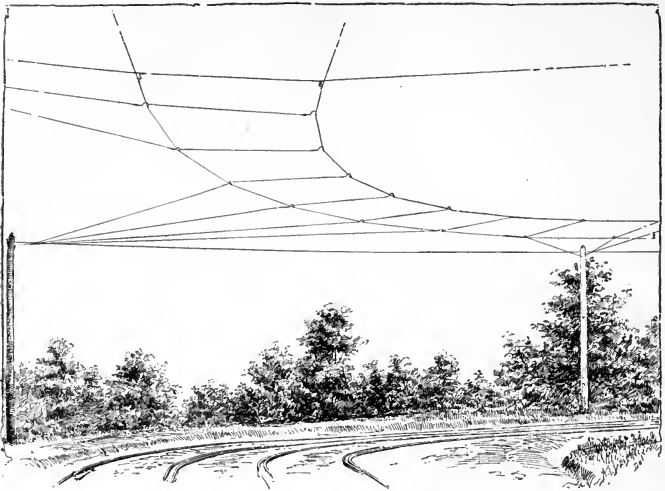
Overhead Wires for Double-track Road, suspended on a Single Line of Ornamental Poles.—Thomson-Houston Railway, Washington, D. C.

brush bearing against the commutator, in place of the copper brush which had until very recently been employed. Small as this detail may appear, it is almost safe to say that it constitutes one of the most distinct advances in the electric railway motor that has been effected since its practical application.

Another very interesting method that has been proposed for transmitting the power of the revolving armature to the axles and wheels consists in mounting the armature directly upon the axle of the car, so that no intermittent gearing whatever is required, the armature shaft and the axle being identical. The very latest idea in this department is embodied in the design of Mr. William Baxter, Jr., of Baltimore, who proposes

The consideration of the various methods by which the current is led from the generating source to the motor on the car, by means of the overhead wire, can now be entered upon. This, evidently, is most important, as upon the effectiveness and integrity of the "line" depends the successful operation of the road, just as in telegraphy the line wire requires to be maintained perfect in order to effect communication.

Looking back to the early electric railways operated by Siemens at Berlin, it is found that the same arrangement, long practised in telegraphy (which is depicted on p. 427), was there adopted; but the conductor, instead of being overhead, consisted of a central rail placed between the other two, but insulated



System of Overhead Wires, suspended from Poles on Opposite Sides of the Street. The above a curve on the Sprague Railway at Wilkesbarre, Pa.

from the ground. The current from the dynamo first passed through this central rail, then into the motor through the wheels, and then into the two outer rails and the ground, which carried it back to the other pole of the generating dynamo.

This construction was also adopted in his early work by Leo Daft, in this country; but it is evident that, except in special situations, it is not suitable on account of the danger of shock which it involves to persons and animals crossing the tracks, by coming in contact with the conductor. The two rails themselves have also been employed exclusively as conductors, the one rail being the positive side of the system, and the other the negative.

The overhead line of to-day, in connection with electric railways, is going through the process of evolution similar to that of the other elements of the system. The first attempts in this direction consisted in fixing upon posts a tube having a slot running along its entire length, and facing downward. Within this tube there was placed a slider, which was connected to the motor on the car, and which served to maintain a continuous contact between the moving

car and overhead conductor. The operation upon this method, though still continued in one or two instances abroad, was soon abandoned, however, and its place taken by the plain cylindrical wire upon which a trolley-wheel was maintained, which moved in connection with the car, and served to make the necessary contact between the motor and the overhead conductor. This trolley had therefore necessarily to be supported by the wire, and consequently demanded a wire of suitable strength to stand the strain of the travelling wheels. Hence, to avoid this difficulty the very ingenious idea was adopted of supporting the contact-wheel at the end of an arm resting on the top of the car, and pressing it in contact with the lower side of the wire; as a result of this it is evident that the wheel, instead of being a load upon the wire, actually serves to support the wire in its course; and, consequently, a much lighter construction can be adopted in this case than in that previously mentioned.

The manner in which the conductor carrying the current is maintained in position overhead is subject, naturally, to the conditions both of the traffic and

the nature of the road through which the tracks pass. Therefore there are various types of overhead constructions. In ordinary cases, in cities where two tracks are placed side by side in a street, there are two general modes of suspending the overhead wire. A very admirable example of the manner in which this can be accomplished, without obstructing the street or in any way marring its beauty, is that which is illustrated in the engraving on page 429 which represents the Thomson-Houston electric railway, operating in Washington. Here ornamental iron poles are placed at suitable intervals, and carry cross-arms, from the ends of which the wire is suspended by means of an insulator.

This simple construction permits also the illumination of the street—for it may be noted that every second pole is surmounted by a cluster of incandescent lamps which light up the roadway both for the cars and for the traffic which may be passing on the streets. These lights may be run from the same current which supplies the motors on the cars, but where this is not considered desirable,

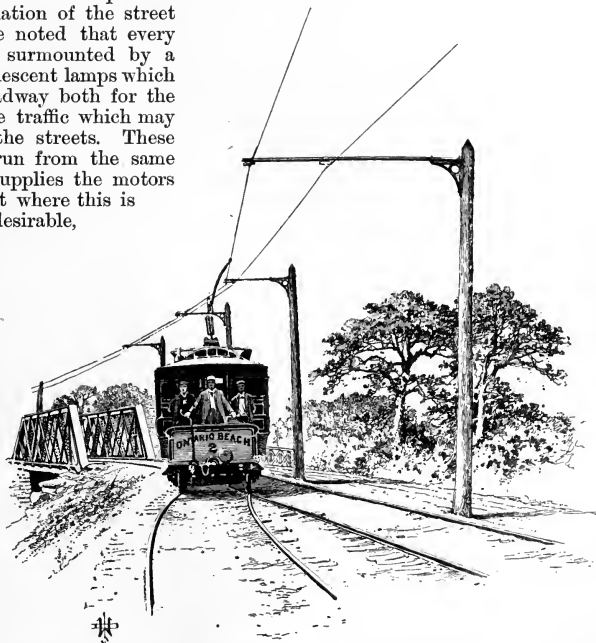
a separate conductor can be strung for that purpose; in either case the posts themselves afford a ready means for the suspension of the lamp.

Where the streets are not wide enough to permit of the adoption of a system of poles running along the centre, another method is frequently adopted, which consists in placing the posts at the curb line on either side of the street, and suspending the conductors by means of wires stretched from opposite poles across the street. This method of construction is shown

in the engraving (p. 430), which represents the operation of the Sprague electric railway at Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Electric railways in many instances connect cities with their suburbs, with tracks frequently running for considerable lengths. The method of overhead construction in such cases consists in using a line of poles having single arms extending from one side, a general type of which is well illustrated in the engraving below, which shows a section of the Thomson-Houston electric railway at Rochester, N. Y.

In the outline sketch (p. 427), the main conductor is represented by a single wire. It is evident, however, that any break in the overhead circuit, as

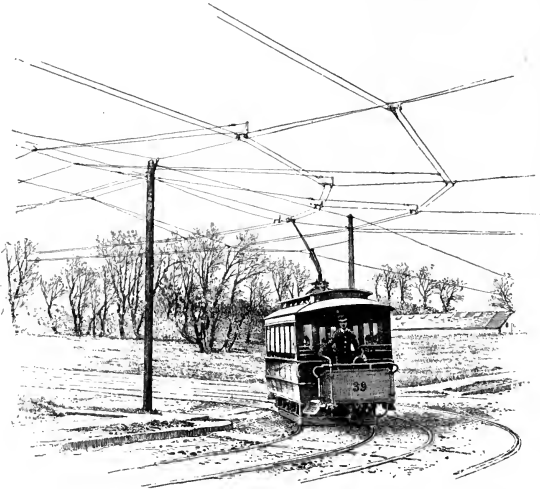


Poles with Single Arms for Suburban Roads. The Ontario Beach Railway, Rochester, N. Y.

there shown, would cause an interruption to the traffic. Hence at the present time there are, in fact, two systems of conductors employed; one of these, called the main conductor, is run out

from the dynamo-generating station to various parts of the road, and connects with the working conductor, as it is called, to which the trolley-wheel makes contact. The working conductor being thus fed into at a dozen places, a break in any one part of the circuit will not

upon which the contact-wheel is mounted is pivoted flexibly to the top of the car, a series of springs serving constantly to push the arm upward. It is at the same time sufficiently yielding to allow it to overcome any inequalities in the level of the wire or of the road. The



The Double-wire, Continuous Metallic Circuit System.—Daft Railway, Cincinnati, O.

arrangement is such that the arm has a free motion from a vertical position to a perfectly horizontal one, so that electric cars may pass under bridges, for instance, reaching to within six inches of the top of the car.

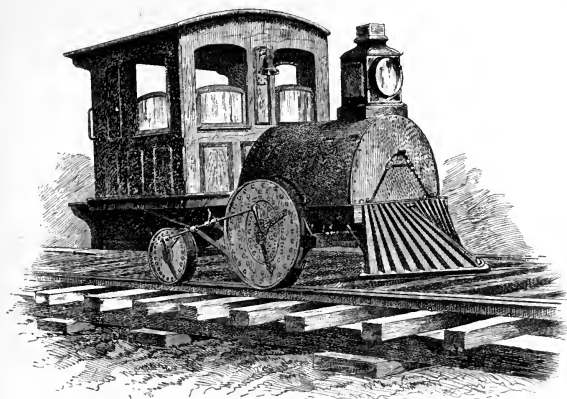
The overhead system so far described consists practically of but a single overhead wire, with a ground return for the current; but there are still some who prefer to use a continuous metallic overhead circuit. This naturally entails the running of two wires instead of one; one wire serving as a feeding wire

and the other as the return wire. The principle of operation is evidently the same in both cases, and a very interesting example of this case of overhead construction is that afforded by the Daft electric railway operated in Cincinnati, a view of which is shown above.

It may be remarked that, although the large majority of the roads in operation to-day make contact with the underside of the wire by means of a wheel, there are still some who adhere to the older practice of maintaining a sliding contact with the conductor; among them being Sidney H. Short, who prefers a sliding contact at the end of the arm which is pressed up against the underside of the wire, and continually rubs against it in its passage.

As simple a matter as it may seem, the successful operation of the "under-contact" trolley required an enormous amount of experimentation before the proper type of contact was obtained. The one in general use to-day consists merely of a grooved wheel, which is fixed at the end of the trolley-arm. As there is always more or less sag to the wire, some method must be provided for keeping the wheel in constant contact, which evidently could not be effected if the wheel were rigidly attached to the car-body. To effect this, therefore, the arm

The adoption of the overhead system has been so general that but comparatively little has yet been done in the way of a practical application of running

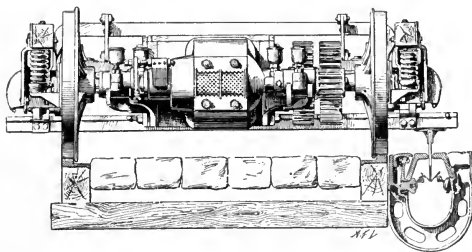


Edison's Menlo Park Electric Locomotive, 1880.

conductors underground. It is evident that by maintaining the system above the ground, it can be closely watched and readily inspected at all times, and the slightest fault which may be developed can be hunted up and remedied in the shortest possible time. Again—and perhaps this may be deemed the most important factor which has led to the preference of the overhead system to the underground—there is the small cost at which it can be erected and maintained.

But it was early evident that the demand of the public in crowded cities would in time force the adoption of some underground system, and various plans have been suggested with this end in view. Evidently the principle remains the same as that employed in the overhead system, but many are the difficulties which present themselves when the conductors are placed below the surface. The problem involves, in the first place, a construction which will effectually resist the action of all forces tending to disturb the relative position of the wires underground; and where the traffic on the streets is very heavy this involves a very strong construction of

the entire system, not only to prevent an entire stoppage of the operation of the road by flooding, but also to avoid a continuous loss of current from conductor to conductor by leakage. To such general conditions are added others of minor importance. To meet all these, therefore, has been the subject of not a little study. Only a comparatively brief reference can be made to one of these types, the design of Messrs.



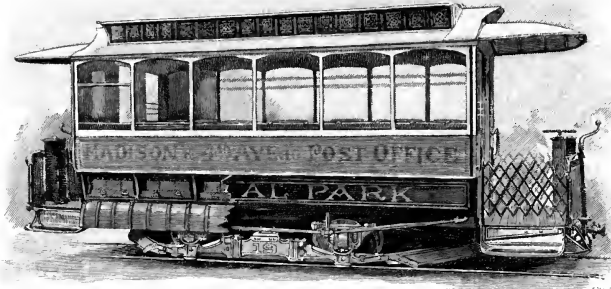
The Bentley-Knight Underground Conduit System, showing Cross-section of Track, Conduit, and Truck.

Bentley & Knight, as now put down in Fulton Street, New York, which has not yet, however, gone into operation, though one of their earlier types is in use in Allegheny City. The type of this conduit system is well illustrated in the engraving above. A number of constructors have arranged the

the conduit. Again, it is absolutely necessary that the conductors shall remain thoroughly insulated from each other and from the ground under all conditions of weather. The frequent heavy rains and snows occurring in this country, therefore, necessitate the adoption of a construction which shall permit of a thorough insulation of the conductors and a drainage of

conduit to run along the centre of the track, but the objections to this method of operation have been overcome by placing the conduit at one side of the track. As shown in the engraving, the

tor than is afforded by means of a plough; moreover, a slot running along the surface of the street is also looked upon by some as an objection, the removal of which would be desirable. To

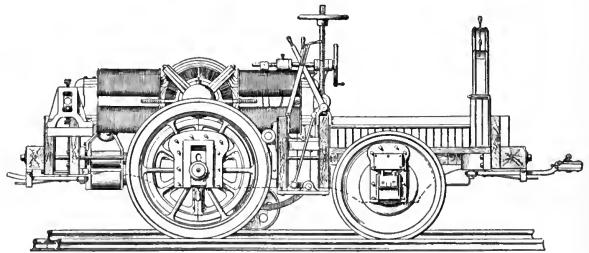


The Storage-battery System.—Car of the Julien Electric Traction Company, as run on the Fourth Avenue Road, New York.

two conductors are supported upon porcelain insulators fixed to the sides of the conduit. Placed directly above them are the two slot-rails through which a plough attached to a cross-beam on the car-truck enters. The lower end of the plough carries two contacts mounted upon springs, so that they are kept in continual contact with the conductors. The conduit is constructed of heavy cast-iron, horse-shoe shaped ribs, which are laid in the ground and connected continuously by an iron shell fixed to the flanges. For the proper and easy examination of the conduit, hand-holes are provided at short intervals, one of which is shown in section in the engraving.

Although a limited number of electric railways operating with the conductors placed in conduits are in successful operation to-day, the difficulties encountered in their operation have led inventors to seek other means of communication between the conductors and the mo-

avoid both these a number of inventors have hit upon the idea which consists in laying the conductors underground, and, at short intervals, providing devices which shall close the conductor circuit through the car at whatever place the car happens to be. In one of these systems, that designed by Messrs. Pollak & Binswanger, a magnet carried at the bottom of the car acts upon a switch placed, every twenty or thirty feet, below the surface of the street, which switch closes the circuit and sends a current through the motor on the car from the main conductors. A system of a simi-

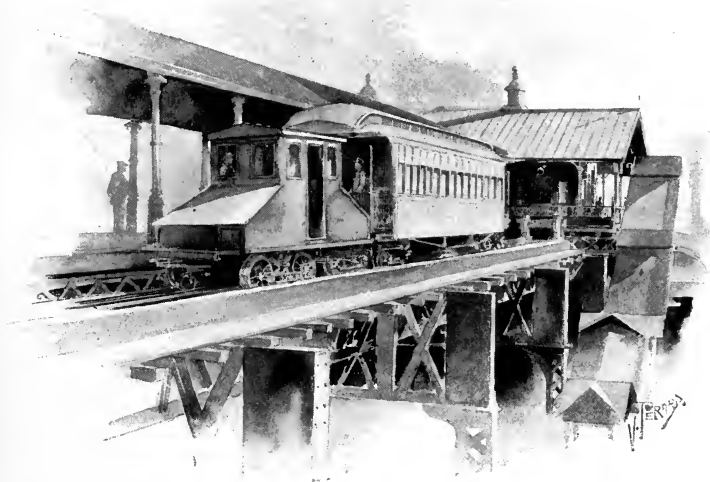


Daft Electric Locomotive for Traffic on Elevated Railroads.

lar nature has also been designed by Mr. McElroy, of Pittsburg. Though ingenious in their conception, none of these

systems has yet come into practical use. As remarked recently by a well-known electrician, the underground electric railway problem does not of itself present any inherent difficulties, but an essential element in its success is proper engineering, such as has been proved necessary as the result of past experi-

"series" system. Another method, however, which is that almost universally employed in connection with the incandescent lamp, is the connection of the lamps across the circuit, the lamps being, as it were, placed parallel to one another across the outgoing and returning wires, and each lamp obtaining its



Stephen D. Field's Motor.—Experimental Trials on the Thirty-fourth Street Branch of the Elevated Railway, New York City.

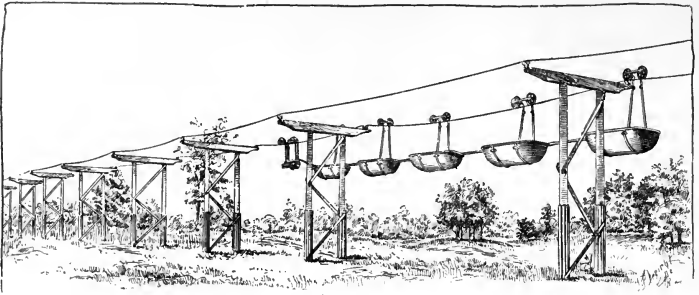
ence in cable traction. And, according to the same authority, the laying down of a cable conduit ought to be hailed with delight by electricians, as, sooner or later, it will most probably serve as a receptacle for electric railway conductors.

There are two different ways in which electric cars may be operated, considering their electrical relation to the conductor. As the readers of "Electricity in Lighting"* are already aware, electric lamps may be connected so that the current passes through each lamp in succession. This is the system upon which the large arc lamps for street illumination are connected, and is called the

current independently of the other. This is called the "multiple arc" or "parallel" system. The latter method is the one upon which the large majority of electric railways running to-day are operated. It requires that the electric pressure at the terminals of the dynamo, and hence upon the line, shall remain constant, while the current passing over the line varies, of course, with the number of cars which are being operated at the time; ten cars, for example, taking ten times as much current as one car.

But the series system of operating cars still has its adherents, among them Sidney H. Short, of Cleveland, O. In his system the current is maintained at the same strength throughout, and

*See SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for August, 1889, p. 194.

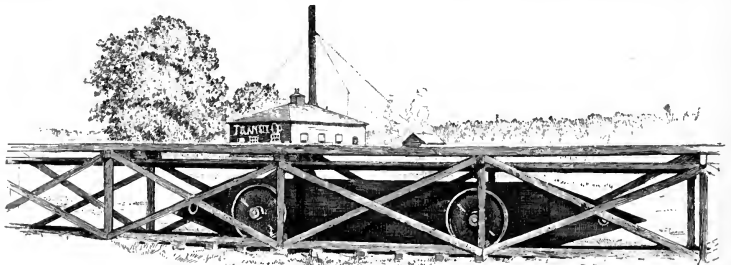


The Glyde, England, Telpherage Line, on the System of the Late Fleeming Jenkin.

passes from one car to the other undiminished in strength. It involves, however, a change in the electric pressure of the line, so that with ten cars the pressure would be ten times as great as that required with only one car in operation. Thus, although no actual power is saved, since in one case the pressure, and in the other the strength of the current, is varied proportionately, its adherents claim for it certain other advantages in operation, among others, a saving in the cost of conductors.

The storage-battery system is frequently called the ideal system of street-car propulsion. It is true it is the most pleasant to contemplate both from the stand-point of the public and the street-car manager. The objections which are held against the erection of wires and poles in streets, or the placing of conduits which necessitate slots in the

roadway, would evidently be entirely overcome by a system which should leave each car independent of every outward source of power. This great desideratum is undoubtedly best embodied in a car equipped with its complement of storage-cells previously charged, the car moving over the road as a single unit independent of all other conditions. These manifest advantages were early recognized, and hence it was not long after the practical storage-battery was invented by Faure, that attempts were made to apply it to storage-car propulsion. The first of these cars was put in operation in Paris, in 1882, and was followed by experimental operations in various other places. In 1885 a competition at the Antwerp International Exhibition, arranged between an electric car, steam locomotives of various kinds, and a compressed-air engine, resulted in the complete victory



The Weems System for a High-speed Electric Railway. More than one hundred and twenty miles an hour actually accomplished on an experimental track.

of the first. Progress has, however, been steadily going on, and though but few such roads are in operation as compared with their more vigorous competitor the overhead system, the belief is entertained by many that, with improvements that will undoubtedly be made in the storage-battery, this system will occupy a very prominent position in the future of electric traction. The reason for this will be apparent when we consider the very simple elements of which it is composed. The motive equipment of the car does not differ essentially from that already described in connection with the overhead system; but to this is added a set of storage-batteries which hold a sufficient charge to propel the car a given number of trips. The illustration (p. 434) shows such a car as operated at present by the Julien Electric Traction Company, in New York. The batteries are placed under the seats, and occupy no space otherwise useful. This system requires, of course, like those above described, a station in which a sufficient current is generated, for charging the cells. Here the cells are charged in regular rotation; the car after its run enters the car-house, discharges its exhausted cells, and is furnished with a new set, which have in the meantime been charged. This operation requires but a minute or two. The arrangement can be so made that the work of the engines at the station in charging the cells is practically continuous during twenty-four hours if necessary, which conduces to a well-known economy in operation.

Such, in general, are the main features of the systems of electric railways which have thus far been developed to any considerable extent. The rapid extension of the electric street-car system which has taken place (especially in this country), naturally leads to the question of the cause thereof. To have gained such pre-eminence it must be able to do not only what other systems can do, but, still more, it must be able to do it at a decreased cost. Again, removal of thousands of horses from the streets of a city, involving, as it does, the doing away with the noise and dirt, is another distinct gain to its residents.

But if one goes still farther, and contemplates the difference between a stable housing thousands of horses, and an electric-car station of sufficient size to operate a road with the same efficiency, one is at once struck with the advantages on the side of the electric system, which, indeed, are incontrovertible. Instead of a large, ill-smelling building whose odors are wafted for many blocks (making the tenancy of houses within half a mile almost unbearable, and involving a large depreciation of property in the neighborhood), there is a neat, substantial building equipped with a steam plant and dynamo, and occupying hardly one-tenth the space required for an equivalent number of horses. Therefore, not only is there effected a removal of the nuisances attached to a stable, but a large saving in the cost of real estate, and the far greater amount involved in the known depreciation of the surrounding property. Besides this, the stables are of necessity required to be in close proximity to the track, whereas the electric power station, which furnishes current to the car, may be situated a mile from the track in some suitable place, as, for instance, beside a river, where, with condensing engines, power may be generated at a minimum of cost.

Again, looking at the electric street-car from the stand-point of the engineer, it becomes evident that it is an undisputed rival of all other systems of mechanical propulsion. For example, it requires no device for the suppression of dirt, dust, and smoke in the streets, the necessary accompaniment of all steam locomotion. But most important of all is the consideration that the electric motor has, in fact, but a single moving part, the armature, the motion of which, unlike that of the steam and compressed-air engine, instead of being reciprocating, is rotary, and hence avoids the disagreeable jolting which attends the riding in cars which are of necessity frequently required to start and stop. As a consequence of there being but a single moving part, the cost and care required to keep the electric motors in running order is but a minimum, and the art of building them has to-day ad-

vanced to such a point that, with intelligent supervision, the life of the machine is equal to that of any similar mechanism.

It is fair to assume that but few roads exist which are so favorably situated that they encounter no grades in their course; and when the proposition to employ electricity as a traction agent was first projected, the difficulty as to the ascent of grades was held out as one of the drawbacks to the application of the system. But it required but a short period of actual experience to demonstrate that in just such situations the electric car was superior in every respect to the horse, and indeed to the steam locomotive. Grades exceeding ten per cent. are being overcome on roads now in operation, and others of lesser degree are now considered as of easy accomplishment with the electric car. In order to be able to cope with such grades it is, of course, necessary that the motor attached to the cars have ample power, and it has therefore become the custom to equip the trucks with two motors ranging from 10 to 15 H. P. each, thus giving the car an available traction power of from 15 to 30 H. P. Considering the fact that the ordinary horse-car has, as a rule, but two horses, this might to some appear an excessive amount of power equipment; but the fact must not be lost sight of, that while, ordinarily, two horses exert their normal, average strength in keeping the car in motion when once brought to its proper speed—the effort which they exert in bringing a car from a dead stand-still to its proper speed often actually exceeds ten horse-power. Hence it is that the frequent heavy exertion required of horses in the street-car traffic results in their rapid wearing out and final disability for active service after three or four years' work. Therefore it is necessary that the electric car should be provided with the power corresponding at least to that which the horse exercises when required; but it is evident that, once started, the motor need only deliver a small part of its capacity, sufficient to keep the car in motion. But since electric cars are put upon roads having grades which have not been attempted with animals, additional

power is frequently required, and hence it is that as high as 30 to 40 H. P. are sometimes concentrated on one car which, under normal conditions, hardly requires more than three or four for its propulsion. This increase of power has also been necessitated by the practice which has sprung up of coupling one, and sometimes two or three tow-cars, with a motor car, so that in reality the motors of one car are required to do the work of two or three.

In this connection attention should be called to a phenomenon which may now be considered to be an established fact, in virtue of which electric cars are aided in ascending heavy grades. This phenomenon, which was probably first observed by Leo Daft, at his works in Greenville, N. J., in 1882, is that, when the current passes from the car-wheel to the track it causes an increased friction or resistance to sliding between them, the result of which is that slipping is to a large degree prevented, and heavier grades can be attempted; and, on the other hand, heavier loads taken up than would be practical with a system in which the current did not pass between the wheel and the rail. The explanation of this phenomenon, though not completely established, seems to lie in the direction of a slight welding action which takes place between the wheel and the rail, caused by the heat generated by the current.

In respect to the regulation and operation of electric cars, it may be remarked that there is no system which is more elastic. The driver at the front of the car has under his control the switch, so that by a simple movement of a handle he may regulate at will the speed of the car from a stand-still to full speed, as well as its direction of motion. Up to the present time the hand-brakes, as a rule, have been retained; but it is evident that with a motor under the control of a driver which can be instantly reversed, a powerful addition to the ordinary hand-brake is placed in the hands of the driver, and this has been often turned to good advantage to prevent accidents. In support of this it may be cited that since the inauguration of the electric railway in Cleveland, O., the number of accidents has been far less than for the

corresponding period during which the road was operated by horses, notwithstanding the fact that the electric cars are run at a higher speed.

The operation of street railways by electricity, although even now completely demonstrated to be more economical than by either horses or cables, is yet too recent to afford the more reliable figures which can only be obtained after extended use; but from an investigation recently made on a number of roads by O. T. Crosby, some very interesting data are developed. The results of Mr. Crosby's investigation show that the average cost of motive-power for the roads in Washington, Richmond, Cleveland, and Scranton, was about 5.09 cents per car mile, and the relations of the various items which go to make up this total cost are exceedingly interesting. Thus it is shown that the interest on the investment constitutes about one-fourth or one-fifth of the whole; that is to say, about one cent per car mile; coal, as a rule, about twelve per cent.; attendance, about forty per cent.; and the machinery and line, without interest, the remaining twenty per cent. But with all these manifest advantages of the electric railway, the best proof of its superiority is to be found in the experience of those who are using it; and if the unsolicited praise from that quarter is to be relied upon, then certainly the electric railway is an unqualified success.

At the eighth annual meeting of the American Street Railway Association, held last September at Minneapolis, the committee which had been appointed for the purpose of investigating and reporting upon electric railways, submitted a report which should finally set at rest the doubts of those who still believe the electric railway to be in the experimental stage. This committee reported in fact that, "if it is desired to make a change from horse-power, electricity will fill the bill to perfection, no matter how long or short the road, or how many passengers are carried. In the investigation of the subject the most satisfactory results have been shown; it not only increases the traffic over the road, but reduces expense, and actually enables us to operate a line, which here-

tofore entailed a loss, at a profit." After discussing the various systems, the committee gives an estimate relative to the cost of equipping a railway on three systems, namely, on the cable system, the overhead wire, and the storage-battery system, which is as follows:

A comparative statement of the cost of construction of a ten-mile road complete, with 15 cars, would stand probably as follows:

Cable System:	
Cost of cable construction.....	\$700,000
Cost of power plant.....	125,000
Cost of cars.....	15,000
	<hr/>
	\$840,000
Electrical Overhead Wire System:	
Cost of road-bed.....	\$70,000
Cost of wiring.....	30,000
Cost of cars.....	60,000
Cost of power plant.....	30,000
	<hr/>
	\$190,000
Storage-battery System:	
Cost of road-bed.....	\$70,000
Cost of cars.....	75,000
Cost of power plant.....	30,000
	<hr/>
	\$175,000

In the above cases of electrical construction, the motor-car would be capable of pulling one or two tow-cars, if necessary. These figures your committee have no doubt will be found to be calculated within a reasonable limit of cost.

Here, then, is at once a most potent argument for the adoption of the electric railway over the cable system, for (while answering all the demands which can be made upon a car) its cost of installation is nearly five to one in favor of electricity. To this must be added the fact that in the case of the cable, under favorable conditions, only eighteen per cent. of the power of the engine is actually employed in the propulsion of the cars, the remainder being consumed in the mere haulage of the dead cable; while in the electric system at least fifty per cent. of the engine power is available for traction purposes. The cost of power, or coal required, is thus approximately 3 to 1 in favor of electricity.

As remarked in that report, the installation of an electric railway in place of horses is uniformly accompanied by a large increase in receipts, as well as a decrease in expenses. Both of these items working together have resulted in a most remarkable showing of earnings for such roads. Only a few instances

need be given to demonstrate this: The electric railway at Davenport, Ia., started on September 1, 1888, with five fourteen-foot cars. The road included a grade of seven and a half per cent. for sixteen hundred feet, and the following table gives a comparison of the earnings for four consecutive months, operating with horses and with electricity:

	1887.		1888.		Net increase per cent.
	With horses.		With electricity.		
	Gross.	Net.	Gross.	Net.	
September.	\$1,847 49	\$474 79	\$1,997 15	\$997 15	110
October. . .	1,232 47	802 47	1,903 94	1,121 94	270
November.	1,131 49	231 49	1,886 06	986 06	320
December.	1,283 14	353 14	2,022 98	1,123 48	220
	\$1,255 40	\$340 47	\$1,952 53	\$1,056 91	210
	Aver.	Aver.	Aver.	Aver.	Aver.

As here shown, there was an average net increase of two hundred and ten per cent. in the receipts. Other places have shown still more remarkable results, but the reticence of the managers of these roads naturally prevents the publication of what might otherwise almost be considered apocryphal earnings. One case may be mentioned in which, for thirty-one days, during the month of July, last year, the receipts amounted to \$10,605, and the operating expenses \$3,735, showing a net gain of \$6,870; and another in which, for the month of August, 1889, the operating receipts were \$4,317.46, while the total expense amounted to \$871.04, giving a net profit of \$3,446.42.

The popularity which the electric cars have obtained in cities where they have been employed is well known, and easily accounts for the remarkable showing made in the earnings of the road. The service, instead of being slow and uncertain, as under the régime of the horse, is now swift and sure, and delays are practically unknown. For a time doubts were expressed of the ability of the electric cars to cope with the conditions imposed by our harsh Northern winters, but the experience of the last two years has shown that such fears were unfounded, and the most severe storms which passed over this country last winter caused not the slightest delay in the operation of electric railways.

A good example was given of this immunity from delay by many of the Western roads, among them those of Omaha, Council Bluffs, Cleveland, Davenport, and St. Joseph, where the electric cars maintained schedule time, whereas the horse-cars were running at irregular intervals with double teams. It is evident that with a sweeper provided with powerful motors for removing the snow from the tracks, and kept constantly running over the line, there is nothing to prevent its being kept clear at all times. Even without the sweepers, the cars themselves have sufficient power to force the snow aside and maintain the track clear, as has often been demonstrated.

Our own country has made far greater progress in the application of electricity to railways than all the rest of the world included, and it is therefore not uninteresting to glance briefly at the rapid increase which the system has undergone. The first trustworthy statistics on the subject were given in a paper read by T. C. Martin before the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, in May, 1887, in which he showed that there were in operation at that time in the United States thirteen electric railways, carrying about three million five hundred thousand passengers annually. The latest and most trustworthy statistics relating to the same subject show that there are in operation in this country, and in course of construction at the present time, no fewer than 179 electric railways, operating over 1,884 cars with 1,260 miles of track. The number of passengers carried it would be difficult to estimate; but it must be considerably more than 100,000,000.

Among the larger cities in which electric railways have been put in operation, the foremost is Boston. W. H. Whitney, the president of the West End Railway, of Boston, after thorough investigation and trial of the electric railway, was finally so well convinced of its superiority over all other methods of street-car propulsion, that he recommended its general adoption on the street railways of Boston; and while more than one hundred cars are in operation there at present, preparations are going on which will culminate in the operation

of nearly one thousand electric cars in Boston alone. Among the other cities having electric railways is Cincinnati, with forty cars, and preparations for a large increase. Cleveland, O., has now several lines operated by electricity, as well as Harrisburg, Pa.; Kansas City, Mo.; Hartford, Conn.; New York City; Omaha, Neb.; Pittsburg, Pa.; Salt Lake City, Utah; San José, Cal.; Scranton, Pa.; St. Louis, Mo.; Tacoma, Wash.; Washington, D. C.; Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Wilmington, Del., and a long list of others.

Wherever the electric railway has been introduced a reduction in the schedule time, or, in other words, an increase of speed, has followed; and where the lines connect the suburbs of cities, not infrequently a speed of from twelve to eighteen miles per hour is attained by electric cars, thus affording to residents in suburbs the speed facilities of a steam railway.

For intra-urban rapid transit, evidently, electricity is superior in every respect to steam traction, and hence it was but natural that several electricians should have essayed the solution of the problem of affording the residents of New York a deliverance from the present overcrowded conditions of the elevated railway cars. Among the electricians who have submitted plans for this may be mentioned Leo Daft, who was the first to place an electric locomotive on the elevated railroad, and who has recently shown, as the result of his experiments, that he is able to increase the traffic of the road with a reduction in cost of operating expenses. The locomotive employed by Mr. Daft in his latest experiments, called the "Ben Franklin," is shown in elevation at the bottom of page 434.

Frank J. Sprague has also attacked the problem, his plan embodying the idea that the locomotive car shall also be a passenger car, only about one-half of its total length of fifty feet being occupied by the motive-power equipment. In this way the weight of the locomotive is widely distributed over the roadbed, a necessity with the present form of elevated railway structure.

Stephen D. Field has also turned his attention to this problem, and, like Leo

Daft, favors the employment of an electric locomotive independent of the rest of the train. His motor, as run on the Thirty-fourth Street branch of the elevated railway in New York City, is illustrated on page 435, and embodied a modification in the gearing of the motor from those heretofore employed. It will be seen that instead of employing intermediate toothed gear, or a similar device, Mr. Field connects directly to the armature shaft a crank which, through the medium of a connecting bar, transmits its motion directly to the wheels of the locomotive.

Though the experiments undertaken on the elevated railways have not yet led to the adoption of that system, it is only a question of time when it will become a necessity, and, indeed, the only way out of a constantly increasing difficulty. The elevated railroad presents ideal conditions for the application of such a system, and the cause of the delay which has thus far taken place must be looked for rather in a conservative management than in any lack of appreciation of the proposed system.

The advantages of the electric railway on the surface of the earth have been pointed out, but by those who have ever witnessed the operations of a railway within mines, the introduction of the electric locomotive will be admitted to be one of the most marked advances which have been made in that industry during recent years. Indeed, one of the first electric railways ever operated was a mine tramway. Removing at once the slow and obstinate mule, on the one hand, and the dust, smoke, and noise and poisonous gases of the steam locomotive, on the other hand, the electric locomotive does its work with "neatness and despatch," requiring but a fraction of the attendance necessary in the other methods, and promoting the comfort of the miner in the highest degree. The ingenuity of the electrician has easily adapted the electric motor to these purposes. A mine locomotive employed at Scranton, Pa., by the Hillside Coal Co., designed by C. J. Van Depoele, has already shown itself fully able to handle several hundred cars per day, and has entirely displaced the mules

formerly employed in the mines. Several other mining railways are running, or in course of equipment in this country and several are in operation in Europe. This mining branch of electrical development, though hardly touched at the present time, is certainly destined to equal, if it does not exceed, in extent the wonderful growth of the surface railroad.

Inventive genius early in the art looked to a further extension of electric traction, and as early as 1882 Professor Fleeming Jenkin suggested the idea of an electric transportation system in which the motor or car should ride upon a suspended cable, which should at the same time constitute both the track and the electrical conductor. This system, which was named by him "telpherage," has actually gone into operation at Glynde, in England, where it is employed in delivering clay from the mines for a distance of several miles. This system is illustrated on page 436. The great cheapness of this system of construction, together with its flexibility, seems to promise for it a bright future. The train is under complete control of the attendant at the station. As a feeder to the main railway lines of traffic it possesses unquestionable advantages, and for the transportation of ore, coal, and minerals generally, as well as corn and other agricultural products, it would seem to have many advantages.

These descriptions have thus far been confined to what has actually been accomplished; but it is not out of place to cast a glance into the future, in order to discern in what direction electricians are working in the domain of electric railways. One of their main objective points is to attain higher speed than is now reached with the fastest express train, and enough has already been demonstrated to show that this is by no means impossible. There has been for some time in operation at Laurel, Md., a system of electric railway, originally designed by David G. Weems. When it was recently inspected by the writer, with his watch in hand, he noted a speed of the electric locomotive of nearly one hundred and twenty miles an hour. The

electric car there employed is illustrated on page 436. The electric motors are constructed with a revolving armature which is mounted directly on the axle, so that no intermediate gearing whatever is employed. The curiously pointed ends of the car, which might by some be considered fantastical, have their *raison d'être* in the fact that, at the high speeds at which this car is run, the resistance of the air is by far the greater retarding influence; much greater, in fact, than the resistance due to the axle and rolling friction, which at lower speeds is predominant. The electric current is taken from a conductor fixed above the car, to which a brush connected with the motor makes contact. The system has now been placed for its further development in the hands of O. T. Crosby, an engineer late of the United States Army, and will, it is hoped, soon be reduced to a condition of commercial practicability. There is certainly nothing in the new system which could prejudice its feasibility under suitable conditions.

There is also another system of rapid transportation which has been suggested, and has been put into experimental operation, known as the "Port-electric" system. In this system, invented by John T. Williams, a well-known principle is applied, namely, that of the sucking in of an iron core by the action of a current circulating in a coil around it. Mr. Williams makes his car or carrier play the rôle of an iron core, which is propelled by the successive action of coils of wire placed at suitable intervals along the track.

With the advantages of the electric railway so clearly pointed out, and so unquestionably demonstrated in actual practice, it would not be unsafe to hazard the opinion that, in ten years, at the farthest, there will not be a *single* horse-railway in operation, at least in our own country. The horse will then be once more returned to his legitimate field of labor, and the street-car passenger will be transported at an increased speed, and with all the comforts of easy riding, in cars propelled and lighted by electricity; while it is by no means improbable that, with further work on the line indi-

cated, the passenger may step aboard a train in New York at ten in the morning, and eat a five-o'clock dinner in Chicago on the same day. Enough has indeed been accomplished to show that electricity is destined to be one of the most

powerful factors entering into our social conditions, and that the ease of distribution and convenience of power afforded by it must bring forth changes in the social order which are even now hardly realized.

EXPIATION.

By Octave Thanet.

CHAPTER X.



FAIRFAX held his way after Barnabas, deeper and deeper into the swamp. One feature of the scenery is all that he remembers; every-

where, the microscopic softness of tree and shrub articulation was spattered with myriads of tiny berries, red like blood. Dick never looked behind. Betty Ward put her head down and galloped—galloped. Logs had fallen, their black pointed boughs sticking up in the air like javelins. There was a tangle of elbow-brush and briar. It was hard riding. Fairfax left the road to the horse. If she did not know it, the chase was lost, anyhow. He sat well back in the saddle, but with his body inclined a little; and his eyes never left the bare head in front, with the floating black hair which rose and sank as the mule's white flanks flashed through the cane. He felt no fear. When his father gave him Betty Ward hadn't he said, "Well done, Fair, you done well, boy. Dick belongs to you. Take Betty and catch him!"

The approval of one simple, rustic, heroic gentleman was more to Fair than all the world's, than Adèle's even; he felt that he could storm a fort. Gentle as his nature was, he was possessed by the hunter's fury and the terrible joy of fight.

And Dick? Who knows what were his thoughts, or why he chose the direction in which he sped. Perhaps it

seemed to him a temporary sanctuary protected by superstition (for it was toward La Rouge's farm that he spurred Ma'y Jane until her white sides were streaked with red), and his sole pursuer he valued lightly. He could soon quiet that boy. His revolver was empty, but so was the other's, or he would have fired. Little it mattered to Dick that the buzzards were skurrying along the sky over the murdered Frenchman's grave. Ma'y Jane floundered bravely through the morass. Where she climbed on firm ground, a broken-down corner of a fence stood, relic of one of La Rouge's rail-fences. Dick wheeled his horse to face Fair.

"Wa'al, Bud, come on," he cried, lifting his sword. Doubtless his intention was to set on his enemy just as he was struggling out of the mud. He stuck his spurs into the mule. Either he forgot Ma'y Jane's evil conditions, or, having mastered her once, he believed too fondly in his own powers. He essayed to ride at Fair, past the fence-corner.

Immediately he realized his folly; Ma'y Jane's head had gone in the air with her heels, while fire flashed out of her wicked eyes; she jammed Dick's leg against the rails with such force that he reeled in the saddle; and, the second after, he was hurled backward into the swamp. It was the deepest place; the wretched man sank up to his waist in mire.

Fair easily made a landing. His enemy was only a blasted torso rising out of black slime. Slime streaked his face and matted his hair. Before a word could be said, he threw up his hands, dripping hideously like the rest of him.

Fair, whether or not he recognized a gesture equivalent to a white flag, perceived that the man was at his mercy.

Deliberately he loaded his pistol.

Dick's teeth glittered in an awful grin of hate and fear.

"Be ye aimin' t' kill me, an' me with my hands up?" he shrieked. "God, it's murder! You'r no better nor *me!*"

"I am not going to shoot you," answered Fairfax, sternly, "I am going to guard you till the others come up."

Dick's other manner, his fawning smoothness, was on him now, while, nevertheless, he eyed Fairfax with a gaze venomous through all its terror, like the eyes of a trapped rat. "Mist Rutherford," he began, "they won't come. They all 'low this place is ha'nted. Look a yere, we're jes' two gentlemen together, I own up I done you dirt mean—I do. I ax you' pardin. Nare gentleman kin do more, kin they, now? I see you' a brave man. I 'lowed to fight ye fair an' the bes' man win. But now ye see my d—— condition, I'm chillin' this minnit, in this slush. Now, look a yere, you know I are a man er my word. Dick Barnabas never did rue back. You slew that er hackberry branch over my way, an' help me out, an' I guv my word er honor I'll light a shuck outer this kentry, t'night, an' you all will be sшет er Dick Barnabas fur ever more."

"No," said Fairfax.

The cold drops stood on Dick's forehead. "You 'low I'll keep on jaw-hawkin', some'ers else?" he cried. "I sw'ar I won't. I'll lead an honest life. I'll jine the Confederate army."

He was in earnest. But it was his unhappy fate that his one virtue was little known to his judge, and that, moreover, on the single occasion of his other meeting with the latter he had pushed his shrewdness very near knavery. Any other man who fought Dick Barnabas that day would have felt assured that he would keep his word; Fairfax Rutherford only remembered how, once, he had "kept his promise to the ear, only to break it to the sense."

Yet he was touched. Motion has much to do with that fever of the blood we call rage, which helps a man through a vast deal of slaughter. Fairfax sat at rest in his saddle; he could feel his

horse pant, and drew a long breath himself. Besides, he was a kind-hearted young fellow who hated to see a fox killed; and here was a pitiful spectacle, a human being in so horrid a plight, begging his life. He felt his violent desires ebbing away. More than he had wanted to slay the outlaw before, he wanted to save him now.

Dick's glassy black balls never missed a change in the other's face; he saw the wavering, he went on eagerly, rapidly: "Look a yere, its natchell, I know, fur ye t' lay up agin me how I done ye, I make up. I got a heap er truck hid away. I'll show ye whar 'tis, if ye let me go! Ain't I makin' up? Ye kin give it ter the other folkses, if ye like. Tell ye, they all wud heap ruther git thar money back to havin' me killed up. Ye know they wud."

They might, Fair thought. And perhaps he was taking a private revenge instead of acting, against his compassion, for the public good alone. How ghastly he looked, poor wretch! Must he guard him until help came, with night approaching? They might be an hour riding there, two hours—they might not come all night. Fair turned sick at the thought of the wretch freezing and fainting in the cold ooze. Why, it were more merciful to shoot him on the spot. "I shall have to, if they are too long!" he groaned. The sheer human repulsion from such butchery mastered him. But he sat motionless. Could he believe Dick? Inexorably, his experience answered, no. His reason, beginning to speak, reminded him that, this one man dead, there would be an end of brigandage in the Black River country. The fields would be tilled, the crops planted, honest men would ride freely about their business, women and children would no longer live in terror. Let them only know Dick had been captured and killed, the rogues left would think of nothing but hiding.

He remembered his own oath to bring Jim Fowler's assassin to justice; yet that did not count like other things, like the chances for Dick's followers, for instance. Were he to let Dick escape, every wounded prisoner would be hung before sundown. Colonel Rutherford was fully persuaded that the peace of the country



"Be ye aimin' t' kill me, an' me with my hands up?"

required an awful example. Dick was the leader; Dick executed, he might prevail on his father to show mercy to the minor ruffians. Fairfax did not deceive



Bud Fowler.

himself. He judged Dick's doom righteous and necessary; what was intolerable was to be the executioner. "I am a coward again," thought he, with an inexpressible sinking of the soul. And on the heels of that thought came another: Here was his expiation for that past shame, to deliver the murderer to justice.

And whatever may be said for or against his decision, no one of the fearless soldiers and statesmen who were Fairfax Rutherford's ancestors ever did a braver act or one better becoming a good citizen, than he then; choosing the worst torture to a man of sensibility, the torture of inflicting pain before the risk of calamity to the commonwealth.

But he could not meet Dick's wicked, scared eyes; he turned his head as he answered:

"It's no use, Barnabas; I bear you no malice, but I can't let you go."
"Ye *dasn't* let me go! You' a cyoward!" screamed the wretch. His voice was terrible.

Fairfax's face was whiter than his. Instead of replying to the taunt, he pulled a whiskey flask out of his pocket and threw it to the outlaw, calling him to catch it, drink it, it would keep the cold out.

But he would not look at the man gulping down the liquor in furious haste.

He wheeled his horse to ride back a

little distance, thinking thus to get a better view through the trees, and to call for help. At the same instant, Betty Ward shied, and something like a line of white fire sheared the air past him, to bury itself in a cypress-trunk where it hung quivering—Dick Barnabas's bowie-knife.

Fairfax turned. But not for the useless blow; he turned because the wood was reverberating with the crash of a gunshot and a scream of agony.

Where Dick had stood there remained only an awful bas-relief of a head and shoulders flung face downward with outstretched arms on the smooth, black mud. A hand moved once. The wind lifted the long black hair. That was all. In a few moments, the smooth black surface was unbroken.

Bud Fowler slipped calmly down from his perch in a swamp hackberry-tree, at right angles to Fair. He was neither pale nor flushed, but sallow and freckled and solemn-looking, as usual. And, as usual, one of his hands was hitching up his trousers.

"All that ar good whiskey plumb wasted!" was his first speech; "wa'al, he won't drink no more. I promised maw I'd kill 'im, an' I done it."

"Perhaps you'll be good enough to tell me where *you* came from, Bud," said Fair, who felt horribly shaken and found a certain relief in speaking lightly.

"Oh, I b'en yere right along," replied Bud, his drawling accent not a whit hurried by excitement. "Berries is thick

up thar, an' hid me. I lowed to shoot, onyhow, but I sorter waited tuh hear Dick beg fur marcy, kase he never did show none. I was jes gettin' ready w'en you throwed the mean skunk you' wiskey. 'Laws,' says I, 'let the critter get one drink daown 'im, fust!' w'en, blame my skin, ef he didn't up an' shy that ar knife at ye. Tell

ye, I let drive mighty quick. Hit him *fine*, didn't I?"

"He gave a nasty scream."

Bud grinned. "That warn't him aschreechin'. He tumbled over still's a wild hoeg, an' ye cayn't git nare squeal



outer them ef ye cut 'em ter pieces.* Thar are b'en Mose. He never kin see nobody hurted without squealin'. All right, Mose. Good Mose."

Mose stuck "his long locks colored like copper wine," out from his ambush of live-oak leaves. Beholding Fair, he nodded vigorously, then he cast his eyes down on the swamp and shuddered.

"Mose tolled me, yere," said Bud, "I 'lowed he b'en seekin' tuh have me meet up with—him they says santer's raoun' yere—an' I are shore," added Bud, hurriedly and with elaborate civility, lest the invisible denizen of the swamp might take his words amiss, "I are shore he got the bestis right yere. But fact war, Mose he done fund aout some caches, yere. Ye know he are forever projiekin'



of offered tuh tell whar he kep' his truck; Mose an' me kin tell ye. This yere tree an' whar he are, tew, does be jes plumb full."

CHAPTER XI.

AMONG the wounded in the fight with the graybacks was Lige. With the other wounded men he was carried back to the plantation; and at sunrise, next morning, was aroused out of a delirious stupor by a volley of musketry. He asked feebly what it meant. Sam was at his side.

"Wa'al, ye know we uns won," said he. "Be the ole man a shootin' all the boys?"

"Naw, naw," replied Sam, briskly,

* A fact. One may cut a wild pig's throat and he will only gnash his teeth. They fight to the last.



Some Types of Dick Barnabas's Band of Graybacks.

"we uns taken a heap er pris'ners, but Young Rutherford he did beg most on em off. On'y four b'en shot, Mack an' Ziah an' tew them Teague boys iz killed the old woman. Restis got off, promisin' better ways in futuere."

"This yere's a better way t' go, ain't it, Sammy? Nice, clean bed in the Cunnel's haouse, an' ever'buddy kine and pleasant."

Sam was digging his knuckles into his red eyes; he answered, gruffly: "You ain't goin' nowhar, so you shet up!"

Lige's face worked a little. "We uns b'en runnin' t'gether fur a right smart, now ain't we?" he said, while Sam frowned as though at his worst enemy; "you ain't much tuh talk, Sam, but you' a man tuh tie tew."

"Naw, I ain't," sobbed Sam; "d—ye, Lige, don't go fur t' make a baby er me, this yere way!"

Lige laughed feebly. "You b'en allus the same contraviry cuss, Sam." Then with a change of his face: "What's come er Dick?"

"Devil got him, at last," said Sam.

Glad to divert his comrade's thoughts, he rapidly sketched Dick's end. "We all b'en packin' up the wyounded," he continued, "when they comes in; the young feller an' Bud an' that ar ijit, Slick Mose. Fust word the ole man sayd: 'Whar's Dick Barnabas?' sezee. 'Dick Barnabas is dead, sir,' says the young feller, mighty solemn, 'an' a layin' out thar in the swamp whar he murdered

Leruge. The boy done it,' sezee. An' you'd orter heerd the cheerin'. 'But Mist' Fair foted him thar an' mired him up,' says Bud, a hollerin' it loud. 'That's all right, my son,' says the Cunnel,

and shakes young Rutherford's hand. "Then my young gentleman begins an'



begs for the other graybacks' lives. 'Wa'al,' says the ole man, 'I sayd this night ever' woman an' chile in Lawrence



Lige and Sam.

Caounty cud go t' sleep an' not be skeered er the graybacks. If Dick are dead that's shore the case. Fur these fellers, we'll giv 'em a fa'r caourt marshill, an' them ain't done *tew* much murderin' we'll let off.' That ar's whut they done."

Lige nodded. "Wa'al," he said, after a pause, "fur all I got my ticket yis-tiddy, I yent sorry I come; Dick had a killed off young Rutherford, shore, if I hadn't b'en thar. Sorter takes the taste er the meanness we uns done him outer my mouth. An' so he begged Race an' the restis off. Wa'al, *sir!* Fit well, *tew*, didn't he?"

"He did so," Sam agreed, cordially.

Lige appeared to be thinking. "Naw," he muttered finally, with a dissatisfied sigh, "taste ain't out yit. An' if I war—war tuh meet up with Parson, over thar, he'd be beratin' me, shore's you' bawn. I got to own up, Sam."

"Do you reckon?" said Sam, wistfully.

"Ya'as, I do. Sam, will ye ax the ole man an' him come in yere, a minnit?"

Making no further protest and appar-

ently understanding him, Sam moved out of the room. Once in the hall, behind the door, the tears rolled unchecked down his cheeks.

"Lord A'mighty, ain't I a fool!" he kept muttering, fighting with his sobs. "Quit, ye jack! Let you'seff be so overcrowded! Ain't ye got no grit? D—— ye, *quit!*"

But for all his abuse, he could hardly get through his message to the Colonel; and, back in the room, he flung himself on his breast and buried his face in the pillow. Aunt Hizzie had been sent to summon Fair, who immediately responded.

The cook's thoughts being thereby directed into gloomy channels, moved her to song, as usual. Up in Lige's room they could hear her chant:

"Oh, mohnah, guv up you' hain't t' die,
When de rocks an' de mountyns dey all fall
away,
Den ye shill fine a new hidin' place."

"Confound her, I'll go! I'll go!" cried the Colonel, "I'll shut her up."

"Naw, sir, don't," Lige interjected in his spent voice, which they had to bend to hear. "I like tuh hear her. Munds me—er my maw—singin'—an' me a tot-in' in trash fur the fire. She b'en a turrible—good woman—maw—seen a heap er tr'uble, *tew*. She—she are dead, ye



"Sick folks don't like noise."

understan'—used ter much you sight, Sam. Sayd you—b'en the willin'est boy."

"His mind wanders," whispered Fair to his father.

"Naw, 't doan, neether," gurgled Sam; "she did tew! Never you mind, Lige."

He groped, through his tears, for a glass on the table and held it to Lige's lips. The liquor appeared to give him a transient vigor; he opened his eyes and said, in a clear tone: "I are glad to see you all. I won't hender ye much. Fust, Cunnel, you promised me fifty dollars kase I fit, yistiddy. I want it all t' go t' my ole side-pardner, Sam. Him an' me—Sam, quit goin' that a way!"

Sam choked his sobs by cramming the counterpane in his mouth. "He ain't done nare much bad things, an' ef he does be you' friend you kin depend on 'im till he draps. That ar's fust. Second. You all reckon Mist' Rutherford did shoot Parson Collins. He didn't. It b'en me shot him. I didn't aim t' kill him; I bin hid in the bush, an' I fired at Dick kase I cudn't stay his devilin' the young feller, no longer. Sam, he cudn't neether; he guv a sorter screech; an' I shot, but Dick he jes then stooped daown, suddint like, and the shoot went crossways into Parson's shoulder. Looked like he b'en hit in the hairt, but he didn't b'en. Sam he 'spicioned how it mout a' b'en. Reckon Ziah an' Mack did, tew, fur they knowed Mist' Rutherford didn't fire. Anyway, Sam he come back an' holped me, an' 'tween us we toted Parson tuh Aunt Tennie's, an' she nussed 'im well. Slick Mose, he b'en monkeyin' raoun' mighty briefly, so we 'lowed you uns wud know he didn't b'en killed. But when Parson got pearter he got Sam an' me t' shake the graybacks, an' go t' you uns. You know what did happen. You uns schemed fur Parson tuh play ghost on 'em, an' it worked *fine*."

His narrative was finished with great difficulty, so fast were his powers failing him; but with a strong effort he turned his body in Fair's direction.

"Will ye—call—it squar', young feller?" said he.

Fair had stood like Spenser's knight in his colloquy with despair:

"And troubled blood through his pale face
was seen

To come and go with tidings from the heart,
As it a running messenger had been."

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Only it was hope that agitated him.

"Why, surely," he exclaimed, in a trembling voice, "and I'm awfully grateful to you for telling."

"I sorter hated tuh tell, fur a fact," the grayback said, faintly; "ye see, thar's Parson. I was jubious iz how he'd take it. I'd hate mightily tuh have Parson think hard er me. Wud—wud ye sorter give hit easy like tuh Parson, if ye please, sir. Putt it in nice big-saoundin' words, an' p'int out cl'ar how I never did aim tuh do him a meanness."

"Yes, of course," said Fair, "I'll bring him here."

It was not hard to make Parson Collins lenient in his view of Lige's act. "Why, he didn't go for to hit me," cried he; "bless my soul, he was only aiming to hit Dick Barnabas, which I consider a virtuous act. Yes, sir, a plumb virtuous act! The intent, you know, sir, the intent—we are all liable to shoot wrong. Miserable sinners, miserable sinners, you know. Dear, dear, dear! ain't it too bad the poor fellow's got to die? Five killed, and this makes six, besides the graybacks who I had ought to count, I expect, but it doesn't look like the same thing. Yesterday, sir, minded me of the words of the Psalmist, 'Ride er because of the word of truth, of meekness, and righteous; and thy right arm shall teach thee terrible things.' Terrible, verily, sir, but we must not forget that they are merciful, also, since they have delivered this poor country from the spoiler." He was standing at the foot of the stairs, and now bent over and took off his boots, muttering, "Sick folks don't like noise. He used to be mighty still and careful with me."

It happened that their way led them by a window in the hall. Neither of them looked out. They knew why the little crowd was still loitering under the pecan-trees, and why the wagons and the black men with spades waited. The Parson said, under his breath: "'Madness is in their hearts while they live, and after that they go to the dead.' God forgive them."

Lige was too feeble to say much to them. He asked Parson Collins, eagerly, if it was all square between them, and seemed pleased at the answer. Then he sank into a semi-conscious

state, while the minister prayed fervently, aloud.

Something of the petition he must have comprehended, for at its close he whispered, "That's all right, Parson. That's me, ornery, trifling, wicked cuss; but d—— if I ain't sorry!"

The Parson took no more note of the profanity than did poor Lige, who swore in all simplicity, and with a contrite heart. Presently he spoke again. "Say, Parson, *did* ye get Ma'y Jane?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Rutherford fetched her."

A very pleasant smile dawned on the grayback's face. "Dick got skinned all raoun', then. I tole ye, Sam, he cudn't match Parson in a trade." With that he laid his cheek against his old comrade's arm and shut his eyes.

They thought that he slept. But in a little while his sleep was merged into that slumber the dreams of which are never unravelled by waking care.

CHAPTER XII.

THE two Rutherfords left the Parson with Sam. The Colonel had said to Fair: "Mind coming into the library a minnit, Fair?" He walked ahead, erect, with his most martial air. He set his feet firmly on the floor. But Fair looked dazed and ashamed. His thankfulness (now that he had time to realize that his nerves had not betrayed his will) was so intense that it approached humiliation. "I came awfully near yielding, anyhow," he was thinking.

He was keenly conscious, besides, of the embarrassment of the situation, a son grievously wronged by his father, at least in thought, going to an explanation, possibly to an apology. He cudgelled his wits to find a way to assure the old man that no abasement was needed, without offensively assuming that any abasement was due. He grew hot over the dilemma. But he might have spared himself any worry on the Colonel's account. Plainly that gentle-

man felt none for himself. No sooner were they in the library than he sank into his own especial chair and flung one leg over the arm. It was an attitude which Fair remembered from his childhood, but he had not seen it once since he came home.

"Anything to drink, Fair?" said the Colonel, smiling as genially as if the tears were not twinkling in his eyes. "Thanks to you, we are pretty well stocked up again. No? Well, that's right. 'Tis too early in the morning. Well, boy, I reckon I had ought to say something to you; but, fact is, it goes better in a story. There was a fellow in old Virginia was a great wag. He was mighty fond of good company and used to stay pretty late nights at the tavern. He had a nice wife, but she was tolerable fiery and high strung, and I reckon, some times, he got a good



"Well, boy, I reckon I had ought to say something to you."

dressing down when he got home. We all felt rather curious about it, and one night, when he was pretty happy, waiting on the moon, we asked him what he used to say when he got home. 'Oh, that's easy nuff,' says he, 'I don't say much. I jest say, good evening—*she* says the rest!'"

"That's about my position, Fair. I've made a cussed fool mistake about you, and I'm infernally g-glad of it. Y-you can say the rest! So shake hands."

Fair jumped up to shake hands, but his father hugged the slight young figure with such energy that there was

barely breath enough left in it to gasp : "I say, father, after that I think I *will* take something."

He could not have pleased the Colonel better.

"And I'm p-proud of you, sir. Always w-was," he roared, quite openly wiping his eyes, "always aim to be. Oh, never m-mind my crying! As Montaigne says, you know, some fellers cry easier than others—or words to that effect. Now set down and wait, till I fetch in your s-step-mother." He stopped short, his eyes wandered to the canvas from which looked the girlish beauty of Fair's own mother; and his voice failed him. Did she, too, see this day when his son who was dead was alive again; who was lost, was found?

"Fair," he said, hoarsely, "she—she's proud of you, too."

CHAPTER XIII.

In how short a time does peace repair the ravages of war! The bugle had sounded its last charge on the Black River. Where the guerillas paid the penalty of their crimes, the next spring's grass covered the trampled sod as generously as if it had never been disfigured or stained. The mill buzzed cheerily over huge logs, sawing for "the new houses." A score of ragged, good-natured idlers hung about the well-filled shelves of the store, or over a gay huddle of ploughs and wagons by the river-side, bartering their future crops.

Very tender and lovely looked the first dawn of the spring foliage. The cypress-trees were newly pricked out in green, and the sullen black walnuts had not so much as ventured a bud on the chances of summer; but already the live-oaks and the willows glittered in woodland bravery. The sycamores looked like illuminations in an old missal, with dull-gold leaves on silver boughs. Gorgeous vermilion and orange blooms on the maple, yellow sassafras-blossoms, velvet hickory-buds, shaded darkly red, brilliant tassels swinging from cotton-wood limbs, white dogwood, tier on tier, in the woods, scarlet buckeye bells, and purple masses of red-bud were blended in a magical tapestry hung be-

tween earth and sky for the poorest's joy.

All the innumerable vines and creeping or climbing things, the shrubs, the saplings—the woodland peasantry, one may say—were astir, growing and leafing. The thrill of the beautiful season of life and hope seemed to vibrate everywhere. The very logs and stumps were fair to see, now, sheathed in leaves and floating tendrils.

But far back in the brake, where the shade made a dusk at mid-day, where hideous hackberry trunks and cypress knees and a thicket of rank swamp flowers surrounded a ruined cotton-field, who could tell whether the buzzards still poised their wings above one twice-accursed spot? Aunt Hizzie had grewsome tales of a ghost capering on the shore, and a ghost cursing and sinking in the mire. No one ever ventured near enough to contradict her. Bud Fowler, who was prospering on his father's farm, only blinked his sharp eyes and remarked that he hadn't lost nare ghost, for why should he go hunt one?

"Bud's all right," said the Colonel, "he makes me think of Aunt Hizzie when old Tappitoe wanted to baptize her in winter. She wouldn't, cause she'd sure be chillin', she said. 'Doan' ye trust in de Lawd, sister?' says ole Tappitoe—biggest black scoundrel unhung, ye know!—'Doan' ye trust in de Lawd?' says he. 'Aw, ya'as, bruder,' says Hizzie, 'I does trust pintedly in de Lawd; but I ain't gwine fool wid him!' That's Bud—he ain't 'fraid of ghosts, but he don't 'low to fool with them."

The one black spot on the plantation is out of sight of the house; it did not disturb Adèle, when she looked out of the library window and gazed around her, on a certain bright spring morning. Freshly turned furrows drawn across the fields showed that men hoped to gather what they should sow. White-wash smartened the cabins. Fences were mended. There were a few new houses of the humbler sort. Compared to the desolate stagnation which was the lot of most Southern plantations, those days, the place looked marvellously prosperous.

The Colonel, who had returned to his old idolatry, openly ascribed his hap-

pier state to Fair. "Fact is, sir, my son is a stirring young man. Energy and education, both. Knows how to manage."

Really, Fair had worked with a pathetic industry to master a new business, but the Colonel did himself and his silent partner, Adèle, injustice, and something is due to Fairfax Senior's capital.

Adèle, however, was only too pleased to be effaced ; to be able to admire and exult where she had used to comfort and defend. At first, with unmixed joy, she used to watch Fairfax in his new clothes, with his exquisite toilet appointments (the young sybarite must needs send to New York for them) ; ivory brushes and hand-glasses and glittering steel, instruments for the care of his nails the uses of which her imagination could not compass ; soaps and sponges and mysterious bath luxuries ; a great box, in fact, at which the Colonel jeered, and in which he secretly gloried beyond measure. And Adèle too gloried ; having found her fairy prince, again. She liked him to be fastidious in his personal habits ; she was proud of his polished manners and his clothes and the very fashion of his talk. Fair, indeed, appeared in a new rôle. Mrs. Rutherford could not find enough to say regarding his amusing qualities. He took the inconveniences and vexations and restrictions of their manner of living as gayly as possible. He set himself to learning the dialect with tremendous zeal. He was enraptured with the woods and the water ; he rode, he hunted ; even in his misadventures he always discovered something ludicrous. Being a capital mimic, he could tell a story in a way to captivate his father ; while, had his sympathy with all her plans, his "handy ways about a house," his small domestic ingenuities, and his promptness at meals not already won her, Mrs. Rutherford had surrendered afresh, every time she heard his peals of laughter over Colonel Rutherford's jokes. And yet, often, when Parson Collins preached, or they gathered, Sunday nights, around the piano (which Fair had tuned), and he played while they sung their simple hymns ; or, it may be, merely walking in the woods, or standing on the river-bank to view the daily pageant of sun-

set, Adèle would observe a mood of deep though not sad gravity.

She could imagine, at such times, that he was remembering the past with gratitude, and surveying the future with humility.

Those were the times when she felt her old sense of nearness to him ; just as she used to feel in the horrible, precious past, when she was all he had of hope or consolation. There was the misery of it, she was nothing to him now. Does any love resign its right to help without a pang ? At first, in her unselfish devotion, Adèle was purely and proudly glad. But little by little a gulf had seemed to open between them. She read Fair's new novels (which came by every boat since the boat had begun running) and felt a sick sort of dismay, because she knew that she did not in the least resemble any of Dickens's or Thackeray's or Trollope's heroines. With the kindest intentions he sent for a great heap of feminine finery and fashion-plates for her guidance. I profess I could weep (as Adèle did, *entre nous*) when I picture those poor Arkansas gentlewomen poring helplessly over the pictures, and contrasting the strange furbelows with Madam Rutherford's one cherished threadbare silk, which had been the couple's gown of state (worn impartially by either) for years.

"Oh, mamma—" I seem to hear Adèle's voice with the little shake to it because, in spite of her, she cannot speak quite firmly—"we never *can* make a dress like these. They ain't like anything that I ever saw on earth !"

It was not vanity that made Adèle cry so bitterly when she went to bed that night, although she took herself to task quite as ferociously as if it had been.

It came to this pass, finally, that the dejected scorn of herself in comparison with him, which had wrung the little girl's heart, now hung like a stone on the woman's. Of course, she grew less cordial, less frank and unstudied with Fair. Then after a time she thought that she could see that he was not so happy. There was more premeditation about his gayety, and sometimes, if he did not know he was watched, it would drop from his countenance to be replaced by a sombre care.

"He is fretting to go back," thought Adèle.

This morning her imagination was repeating a scene at the breakfast-table which seemed to her to offer the key to Fair's late depression. Adèle is watching Fair read his letters. A photograph, somewhere in the pile, slips off the table, on to the floor, at her feet. She tells herself it is dishonorable to look, she assures herself that she will not look, and, of course, eventually, she does look. She sees a very pretty girl in a gown like those which are Adèle's despair, a girl who has a high-bred air in every line of her face. Fair is too absorbed in his letter to notice anything else; it is the Colonel who picks up the *carte*.

"Hullo!" says he, "here's a pretty way to treat a fair lady! Who is she, Fair? Favors Della a bit, but she ain't half so handsome."

Fair holds out his hand for the photograph and says, with what Adèle considers a very good imitation of composure: "Her name is Lady Etheldred Aylmer."

"Thunder!" exclaims the Colonel, who instantly looks very foolish and falls upon the unlucky Nels; "what the deuce is he making such a hullabaloo for, in the gallery?"

"Why, laws, Marse," cries Nels, "dat ain't me hollerin' an' bellerin'. Dat Solomon Izril; he done steal a big drink out one er Hizzie's mixteries; an' it *wukin' in him!*"

"Oh, you get out," bawls the Colonel, good-humoredly, "you're always abusing Hizzie." There is more to the same purpose; and doubtless the innocent soldier flatters himself that he has deceived his womankind into thinking that his ejaculation started for Nels. He goes off to the store, chuckling. Presently Fair follows him. Before his back is well out of the door, Mrs. Rutherford sighs, "Dear boy, he is so like Jeff." No one could be less like Jeff than Fair, but it is Mrs. Rutherford's highest compliment. "I hope he *won't* marry this Lady—what's her name?" she continues; "I hate to think of him going away. Oh, dear, I 'most wish I hadn't got to being so fond of him!"

Adèle feels her heart stand still; yet

she asks, carelessly enough, "Is there any chance of his marrying her?"

"Well, Uncle Fair wants him to," says Mrs. Rutherford; "dear me, there goes Aunt Hizzie. That woman is right trying. Never *will* move, stands right where she happens to be, and *hollers*."

So Mrs. Rutherford hurries away while Aunt Hizzie's mellow tones fill the gallery. "You, Solomon Lize, wherever you is! go tell ole miss, Slick Mose got a mess er greens fur er."

This is the scene which Adèle was dolefully elaborating to herself until she saw Slick Mose approach. The idiot was clad very decently in a jean suit, and was blowing on one of those little mouth-pieces called "harps" in the South. His elf-locks had been cut and were plastered unevenly over his skull, Mose's idea of high toilet. He slunk through the garden round to the front of the house. Adèle knew that he was seeking her.

Instinctively, she drew back out of sight. Then, "What right have I to be sorry?" she said sternly to herself; "it is cruel to disappoint a poor crazy creature." She forced herself to smile at Mose. He came and stood below the window, and she sat on the sill and talked with him and listened to him. He showed her a mouth-organ which Fair had given him. "He good," jabbered Mose, "love La Da!" And he laughed.

Was even this brutish creature to stab her? But she remembered how simple and limited was poor Mose's definition. Yes, surely, in the way Mose meant, he did love her. It was something. Why, it was all she wanted.

"No," said Adèle, "I never have lied to myself, I won't now; it isn't!" Meanwhile, Mose was crooning the air to a song which Fair used to sing. He had the same facility in catching the notes of music that he had in mimicking the birds' calls or the wild beasts' cries. "Oh, I say, Mose, where did you pick up my song?" Mose may have seen the young man coming, but the tender little German melody had drawn Adèle into another world; she started so violently at Fair's voice that she almost fell out of the window. Fair caught her; he held her for a second—

long enough to see that her eyes were full of tears.

With as grave a face as her own, he released her.

Mose, looking from one to the other, began a distressed murmur. "You must smile," said Adèle, quickly, "he likes to see smiles, always, poor soul. Look, Mose, it's all right, Mose, and there's your friend, Mr. Collins, coming. Run and meet up with him."

Mose clapped his hands. He needed no further urging to run toward a portly elderly man on a white mule.

"Well, Cousin Adèle," said Fair, "what is the matter?"

"I don't understand you, Cousin Fair."

"Oh, yes, you do; what made you cry?"

"I—I don't know. I reckon it was the song."

"The song! Do you know the words, then?"

"They are German. I don't understand German."

He looked at her with rather a strange expression, she thought.

"It is something of Heine's," said he, "one of his adorable, incomparable trifles. Only two stanzas. In the first the poet tells of the miseries people have brought on him. Some of them with their hate, some of them with their love. Then he says that she who has ruined him most completely is 'she who never has hated me, she who never has loved.' That's all."

Adèle murmured a faint "Oh!" Feeling that hardly adequate comment, she added, "I didn't expect you to stop so soon."

He was regarding her with extraordinary gravity. "I believe," said he, letting each word have its full ring, as if it were a coin to be tested, "I believe I won't stop. It would be base for me to say that *you* had done for me like the sweetheart in the song, for whether you make me miserable now or not, you saved me, and I shall always thank God I knew such a noble woman as you. But—life will be awfully hard to stand if you can't love me—some time."

She turned her head away.

"Adèle, I didn't dare say this, before. I said I would try to show you I was

something more than the poor creature you saved from despair. Have I shown myself enough of a man to have the right to tell you how I love you, dear?"

His only answer was a whisper; of which he could barely catch the words, "Lady Etheldred."

He laughed outright, in a sudden relief. "Lady Etheldred is awfully sweet and jolly," said he, "and she is engaged to the best fellow in the world, and my best friend. She wrote me all about it this morning. Such a nice, womanly sort of a letter. I don't believe she would mind your seeing it. In fact"—he flushed uncomfortably—"I did tell her something about you, and there is a—a reference to you in it. You had been so stiff to me lately I was awfully low, and she—she heartened me up in the nicest way and advised me to—to speak to you."

"But Uncle Fair? She was his choice for you." This sentence came clearer.

Fairfax laughed again. "Oh, he is quite reconciled. Besides, as long as I am not *her* choice, you know, it can't very much matter."

"But I am sure he wouldn't want you to marry me," said Adèle, slowly.

"Don't be too sure," said Fairfax, gayly (yet he flushed a little, having his uncle's letter in his pocket and fresh from an indignant reading of its cool sentences, its reservations about Adèle, and its rather cynical resignation to hot-headed youth); "he gives his consent—if I can gain yours. Of course, I made a clean breast of everything. He is coming here."

He caught her arm with a kind of tender rudeness which she did not think was in him, yet which did not offend her. "I am afraid of you," he cried; "why do you treat me this way? Why did you avoid me? Did you want to spare me the mortification of asking and being refused? Do you think I can be mortified before you—after you have seen me—oh, I loved you even then, though I thought I had no hope you could do anything more than pity such a cur! Do you know the picture I was always drawing in my head by way of consoling myself? It was to get killed by the graybacks, after performing

prodigies of valor, of course—and then be carted here somehow and die with my head on your arm. That seemed to me my only way out of the hole.

“Well, you know how it was. I didn’t perform any prodigies. I didn’t bring Dick Barnabas to bay—the mule threw him. I hadn’t the resolution to shoot him. It was, I’ll confess, all I could do to keep from letting the villain get off scot-free. Bud shot him. All that was left me to do was just to plod along here, thankful to God that my wretched cowardice hadn’t made me a murderer, and that I hadn’t shown the white feather at the last. I swore to myself I would, at least, show you that I understood what you said to me that day, and that I wouldn’t speak until you knew that I was safe to stick to my expiating like the people in the marriage ceremony, ‘until death do us part.’ And lately—well, lately, I haven’t dared.”

She turned her face the very least

toward him, a small concession which made him immediately possess himself of her other hand.

“My darling,” he said, huskily, “I am a poor fellow, I know, but the bravest man in the world couldn’t love you more than I do.”

“You are the bravest man in the world to me!” said she, lifting her sweet eyes bravely, though her cheeks were afire.

He uttered a rapturous exclamation and would have drawn her toward him, but a noise of whacks and shouts startled them both. Yells of, “Whoa! Huh! Quit your funning!” and the like, ended in :

“Well, have your own way, you husky, you’ll live longer!”

Fairfax, who had jumped through the window, swung himself back. “It is nothing,” said he, “only Parson Collins leading Ma’y Jane round a fence-corner.”

THE END.

DAWN AND DUSK AT KARNAK.

By Charles Henry Lüders.

Out of the dim, mysterious dawn he came—
The sun-god—the Osiris—clad in folds
Of woven flame ; and all the hideous shapes
That lurked along the margin of the night—
Star-dimmers, and the gnomes who blot the moon
And steal the ore of sunset—imps whose veins
Scarce pulsate with their currents of thin dew—
Fled at his glance, while he, through tumbling haze,
Winged slowly up into the billowy sky.

The golden scarabeus of the day
Down the bright west crawled softly ; and the faint
Inscriptions faded ; and a small, pale cloud,
Brushed by the great sun-beetle’s wing, flushed red
And swam, a lotus petal, in the blue.
And Karnak, that a long December day
Had lived again within our reverent hearts,
Fled like a dream ; and naught remained with us
Save deepening shades beneath slow-clustering stars,
And one dark monolith against the night.

JAVAN HACKETT'S ILL-MENDED FORTUNES.

By E. C. Martin.



AR and near, Medway County farms were noted for their beauty and fertility, and one of the best of them was Javan Hackett's. The smooth, black-soiled fields, their faces turned to the southern sun and breezes, and looking so rich and mellow that it seemed scarcely worth while to vex them with plough and harrow, rolled gently down to a sparse wood, where the cattle found grateful shade and savory grass throughout the hottest summer, while the spring-water brook that coiled and cooed through it afforded never-failing drink. Between two of the fields a level lane, bordered by trenches of green turf, led up to the white farm-house, and beside the farm-house a square barn-yard lay that (apparently without anybody's care or labor) was always as trim and verdant as a city lawn.

Going down the lane and looking out over the fields, any observer must have been moved to unite in the ready concession of all the farmers round, that Javan had a good farm—few or none better. Coming up the lane, however, there was a blemish on the prospect. Peering over the mossy, sagging roof of a vast black barn was a round, rocky hill that never wore any but a jaundiced verdure, and this only through a month or two of the later spring or earlier summer. From before the barn only the top of the hill was visible, and it looked as if it might be resting on a wing of the barn itself. When the whole of it was seen, it had the form of having been thrown up to exactly fit within the rail-fence that circled it at the base. To the intent beholder this hill was mysteriously irritating, and it became more so as time went on. Its effect was like that produced in many persons by a mole on a beautiful face, and one wanted to at once set about its removal, and was impatient with the owner of the farm that he had

never done so. The proximity of the barn may have deepened the oppression from the hill. A rain-charred, rotting old barn is never a cheerful figure in the rural landscape. But it was the hill alone that one thought of, and felt that he could not rest until he had swept it all away.

From the point of view of the owner, however, there lay upon the farm a much more serious blemish than the ill-favored hill and barn. It was heavily mortgaged. And this blemish, so far from being cast into the background or shaded off by positive beauties all about, was aggravated by an inherent, ineradicable unthrift in Javan Hackett himself. Another man would have had the mortgage paid off long ago; but with Javan it had grown a little year by year. It began when Javan's father died, and he bought out the interest of the other heirs in the farm, which had been the homestead. His own inheritance was not mean, and so the obligation that he assumed seemed, reasonably, to be within his easy mastery. But the forces of nature no more than one's fellows will follow a faltering commander. Thus we see that the man who has failed in city or town—where the elements are mainly other men, and failure comes of inability to impress one's self on other men and turn them deftly to one's own uses—fails still further when, as a last resort, he betakes himself to the country and seeks to stay his broken fortunes by farming. In short, strength alone wins anywhere. And Javan Hackett was weak.

There needed no signal manifestation of it, to be sure of Javan's weakness. It betrayed itself, as all men's weaknesses will, in various little ways. It was suggested by the sparseness and softness of the grizzled beard on his cheeks. It was distinctly shown in a habit of nervously pulling at the long, straight tuft of beard on his chin. It was distinctly shown, again, in a spasmodic dropping of the lower jaw in laughter; and it was

again suggested in the over-readiness, if not in the undue heartiness, of the laugh. And yet Javan was endowed with a genuine gift of humor, and often dropped remarks that many a man noted for his bright sayings might well have envied him. But he would drop his jaw along with his remark. Then, like enough, the jest would come but tardy off; and thus, from one cause or another, Javan was in danger of moving his companion by his merriment only to an ill-forced smile and an ill-suppressed shiver. And in that event, as he was one of the kindest and most tender of creatures, he might be seized with a sudden fear that his jest had been of too personal a flavor, and beg pardon, hope that he hadn't hurt your feelings, explain that all he meant was a little fun, and run your cup of discomfort quite over by adding that a little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men.

Javan was also a man of rather more education than the farmers about him. His father had kept him in constant attendance at one of the district schools, through its brief terms, until he was fifteen or sixteen years old, and, besides, had given him a term or two at an academy. From this training he had brought away some sproutings of a literary taste that never quite died out of him. On the white linen cover of the small, square cherry-stand in the dining-room, which was also the sitting-room, always lay, one upon another, Scott's Poems in a large volume in sheep, and the "History of the World" in two volumes of black leather, with the backs much embellished in gilt, and a gilt title in the centre of a bright red tab. In one or the other of these books Javan read a while every Sunday, and he had come to know them nearly by heart. He was fond of reciting stirring passages from Scott for his friends, and at the literary entertainments that were held occasionally in the neighborhood, with a pious or benevolent intent, a reading or recitation by Javan from "Marmion," or "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," or "The Lady of the Lake," was an unailing and not unpopular feature.

But it was not Javan's gift of humor, nor his literary accomplishments, that won him the warm regard of his neigh-

bors, which he unquestionably enjoyed. These might have been much less pathetically imperfect than they were, and still they would have counted for little with Javan's fellow-farmers. Neither was it his farming that commended him to them; for of that the more forward-handed of them did not at all approve. What bound them to him was the unailing gentleness and kindness of his nature. Never a man fell sick in the whole country-side but Javan was immediately at hand to give him a man's nursing, if he needed it; and his nursing, with a man's strength combined all of a woman's deftness and patience and tenderness. The wheat might be spoiling for the reaper, the weeds might be throttling the corn, but a call to watch by a neighbor's bedside, or to follow him devoutly to his grave, if he died, was never disregarded. And the same ready and gentle helpfulness that marked him in his relations with his neighbors, marked him also in his domestic relations; so that it was with a pride well justified that Mrs. Hackett was wont to remark that she did not believe any man could be "nicer about the house" than he.

II.

"WELL, I'm about done with farming." Such was the observation that Javan Hackett delivered one spring morning from the top-rail of the fence that divided a half-ploughed field from the highway. The trees were laden with buds so swollen that they looked like wine-red berries, but as yet they wore no leaves; and the cries and carolings of the birds were those only of the earlier comers, and were marked by that almost piercing clearness of tone observable only in the absence of subduing foliage. And yet it was one of those mornings when the spring sun shines forth so bright and warm that we cry, "Why, it's summer!" On such a morning men of the lustiest energy find themselves pausing unduly in their work. Little wonder, therefore, that Javan Hackett should leave his horses and plough standing idle in the furrow, while he gossiped for an hour or more from the fence-top with a passing neighbor.

Little wonder either that he should say that he was "done with farming;" for, if ever a man has entertained dreams and aspirations beyond his wonted vocation, these dreams and aspirations are especially insistent on such a morning, and the wonted vocation especially distasteful.

The discontenting spell of the season seemed not to have fallen, however, upon the neighbor with whom Javan talked. "Well, I don't know," said he; "every calling has its cares;" and he looked at Javan cheerily out of a pair of large, clear, placid blue eyes, while a quiet, comfortable smile crept from his generous mouth off over his long, wide, beardless, ruddy face. Perhaps, though, it was not wholly native calmness and contentment of spirit that preserved him from the dissipating influences of the day. The sixty years that had completely whitened his hair, and begun to loosen the skin under his jaws, may also have brought to their mortal end, or near it, dreamful and roving tendencies once of much strength. Indeed, he now proceeded, in effect, to confess to a possession of such tendencies in his earlier days. Javan had assented to his assertion that "every calling has its cares" by saying that it did seem to be with care somewhat as with dock—no soil too good for it and none too poor. And now his neighbor replied: "That's just it. I'll tell you, Javan—I've lived on the old home farm there—now, let me see, sixty-two years next month. Yes, born and raised there. When I was about coming of age I got a great notion of going to town; and, finally, I went. I stayed just one month."

"Perhaps you didn't stay long enough to really find out what town-life was," said Javan.

"Perhaps not. But I stayed so long that grass never looked so green, leaves never rustled so sweetly and made such pretty shadows on the ground, and the birds never sang with such perfectly crazy joy, as when I came home. That was long enough to show which place was most agreeable to me, wasn't it?"

Javan dropped his jaw in an inaudible laugh, and said it was.

"No, sir," continued his neighbor; "I never come out early of a morning

—four or five o'clock, say—if the weather's good, and take a long breath of the dewy or frosty air, and then plunge my face into a basin of cold water fresh from the pump—but I say I wouldn't be cooped up in town for all the wealth of all the Vanderbilts. And I like it even when the weather's bad. I like to sit on the half-bushel measure in the barn and watch it rain."

The speaker showed that he had flourished on the life that he so fondly commended. His long, broad body rose straight and strong from the backless seat of a high-spring wagon in which he was driving. His horse, too, bore testimony—in an eloquent sleekness and fatness—to the wholesomeness of country living.

"I like the country too," said Javan, but with little spirit, and half apologetically. "The work is hard; but when it's to do, I am willing to do it. I'm with the work as a man is with his sins; he'd rather not have any, but they have their pleasant side for him."

The neighbor smiled intelligently at Javan's simile, as if he might know how it was himself, and Javan paused to bestow upon it the wonted tribute of a dropping of his jaw. Then he continued, "I don't know that I should care to make a change, if it was not for my wife and daughter. The country's a bad place for the women."

"Oh, I don't know. People are always saying so, but I doubt it."

"Well, Mr. Collamer," contended Javan—almost for the first time in the conversation addressing his neighbor by his name, which was in full Wilson Collamer—"well, if you had a daughter growing up, as I have, you couldn't consent to let her go on with no advantages. No man wants his children to be just what he is."

"It's natural and it's right for you to want to do the best you can for your girl," Mr. Collamer answered. "But," and he looked off thoughtfully between his horse's lazy ears a moment, "but there's a good deal of nonsense, in my opinion, in what they call 'advantages.' What change are you thinking of making, Javan?"

"I haven't spoken of it to anyone yet, but I have been thinking I might run

for county auditor," answered Javan, modestly.

"Oh, politics."

"Yes—a—politics. You don't think much better of politics than you do of town, do you?"

"I have been in one even less than the other," answered Mr. Collamer, evasively.

"I haven't any particular taste for politics, either," said Javan, and then he went on to explain that the auditorship paid well, and if he could obtain it for one term—he shouldn't want it for more than one term—it would put him in better shape. Then he would also have a good school for his daughter, without sending her from home; he could not reconcile himself to having her away from him.

"I know, I know," said Mr. Collamer, in answer to the last of Javan's statements. "When I think of my son Wilsie off out West, I feel that I must have him back home before another sunset. But this auditorship—you think you can get it, do you?"

Javan conceded that life itself was not more uncertain than "politics," but he had a plan in his mind, of which he gave Mr. Collamer an outline, and which he said he thought would carry him through; and this, he said, brought him right to the matter that he particularly wished to speak to Mr. Collamer about. But though brought right to it, Javan experienced manifest difficulty in laying hold of this particular matter. For some minutes he picked and carved with a pocket pruning-knife at the rail on which he sat, in awkward silence. At length he said, "I wanted to know if you would help me."

"You know I'm no politician," Mr. Collamer replied, with the utmost kindness, but still with a reserve and hesitation that must have moved a man of nicer discernment than Javan to suspect that Mr. Collamer had little confidence in the enterprise. And this suspicion would have been well placed; for in talking the matter over a little later with Mrs. Collamer, Mr. Collamer declared in all frankness, and with not a little warmth, that it was folly, and that Javan would certainly be beaten.

No such suspicion came to retard

Javan, however. Promptly assuring Mr. Collamer that he was politician enough, he proceeded to press his request with a tenacity not to be withstood. Suitors who enter upon the asking of a favor with a reluctance and timidity apparently the most painful, seem very often to warm to their work and develop a resoluteness of importunity quite unlooked-for. It was so with Javan. Consequently, as Mr. Collamer drew the lines up on his round, sleek horse, to go his way, he was saying: "Well, Javan, I'll do what I can for you. You've been my neighbor all your life; your father was my neighbor before you. Yes, I'll do all I can for you."

III.

THE cheerless predictions to which men of Mr. Collamer's conservative temperament are somewhat addicted often fail of fulfilment, but not often when they attach to a person of Javan Hackett's unlucky sort. Nevertheless, Mr. Collamer's predictions regarding Javan's political ambitions were not fulfilled. Javan in due time secured a nomination, and, as his party was largely in the ascendant in the county, his election followed as a matter of course.

Mr. Collamer not only gave his personal influence to the promotion of Javan's cause, but he also accommodated Javan with a small loan. To insure the payment of the loan, Javan proposed to place a second mortgage on his farm, but Mr. Collamer said: "No, I wouldn't lend money to a man I couldn't trust; and if the man's all right, what's the use of a mortgage?"

Javan offered no challenge to this argument. What man would when the compliment of it was addressed to himself? He said, "Of course, you'll be paid every cent of the money as soon as I am in office." He added, indeed—but gently and with the utmost consideration for Mr. Collamer's principles—"Most men, though, want security, lest something should happen."

"I know, I know," Mr. Collamer then said, "but it has always been my notion that, if you had to go to law for a debt, you might as well lose it at once."

On the legally appointed day, then, Javan took the prescribed official oath and began to exercise the full functions of the auditor of Medway County. The Hackett farm had been placed in charge of a German tenant, and the Hackett household had been established in the county-seat, Hebron, a quiet, shady town lying on two hill-sides that faced each other and were separated by a wide shallow stream, to which the protruding gray bowlders gave a warty aspect.

It was a great change for Javan. Even in the first flush and exhilaration of success he was somewhat oppressed by it. For any other than his daughter's sake he never could have made it; and even for her sake he could not have made it if left to himself. However unprosperous and cheerless the old course might have been, he must have plodded on in it from sheer impotence. But fate had provided Javan's faltering energies with a very lively spur in the person of Mrs. Hackett—a woman of quick movements, thin lips, high, irritated voice, and rattish eyes. The resolution that Javan lacked, she had in abundance. Her superiority in this regard must have arisen from physical causes; for Javan far surpassed her in cleverness. She could despatch the rough tasks that crowd the long day of the thrifty farm-wife, and still come to her bed at night only tired enough for good sleeping. But Javan, though rarely positively ill, was never perfectly well. How heavily he often dragged himself through his daily tasks, nobody knew. He scarcely knew himself; for the experience of going through them with perfect lustihood and blitheness was as sunshine to a man born blind.

Mrs. Hackett had not only less than Javan's cleverness, but also, as so forceful a person must have, less than his gentleness; and, moreover, she had little of his probity and equability of spirit. She wilfully wrought no one pain or wrong. Her fault was, that whatsoever she desired solely for her own comfort or pleasure immediately became in her regard essential to the comfort and pleasure of all about her, and was pushed through with ruthless vigor as a piece of meritorious beneficence. Thus the notion that better advantages ought to be

given their daughter originated with her rather than with Javan, and it originated in her own discontent with her former lot and a determination to better it. She was ashamed of being a country-woman. In point of respectability, in her opinion, almost any sort of life in town was to be preferred to life in the country; and removal to town became the end of all her management. Her daughter's education was an excellent motive and argument, and she set to pleasing Javan with it persistently and ingeniously.

It would be doing Mrs. Hackett a great injustice to suppose that she was perfectly cool and calculating in this. She was the earliest and completest victim of her own deception; and nothing could have persuaded her that she had in view the gratification of her own vanity rather than her daughter's improvement. Once Javan suggested that they send the girl away to school, but only once. The thought of parting from her was so painful to him that he could scarcely have adhered to a design of sending her away even with Mrs. Hackett's support; and as on the one occasion when he ventured to suggest such a thing he only drew from Mrs. Hackett the interrogatory, "And what would she come home to, when her education was finished?" the suggestion, naturally, was never renewed.

Thus it came about that Javan sought office and the family removed to Hebron.

The change that Javan found such difficulty in adapting himself to, Mrs. Hackett took the liveliest satisfaction in. She at once set to work to acquire for herself, and to conform her daughter to, all the manners and fashions of the native Hebronite. She took a pew in the best attended church and, as soon as possible, became conspicuous in the management of its fortnightly entertainments. The furniture that they had brought with them from the farm became the property of the second-hand man, a few pieces at a time, as Mrs. Hackett could secure Javan's consent, and its place was taken by newer and more pompous designs. Thus were disposed of many articles that the devotee of the antique would have gone into ecstasies over, had devotion to the antique

yet travelled as far inland as Hebron. Upon the chairs and tables and mantels and sofa-ends slowly settled a heavy cloud of flaming stuffs and worsteds wrought painfully to their various uses by Mrs. Hackett's and her daughter's own hands, after the patterns and stitches that most prevailed in the houses of their neighbors. In fine, Mrs. Hackett became as perfect a Hebron lady as the natural limitations of the power of imitation would permit; and kept as far out of view as possible the fact that she had ever had aught to do with the country.

Mrs. Hackett's success in making over herself was greater, however, than her success in making over her daughter. With much of her mother's will, Rhea Hackett combined the tenderness and imagination of her father. Born in the country, and reared there through seventeen years, her nature had seemed to become rooted in the soil; and the removal to town, though made professedly for her sake alone, was made against her wish. "Why should we go?" she had said. "I'm sure we'll never feel at home in town." And when Javan had cited the never-failing need of "advantages," she had replied, with much spirit, "Advantages! That's one of mother's fancies. I don't believe you want to go, father, any more than I." Then, encouraged by Javan's awkward parrying of this imputation on his zeal, she had made one last urgent, almost tearful appeal. "Let's not go. I should so much rather stay where there's room to breathe—where there's freedom. Buy me books, father, and I'll study at home; indeed, I will."

IV.

EVEN after the family's establishment in Hebron, Rhea sturdily maintained a preference for the country. Javan and Mrs. Hackett came to regard this, though, as a mere whim, or a bit of playful obstinacy. Aptness and application carried the girl through her school-tasks with credit, and developed in time a fondness for them. But the companionships necessary to reconcile a young person to a new situation were slow in forming. Rhea was sensitive to the dif-

ferences between her ways and the ways of her school-mates, and her native shyness grew upon her. Before the process of establishing sympathetic relations could be completed she fell into a morbid habit of analysis, and analysis ended, as analysis is prone to, in a falling out of conceit with the subjects of it. "I don't see that towns-people are any nicer than country-people," was Rhea's private judgment.

It was long before she was invited to share in any of the social enterprises of her school-mates. But, finally, one of them, Millie Thomas, asked her to a small evening company—not, it must be confessed, without some misgivings. lest Rhea should fail to fit in with the occasion. Rhea said at once that she shouldn't go. But Mrs. Hackett, in whose estimation it was the opportunity of a lifetime, said, oh, yes, she must, and forced her to.

Rhea bore home with her from this entertainment no face beaming with young joy. At its best hers was an extremely delicate, sweet, and winning face; but its beauty—drawn from the spirit behind rather than from perfection or harmony of features—required the country air for its full nourishment, and had already suffered some loss of freshness in the transplanting. It was brought home now a very pale face, and wearing a ruefully would-be expression of cheer, as when a pain-ridden invalid tries to look hopefully at the physician. "Why, Rhea, you're home early," said Mrs. Hackett. "Did you have a pleasant party?"

"Oh—yes," consented Rhea, reluctantly, "very pleasant."

"What did you do?" asked Mrs. Hackett, eagerly.

"Nothing."

"Nothing!" exclaimed Mrs. Hackett, with impatience, greedily for the very last detail. "It must have been a new kind of party where they did nothing."

"We had supper."

"Was that all?"

"No. They talked and danced."

"With whom did you dance?"

"No one. You know very well, mother, I don't dance," and here a touch of impatience appeared in Rhea.

"I know you don't dance much. But

I should think you danced enough to do in such a small company. You talked, then—who to ?”

“No—” before Rhea could finish, the tears had burst from her eyes and her slender body was shaken with sobs.

When Mrs. Hackett had the social elevation of her family in mind, her observation and sympathies were not quick for any present discomforts that might afflict the individual members. She was now completely astonished and dumfounded at Rhea's storm of grief. But had she been less intent on possessing herself of the exact dimensions of the social distinction conferred upon Rhea by the Thomas party, she might have seen the approach of the storm from the moment her first question was put.

The girl's grief gathered head as it flowed, and soon became fairly hysterical. Mrs. Hackett's motherly sympathy, now shaken into earnest activity, prompted her truly to give over for the present any further questioning, and devote herself wholly to soothing. She took Rhea's head in her lap, though Rhea at first resisted her stoutly, and stroked it gently, and told Rhea not to mind, that she was tired, and that she would feel better if she went to bed.

The subject of the company can scarcely be said to have ever been resumed. Mrs. Hackett never again asked directly about it, and Rhea never directly told. But by putting occasional chance remarks of Rhea's together, Mrs. Hackett in time divined all that she cared to know. It was evident that when Miss Millie had delivered her invitations, she accounted all the obligations of hospitality satisfied. Her guests were left, on arriving, each to pursue his or her own pleasure as they would or could, while she went in pursuit of hers. To most of them this made no difference; for they had been long acquainted, met often, and needed no guidance to come into easy relations with each other. With Rhea, however, it was otherwise. To most of the company she was nearly a stranger; with none except Millie was she intimate. Moreover, as must already have appeared, she was a person to whom in social ventures the helping hand was especially necessary. Millie did not extend it, and the duty of doing so devolved, of course,

on no one else. Rhea's part in the entertainment, therefore, was limited to sitting alone while the others danced, and sitting silent while the others talked.

At first she was able to do this without discomposure. But she grew more and more conscious that she was doing it, until it seemed to her that the whole company must be as conscious of it as she. Finally she could think of nothing else. Her skin burned; her face was very pale, though she thought it was fiery red. She could find no easy posture for her hands. Her feet troubled her. In short, her misery was complete. Her only respite was in fancying herself suddenly and mysteriously whisked far away and as suddenly and mysteriously reappearing—reappearing a full-blown woman beautified in feature and figure, richly bejewelled and apparelled, and of an elegant ease and grace of manner. Thus returned, she, in fancy, seated herself at the piano and played the most difficult music, and sang captivating songs in the sweetest of voices; or she whirled through the now impossible dance with a litheness and spirit that made all the negligent young fellows only too eager for her partnership. Her conversation gleamed with apothegm and satire; and when her departure was made she left the young fellows madly in love and the girls consumed with envy. But just here fancy failed her: the thought of having the young fellows in love with her made her ashamed, and she didn't wish the girls to envy her, but to like her. So she was glad to be her own plain dull self again; but her misery rested heavier than ever upon her.

Finally her one thought was to get away. But this seemed nigh as impossible as the wildest adventures of her fancy. She must not go without bidding Millie good-night, and Millie was always in some far part of the room, and to cross to her would be to draw the eyes of the whole company. Once or twice Millie came near, and Rhea half-rose to say that she must go. But immediately a group gathered and fell into a glee of chaffing talk, and Rhea's courage forsook her. A new terror was added to publicity of departure when suddenly she reflected that some gallant youth might feel it a duty to escort her home.

The necessity of getting away became at length so imperative, however, as to outweigh all possible embarrassments. Rhea left her chair abruptly, hastily crossed the room, looking neither to the right nor left, and passed into the hall. Millie caught a glimpse of her as she went out, and this glimpse, strangely, stirred in her a sense of duty as hostess that the sight of Rhea sitting alone all evening had not moved. Over-taking her, she asked, "Is anything the matter, Rhea?"

"Oh, no," said Rhea; "but I think I must go home."

"Go home?" cried Millie, in genuine surprise; for she had no thought but that Rhea had left the room for a moment only, probably to relieve herself from the stiffness of sitting so long alone. She protested candidly that it was early, and that she should fear that Rhea hadn't had a good time if she went so soon. But Rhea was not to be persuaded.

Rhea's forebodings of a proffer of escort from the gallant youths were not realized. The gallant youths either were, or carefully let themselves be considered, quite unconscious of her departure. As she opened the outer door Millie said to her, "You ought not to go alone. Let me ask someone to go with you." But Rhea answered "No" with a firmness that would have disposed finally of a much less irresolute proposal than Millie's, and passed out into the darkness, making no response to Millie's last good-night.

Her heart was a flaming furnace of indignation — indignation against her mother for forcing her to go, and indignation against Millie, against her guests, against towns, against life. It was under such a tumult and tension that she encountered Mrs. Hackett's practical, searching catechism. Little wonder that in this last ordeal the poor girl was utterly undone.

V.

WHEN Javan had been in enjoyment of the dignity of public station about three years, the door of his office opened one morning and presented to his view, as he looked up from the desk at which

he was working, in a more bent and chest-contracting posture than a man reared at a desk would have fallen into, the massive figure and serene, ruddy face of Mr. Collamer. With him was a much younger man of about the same height, and with clear, open, blue-gray eyes and other features that were Mr. Collamer's over again.

"You remember Wilsie—my son," said Mr. Collamer to Javan.

"Oh, very well," said Javan, and gave a greeting of earnest cordiality to father and son. But over his cordiality, earnest though it was, there hung an air of abstraction and weariness. An air of weariness, indeed, had long been habitual to Javan; but under the escape from the drudgery of farming to the luxury of office-holding, it had deepened perceptibly. The gray in his beard had deepened, too; and his hair was almost white. In other respects his appearance was little changed. His clothes fitted him more trimly, perhaps, than had been their former wont; but they would still have been sufficiently reprehensible in the eyes of one who made the right apparelling of himself the first duty of life.

"I had a little matter," said Mr. Collamer, when the greetings and the approved formalities of opening conversation were concluded, "that I wanted to speak to you about; and so I told Wilsie that we would run in for a moment."

At this Javan exhibited an unexpected embarrassment, and said, nervously, "I can guess what it is. I am ashamed, Mr. Collamer; I really am. I have had that five hundred dollars ready for you several times; but each time, before I could see you, some other use has called for it and I let it get away. I'll have it ready again, though, very soon."

"It wasn't for that I came," returned Mr. Collamer, now as much embarrassed as Javan. "We are trying to open a new road, to run through a corner of my farm and along one side of yours. I am in no particular need of the money; any time that's convenient for you will suit me."

Here the delicate subject of the unpaid loan was put by, and consideration of the new road was entered upon. This occupied them until near noon, which

was Javan's dinner hour, and he invited Mr. Collamer and Wilsie home to dine with him. A flashing forecast of something thunderous in Mrs. Hackett, at being thus taken unawares, made Javan hope that, despite an unrelaxing insistence on his part, the invitation would somehow escape acceptance. But it did not.

Happily, the code of urban elegance by which Mrs. Hackett was now living rigidly did not forbid, but rather commended, skill in cookery; and she was left free to pursue this art with the same zeal and distinction that had marked her pursuit of it in the country. Despite the lack of opportunity for special preparation, she served her guests an excellent dinner. But in Mr. Collamer's mouth it failed to leave a pleasant flavor. He said to Wilsie, as they drove home, that he had rather they hadn't gone to Javan's; that, somehow, Mrs. Hackett made him uncomfortable.

Wilsie didn't see why; for his part, he had had a very pleasant little visit of it. "You talked all the time with Rhea," said Mr. Collamer. "She's always the same. You'll find no better girl than Rhea, look where you will." He paused—as if to afford Wilsie time to lay his words well to heart, though that, indeed, was farthest from his thought. The appearance was not lost on Wilsie. "She seems to think," resumed Mr. Collamer, "that they have risen and that she must make you feel it."

The color in Wilsie's face deepened, and it was not without a tinge of testiness that he answered, "I detected nothing of that sort, and you just now said yourself that she was always the same."

"Mrs. Hackett?"

"No, Rhea."

"Oh, I'm talking of Mrs. Hackett now. It's easy to see that she's very vain over Javan's having an office and their living in town."

"I suppose they are getting on better than they used to," said Wilsie, half-inquiringly.

"Not much, I fear," said Mr. Collamer, and he proceeded to give Wilsie an account of Javan's affairs, so far as he had acquaintance with them, that was anything but cheerful. County offices

came high, and it was understood that Javan had paid the top price. Thus his growth in debts had quite kept pace with his growth in honors. Moreover, he had acquired along with his office some associates that, if Mr. Collamer was truly informed, were no advantage to him. His fellow-officers were, for the most part, men who spent too little time in their offices and altogether too much in a certain resort across the way—a resort that aptly foreshadowed in its very red front what it could do for the countenances of zealous patrons; and Javan was more or less intimate with them. They were managing fellows—great politicians—and pretty nearly controlled the whole county. It was natural, therefore, that Javan should wish to be on good terms with them, especially as he was now preparing to stand for re-election; but Mr. Collamer doubted whether they hadn't done him more harm than they could ever do him good.

At the conclusion of Mr. Collamer's recital Wilsie said, "Well, I'm very sorry for him."

"And I too," said Mr. Collamer; "for a better neighbor than Javan never was, and I'm sure he means well always."

VI.

MRS. HACKETT parted from her guests even less satisfied with them than they with her. Scarcely were they out of hearing before she said to Rhea, "Well, that was a pretty performance of your father's, bringing those men here for dinner without giving me a moment's warning."

"I suppose he thought," answered Rhea, "that with an old neighbor like Mr. Collamer it made no difference; and I don't see that it did. I am sure the dinner was good enough for anybody."

"It's not the dinner I care for. That might have been better, but I guess they liked it; they ate as if they did."

"What, then, do you care for?"

"I care for that way of doing," explained Mrs. Hackett, with a severe precision of utterance, and bestowing upon each word as it fell a prim accent which presented it in some such rigid perfection as that of never-naughty children

in their Sunday starch. "Your father acts," she continued, "as if we must entertain every man he chances to have a little business with, just as we used to on the farm."

"But Mr. Collamer," urged Rhea, "is our particular friend; we haven't any better friend even here in town."

"We certainly haven't here in town," returned Mrs. Hackett, with crescendo finality, "any friend who would let himself be brought in to dinner when he was not expected."

"Well, I think it would have been very rude, very unfriendly," persisted Rhea, "for father not to ask Mr. Collamer, and it was quite right for Mr. Collamer to come."

"Mr. Collamer is a good man in his way, but he won't understand that we don't do in town just as they do in the country."

"It would be better for us if we did," said Rhea, warmly.

"Rhea, you're silly."

"I don't care; I'm sick of town."

"Would you like to be back on that dreary old farm?"

"Yes, I should."

"You know you wouldn't. Or if you would, the education and the better surroundings that your father and I have had such a struggle to procure for you have done you little good, and you're an ungrateful girl."

Mrs. Hackett, whatever her words might imply, was not, in truth, possessed of the bruised heart of a dispenser of thankless bounties, and she had not for a moment even fancied that she was. She merely vented a complexity of small vexations in the phrase that first occurred to her. Rhea's sensitive integrity of spirit, however, immediately ran out in search of warrant for the phrase itself and left her defenceless. A longing for the free, informal, open-air life of other days had been growing in her ever since she came to town. She had never struggled much to suppress it, but she had struggled to conceal it; and concealment had rendered it the more passionate. Now, when anything occurred to stir it especially, she had all she could do to save herself from the weakness of falling into tears. Had there been some gra-

vious ear into which she might occasionally have poured her homesickness, she could have managed it better. But there was none. Her mother could have no sympathy with such a confidence. Her father would have too much; for he, she suspected, shared her feeling, and was wrestling with a discontent of his own that would but be increased by a knowledge of hers.

Of the country-life for which Rhea thus hungered, as necessary and pleasant a feature, in her fancy, as the very fields and woods, was Mr. Collamer. Quite as painful to her, therefore, as the rough rebuke of her wish to be back on the farm were the words her mother had spoken in Mr. Collamer's disparagement. And yet might it not be that she was, as her mother had said, ungrateful? The removal to town had been made, avowedly, for her sole benefit. So far as her father was concerned, it had been made, she was sure, reluctantly. Nevertheless, the advantages that were expected to flow from a residence in town she had been thus far quite unable to discern. Must she not, then, be wilfully blind and ungrateful? She was in sore distress. But Mrs. Hackett, as majestically oblivious of effects as a heathen deity, a rushing flood, or a social philosopher, proceeded to pour a new stream of bitterness into her cup.

"Wilsie has grown thoroughly Western since he went away."

"I didn't observe it," said Rhea.

"I don't see how you helped observing it, if you observe anything," Mrs. Hackett returned.

"Perhaps it was because I did not think about it. He may be Western—but I was glad to see him again."

"You certainly seemed so," conceded Mrs. Hackett, in a tone of emphatic significance. "However," she continued, "Wilsie never was anything but a very plain farmer, and he's not likely ever to be, let him go where he will—West or East."

"Why, mother, you are unjust. Wilsie hasn't soft, white hands, as these smart little clerks all have; and his clothes are not perfectly fashionable, as theirs are—that is, their dress clothes: for, except on Sundays and at parties,

they go about in narrow little coats that have faded and lost a button or two; and tight, crooked little shoes that need polishing. But still they make sport of the farmers for dressing so ill."

"We have some very excellent young men in Hebron, and it is not becoming in you, Rhea, to ridicule them," answered Mrs. Hackett, with severe gravity.

"Most of them are as silly as girls," persisted the incorrigible Rhea, "and not to be named with Wilsie. For my part, I like him."

"Perhaps you are in love with him?" cried Mrs. Hackett, now in a positive passion.

"Mother!" protested Rhea, with grief and indignation in her voice, and fled from the room.

VII.

To the ordinary town-maiden, being in love has become perfectly familiar, in one way and another, long before it has become her personal lot, and she is rarely troubled with any shyness of it. But Rhea Hackett was not the ordinary town-maiden. Even in her most secret thoughts she had not yet begun to number this among her impending experiences. If any thought of love had strayed into her mind with a personal connection, she must have blushed for very shame. Her mother's gibing suggestion, that perhaps she was in love with Wilsie, came, therefore, as a biting blast to her pretty rustic modesty. She ran to her own room and, flinging herself upon the bed, sobbed, "How could she say that? How could she? What have I done, what have I said, what have I thought to warrant it?" And she felt that she could never look anyone in the face again, particularly her mother and Wilsie.

In a different way, Mrs. Hackett regarded the matter little less seriously than Rhea. She had spoken out of mere passion. But Rhea's confusion and flight made her suspicious. Perhaps Rhea was in love with Wilsie indeed. It would be just like her, she was so strange. But it must be put a

stop to. If Wilsie set foot inside their door again, she would invite him to set it out. She wouldn't have it.

But neither Mrs. Hackett nor Rhea quite lived up to the resolution in which her reflections concluded. Rhea found that she could look her mother and Wilsie both in the face again, and that without any great agitation; and Wilsie did set foot inside the door again, and was not invited to set it out. Rhea and her mother met at tea that same evening, and though there was a little consciousness in their first encounter, they soon fell into their wonted relations. No allusion was made then or thereafter to their last conversation.

A few days later Rhea herself opened the door to Wilsie, and as Mrs. Hackett chanced to be abroad at some church sewing-circle, or some meeting of directors of a children's home, the young man's foot was subjected to no rude reversal. There was, however, a difficulty in looking in the face almost as insurmountable as Rhea had fancied. It lay on Wilsie, though, and not on Rhea. His first look, when she appeared before him, was that of a very timid youth who had found that he had rung at the wrong number. It was several seconds before he could command even a mumbled greeting for her. Rhea's notorious neglect of her town advantages enabled her to spare him the embarrassment of waiting for an invitation to enter until he had indicated specifically whom he came to see. But the poor fellow was too perturbed to profit by this unconventionality of Rhea's. He seemed to feel that the thing that Rhea had not waited for him to do, the town proprieties, with which he felt hopelessly unacquainted, required of him. He set a foot in the door-way, then paused and asked, "Is your mother at home?"

"No, mother is not at home," answered Rhea.

He withdrew the foot, but made no motion to turn away; and Rhea asked if he would not come in, anyhow. He did so, and before long he and Rhea were having as free and comfortable talk together as could be. At first a nice observer might have detected in Wilsie's speech an unnatural precision, as of a man consciously on his best be-

havior. But soon he was simply his best self and perfectly at home.

When the talk got going its own gait, Wilsie laughingly confessed that he had been awkward at the door, and that, while he would have been glad to see Mrs. Hackett, it was mainly Rhea herself that he came to see. Rhea gayly professed incredulity at this, and then followed one of those series of affirmations and denials by which a young man and a young woman are enabled to linger over a proposition that is particularly agreeable to both and doubted by neither. Wilsie finally remarked that Rhea wouldn't believe that he came chiefly to see her because she didn't want to. And Rhea said, indeed, she would be only too much flattered if she could think so.

"No, no," said Wilsie, with more seriousness than he disclosed, or was himself quite conscious of, "you are like all the other town-girls, and don't care to have us country-fellows about."

"Are all town-girls so?" asked Rhea.

"Yes, aren't they?"

"If they are, I am not like them. But then, I fear I am not much of a town-girl."

"You seem like one," said Wilsie, not because he thought so, but to keep the talk to this point until he could assure himself whether she was or no.

"Do I really?"

"Really."

"I'm not, though. The town-girls don't think I am like them, either; we don't get on together at all. Oh, Wilsie, I'm so unhappy—so homesick; I'd give anything to be back on the farm."

This impulsive, passionate outburst could not have surprised Wilsie more than it did Rhea herself. It was a confidence bestowed on Wilsie her old playfellow, not on Wilsie the young man who sat before her. The last word of it had scarcely left her lips when she thought herself that the old playfellow was not present—had, in sad truth, departed never to return, and that communications perfectly proper for his ears might not be so for those of his natural successor. She was thrown into manifest confusion by these reflections, and made rather inept efforts to excuse her openness.

But Wilsie required no excuses. He

wouldn't have had her speech unsaid for a herd of fine cattle. That a reasonably tender-hearted young man should derive pleasure from a young woman's unhappiness is not what one might expect; but, none the less, pleasure of the keenest kind was what Wilsie got from Miss Rhea's confession. He went away with a gayety of spirit such as he had never experienced before, and it all came of Rhea's saying that she wasn't a town-girl, and that she would give anything to be back on the farm. For weeks his thoughts kept reverting to this speech, and whenever they reverted to it sensations of pleasure rippled through him. So agreeably did the visit wherein the speech was made live in his recollection that, just before he started back West, he sought to repeat it.

But pleasant experiences do not repeat easily. Mrs. Hackett's charitable labors had not carried her abroad on the second occasion when Wilsie called, and she had none of Rhea's modesty in accepting herself as the chief subject of the visit. She received Wilsie at the door, she opened it for him when he left, and throughout the interval between these two services she sat serenely and severely before him. It was not in the nature of things for this interval to be long. It was, in fact, as short as Mrs. Hackett could make it without dictating its length in so many words; and it was wellnigh spent ere Wilsie had secured even a sight of Rhea. Inquiries regarding her, framed in as many forms of awkward indirection as an embarrassed anxiety could suggest, were addressed by him to Mrs. Hackett, but without producing in her the slightest motion toward calling Rhea in. He was on his feet paying his last adieus and saying that he would start for the West to-morrow, when, pulling himself desperately together, he made one blind, tumultuous, heroic dash for the rescue of his visit from utter futility by asking if he might not say good-by to Rhea. Seeing that his departure could not now be long deferred, Mrs. Hackett yielded to the young man's request with a promptitude and graciousness which filled him with chagrin that he had not asked for Rhea before; and his chagrin

was not lessened when Rhea came in, smiling cordially and saying, "Why, are you going? I didn't know you were here. Mother, why didn't you call me sooner?"

VIII.

THERE were two varieties of natural convulsion to which Medway County was peculiarly subject, and which wrought great damage to private calculations and interests. One was the spring or autumn floods that every four or five years swept away the farmer's fences and uprooted his corn. The other was the uprising of the people in their might, at about like intervals, to shatter the "court-house ring," and thus carry consternation to the politicians. Either of these convulsions it was quite impossible to forecast. The rains descended and the floods came often when the weather prophets were sounding warnings of a drought; and the "court-house ring" was risen against and ground under the heel of the oppressed often when it was wearing its most modest setting. After each flood the fences were replaced on their former lines, and the corn replanted in the same low fields. So, if the next flood only awaited the usual prey, there was no reason why it should not come the very next season. In like manner, the "court-house ring" was no sooner broken up than it formed again, the very instruments by which it was shattered being melted up and welded into it; and so, if it was a shining mark that the popular indignation awaited, it should have burst at every election.

The "ring" of which Javan Hackett formed a humble segment was a mere circlet in comparison with some that had burdened the forefinger of Medway County administration in times gone by. But the occult influences upon which the uprisings depended chanced to culminate just when Javan and his associates were the officers who desired re-election, and, to their complete astonishment, they found themselves prostrated under a paroxysm of reform.

Great rejoicing followed the reformation that had supposedly been wrought in the administration of the county af-

fairs; but it was rejoicing in which the deposed officers, of course, had no share. To them it was very serious business indeed. It was particularly serious to Javan. "I don't know what we shall do," he said, in the deepest dejection, as he concluded a recital of the details of the disaster to Mrs. Hackett and Rhea.

Mrs. Hackett avoided the opportunity thus presented for happy suggestions by going off into a sharp denunciation of people and parties for their ingratitude.

"There is no ingratitude in it, Maggie," said Javan, gently, "I had no claims."

But Mrs. Hackett insisted that he had claims, or, if not claims exactly, what amounted to the same thing; for hadn't the auditor usually been given a second term?

Javan then said that it was not worth while to discuss that; that they must determine what they would do.

"Why, we'll go back to the farm, won't we?" asked Rhea.

Javan heaved a sigh that was almost a sob. "The farm—we have no farm."

"Don't talk like that, Javan," said Mrs. Hackett, angrily, as if Javan were making an ill-timed joke.

"It is true, Maggie," replied Javan; "the farm would be sold almost before we could move back to it. Even the interest has not been paid lately."

"And why hasn't the interest been paid lately?" asked Mrs. Hackett, with great dignity. "We've earned more lately than we ever did before."

"We have—and it's cost us more to live—much more." Here Javan regarded his wife expectantly, but, as this was a branch of the subject that she had no desire to pursue, she answered nothing either by word or look, and he continued: "Then, you know, I had some debts besides what is on the farm, and it cost me a considerable sum to be elected, and another considerable sum"—smiling ruefully—"not to be."

"Don't try to make a jest of it," said Mrs. Hackett, noting the smile but slurring the ruefulness of it. She was too much occupied with the ruin of her own social ambitions to note the disappointment, humiliation, and utter misery with which Javan was wrestling. Rhea's

gentle and unselfish spirit apprehended it all, though, quickly and keenly. "Oh, don't say that, mother," she cried. "Poor father!"

And Javan added, "No, don't say that, Maggie. I wish I could make a jest of it. I feel as though I had been standing before the old black barn, and it and the bare brown hill had suddenly tumbled over on me."

Mrs. Hackett was thus brought to a sense that the personal outrage done herself was, after all, not the only unpleasant consequence of Javan's defeat, and her look and air of irritation gave place to those of honest sorrow. This brought the family into a more comfortable relation with each other. But it deepened the sadness of the scene they presented as they sat beneath a weak light in their dark little sitting-room: Rhea quietly weeping; Mrs. Hackett with eyes set and her thin lips slightly twitching; and Javan wan and pale—the very picture of despair.

For some time nothing was said by any of them. Rhea drew nearer to her father and took his hand—a white, delicate hand, now that indoor employments had cleansed it of the tan and scars that a farmer's work imparted to it. As she did so her tears for a moment flowed the faster; and Javan's eyes grew dewy too, and a choking ball of nothing rolled up in his throat. Thus they sat in keenest grief; but with a thrilling sense of dearness to each other such as they had not felt for years.

Mrs. Hackett was the first to speak; and she spoke with a tenderness, a contrition, even, most unwonted in her. Javan must not take his defeat too much to heart, she said. She had no doubt but they would get on somehow. They had been extravagant, perhaps; she herself might be somewhat to blame for that; but she could be very saving when she tried, as Javan should see. As for the farm, perhaps they could manage somehow to pay the interest even yet and save it. If she had to move back to it, though, she would rather it were sold. Javan had said he felt as if the old barn and the hill had tumbled over on him; she should feel so too, if she were back where she had to see them every day. She never heard the farm men-

tioned, the thought of it never came into her mind, but the hill and the barn were right before her eyes and made her shudder.

Rhea said she always thought of the rolling fields and the red cattle in the wood by the brook.

"You're young yet," retorted Mrs. Hackett, with just a touch of her old sharpness.

"But I'm not, Maggie," said Javan, with a faint glimmer of his cheerier self, "and until now I've always been like Rhea, and have seen only the fields and the cattle. I hope I'm not going to change—" and here his sadness completely recovered him—"I should want to die."

Oh, well, it might be, Mrs. Hackett admitted, that she had a foolish prejudice. If so, she would try not to let it influence her; but on Javan's own account, she thought a return to the farm was out of the question. He knew he wasn't robust; he ought really to have quit farming long before he did. But it was too late to determine anything to-night: they must all go to bed and try and get a good sleep, and so be in better spirits to face their difficulties on the morrow.

Thus the sitting closed far from cheerfully, to be sure; but with the first sharp pangs of their distress quite soothed away.

IX.

Poor Javan! Even Mrs. Hackett's fine gift of command was unable to rally his shattered forces. He retired from office without employment and almost without money. His worst forebodings regarding the farm were soon realized; it went to sale under the sheriff's order. Mr. Collamer bought it, not because he wanted it, but because he could not bear to see it sacrificed as it was about to be; and thus he saved to Javan a few hundred dollars out of the wreck of his fortunes. This sufficed to keep the family from actual want for a while; and Javan began a pitiful search for employment.

There were no vacancies, of course—how seldom there ever are; and Javan's presentation of himself and his desires

was not made in a manner calculated to create them. Month by month his kind, dark eyes grew brighter; the lines deepened in his face, and a heavier weariness clogged his feet. So cheerless and listless did he grow at times that the very thought of employment was distasteful to him. No service or business or situation in life that his fondest fancy could devise was other than oppressive in the contemplation. This was a passing mood, though, and even at its worst no design or desire of quitting life itself attended.

Occasionally, Javan repaired with some of his old court-house companions to the red-front resort across the way; and there he received a decided lift for the time being. Great enterprises stirred within him, and for half an hour or so he felt capable of anything. But a lethargy soon ensued heavier than ever; and the certainty of its coming enabled Javan to make, on the whole, a pretty fair fight against the temptation to seek the inspiration of the red-front resort unduly. Some of the Hebron censors insisted, indeed, that the red-front resort had been Javan's ruin; but they were simply mistaken in that, and were the victims of the human propensity to make all the statistics of carnage as impressive as possible.

Mrs. Hackett, all this while, was exhibiting a forbearance quite remarkable in her. She had her moments of sharpness and irritation, but in the main she was only tender and considerate. She made excuses for Javan to her neighbors, to herself, and even to him. "I wouldn't worry too much over it," she often said; "you're not well enough to do anything now, if you had it to do. Wait until you are stronger; then you will find something, I'm sure."

But Javan was rigid in self-judgment, and could not permit himself to quite accept Mrs. Hackett's justification. He experienced no pain; he was conscious of no disease. This heaviness and spiritlessness might be but plain laziness, and then it were shameful to yield to it. He wished he were sick, sick beyond anybody's doubt; and then he would be spared the mortification of his idleness, which was now very keen.

Within half a year Javan's wish was

fully gratified. He still felt no pain; he still could define no disease; but he could not leave his bed. The doctors explored him as carpenters explore for a hidden leak in a roof, applying remedies here and there and anywhere, in hope to hit the right spot by some happy chance. But if they hit it, there was little magic in their touch; for Javan grew slowly worse.

Much of the time Rhea sat beside him, so full of love and sorrow for him that she never thought to ask herself if he were worthy; if his failure to conform his life at all points to the precious principles of thrift and energy were a transgression to be wholly forgiven. They talked little. Javan lay most of the time as if asleep, but not asleep. Once he said abruptly, as if continuing a conversation, "I'm afraid it would have been just the same if we had stayed on the farm."

"Oh, I wish we had stayed," answered Rhea, scarcely knowing what to answer; for she scarcely knew what Javan meant.

"Yes, if your mother could have been content there, I should wish so, too. You and I are no towns-people, Rhea, and we cannot be made towns-people. But it would have been just the same in the end."

"I don't quite understand you, father."

"My life would have been a failure wherever I lived."

"No, father, no. You have always been kind and good to us, and made us love you. No man's life is a failure who has done that."

Javan passed his hand softly down the girl's hair and closed his eyes.

As Javan's illness progressed he fell into the fever-victim's fits of delirium. He complained to Rhea of his bad dreams. He wished he could quit seeing the old barn and the bare hill. He was forever having trouble with them, he said. Either he was trying to leap from the roof of the barn to the peak of the hill and falling down between; or the roof was sinking in with him, and the hill-top following after and burying him. This did not last long, however; for he soon fell into a constant stupor.

As Rhea sat beside Javan's bed through the tedious night that was his last, and followed each hard breath as

it came and went, she fancied some sudden improvement appearing in him that gave certain assurance of his recovery, and herself flying from the house in the middle of the night to tell her best friends of it. The very features of this impossible improvement were devised, and the very words in which it was to be made known. Again and again her fancy went this fond, futile round, until it became an utter weariness to her. She had started on it anew, and was studying her father's face intently in the pursuit of it, when his eyes opened—for the first time in three days.

Asmothering thrill of joy shot through her as she drew nearer, close beside her mother, who was stroking Javan's hand. The great eyes looked straight before them blankly for a moment. Then they fixed, a little wildly, on Rhea and Mrs. Hackett, and a loving light of recognition came into them. The hard breath-

ing ceased; and in broken whispers Javan said, "All is well, Maggie, Rhea—don't weep, my daughter. I see the fields—the woods—the cattle—all is well." The hard breathing came again. The eyes closed, and so remained until they flew open at Javan's death. Then Rhea closed them again—forever.

"How clear and pure and beautiful it all is. How poor father would have enjoyed sitting here with us, on a Sunday evening like this, and looking off over the rows of golden wheat-shocks and of waving green corn. He always liked you, Wilsie, and he loved the old farm. Even the bare hill would have looked pleasant to him since you planted the clumps of locusts about it and tore away the old barn."

It was Rhea who spoke, and the man to whom she spoke—a broad-framed man, with large, contented eyes—was her husband.

IN THE FOOTPRINTS OF CHARLES LAMB.

By Benjamin Ellis Martin.

II.



IN the midst of the vast Covent Garden property of the Duke of Bedford is wedged a small piece of land on the corner of Bow and Russell Streets, belonging to the Clayton estate, now covered by three houses—worth more to us than all the potentialities of marketable wealth hereabout. These three houses formerly formed but one building, which filled the site of that famous ancient one, called Will's Coffee-House. Its cellars and foundations may still be traced under the popular "ham-and-beef shop" on that corner; and this is thronged for us, not with to-day's hungry buyers of cold baked meats, but with the shades of Addison, Swift, Smollett, Steele, Dryden, Cibber, Gay, Pepys, Johnson. This block of buildings gives every architectural evidence, without and within, of having been erected toward the end of the thirteenth century; the corner-

house remains quite unaltered; its neighbor on either side has suffered at the hand of the modern restorer; and the one which concerns us, No. 20 Russell Street, has been made higher by one story, reroofed, refaced with stucco. Such as it is, it became the next home of the Lambs. It is strange that they should have left their beloved Temple, after being born into it again; after growing up there again. When he went there, he wrote to Manning: "Here I hope to set up my rest and not quit till Mr. Powell, the undertaker, gives me notice that I may have possession of my last lodging. He lets lodgings for single gentlemen." For his "household gods struck a terribly deep root;" and he says, "I thought we never could have been torn up from the Temple." Yet they did so tear themselves up, and I am unable to discover the reason for this transplantation. In November, 1817, he writes to Dorothy Wordsworth: "We are in the individual spot I like best in

all this great city : The theatres with all their noises ; Covent Garden, dearer to me than any gardens of Alcinous, where we are morally sure of the earliest peas and 'sparagus ; Bow Street, where the thieves are examined, within a few yards of us. Mary had not been here four and twenty hours before she saw a thief. She sits at the window working ; and casually throwing out her eyes, she sees a concourse of people coming this way, with a constable to conduct the ceremony. These little incidents agreeably diversify a female life." Besides these novel sights, they found strange sounds in their new abode. A brazier's hammers were rankling all day long within, and by night without—but let Mary tell it, in her letter to Dorothy Wordsworth : "Here we are living at a brazier's shop, No. 20 in Russell Street, Covent Garden—a place all alive with noise and bustle ; Drury Lane Theatre in sight from our front, and Covent Garden from our back windows. . . . The hubbub of the carriages returning from the play doesn't annoy me in the least—strange that it doesn't, for it is quite tremendous. I quite enjoy looking out of the window, and listening to the calling up of the carriages, and the squabbles of the coachmen and link-boys."

They squabble still of a foggy night—"a real London partic'ler"—and the noise is even greater than then, and Covent Garden filthier than ever, and the thieves go by escorted by a "bobby," attended by a crowd ; but the brazier no longer brazes, and his noisy shop is now silently filled with inoffensive fruits.

Here they lived until 1823, these six years filled with increasing prosperity, with comparative comfort, with happy friendships, with his best work, with sudden fame. His income has slowly increased with each added year of service in the East India House, and his literary work swells it slightly. That work has never yet received its recognition ; it is collected and published in two handsome volumes in 1818, and the reading world of that day suddenly awakens to see in the obscure clerk, plodding daily to his desk in Leadenhall Street, its most delicate humorist, its most acute critic, its most perfect essay-

ist. Soon after, inspired by this success, he set to work in these rooms on his "Elia" papers, begun in the new *London Magazine* for August, 1820.

So he outgrew his dulness and grew gayer, although never for one hour out of the shadow of Mary's constant imminent danger of a relapse ; and drew around him many new acquaintances, especially among the theatrical profession of this quarter, and more and more of the "friendly harpies" he was fond of, but who took his time and wore out his strength. He complains that he cannot even write letters at home, because he is never alone ; and takes the time for all such writing at his office and from his work in Leadenhall Street. "Except my morning's walk to the office, which is like treading on sands of gold for that reason, I am never so—I cannot walk home from office but some officious friend offers his unwelcome courtesies to accompany me. All the morning I am pestered—evening company I should always like, had I any mornings, but I am saturated with human faces (*divine*, forsooth) and voices all the golden morning. . . . I am never C. L., but always C. L. & Co. He who thought it not good for man to be alone, preserve me from the more prodigious monstrosity of being never by myself." He can't even eat alone, so important to his "poor wretched digestion ;" but his familiars are there putting questions—presumably silly—asking his opinions, and interrupting him in every way. "God bless 'em ! I love some of 'em dearly !" All this was a ceaseless drain on his vitality, and a ceaseless strain on the nerves already so susceptible. He wonders how "some people keep their nerves so nicely balanced as they do, or have they any? or are they made of pack-thread? He" (we know not of whom he speaks) "is proof against weather, ingratitude, meat underdone, every weapon of fate." Lamb was not proof against good friends, his sympathetic nature going out to them by his own loss. Of Coleridge he said : "The neighborhood of such a man is as exciting as the presence of fifty ordinary persons. . . . If I lived with him, or with the author of 'The Excursion,' I should in a very little time lose my own identity." Only those with nerves

can comprehend this, or his characteristic commendation of John Rickman, Clerk of the House of Commons, a newly acquired friend: "He understands you the first time. *You need never twice speak to him.*"

These were the tremulous nerves which seemed to need the stimulus of alcohol, and which were so easily swayed and upset by it. The lachrymose and dolorous tones of

Respectability are forever heard croaking loud in lamentation that Lamb was a "Drunkard;" which he never was, and could not have been, with his delicate organization. He was, I believe, a victim to what is now known as nervous dyspepsia; a malady partly congenital, largely acquired by his disregard of diet, of fitting hours of exercise—he would walk to excess often—and of all proper precautions. Although given to plain fare, and no gormandizer, he was fond of outrageous dishes, and fearless in his appalling experiments on his digestive apparatus. Like Thackeray, he had the courage of his gastronomic con-



The Grapes Inn.

victions, and has left an imperishable record of his love for roast-pig, cow-heel, and brawn. "I am no Quaker at my food—I confess I am not indifferent to the kinds of it. . . . I hate a man who swallows it, affecting not to know what he is eating; I suspect his taste in higher matters. I shrink instinctively from one who professes to like minced veal"—admirable judgment! "C—holds that a man cannot have a pure mind who refuses apple-dumplings—I am not sure but he is right." And about a roast-pig, to Wordsworth: "How beautiful and strong those buttered onions come to my nose!" And of a present of brawn: "'Tis, of all my hobbies, the supreme in the eating way. . . . It is like a picture of one of the old Italian masters; its gusto is of that hidden sort."

Conscientious in his cultivation of these admirable appetites; fond of heavy, late suppers; addicted to too much tobacco; with friends forever to the fore to interest, stimulate, and so unnerve him; and with the unceasing terror that hung over their home and gave it its deep depression: is it small wonder that he found in alcohol just what he needed, and just what he should not have depended upon? He would tittle at times, and did get drunk, I don't deny; but he was no drunkard: for he was affected by incredibly small quantities, and as high as they pulled up his spirits, even so low did his spirits sink after. His agonies of remorse, following a slight excess, were fantastic, morbid, never to be taken *au pied de la lettre*. After a slight quarrel with Walter Wilson, he sends an apology, and adds: "You knew well enough before that a very little liquor will cause a considerable alteration in me." Mary writes frequently: "He came home very *smoky and drinky* last night;" and then he reproaches himself the day after for "teasing her life for five years incessantly past with my cursed drinking and ways of going on." His spasmodic efforts at reform were born of this extravagant remorse, and were equally needless and fruitless. "I am afraid I must leave off drinking. I am a poor creature, but I am leaving off gin." And he does leave it off, with a moral certainty of his ab-

stinence lasting until his feeble stomach clamors for so much porter in its place that Mary herself has to beg him "to live like himself once more." His "Farewell to Tobacco" was more successful, and lasted; it was not only "his sweet enemy," but really his worst one. "Liquor and company and wicked tobacco, o' nights, have quite dis-pericriated me, as one may say;" of which three delights tobacco was to him the most dangerous. And so we may not take too seriously his famous "Confessions of a Drunkard," with its terrible, eloquent passage, "To be an object of compassion to friends," and so on. We are glad and proud to take him as we find him, full of frailties, just as we poorer ones are; we do not sit in judgment on him; we say to the Philistines, in Wordsworth's words, "Love him or leave him alone."

It was during the latter period of their residence in the Temple, and during their six years in Russell Street, that Lamb produced the greater part of the work he has left—small in sum but great in its achievement. It is not the province of this paper to dwell on his various productions, but it comes within my scope to speak of his sister's assistance in his literary labor. In *all* matters he depended greatly on her. "She is older and wiser and better than I, and all my wretched imperfections I cover to myself by resolutely thinking on her goodness." During her frequent relapses—when she was forced to be "from home," as he lovingly and tenderly phrased it—he was lost and helpless. "I miss a prop. All my strength is gone, and I am like a fool, bereft of her co-operation." He did not over-rate her; she was no commonplace creature, but impressed all who knew her as a woman of rare sense, serene and sweet, of fine judgment, full of womanly sympathies; called by Hazlitt the wisest and most rational woman he had ever known. She had almost a touch of genius, too, in her keen, critical faculty and in her command of pure English, giving her style the charm of her personal flavor. Her intellectual tastes were in accord with her brother's, notably in their love for Shakespeare and the other Elizabethans. "She is doing for God-

win's bookseller twenty of Shakespeare's plays to be made into children's tales," writes Charles; "I have done 'Othello' and 'Macbeth,' and mean to do all the tragedies. I think it will be popular among the little people, besides money. It's to bring in sixty guineas. Mary has done them capitably, I think you'd think." And again: "Mary is just stuck fast in 'All's Well that Ends Well.' She complains of having to set forth so many female characters in boy's clothes. She begins to think Shakespeare must have wanted—imagination!" And she, too, has left a pretty picture of their common work. "You would like to see us, as we often sit writing on one table (but not on one cushion sitting), like *Hermia* and *Helena* in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' or, rather, like an old literary Darby and Joan, I taking snuff, and he groaning all the while, saying he can make nothing of it, which he always says till he has finished, and then he finds out he has made something of it." She certainly had the more difficult task in the comedies, and it was she who wrote the greater part of the preface, an admirable piece of musical English, ending thus: " . . . pretending to no other merit than as faint and imperfect stamps of Shakespeare's matchless imagination, whose plays are strengtheners of virtue, a withdrawing from all selfish and mercenary thoughts, a lesson of all honorable thoughts and actions, to teach courtesy, benignity, generosity, humanity." The little book—

young persons, embellished with copper-plates by Mulready"—came out in 1807, and was such a success with the older ones as well that a second edition was soon called for. Its preface states that, though the tales had been meant for children, "they were found adapted better for an acceptable and improving present to young ladies advancing to the state of womanhood." She also did the greater share of "Mrs. Leicester's School," and a volume of poetry for children, published later. The ex-



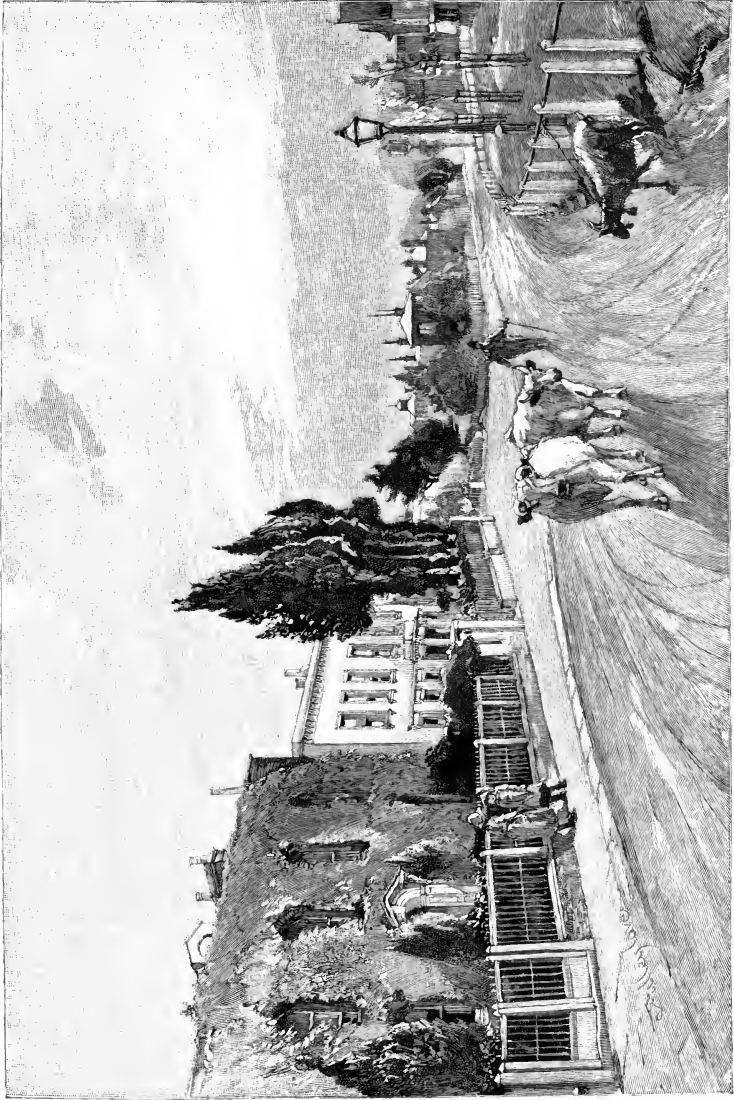
quisite sketch drawn by Barry Cornwall of her looks and bearing may fitly finish

these not too "trivial, fond records" of her, here: "She wore a neat cap, of the fashion of her youth; an old-fashioned dress. Her face was pale and somewhat square, but very placid, with gray, intelligent eyes. She was very mild in her manners to strangers, and to her brother gentle and tender always. She had often an upward look of peculiar meaning when directed toward him, as though to give him assurance that all was then well with her." She once said: "Our love for each other has been the torment of our lives hitherto"—torment and bliss together, as we now know.

"When you come Londonward you will find me no longer in Covent Garden; I have a cottage in Colebrook Row, Islington; a cottage, for it is detached; a white house with six good rooms; the New River (rather elderly by this time) runs (if a moderate walking pace can be so termed) close to the foot of the house; and behind is a spacious garden with vines (I assure you), pears, strawberries, parsnips, leeks, carrots, cabbages, to delight the heart of old Alcinous." This he wrote on September 2, 1823, to Bernard Barton, and to this new home I invite you to go with me. As we turn from the City Road into Colebrook Row, we find almost a country-road to-day, broad and bordered by large, old-fashioned houses, a strip of grass running down the middle, tree-lined, beneath which that same New River flows to its reservoir near Sadler's Wells, hard by. We catch a glimpse of the Regent's Canal on either hand at the top of the hill as it comes out from the tunnel underneath, through the mouth of which wheezes and jangles laboriously the round-topped tug, with its chain of canal-boats. It is a pleasant approach to "Elia," as the present owner has rechristened No. 19 Colebrook Row. It has become a shrine for many pilgrims from all over the English-speaking world, and its walls hold more memories of the brother and sister than any of the spots we have yet seen. It stands nearly as when they lived in and left it; a simple cottage of two stories and an attic, with stone steps mounting sideways; fenced discreetly off from the road, a Virginia creeper climbing over the railings, a

tiny yard flagged and flower-filled. The New River in front has been sodded over, and even the wool-gathering George Dyer, with his head in the clouds, couldn't get into it, now: one of the most madly ludicrous scenes ever conceived, and thus described by Lamb: "I do not know when I have experienced a stranger sensation than on seeing my old friend G. D., who had been paying me a morning visit, a few Sundays back, at my cottage at Islington, upon taking leave, instead of turning down the right-hand path, by which he had entered, with staff in hand and at noon-day, deliberately march right forwards into the midst of the stream that runs by us, and totally disappear." B. W. Proctor (Barry Cornwall) happened to come calling soon after: "I met Miss Lamb in the passage, in a state of great alarm—she was whimpering, and could only utter, 'Poor Mr. Dyer! poor Mr. Dyer!' in tremulous tones. I went upstairs aghast, and found that the involuntary diver had been placed in bed, and that Miss Lamb had administered brandy and water as a well-established preventive against cold. Dyer, unaccustomed to anything stronger than the 'crystal spring,' was sitting upright in bed, perfectly delirious. His hair had been rubbed up, and stood up like so many needles of iron-gray. He did not (like Falstaff) 'babble o' green fields,' but of the 'watery Neptune.' 'I soon found out where I was,' he cried to me, laughing; and then he went wandering on, his words taking flight into regions where no one could follow."

The "cheerful dining-room, all studied over, and rough, with old books," is level with the front garden, and unchanged except that its windows have now been cut into one large one—as is the case above, in the "lightsome drawing-room, three windows, full of choice prints." The prints and the old books are gone, and a rigid library of decorous volumes stares stonily from the wall; grim horse-hair chairs refuse a free and easy invitation; and the stuffed corpses of dead birds and framed horrors of the period strike terror to our souls. There is a prim piano, too, from which *he* would have fled aghast: for, in her goodness, nature



Lamb's Two Houses at Enfield



The Walden Home at Edmonton.

had given him no taste for music, and he never pretended to care for it. But the walls, the tiny hall, the narrow stairway—on which they might have put this same queer marbled paper—are all as when they were wont to move within them. His “spacious garden”—around which he challenged the obese, red-nosed Theodore Hook to race him for a wager—is diminished to a small domain, a soda-water factory having been built on its farther end.

Here the little household was enlarged and enlivened by the presence of Emma Isola, the orphaned child of an Italian refugee, who taught tongues in Cambridge, and who had been the Ital-

ian teacher of Gray and Wordsworth. Her the Lambs, liking, invited to visit them during her holidays and finally made their home hers, as their adopted daughter. Mary helped her with French, Charles taught her Latin, that she might become a governess. Lamb was always quick to help those who were poorer than himself, and always had pensioners on his bounty, “giving greatly” all his life long, in Proctor’s words. Yet he was curiously provident, and never lived beyond his meagre income, never ran into debt. His delightful egotism has made plain to us his foibles and his follies; but, with all the rest of his life in evidence, we know nothing from *him* of

"That best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love."

These are De Quincey's words about this side of him: "Many liberal people I have known in this world . . . many munificent people, but never any one upon whom, for bounty, for indulgence and forgiveness, for charitable

for they were saddened—albeit needlessly, for all the comfort he had been—by the death of their brother John. Mary's illnesses were growing more frequent and more prolonged; and Charles was chafing, more and more, under his ceaseless drudgery at the desk. In 1822 he had already written to Wordsworth: "I grow ominously tired of of-



The Grave of Charles and Mary Anne Lamb at Edmonton.

construction of doubtful or mixed actions, and for regal munificence, you might have thrown yourself with so absolute a reliance as upon this comparatively poor Charles Lamb."

They had need, just now, of the brightness of a young girl's presence,

facial confinement. Thirty years have I served the Philistines, and my neck is not subdued to the yoke. You don't know how wearisome it is to breathe the air of four pent walls, without relief, day after day, all the golden hours of the day between ten and four, without



Edmonton Church from Lamb's Grave.

ease or interposition." And once he gave vent to a grand outburst dear to all but the shop-keeping soul: "Confusion blast all mercantile transactions, all traffic, exchange of commodities, intercourse between nations, all the consequent civilization, and wealth, and amity, and links of society, and getting rid of prejudices, and getting a knowledge of the face of the globe; and rotting the very firs of the forest that look so romantic alive, and die into desks! Vale." And again: "Oh, that I were kicked out of Leadenhall, with every mark of indignity, and a competence in my job! The birds of the air would not be so free as I should. How I would prance and curvet it, and pick up cowslips, and ramble about purposeless as an idiot!" It was in April, 1825, that his wish was gratified, and his waiting came to an end, in this very house. He had offered his resignation to the Directors of the East India Company, and was surprised and delighted—having been kept a few weeks in suspense—by the proposal "that I should accept from the house which I had served so well a pension for life to the amount of two-thirds of my accustomed salary—a magnificent offer. I do not know what I answered between surprise and gratitude, but it was understood that I accepted their proposal, and I was told that I was free from that hour to leave their service. I stammered out a bow, and at just ten minutes after eight I went home—forever." And to Wordsworth, on April 6, 1825: "I came home FOREVER on Tuesday in last week. The incomprehensibility of my condition overwhelmed me; it was like passing from life into eternity. Every year to be as long as three—to have three times as much real time—time that is my own—in it!" He compares his sensations to those of Leigh Hunt on being released from prison. The change was too sudden and too great for his happiness, and he yearned for the "pestilential clerk-faces" which had so long bored him: so one day, soon after, he went back to the office, and sat amid "the old desk companions, with whom I have had such merry hours," and tried to mourn that he had left them in the lurch! He has told us of all his feelings, good and bad, at this

period, in "The Superannuated Man." He couldn't quite enjoy his freedom, and used it mainly in long walks into the country, with Tom Hood's erratic dog, Dash, who imposed on Lamb's good-nature: and in excursions with Mary, farther afield—notably to Enfield, where they made short visits with a Mrs. Leishman, into whose house they finally removed in 1827. "No health," in Islington, was his complaint to Tom Hood; and yet, "'twas with some pains that we were evolved from Colebrook. You may find some of our flesh sticking to the door-posts. To change habitations is to die to them, and in my time I have died seven deaths." He hoped for benefit from the change, and yet he looked forward to trips to town "to breathe the fresher air of the metropolis."

In those days they went to Enfield by coach twice a week or so, from one of the old inns still standing in Aldgate or Bishopsgate. No coaches run now, but it is a pleasant walk, up through the long northern suburb, still showing, spite of its being so cityfied, traces of its old-time gentility in the square, stately, stolid brick mansions, the suburban homes of rich city merchants a century since. We pass the High Cross at Tottenham, and beside it the Swan Inn, descendant of that Swan in front of which, within sight of their beloved Lea, Anceps and Piscator rested "in a sweet, shady arbor which nature herself has woven with her own fine fingers:" but the stream is polluted now, and the arbor has gone, and Izaak Walton would not care for the new Swan. So we pass by Bruce Castle, owned by Robert Bruce, father of the Scotch king, now a boys' school, and come into that bit of road famous for John Gilpin's ride, and so on into Edmonton. Here we turn from the main road—by which the stage-coaches kept on northward to Ware and Hatfield—and three miles farther on we reach Enfield. By rail it is ten miles from Liverpool Street Station, and we whisk along in forty minutes by many trains each day; underground, behind houses, over their roofs, through Bethnal Green and Hackney Downs and London Fields—where there is no green nor any fields nor downs—past Silver Street and Seven Sisters and White Hart Lane, and many

such prettily named places; and so through the real country to the dapper little station of Enfield.

"Enfield Chase" was a favorite hunting-ground of royalty until it was divided into parcels and sold after the execution of Charles I. Some of the old hunting-lodges still stand in gardens, one of them once tenanted by William Pitt. I have talked with aged men in the village who have seen the "King's red deer" come into "The Chase" to drink from the New River: which winds through the land here, its waters led from the springs of Amwell and Chadwell, and from slopes with sunshine on them, into underground pipes to supply London town. This *new* river was cut and engineered by Mr. Hugh Myddelton, citizen and goldsmith, who, "with his choice men of art and painful laborers, set roundly to this business," in the year of grace 1609, and was knighted by the first James for his enterprise and success in his stupendous work. Tom Hood got out "Walton Redivivus, a New River Eclogue," and Lamb wrote a preface, in which he refers to his new home having the same neighbor as his cottage at Colebrook. "My old New River has presented no extraordinary novelties lately. But there hope sits, day after day, speculating on traditional gudgeons. I think she hath taken the fisheries. I now know the reason why our forefathers were denominated the East and West Angles."

We pass the town's old inns with steep-sloping roofs, and many a stately mansion set in great gardens, and the ancient manor-house, renovated by Edward VI. for the dwelling of his sister, the Princess Elizabeth. From here she wrote letters which you may see in the British Museum; and in the Bodleian at Oxford is the MS. translation, in her own hand, of an Italian sermon by Occhini. The building—now The Palace School—contains one of her rooms, oak-pannelled and richly ceilinged, and in the grounds is a noble cedar of Lebanon, planted in 1670. We look up at the swinging signs of the Rising Sun, and the Crown and Horseshoes, past all of which Lamb often went, and, doubtless, too often did *not* get past. It tickled him to urge truly proper people to tip-

ple with him, in these two taverns; and even lady-like Miss Kelly—the actress with the "divine, plain face"—and the portentious Wordsworth, were thus enticed to enter, and persuaded to have "a pull at the pewter!" And so, through a leafy lane, bordered by stately elms, with cosy cottages on either hand, across a cheerful green, alongside the rippling stream, we reach the "Manse," as Lamb's home has been called for many years, and only lately lost when it was newly stuccoed and painted. In the front, four poplars rear themselves; and in the garden behind, the old yew and the bent apple-trees, and the pleasant fields stretching away, are all as when he looked through and over them to the Epping Hills. The house has been added to and changes have been made inside, and all is hideously and aggressively "smart." Nothing in it that speaks to us of its old tenants, whom we have come to see. They were seen, on their coming to take the house, by a school-boy next door, who has given this pleasant description of them: "Leaning idly out of a window, I saw a group of three issuing from the 'gamboogy-looking cottage' close at hand—a slim, middle-aged man, in quaint, uncontemporary habiliments, a rather shapeless bundle of an old lady, in a bonnet like a mob-cap, and a young girl: while before them bounded a riotous dog [Hood's immortal 'Dash'], holding a board with 'This House To Let' on it in his jaws. Lamb was on his way back to the house-agent's, and that was his fashion of announcing that he had taken the premises." In the summer of 1829 they left this home, the care of which was wearing too heavily on them both: "We have taken a farewell of the pompous, troublesome trifle, called house-keeping, and are settled down into poor boarders and lodgers, at next door, with an old couple, the Baucis and Baucida of dull Enfield." "Our providers are an honest pair, Dame Westwood and her husband; he, when the light of prosperity shined on them, a moderately thriving haberdasher within Bow Bells, retired since with something under a competence . . . and has *one anecdote*, upon which and about £40 a year, he seems to have retired in green old age." It was "forty-two inches nearer

town," Lamb wrote, and it still is there: a comfortable cottage set back from the road, vines clambering over the small entrance-porch and hiding all the walls. In its little back sitting-room were written the "Last Essays of Elia." Here they remained for almost four years, and in 1833 they made a last remove—except the final one we must all make—to Edmonton.

These years at Enfield were not happy ones; they were both getting old, Mary's malady was growing on her, taking her more frequently from home; and even the visits of their child, Emma Isola—she was now a governess—abated his loneliness but slightly. His removal to the country had left all his friends far behind, and they couldn't, for all his urging, come often so far afield for informal chats. "We see scarce anybody," he moans. He hated the country. "Let not the lying poets be believed, who entice men from the cheerful streets;" and he asks, "What have I gained by health? Intolerable dullness. What by early hours and moderate meals? A total blank." "Let no native Londoner imagine that health and rest, innocent occupation, interchange of converse sweet, and recreative study, can make the country anything better than altogether odious and detestable. A garden was the primitive prison, till man, with Promethean felicity and boldness, luckily sinned himself out of it." "In dreams I am in Fleet Street, but I wake and cry to sleep again." And when he went to town, and walked in Fleet Street "to breathe the fresher air of the metropolis," he was not content: "The streets, the shops, are left, but all old friends are gone. . . . Home have I none, and not a sympathizing house to turn to in the great city." He took lodgings for a while at No. 24 Southampton Buildings, within sight of his former quarters at No. 34, a queer old house still left: but this gave no pleasure; "the bodies I cared for are in graves or dispersed." He found some slight solace in his frequent dinners with a new friend, Cary of the British Museum, and in working there; making extracts for Hone's "Table-Book," from two thousand old plays left by Garrick. "It is a sort of office-work to me

—hours ten to four, the same. It does me good." The reading-room wherein he worked is now the print-room, a venerable and musty chamber, famous in those days for its fine specimens of the *Pulex literarius*, or museum flea; and doubtless, too, infested—to Lamb's irritation, as to Carlyle's, as the latter has left on record—by that reader, still there to-day, who blows his nose "like a Chal-dean trumpet in the new moon;" and by that other, who slumbers peacefully with his head in a ponderous tome, and wakes suddenly, snorting.

Of serious work, during this period, Lamb did but little; his main literary product being his letters to his many absent friends, which give us such valuable and characteristic insight into the man's lovable nature. He wrote a series of short essays, under the name of "Popular Fallacies," for the *New Monthly Magazine* in 1828; and a little prose miscellany—chat and souvenirs of the Royal Academy—under the title "Peter's Net," for the *Englishman's Magazine* in 1831. The year before, Moxon had published a small volume of small poems—"Album Verses"—concerning which a curious secret has but lately come to light. The critics found little to praise in these verses—and with good reason—and a review was sent to the *Englishman's Magazine*, with a line to Moxon from Lamb: "I have ingeniously contrived to review myself. Tell me if this will do." He does not praise or puff his own work, let me hasten to say; but his paper is rather a protest against the errors and carelessness of those "indolent reviewers." Still, it is a clear case of surreptitious self-reviewing, and of it we may say, in the words of the coy Quakeress—not Lamb's Islington Quakeress—when her ardent wooer protested that he must kiss her, "it must not be made a practice of." In 1833 appeared the "Last Essays of Elia," collected from the *London Magazine*, and this closed his literary life, not long before the closing of his own.

For the scene darkens swiftly now. "Mary is ill again. Her illnesses encroach yearly. The last was three months, followed by two of depression most dreadful. I look back upon her earlier attacks with longing. Nice lit-

tle durations of six weeks or so, followed by complete restoration, shocking as they were to me, then. In short, half her life is dead to me, and the other half is made anxious with fears and lookings-forward to the next shock." This was in May, 1833, and so, he says: "With such prospects it seemed to me necessary that she should no longer live with me, and be fluttered with continual removals; so I am come to live with her at a Mr. Walden's and his wife, who take in patients and have arranged to lodge and board us only." He lost Emma Isola, in July, 1830, by her marriage with Edward Moxon, "with my perfect approval and more than concurrence," he writes as unselfishly as always. "I am about to lose my only walk companion, whose mirthful spirits were the youth of our house." Even yet, with his sweet and cheerful courage, he tries to make the best of it all, and is glad to be "emancipated from the Westwoods," and to be "three or four miles nearer the great city, coaches half-price less, and going always, of which I will avail myself. I have few friends left there, but one or two most beloved. But London streets and faces cheer me inexpressibly, though not one known of the latter were remaining." And yet he struggles to town but rarely, and then only to find "the streets and shops entertaining as ever, else I feel as in a desert, and get me home to my care." He sees his sister but seldom: "Alas! I too often hear her!" "Her rambling chat is better to me than the sense and sanity of this world." That is to me the most tender and touching utterance in all the letters since letters were invented. At times, when her mind is not too turbid, she plays piquet with him and they talk of death; which they do not fear, nor yet wish for. Neither was quite able to say with Sir Thomas Browne in Lamb's favorite "Religio Medici": "I thank God I have not those strait ligaments, or narrow obligations to the world, as to dote on life, or be convulsed and tremble at the name of death." Both wished that Mary should go first. Mrs. Cowden Clarke has told us how he abruptly said one day—his blunt words covering his peculiar tenderness—"You must die first, Mary." And she, with her little

quiet nod and kindly smile, "Yes, I must die first, Charles!"

Death was much in their thoughts during these days. Hazlitt had died in 1830, Lamb being with him; and in July, 1834, Coleridge ended, after long suffering, a life of "blighted utility," as he truly put it. The passing away of this dearest of the "old familiar faces" profoundly affected Lamb. "His great and dear spirit haunts me. I cannot think a thought, I cannot make a criticism on men or books, without an ineffectual turning and reference to him." Nor did he long survive him. One day, in the winter of that year, taking his customary walk, he stumbled, fell, and bruised his face; the wound not seeming serious, until erysipelas suddenly set in and rapidly drained him of his insufficient vitality. So on the 27th of December, 1834, the Festival of St. John and the Eve of the Innocents, sank to sleep forever "this sweet diffusive bountiful soul, desiring only to do good," in the fine words of Archbishop Leighton. He was happy in not living, as he had said long before, "after all the strength and beauty of existence is gone, when all the 'life of life is fled,' as poor Burns expresses it." It was a peaceful and painless ending, yet infinitely pitiful in its loneliness for one so essentially social in his life; his sister's mind too clouded to comprehend what was passing; his only two friends at hand—Talfourd and Crabb Robinson—arriving too late for his recognition. They heard him murmuring, with his faint voice, the names of his dear old friends. But a few days before he had shown to a friend the mourning-ring left him by Coleridge, crying out as he was wont to do, "Coleridge is dead." And only two weeks before, he had pointed out to his sister, during a walk, the spot in the church-yard where he would like to lie. They laid him there, and she loved to walk to the spot while she stayed in Edmonton. Recovering from the blow, and temporarily in sound sense, she visited former friends; later, her malady growing nearly chronic, with only "a twilight of consciousness in her," she was kept under care and restraint in St. John's Wood until her death, thirteen years after his. She rests by his side, as they both wished,

in the same grave. His pension was, with rare generosity, continued to her by the East India Company, and she enjoyed the income of his small savings

(£2,000) during her life; then it went to Emma Isola Moxon. This was all he had gathered together in coin; his real riches were lavishly dispensed during his life, and are hoarded now by all of us who love his memory.

We walk from Enfield by the same path across the fields through which Lamb escorted Wordsworth and his other visitors to the Bell at Edmonton, there to take a parting glass with them before the return coach to town should come along. That famous inn is no longer as it was then, as it was when Cowper laughed all night at the diverting history of John Gilpin, just heard from Lady Austen, and "must needs turn it into a ballad when he got up," to relieve his reaction of melancholy. The balcony from which the thrifty wife gazed on Johnny's mad career is gone, the very walls are levelled, a vilely vulgar gin-palace rises in their place, and the ancient sign bearing the legend, "The Bell and John Gilpin's Ride," is now replaced by a great aggressive gilt bell.

From here we walk, following Lamb's last footsteps, perchance none too steady, along the London Road, past the old unchanged wooden taverns—untouched, by the odd irony of the modern builder because they have no historic interest!—the Horse and Groom, and the Golden Fleece. So through dull, straggling Church Street, we go by the little shop in which—then a surgery—John Keats served his apprenticeship, and wrote his

Received of Miss Mary Betham, Executrix to
 Mrs Anne Norman deceased, Twenty seven pounds,
 for my sister Mary Anne Lamb, being a Legacy
 and the said Mary Anne Lamb, being at present
 of unsound mind, and under my care

Chas Lamb

Legacy £ 30, 6s by Duty £3 — L. 27.

Fac-simile of a Receipt for a Legacy, signed by Charles Lamb as Guardian for his Sister Mary. [By permission of Charles B. Foote, Esq., the owner of the original.]

3. Feb 1834

“Juvenile Poems ;” and pass by the one-storied Charity School, “A structure of Hope, Founded in Faith, on the basis of Charity, 1784,” as the legend reads over the head of the queer little female figure in the niche. The mistress of this school used to run to her window, drawn by Lamb’s cheery voice as he came out, to look at the famous “spare, middle-sized man in pantaloons,” as she described him. For Bay Cottage—so named in his day, now well re-named Lamb’s Cottage, next to Lion House, with its rampant lions on the gate-posts—stands nearly opposite the small school ; and it was through this long, narrow strip of front garden, cut by a gravelled foot-path and railed in by iron palings, that Charles Lamb walked for the last time—was carried to his final resting-place. At its end squats the small cottage, darkened and made more diminutive by the projecting houses on either side. On the left of the hall—large by contrast—is their snug sitting-room, not more than twelve feet square, low-ceilinged, deep-windowed, with a great beam above. Mounting by a narrow, winding, tiny staircase its turned balustrade of Queen Anne’s time—under which partly lies the dingy dining-room—we find his front bedroom, his death-room, with one window as in the sitting-room beneath. Mary’s large bedroom is behind, with two good windows, looking out on the long strip of back garden, wherein are ancient trees and new vegetables. Nothing within these walls has suffered any change.

It is but two minutes’ walk to the great, desolate graveyard, lying all about the ancient church, whose square, squat, battlemented tower shows its mellow tints through dark masses of ivy. Service was going on when I went for the first time to this spot, a few years since, and I waited until the officiating clergyman came out to learn from him the location of the grave I had come to see. *He could not tell me!* He had heard that Charles Lamb was buried in his church-yard, but he had never seen the grave, nor asked about it. When we had found it, a crippled impostor, lounging on the look-out for stray

penance, affecting mute sympathy, scrambled up, and swarmed down with scissors on the long grass about the small mound. That parson’s ignorance—the obscurity and desolation of the grave—the shocking structure which dominates it, of the stone-mason order of architecture, well-cared for, and which aggressively commemorates one “Gideon Rippon, of the Eagle House, Edmonton, and of the Bank of England”—all this is typical of the relation borne by literature to Society, and to Respectability in England. These combined cohorts don’t know, and don’t want to know, about the burial-place of their only Charles Lamb ; but they do due reverence, with naïve and unconscious vulgarity, to the memory of the bank-official who kept Books or handled Money. Lamb himself, with his large sense of the ludicrous and his small sense of the decorous, would be tickled by the harmony between this state of affairs and his whole life. To the grave come pilgrims from the other side of the ocean, and sometimes the Blue Coat boys in small groups. The dreary and tasteless headstone bears Cary’s feeble lines, the acutest criticism on which was made by a knowing ‘navvy,’ who spelt it through painfully, and said to his companion : “I’m blest if it isn’t as good as any in the church-yard ; *but, a bit too long, eh, mate?*”

They have quite lately put up a mural monument in the church’s single aisle, in which, under twin arches perked up with crocketed common-places, are the medallion busts of Charles Lamb and of William Cowper. Under the former—the only one which concerns us now—is cut this inscription fitly followed by Wordsworth’s lines : “In Memory of Charles Lamb, the Gentle Elia, and Author of the Tales from Shakespeare. Born in the Inner Temple, 1775, educated at Christ’s Hospital, Died at Bay Cottage, Edmonton, 1834, and buried beside his sister Mary in the adjoining church-yard.—

“ ‘At the centre of his being lodged
A soul by resignation sanctified :
Oh, he was good, if e’er a good man
lived.’ ”



WAGNERIANISM AND THE ITALIAN OPERA.

By William F. Aptorp.

SOME months ago it was my privilege to consider some of the aspects of Richard Wagner's poetic gift in the pages of this magazine; my purpose in the present article is to discuss—if soliloquy can be called discussion—one point in his musical theory which has led him to follow a path divergent from that of most of his great predecessors in the field of lyric drama, or opera. Out-and-out Wagnerians might, perhaps, take exception to the word *discussion*, for, although I can just now call to mind no instance in which such a claim has been categorically made by them, the general drift of their more recent writings seems to imply that Wagner and Wagnerianism have already been accepted *in toto* by all reputable thinkers on music to-day, and are hence outside of the proper pale of discussion. But it seems to me that one may rightly say of Wagner, even to-day, what Emile Zola once said of Victor Hugo:

“ . . . It is not true that his work should be placed above the examination of readers, like a dogma. I am quite willing to admire, and am even of the opinion that admiration is one of the rare good things in our existence. But never will I consent to admire, if I am deprived of my own free judgment. What, then, is this strange claim? Victor Hugo, man of genius though he be, belongs to me. It sometimes happens,

in this century of ours, that we discuss God; we can well discuss Victor Hugo.”

No great genius has ever yet been quite able, either during his lifetime or posthumously, to live up to the claim of being *indiscutable*.

Of all existing developments in the field of lyric drama the Italian opera has been most frequently held up by Wagnerians as a monstrosity, against which the music-dramas of the Bayreuth master stood forth in the sharpest contrast, and the ruling principles of which had been most convincingly stultified by his theoretical arguments.

That Italian opera is now on its last legs everywhere, save in its own home, is the generally accepted opinion to-day, and there can be little doubt that Wagner and the Wagnerian movement in Europe and this country have had much to do with its decline in popular favor. If I speak here especially of Italian opera, it is partly for the sake of simplicity of plan, for almost all the objections that have been urged by Wagnerians against the French, or the German opera, apply *a fortiori* to the Italian; and partly because the history of the Italian opera shows us a direct descent in an unbroken line from the very beginnings of the lyric drama itself, and the theoretical principles on which it was first established are curiously like those promulgated by Wagner. The parallel between the musical doctrines of Wagnerianism and those of the Florentine music-reform of the seventeenth century has been drawn more than once, and notably by Wagnerians;

but I hardly think that its instructiveness has been quite exhausted. Indeed, I find it strongly suggestive in several ways which Wagnerians have as yet been prone to ignore.

The musical formula, both of Wagner and of the Florentine music-reformers of the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century, was, to all intents and purposes, partly this: That the aim of music should be to heighten, color, and vivify the expression of the poetic and dramatic idea presented in the text. That the Florentine reformers, on the one hand, and Wagner, on the other, should have arrived at this formula by diametrically opposite paths may seem a little strange at first sight, but it was not unnatural. The Florentines approached it, so to speak, academically. Ambros heads his chapter on this subject, in his "History of Music," "The Music-Reform and the Fight against Counterpoint." That there was a fierce war waged against the old strict counterpoint of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, in the strenuous endeavor to establish a new musical style, is perfectly true. But the reformers' championship of the one, and their attacks upon the other, were, in every case, based upon what was in their eyes incontrovertible authority, not upon a free, spontaneous, instinctive predilection or aversion. Indeed, one finds a certain circumspect spirit of premeditation pervading the whole renaissance. We are told that we owe to the renaissance the first budding of personality and individualism in art, and this is, in the main, true. This growth of individualism was the only original and spontaneous element in the whole renaissance, and was probably the one thing that vivified it, and kept it alive as something real, and prevented its being a rather hollow sham. But you would sorely have astonished the great promoters of the renaissance had you told them that this growth of individualism would in time be recognized as one of the prime characteristics of the movement. For it was quite spontaneous, and not of their planting; it crept in unforeseen and unfeared, and was, in reality, in direct opposition to the very fundamental principle of the renaissance

itself, which cared little for spontaneity or originality, but set out as a wilful, premeditated, and almost servile return to classic Greek and Roman models. The renaissance movement was consciously academic; it based its principles and tenets upon the authority of the classics. The Florentine music-reform was intrinsically the renaissance of the art of music. That the renaissance spirit should not have entered into music until near the beginning of the seventeenth century, that is, not until renaissance poetry, painting, and sculpture had already crossed the threshold of their period of decadence, is explained by the exceedingly late development of music in comparison with that of her sister arts. It is also to be noted, by the way, that it was through this Florentine music-reform that the element of individualism was first brought into musical composition.

The Florentine reformers fought against counterpoint simply because counterpoint did not tally with the æsthetic principles laid down by Plato and Aristotle; from the eleventh to the sixteenth century music had been undergoing a process of formal evolution in a wholly natural way, and had arrived at that exceedingly complex, but stoutly organized, form known as strict simple (or, more properly, *single*) counterpoint. The classical authority of Greek or Roman æstheticians had had little or no influence upon this evolution, and it is not surprising that the result should have diverged widely from those principles of art which were established *a priori* by philosophers who lived at a time when music was hardly out of its first infancy. But the renaissance dogma demanded that classical authority should prevail at all hazards, and as the Florentines fought against counterpoint, intrenching themselves behind the doctrines of Plato and Aristotle, so also did they seek to establish their new expressive and dramatic musical style in strict conformity with the teachings of those philosophers. Thus the whole reform movement in Florence at the beginning of the seventeenth century, with the establishment of the so-called *stile rappresentativo* in which it resulted, was purely academic in character; based

wholly upon classical authority. It is, as I have said, a little curious that Richard Wagner, to whom all authority was as nothing, and who believed firmly that the artist's instinct was an authority to itself, should, in the nineteenth century, have arrived at almost precisely the same conclusions concerning the art of music that the old Florentines did, and this, too, by a perfectly free, spontaneous, and untrammelled process of natural selection. It is one of the most striking confirmations of a philosophic theory in all history; for what more brilliant confirmation could a philosophic theory of art ask for than to find itself mirrored in the unprompted instincts and actual practice of the originally creative artist?

The pure *stile rappresentativo*, the musical style established by the Florentine reformers, and the one in which the first lyric dramas were written, was, however, exceedingly short-lived. The music in this style was amorphous, without organic form,* but it was highly expressive. Its monotony seems terrible to us now, and there can be little doubt that it was felt to be a disadvantage by the new school itself, as soon as the novelty of the style had begun to wear off. Let the reader look at the longish monologue of Orpheus in Caccini's "Euridice" (published in F. Rochlitz's Collection de morceaux de chant, vol. ii., p. 2), and try to imagine an entire opera fashioned upon this model. Flesh and blood could not long stand it, and, indeed, did not stand it long. The music was not only amorphous, but was even hampered in its free expressiveness by an iron rule which demanded a stately, measured cadence at the end of every distich of the poetry. One might have thought that this strict adherence to what is to be recognized as a metrical element in the versified text would have imparted at least a certain rudimentary, rhythmic organism to the music, for rhythm is assuredly one of the prime elements of musical form. But the truth is that it did not do so; those regularly recurring, leaden cadences were but so many mile-stones by which the length

of the dreary monologue could be measured, and upon which the weary ear might rest for a moment; but they had little musically organic, form-giving virtue. But, amorphous as the music of the *stile rappresentativo* was, this very fact made it peculiarly ready for undergoing a process of evolution; and it might easily have been predicted that this evolution would proceed either in accordance with some hitherto undiscovered law, or with the laws in obedience to which already existing musical forms had been developed. The evolution did set in almost immediately, such is the inveterate tendency of art to spurn the amorphous condition, and to become organic. Hardly a generation after Caccini and Peri, the first founders of the *stile rappresentativo*, and, with it, of the lyric drama, principles of organic growth, derived from the hitherto disregarded people's song, the dance, and, wonder of wonders! even from the old, despised counterpoint itself, began to show themselves at work in the amorphous mass, together and in harmony with another newly discovered principle, that of tonality. The tonal system was developed, and with it the laws of harmony; modern music was born, bringing with it the development of new and more highly organized forms than even the old counterpoint had been able to realize, for, under the sway of the new law of tonality, musical forms became not merely organic, but essentially *vertebrate*; music developed a spinal column. Amid this general evolution of musical forms, which went on with unexampled vigor during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the Florentine *stile rappresentativo* was not wholly discarded. It still survived in its original amorphous condition (dropping, however, that sham semblance of a form-giving principle, the heavy cadence at the end of each distich, side by side with the higher, organic forms that had been evolved from it. It became what is now known as recitative.

Now it is well worthy of note that, while some of the dramatic and emotional expressiveness, upon which the old Florentine *stile rappresentativo* solely based its claim to respect, still survived, in greater or less vigor, in every musi-

* I may as well say here, for the benefit of those who are unfamiliar with musical terminology, that what we call *form* in music is virtually identical with *organism*, or *organic structure*.

cal form that was subsequently developed, the evolution of musical forms which went forward during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries displayed almost as great activity in the field of lyric drama itself as in any other domain in the whole art of music. Indeed, one finds that, with the exception of the fugue, the sonata, and of those forms which belong properly to the dance, almost every form that is characteristic of modern music was first developed in the lyric drama before it was applied, with greater or less variation, to other styles of composition, while most of those other forms which owed their first development to instrumental composition made their way soon enough into the lyric drama, by which they were willingly adopted. Thus the lyric drama, which began with its music in the amorphous condition of pure emotional expression, soon became one of the principal fields for the evolution of purely musical forms.

It has been claimed that, during this formal evolution of music in the lyric drama, more and more of its original dramatic, emotional expressiveness was gradually lost until, in the Italian opera of the nineteenth century, this expressiveness vanished entirely, and the opera became a mere aggregation of musical stencil-pictures, pleasing enough to the ear, but of no dramatic value. Yet, admitting that the opera became in time the field for much inveterately undramatic music, it seems to me wholly a mistake to attribute this to the evolution of purely musical forms within its domain. True, the progressive introduction of undramatic moments and the formal evolution went on pretty much together, but I do not think that the latter can rightly be assumed to have been the active cause of the former. Music in the opera did not diminish in dramatic quality because it became organic, but from a totally distinct cause; and this cause is not hard to discover. It was solely and simply the contemporaneous growth of technical virtuosity in singers. It must be remembered that the opera was, from the beginning, an article of luxury; it has always cost more money than any other form of musical entertainment, and has been forced

to look for its support largely to the moneyed classes, and hence to appeal mainly to their taste. It has thus had to appeal to a frivolous liking for luxury and easily sensuous enjoyment quite as much as to a more serious æsthetic taste on the part of its peculiar public. And there are few things that a sensuously inclined musical public take to more readily than a display of virtuosity in any of its branches; brilliant florid singing by fine and exquisitely cultivated voices is always sure of an applauding audience. The singer, the vocal virtuoso, became in time a ruling power in opera, and it is to him, principally if not entirely, that the introduction of undramatic music into the opera is chargeable. Indeed, the baleful influence of the virtuoso did not stop here; it was exerted fully as much to the detriment of musical form in opera as it was to the hurt of dramatic expression. From a co-operator who had to be considered and humored, the singer became an autocrat whose pleasure it behooved the composer solely to consult—for the public was almost invariably on the singer's side. Thus, whereas at one time it was only necessary so far to modify musical forms as to enable the singer to display his vocal virtuosity, it at last came to a point where these same forms were more and more stunted and robbed of their higher organism, in order that the display of virtuosity should be all that was left for the public to admire. Anyone can appreciate this who will take the trouble to compare a florid air by Handel with a *cabaletta di bravura* by Bellini. The voice-part is florid and brilliant in the one as in the other. But in the Handel air it is, like the Pope, only *primus inter pares*: it and the instrumental accompaniment are functional and interdependent factors in a stoutly constructed and very highly organized whole. In the Bellini *cabaletta*, on the other hand, the voice-part is all in all; the accompaniment stands in merely harmonic relations to it, and is withal of so rudimentary a character as to serve for little else than to mark the rhythm, support the voice, and keep the singer to the pitch; the musical organism of the whole is infinitely lower, not to say often defective. Thus the influ-

ence of the virtuoso singer in opera has been not only to lessen, at times almost to annul, the dramatic and expressive vigor of the music, but also to induce a retrograde movement in the evolution of musical form itself.*

The ever-growing supremacy of the singer in opera, with the unfortunate influence it exerted both upon the organic form and dramatic expressiveness of opera music, reached its climax in Italy; but that the effects of this supremacy were not confined to the Italian peninsula is easily explained by the immense popularity of Italian opera all over Europe during the latter half of the last and the earlier part of the present century. Yet it is a mistake to think that this supremacy of the vocal virtuoso ever was wholly unquestioned and uncombated even in Italy itself. Recalcitrant and reactionary composers were never quite wanting, and although the opposition to the reigning evil was seldom, if ever, of the thorough-going, root-and-branch sort, an opposition still existed. In almost every instance when a composer of special note had submissively offered his neck to the yoke of victorious virtuosity, and had made florid vocal writing almost his exclusive speciality, it is noticeable that he was succeeded by one or two others who took more or less reactionary ground. For an instance that comes near our own time, take the case of Rossini.† He had pushed florid vocal writing fairly *ad absurdum*; but he was immediately followed by Bellini and Donizetti, who, although they showed no disposition to break wholly with brilliant vocalism, did do at least something, and with fixed purpose, too, toward rehabilitating the dramatic and expressive element in opera music. They were reactionaries, if not very thorough-going ones, and although they made no attempt to alter or modify the traditional musical forms of the opera of their day,

they did much toward rendering them more dramatically expressive than they had been in Rossini's hands. With a certain happy astuteness of instinct they even knew, as not a few of their forbears had done, how to turn the singer's art itself to expressive account. For with and beside all their astounding vocal agility, the great Italian singers were also masters of musical phrasing, and of the production of a warm and expressive vocal tone. In both Bellini and Donizetti we accordingly find a frequent return to an emotionally expressive vocal *cantilena* which was by no means deficient in dramatic value. They, in turn, were followed by the rough and fiery Verdi, in the music of whose operas, even of his earlier ones, the element of intense dramatic expression is at least on a par with, and generally predominates over, that of mere vocal display. Again, we must not forget that florid Italian opera, almost universal as its popularity was at one time, had, both in France and Germany, a more and more formidable rival in French opera, which had never lost sight of the fact that the dramatic element was the one of prime importance, although, in its early beginnings, it did not set out upon so specifically dramatic a formula as that of the old Florentines. In Germany the native works of Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, and Weber, with Marschner following closely in the latter's footsteps, were not without weight as a counterpoise to the imported Italian article, albeit they were hard put to it, for a time, to hold their own against its incursions. And it is particularly to be noted that, while German and French opera of the latter part of the last and the early part of the present century bowed less submissively under the thralldom of the virtuoso singer than Italian opera, and showed a finer and stouter dramatic fibre, they, and especially the German, were infinitely superior to it in respect to perfection of musical construction, and in their wealth of highly organized musical forms.

That Italian opera was really well on in its decadence could not escape the more knowing heads in France and Germany, little as the fact was suspected in Italy; but eventually it be-

* A similar tendency on the part of the virtuoso has been noticeable in pianoforte music; it is very striking how pianoforte virtuosos, from Herz and Hünten to Thalberg and Liszt himself (in his earlier, "singer-knight" period), have shown a peculiar fondness for writing in musical forms of very low organism, such as the "operatic fantasia" and the like.

† In speaking of Rossini in this connection, I would leave his "Guillaume Tell" out of the discussion. The strong French influence of which this opera gives evidence places it apart from his other works.

came evident even to Italians themselves. Indeed, it had been noticeable for some time that more than one great Italian composer had fallen (or risen) musically out of the ranks of his countrymen, to enlist, in so far as his inborn nature would permit, under the French flag. Spontini and Cherubini began it,* next followed Rossini, with "Guillaume Tell," and then Verdi, with "Don Carlos," "Aïda," and "Otello;" and Verdi may fairly be said to have brought all that is of much weight in young musical Italy with him. Of course, the defection of Rossini and Verdi from the Italian school was not so complete as that of Spontini, whose style in his later operas is almost wholly French, or Cherubini, who shows himself in his music as half French, half German. Indeed, it could not well have been so, for both Rossini and Verdi joined the French cause late in their careers, when a radical remodelling of their musical style was no longer possible; but, although much of the Italian style still remains in both "Guillaume Tell" and "Aïda," and both works have an unmistakably Italian flavor, the attempt on the part of the two composers to follow French models is none the less evident and significant. Both were as French as they knew how to be.

But, decadent though it was, Italian opera continued to enjoy an immense, almost a supreme, popularity both in France and Germany until about twenty or twenty-five years ago. But that Italian opera of the traditional stamp has long been decadent, and is now moribund, is not so important to my present purpose as are the causes which have brought about this decadence.

It has been claimed, and especially by Wagnerians, as I have already hinted, that this decadence has been owing chiefly, if not solely, to an ever-increasing and systematic unfaithfulness on the part of Italian composers to the original dramatic purpose of the lyric drama; and that this unfaithfulness has manifested itself in a servile compliance with the demands of virtuoso singers, on the one hand, and in an adherence to set

and rigid musical forms, developed according to purely musical principles, on the other. Of the untoward influence of the virtuoso singer I have already spoken; it was undoubtedly one of the chief causes of the Italian decadence in opera; as for the adherence to set and rigid musical forms, I cannot think that this can rightly be assumed to have had much, or anything, to do with it. On the contrary, it seems to me that it was neither the rigidity nor the purely musical origin of the established forms in Italian opera that hurried on its decadence, but their ever-increasing intrinsic musical poverty. After the decline of the great Neapolitan operatic school, Italy occupied a position in the world of opera music that had every outward appearance of being a highly enviable one, but was in reality a very deplorable one indeed. She was for a long while the chief purveyor of operas for the whole civilized world; she exported immense quantities of dramatico-musical goods, but imported practically nothing, neither works, nor ideas, nor principles. She lived musically wholly upon herself. Germany and France were growing in music at a tremendous pace, but Italy remained stationary and fell inevitably behind the times. Here we have, together with the supremacy of the virtuoso, an all-sufficient cause for her musical decadence, which means virtually the decadence of Italian opera. It was induced by what may be called a long course of breeding-in, a process which sooner or later results in decrepitude and cretinism. Italian composers studied only Italian masters, and eventually ceased to study even them any more than was needful to acquire the bare rudiments of their art. And as the older masters, one by one, died off, the country suffered more and more from a dearth of capable teachers. From possessing men like Padre Martini and his successor Padre Mattei, the former of whom was an undisputed contrapuntal authority for the whole world, whose instruction was eagerly sought by some of the greatest musicians from France and Germany, Italy at length fell so low, to such a depth of musical ineptitude, as to consider Saverio Mercadante a *gran' contrappuntista*. And

* Lully was an Italian by birth and parentage, but is in no sense to be ranked as an Italian composer; his whole musical education was got in France, as his whole public career was in France.

note also the fact that, about this time, music-students began more and more to shirk their studies; running away from conservatories became the fashion. It is well known that Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, and Verdi all gave their masters the slip, and began composing for the public stage long before their musical education was completed. The result was inevitable: Italian music had to suffer. There is no doubt whatever in my mind that the decadence of Italian opera has been purely and simply a musical decadence, not a dramatic one; the thing has become moribund through its musical poverty—not through its deficiency in dramatic vigor, but through its continued and systematic stunting and impoverishing once stoutly constructed and highly organized musical forms. So far from the history of Italian opera showing a constant decline in the dramatically expressive element in its music, as Wagnerians would have us believe, I insist that it shows exactly the opposite. Although there is an immense superficial disparity between the singleness of dramatic purpose in the *stile rappresentativo* of Caccini and Peri, and the apparent singleness of musical purpose in the rigid formalism, the elaboration, and often contrapuntal development of the aria of Alessandro Scarlatti, we find no such disparity when we consider the intrinsic emotional and dramatic expressiveness of the music written in these two styles. The real weakness of the aria of Scarlatti, Handel, and others of their period, as an operatic form, lay not in its lack of dramatic, or expressive quality, but in its wholly *unscenic* character; by its length, and the frequent repetitions of the text it necessitated, it obstructed the progress of the dramatic action. But, from the time of Scarlatti and Handel down to Verdi, the history of Italian opera shows a progressive elimination of unscenic elements from the musical forms employed, as well as a pretty constant increase (except in the case of the *aria di bravura*) of intrinsic dramatic vigor and expressiveness in the music. And cases can be cited in which the undramatic character and scenic unfitness even of the *aria di bravura* may very well be disputed. Take

Amina's "*Ah, non giunge,*" at the end of the "*Sonnambula,*" a piece of flrid vocalism upon which Wagnerian criticism has been particularly severe. It has been objected that young girls, when perfect felicity is suddenly sprung upon them, do not go off into warbling flrid roulades. Don't they? Ah, but sometimes they do; I, *moi qui vous parle*, have heard them. But let that pass; admit that singing brilliant scales and arpeggi is not an usual expression of supreme joy in real life. Neither is singing anything; judge the situation by naturalistic, or realistic, rules, and Amina ought not to sing at all. I, for one, am quite incapable of feeling the dramatic unfitness of Amina's "*Ah, non giunge;*" its purely musical distinction is another matter, and has nothing to do with the question. But, leaving aside the *aria di bravura*, where in all music can you find more characteristic examples of intense dramatic force than in Italian opera? * Take the ensemble-piece, "*Maffeo Orsini, signora, son' io,*" in the prologue of "*Lucrezia Borgia,*" with its inexorable closing-in of the opposing forces around Lucrezia, her cries of terror, and the whirlwind *stretto* that terminates the whole! The thing is as dramatic, both in plan and effect, as can well be imagined. Take the quartet in the fourth act of the "*Trovatore,*" with Manrico's terrible phrase, "*Ha, questa infame l'amor venduto;*" I do not think that Wagner himself has ever written anything more poignantly expressive of ungovernable rage, and utter misery of soul. And let no one think for a moment that I am laboriously ransacking the whole literature of Italian opera to find a few sporadic examples of dramatic force; I have taken my examples quite at random; they are characteristic, and might be multiplied almost *ad infinitum*. No, whatever may have been the course of Italian opera, considered as pure music, it has almost steadily followed the principle of eliminating what was unscenic in the musical forms employed, and of increasing its dramatic vitality, vigor, and expressiveness. The principal charge that can be brought

* Let me say once more that I am now considering the music simply for its dramatic quality, and wholly without regard for its purely musical value.

against it, in this connection, is that it did not carry this process of elimination of unscenic elements quite far enough.

One of the most interesting points, to my mind, in the whole history of Italian opera is the short-livedness of the original Florentine *stile rappresentativo*, and the extreme readiness the opera showed to follow a path of development almost diametrically opposed to that indicated by the precepts of its founders. It is, indeed, highly significant that the opera so soon abandoned the formula with which it first set out. Of this formula I have as yet given only a part: That the aim of music should be to heighten, color, and vivify the expression of the poetic and dramatic idea presented in the text. But this positive part of the Florentine formula was really conditioned and limited by a quasi-negative clause, which may briefly be stated as follows: That, in thus heightening the expression of the poetic and dramatic idea, music must forego all such principles of organic structure as are derived solely from its own nature.* Now it was just this negative clause of its original formula that the opera so soon disobeyed, for, as I have said, the evolution of musical forms in accordance with purely and exclusively musical principles of organism set in very soon. The positive part of the formula was adhered to, with greater or less tenacity, to the end; its primary importance was undoubtedly lost sight of at times, but it was never, or hardly ever, wholly abandoned. It has been claimed that the evolution of musical forms that went forward in the opera was a wholly artificial one, that it corresponded to no rational artistic need, and necessarily contravened the true fundamental principles of the lyric drama. I can see no valid reason for believing this to be true; indeed, I hold it to be utterly and totally false. But even if it were true, it is none the less indubitable

that, if an evolution of musical forms was to take place at all, it must of needs be in accordance with, and dependent upon, purely musical organic principles. It is quite idle to expect music, or anything else, to develop organically except in obedience to the organic laws that lie in its own nature. If the old *stile rappresentativo* was to develop organically, it absolutely had to develop musically. It is quite clear to my mind that the second clause of the original Florentine formula was essentially fatal to all musical vitality in the lyric drama; it was the great mistake of the music-reform, and of the founders of the opera. Their successors saw it to be so, and did their best, at first, to correct it, then to expunge it altogether. I do not mean to say that opera composers, in Italy or elsewhere, invariably followed the wisest course in developing musical forms, or that the forms they hit upon were always those best fitted for their purpose. Every onward step that the art of music has ever made in its gradual growth and progress has been purely tentative, and many mistakes have been made. But it is of signal importance to acknowledge the truth that it was aesthetically unavoidable that an organic evolution of some sort should go forward in the music of the lyric drama; that it should remain wholly inorganic and amorphous was impossible, for it is contrary to a fundamental law of nature that that which contains within itself the potency and power of organic development should remain forever inorganic. And that music does contain within itself such potency and power has been abundantly proved.

Now Wagner has been the first to attempt to re-establish both clauses of this formula, as a law governing music in the lyric drama, since the original promulgators of the doctrine passed away. Gluck came near doing so, but even he hesitated to subscribe to the second clause. Wagner still remains the only composer who has made a thoroughgoing and consistent attempt to bring the lyric drama back to a complete allegiance to its original principles; he alone has accepted the Florentine formula in its entirety, and made it the primary article of his musical creed. And

* This statement of the negative clause of the Florentine formula is true to the spirit rather than to the letter of the aesthetic code of the music-reform. The Florentine reformers only included the principles of counterpoint in their taboo; but as counterpoint was the only organic musical development recognized, or even known, in their day, it was naturally the only form they attacked. But it is none the less evident that the spirit of the reform movement was inimical to all independent musical development, and my statement of the formula is consequently quite fair.

Wagnerians have not hesitated to proclaim this formula as an all-important and integral factor of the greatness of his works. This seems to me to be imputing too much power to a formula, for I hold, with Zola, that "every formula, in itself, is good and legitimate, it is enough that a man of genius make it his own; in other words, a formula is nothing but an instrument furnished by a certain historical and social environment, and which owes its beauty above all to the more or less superior way in which the predestined man knows how to draw music from it." The value of an artistic formula resides not so much in itself as in the living faith with which it inspires the artist. The theory may be incomplete or irrational, or, again, it may be irrefragable; in either case, it mirrors the bent of the man who formulated it; and, the formula once arrived at, he will unavoidably have profounder, more complete, and unshaken faith in it than in any other. It thus becomes the means by which he can best bring his own genius to a focus upon his work, the tool of all others with which he can work with the greatest freedom and security. But it does not in the least follow that another man can work equally well with it, or even do his best possible work with it. That a certain formula is even the *sine qua non* of this or that man's artistic productiveness, that it is at once his strength and his guide, is no certain proof of its general excellence; all that is proved is that it is the tool with which he individually can best work. It furnishes him, on the one hand, with the channel through which his genius draws its inspiration, and, on the other, with the mould in which he casts this inspiration that it may be given an intelligible and plastic shape.

As for the Wagner formula, I do not believe that, with the exception of a few Wagnerian extremists, anyone in our day has the complete faith in it that Wagner had. And, for the Wagnerian extremists, let it not seem invidious if I say here that their faith in Wagner's creed seems rather of the mediæval sort, as based more upon the miracles the prophet worked than upon an unbiassed sifting of his preaching; at all events, it is certain that no one of them has ever

had his faith put to the test of being brought face to face with artistically creative promptings from within. It is enough to examine some of its logical corollaries to see that a complete faith in this creed of Wagner's is hardly imaginable to-day. Take only one point: If Wagnerianism were true, through and through, all purely instrumental composition would have been irrational after Beethoven's Ninth Symphony! Who is there that believes this? Not many, surely, with the stock of Mendelssohn and Schumann symphonies we have, and while Brahms still lives. I can see nothing for it but to conclude that it was the splendor of Wagner's genius, as exhibited in his works, that has led the present out-and-out Wagnerians to accept his formula *in toto*; and that, under the double influence of the evangel and the miracles, they have turned round to use the dogma as an irrefragable argument to prove the perfection of the works.

It is, however, far truer to say that the prime value of this formula lay in the fact that it was the perfectly free expression of Wagner's personal artistic instincts, so that, pinning his entire faith to it, he could work with it in absolute freedom, unharassed by the shadow of a doubt. So far the formula was, secondarily, but only secondarily, a factor in the greatness of his works. But, primarily, it explains their besetting weakness. Holding fast by both of its clauses, Wagner, like the old Florentines before him, failed in one point: in giving the lyric drama an organic musical form. Indeed, it could not have been otherwise, for the formula forbids all essentially musical organism. To object that the development and establishment of an organic musical form was no part of his artistic striving is not to answer this; for, whether he tried to or not, the fact remains that he did not. Do not think that, in saying this, I forget the many pages of musically coherent and organic writing that are to be found even in his later music-dramas; I willingly admit that he often rose superior to his formula. But the general lack of organic quality in his music is none the less undeniable. I would not, either, be thought to under-

rate the puissant splendor of his genius, nor the immense good he has done in the field in which he worked. He alone has carried through to its absolute completion that process of elimination of undramatic and unscenic moments from the music of the lyric drama, in which the Italians halted, and in which the French and the Germans themselves had (with few exceptions) not gone much further than they. Undramatic or unscenic music is now, and will henceforth forever be, a solecism in the lyric drama, not to be endured; and this we owe to Wagner. Perhaps it was necessary for a man of commanding genius to have the complete faith in an extreme formula that Wagner had, necessary for him to see only one side of the question, to be able to make a clean sweep of all such solecisms, as it were, at one fell swoop. But with all the miracles, both creative and destructive, Wagner worked, the weak point in his doctrine and his practice is none the less to be criticised. It is not true that, in order to heighten, color, and vivify the expression of the poetic and dramatic idea presented in the text, music must forego those principles of organic development which are derived solely from its own nature; it is not true that, in order to be dramatic, music must be inorganic, and take what semblance of form it can from the poetry alone. The second finale (statue scene) of Mozart's "Don Giovanni" proves this. The music in this thrice-wonderful scene is as stoutly organic in structure, its development is as strictly based upon purely musical principles, as any that was ever written, while it is as thoroughly and essentially dramatic and scenic as any that Wagner himself ever wrote. Here music not only performs its proper dramatic function in the lyric drama, but performs it in the best possible way, in accordance with the highest laws of its own being. Here

we have the complete transmutation of dramatic poetry and dramatic action into music. And let me say, to conclude, that, no matter what function music may be called upon to perform, whether it be to appeal to our emotions and imagination as pure form and color in the symphony or sonata, or to heighten and idealize the expression of poetry in the song, the cantata, or the lyric drama, it would be contrary to every known law of nature for it to relinquish any principle of organic structure that has been evolved from its own substance, and in accordance with its own laws. This or that particular musical form may become extinct and make way for others in the general and unceasing struggle for existence, and only the fittest will survive; and what is fit to-day may be unfit to-morrow. But the great principle of musical form and organism of some sort is eternal; and, if we may trust the lesson of the past, the evolution of the future will still be one from simpler to more complex and more highly organized forms. Just as the lack of musical organism in the old Florentine *stile rappresentativo* was soon felt to be a weakness, and not a source of strength, in the lyric drama, so will the similar lack of musical organism in the Wagnerian music-drama be found to be a weakness, and, in time, be cured by a new formal evolution of some sort. Wagner's famous dictum, that the composer in lyric drama must remember not to be too musical, will give way to Von Bülow's far truer and profounder counter-apophthegm, that a composer cannot, in any case, possibly be musical enough. A certain German critic once said that, whatever might be thought of Wagner, he was indisputably the gate through which the future path of the lyric drama lay. Yes, but the lyric drama must pass through this gate; stop at it it cannot.



IN THE VALLEY.

By *Harold Frederic.*

CHAPTER XXV.

A CRESTFALLEN RETURN TO ALBANY.



FOR a man who had his physician's personal assurance that there was nothing serious in his case, I recovered my strength with vexatious slowness. There

was a very painful and wearing week, indeed, before it became clear to me that I was even convalescent, and thereafter my progress was woefully halting and intermittent. Perhaps health would have come more rapidly if with every sound of the guns from the platforms, and every rattle of the drums outside, I had not wrathfully asked myself, "Of what use is all this now, alas!"

These bad days were nearing their end when Dr. Teunis one afternoon came in with tidings from home. An express had arrived from Albany, bringing the intelligence that General Wooster was shortly to come with re-enforcements, to take over our headless command. There were many letters for the officers as well, and among these were two for me. The physician made some show of keeping these back from me, but the cousin relented, and I was bolstered up in bed to read them.

One was a business epistle from Albany, enclosing a brief memorandum of the disposition of certain moneys and goods belonging to the English trading company whose agent I had been, and setting my mind at ease concerning what remained of its interests.

The other was a much longer missive, written in my mother's neat, painstaking hand, and in my mother's language. My story can be advanced in no better way than by translating freely from the original Dutch document, which I still have, and which shows, if nothing else, that Dame Mauverensen had powers of

directness and brevity of statement not inherited by her son.

"January 9, A. D. 1776.

"DEARLY BELOVED SON: This I write, being well and contented for the most part, and trusting that you are the same. It is so long since I have seen you—now nearly four years—that your ways are beyond me, and I offer you no advice. People hereabout affect much satisfaction in your promotion to be an officer. I do not conceal my preference that you should have been a God-fearing man, though you were of humbler station. However, that I surrendered your keeping to a papistical infidel is my own blame, and I do not reproach you.

"The nigger Tulp, whom you sent to me, upon your departure for the wars, was more trouble than he was worth, to say nothing of his keep. He was both lame and foolish, getting forever in my way, and crying by the hour with fears for your safety. I therefore sent him to his old home, The Cedars, where, as nobody now does any manner of work (your aunt being dead, and an incapable sloven having taken her place) he will not get in the way, and where others can help him to weep.

"When Mistress Cross came down to The Cedars last summer, having been deserted by her worthless husband, and found Mr. Stewart stricken with paralysis, I was moved to offer my assistance while they both lay ill. The burden of their illness was so great that your aunt broke down under it, but she did not die until after Mistress Cross had recovered from her fever, and Mr. Stewart had regained his speech and a small portion of his wits. Mistress Cross was in a fair way to be despoiled of all her rightful belongings, for she brought not so much as a clean smock away with her from her husband's house, and there was there in charge an insolent rascal named Rab, who, when I demanded the keys and his mistress's chattels, essayed to turn me away. I lectured him upon his behavior in such terms that he slunk off like a whipped dog, and presently sent to me a servant from whom I received what I came for. She would otherwise have obtained nothing, for, obstinate as she is in some matters, she is a timid soul at best, and stands in mortal fear of Rab's malevolence.

"Mr. Stewart's mind is still in a sad way. He is childish beyond belief, and talks about you as if you were a lad again, and then speaks of foreign matters, of which we know nothing, so long past are they, as if they were still proceeding. In bodily health, he seems now somewhat stronger. I knitted him some woollen stockings, but he would not wear them, saying

that they scratched his legs. Mistress Cross might have persuaded him out of this nonsense, but did not see fit to do so. She also humors him in the matter of taking him to the Papist church at Johnstown, whenever the roads are open, he having become highly devotional in his second childhood. I was vigorously opposed to indulging this idea of his, which is almost as sinful in her as it is superstitious and silly in him, but she would go her own gait, and so she may for all of me.

"She insisted, too, on having one of Adam Wemple's girls in to do the work when your aunt fell ill. I recommended to her the widow of Dirck Tappan, a worthy and pious woman who could not sleep if there was so much as a speck of dust on the floor under her bed, but she would not listen to me, saying that she liked Moll Wemple and wanted her, and that she did not like Dame Tappan and did not want her. Upon this I came home, seeing clearly that my company was not desired longer.

"I send you the stockings which I knitted for Mr. Stewart, and sundry other woollen trifles. Your sisters are all well, but the troubles in the Valley take young men's thoughts unduly off the subject of marriage. If the Committee would only hang John Johnson or themselves there would be peace, one way or the other, and girls would get husbands again. But all say matters will be worse before they mend.

"Affectionately, your mother,
"KATHARINE MAUVERENSEN."

As I look at this ancient, faded letter, which brought to me in belated and roundabout form the tidings of Mr. Stewart's helpless condition and of Daisy's illness and grief, I can recall that my first impulse was to laugh. There was something so droll, yet so thoroughly characteristic of my honest, bustling, resolute, domineering mother in the thing, that its humor for the moment overbalanced the gravity of the news. There was no more helpful, valuable, or good-hearted woman alive than she, provided always it was permitted her to manage and dictate everything for everybody. There was no limit to the trouble she would undertake, nothing in the world she would not do, for people who would consent to be done for, and would allow her to dominate all their thoughts and deeds. But the moment they revolted, or showed the weakest inclination to do things their own way, she blazed up and was off like a rocket. Her taste for governing was little short of a mania, and I could see, in my mind's eye, just how she had essayed to rule Daisy, and how in her

failure she had written to me, unconsciously revealing her pique.

Poor Daisy! My thoughts had swung quickly enough from my mother to her, and, once there, persistently lingered. She had, then, been at The Cedars since June; she had been very ill, but now was in health again; she was a fugitive from her rightful home, and stood in fear of her former servants; she had upon her hands a broken old invalid, and to all his freaks and foibles was a willing slave; she was the saddened, solitary mistress of a large estate, with all its anxieties multiplied a hundred-fold by the fact that these were war-times, that passions ran peculiarly high and fierce all about her, and that her husband's remaining friends, now her bitter foes, perhaps, were in a desperate state of temper and daring.

From this grewsome reverie I roused myself to exclaim: "Teunis, every day counts now. The sooner I get home the better!"

"Quite so," said he, with ready sarcasm. "We will go on snow-shoes to Sorel to-morrow morning."

"No—you know what I mean. I want to——"

"Oh, yes, entirely so. We might, in fact, start this evening. The wolves are a trifle troublesome just now, but with a strong and active companion, like you, I should fear nothing."

"Will you cease jesting, Teunis! What I want now is to exhaust all means of gaining strength—to make every hour tell upon the work of my restoration. There is urgent need of me at home. See for yourself!" And I gave him my mother's letter.

My cousin had had from me, during our long camp intercourse, sufficient details of my early life to enable him to understand all my mother's allusions. He read the letter through carefully, and smiled. Then he went over it again, and turned grave, and began to look out of the window and whistle softly.

"Well," I asked, impatiently; "what is your judgment?"

"My judgment is that your mother was, without doubt, the daughter of my great-uncle Baltus. When I was fourteen years old my father put me out of his house because I said that cocoa-nuts

grew on trees, he having been credibly informed by a sailor that they were dug from the ground like potatoes. Everybody said of my father, when they learned of this: 'How much he is like his uncle, Captain Baltus.' She has the true family piety, too. The saying in Schenectady used to be: 'The Van Hoorns are a God-fearing people—and they have reason to be.'

I could not but laugh at this, the while I protested that it was his views upon the tidings in the letter that I wished.

"I agree with you that the sooner you get home the better," he said, seriously. "The troubles in the Valley will be ripe ere long. The letters from Albany, just arrived, are filled, they tell me, with rumors of the doings of Johnson. General Schuyler had, at last accounts, gone up toward Johnstown with a regiment, to discover the baronet's intentions. So get well as fast as you like—and we will be off."

This was easy enough to say, but nearly two months went by before I was judged able to travel. We indeed did not make a start until after General Wooster arrived with more troops, and assumed command. Our return was accomplished in the company of the express he sent back with news of his arrival, and his report of the state of affairs in front of Quebec. From our own knowledge this was very bad, what with the mutinous character of many of the men, the total absence of subordination, and the bitter jealousies which existed among the rival officers. Even above the joy of turning our faces once more toward home, there rose in both of us a sense of relief at cutting loose from an expedition which had done no good, and that, too, at such a sad cost of suffering and bloodshed. It was impossible to have any pride whatever in the adventure, and we had small disposition to look people in the face, or talk with them of the siege and attack. To do them justice, the residents of the sparsely settled districts through which we slowly passed were civil enough. But we felt that we were returning like detected impostors, and we had no heart for their courtesies.

Albany was reached at last, and there

the news that the British had evacuated Boston put us in better spirits. The spring was backward, but it was April by the calendar if not by the tree-buds and gardens, and busy preparations for the season's campaign were going forward. General Schuyler took me into his own house, and insisted upon my having a full fortnight's rest, telling me that I needed all my strength for the work he had in mind for me. The repose was in truth grateful, after the long and difficult journey I had performed in my enfeebled condition, and what with books and pictures, and the journals of events that had transpired during my long absence, and the calls of friends, and the careful kindness of the general and his good wife, I ought to have felt myself indeed happy.

But in some senses it was to me the most vexatious fortnight of the whole spring, for no hour of it all passed in which I was not devoured with anxiety to be among my own people again. The general was so preoccupied and burdened with the stress of public and martial business, always in his case carried on for the most part under the embarrassment of recurring illness, that I shrank from questioning him, and the fear haunted me that it was his intention to send me away again without a visit to my old home. It is true that I might have pleaded an invalid's privileges, but I was really well enough to work with prudence, and I could not offer to shirk duty at such a time.

But in his own good time the general relieved my mind and made me ashamed that I had ever doubted his consideration. After breakfast one morning—it was the first, I remember, upon which I wore the new uniform with which I had been forced to replace the rags brought from Quebec—he called me to him in his library, and unfolded to me his plans:

"John Johnson lied to me last January, when I went up there, disarmed his Scotchmen, and took his parole. He lied to me here in March, when he came down and denied that he was receiving and despatching spies through the woods to and from Canada. The truth is not in him. During the past month much proof has come to my

hands of his hiding arms and powder and lead near the Hall, and of his devil's work among the Mohawks, whom he plots day and night to turn against us. All this time he keeps a smooth tongue for us, but is conspiring with his Tory neighbors, and with those who followed Guy to Canada, to do us a mischief. Now that General Washington is master at Boston, and affairs are moving well elsewhere, there is no reason for further mincing of matters in Tryon County. It is my purpose to send Colonel Dayton to Johnstown with part of his regiment, to settle the thing once for all. He will have the aid of Herkimer's militia if he needs them, and will arrest Sir John, the leaders of his Scotch followers, and all others, tenants and gentlemen alike, whose freedom is a threat to the neighborhood. In short, he will stamp out the whole wasps' nest.

"You know the Valley well, and your people are there. It is the place for you just now. Here is your commission as major—but you are still attached to my staff. I lend you merely to the Tryon County Committee. You will go with Dayton as far as you like—either to Caughnawaga, or some near place—perhaps your old home would suit you best. Please yourself. You need not assist in the arrests at Johnstown; that might be painful to you. But after Dayton's return with his prisoners you will be my representative in that district. You have four days in which to make ready. I see the prospect pleases you. Good! To-morrow we will discuss it further."

When I got outside I fairly leaped for joy.

CHAPTER XXVI.

I SEE DAISY AND THE OLD HOME ONCE MORE.

I RODE beside Colonel Elias Dayton one forenoon some ten days later, up the Valley road, my pulses beating fast at the growing familiarity of the scene before us. We had crossed the Chuc-tununda Creek, and were within sight of the gray walls of Guy Park. Beyond rose the hills behind which lay Fort Johnson.

I was on the very threshold of my boyhood's playfield—within a short hour's walk of my boyhood's home.

The air was full of sounds. Birds sang with merry discordance all through the thicket to our right, flitting among the pale green tangle of spring's foliage. The May sunshine had lured forth some pioneer locusts, whose shrill cries came from who could tell where—the tall swale-grass on the river edge, erect now again after the April floods, or the brown broom-corn nearer the road, or from the sky above? We could hear the squirrels' mocking chatter in the tree-tops, the whirr of the kingfishers along the willow-fringed water—the indefinable chorus of Nature's myriad small children, all glad that spring was come. But above these our ears took in the ceaseless clang of the drums, and the sound of hundreds of armed men's feet, tramping in unison upon the road before us, behind us, at our side.

For my second return to the Valley was at the head of troops, bringing violence, perhaps bloodshed, in their train. I could not but contrast it, in my mind, with that other home-coming, four years before, when I sat turned to look eastward in the bow of Enoch's boat, and every soft dip of the oars timed the glad carol in my heart of home and friends—and the sweet maid I loved. I was so happy then!—and now, coming from the other direction, with suggestions of force and cruel purposes in every echo of our soldiers' tread, I was, to tell the plain truth, very miserable withal.

My talk with Colonel Dayton had, in a way, contributed to this gloomy feeling. We had, from choice, ridden side by side for the better part of two days, and, for very need of confiding in someone, I had talked with him concerning my affairs more freely than was my wont. This was the easier, because he was a contemplative, serious, and sensible man, whose words and manner created confidence. Moreover, he was neither Dutchman nor Yankee, but a native Jerseyman, and so considered my story from an equable and fair point of view, without bias.

It was, indeed, passing strange that this man, on his way to seize or crush the Johnson clique, as the case might

be, should have been the one to first arouse in my mind the idea that, after all, the Tories had their good side, and were doing what to them seemed right, at tremendous cost and sacrifice to themselves. I had been telling him what a ruffian was Philip Cross, and what grounds I had for hating him, and despitely describing the other chief Tories of the district. He said in reply, I remember :

“You seem to miss the sad phase of all this, my friend. Your young blood feels only the partisan promptings of dislike. Some day—soon, perhaps—you will all at once find this youthful heat gone ; you will begin to walk around men and things, so to speak, and study them from all sides. This stage comes to every sober mind ; it will come to you. Then you will realize that this baronet up yonder is, from his own stand-point, a chivalrous, gallant, loyal gentleman, who imperils estates, power, peace, almost life itself, rather than do what he holds to be weak or wrong. Why, take even this enemy of yours, this Cross. He was one of the notables of these parts—rich, popular, influential ; he led a life of utmost luxury and pleasure. All this he has exchanged for the rough work of a soldier, with its privations, cold, fatigue, and the risk of death. Ask yourself why he did it.”

“I see what you would enforce,” I said. “Your meaning is that these men, as well as our side, think the right is theirs.”

“Precisely. They have inherited certain ideas. We disagree with them ; we deem it our duty to silence them, fight them, drive them out of the country, and, with God’s help, we will do it ; but let us do this with our eyes open, and with the understanding that they are not necessarily scoundrels and heathen because they fail to see things as we see them.”

“But you would not defend, surely, their plotting to use the savages against their neighbors—against helpless women and children. That must be heathenish, to any mind.”

“Defend it? No! I do not defend any acts of theirs. Rid your mind of the idea that because a man tries to understand a thing he therefore defends

it. But I can see how they would defend it to their own consciences—just as these thrifty Whig farmers here-about explain in their own minds as patriotic and public-spirited their itching to get hold of Johnson’s Manor. Try and look at things in this light. Good and bad are relative terms ; nothing is positively and unchangeably evil. Each group of men has its own little world of reasons and motives, its own atmosphere, its own standard of right and wrong. If you shut your eyes, and condemn or praise these wholly, without first striving to comprehend them, you may or may not do mischief to them ; you assuredly injure yourself.”

Thus, and at great length, spoke the philosophical colonel. I could not help suspecting that he had too open a mind to be a very valuable fighter, and, indeed, this proved to be true. He subsequently built some good and serviceable forts along the Mohawk, one of which to this day bears his name, but he attained no distinction as a soldier in the field.

But, none the less, his words impressed me greatly. What he said had never been put to me in clear form before, and at twenty-seven a man’s mind is in that receptive frame, trembling upon the verge of the meditative stage, when the presentation of new ideas like these often marks a distinct turn in the progress and direction of his thoughts. It seems strange to confess it, but I still look back to that May day of 1776 as the date of my first notion that there could be anything admirable in my enemies.

At the time, these new views and the tone of our talk helped to disquiet me. The swinging lines of shoulders, the tramp ! tramp ! in the mud, the sight of the guns and swords about me, were all depressing. They seemed to give a sinister significance to my return. It was my home, the dearest spot on earth—this smiling, peaceful, sunlit Mohawk Valley—and I was entering it with soldiers whose mission was to seize and despoil the son of my boyhood’s friend, Sir William. More than one of my old playmates, now grown to man’s estate, would note with despair our approach, and curse me for being of it. The lady of Johnson Hall, to whom all this would

be horrible nigh unto death, was a close, warm friend of Daisy's. So my thoughts ran gloomily, and I had no joy in any of the now familiar sights around me.

The march up from Schenectady had been a most wearisome one for the men, owing to the miserable condition of the road, never over-smooth and now rendered doubly bad and difficult by the spring freshets and the oozing frost. When we reached the pleasant little hollow in which Fort Johnson nestles, a halt was accordingly ordered, and the tired soldiers prepared to refresh themselves with food by the banks of the creek. It was now afternoon; we were distant but a short mile from The Cedars, and I could not abide the thought of lingering here, to no purpose, so close to the goal of all my longings. I therefore exchanged some plans and suggestions with Colonel Dayton and his companion Judge Duer, who represented the civil law in the expedition, and so clapped spurs and dashed forward up the road.

"It seems ten years, not four, since I was last here," I was saying to Daisy half an hour later, and unconsciously framing in words the thoughts which her face suggested.

I know not how to describe the changes which this lapse of time had wrought upon her countenance and carriage. In the more obvious, outward sense it had scarcely aged her. She was now twenty-three years of age, and I doubt a stranger would have deemed her older. Yet, looking upon her, and listening to her, I seemed to feel that, instead of being four years her senior, I was in truth the younger of the two. The old buoyant, girlish air was all gone, for one thing. She spoke now with gentle, sweet-toned gravity, and her eyes, frankly meeting mine as of old, had in their glance a soft, reposeful dignity which was new to me.

Almost another Daisy, too, she seemed in face. It was the woman in her features, I daresay, which disconcerted me. I had expected changes, perhaps, but not upon these lines. She had been the prettiest maiden of the Valley, beyond all others. She was not pretty now, I should say, but she *was* beautiful—

somewhat pallid, yet not to give an air of unhealth; the delicate chiselling of features yielded now not merely the pleasure of regularity, but the subtler charm of sensitive, thoughtful character. The eyes and hair seemed a deeper hazel, a darker brown, than they had been. The lips had lost something of their childish curve, and met each other in a straight line—fairer than ever, I thought, because more firm.

I am striving now, you see, against great odds to revive in words the impressions of difference which came to me in those first hours, as I scanned her face. They furnish forth no real portrait of the dear lady; how could I hope they should? But they helped to define, even if dimly, the changes toward strength and self-control I found in her.

I was, indeed, all unprepared for what awaited me here at The Cedars. My heart had been torn by all manner of anxieties and concern. I had hastened forward, convinced that my aid and protection were direly needed. I sat now, almost embarrassed, digesting the fact that the fortunes of The Cedars were in sufficient and capable hands.

Mr. Stewart's condition was in truth sad enough. He had greeted me with such cordiality and clear-wittedness of utterance and manner that at first I fancied his misfortunes to have been exaggerated in my mother's letter. His conversation for a moment or two was also coherent and timely. But his mind was prone to wander mysteriously. He presently said: "Assuredly, I taught you to shave with both hands. I knew I could not be mistaken." I stole a glance toward Daisy at this, and her answering nod showed me the whole case. It was after old Eli had come in, and wheeled Mr. Stewart in his big chair out into the garden, that I spoke to Daisy of the differences time had wrought.

"Ay!" she said, "it must be sadly apparent to you—the change in everything."

How should I approach the subject—the one thing of which I knew we were both thinking? There seemed a wall between us. She had been unaffectedly glad to see me; had, for the instant, I fancied, thought to offer me her cheek

to kiss—yet was, with it all, so self-possessed and reserved that I shrank from touching upon her trouble.

“Perhaps not everything is sad,” I made answer, falteringly. “Poor Mr. Stewart—that is, indeed, mournful, but, on the other hand——” I broke off abruptly.

“On the other hand,” she took up my words calmly, “you are thinking that I am advantaged by Philip’s departure.”

My face must have showed that I could not deny it.

“In some respects,” she went on, “yes; in others, no. I am glad to be able to speak freely to you, Douw, for you are nearest to me of all that are left. I do not altogether know my own mind; for that matter, does anyone? The Philip to whom I gave my heart and whom I married is one person; the Philip who trampled on the heart and fled his home seems quite another and a different man. I hesitate between the two sometimes. I cannot always say to myself: ‘The first was all fancy; the second is the reality.’ Rather, they blend themselves in my mind, and I seem to see the fond lover remaining still the good husband, if only I had had the knowledge and tenderness to keep him so!”

“In what are you to be reproached, Daisy?” I said this somewhat testily, for the self-accusation nettled me.

“It may easily be that I was not wise, Douw. Indeed, I showed small wisdom from the beginning.”

“It was all the doing of that old cat, Lady Berenicia!” I said, with melancholy conviction.

“Nay, blame not her alone. I was the silly girl, to be thus befooled. My heart would have served me better, if it had been all good. The longing for finery and luxury was my own. I yearned to be set above the rest. I dreamed to be called ‘My lady’ too, in good time. I forgot that I came from the poor people, and that I belonged to them. So well and truly did I forget this that the fact struck me like a whip when—it was brought to my notice.”

“He taunted you with it, then!” I burst forth, my mind working quickly for once.

She made no answer for the time, but rose from her chair, and looked out upon the group in the garden. From the open door she saw the van of Dayton’s soldiers trudging up the Valley road. I had previously told her of their mission, and my business.

“Poor Lady Johnson!” she said, resting her head against her hand on the door-frame, and looking upon the advancing troops with a weary expression of face. “Her trouble is coming—mine is past.” Then, after a pause: “Will they be harsh with Sir John, think you? I trust not. They have both been kind to me since—since Philip went. Sir John is not bad at heart, Douw, believe me. You twain never liked each other, I know. He is a bitter man with those who are against him, but his heart is good if you touch it aright.”

I had not much to say to this. “I am glad he was good to you,” I managed to utter, not over-graciously, I fear.

The troops went by, with no sound of drums now, lest an alarm be raised prematurely. We watched them pass in silence, and soon after I took my leave for the day, saying that I would go up to see the Fondas at Caughnawaga, and cross the river to my mother’s home, and would return next morning. We shook hands at parting, almost with constraint.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE ARREST OF POOR LADY JOHNSON.

EARLY the next day, which was May 20th, we learned to our surprise and consternation that on the preceding afternoon, almost as Colonel Dayton and his soldiers were entering Johnstown, Sir John and the bulk of his Highlanders and sympathizers, to the number of one hundred and thirty, had privately taken to the woods at the north of the Hall, and struck out for Canada.

Over six weeks elapsed before we learned definitely that the baronet and his companions had traversed the whole wilderness in safety, and reached Montreal, which now was once more in British hands—our ill-starred Quebec ex-

pedition having finally quitted Canada earlier in the month. We could understand the stories of Sir John's travail and privations, for the snow was not yet out of the Adirondack trails, and few of his company were skilled in woodmen's craft. But they did accomplish the journey, and that in nineteen days.

I, for one, was not very much grieved at Johnson's escape, for his imprisonment would have been an embarrassment rather than a service to us. But Colonel Dayton was deeply chagrined at finding the bird flown, and I fear that in the first hours of his discomfiture he may have forgotten some of his philosophical toleration for Tories in general. He had, moreover, the delicate question on his hands of what to do with Lady Johnson. Neither Judge Duer nor I could advise him, and so everything was held in suspense for the better part of a week, until General Schuyler's decision could be had.

Meanwhile my time was fairly occupied, in the fulfilment of matters intrusted to me by the general. I had to visit Colonel Herkimer at his home below Little Falls, and talk with him about the disagreeable fact that his brother, Hon-Yost Herkimer, had deserted the militia command given him by the Whigs and fled to Canada. The stout old German was free to denounce his brother, however, and I liked the looks and blunt speech of Peter Bellinger, who had been made colonel of the deserted battalion of German Flatts. There were also conversations to be had with Colonel Klock, and Ebenezer Cox, and the Fondas, at their several homes, and a day to spend with my friend John Frey, now sheriff in place of the Tory White. It thus happened that I saw very little of the people at The Cedars, and had no real talk again with Daisy, until a full week had passed.

It was a cool, overcast forenoon when I alighted next at the familiar gate, and gave my horse into Tulp's charge. The boy, though greatly rejoiced to see me back again, had developed a curious taciturnity in these latter years—since his accident, in fact—and no longer shouted out the news to me at sight. Hence I had to ask him, as I neared the door, what strange carriage was that in

the yard beyond, and why it was there. As I spoke, a couple of men lounged in view from the rear of the house, and I recognized them as of Dayton's command. Tulp explained that Lady Johnson was being taken away, and that she had tarried here to rest on her journey.

If I had known this at the gate, I doubt I should have stopped at all, but I had been seen from the window, and it was too late now to turn about. So I entered, much wishing that I had left off my uniform, or, still better, that I had stayed away altogether.

There were present in the great room Daisy, Lady Johnson, a young lady who was her sister, two children—and a man in civilian's garb, with some few military touches, such as a belt and sword and a cockade, who sat by the window, his knees impudently spread apart and his hat on his head. I looked at this fellow in indignant inquiry.

Daisy came eagerly to me, with an explanation on her lips:

"It is the officer who is to take Lady Johnson to Albany. He insists upon forcing his presence upon us, and will not suffer us to be alone together in any room in the house."

"Who are you?—and off with your hat!" I said to the man, sharply.

My uniform was of service, after all. He looked me over and evidently remembered having seen me with his colonel, for he stood up, and took off his hat. "I am a Lieutenant of the Connecticut line," he said, in a Yankee snarl, "and I am doing my duty."

"I am a Major in the Continental line, and I should be doing *my* duty if I sent you back in irons to your colonel," I answered. "Get out of here, what time Lady Johnson is to remain, and leave these ladies to themselves!"

He was clearly in two minds about obeying me, and I fancy it was my superior size rather than my rank that induced him to go, which he did in as disagreeable a fashion as possible. I made my bow to Lady Johnson, and said something about being glad that I had come, if I had been of use.

She, poor young woman, was in a sad state of nervous excitement, what with her delicate condition and the distressing circumstances of the past week.



"Who are you? and off with your hat!" I said to the man, sharply.

She was, moreover, a very beautiful creature, naturally of soft and refined manners, and this made me the readier to overlook the way in which she met my kindly meant phrases.

"I marvel that you are not ashamed, Mr. Mauverensen," she said, heatedly, "to belong to an army made up of such ruffians. Every rag of raiment that man has on he stole from my husband's wardrobe at the Hall. To think of calling such low fellows officers, or consorting with them!"

I answered as gently as I could that, unfortunately, there were many such ill-conditioned men in every service, and pointed out that the man, by his speech, was a New Englander.

"And who fetched them into this province, I should like to know!"

Nothing was further from my thoughts than to hold a political discussion with this poor troubled wife, who saw her husband's peril, her own plight, and the prospective birth of her first child in captivity, constantly before her eyes! So I strove to bring the talk upon other grounds, but not with much success. She grew calmer, and with the returning calmness came a fine cool dignity of manner and tone which curiously reminded me of Lady Berenicia Cross, but she could talk of nothing save her wrongs, or, rather, those of her husband. She seemed not to have very clear notions of what the trouble was all about, but ascribed it loosely, I gathered, to the jealousy of Philip Livingston, who was vexed that the Scotch did not settle upon his patent instead of on Sir John's land, and to the malice of General Schuyler, whose feud with the Johnsons was notorious.

"And to think, too," she added, "that Mr. Schuyler's mother and my mother's mother were sisters! A very pleasant and valuable cousin he is, to be sure! Driving my husband off into the forest to perhaps die of hunger, and dragging me down to Albany, in my condition, and thrusting a low Connecticut cobbler into my carriage with me! If my sickness overtakes me on the road, and I die, my blood will be on the head of Philip Schuyler!"

I read in Daisy's eyes a way out of this painful conversation, and so said :

"Lady Johnson, it will perhaps render your journey less harrowing if I have some talk with this officer who is your escort. Let me leave you women-folk together here in peace, the while"—and went out into the garden again.

I found the lieutenant in the garden to the rear of the house, gossiping in familiar style with his half-dozen men, and drew him aside for some private words. He was sensible enough, at bottom, and when I had pointed out to him that his prisoner was a good and kindly soul, who had been, through no fault of her own, nurtured in aristocratic ideas and ways; that those of whatever party who knew her well most heartily esteemed her; and that, moreover, she was nearly related by blood to General Schuyler—he professed himself ready to behave toward her with more politeness.

The trouble with him really lay in his abiding belief that people underestimated his importance, and hence he sought to magnify his position in their eyes by insolent demeanor. Therein I discerned the true Yankee.

That the men of the New England States have many excellent parts I would be the last to deny, but that they were in the main a quarrelsome, intractable, mutinous, and mischief-making element in our armies during the Revolution is not to be gainsaid. I know, of my own knowledge, how their fractious and insubordinate conduct grieved and sorely disheartened poor Montgomery while we lay before Quebec. I could tell many tales, too, of the harm they did to the cause in New York State, by their prejudices against us, and their narrow spite against General Schuyler. So mischievous did this attitude become at last—when old General Wooster came to us with his Connecticut troops, and these set themselves up to be independent of all our plans or rules, refusing even to mess with the others, or to touch Continental provisions and munitions—that Congress had to interfere and put them sharply back into their proper places. Jersey men, Pennsylvanians, Virginians, and men from the Carolinas will bear me out in saying these things about the New England soldiery. I speak not in blame or bitterness. The truth is that they were too much akin in blood

and conceit to the English not to have in themselves many of the disagreeable qualities which had impelled us all to revolt against British rule.

When the lieutenant had ordered the horses to be brought out for a start, I went back into the house. The women had been weeping, I could see. Lady Johnson had softened in her mood toward me, and spoke now some gentle words of thanks for the little I had done. When I told her, in turn, that her escort would henceforth be more considerate in his conduct toward her, she was for a moment pleased, but then tears filled her eyes at the thoughts of the journey before her.

"When I am out of sight of this house," she said, sadly, "it will seem as if my last friend had been left behind! Why could they not have left me at the Hall? I gave them the keys; I yielded up everything! What harm could I have done them—remaining there? I had no wish to visit my relatives in Albany! It is a trick—a device! I doubt I shall ever lay eyes on my dear home again!"

And, poor lady, she never did.

We strove to speak words of comfort to her, but they came but feebly, and could not have consoled her much. When the lieutenant opened the door, the women made a tearful adieu, with sobs and kisses upon which I could not bear to look. Lady Johnson shook hands with me, still with a pathetic quivering of the lips. But then in an instant she straightened herself to her full height, bit her lips tight, and walked proudly past the obnoxious escort, down the path to the carriage, followed by her weeping sister and the two big-eyed, wondering children.

"Will she ever come back?" said Daisy, half in inquiry, half in despairing exclamation, as we saw the last of the carriage and its guard. "How will it all end, Douw?"

"Who can foresee?" I answered. "It is war now, at last, war open and desperate. I can see no peaceful way out of it. These aristocratic landlords, these Johnsons, Butlers, Phillipses, De Lancesys, and the rest, will not give up their estates without a hard fight for them. Of that you may be sure. *They* will

come back, if their wives do not, and all that they can do, backed by England, to regain their positions will be done. They may win—and if they do, it will be our necks that will be put into the yoke—or the halter. At all events, it has gone too far to be patched over now. We can only stand up and fight as stoutly as we may—and leave the rest to fate."

"And it really was necessary to fight—I suppose it could not have been in reason avoided?"

"They would have it so. They clung to the faith that they were by right the masters here, and we the slaves, and so infatuated were they that they brought in English troops and force to back them up. There was no alternative but to fight. Would you have had me on the other side—on the English side, Daisy?"

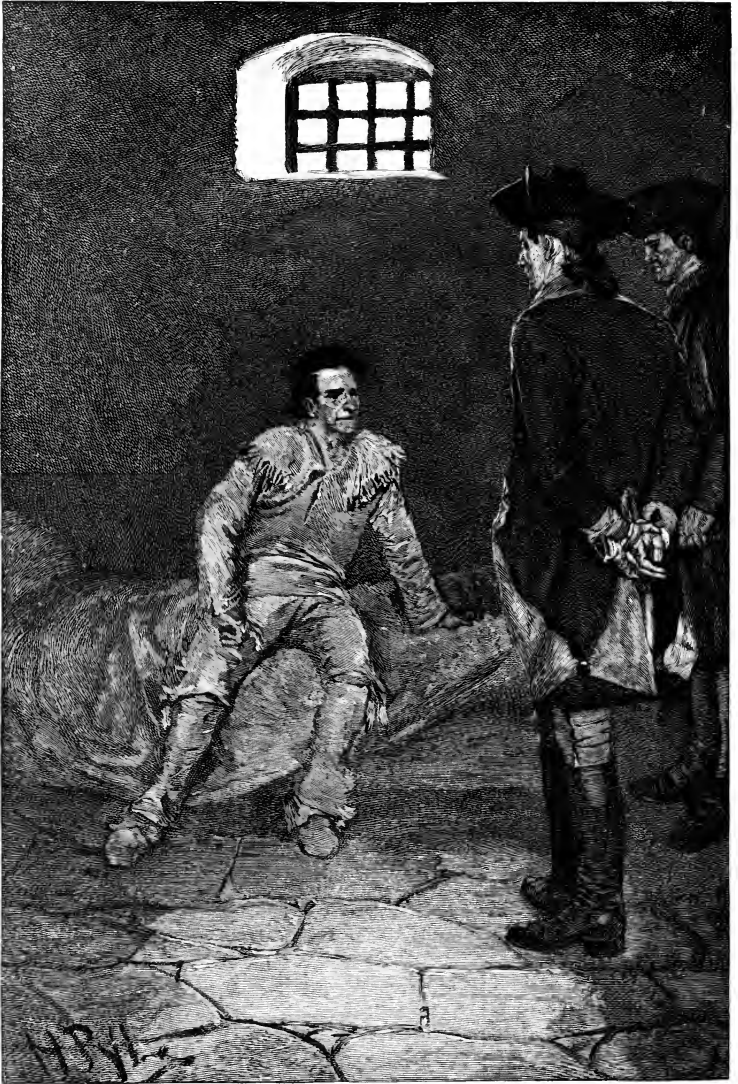
"Oh, no! Douw," she answered, in a clear voice. "If war there must be, why, of course, the side of my people is my side."

I was not surprised at this, but I said: "You speak of your people, Daisy—but surely mere birth does not count for more than one's whole training afterward, and you have been bred among another class altogether. Why, I should think nine out of every ten of your friends here in the Mohawk district must be Tories."

"Not so great a proportion as that," she went on, with a faint smile upon her lips, but deep gravity in her eyes. "You do not know the value of these 'friends,' as you call them, as closely as I do. Never have they forgotten on their side, even if I did on mine, that my parents were Palatine peasants. And you speak of my being bred among them! In what way more than you were? Was I not brought up side by side with you? Was there any difference in our rearing, in our daily life until—until you left us? Why should I not be a patriot, sir, as well as you?"

She ended with a little laugh, but the voice quivered beneath it. We both were thinking, I felt, of the dear old days gone by, and of the melancholy fate which clouded over and darkened those days, and drove us apart.

We still stood by the open door, whence we had watched the carriage disappear. After some seconds of si-



"Is your hanging-party ready?" he said.—Page 512.

lence, I essayed to bring back the conversation to Lady Johnson, and talked of her narrow, ill-informed, purely one-sided way of regarding the troubles, and of how impossible it was that the class to which she belonged, no matter how amiable and good they might be, could ever adapt themselves to the enlarging social conditions of this new country.

While I talked, there burst forth suddenly the racket of fifes and drums, in the road. Some militia companies were marching past, on their way to join Colonel Dayton's force. We stood and watched these go by, and in the noise that they made we failed to hear Mr. Stewart's tottering footsteps behind us.

The din of the drums had called him out of his lethargy, and he came forward to watch the yeoman-soldiery.

"They march badly—badly!" he said, shielding his eyes from the sun with his hand. "I do not know the uniform. But I have been away so long—and everything is changed since the King of Prussia began his wars. Yet I am happier here as I am—far happier with my fields, and my freedom, and my children."

He had spoken in the tone, half-conversational, half-dreamy, which of late strangely marked most of his speech. He turned now, and looked at us; a pleasant change came over his wan face, and he smiled upon us with a curious reflection of the old fond look.

"You are good children," he said; "you shall be married in due time, and come after me, when I am gone. There will be no handsomer, happier twain in the province!"

Daisy flushed crimson, and looked pained at the old gentleman's childish babbling, and I made haste to get away.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE TURNS UP IN MAN-ACLES.

A TRULY miserable fourteen months' period of thankless labor, and of unending yet aimless anxiety, follows here in my story. It was my business to re-

main in the Valley, watch its suspected figures, invigorate and encourage its militia, and combat the secret slander and open cowardice which there menaced the cause of liberty. Fortunately I had, from time to time, assurance that my work was of actual advantage to General Schuyler; and occasionally I had leisure hours to spend at The Cedars. If these pleasurable things had been denied me, there would have been in the whole Continental service no more unenviable post than mine.

I have never pretended, least of all to myself, to be much enamoured of fighting; nor have I ever been regardless of personal comfort, and of the satisfaction of having warm clothes, sufficient food, and a good bed in which to sleep. Yet I would gladly have exchanged my state for that of the most wretched private soldier, barefooted and famished, on the frozen Delaware or at Morristown. War is a hateful and repellent enough thing, but it is at least better to be in the thick of it, to smell burning powder and see and feel the enemy, even if he be at your heels, than to be posted far away from the theatre of conflict, spying upon an outwardly peaceful community for signs of treason and disaffection.

I should not like to put down in black and white, here in my old age, all the harsh and malignant things which I thought of my Mohawk Valley neighbors, or some of them, during those fourteen months. I am able to see now that they were not altogether without excuse.

The affairs of the revolted Colonies were, in truth, going very badly. No sooner had Congress summoned the resolution to decree Continental Independence than the fates seemed to conspire to show that the declaration was a mistake. Our successes in the field came to a sudden halt: then disasters followed in their place. Public confidence, which had been too lightly raised, first wavered, then collapsed. Against the magnificent army of English and Hessian regulars which Howe mustered in New York, General Washington could not hold his own, and Congress lost the nerve to stand at his back. Our militia threw up the service, disheartened.

Our commissariat faded out of existence. The patriot force became the mere skeleton of an army, ragged, ill-fed, discouraged, and almost hopeless. In battle after battle the British won—by overwhelming numbers or superior fortune, it mattered not which; the result was equally lamentable.

There had been indeed a notable week at Christmas-time, when the swift strong blows struck at Trenton and Princeton lifted for a moment the cloud which hung over us. But it settled down again, black and threatening, before spring came.

The Colonies quarrelled with one another; their generals plotted and intrigued, or sullenly held aloof. Cool men, measuring on the one side this lax and inharmonious alliance of jealous States, without money, without public-spirited populations, and, above all, without confidence in their own success, and on the other the imposing power of rich and resolute England, with its splendid armies and fleets in the St. Lawrence and in New York Harbor, and with its limitless supply of hired German auxiliaries—cool men, I say, weighing dispassionately these two opposing forces, came pretty generally to believe that in the end General Washington would find himself laid by the heels in the Tower at London.

I cannot honestly say now whether I ever shared this despondent view or not. But I do know that I chafed bitterly under the orders which kept me in the Valley, and not only prevented my seeing what fighting there was, but put me to no better task than watching in a ten-acre field for rattlesnakes. I can in no apter way describe my employment from May of 1776 to July of the following year. There was unending work, but no visible fruit, either for the cause or for myself. The menace of impending danger hung over us constantly—and nothing came of it, month after month. I grew truly sick of it all. Besides, my wounds did not heal well, and my bad health from time to time induced both melancholy and an irritable mind.

The situation in the Valley was extremely simple. There was a small outspoken Tory party, who made no secret

of their sympathies, and kept up communications with the refugees in Canada. These talked openly of the time soon to arrive when the King's troops would purge the Valley of disloyalty, and loyalists should come by more than their own. There was a somewhat larger Whig party, which by word and deed supported Congress. Between these two, or, rather, because of their large number, surrounding them, was the great neutral party, who were chiefly concerned to so trim their sails that they should ship no water, whichever way the wind blew.

Up to the time of the Declaration of Independence these peaceful people had leaned rather toward the Whigs. But when General Washington evacuated Long Island, and the Continental prospects seemed to dwindle, it was wonderful to note how these same trimmers began again, first furtively, then with less concealment, to drink the King's health.

Roughly speaking, the majority of the avowed Tories were in the lower district of Tryon County, that called the Mohawk district, embracing all east of Anthony's Nose, including Johnstown, Tribes Hill, and Caughnawaga. They had, indeed, outnumbered the Whigs by five to one before the flights to Canada began; and even now enough remained to give a strong British color to the feeling of the district. In the Western districts of the county, where the population was more purely Dutch and Palatine, the Whig sentiment was very much stronger. But here, too, there were Tories, confessed and defiant—and everywhere, as time passed, the dry-rot of doubt spread among those who were of neither party. It came at last that nearly every week brought news of some young man's disappearance from home—which meant another recruit for the hostile Canadian force; and scarcely a day went by without the gloomy tidings that this man or the other, heretofore lukewarm, now spoke in favor of submission to the King.

It was my function to watch this shifting public opinion, to sway it where I could, but to watch it always. No more painful task could have been conceived. I lived in an atmosphere of

treachery and suspicion. Wherever I turned I saw humanity at its worst. Men doubted their brothers, their sons, even their wives. The very ground underneath us was honey-combed with intrigues and conspiracies. Intelligence from Canada, with its burden of promises to speedily glut the passions of war, circulated stealthily all about us. How it came, how it was passed from hearth to hearth, defied our penetration. We could only feel that it was in the air around us, and strive to locate it—mainly in vain—and shudder at its sinister omens.

For all felt a blow to be impending—and only marvelled at its being so long withheld. It was two years now since Colonel Guy Johnson, with the Butlers and Philip Cross, had gone westward to raise the Indians. It was more than a year since Sir John and his retainers had joined them. Some of these had been to England in the interim, and we vaguely heard of others flitting, now in Quebec, now at Niagara or Detroit—yet none doubted that the dearest purpose of all of them was to return with troops and savages to reconquer the Valley. This was the sword which hung daily, nightly, over our heads.

And as the waiting time lengthened out it grew terrible to weak and selfish minds. More and more men sought to learn how they might soften and turn its wrath aside—not how they might meet and repel its stroke.

Congress would not believe in our danger—perhaps could not have helped us if it would. And then our own friends at this lost heart. The flights to Canada multiplied; our volunteer militiamen fell away from the drills and patrols. Stories and rumors grew thicker of British preparations, of Indian approaches, of invasion's red track being cleared up to the very gates of the Valley. And no man saw how the ruin was to be averted.

It was in the second week of July, at almost the darkest hour in that gloomy first part of 1777, that a singular link in the chain of my story was forged.

Affairs were at their worst, abroad and at home. General Washington's call for more troops had fallen on deaf ears, and it seemed impossible that his

poor force could withstand the grand army and fleet mustering at New York. The news of St. Clair's wretched evacuation of Ticonderoga had come in, and we scarcely dared look one another in the face when it was told. Apparently matters were nearing a climax, so far, at least, as we in New York State were involved. For Burgoyne was moving down through the Champlain country upon Albany, with none to stay his progress, and an auxiliary force was somewhere upon the great Northern water frontier of our State, intending to sweep through the Mohawk Valley to join him. Once this junction was formed, the Hudson lay open—and after that? We dared not think!

I cannot hope to make young people realize what all this meant to us. To comprehend this, one must have had not only a neck menaced by the halter, but mother, sisters, dear ones threatened by the tomahawk and knife. Thinking back upon it now, I marvel that men did not go mad under this horrible stress of apprehension. Apparently, there was no hope. The old New England spite and prejudice against General Schuyler had stirred up now a fierce chorus of calumny and attack. He was blamed for St. Clair's pusillanimous retreat, for Congressional languor, for the failure of the militia to come forward—for everything, in fact. His hands were tied by suspicion, by treason, by popular lethargy, by lack of money, men, and means. Against these odds he strove like a giant, but I think not even he, with all his great, calm confidence, saw clearly through the black cloud just then.

I had gone to bed late one hot July night, and had hardly fallen asleep for gloomy musing upon these things, when I was awakened by a loud pounding on the door beneath. I was at my mother's house, fortunately, and the messenger had thus found me out promptly.

Tulp had also been aroused, and saddled my horse while I dressed, in response to the summons. I was wanted at Johnstown by Sheriff Frey, on some matter which would not wait for the morrow. This much I gathered from the messenger, as we rode together in the starlight, but he could tell me little

more, save that an emissary from the Tories in Canada had been captured near the Sacondaga, and it was needful that I should see him. I wondered somewhat at this as a reason for routing me out of my sleep, but cantered silently along, too drowsy to be querulous.

Daylight broke before we crossed the river, and the sunrise gun sounded as we rode up into the court-house square at Johnstown. Soldiers were already to be seen moving about outside the block-houses at the corners of the palisade which, since Sir John's flight, had been built around the jail. Our coming seemed to be expected, for one of the soldiers told us to wait while he went inside, and after a few minutes John Frey came out, rubbing his eyes. As I dismounted, he briefly explained matters to me.

It seemed that a Tory spy had made his way in from the woods, had delivered letters both at Cairncross and at The Cedars, and had then started to return, but by the vigilance of one of the Vrooman boys had been headed off and taken.

"He is as close as the bark on a beech-tree," concluded the sheriff. "We could get nothing out of him. Even when I told him he would be hanged this morning after breakfast, he did not change color. He only said that if this was the case he would like first to see you; it seems he knows you, and has some information for you—probably about Philip Cross's wife. Perhaps he will tell you what was in the letter he brought to her."

It occurred to me on the instant that this was the real reason for my being summoned. These were days of universal suspicion—and the worthy sheriff had his doubts even of Daisy.

"All right! Let me see the man," I said, and we entered the jail.

When the soldier in charge had opened the cell-door, the object of our interest was discovered to be asleep. Frey shook him vigorously by the shoulder. He sat bolt upright on the instant, squinting his eyes to accustom them to the light, but evincing no special concern at our presence.

"Is your hanging-party ready?" he said, and yawned, stretching his arms as freely as the manacles would admit.

I looked curiously at him—a long, slender, wiry figure, with thin, corded neck, and twisted muscles showing on so much of his hairy breast as the open buckskin shirt exposed. The face was pointed and bony, and brown as leather. For the moment I could not place him; then his identity dawned on me. I stepped forward, and said:

"Is that you, Enoch Wade?"

He looked up at me, and nodded recognition, with no show of emotion.

"It might have been my ghost, cap'n," he said, "if you hadn't hurried right along. These friends of yours were bent on spoiling a good man to make bad meat. They wouldn't listen to any kind of reason. Can I have a palaver with you, all by yourself?"

"What does he mean by a 'palaver'?" asked the honest Swiss sheriff.

I explained that it was a common enough Portuguese word signifying "talk," which Enoch in his wanderings had picked up. Furthermore, I told Frey that I knew the man, and wished to speak with him apart, whereupon the sheriff and the soldier left us.

"It is all in my eye—their hanging me," began Enoch, with a sardonic smile slowly relaxing his thin lips. "I wasn't fooled a minute by that."

"Perhaps you are mistaken there, my man," I said, as sternly as I could.

"Oh, no! not a bit! What's more, they wouldn't have caught me if I hadn't wanted to be caught. You know me. You have travelled with me. Honest Injun, now, do you take me for the kind of a man to be treed by a young Dutch muskrat-trapper if I have a mind not to be?"

I had to admit that my knowledge of his resourceful nature had not prepared me for such an ignoble catastrophe, but I added that all the more his conduct mystified me.

"Quite so!" he remarked, with another grim smile of complacency. "Sit down here on this bed, if you can find room, and I'll tell you all about it."

The tale to which I listened during the next half-hour, full of deep interest as it was for me, would not bear repeating here at length. Its essential points were these:

After Sir William's death Enoch had

remained on at the Hall, not feeling particularly bound to the new baronet, but having a cat's attachment to the Hall itself. When Sir John finally resolved to avoid arrest by flight, Enoch had been in two minds about accompanying him, but had finally yielded to the flattering reliance placed by all upon the value and thoroughness of his knowledge as a woodsman. It was largely due to his skill that the party got safely through the great wilderness, and reached Montreal so soon. Since his arrival in Canada, however, things had not been at all to his liking. There was but one thought among all his refugee companions, which was to return to the Mohawk Valley, and put their old neighbors to fire and sword—and for this Enoch had no inclination whatever. He had accordingly resisted all offers to enrol him in the Tory Regiment which Sir John was raising in Canada, and had looked for an opportunity to get away quietly and without reproach. This chance had only come to him a week or so ago, when Philip Cross offered to pay him well to take two letters down to the Valley—one to his servant Rab, the other to Mrs. Cross. He had accepted this errand and had delivered the letters, as in duty bound. There his responsibility ended. He had no intention to return, and had allowed himself to be arrested by a slow

and uninventive young man, solely because it seemed the best way of achieving his purpose.

"What is your purpose, Enoch?"

"Well, to begin with, it is to make your hair stand on end. I started from Buck's Island, on the St. Lawrence, on the 9th of this month. Do you know who I left there? Seven hundred uniformed soldiers, English and Tory, with eight cannons, commanded by a British colonel—Sillinger they called him—and Sir John Johnson. They are coming to Oswego, where they will meet the Butlers with more Tories, and Dan Claus with five hundred Indians. Then the whole force is to march on Fort Stanwix, capture it, and come down the Valley!"

You may guess how eagerly I listened to the details which Enoch gave—details of the gravest importance, which I must hasten to send west to Herkimer and east to Schuyler. When this vital talk was ended, I returned to the personal side of the matter with a final query:

"But why get yourself arrested?"

"Because I wanted to see you. My errand wasn't finished till I had given you Philip Cross's message. 'Tell that Dutchman,' he said, 'if you can contrive to do it without peril to yourself, that when I come into the Valley I will cut out his heart, and feed it to a Missisague dog!'"

(To be continued.)

A MEETING.

By Charles Edwin Markham.

SOFTLY she came one twilight from the dead,
 And in the passionate silence of her look
 Was more than man has writ in any book:
 And now my thoughts are restless, and a dread
 Calls them to the Dim Land discomforted;
 For down the leafy ways her white feet took,
 Lightly the newly broken roses shook—
 Was it the wind disturbed each rosy head?

God! was it joy or sorrow in her face—
 That quiet face? Had it grown old or young?
 Was it sweet memory or sad that stung
 Her voiceless soul to wander from its place?
 What do the dead find in the Silence—grace?
 Or endless grief for which there is no tongue?



THE NEW METHUSELAH.

By Sarah Orne Jewett.



IF Asa Potterby, A.M., M.D., had lived two or three centuries earlier, there is no doubt that his great learning would have been an amazement to the world, while his instinct toward a recluse life would have housed him in some quiet and noble cloister. He was what one might call a left-over person from that earlier time, having come into existence far too late to find his proper surroundings. As one belated flower-seed sometimes comes straggling up in the border just as its fellows are bursting into bloom, so this learned sage peeped up through New England soil into the scorching light of its incredulous August sun, and found himself a surprising person to the enlightened folk of the nineteenth century. Great things were often said of him in the more remote halls of scholarship, and even many of his neighbors believed him to be not only learned but wise. His house was pointed out to strangers, even though droll anecdotes of his simplicity in worldly affairs were told by those altogether wanting in certain attributes of reverence. The master of arts that took no tangible shape; the doctor of unpractised medicine, Asa Potterby, looked elderly at forty and positively aged at sixty, but he contentedly delved in dark mines of literature, and blinked through his spectacles at the bustling world that surrounded him when he emerged into the light of day. Being possessed of a good colonial house and

an inheritance of considerable money, he was not judged according to his folly as a poorer man might have been. It seemed as if he lived a hardly conscious life. He neither appeared to enjoy nor to dislike. He blinked and blinked, and rubbed his eyes, and sat himself down every day before his desk, to do some unneeded and unrewarding work. The men who put him highest in the scale of greatness were the venders of old and curious books. Nobody would give a more generous price for a rare volume than Dr. Potterby; he was most quickly allured by anything that concerned the subject of heredity, or theories relating to the vital forces.

In his slow way he had long been evolving a theory of his own, to which these industrious studies and researches had added continual proofs as years went by. He had learned to believe firmly in the possible indefinite prolongation of human life, having possessed himself, as he believed, of a simple secret—a rediscovery of something hinted at in many a legend which seemed to unenlightened minds but fabulous. The workings of this remedy against premature age and death itself could not be expected to have full power in our own century, when life has become so artificial, so far from its natural conditions; yet he saw, in spite of all this, no reason why the length of days in early Bible times could not have been, under those conditions, literally true. It was plain to him that all our modern habits of life tended directly to the brevity of human existence. The fret of constant conflict with improper air, clothing, and food, with gnawing

anxieties of every sort caused by an endeavor to conform to the awful demands of social competition, had brought down the average duration of life to its present meagre span. After years of profound reflection our philosopher achieved an exposition of his theory; his heart fairly glowed, cold as it was sometimes called, with a knowledge of the added joy and well-being with which he was able to endow humanity. Now, when a man reached something like a proper equipment for his work, his work must fall from his feeble hands. What if a student like Darwin could go on with his researches and discoveries for a hundred years of working time instead of fifty! When a great man died it seemed only a sad accident and mistake to Dr. Potterby; it was a loss to the world which might have been prevented if his theory were known and acted upon. "Gone, and all his power with him!" Dr. Potterby would sadly groan, and that night his own study lamp would burn later than usual, and his early-rising housekeeper would find him next morning asleep in his chair, before a desk heaped high with books.

"Poor creatur," the good woman sometimes grumbled compassionately. "With all his notions o' keepin' folks alive, he'll step out his self, sure's fate, if he keeps on this way." Then Mrs. Yard would shake the sleeping sage by one limp shoulder and entice him to the comfortable library sofa, where he might, and usually did, sleep until high noon.

The learned man had a great fear of propounding his ideas before he had made them entirely clear and practical. He spent many months in preparing a treatise, but when it was in perfect order, and he sat before it, ready to make it into a neat bundle for the publisher, his heart failed him, and he suddenly determined not to risk discussion, but to afford a carping world some indisputable proof. After all, why should he expect honor and praise? Why not go out of this world secure in the belief that future ages would recognize and reward his patient toil? If he had been nurtured in infancy and childhood according to the true plan, he might be sure of seeing the workings of his sys-

tem; but, alas! it was too late now, and he would not goad his mind into despair by any vain regrets.

So the great, clean manuscript was put on a high shelf in the library closet, and the doctor bent his energies to the building of a perfect illustration of his plan of life. He would take a child whose parents were unknown; he would surround it with the proper conditions; he would invest a permanent fund and select a board of trustees to put in charge of his great scientific experiment. Science should foster the enterprise; he would select the best men of his own time, and bind them to careful choice of their own successors. Released from the common wear and tear of life, and invigorated by his simple secret, such a defended and perfectly nourished child might be expected to enter at least upon the latter half of its second century. Of course, inherited weakness and nervous disorders must be considered for a generation or two; then the world, accepting so great a boon, would reform itself, and a golden age begin. In the doctor's own lifetime the board of trustees would not be informed of their responsibility or emoluments. But some weeks went by while he attempted to satisfy himself with the provisions of his will and its minute directions. These extended to the most careful prescriptions of physical exercise, food, and sleep; with explanatory notes, and recognition of all possible exceptions, and constant references to his more extended treatise.

II.

MRS. YARD, Dr. Potterby's housekeeper, was sitting alone in the back hall doorway looking out into the pleasant old-fashioned garden. She was mending a pair of the doctor's stockings, and thinking affectionately of their wearer.

"More books!" muttered the good soul, jerking her darned cotton and snapping it. "He'll bu'st the walls o' the house afore he dies. I see a heap o' them tarnal auction catalogues on his table; pity I didn't burn 'em when they come from the post-office."

Mrs. Yard had taken her early tea,

the house was quiet, two golden robins were singing in the nearest apple-trees. If Dr. Potterby himself took little thought of the antique elegance and comfort of his home-life, Mrs. Yard stood well in her place, and more than made up for his lack of care by extra intelligence and conscientiousness in all home matters. She had a great admiration and affection for her employer—in fact she had been trained by his mother, and had spent nearly all her life under the Potterby roof. She was a most sensible ruler and autocrat of the quiet household, but had great indulgence for a scholar's vagaries.

As she often insisted, Generosity was no name for the doctor, and the more he inclined to trustfulness, the fiercer she grew in protecting his interests. In her youth she had been the reverse of talkative, and in the busy household of old Madam Potterby had figured always as a grave, speechless young woman, intent upon her work and more or less disapproving of the world in general. As years went on, however, and she came to deserved headship of the household with younger women under her, Mrs. Yard suddenly developed a love for garrulous speech which startled and confused the pondering doctor. One night, when he was suffering from a bad cold and asked to have his tea served in the library, Mrs. Yard brought in the tray herself instead of giving it to her colleague, who usually performed such duties in the household.

Dr. Potterby looked up from his desk, gravely: "Ah, yes, the tea!" he said, with polite recognition of the service and her presence. Then he expected Mrs. Yard, after her well-known fashion, to go speechless away.

"I'm going to pour a cup and have you drink it hot," said the housekeeper; "otherwise you'll let the waiter set here till I send after it. Cold tea's worse than none fer one that's hoast up as you be, Dr. Potterby."

Mrs. Yard had never before been so lavish with her advice and opinions; he looked up at her again with mild curiosity. This was clearly not a matter of scientific principle; he accepted the hot tea with a grave bow.

"Perhaps there is some matter upon

which you wish to confer with me at this time?" He had tried to summon some requisition or suggestion from the recesses of his own brain, but could think of nothing.

"No, sir," said Mrs. Yard, "the place's going all right as far as I can judge."

It was a stormy night, and the doctor, who was a man of warm though unused heart, suddenly became conscious that the good woman was perhaps lonely and had instinctively sought his presence, out of her own thoughts of those old days when the house was fuller and more homelike. He was mindful, too, that she had been married for a short time, and lost her husband by a melancholy accident. Perhaps he had not been compassionate of good Mrs. Yard. But he could not express any such thoughts as these, and took refuge from difficult speech in the simple action of swallowing his hot tea and eating his bread and butter. He believed in a hearty supper and late work, but this evening was to be made an exception.

Mrs. Yard picked up some scattered newspaper wrappers and put them into the waste paper basket. Then she darted at a snarl of knotted twine that had fallen from a bundle of books, and quickly wound it into a smooth twist and put it into the string drawer.

"How be you getting along, sir?" she asked, blandly; "I mean with your literary labors?"

The doctor felt as if a new and volatile Mrs. Yard had been evolved out of the old, indifferent, and taciturn one. "I am progressing slowly, I thank you," he answered, after a moment's pause for reflection. He remembered that the housekeeper's mother had been a great talker, and that her father was said to be an almost speechless man. Very likely one inheritance having been outworn the other was now beginning to prevail; it would be an interesting subject to pursue. This was surely wonderful, the sensible creature's instant development of a social aptitude and desire of colloquial pleasure. She had not said much yet, but nobody could fail to see that she was brimful of desire to gossip and discuss, like other women.

"Don't say that your tea is to your mind, if it ain't," she urged Dr. Potter-

by, still looking about her for something to pick up or put away. "I just slid in the least pinch o' green out o' that old silver canister o' your mother's, sir; I thought it might 'liven up your head; it sometimes will with me."

"Very considerate," murmured the doctor.

"But then," said Mrs. Yard, "there's no telling what another person desires from one's own feelings. Many's the time I've said to myself, 'there, I don't believe but he'd like a pinch o' green tea, now he's working his brain so steady, but I never before this night have slid it in.'"

Dr. Potterby smiled benevolently, and so passed the noble occasion of Mrs. Yard's sociable visit, and she retired much gratified, advising him to ring the library bell if he felt like a little warm toast or a bit of cold meat before bedtime. The doctor long remembered this evening of Mrs. Yard's first self-assertion; from that time she had behaved as if they managed affairs in an amicable partnership of which she was the active member. He was completely in her power as to all affairs except those of his studies and personal pursuits, and, save with one or two friends, he became more taciturn as the years went by, while Mrs. Yard developed an increasing loquacity. He soon became able to carry on intricate processes of thought during her longest and most self-interesting harangues. For her own part, she was deeply aware of the great philosopher's helplessness without her, she knew that it fell upon herself to settle all really important questions for him in spite of his own unequalled powers of mind.

After this long digression, necessary to a full understanding of the domestic situation, we return to Mrs. Yard as she sat in the hall doorway, with her mind puzzled by greater questions than usual. She looked placid enough as she sat on the doorstep with her mending-basket and the short, wide stocking drawn over her extended fingers. She was not a person whose inward struggles betrayed themselves in her countenance, but she talked to herself a good deal, never having forsaken her habit formed in the years before she suddenly became

more expressive to the doctor and her other associates.

"What could he ha' meant?" grumbled the good creature, "askin' me if I was any accustomed to the care o' child'n. He knows well enough I've made no habit of it."

III.

For all his stern onwardness of character, and philosophical scorn of that consideration of petty circumstances which Voltaire calls the tomb of great things, Dr. Potterby had a gift for enjoyment, for nestling into his few friendships. It was a gift which would completely surprise those who knew him but little. Most of his friendships, however, were conducted by letter, with devoted outlay of at least as much time as that spent by the Reverend Gilbert White and the Honorable Daines Barrington, or any other scientific gentlemen who, apparently, lived to correspond. There was one old acquaintance, however, who was a near neighbor, and the two gentlemen counted much upon their walks and talks. Mr. Masters was what it is proper to call in England a decayed gentleman, and owed much to Dr. Potterby's kindness, though, not being a person who liked to place himself under obligations, this fact was never directly acknowledged. Dr. Potterby disliked outward expressions of gratitude, and so their intercourse was on that high level described by Amiel, with exquisite comprehension of a social elegance of speech which ignores the plain things of every day, the common pains, or disturbances of mankind. If in the morning Mrs. Yard had despatched a winter overcoat good as new, but narrow for the doctor's girth, it was worn that very night, but without a word of either apology or compliment. Mr. Masters had been produced by nature for an alchemist, though the profession had become apparently extinct; and though his family had designed him for the New England pulpit, he had relapsed by instinct into a futile dabbling with the physical sciences. Dr. Potterby compassionated him, being to himself a man of practical value, and it must be confessed that Mr. Masters returned the same opinion in

his secret and somewhat ungrateful heart. The home of Mr. Masters was in two bleak upper rooms bestrewn with electrical and chemical odds and ends, over one of the small village shops. His landlady and attendant was a considerate person, who had once been a servant of his family. The poor soul did the best she could for him, but it was fortunate for herself that she lacked the two useful senses of smelling and hearing, and was unconscious of explosions and their unwholesome effects. Nobody knew exactly how the two lived, unless it might be Mrs. Yard, who, with the doctor's assent and connivance, set a comforting basket in the hall every Sunday and Wednesday night. It was simply mentioned, when this proffered attention to Nancy Bland was first ventured, that Mrs. Yard had heard the good soul was not well, and, once begun, the custom was continued. "They have that quantity twice a week, and him filled up twice beside with a good warm supper, and I'll risk 'em starving," said Mrs. Yard, with generous satisfaction. It would have pleased her to have Mr. Masters and his receptive Nancy show some gratitude, but Dr. Potterby was content with silence, and even rebuked from time to time Mrs. Yard's expressions of impatience.

On a certain Sunday evening which followed the Saturday of the mended stockings, Mrs. Yard was conscious of an unholy desire to listen at the half-open library door. The wind had gone into the east, and there was a little fire in the fireplace, before which the two gentlemen basked, being replete with their supper, and ready for the steady flow of conversation. Mrs. Yard passed the door a little resentfully, for her prayer-meeting bell was already beginning to toll, and she put down Nancy Bland's basket with a decision that clinked the dishes inside. She meant that they should be heard in the library, and it was. Dr. Potterby winced, but Mr. Masters kindly behaved as if he were unconscious. It was the benefactor who was deferential in their interviews, and to-night, though brimful of desire to review his own plans, he hastened to show an interest in the exploits of his guest.

"Have you arrived at anything new in your recent experiments?" he inquired, with charming sympathy and politeness.

"I may say that I have," replied little Mr. Masters, straightening himself into new stiffness and dignity in the high leather-backed chair. "If I were a younger man I would go at once to a school of technology, to avail myself of the new practical knowledge of electrical engineering. I never remember to have deplored the flight of time as in these last few days. As it is, I must yield my great ideas to younger men."

"I suppose you have ascertained much that is new in regard to your registering attachment to the type-writer?" suggested Dr. Potterby, a little timidly. In his work on longevity, he had availed himself of the new discovery and hired a young man to do copying, but Mr. Masters had conceived an idea that the machine should be made to count its own words, and had gone off with it one night under his elbow. The owner had neither liked to ask for it back nor to buy a new one. Mrs. Yard insisted that the borrower had taken it to pieces, and could not set it running again.

"That matter is still under consideration," replied Mr. Masters, with offended dignity. "I have been giving great thought to a plan of much more importance—an electrical marine railway."

"Ah, indeed!" said Dr. Potterby, who wished that he could have the floor first. He was eager to see how his own project would sound. In speaking to another, one often saw the fallacies of one's own argument, but Mr. Masters was likely to take this evening to himself.

"An electrical marine railway," repeated the pompous little guest. "I am not aware that the idea has ever been broached. It is a very great concern of the public, a matter of prime importance to commerce. I have not said anything about it, even to you" (this was meant for a handsome tribute, and Dr. Potterby so regarded it). "I am prepared, however, to speak of my scheme now, of course, in secrecy."

Dr. Potterby bowed solemnly and

settled himself comfortably in his chair. He was glad, at any rate, that he was to listen to something new. There was a delightful sense of comfort in the library, the flicker of the firelight brought out touches of red and gold on the bindings of the old books. There was a sound of gentle early summer rain outside. Mrs. Yard's old tortoise-shell cat stole in, settled herself with tucked-in paws before the fender, and began to purr, as if in comfortable retrospection. The faces of the two men were thoughtful and interesting. They showed themselves to be students, and unaffected by the minor ambitions and sordid cares of the world. Perhaps this look was clearer on the brow of Mr. Masters.

"An electrical marine railway," he repeated, with emphasis. "I mean, of course, a system for the propulsion of vessels or other conveyances from shore to shore. Something after the manner of the street railways in common use."

"You will have to explain a little more definitely, my dear sir," confessed the listener.

"I propose merely to make my announcement on this occasion," answered the man of science. "The detail is comparatively unimportant, and to one whose thoughts are not directed——"

"The trolley system?" ventured Dr. Potterby, humbly, catching at the first phrase which entered his mind.

"Exactly, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Masters, with unexpected gratification in his tone. "You forestall me. I admire your general intelligence, and especially in a man so devoted to special study. The trolley system is, I may say, the main element."

"I should call the sea the main element." Dr. Potterby rarely joked, but this great occasion deserved such tribute from him.

"The trolley system; that is a continuous wire, and a corresponding apparatus on the masts or decks of vessels which underrun the wire, and so derive their motive power. Such a wire can be laid as well as a wire for telegraphic purposes; it is exposed of course to greater dangers, being nearer the surface, but I foresee all these, and I am ready to meet them. If I were a man of fortune or, still better, a man of prac-

tical scientific training, I should now accomplish great results. Sir, I look upon my years of ecclesiastical study as a great, a never-to-be-regretted blunder."

This point had been often discussed, and the new plan appeared more interesting than was expected to Dr. Potterby's imagination. "In order to make your system wholly clear to me, I will propose my, perhaps, very ignorant objections," he said; "for instance, ships going northward or southward of the cable would damage it."

"There would be stations at intervals corresponding to draws, and at these intervals station-men would be placed to manage the passage of vessels. You do not understand, however, that the business of navigation would in time be completely revolutionized, and that there would be trunk and side lines of electrical cables, and shipping would be less and less at the mercy of the winds and waves. I have not suggested one point to you, that besides the great speed, the lines would be lighted by night from the same power as that from whence comes the force."

"Sir, it is an idea worthy of you!" exclaimed the doctor. "My own resources count as nothing in the face of such a magnificent enterprise, but in case of preliminary arrangements I beg you to command me. I beg that you will take—a few days, at any rate, in which to confer with those who are working in this same line." The sentence was ended in deference to Mr. Masters's feelings, but Dr. Potterby inwardly resolved to give his poor friend a handsome check at the first opportunity. "I wish to ask one more question. In case of the draw, or its substitute, being open, would not there be complete cessation on the whole length of the cable, the circuit being broken?"

Mr. Masters shrugged his shoulders pettishly, but was for the moment appalled. "Immense speed could be obtained, the present system of ship building, so cumbersome and expensive, gradually disused," he faltered, trying to appear as if he had not heard the question. Then he faced the question bravely in all its horror. "I have not worked out these insignificant details"—and for an uncomfortable

minute there was complete silence. Dr. Potterby was filled with regret.

"I dare say that there might be a deep sunken wire used to keep the circuit unbroken," he dared to say, but was immediately conscious that it was not his place to have spoken first. Mr. Masters, however, breathed freely again, and showed himself unresentful. He had not considered such an important point before, and he had to own to himself that poor Potterby had shown acute powers of reasoning.

"My own scheme will play in well with yours," Dr. Potterby suggested, taking advantage of the silence. "Whenever these great discoveries are made I more and more regret the brevity of human life. I can only say that I have now determined to carry out my plan of practical illustration of my theories, and am going to select a subject this present week. I have approached the question as far as regards my good housekeeper's willingness to take certain duties upon herself, but I am not sure that she comprehended me. In the first years of an infant's life, a woman must naturally be the best care-taker, but women are inexact and unscientific. I am not sure how far I can depend upon Mrs. Yard for reports. On the other hand, it might be difficult to secure a man of scientific training who would be willing, even for a proper salary, to devote his time exclusively to the rearing of a very young child. You no doubt can understand that you would have felt a certain reluctance?"

"Perhaps for an adequate remuneration, and with the assistance—" Mr. Masters unexpectedly remarked; but Mr. Masters was nipped in the bud. Dr. Potterby's solemn face twitched with amusement. No, no, that would never do; the poor old fellow would never think of such nonsense if it were not for his ardent hopes about the railway. When it came to a choice between stupid old Nancy Bland and his own sensible Mrs. Yard, there was no question. "I should not think of employing your valuable time," he said hastily, and with great decision, "especially now that you are so occupied."

The two men rarely asserted their individuality in so open and bold a way

as this evening. Each was conscious of his own high emprise, and neither could stop to dally with the inferior interests of the other. Their conversation fell to a lower level, and Mr. Masters only waited for the library clock to strike the half-hour after nine before he made his punctual departure. As he shut the great hall door behind him, Mrs. Yard opened another and emerged from seclusion in the dark dining-room into the doctor's bed-room, candle in her hand, unlighted. She came into the library and put the candlestick on the side-table where it was always left. Then she gave a contemptuous sniff; the doctor was carefully mending his small fire, as if he were just beginning the evening anew.

"He's took his basket, ain't he?" observed Mrs. Yard. "I didn't know but he'd disdain it after the message that was sent yesterday."

Dr. Potterby looked up bewildered; it was not possible that poor Masters's head was turned by his dreams of fortune.

"They never take it upon 'em to say thank ye, nor to send the basket back," explained Mrs. Yard. "Jonas went to mill yesterday afternoon, and as I was out on my errands I called in myself, feelin' more friendly than usual to old Nancy Bland, and I thought I'd have a word with her; the old gentleman might be out o' shirts again, an' there is two of yourn that's a little past. She was dreadful toppin', an' I saw 'twould be best to send them without a word, for fear of a squabble. She give me the basket, but she didn't like my comin'; there, sir, if 'twas me an' you in their two places, I suppose I shouldn't, but she did speak up so pert, and says she, 'I don't want no more o' that salt beef.' I tell you, Dr. Potterby, I like to have bu'st before her eyes, I was so mad."

"Well, well, we mustn't mind these little things," murmured the doctor.

"Little things?" said Mrs. Yard. "When I'd boiled an' extry piece o' the best fer 'em, an' there's nothin' more nourishing or keeps better, and Mr. Masters eats a sight of it here whenever 'tis put on the table! I don't care whether Nance Bland likes it or not. 'Taint my business to consult her taste."

She knows well we've kept her from starving, but 'tis such a favor to take from us."

"She's an ignorant creature, but very devoted to my old friend," said the doctor, affectionately. "Won't you sit down, Mrs. Yard? I should like to have a word with you."

Mrs. Yard was put into a girlish flutter by this invitation. It was very rare with the doctor, who usually tried to discover some pretext for suggesting that he liked to be left to himself. "There, there! I mustn't let my feelings run away with me," said the kind soul, smoothing out her Sunday dress. "I always believe in speaking out about likes an' dislikes. I recollect once in the spring, when I'd come back here the second time, after losing Mr. Yard. Old Ma'am Powers, the old nurse, was makin' your respected mother a little visit. She was always friendly to the old lady, you know, Doctor Potterby, and says she one morning, 'Ann,' says she, 'I seem to want some good, smart greens—let's go down in the far end of the garden an' pick us a mess.' Madam Potterby always told us all to indulge Ma'am Powers wherever we could, an' I clapped my sun-bonnet right on. I observed that she picked all mustard that I hate like p'ison, but I found a sight of good pa'sley that to me's the best greens there is, and I set out to p'int it out to her; but I thought maybe she was stiff about stoopin' so low, or her eyesight was poor; an' when we come in I cooked 'em separate in the kittle, not stirrin', an' then I denied myself and helped her to most all the pa'sley when it come dinner-time and took the mustard myself; but I saw she didn't eat no great of the pa'sley, no more'n I did o' mine. I mistrusted she'd got tired an' heated out in the sun, but we was so polite helping each other to them greens. Along in the afternoon the truth come out that each of us preferred the other sort, and out o' politeness neither got which she liked. It's often so in life, sir; them greens has been a lesson to me many's the time."

Dr. Potterby's mind reverted to his choice of a guardian for the experimental babe. Yes, he must frankly confide in Mrs. Yard; besides it never

would do to make another woman her superior.

"I asked you last evening whether you were skilled in the care of children, my good friend?" inquired the doctor, gently.

"You know my past, sir," replied Mrs. Yard. "I've not had experience since I was young; there was a household of us at home." She could not help making a mental reservation in respect to her employer's tender helplessness. "I think I should have as much sense about it as many others; 'twould naturally be a great deal of care to one of my years. You *ain't* thinking of adopting a child, I trust, sir?"

"Not exactly," said the doctor, a little confused. "I am about to make an experiment in the interest of science, of great value to the human race. I have been for years making researches and compiling statistics, and it is probable that under right conditions men might live to much greater age than is now possible. I may have spoken to you of these theories. You will understand that there are important rules to be followed in regard to diet, and altogether I must require much of your time. Perhaps you had better engage another coadjutor for your minor household cares, and I am ready to double your present salary. I know of no one upon whom I could so thoroughly rely."

"'Twould be kind of cheerful to have a baby running about the old place," said Mrs. Yard, unmindful of scientific experiments, "an' now that they're going to fix over our meeting-house, I should like to be able to do extra in my subscription. I will undertake the charge—unless you think Nancy Bland would suit you better."

"Oh, no, indeed," answered the doctor, absently.

"I must make one stipulation," urged the housekeeper as she turned to leave the room. "I trust you ain't goin' to put the little creatur' to no sort of torture with your experiments same's they use rabbits and frogs—there was a piece about it in my *Watchman an' Reflector*, how them students ain't got no compassion, and ought to be put a stop to."

"I assure you that vivisection has not entered into my plans as yet," replied

Dr. Potterby, honorably. "There is, however, much foolish prejudice——" but Mrs. Yard was stepping quickly away, quite reassured, to her own dominions.

IV.

MRS. YARD entered into the experiment of induced longevity with sincere zest, and when the doctor, accompanied by an Infant Asylum attendant and a small and very sleepy child, arrived at the old Potterby mansion, a few nights afterward, she housed and cheered them with real hospitality and compassion.

It is perhaps needless to say that the two women disdained the doctor's preliminary directions, and made the tired baby comfortable in a good old-fashioned way.

Interesting as it would be to follow the details of these first days, time and space forbid. Little Thomas became at once the really important member of the household, upon whose well-being all other things revolved. Dr. Potterby having at first selected him on account of his perfectly serene and healthy aspect, took pains to acquire an absolute possession; the child being a friendless foundling, no one was likely to interfere with his future. His benefactor alone knew the secret of sure continuance in this scene of things, but he kept a careful oversight besides upon the proper proportion of blood and brain nutrients, and all the healthful arrangement of this treasured child's surroundings.

In the meantime little Thomas toddled about and made the whole house merry. Mrs. Yard commonly spoke of him as young Methuselah, though nobody but herself and Dr. Potterby understood the strange pet name. It was far from displeasing to the doctor, who really seemed to be growing young again himself. So did Mrs. Yard; she repeated several times a day that a babe in a house was a well-spring of joy; she found herself forming many plans for the new Methuselah's long future.

The doctor at times felt oppressed by the certainty that he should see so small a part of this presumably extended lifetime. He wished that it could somehow

be contracted, as if into one of those insect existences which last but for a day and can be investigated from birth to old age between dawn and dark. But, as a philosopher should, he possessed his soul in patience and went over and over his charts of directions for the future development of this scientific charge. The strain upon his resources would soon be here, when the natural inclination of the boy would clash with the mandates of science, and in facing these probable extremities Dr. Potterby sometimes felt weak and powerless. The child seemed gentle enough now, but if he were unruly, then, for a time, until he could be made to understand all that was at stake, it would be necessary to retire to some secluded spot and institute a mild captivity. Sometimes it crossed the good doctor's mind that all this early part of the process would have been easier to carry forward with a child who was deficient in intellect, yet ever his larger sense prevailed; it was better to prolong a valuable life than a useless one, and all his own energies should be bent to making the life of the New Methuselah delightful and successful.

One balmy summer evening, the library windows were wide open and the garden flowers filled the dim old room with fragrance. It was Sunday, and Mr. Masters had come to tea, arriving at precisely six o'clock as usual. Dr. Potterby rose to welcome him with unwonted show of pleasure, for the guest had been absent all the week, and his Wednesday evening visit was for once omitted. But there was no cheer in Mr. Masters's expression of face, he was in one of his dismal, surly moods, and gave but a limp hand into the doctor's stronger grasp.

"What news, sir?" asked the doctor, cheerily, trying to ignore the feeling of damp fog that pervaded his old friend's personal atmosphere.

"I am again defeated by the malice and envy of younger men; the omniscient young man, sir, is the bane of modern life. They live in a blind worship of petty details," and further than this the subject of a transatlantic electrical marine railway was not discussed.

It was indeed a great subject, though defeated for the time being; yet this present disappointment was evidently harder to bear than any in that long succession which had saddened the heart of Mr. Masters. He made a futile attempt to revive his own and Dr. Potterby's interest in a famous scheme for engineering through Congress a bill for the reimbursement of slaveholders. It had been proposed that he should awaken public opinion through the pulpit, in which he never forgot his right of speech, and by means of circulars he was to awaken the Southern mind and propose to right their wrongs at a nominal commission or percentage, which would at once make him a rich man. "Sir," said Mr. Masters, "if the government permitted and legalized slaveholding, it made those slaves legal property; it had no right to free those slaves without reimbursement. The principles of humanity set aside, it was robbery, sir." Dr. Potterby gave the usual, somewhat doubtful, shake of the head which once would have started a vigorous evening debate, but Mr. Masters had lost his spirits and sat pondering the injustice of the age, but speechless, in his chair. Statesman as well as scientist, the unkind world turned a deaf ear to all his propositions.

"I must confess," said Dr. Potterby, "that I am completely amazed with the success of my experiments so far. The child grows steadily, and develops most wonderful aptitude and agility. I have never observed a more interesting young creature. A fair start in everything. Mrs. Yard says that I may rest assured that all is well, and I expect her momentarily now to make her daily report. One week is of course a short time, but certain points were already decided in my mind last night, at the week's end. Oh, here is Mrs. Yard now," as that worthy woman came beaming into the library, casting, it must be confessed, a mildly scornful glance at the back of Mr. Masters' head.

"He's doin' beautiful as can be, sir," said Mrs. Yard, without being asked. "I've just got him into his little crib. He's got a master head-piece, that child; when he wants to go upstairs he'll p'int, and when he wants to go downstairs

he'll p'int. You're goin' to rear a little ornament to society, if I do say it, sir; an' so laughin' an' frolickin' the day through, an' wantin' to play hide an' seek with me an' the girls, like a child o' six."

"All very pleasing," murmured the sage. "Now we will make our careful record."

Mr. Masters gave a furtive glance over his shoulder at the great leather-bound blankbook, in which these voluminous records were kept, and then turned away again with contempt. Such things were too trivial. For his part the prolongation of life was not so desirable a thing to wish for. Asa Potterby and Mrs. Yard were two old women together. Their minds were enfeebled with luxury; he would go back to his plain scholar's work-room and be thankful for his undegraded wits. To the astonishment of his entertainers, he now broke away from them an hour and a half earlier than usual, but he found his basket in the hall and did not disdain to take it with him. Mrs. Yard was invited to sit down, and she and the doctor talked about little Thomas for an hour. They were proud to assist in the advancement of science, and the good woman's mind seemed at times almost inspired, so ready was she with suggestion, and with such patience she listened to her master's theories. There was a new impulse of life in the old Potterby mansion. One day Mrs. Yard missed the child, and found it in the library, where the doctor had left some sheets of important manuscript on the great desk, to build erections of his sacred books for little Thomas to overthrow.

V.

THE summer went swiftly by, a long piece of the young child's life, but a brief space of pleasure to its guardians. The doctor began to add a larger proportion of animal food to the diet list, and there were grumbings heard among the butchers and purveyors because the once indifferent doctor was often so impossible to suit. He furbished up his rusty knowledge of chemistry and tested various tissues and edible substances;

not being content with the results of text-book experiment, until the decent library had certain unpleasant qualities in common with Mr. Masters's study itself. There was great solemnity of theory, and Mrs. Yard kept manfully to the rendering of formal reports, and weighed the daily allowances of food on those expensive and accurate scales provided by the doctor; but he was sometimes puzzled to account for an almost improper gain of flesh on little Thomas's part, not suspecting, good man! the secret supplies of thick gingerbread and lavish slices of bread and butter with which he was indulged. Life was rendered somewhat precarious in this way during the dangerous second summer, but Mrs. Yard carefully concealed any days of drooping, being but antiquated in her own ideas of the care of children, and much more inclined to consult certain rural acquaintances, mothers and grandmothers, and to apply simple household remedies by them dictated, than to confer with the doctor and attempt to revise his own scientific scheme.

For his part he was all confiding, and dreamed much in those days of that old age of vigor of which his own ignorantly shortened existence must fall short. This intelligently nurtured child, within whose grasp all good and necessary things were to be placed, was at the threshold of a surprising career. A century from now he would be still in full vigor and serenity of life; "a century from now," Dr. Potterby often repeated to himself, "my name as a far-seeing man of science and devotion to the interests of humanity, will be better known than to-day; they will speak of my labors with wonder, as having been pursued in the midst of this dull and ignorant age."

The August weather was peculiarly unwholesome that year, and such moist heat was always depressing to Mr. Masters's spirits. On a certain Wednesday evening he came to tea very ill-humored and dictatorial, but Dr. Potterby was mild-mannered and conciliatory, and tried to please his guest more than

usual. He had ready an expensive new German work upon Electrical Engineering for which Mr. Masters's soul longed, but it was listlessly turned over, and even criticised with a show of severity, though a fierce gleam of satisfaction in his eyes as he received it had been thanks enough to the giver. Dr. Potterby did not resent the up-hill work of the conversation; he only deplored it and grew weary; at last he began to speak of his continued happiness in watching the development of little Thomas. "Yesterday," he said, solemnly, "yesterday I finally gave my revised will into the hands of my lawyer. With the exception of some temporary legacies which will in time revert, I have devoted my property to the forwarding of an experiment, so fraught with blessing to the human race. At the child's fifth year I put him under the charge of carefully chosen scientists——"

"Oh, mercy me!" there came a piercing shriek from the stairway, "he's in a fit, doctor, he's——" and Mrs. Yard's retreating voice became inaudible as she fled back to that perfectly lighted, perfectly aired, and perfectly warmed room which contained the crib of the illustration of prolonged longevity. The two elderly men came breathless to Mrs. Yard's assistance. She looked the picture of despair, though she said there still was hope. But the sad confession had to be made that little Tommy had strayed out into the garden that afternoon and was found there devouring a hard green apple.

Three days later a short funeral procession left the door of the Potterby mansion. Mr. Masters did not disdain to accompany his old friend, or to show real sympathy in the sad event. Mrs. Yard and her associates followed, weeping. It was not for little Thomas to serve as the great illustration of Dr. Potterby's theories. The New Methuselah was no more at the age of nineteen months and a few unreckoned days.

"You are a man of many ideas," said Dr. Potterby gravely to his companion. "I now see the practical failure of the one great scheme of my mature life."



THE POINT OF VIEW.

IT was inevitable that Mr. Walter Pater should write a categorical defence of poetic prose, but it is unfortunate that he should do so in an essay on "Style," because if there is anything which style is not it is poetry, and because the confusion of the two, artistically speaking, has, perhaps, been more maleficent than any other agency in its effects on English prose. The introduction to his volume of "Appreciations"—the most notable contribution of recent months to what used to be called *belles lettres*—is a capital instance and illustration of this confusion. Poetic prose has, at all events, not succeeded with Mr. Pater. He has frittered away his force in it, and from one of the most delightful has become one of the most irritating of obviously artificial writers. Everyone can now see that his very winning "Studies in the Renaissance" contained the germ of the elaborate *ennui* which these "Appreciations" embody. The "Essay on Style" itself is written in that unaccented *adagio* which is the characteristic movement of the large leisure enjoyed by the Fellows of Brasenose, and—as, alas! they never seem to remember—peculiar to them. The result is a manner which, however poetic it may be, is as far removed as possible both from true style and from real prose.

Yet it is this very addiction to manner that Mr. Pater conceives as the essence of style. Literary art, he says, "like all art which is in any way imitative or productive of fact—form, color, or incident—is the representation of such fact as connected with soul, of a specific personality in its preferences, its volition and power." But is the quality in virtue of which—as Mr. Dobson paraphrases Gautier—

"The bust outlives the throne,
The coin Tiberius"

the "specific personality" of the artist who carved the bust or chiselled the coin that have thus outlived all personality connected with them? Not that personality and "soul"—if Mr. Pater pleases—are not of the essence of enduring art. They are, on the contrary, the condition of any vital art whatever. But what gives the object, once personally conceived and expressed, its currency, its universality, its eternal interest—speaking to strangers with familiar vividness, and to posterity as to contemporaries—is something aside from its personal feeling. And it is this something and not "specific personality" that style is. Style is the invisible wind through whose influence "the lion on the flag" of the Persian poet "moves and marches." The lion of "soul" may be painted never so deftly, with never so much expression, individual feeling, picturesqueness, energy, charm; it will not move and march save through the rhythmic, waving influence of style.

Nor is style necessarily the grand style, as Arnold seems to imply in calling it "a peculiar recasting and heightening, under a certain condition of spiritual excitement, of what a man has to say in such a manner as to add dignity and distinction to it." Perhaps the most explicit examples of pure style owe their production to spiritual coolness; and, in any event, the word "peculiar" in a definition begs the question. Buffon is at once juster and more definite in saying: "Style is nothing other than the order and movement which we put into our thoughts." It is singular that this simple and lucid utterance of Buffon should

have been so little noticed by those who have written in English on style. English writers—like Mr. Hamerton, for example, who snubs M. Charles Blanc as “ridiculous” for talking about “*le style*,” which he declares to be simply “individuality”—have apparently misconceived, in very curious fashion, Buffon’s other remark, “*le style c’est l’homme*,” by which aphorism Buffon merely meant that a man’s individual manner depends on his temperament, his character, and which he, of course, was very far from suspecting would ever be taken for a definition.

Following Buffon’s idea of “order and movement,” we may say, perhaps, that style results from the preservation in every part of some sense of the form of the whole. It implies a sense of relations as well as of statement. It is not mere expression of a thought in a manner peculiar to the artist (in words, color, marble, what not), but it is such expression penetrated with both reminiscence and anticipation. It is, indeed, on the contrary, very nearly the reverse of what we mean by expression, which is mainly a matter of personal energy. Style means correctness, precision, that feeling for the *ensemble* on which an inharmonious detail jars. Expression results from a sense of the value of the detail. If Walt Whitman, for example, were what his admirers’ defective sense of style fancied him, he would be expressive. If French plastic art had as little expression as its censors assert, it would still illustrate style—the quality which modifies the native and apposite form of the concrete individual thing with reference to what has preceded and what is to follow it: the quality, in a word, whose effort is to harmonize the object with its environment. When this environment is heightened, and universal instead of logical and particular, we have the “grand style;” but we have the grand style generally in poetry, and to be sure of style at all prose should certainly be suspicious of the “soul” and “specific personality” which tend to make it poetic and individual.

And really this common confusion of style with personality—which latter is a poetic factor in literature—has not only led to the amount of poetic prose we have that is bound to perish because it is not the happiest expression of the writer’s thought; be-

cause, at best, as Arnold remarked of one of Mr. Ruskin’s rhapsodies, “what he is there attempting he will never, except in poetry, be able to accomplish to his own entire satisfaction.” It has also tended to prevent the development of pure prose—prose like Swift’s and Thackeray’s—by obscuring the merits of such prose. Salience, idiosyncrasy, color, feeling have, on the one hand, been supposed necessary by every writer desirous of cultivating style—qualities which are really hostile to style in prose, though in verse metrical restrictions and opportunities supply to them just the element that in prose they lack. On the other hand Buffon’s “order and movement” have been quite forgotten. Surely no one of Mr. Pater’s authority could do his native idiom a worse service than by advocating poetic prose in the first place and calling it style in the second.

A CORRESPONDENT who wrote the other day in rather a pessimistic vein from Los Angeles averred that the monotony of the climate there was a depressing influence. There was not difference enough between the seasons, she said, to give to life that variegated flavor which is so acceptable, and goes so far to prevent the soul’s palate from being jaded. When the correspondent’s letter had been printed and found its way back whence it came, the local journals immediately denied all in it that was disparaging, and explained that the writer took sad views of life because of disappointment in a transaction in corner-lots. Whether southern California lacks seasons or not is a question of fact that is best settled on the spot, where daily instances of the climate may be put in evidence. Probably it doesn’t, but if it does, its deficiency is a serious one.

We of New York and New England and the comparatively effete East abuse our climate a good deal, and sometimes with plenty of reason, but we ought not to forget that it is parcelled out to us in excellent variety. It is a vast inconvenience in summer sometimes to have to pick up a sick baby and rush for the seashore or the hills; and in the winter there is pneumonia and the whole family of throat and lung experiences; and in the spring there is the liver. But it is a well-seasoned climate all the

same, and where we are not too set upon getting our whole annual experience of it in any one spot, it does as well by us as any climate can be expected to do by people of desires and infirmities such as ours. It is our duty not merely to make the best of it but to make the most of it. Does the valued and intelligent reader take pains to do that? Does he fully realize that in living in a climate that is seasoned he enjoys opportunities which all people do not have? And is he prepared for industrious and painstaking appreciation commensurate with his chances? Let him consider people whose lot is cast in regions where the meteorological vicissitudes are unimportant. Take the good people of Hayti, whose vitals are never frozen up; or the Eskimaux, or Icelanders, who never really get thawed out. Are they over-bright, these worthy folks? Read what Ibsen has found it necessary to write to enlighten the simplicity of his compatriots; inquire as to the experience of Hayti since Toussaint L'Ouverture's revolt; and draw such conclusions as you must as to the usefulness of due alternations of freeze and melt in making men's wits active and promoting their energies. There is said to be foliage in the tropics of a certain sort, great lazy leaves for which the botanists have names; but where there are to be oak or maple leaves, or hickory or beech, the sap must run up the trunk in the spring. Leaves with come-and-go to them, and wood with a snap in it, are not the product of those all-the-year-round climates. Similarly men. We are the salt of the earth, brethren; and it is to the shifting of our seasons that we owe very much of our savor. And therefore we ought to make it more of a religious duty to get the very most out of our seasons that we can. The winter hasn't been much of a winter; but by the time this reaches the reader's eye the winter will have ceased to be a cause of complaint.

Make the most of the spring. It is a trial oftentimes. It makes heavy the heads of men and pains them in the small of their backs, but that is precisely because they neglect it, and take no pains to accommodate themselves to its requirements. For its spirit is exacting in proportion to its value. It is the season of moods, of introspection, retrospection, meditation, pro-

crastination, forecasts; of waiting around for things to begin; of catching the germs of enterprises to be hatched during the summer and launched into activity when the energies recur in the fall. It is a season that men are too much inclined to crowd, and it avenges itself on them for their un wisdom. Do not hurry it! Give it time to work itself out in you! Dawdle a little! If you cannot get into the woods, get into the parks; and when you cannot get to the parks, saunter on the avenues, and stop long before the flower-shop windows. Go to meet the spring if you can. Go to Washington in April; there you cannot hurry. There you must saunter and dawdle, and invite your soul to make suggestions to you. Go down the Potomac. Sit in the sun in Lafayette Square and listen to things as they grow. There you will hear the identical *lenes susurri* that caught the Horatian ear in the Campus Martius. There there is an atmosphere; there you have sunshine overhead, green grass underfoot, and the past and the present and the future all about you. Get a taste of a Washington spring, if only once; for it will come back to your senses as often as spring itself returns, and as often as it comes you will bless it.

It is generally supposed that the perceptive or passive sense of humor is a far more common possession than the creative or active sense, and therefore that the men who laugh far outnumber the men who make them laugh. That this last proposition may be true I will not deny: that it is true because the first is true I wish to disprove; and I expect to bring conviction to any candid mind.

I know no better answer to the question, "What is Humor?" than the definition compiled by my learned friend, Dr. Pretorius Philandroschky, Ph.D., of Heidelberg, which stands thus:

"The Revelation or Perception of the Surprising or the Incongruous in Cases or under Circumstances where the Mind perceives a parallel or concurrent ideal or possible Expectedness or Congruity, generally of a spiritual Nature."

With a definition like this for a basis any man ought to be able to build up a substantial and enduring theory of humor,

and I shall try to induce you to accept this definition by merely citing a few instances of an illustrative character.

Suppose we go forth upon the first day of April, commonly called All Fools' Day, and see a pompous gentleman parading the streets with a paper attached to his coat-tails bearing the legend "ΚΙΚ ΜΕ"

Why do we smile?

Because we perceive the incongruity between the humility and self-abasement of the written request and the pomposity and self-importance of its bearer; and at the same time we perceive the parallel or concurrent congruity of the sentiment with the smallness of soul which makes the man so big in his own esteem, although for all his wisdom and high-mightiness he is only the butt of a poor street-boy who knows no better than a spelling-reformer how to spell "kick."

But let us suppose that the street-boy has done what the street-boy would not be likely to do, for his sense of humor is too good, and affixed that placard to the back of a motherly old lady, let us say, or a Sister of Charity. Do we smile? No, we hasten to her, we lift our hat, we say deferentially "Allow me, Madam," and we remove the paper and tear it up before the dear soul can see what is written on it. The parallel or concurrent congruity is missing in this case. The joke is not a joke.

Let us consider another case. Here is a story that has been a test and touchstone of the sense of humor for two generations. One-half the world finds it diabolically funny; the other half will naught of it. It is of the frontiersman who came home from a journey and found his crops destroyed, his cabin gutted with fire, and his entire family lying dead, killed by the Indians. Leaning his elbow upon what remained of his mantel-shelf, he surveyed the scene in silence, and then said, slowly, deliberately, and decisively:

"This . . . is . . . perfectly . . . ridiculous!"

Did you laugh at that? Or were you shocked? If you were shocked, you saw only the incongruity between the phrase

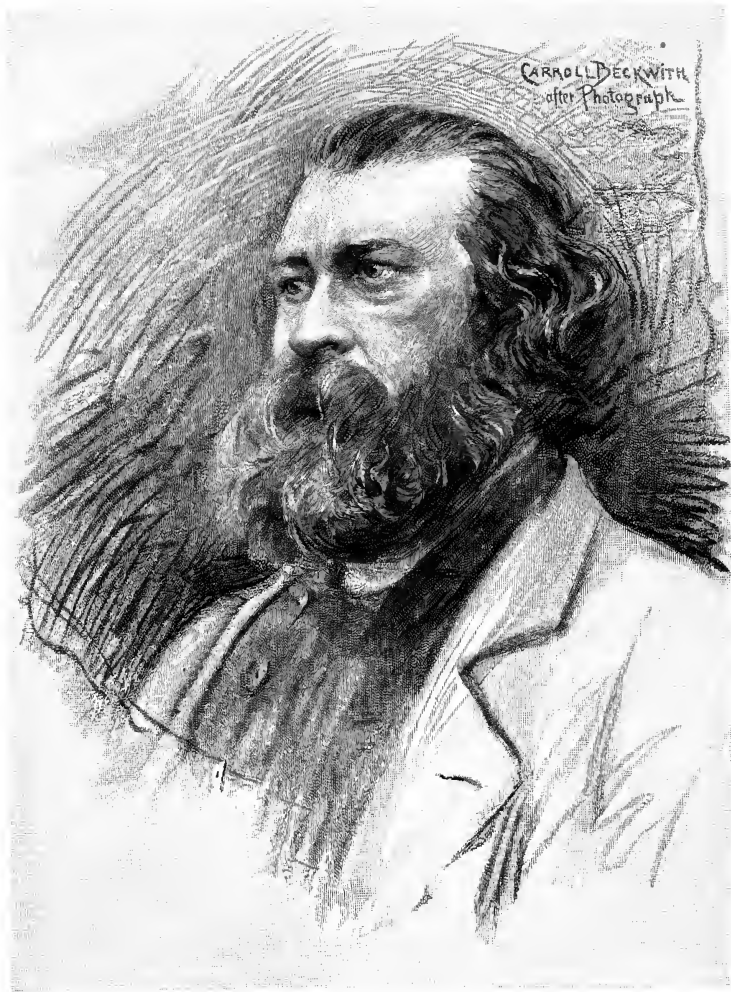
and the occasion. But if you laughed it was because you saw a certain congruity between the inadequacy of the expression and the inadequacy of *all* language to express the gravity of the situation. Put any other word in the place of that "ridiculous"—put "horrible," "terrible," "shocking," "crushing," "heart-rending,"—and you will see that, so far as adequacy of expression is concerned, the man might as well have kept mute. Indeed, you will see that his pitiful choice of words comes singularly near to conveying his idea that the completeness and perfection of his disaster put it almost outside the pale of rational consideration.

If these instances, and such others as the reader may choose to supply for himself, appeal to him with as much force as they do to me, I think we may consider the learned Professor's definition accepted. We then see at once that not only the making, but the taking of a joke—without which it is not a joke (and Shakespeare had a dim, unscientific gleam of this great truth)—depends entirely upon the personal experience or humorous education of the two parties to the joke.

For what merry jest concerning a tailor or a haberdasher could Prince Vortigern's grandsire have addressed to the naked Piet who unwillingly supplied him with a painted vest? Nay, the joke is the handshake of humor: one may proffer it, but it is no handshake if the other do not make it so.

Now, as the experience and education of all men cannot be the same all along the line of humor, and as we have made within ourselves all the jokes that we recognize at sight; as we also make and circulate our own quota of jokes, and as there must be many jokes which we never encounter, yet which lie latent within us, is it not fair to assume that our sense of humor is rather of the creative than the strictly receptive order? For otherwise we should be like unto the worthy Briton, who takes his joke home with him, dissects it, discovers its logical principle, sets it working again, and logically laughs.





JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET.

(Drawn by Carroll Beckwith, after a photograph taken in Millet's garden, in 1864, by Eugène Cuvelier.)

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BARBIZON AND JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET.

By T. H. Bartlett.

I.

BARBIZON.

TRADITION says that Barbizon originated by the settlement of some stragglers from one of the many foreign armies that have camped in the vicinity, while the insinuating critic affirms that it was settled by the robbers who in former times infested the forest.

The more authenticated story is that the beginning of Barbizon is due to the erection of a woodchopper's hut a mile within the edge of the forest, which at one time extended to Chailly. Whichever tale is true, it is certain that as time wore on and the land became cleared, a stone *clos*, or group of French farm buildings, made its appearance, and, like all such constructions in this

part of France, it was built around a square or oblong piece of ground, forming a kind of fort for the better protection of those who inhabited it.

The space thus enclosed is used as a court and barn yard, in the centre of which is placed the manure-heap. Barbizon is made up almost entirely of these *clos*, enclosing in their yards from six hundred square feet to half an acre of ground, and many of them are perfect in their arrangement and proportion. Generally the house is situated in the rear of the yard, while one of the barns is on the line of the street, the passageway being through the barn, and closed by an enormous door. The "Old Farm" of Barbizon, standing on the spot once occupied by the woodchopper's hut, is the oldest structure in the village, and marks its western extremity.

This little hamlet, known to the art

world from one end of the earth to the other as the home of Jean François Millet, lies in the very shadow of the western edge of the forest of Fontainebleau.

the forest, six miles in a southeast direction, is the famous city of Fontainebleau, and the river Seine runs five miles to the north.



A Barbizon Farm.

It is composed of about four hundred inhabitants, eighty houses, and one pleasant, winding street, three-fourths of a mile in length, which begins in the plain and runs eastward to the forest, where it connects with the high road to the city of Fontainebleau. The street is lined nearly every foot of its length by the houses, or the barns belonging to them, the former having one, one and a half, and two stories. All the buildings are made of stone and covered with red or gray tile. The street is paved with large stones, is reasonably clean, and has on each side a slight depression, serving as a gutter to convey the rainfall and the slops from the houses to a stone reservoir that is situated a few rods back from the street. Barbizon is in the commune of Chailly, department of Seine and Marne, and is thirty-four miles south of Paris.

Its railroad station is Melun, the chief place of the department, seven miles distant, and on the line of the Paris, Lyons & Marseilles Railway. Two good lines of omnibuses run three trips each, daily, from Barbizon to Melun. The nearest post and telegraph office is at Chailly, more than a mile to the northwest, and on the grand route from Paris to Fontainebleau. Through

Barbizon is surrounded on the north, south, and west by an immense, slightly rolling plain of excellent farming land, broken here and there by little rocky hillocks, collections of trees and bushes, from five to one hundred acres in extent, and decorated by hamlets, larger and smaller than Barbizon, from one to three miles apart, all making one of the most perfect and charming of French landscapes. The horizon line of the southwest distance is gracefully broken by a range of wooded hills, enclosing in the direction of Barbizon, and running south for a score of miles—a section of country as rare in its construction as it is ideal in its effect upon the mind. It is another Arcadia.

It was through this enchanting ground that Millet and Rousseau made annual pilgrimages—journeying in a still more beautiful world than that which surrounded them nearer their own hearthstones. It was toward it, when the sun went down, that both daily turned their admiring eyes during all their years in Barbizon.

The earliest Barbizonians were a primitive race, who depended almost entirely upon the forest for their subsistence. They were poachers, living in the rudest and freest way, and when



View of the Plain of Barbizon.

the forest became the special hunting-ground of the kings who made Fontainebleau their head-quarters, and who,

found by the peasant in the forest, and they continue to this day, though severely regulated by state authority.



Rousseau's Oaks, in the Gorge of Apremont, Forest of Fontainebleau.

for the better preservation of the game, appointed huntsmen and foresters to watch it, the men of Barbizon were found to be the most persistent antagonists of these, to them, unjust regulations. Until the reign of Henry IV. the history of Barbizon is one long story of night and day contention between peasant, king, and wild beasts. In those days wild boars, wolves, bears, deer, and feathered game were in uncomfortable abundance. Under Henry IV. the restrictions concerning hunting in the forest were considerably lightened, but it was not until after the Revolution that any human influences were felt, and the inhabitants began to live in some respects like beings who walked on two legs.

Poaching being in the very blood and bone of the Barbizon peasant, neither time, laws, nor foresters have been able to suppress it, and each generation has had its representatives in every respect worthy of its distinguished ancestors. Two other profitable pursuits, wood-chopping and fagot-gathering, were

The original peasant type also still exists in the older inhabitants, who, in their rude speech, humble manner of living, utter indifference to the world about them, limited wants, and sharp consciousness of and readiness to defend personal interests, are really the remnants of a race apart. Until 1850 the only means of communication between their hamlet and the outside world was by an almost impassable road across the fields to Chailly, or by a path through the forest under the great oaks and familiar ferns to the grand route. The peasant's principal excursion over the last was on the occasion of the passage of some princely cortège between Paris and Fontainebleau, when he feasted his wondering eyes upon a part of a world of which he had no other knowledge.

Barbizon is originally indebted for its fame to the forest of Fontainebleau, because, of all the villages that lie on its borders, it is the nearest to the most picturesque, savage, and heaviest-wooded part of that wonderful domain.

The forest of Fontainebleau became the property of the state in the eleventh century. It is regarded as the most beautiful in France, and some affirm that, all in all, it is the finest in the world. Fenimore Cooper, when visiting it in 1828, declared that it exceeded in savage variety anything he had ever seen in America. It has an irregular circumference of fifty miles, and contains forty-five thousand acres, of which four thousand five hundred and sixty-eight are reserved for artists and for pheasant parks and walks. The parts reserved for artists are left as nature made them, with trees and bushes in all their luxury of splendid life. There are twelve thousand miles of roads, wood-routes, and paths. The surface of the forest is much broken by hills, valleys, and ravines. Ten chains of hills, composed mostly of rocks, run through it from east to west. These hills, often considerable, are made doubly interesting by their impressive construction, and the many caves and grottos which they contain. The largest and most comfortable cave is fifty feet in length, perfectly dry, with a fine sandy floor, and has been known for centuries as the "Cave

est, and overlooks both forest and plain as far as the eye can reach. The ravines are entirely formed of rocks of yellow and white sandstone, of strange shapes, placed in most suggestive and poetic confusion, and generally covered with beautiful colored mosses, flowers, weeds, and bushes. The principal trees are oak, beech, witch-elm, pine, and white birch, the first two being represented by specimens of enormous size and great beauty. Some of the oaks are twenty feet in circumference and high in proportion. The weeds, flowers, and plants are in great variety, and the ferns, of which there are acres, are higher than a man's head, a mimic forest of themselves. The forest is kept in perfect order and daily examined by twenty foresters, who live in or adjacent to it. It is traversed from north to south by three lines of railroads, and by an aqueduct from east to west. Its history is rich with stories of saintly visions, miracles, the establishment and destruction of convents, scenes of love and combat, and a long warfare between kings and brigands. For more than seven centuries the hunter's horn has echoed through its every crevice.



First Hotel and Art Studio in Barbizon, in 1824.

of the Brigands." It is a little over a mile from Barbizon, on the summit of one of the highest elevations of the for-

Many stories are told of how Barbizon first attracted the attention of painters—some of them merely tradi-

tional. Philippe Le Dieu and Claude Aligny, two painters from Paris, came to Fontainebleau in the early summer of 1824, to see their friend, Jacob Petit, the flower painter, who was then director

came upon a cowherd who was assembling his cows before driving them home for the night. While the artists were delighted with the prospect of getting out of the forest, the cowherd



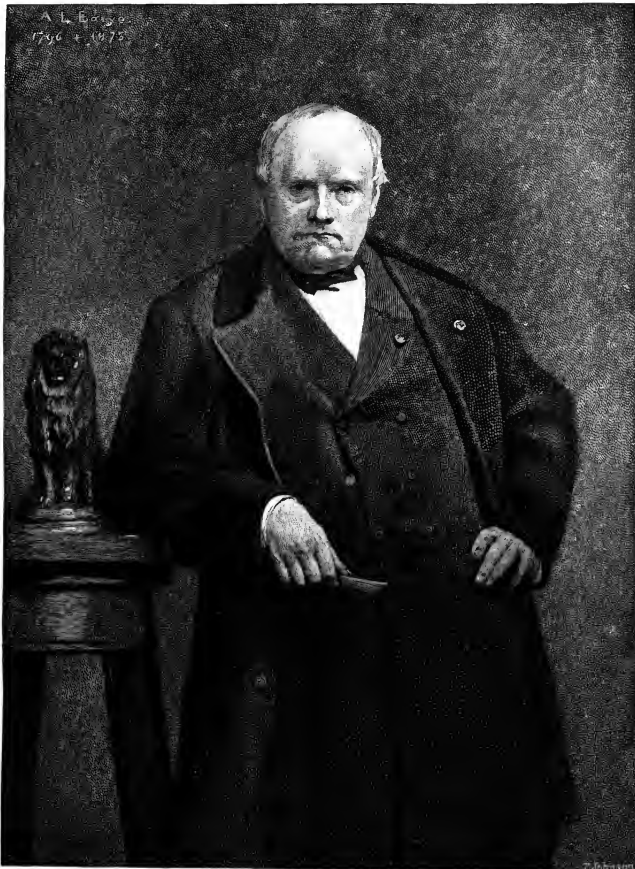
Old Farm at Barbizon.

of a porcelain manufactory in that city. All three started for a tramp in the forest, then in its savage condition, with the exception of the principal roads, in search of subjects to paint. After roaming about all day, continually led on by new and unexpected beauties, they decided to return to Fontainebleau, thinking that they were not far away. To their astonishment they could neither get out of the forest nor find a road, and they became convinced, just as the sun was going down behind the trees, that they were lost. Hungry, tired, and bewildered, they were obliged to accept the unpleasant situation, and were about to seek the shelter of some friendly grotto wherein to pass the night, when they thought they heard the echo of an unusual noise. Listening, they happily heard it again, and started anxiously toward the direction whence it came. As they drew nearer, Le Dieu, an old hunter, distinguished the fuller sound of a horn, and soon the tinkling of bells.

Making their way through the almost impenetrable rocks and bushes, they

was anything but pleased at the unexpected sight of three strangers, and in a place where none but the village woodchoppers and fagot-gatherers were ever seen. To their anxious inquiries in regard to their whereabouts and the distance to the town, the cowherd told them that they were in the "Gorge of Apremont," and six good miles from Fontainebleau. "It is certain that we cannot reach home to-night," they resignedly exclaimed, "but isn't there some place near by where we can get something to eat, and lodging?" "There are a few peasant houses about a mile from here, called Barbizon," answered the cowherd, "where you may get some wine and bread, but as for a place to sleep, I can't answer." "Bar-bi-zon! Bar! Bar!" they said, "that is barbarous indeed, and not over-assuring. However, if you will show us the way, we will give it a try, at any rate." So, escorted by forty or fifty cows, each carrying a bell on its neck, the benighted followers of art were conducted into the unpromising hamlet.

Now, in it there lived a young tailor



Antoine Louis Barye.

(From a painting by Bonnat, owned by W. T. Walters, Esq., of Baltimore.)

named François Ganne, and his young and half-German wife. They occupied two little rooms, one to sleep in, the other to work and sell wine in; and while he answered to the modest demands of his trade, she took charge of the wine counter. Ganne, like his ancestors, whose lineage was long ago forgotten, was a native of the hamlet, but not like them destined to live and die unknown to modest fame. He had the unique ambition, among all his neigh-

bors, of going to Paris and learning a trade. After he had served his seven years he returned, married a fine girl from a neighboring village, and settled down to earn a humble living, recount to his simple and wondering clients the great things he had seen in the world, and enjoy the peace and glory that such a life would bring.

It was to Ganne's door that the lost forest explorers were brought by the cowherd. If they had already surprised



Charles Emile Jacque.

the latter, they were still more to surprise the tailor. They wore long beards and were clothed in an unfamiliar costume. They looked suspicious. They might be brigands! It was only after considerable solicitation that Ganne would consent to entertain them by making an omelet, the beginning and end of his bill of fare. But when they asked him to provide them a place to sleep he was nearly thunderstruck. It was quite impossible. Besides, Madame Ganne, to whom her husband breathlessly announced their request, set her foot down against even the thought of such a thing. "But what are we to do?" said the artists. "We must sleep somewhere, and we are not very particular about the accommodations." All appeals were in vain, and as it was utterly impossible to find a spare corner in any other house in the place, they

were forced to hunt up the cowherd and beg his hospitality.

He permitted them to sleep on the straw among the cows. In the morning, after eating another omelet at the tailor's, they again started out to explore the forest in the vicinity of Barbizon, and finding that it exceeded all expectations they returned to Ganne's, removed his suspicions, which they had highly enjoyed, by telling him who and what they were, and that they wished to come to Barbizon to paint. Could he provide them with a room and food? Their trade was one of peace, they assured him, they would disturb no one. Ganne quickly took in the situation now presented. Pennies might be turned, and that was a prospect not to be neglected. He therefore rented to Le Dieu and Aligny one of his rooms, twelve by sixteen feet square, furnished

with two narrow beds, and agreed to provide them with food. M. and Madame Ganne took up their nightly abode in the barn.

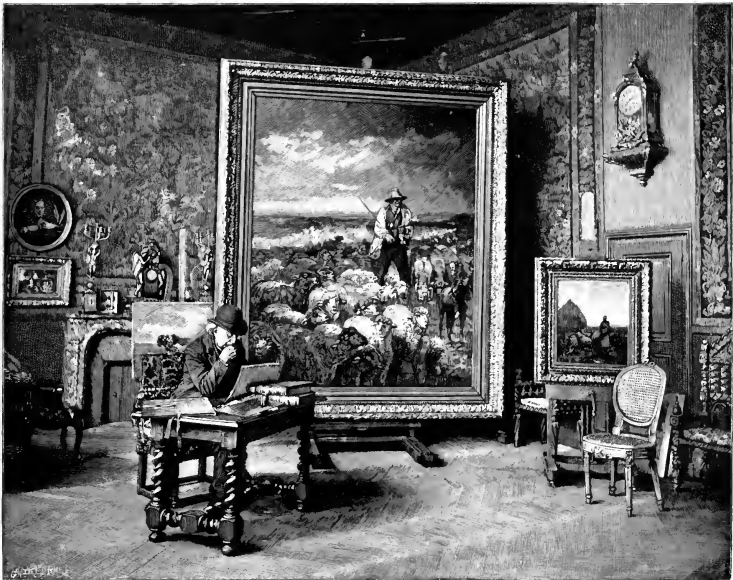
And this was the beginning of art life and hotel-keeping in Barbizon.

Petit and Valdenust soon followed Le Dieu and Aligny, the former using for a studio the loft afterward occupied by Rousseau.

In spite of the rude accommodations that Barbizon afforded, and the difficulties of getting to it, the preliminary touches of that Bohemian artist life that was to characterize it for the next half century were soon given. Le Dieu was a lithographer and painter of portraits and hunting scenes; a man of inexhaustible fun, extravagant in expression, a persistent inventor of jokes and stories, of which he was the chief actor; fond of style and high living, and of ex-

and these two, with Aligny and an occasional friend from Paris, led the dance of joyous life that wakened sober Barbizon out of its rustic sleep. Le Dieu, being received at court, always joined the royal hunts that took place weekly in the forest, and these still gayer festivities also invaded Barbizon. The inhabitants were bewildered, and their scorn for the artists increased instead of diminishing. Ganne enjoyed the change, and was wise enough to see to what it was likely to lead.

When Le Dieu and Aligny returned to Paris in the autumn they pictured to their friends the savage splendors of the forest, and the free life that could be led in Barbizon. The succeeding summers saw every spare nook and corner of house and barn transformed into a painter's studio and occupied by the mattresses of the dreaded *designers*



Jacque in his Studio.

cellent good-nature. Madame Petit was a very handsome and attractive woman, and she and Le Dieu were warm friends;

(as the peasants contemptuously called them). Ganne provided food for them all; and as the hamlet could not con-



Studio and House built by Jacque.

(Once owned and occupied by Ziem, and now owned by Paris, Barbizon.)

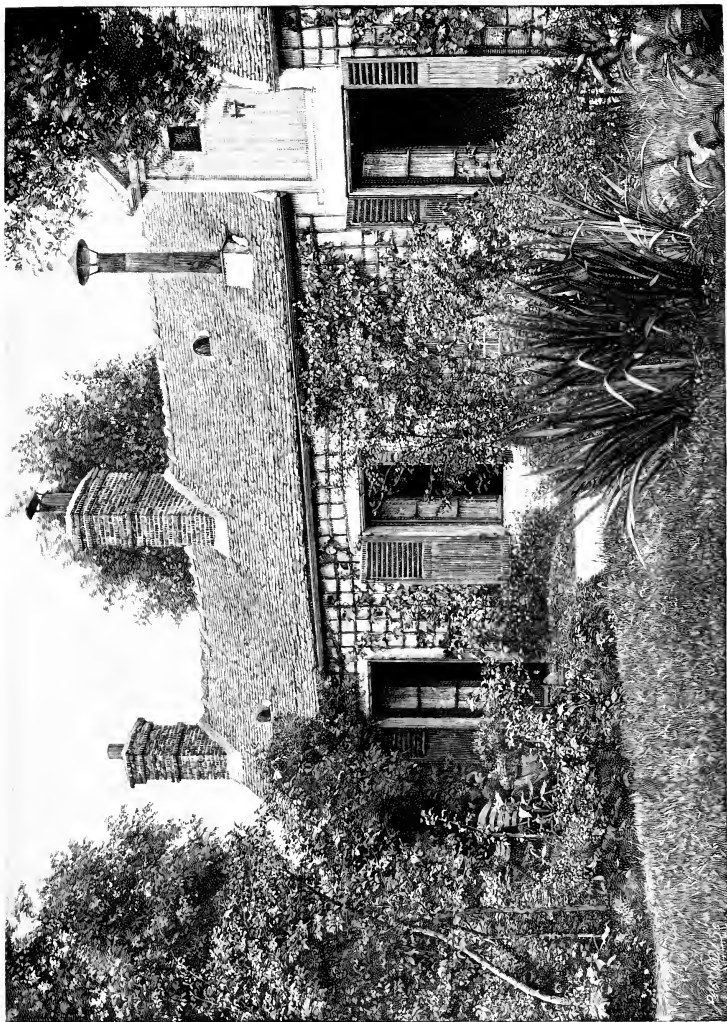
tain all that came, the overflow stopped at Chailly—one of the oldest and most interesting villages in the department (once a seignorial seat, and possessing in its days of glory a famous convent and château—whose hotel furnished better accommodations than could be found in Barbizon, though it suffered the disadvantage of being a mile from the forest. It was here, at the White Horse, kept by Mère Lemoyne, that Corot stayed in 1822, and he was followed by Rousseau, Barye, Brascassat, Français, Diaz, and dozens of other artists, until Ganne opened a large hotel in 1830, when they all came to Barbizon.

Both Ganne and wife were persons of character, keen, sharp, and long-headed, and they saw that some extra effort must be made to properly meet the demands of the increasing crowd of artists that were coming to study in the forest. They consequently bought a long barn situated on the line of the street near the western end of the village, and fitted it up as a two-story hotel, with large windows on the north side for studios. On the ground floor was an immense dining-room, and a café containing a billiard-table six feet wide and twelve

feet long, with balls as large as a man's fist. Even this was not enough, and rooms were made in the barn and out-houses. During the height of the season the artists slept on the billiard-table and on the straw in the barn-loft. Barbizon was invaded, indeed, and its sleepy peace transformed into a Bohemian elysium. Fifty guests sat at the tables, wine flowed in streams, and tobacco smoke filled the house. The more the merrier for the Gannes: their hotel was a family one in every respect, they welcomed the artists as their children, and delighted to entertain them.

During the years from 1825 to 1860 nearly every French artist, and representative ones from every civilized nation in the world, had been to Barbizon for a greater or less length of time; and it may be truthfully said that father and mother Ganne have entertained more artists than any hotel keeper that ever lived, and that Barbizon has seen a greater number of them than any other locality on the earth outside of the great cities.*

* The artists have made all there is of Barbizon, the land and houses being worth ten times more now than they were thirty years ago. Yet it was a long time after



Millet's House from the Garden.
(Showing the three rooms; Millet died in the middle one.)

Ganne kept pipes, tobacco, thread, needles, matches, and drawing and painting materials. The artists generally dressed in very simple costume, cotton or linen blouse, full trousers, high gaiters and broad-brimmed straw hat. Many of them came from Paris on foot. They generally rose early, took their light breakfast of coffee and bread, and started for the forest, each carrying a sack containing his luncheon. The more serious ones were off to the forest by five in the morning. After dinner fun began, and of the wildest and most Bohemian description. Each summer's crowd was led by someone who excelled all the rest in his capacity for

and the stories told concerning him would fill a book.*

He was followed by Amédée Servint, the greatest mimic, joke-player, and grotesque person of his generation, and an artist of no mean talent. Not a day passed, during the many summers that he spent in Barbizon, that someone was not the unfortunate subject of his attention—Ganne, being of very sober nature, coming in for a large share. The harder the other forty or fifty artists worked, the more Servint played. The nights at Barbizon were in a continual turmoil. Servint did not, like Le Dieu, confine his efforts to the narrow limits of Barbizon, but carried to every



Hotel of the White Horse, Chailly.

making amusement. Le Dieu performed this agreeable function for many years,

their first arrival, long after Millet came, in 1849, that the peasants became reconciled to their presence. The only exception, in the earlier years, to this dislike, was on the part of the owner of the "Old Farm," Belon by name. He was a captain in the National Guard, had educated his son in Paris, and was in favor of encouraging strangers to come to Barbizon. He had horses, cattle, sheep, and other domestic animals in plenty, was fond of the artists, and did all in his power to make their stay

in the village agreeable. On rainy days they flocked to his sheds, barns, and house to paint from the doors and windows.

* Le Dieu lived a checkered existence. From wealth and court favors he fell to the lowest poverty and died in misery. The following story is told concerning one period of his changing fate. Diaz called on him one day and found him in an immense and magnificently furnished studio. Expressing his surprise, Le Dieu very

chose the fête day of the village he proposed to visit. Rigging himself up with all the solemnity of a Quixote in

carrying this kind of warfare to such an extent that when night came each was in sad need of a steady friend to show



Millet's First Habitation in Barbizon, in 1849.

an indescribable costume, and mounted upon a horse similarly arrayed, he started forth to astonish the unsuspecting peasant and carry mortal terror to the hearts of innocent children. Occasionally a crowd of his brother artists would join him in a grand cavalcade, and make a pretended invasion upon some quiet hamlet to the sound of trumpets, horns, and drums. They often carried their play to an unbearable extent; the peasants would rise in hot anger, and with spears, pitchforks, and clubs, attempt to drive the pretended warriors out of their village. In such an event the artists would suddenly become tranquil spectators, and begin to treat the peasants to generous potions of wine,

loftily explained that it was necessary for him to have a studio on a level with those with whom he associated. After the poor fellow had reached the foot of the ladder, Diaz came again, and noticing the change between the palace and the confined attic looked his astonishment. "O Heavens!" exclaimed Le Dieu, impatiently, "I could not do anything in that big place, with a dozen princes spitting all over everything, so I had to go where I could be by myself."

him the way home. Though Servint furnished amusement for all with whom he came in contact, he, like his predecessor, died in misery.

Of the more serious leaders of jolly art life in Barbizon, Gérôme has left the liveliest memory. In his set were Hamon, Boulanger, François, Diaz, Nanteuil, and many others of the subsequently eminent artists of that day. Their fun was of a quiet kind. They talked, laughed, smoked, joked, wrote funny verses, and decorated the café and dining-room of Ganne's house with pictures of every description. The artistic status of every new arrival at the hotel was tested in the following manner: Over the mantelpiece in the dining-room hung Diaz's well-colored pipe, and the uninitiated was called upon to smoke it, in order that, by the color of the smoke he should make, he could be allotted his proper place as a partisan of the two schools represented in Barbizon. If it



The Street of Barbizon.
(Looking east, and showing Millet's studio and house, and Sensier's house.)

was iridescent, he was a colorist ; if gray, he was counted among the classics. Ganne's hotel possessed an enormous expression, in the shape of two panels of both schools. It was expected that every artist that stayed there would leave his mark ; and so he did, until every square inch of wall and furniture was covered with paintings of greater or less degree of merit. Troyon made great charcoal drawings, Diaz painted flowers and nymphs, Français, landscapes, Nanteuil, caryatides, and Nazon, fauns and satyrs.

The greatest *fête* that Barbizon ever saw was on the occasion of the marriage of Ganne's youngest daughter to Eugène Cuvelier, an artist from Arras. It took place in a barn, and all the artists assisted in its embellishment. Ivy was brought from the forest for decoration, and light was provided by placing candles in tin baskets suspended from the roof. Rousseau and Millet acted as chief decorators, and the refreshments and dancing were organized by Corot and Papeleu. Everyone knows that half of Corot's nature was unconfined joy, and it is affirmed by those who knew him intimately that he who had never seen him dance could have no idea of the man. He it was who showed on this occasion how the bottle dance should be conducted. Empty bottles were placed upon the floor at regular distances, and far enough apart so that the dancer could pass between them without tipping them over ; each space being precisely alike.

The dance was begun by men and women following each other in single file, to the sound of a rustic violin, Corot leading. They went slowly at first, gradually faster, finally finishing in a grand gallop. The object being not to tip over a bottle, under penalty of leaving the dance. The one who held out the longest received, as a reward for his skill, a flower from the hand of the bride.

The men who were to begin to give fame to Barbizon, Corot, Barye, and Rousseau, came in 1832, though they had been to the forest to study before, while staying at the White Horse in Chailly. October, November, and De-

cember were their favorite months. The noisy crowd had gone and the peculiar charms of forest and plain were putting on their richest effects. The scraggy old apple-trees, of which there were hundreds, stood out in all their eccentric nakedness, the habitations of man and beast wore a retired and sombre expression, and the wild boar and deer could be easily seen and studied. All nature was open and untamed.

Corot came irregularly, Rousseau only during the summers after 1849, while Barye was there nearly every summer and fall until his death, in 1875. But the lasting fame of Barbizon was given to it by Millet. And it is both sad and curious to observe that, though its varied and beautifully abundant nature is still as he saw it, it is completely forsaken by the art world. Of all the hundreds that come, in some sort, to pay tribute to his memory, few occupy themselves with the gorgeous richness and mysterious seclusion of the forest, or of the wide and subtle-colored plain. His name, with the earth and sky, is all that remains. So far as art is concerned, Barbizon may retake the place it occupied when Le Dieu and Aligny came in 1824.

II.

MILLET IN BARBIZON.

THE frivolous remark overheard by Millet in 1848, as he stood before the door of Deforge's art store, that he was nothing but a painter of the nude, has hardly received the consideration it deserves. It is said that it wounded him to the quick, and made him believe that it condemned him forever to that kind of painting. It did wound Millet, because it was a reproach for his falseness to himself. The whole tendency of his rich nature and the rare memories of his youth, long neglected, rose up before him in bitter condemnation. His life at Gruchy, the long days spent in the fields by the sea with his father, who never failed to speak to his son of the beauties that surrounded them, had long been unheeded ; he had almost forgotten that he was of the earth, had forsaken its untrammelled freedom and

urgency, and was making no effort to answer to his destiny. His present life in Paris now seemed a thousand times more unbearable. He felt the remark to be a just reproof. It awakened him to himself.

The nude, no matter what glory or profit it might bring, or what its place in art might be, was not for him.

The moment that observation was uttered was perhaps the most important of his life. It was the angelus calling him to a long, painful, and glorious prayer. He hastened home to tell his wife what he wished to do. He must follow his nature, in the open air, under the unrestrained heavens, and touch the earth. Yet, so far as Millet knew, this decision was a complete uncertainty. He had neither work nor money, Paris was shaken by a revolution, and all his friends were opposed to his going into the country, especially Diaz, who had an immense admiration for his friend's nude work. "What!" said he, "'Name of the great pontiff,' do you pretend to tell me that you have decided to live with brutes and sleep on weeds and thistles, to bury yourself among peasants, when by remaining in Paris and continuing your immortal flesh painting, you are certain to be clothed in silks and satins?" "Yes," quietly replied Millet, "the fact is I am more familiar with the first than with the last, and when I get to the ground I shall be free."

Fortune, who favored Millet oftener than she has had the credit of doing, appeared suddenly in a beautiful form.

The state gave him a commission of 1,800 francs, and paid him 700 in advance. It was an enormous sum in those days, and the artist was so happy about it that he began to paint a large canvas, as he said, in proportion with the price. His friends protested against his undertaking such an extravagant piece of work, and tried to convince him that a smaller picture would do just as well, but he persisted, until a more formidable obstacle arose. He had selected the subject of "Hagar and Ishmael in the desert," and was painting the figures without drapery. It was the nude over again.

He reproached himself, stopped his nearly completed work, went back to

the memories of his youth, and painted a smaller picture which he called "Winnowers resting near hay-stacks." It was completed with great difficulty, because he could not find the right models, and delivered to the Minister of Fine Arts with the following letter:

PARIS, April 30, 1849.

SIR: I have completed the picture which you were kind enough to order of me, and have executed it with all possible care and conscientiousness. I ought to send it to the exhibition, where it could be judged. I pray you to be good enough to place at my disposition the sum of 1,100 francs, which remains due on this commission.

The very great need that I have for this money obliges me to ask you to enable me to get it in the shortest possible time. Accept, sir, the assurance of my profound respect,

J. F. MILLET.

8 Rue du Delta.

The cholera was at this time raging in Paris, especially among children. Millet had three, and his friend Jacque as many more. Both fathers were in mortal fear, and in the midst of it Jacque was himself attacked. As soon as he got well enough to move about, Millet went to him and said, "My friend, I have one thousand francs; I will lend you half, and then let us go into the country. Where, I don't know; if you know of some place, so much the better; we must go anyway." "All right," gladly answered Jacque, "I know of a hole near the forest of Fontainebleau, the name of which ends with a 'zon.' We will go to the city of Fontainebleau and hunt up the rest of the word when we get there." So the two families crowded into the diligence one fine day in June, 1849, rattled over the stony road to Chailly, passed the White Horse, and entered the great forest by the grand route, so happy that they did not dream of even asking for Barbizon, although they passed within sight of it, and were going over ground that had been already trodden by two generations of their brother artists. Arriving at Fontainebleau, they stopped at the ancient and still flourishing hostelry of the "Blue Dial."

After resting a few days Madame Millet said to her husband, "Millet, my dear, this is too costly for our purse; don't you think you had better begin to hunt up the nest you are in search of." "Oh, yes," exclaimed Jacque, "let's start at once for the rest of the zon." And they started into the forest, without thinking to ask where to go. After a long walk they found themselves on the grand route, and hailing a woodchopper, asked him where they should bring up if they kept on. "At Chailly," he answered. "That is not the place we want," they said, "for it does not end with a zon." "Oh," exclaimed the woodchopper, "perhaps you mean Barbizon." "Precisely," replied Jacque. "Then bear to your left and you will strike it." Millet and Jacque entered Barbizon from the forest by the "Cow Gate," always the principal entrance to the village, and then in all its deep-shaded wildness.

The forest was a grand revelation to Millet, and Barbizon pleased him. He returned to Fontainebleau the same day, and the next day he brought his family by the diligence back to the little path which runs through the forest from the grand route to Barbizon, as before mentioned, and there this humble party began its march on foot. Millet went ahead, carrying his two little girls on his shoulders. Madame Millet followed with the boy baby of five months in her arms, and the servant girl, bent half-double with the weight of an enormous basket of provisions, trudged along after them. They had hardly started before a pouring rain began to fall, and Madame Millet, to shield her infant, threw the skirt of her dress over her head. As this drowned-looking cortège entered the village, some old women who saw it pass cried out loud enough for the Millets to hear, "Oh, there goes a lot of strolling actors."

The first room which the Millets occupied after they found their nest was on the ground floor of a one-story building, situated off from the street and near the western end of the village. It was ten feet wide and fourteen long, and was entered through the only other room of the house, which was occupied by the owner. Both families ate in the

latter room and cooked their food in the same fireplace. The door in the centre of the illustration (p. 543) leads into the Millet room, but was cut through after he left. For a studio the artist rented a little upper room across the street.*

At the other end of the village, near the entrance to the forest, was an unoccupied little peasant home, a barn-like looking structure of one story and an attic, sixty-one feet long, sixteen wide, and seventeen from the ground to the ridge-pole. There was a garden on the side toward the forest, forty-eight feet wide, and running the entire length of the house. The high wall that enclosed it had a door through which the occupants of the house were permitted to pass into the fields beyond. A part seventeen feet deep of the building, which faced the north and was on the line of the street, had been used as a barn, and its ground floor was several steps below the level of the street. There was a small door, and a window three feet square, in this end. In the rear of this barn-room were two others, each twelve by thirteen feet, and eight high, with plaster on the walls and rafter ceiling. Still farther in the rear and on the south end of the building, was a woodshed. Soon after Millet came to Barbizon he rented this property for thirty-two dollars a year, and there he lived for the

* Barbizon has always had its quota of interesting and amusing characters, and everyone, stranger or native, Millet excepted, had a more or less euphonious nickname given to him. Millet's first proprietor belonged to both categories, and though baptized as Jean Gatzler, he was called Petit Jean. He took a great fancy to the artist, and confided to him the secret ambition of his life, which was nothing less than to be a buyer and seller of rabbit-skins. The first attainment toward eventual success in this arduous profession is the acquiring of a peculiarly sonorous, shrill squeak, which its members make at short intervals as they go through the street. It is the same order of music as that used by the itinerants who mend broken window-glass. To fitly prepare himself for the exercise of this important function, "Little John" had practised in solitude long and laboriously. But Millet, perhaps incredulous of the genius of others, had not given his aspiring proprietor the credit of sufficient capacity for the carrying out of such a critical enterprise. His surprise was consequently very great when "Little John," after having killed two rabbits and slung their skins over his shoulder, appeared at his studio early one morning, and after giving an unusually loud knock, informed the painter that the long-expected *moment* had come; and, without further explanation, to Millet's immense amusement, shrieked out with a piercing cry, "Peau-d-lapin! peau-d-lapin!" (rabbit skins! rabbit skins!). Little John was also a good wine taster, as well as a lively, gossipy companion, and Millet used to get him to go to an adjoining hamlet to test wine that could be bought for six dollars a barrel. Flattered with this responsibility, he would invariably assure the artist, in the most solemn and confidential manner, that he was not such a fool as many people thought he was.

remainder of his life. It became "Millet's home" in Barbizon. The two little rooms were occupied by the family, and at first he used the barn as a studio (p. 541).

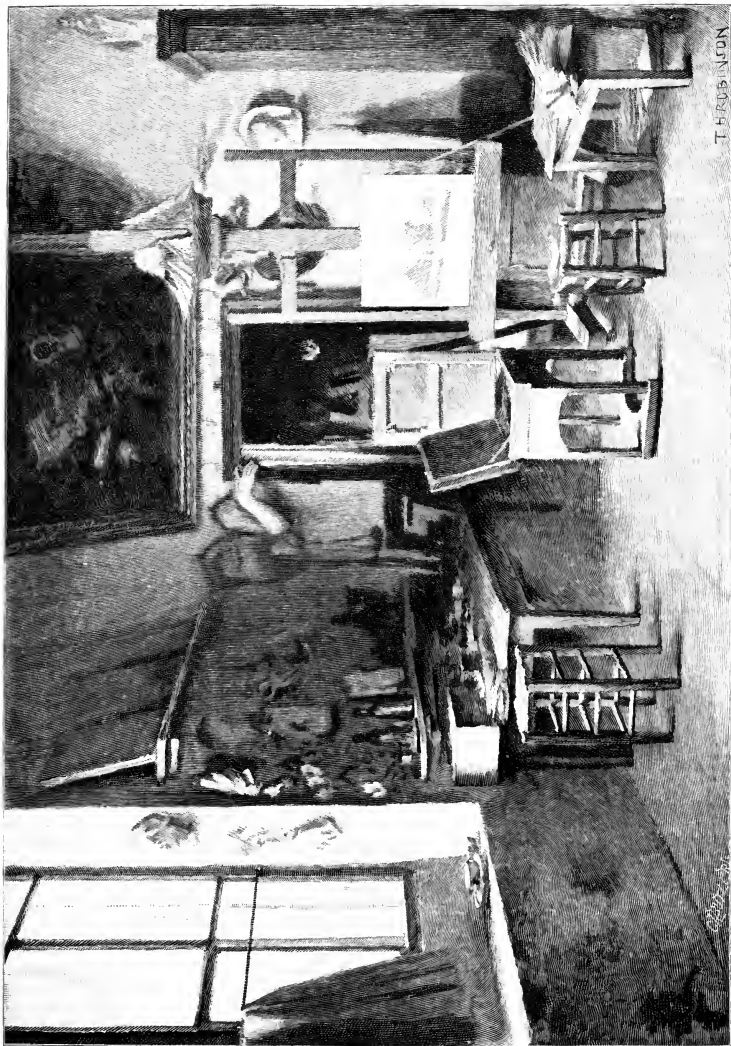
In that cheerless place, for more than five long years, by the light of a little corner window, and with no fire—save, to lessen the intensity of the severest cold, an occasional flame from burning straw, the smoke of which gave a quieter color to the walls—did Millet labor at his art. He tilled the garden with his own hands, raising the needed summer vegetables, and made a hen-house at the street corner of his studio out of queer-shaped stones that he brought from the forest. Across the garden, with its end toward the house and its side on the line of the street, there was another barn twenty-two feet long, seventeen wide, and a story and a half high, which belonged to Millet's proprietor, Brézar, otherwise known as *The Wolf*. Seeing that he had a good tenant, Brézar fitted this barn over into a studio, by laying a floor of wood, putting in a window on the north side, six feet wide and nine high, making a rafter ceiling thirteen feet above the floor, and cutting a door in the end toward the house, and all for a few dollars more rent. Thus originated Millet's permanent Barbizon studio. After he moved into it the old one was changed into a dining-room, by raising the floor to the level of the other rooms, which were even with the surface of the garden, lathing and plastering the walls, cutting a door through the wall into the first room in the rear, building a chimney, closing the door on the street, and making the window a pane or two higher. These improvements Millet made at his own expense, but further conveniences in the shape of a little kitchen in the place of the hen-house, and a door from it to the dining-room, were made by the accommodating *Wolf*. And these were the first comforts of habitation that the painter had enjoyed since he had left his father's hearthstone, twenty-two years before.

Jacque, more skilful in handling men, and more adroit in getting hold of the full and immediate returns of his labor, had bought, very soon after he came to Barbizon, a house and garden next to

Millet, and similarly situated on the street. Jacque's house was a little larger than the one Millet occupied, and they were separated by a narrow garden. For a studio Jacque used a little one-story building situated beyond that just described as Millet's, and separated from it by a cartway which led into the fields.

Sensier followed Millet to Barbizon, and began to prepare himself a home near his friend by beginning to buy, as early as 1852, the house that Jacque owned. And he continued to buy land, until, by the time ten years had passed, he owned a large part of the plain in the rear of his house and garden, and finally the property that Millet occupied, with an additional strip of land beyond it, toward the forest, and upon which was Jacque's studio. Millet then became Sensier's tenant.

The negotiations for these purchases, often mentioned in Millet's letters, were carried on entirely by him. It was a task of almost endless difficulty and annoyance, and required all the Normand peasant's skill and cunning to bring them to a successful issue. The peasants of this department of France are extremely fond of their land, and they hate, next to death, to part with it. In fact, they never do sell it unless absolutely obliged to for one reason or another, and when they are, their overreaching, suspicious, ignorant, and unreliable natures make them nearly impossible parties to a bargain. No word of theirs can be depended upon; a signed bond, made at the most favorable moment for the buyer, and with a sufficient money forfeit, was then, and is now, the only basis for a business transaction in Barbizon. Millet knew how to, and did, handle the peasant for Sensier successfully, but when his own interests and comforts were at stake he could not get on with them at all. After Sensier's purchase of the property where Millet lived, and the increase in numbers of Millet's family, more room was needed and further changes and improvements were made. The woodshed was fitted over into a sleeping-room, a cellar was built under it, the only one under any part of the house, a chimney erected, and a door cut through into the room in front of



Miller's Studio.

(From a photograph by Charles Bodmer, made three months after the artist's death, giving it precisely as he left it, except that the color stand near the easel had been moved.)

it. The Millet house then contained four rooms, three of the same size, all opening into each other, all having chimneys, two doors leading directly into the garden and another through the kitchen, while the attic was made accessible by a dormer-door.

Jacque's old studio, a narrow strip of land beyond it, the passageway between the studios, and a piece of land in the rear of all were added to the Millet estate. Jacque's studio was changed into a living-room and Millet's studio building extended to it, making an additional room for the family on the ground floor and a nice little studio for the artist upstairs. The latter had a window on both north and south sides, so that he could look out from the last upon the forest and plain beyond, as well as occasionally be at home to no one. (This was subsequently occupied by Millet's son François.) Sensier bore the expense of the addition to the studio, and Millet that of the other improvements. The rent was raised to sixty dollars a year as soon as the former came into possession, and to ninety dollars and fifty cents after the completion of the studio extension, where it remained until after

Millet's death, when it was further raised by Sensier to one hundred dollars.

Beyond Jacque's old studio building was a space large enough for an entrance to the garden and a shed for a donkey-cart, all on the line of the street. Inside this space was a little barn for the donkey, a hen-house, well, dog-kennel, and a place for doves. Fruit-trees filled the garden, flowers were everywhere, and the high walls were covered with different kinds of vines. At the foot of the winding stone stairs that led from the garden to the upper studio was a beautiful elm, and near it an immense, oddly-shaped apple-tree that Millet greatly admired. By these gradual additions through a period of twenty years was the Millet home completed. It was indeed an ideal, rustic, and winning nest; a haven for the weary painter, a paradise for his family, and an envy to strangers. Yet, to an American, the house in which Millet lived would be regarded as far from comfortable, because of its dampness and lack of ventilation.

On several occasions he tried to carry out one of his fondest hopes, to have a home of his own, "a nest for my little

Schaffers	nestor	27	artiste	Lige	id
Kamr De Cock	Ravis	34	artiste	Land	id
Semairettem	Quif	32	artiste	Land	id
Schmid Frans	Spandrickiel	23	Notete	Rotterdam	id
P. Ploggers	Freden	26		Rotterdam	id
Borring	Nicolaus	22	Cartonnier	Rotterdam	id
Mercieran	Charles	29	detute	Rockford	id
Chuteaut	Julien	17	Artiste	Paris	id
Herwin	Andrieu	24	Artiste	Paris	id
Koelcaral	Charles	28	Artiste	Paris	id
Barye	Antoine Louis	37	sculpteur	Paris	id
Daumier	Jean Baptiste	24	artiste peintre	Marsy-la-ville	id
Mittler	David	37	artiste	Paris	id
Ziem	Julien	30	artiste peintre	Beaune	id

Corner of Ganne's Hotel Register,
(Showing autographs of Barye, Daumier, and Ziem.)



East End of Ganne's Second Hotel in Barbizon, and Door to Yard.

toads," as he often said, but for various reasons, that, like many others of similar nature, went up in sighs.

During every summer and autumn, from the time Millet died until his family left their old home, hundreds of people came, like so many pilgrims, to see where he had lived and labored. His home became a Mecca, and the room in which so many of his masterpieces were executed, a kind of holy ground. Every spot he had delineated, every scene he had admired, and every object identified with him was sought out, asked about, and gazed upon with a wondering adoration. They came in such persistent crowds, and with such ardent zeal of curiosity and worship that François, Millet's oldest son, himself a painter, who occupied his father's studio, was obliged to lock the door, and give orders that no one should be permitted to enter the one leading from the street, in order that he might get time to execute his own pictures.*

*Here are two characteristic examples of this craze. A Belgian count came to the studio, and after having been introduced to François, and expressed his pleasure

A short time before the expiration of Madame Millet's lease, November 1, 1888, some American admirers of the great painter proposed buying the property and presenting it to her for her use as long as she lived; but as no mutually satisfactory price could be agreed upon, the project was abandoned.

Sensier left one heir, now Madame Duhamel, who, with her husband, lives in her father's house in Barbizon; and as Madame Millet and Madame Duhamel could not come to an understanding in regard to an extension of the lease, the former bought a property across the street, of an old friend of the family, for

at meeting him, modestly observed, "I have just come from a visit to the medallion erected in the forest to your own and Rousseau's honor."

[In 1884 two large high-relief heads of Millet and Rousseau were set into the side of a large rock situated just inside the edge of the forest, at Barbizon, and dedicated with appropriate ceremonies.]

In the autumn of 1888 a party of Americans came to Barbizon, and going to the Millet home, they found the door closed, but by dint of bell-ringing and knocking on the window of the kitchen, they aroused the servant and asked to be permitted to see the studio. As the servant hesitated about letting them in, the leader of the party, an enterprising dame, informed her that they were Americans, and as an irresistible recommendation for admission, assured her that one gentleman of the party had missed being President of the United States. They were admitted.



View of the Plain of Barbizon at Night.

six thousand dollars, much larger than the one she had so long occupied.

It was especially painful for François Millet to leave his father's studio. As the favorite child, he had spent years of the closest and most precious intimacy with his parent. They had worked, talked, cried in sorrow, and laughed in joy together. And so many strange and varied scenes had passed in that old place. The air of it had a touch of tender familiarity; the dust itself had become a veritable incense, and the great old chair near the door, in which had sat time and again all the great

souls of the master's day, Barye, Daubigny, Corot, Rousseau, Diaz, Decamps, seemed a throne that could not be moved. "The studio was overflowing with souvenirs," said he. "Behind the looking-glass were marked the heights of all of father's friends, Diaz, Hunt, Rousseau, and many others, as well as his own. There were sketches, mottoes, and verses. I rubbed them all out. It was my right. There were things too fine to be preserved outside

of one's own heart. I would do it again, in spite of anyone or anything. Such things do not belong to the world. Then I burned other things. I had a real *auto-da-fé* in memory of my father."

With the exception of a space of twenty-five feet, serving as an entrance to Sensier's garden, the Millet home embraced the entire street front of the former's estate; but after M. Duhamel came into possession, he tore down the rear portion of the Millet house, containing the three little rooms, and left standing the street end in which was the dining-room. The part thus destroyed was too near ruin for preservation and repair, and besides, its proprietor wanted the space it occupied. The walls of the garden and the outhouses were also destroyed, and in place of the latter new ones were built. The falling wall between the Millet house and studio was removed, and a large entrance gate erected in its place. The old door of the studio was closed, and a new one cut through from the garden side. The studio itself has been put in modern order by the cleaning and coloring of the walls, and adorned with such of the master's works as remain in the hands of M. and Madame Duhamel, as well as examples of the handiwork of nearly all of Millet's contemporaries. It is in reality a little museum of art and literature, free of access to all.

III.

MILLET'S LIFE.

WHILE Millet had nothing to do in a social way either with the inhabitants or the artists of Barbizon, the former occupied themselves about him, and were able in one way and another to annoy him. They, and those who furnished him with the necessaries of life, were avaricious, jealous, suspicious, and ignorant. They were obliged, in order to live and save a *sou*, to scrimp, and scrape, and starve, and, almost without exception, each succeeding generation lost in physical vigor and native character. Any trifling superiority on the part of anyone of them was a proper reason for defamation and insinuating gossip

by the others. Each watched every movement of his neighbor with the eyes of a lynx, and the loss of a chicken was enough to set the whole hamlet in an uproar and—until the bird was found—everyone save the owner was a thief. Peasant life in Barbizon was a desperate struggle for existence, a kind of reduced condition of poaching, and with a variety and intensity of means that would tax the utmost credulity of an American. Gossip, scandal, and tale-bearing were the principal social resources, and a recommendation to respect consisted in the indulgence of this habit united to a familiarity with the dirty wine-shop, card-playing, and joining in the rude sports of the place. Two generations of artists had, as Jacque observed, "cut the eye-teeth" of these people so far as their smaller interests were concerned.

It was into these surroundings that Millet came, and to none of them was he responsive. He was reserved, dignified, and minded his own business—three mortal sins. He was called a bear. Though Millet was a peasant himself, and proud of it, it was not after the Barbizon pattern.

The peasants of Barbizon knew that he earned more money than all of them put together; that he should spend it all in living was another unpardonable sin. The Millets lived like generous Normands, their table was always bountifully spread, and their children were fed for health and good blood. It was not to a shamed hospitality that a friend was invited. Every old gossip in the village knew when Madame Millet bought good meat, but when a filet was selected a cry of horror went up. "Such extravagance! How could they lay up anything! Can you expect them to have credit?" Never had busybodies such food for uneasy tongues; and they recount to this day, in all their old-time protesting wonder, the story of the luxurious habits of the Millets, of the immense dishes of meat and vegetables that loaded their table and filled the whole house with their nourishing smell. That they did not starve their children into idiots, in imitation of the custom of the locality, was a mistake that could not be overlooked. The

comparison between mutton cutlets and cabbage soup could not be borne. These unfortunates do not see now any clearer than they did then the distance that separated them from the artist, or his happy offspring from their sorrowful ones.

The screws of these protestations and envy were applied when he wanted credit, and with an insolence that cannot be exaggerated; but he could not always prevent the turning. There was another inconvenience. He who lives by credit is quite enough a slave, and if an imaginative mind, his eye runs over an accumulating sea of bondage. For everything thus bought Millet had not only to pay from fifty to seventy-five per cent. more than he would if he could have gone to the market of Melun or Fontainebleau, but he lost a like amount in the quality of the articles purchased. When he wrote to Sensier that he "dreaded to be stripped naked before these creatures," there was a weight in the words that cannot be overestimated.

These were the principal enemies the painter had in Barbizon. He combated them as best he could. When he wrote to Sensier to send him letters stamped with the great seal of the Minister of the Interior, it was asking for aid that meant a great deal; credit, patience on the part of those he owed, and knowledge that he had business with the government, because the letter-carrier was sure to tell everyone of this impressive event. There were times, also, when it was necessary to have money without the useful interference of this personage, and then Sensier sent it to Fontainebleau, and Millet would walk over and get it. It is true that he was harassed for money nearly every year of his life, and that he died worrying about the future of his family; and it is quite probable that it would have been much the same had he been in receipt of ten thousand dollars a year. He had no idea of money save to make his family and his friends happy.

But all this is of minor importance, or of no importance at all, when it is borne in mind what he was and what he did. He brought up a large family of

children, nine in all, in health and strength, and gave them a good practical education, so that they could go out into the world on fair terms with any. They had everything that could give them pleasure — flowers, doves, hens, goats, and a donkey. They lived happy lives, and knew no suffering.

For himself, who can estimate the professional contribution he made to the world? Even an imperfect examination of the long list of masterpieces in oil, and the almost innumerable drawings that he executed, obliges one to think that he was a mighty magician, whose head was never below the clouds, and who called out of an endless world the chosen expressions of his fancy. True, he walked, as he said, in "a pair of sabots as smooth as a shuttle," and oftentimes was obliged to take them off for fear of slipping; but what an immortal head and heart he carried above them!

It was not always dark in that little nest. There were four distinct sources of undeviating comfort and light. His own undisturbed and unswerving courage; the joy of a growing family; the social meetings of his professional brethren, and above all, the serene consciousness of an increasing power of production.

Millet walked with the gods, and ate their meat. He never complained. There was always great mental health in him, no matter what might be the degree of momentary annoyance. His art and his love for his flesh and blood were one, and nothing came between him and them. Nor were there any moments when he lost sight of the respect due his art, or of that which he knew would be paid it by all art lovers, sooner or later. It is doubtful if any artist ever lived who had a more thoroughbred art sensibility, or felt more clearly what was due it. He understood what is now formulated as making art popular, and dreaded it as a plague. His sense of self-production was high and just.

Millet was fortunate in many things. All that could be got out of the association of the greatest minds in art of his day, he had, under the most favorable conditions. That little dining-room in Barbizon contained, on many occasions

during his life, what I think may be truly called the most illustrious company of artists that ever sat around a table together. Four were great, and all distinguished. They were Corot, Daumier, Barye, Rousseau, Diaz, and the host himself. Not only were the first three and the last great, but they were four of the greatest artists of modern times, and of such difference of temperament as none but nature could have conceived. There was no levelling of individuality, no conciliation of temperaments, no common fund of fraternal sympathy. Each stood for himself, though filled with the same food and warmed by the same wine—a review of giants, each thinking aloud and all listening.

Everyone knows that Corot was the happiest, sweetest spirit that ever painted poetry, with an ease and clearness of vision without rival. Everyone also knows that Daumier was the greatest caricaturist the later centuries have seen; but few understand why Millet should always and only say of his things, "Quel sacrée grandeur!" and Barye, chary of praise, "the divinest draughtsman of his age." Barye, as man and artist, has always been an enigma. The best thing to say of him now is, that he was very unsatisfactory to those who could not understand him, and a master of all situations.

At all these gatherings, when Diaz was present, there was the accustomed break in the ceremony. He had a wooden leg, and hated above all things talk on art; and whenever the moment of exhausted patience came he would pound the table with his hands, imitate a trumpet with his mouth, bring the end of his stump up against the under side of the table with a fearful thump,

and cry out like a wild man, "Thunder of all the Gods, give us peace! Can't you content yourself by making art all day without gabbling about it all night? Close up!" For each and everyone he had some special designation: of Rousseau, whenever he began to speak, "O there, Rousseau is going to unscrew his chair." When his own opinion was sought he would always reply, "Oh, yes, oh, yes," no matter what the question was or subject discussed. As they did not "close up," Diaz would get up and leave in high indignation, hearing as he passed out of the room this comforting assurance, "Blessed is the door that hides you."

Millet's daily and evening walks in the fields and forest, alone, or with his son, Rousseau, Sensier, Babcock, or Hunt, were a continued source of inspiration and freedom. And there was also a yearly journey through a country "so beautiful," says François, "that we never thought of describing it." It was to Larchant, an ancient walled village of about seven hundred inhabitants, situated fifteen miles south of Barbizon. It contained the ruins of a magnificent castle, with a high tower still standing, and the celebrated church of St. Mathurin. This journey, taken in the superb month of October, with his son, Sensier, or Rousseau, was like a constant and familiar discovery to Millet.

These are some of the pleasures that the artist enjoyed, and though they do not represent the fullest variety, their quality was of the best. He knew all that was worth knowing of the best men of his day, was conversant with the best literature of all days, and carried his burden in a way altogether worthy of himself. And all this in Barbizon.

(To be concluded in June.)



“AS HAGGARDS OF THE ROCK.”

By Mary Tappan Wright.

OCTOBER was drawing to a close, and the shores of Deep Cove had a sombre and forbidding aspect ; soft purple shadows lurked amid the slowly turning foliage of the oaks and apple-trees overhanging the waters, and above the crest of the hill one might see here and there the bare branches of some solitary maple outlined black against the hard gray of the autumn sky. A strong northwest wind was blowing, and far back in all the little bays and inlets, the waves had been covered with white caps throughout the day. It was now almost evening, and the tide, running out around the Point at Wanasquam, left visible the twisting channel which flowed, leaden and sullen, between slippery masses of brownish-green eel-grass.

The sun had just set, leaving a threatening red edge to fringe the heavy clouds that lowered over the sand-hills across the harbor, when a young woman carrying a load of sketching materials came forward from under the trees, and leaping from stone to stone, deposited her burden on the flat top of a great boulder that lay far out on the edge of the current. She stood there for some time noting the dark red shadows on the black buildings of the opposite wharf ; the wind, flapping her heavy skirts in spiral folds about her and roaring stoutly in the branches of the oaks behind, so filled her ears with its din that she was wholly unconscious of the approach of a small dory, and deaf to the first greeting of the old man who rowed it. Leaning forward on his oars he waited, turning upward his thin bronzed face with a smile of mingled approval and derision.

“When you’ve got done admirin’ the coal wharf, we’ll just start home !” he shouted at last. “Mrs. Banks ’ll be waitin’ supper.” The girl turned, and with very little show of hurry, handed down to him her sketching materials.

“Have you been here long ?” she asked.

“Long enough — Be careful !

By King and Great Judas, you had a close shave that time !” he exclaimed, somewhat angrily, for letting herself as far down the face of the rock as she dared, the girl had jumped lightly into the boat and seated herself in the stern.

“The doctor must have had long legs,” she said, looking at him with a shade of triumph in her eyes.

“It don’t make any difference what kind of legs he had,” answered the old man, crossly. “Tain’t safe to jump into a dory that way unless you know how.”

“But did he have long legs ?”

“Oh, leave his legs alone !” said Captain Banks. “I’m sick of him. You haven’t let a day go by, since you came in June, without pesterin’ me about the doctor, or the Doctor’s Rock. I have told you all I mean to.”

The girl looked at him mischievously. “It is your last chance, you know,” she said ; “I am going with the Sanbornes to-morrow. I hope Mrs. Banks broke the news to you gently.”

Banks’s eyes shifted ; he looked out over the water with affected unconsciousness, while a slow, provoking smile pervaded every feature.

“I know it is a blow to you,” continued she. “Do not hesitate to let your natural grief have its course.”

“Thank you,” he answered, dryly, “but I’m not goin’ to give way till you’re out of sight ;” and falling to with a sudden access of vigor, he sent the dory flying gayly along toward an old gambrel-roofed house on the next cove, rounding in at the pier with a turn equivalent to a whole flourish of trumpets. Something seemed to be pleasing the old man, for, as the girl turned at the head of the ladder to take her sketches, she caught him furtively wiping his mouth to hide an irrepressible grin.

“Be along to supper pretty soon ?” he asked, carelessly. “Mrs. Banks expects you. Mrs. Sanborne fixed it all up with her when she left.”

“Mrs. Sanborne !” said the girl, with

a movement of surprise. "She has not gone! Do you mean to say that she has left me alone in this dismal house with no one but the cook?"

"Well, no—" said Banks, with an air of virtuous candor; "she hasn't, because she had a row with the cook after breakfast, and the cook—she left first."

The girl stood still. Some long streamers of chestnut hair had blown from under her close-fitting boy's cap, and the wind tossed them wildly about her face; drawing her heavy eyebrows angrily together, she frowned down upon him resentfully.

A look of curiosity and of horror slowly replaced the smile on the old man's face.

"By Godfrey Dumm Sir!" he said, in a slow, reflective voice. "You'd ought to sit for a photograph of the knocker."

Annoyed and provoked, Miss Langford turning away in silence, crossed through the tangled grass and mounted the three rough-hewn steps at the rear entrance of the house; from the upper panel of the door a small, scowling Medusa face vividly reflected the expression of her own. Raising herself on tiptoe, she gazed intently at its stormy features.

"He may be right," she said, thoughtfully. "How did it come here?" and turning the knob she entered, reluctantly. A long, narrow hall, with a door at either end, ran directly through the middle of the house. At the front, in the far corner, stood a tall clock of some dark reddish wood; she moved toward it and tried to read the hour, but its gray face glimmered dim and undistinguishable in the shadows.

Drawing back the little curtain that hung at the side-light of the front door, she pressed close to the glass and looked out. Between the house and the water, the few trees that stood on the lawn were rocking slowly in the wind, and beyond, long stretches of marsh and winding channel spread out toward the low hills that in the gathering darkness dimly marked the horizon. Shuddering slightly, she turned away. A last, pale remnant of day shone through the glass that framed in the door through which she had entered; faint creaking noises issued from the dusky rooms on either hand, and the ticking of the old clock

became aggressive. She looked up with startled eyes. "I am not frightened," she said to herself, dubiously, as she carefully felt her way down the hall again. Suddenly a shutter somewhere noisily swung open in the wind; with a great start she sprang forward, catching her arm as she did so in a dangling cord at the stairway which set in motion a small, angry bell. Its sudden, fretful remonstrance completed her panic and followed her half-way up the avenue, as she fled to the gate that opened upon the highway.

On the other side of the road Captain John Banks's house, with the usual inaccessible front door, stood terraced high at the brink of a little quarry. Miss Langford had a moment of indecision, but in her present state of mind the thought of the house on the cove was insupportable; half laughing at her own cowardice, she raced up the slope that led to the kitchen.

Old lady Banks—something in the little woman's refined, delicate face and gentle speech, had earned her the title—stood in the door waiting for her.

"I was just coming down for you," she said. "They've played you a nice trick, haven't they?" and her manner was almost deprecatory. Miss Langford stood straight and irresponsible.

"I am sorry to put you to this trouble," she said, coldly.

"It is no trouble at all," answered the older woman, eagerly. "We have a nice room with a warm fire. I'd be glad to have you stay a month if you wanted to."

"I must go to-morrow," said the girl, seating herself at the small table prepared for her at the window, "and—I shall stay down at the other house to-night to do my packing." She was committed to it now, and her courage rose distinctly.

"Oh! you can't do that!" cried Mrs. Banks, in great distress. "You must not think of it;" but Miss Langford went on with her supper, unmoved.

"You can't possibly stay there alone!" repeated Mrs. Banks, her voice trembling and her eyelids twitching nervously. "I am going to speak to Banks about it." She hurried out to the barn, where her husband was milking the cow.

"She is angry," said Mrs. Banks.

"Fumin'," said he, chuckling audibly but not raising his head. "Never saw her in such a temper before. Great Judas! if she didn't nearly scare me out of my senses looking like that con-founded knocker come to life."

"I am sorry," returned his wife; "she has been so friendly."

"Great King! ain't I sorry, too?" queried Banks, defensively. "But she's been so darn lively all summer—pretendin' I was in love with her—" Here he stopped milking, and with a characteristic gesture drew his horny hand across his smooth-shaven mouth. "Still, I can't say it ain't a satisfaction to see her brought up short. Come bad, come good, nothin's seemed to faze her for the last four months. 'Tain't natural."

"No," said his wife, with a sudden sigh; "I suppose it isn't. She has been happy."

He looked up keenly. "What is the matter now?" he asked, abruptly.

"She says she is going to stay down there all night."

"By—Cuss!" It was his most solemn asseveration.

"She's set on it," said Mrs. Banks, helplessly. "What shall we do?"

"Do? We can't do anything," answered Banks, irritably. "That girl's as obstinate as a little mule when she's once made up her mind."

"I'll have to tell her."

"You'll have to do nothin' of the kind!" answered Banks. "That's my house, and I'm not goin' to have the rentin' of it spoiled. Besides, who's ever seen anything?"

"Nobody's seen anything," said his wife, "but they have felt things. Why, you wouldn't be hired yourself to stay down there at night when the weather comes on like this in October!"

"I'd stay down there this very night if I hadn't a' promised the Browns to go out with them after herrin'." And Banks rose with the brimming milk-pail in his hand.

"Oh, not to-night! not to-night!" cried his wife, catching his arm. "It's coming. I feel it."

"Trash!" said Banks. "What's comin'? I don't believe a word of it, and if it does come—" he smiled grimly

—"she's been possessed about the doctor all summer; let her find out something for herself."

"Yet you pretend to like her!" exclaimed Mrs. Banks, indignantly, leaving him and returning to the house; but the girl was gone.

Dreading interference, Miss Langford had hastily finished her supper and hurried down to the house on the cove. The wind had increased; she could hear the water lashing against the pier; to her left a dull red arc in the sky, reflected from the lights of the city further along the coast, lit up the horizon, and added menace to the scudding clouds overhead; dry leaves whirled by her like living things in haste. But her spirits had risen, and the nervousness of the early evening wholly disappeared. Singing, whistling, and talking to herself, she went about the house, lighting the lamps. Long, gleaming reflections shone from the windows far across the waters; inside, a fire crackled cheerfully in the great Franklin stove, and to all without the place put on an air of joyful festivity.

The packing for a whole summer is not done in an hour, or even in two; it was after nine o'clock when Miss Langford tucked the last articles into her trunk-trays, closed the lids, and went downstairs to the sitting-room. Drawing a large leather easy-chair to the fire, she pulled the lamp toward her and opened her book. At the end of half an hour or more she began to be unwontedly alert and watchful; the fire had burned down; she piled it up with fresh logs and fir-cones, but all her jaunty spirits were beginning to desert her. She found herself listening, startled, intent, and became conscious of ominous corners in the narrow hall, which she dared not investigate. A smoking lamp was going out somewhere, but she could not turn her head, and the swollen front door had opened of itself, allowing the wind to blow in upon her shoulders.

"My dear?" The voice, scarcely more than a breath, came from a shadowy figure at the door. "Aren't you about ready to come up?"

"Mrs. Banks!" The girl sprang to her feet and stood trembling. "How

you startled me! But I am not in the least afraid. No; I think I'd better stay where I am. The coach will be here early in the morning.”

“You don't mean you think of staying here all night?”

“Why not?”

Mrs. Banks came forward to the fire and seated herself in one of the tall black chairs.

“Don't do it!” she entreated.

Miss Langford wavered a moment. “Nothing can hurt me,” she answered.

Mrs. Banks made no answer; for a whole minute she remained silent, thoughtful, struggling with herself.

“You won't come?” she asked, at last.

The girl shook her head, half smilingly; there was another long pause.

“Then I must stay with you,” answered Mrs. Banks, with a heavy sigh.

“The captain will not know what has become of you,” objected Miss Langford.

“You are not the only wilful fool in 'Squam to-night,” said Mrs. Banks, hotly, borrowing for once something of her husband's plainness of speech. “Banks is out after herring!” and pressing her lips tightly together, she drew from her pocket a long strip of knitting, and commenced to work.

“May I make a sketch of you?” asked Miss Langford, taking up a pencil and block.

“Well, you may try,” said Mrs. Banks, with a slightly reluctant manner, and the sitting began.

“How still you are!” said the girl.

“Oh, I've done it before,” said Mrs. Banks; “when I was young I used to 'pose’—as he called it—for the doctor by the —” She stopped.

“The doctor was an artist, then?” queried Miss Langford with triumphant curiosity.

“I suppose so,” answered Mrs. Banks, unwillingly.

“I thought that he was a physician. Somebody over in the village told me that the people brought their children to him for miles around, and that he seemed to know by instinct what to do for them.”

“Well, they did,” said Mrs. Banks. “He had a kind of genius for doctoring, but he hated it; painting was his trade.”

“Rather a dangerous kind of genius for the poor children.”

“I don't see why! He was educated a doctor!”

“So it was only the painting that was poor, then?” said Miss Langford, lightly, holding her little picture off at arm's length, and half shutting her eyes at it.

Gentle Mrs. Banks seemed thoroughly exasperated. She rose with decision, and drawing from her pocket a bunch of keys, unlocked an old secretary in the corner.

“There,” she said, bringing out a small framed sketch. “Is that what you call poor painting?”

Miss Langford took the picture and studied it intently.

“It's pretty, isn't it?” said the old woman, wistfully.

“Pretty!” exclaimed the girl, and then slowly, without turning her eyes from it, “Why, this is wonderful! Who can have been the —?” As she spoke she held it under the lamp and carefully examined the artist's signature in the corner. “Ah!” she said, with sudden enlightenment. “Mrs. Banks—” looking up with puzzled brows—“Did the doctor do this?”

“Yes,” said Mrs. Banks. “He painted it just thirty-one years ago this summer. I was twenty then.”

The girl glanced at her incredulously.

“You do not mean that you are fifty-one years old?”

“Yes,” answered Mrs. Banks, with a little sigh. “I'm fifty-one! I don't look it, do I?”

Miss Langford had taken her for seventy! But not being quick at convenient subterfuges, she continued to examine the sketch in silence.

“Are you sure that his name was really Brown?” she asked, laying the picture carefully on the table.

“I'm sure I never called him anything else!” The answer was given somewhat shortly.

The girl looked at her keenly for a moment, and then leaning her elbow on her knee, and resting her chin on her hand, gazed frowning into the fire. She seemed to be trying to recall and reconstruct something in her thoughts.

“Did that knocker on the back door

belong to him?" she asked at last, looking Mrs. Banks squarely in the face, as if to prevent evasions.

"Yes"—a little defiantly—"it did. Do you think he stole it?"

Miss Langford smiled. "You needn't be so touchy," she said. "I suppose you know it is a wonderful piece of work."

"No, I don't. I don't know anything about 'work,'" answered Mrs. Banks, as if harping upon an old grievance. "All I know about it is that it isn't for sale."

"I shall not again ask you to sell it," said the girl, haughtily. "I am evidently not rich enough to buy it; but the offer I made you was not a cent less than its full value."

"There is no fault to find with your offer," retorted Mrs. Banks; "no honest woman would take all that for a little brownish-green piece of brass. But I should like to know what you want it for."

"There are reasons," said Miss Langford, with painful hesitation. "It was a portrait——" She stopped short.

"I don't want to pry," apologized Mrs. Banks, "but I've always thought that the thing was a portrait. If it wasn't, it was certainly about the best likeness I ever saw, and of course—if you've any better right to it than I, you shall have it."

"It looks like my mother, and she is dead!" said the girl, with an effort. "But—but——" Without finishing her sentence she rose and went into the hall to close the door, which had again opened silently in a lull of the wind. Returning, she seated herself at the fire; from time to time she raised her eyes as if about to speak, and then changing her mind, fell back into what Mrs. Banks, watching her furtively, called a "study."

"What was your reason for thinking it a portrait?" she asked at last.

"Because I saw her."

The girl looked at her, disquieted and uneasy.

"I cannot understand!" she said. "Her? Not Mamma? It was never meant for her."

"Miss Langford!" exclaimed Mrs. Banks, "you oughtn't to expect me to tell you. Here you have been all summer trying to find out what you could

about the doctor, without once letting me see that you already knew more than——"

"Never mind the doctor!" cried the girl, impatiently. "Why should I care to hear of a man willing to live under an assumed name? But this other—interests me."

"You'll not hear about the one without the other," said Mrs. Banks, sternly. "And as for the doctor's name being assumed, it was no such thing. It began with the little sick children calling him the "Brown Doctor"—for he used to get about as black as an Indian before summer was half over—and then his own name being a kind of a jaw-breaker, the people just naturally dropped it. Why, even Ezra James, the man who kept this boarding-house then, had the doctor's real name in writing plain enough at first, but later on he made out all the bills to 'Doctor Brown;' I've seen them myself. I lived with the James's from the time I was a child until I left here to teach district school. I've a mind to tell you the whole thing. You've kind of forced it on me, but if ever the day comes when you're sorry you've heard it, you've only got yourself to blame. But, since you don't care to hear about the doctor, I'll begin with the lady."

"She came one dismal, misty evening about thirty years ago. I was waiting down on the pier for the men to come in from the fishing. Mrs. James had told me to watch, so that I could let her know when they were in sight, for she meant to have an omelet for the doctor. He had stayed in 'Squam that year later than usual, and James had agreed not to take any new boarders; the doctor hated strangers, and was willing to pay for having the house to himself. It was a lot prettier here then than it is now; the bridge-dam wasn't built, and this cove stretched away back into the hills. I was looking that way when I saw a boat put out from over on the Gloucester road, with a lady in it. The stage-coach had broken down, and they'd told her we took boarders; so she came to see if she could get a room for the night. I went in and spoke to Mrs. James, who sent me back to say that her rooms were all taken. But the lady

had followed me, and was now into the sitting-room. No sooner did Mrs. James lay eyes on her than she went right down before her; and I must say I don't think I ever saw a sweeter woman myself, or one with a more taking way. Mrs. James gave her the spare chamber, the one over the room behind the one we're in, and was promising all sorts of things to make her comfortable, when there was a shout by the pier.

"'My!' said Mrs. James, starting off. 'There's the doctor, and not a sign of an omelet ready.' And sure enough, there he was, sauntering along the pier, his pipe in his mouth, his hands in the pockets of his reefer, with the kind of a powerful look big men like that 'most always have. I always liked to look at him.

"'Quick!' said the lady, 'show me to my room.' I turned around fast enough. She was leaning, deadly white, against the chair you're sitting on. 'Where can I have seen her before?' I thought, but she motioned to me to lead the way. I started, feeling as if there was some awful hurry, and when I opened the door at the top of the stairs I was as breathless as though I'd been carried up in a whirlwind. But the lady went by me with a face as unruffled as a child's.

"'Do not call anyone,' she said, softly, and then without another word she sank down on the lounge and fainted away. I never dreamed of disobeying, and before long she came to herself. She had been badly shaken in the upsetting of the coach, she said, and if I did not mind, would like to be quiet until tea-time. Of course I went down-stairs, and there I found that poor Mrs. James had fallen into trouble with the doctor. He came in, she told me afterward, and stood uneasily at the sitting-room door over yonder.

"'Someone has been here to see me,' he said, though what made him think so I never could see, and Mrs. James said she had hard work to convince him that it was not so. But when he really found that she had taken a strange lady in for the night, he lost his temper completely, and said that if they didn't send her on to the hotel at the Point, he'd go there himself.

"'The lady can't go to the Point,' I said. 'She's just fainted away.'

"'Very well,' said the doctor. 'Until she does go, I shall take my meals in my room!'

"We sent up his supper, and the next morning, after an early breakfast, he started off to be gone all day. As far as I could see, the lady did not know he was in the house. His room was the one just overhead; it is separated, you know, from the back room that she had by the two closets, and opens into the little middle room. When she asked what her inner door led to, I told her it was only a vacant chamber where our other boarder kept his rubbish. She did not seem much interested, though people generally thought that hidden room, tucked in between those two others, rather a curious thing. She was far from well, to tell the truth, and toward noon she grew so feverish that Mrs. James said she wouldn't ask her to leave, even if the doctor never set foot in the house again. But he seemed to have changed his mind about that, for toward night he came back, and going up-stairs, slammed his door in a way that made the house rattle. I was downright ashamed of him, but I took him up his supper, for it was plain he didn't mean to come down. I found him walking to and fro like a tiger in a cage.

"'When is that woman going?' he said.

"'I can't tell,' I answered; 'but I'm sure she doesn't disturb anybody.'

"'She does,' said the doctor; 'she disturbs me. She makes me intolerably nervous.'

"'I don't see how she can,' said I, 'when you haven't seen her.'

"'It is absurd,' he muttered to himself, 'I cannot account for it. Perhaps it is going to storm.'

"Sure enough the next morning it was blowing hard. When I took the doctor his breakfast, he asked to have a luncheon put up, as he meant to be gone all day again.

"'It's pretty cold,' I said, 'and very rough, a regular gale,' but he paid no attention. About eight I went up to get his dishes, and found him rummaging about in his bureau drawer.

"'Those thick shirts are on the shelf of the closet,' I said. 'I'll get you one,' and I pulled in a chair and mounted it.

"Where is my great-coat?' he called.

"Hanging in the middle room,' said I.

"I suppose, Miss Langford, you've noticed that big round hole in the top of the closet wall? Well, the doctor had it put there for ventilation. It was just on a level with my face, and as he opened the door into the little room, I heard something that made me look through. There stood the lady, with one hand on the latch of her door, as if she had just closed it behind her; she seemed terribly frightened; a sort of agony was in her eyes, as she stood with her head back against the panel, and I knew where I had seen her before; she was just like the little knocker that the doctor had put up in the early summer. For a time not a word was spoken. The doctor came a step toward her.

"So it is you!' he said, at last. 'I might have known it. Why did you come?'

"I did not know you were here,' said the lady, 'until I saw you the first evening, and I was then too ill to leave the house. After that, when I perceived that I might remain, unknown to you—that I might be near you for a few days—'

"You must go back to your family!' said the doctor; but in spite of the sternness of his words, his voice was tender, and it was about the sweetest voice I ever heard in a man. He looked at her, too, with a kind of adoration, as if he would like to kneel down and worship her; the lady's face changed also, and melted into a kind of reflection of the look on his.

"Oh—' she called him some strange name I never could remember—'let me stay just for one day! Surely two old friends like ourselves can meet by accident in a place like this, and spend a few quiet hours together. Just one day, dear—!' and she came a step or two forward, and held out her hands—'one little day, a few hours of forgetfulness in the midst of this horrible, horrible life of mine!'

"The doctor shook his head, and at this the lady gave a sharp cry, and dropped her arms to her sides.

"Ah!' she said, 'you do not care any more!'

"Before the words had left her mouth the doctor strode toward her and took her in his arms; her head fell back upon his shoulder, and he kissed her again and again.

"Not care!' he exclaimed, with an odd little laugh, 'when for ten years—'

"Then let me stay,' she said, softly, her head thrown back, as she looked up into his face. The doctor, taking hold of her wrists, gently unloosed her hands which she had clasped about his arm.

"I cannot,' he answered, firmly.

"I shall not go!' she said, with a smile.

"Then I must,' he cried, loudly, and before she could stir he had caught up his great-coat and was gone. I heard him clatter down the stairs in his heavy boots, and then in a fright I jumped from my chair and ran to my own room.

"But before long Mrs. James called me and sent me up to the lady's room with a pitcher of water. I felt as if I couldn't face her; but when I screwed up my courage to go in, she was reading quietly, though I noticed that the book was shaking in her hand.

"I meant to leave to-day,' she said, her eyes shining and her cheeks red—'but Mrs. James tells me that a little longer stay will not inconvenience her; so I think of remaining over to-morrow.'

"Don't you think you might as well stick to your first plan?' I asked, though I felt she might any minute give me a settler for my interference. 'There is going to be some nasty weather, and this place is dreadfully gloomy and sad in bad weather.'

"Do you mean that it is going to storm?' she asked, looking at me in a nervous kind of a way.

"Storm?' said I, bent on getting her off, 'don't you see it's storming now? Look at the white caps up the cove, and outside it'll be running harder than this. The wind is rising every minute. Nothing could live in it!'

"But I saw a man put off in a little boat from the pier out here, not ten minutes ago!' said the lady, and she started up and went to the window.

"Oh, that must have been the doctor,' I said. 'He's a good sailor. I guess he only wants to see whether his

moorings are all right down by the Rock, where he keeps his big boat."

"Where is this Rock?" said the lady. "I think I should like to take a walk. Can't you show it to me?"

"I can't leave my work," I said, "or I would; besides you'd better be getting ready. The coach will be here before long."

"The lady looked me over from head to foot in a way I'd never been looked at before, and throwing on a big cloak, she wrapped something black, with a soft fur edge, around her head and started down-stairs. Pretty soon Mrs. James came after me.

"Come down here," she said. "This lady's bent on going for a walk. I told her the wind'd blow her off her feet, and it will, if she hasn't someone with her. She's as set on her own way as the doctor himself," she added, in a whisper.

"The lady was waiting for me just outside the front door, and as the wind blew her hair against the edge of her hood, I noticed that on the deep black of the fur border it showed full of gray.

"Where do you want to go?" I said, and I expect I was pretty sulky, for she looked at me and laughed, as much as to say, "Come, I have beaten you fairly. Let us be good friends!" But she only answered:

"I want to see your Doctor's Rock."

"It's a pretty long way," I said, "and not easy walking."

"We ploughed through the high wet grass and went down the sloping ground toward the shore. Even in that sheltered place the strong wind nearly took us off our feet, and all the bright color went out of the lady's face. I began to see that she was worn and thin, and older than I had imagined. Just then a sudden gust nearly sent us both over; she reached out and caught my wrist. She had no gloves, and her bare hand burned like fire.

"Do you know you're ill?" I said. "You've got a fever." By that time we'd come near the shore, and stooping under the trees, went and looked at the Rock. There was the cutter, but the doctor was nowhere in sight.

"It would be easy to get out there," she said.

"Not so easy as you think," I an-

swered, "for the stones are slippery, and when the tide's high, it's plenty deep enough to drown any woman I ever saw."

"Just then a loud halloo from the direction of Deep Cove made us turn around, and we saw a big dory come sweeping along, rowed by a lot of the men. Banks was steering. "Tell Mrs. James there's a wreck over on Long Beach," he shouted; "James and the doctor are going with us to help."

"Are there many people on it?" I called.

"Six people," yelled Banks, over his shoulder, "and a woman!"

"Something in that upset the lady. She sank down suddenly on the wet ground and began to laugh, and then to cry. I was frightened out of my wits. With a dreadful effort she stopped short, and looked up at me panting and breathless.

"My poor girl!" she said, "forgive me! I have been ill of late, very ill, and should not have ventured out. Will you try and get me home?"

"It was not an easy task, and by the time we got back again I was worn out, and the lady sank on the stairs unconscious. Mrs. James was worse than no help at all, for as soon as she heard of the wreck, she sent me flying right and left for brandy and flannels, and started off to the light-house to see the fun. And I'll own that if it hadn't been for the lady, I'd have been there myself. There wasn't a single dinner cooked in Wanasquam that day; even the coach didn't go round—the driver was one of the men in Banks's dory—so there was no question of the lady's leaving; but she was too ill for travel, anyhow. All day long she lay on the lounge in her room, and looked out of the window with that horrible, hopeless look on her face; the tears rolled down one by one; she never put up a hand to dry them, and her cheeks burned red with fever. Sometimes she would fall into an uneasy sleep, and sigh and sigh, sobbing like a punished child. From time to time she called the doctor by the queer foreign name she had used in the morning, but the sound of her voice always woke her. She did not want me to stay with her, and so I kept away all I could, coming

only when I heard the long sighing that meant she was sleeping.

"It was an awful day. The wind gathered itself up far off and rolled onto us like tumbling breakers, and as the night came on, it seemed to be filled with cries, and shouts, and perishing voices. Mrs. James came home about five o'clock to get something to eat. She said they had not got the people off the wreck yet, and then she took all she could find with her, for the men, and started out again.

"The night came on fast. The wind yelled and howled around us like so many ravening fiends—Oh, not like to-night!" in answer to a gesture from Miss Langford, "though, heaven knows, it's bad enough now."

And the two women sat silent for a few moments, listening, as the rising tempest raged outside.

"It is certainly horrible," said Miss Langford, with a shiver. "Only go on!"

Mrs. Banks did not answer, but continued to look thoughtfully into the fire.

"I never knew exactly how it came about that I should feel so to the lady," she said, at last. "With the doctor it had been natural; it just grew. I owed him more than I could ever pay. Why, he 'most taught me to read! And many's the weary night I'd have spent watching down here, if it had not been for the books he gave me. But in spite of the summer-boarders raving about his being a 'striking-looking man,' I never could see where the striking part came in, unless it was his eyes; they were blue, his eyes were, for all he was so dark-complected. But his gray hair, and beard, and dark mustache didn't seem to gee. Still, as I was saying, queer and foreign as he looked, and not to my taste nor to the taste of folks down here, there were times when I'd have died for him, and before that evening was half done I felt the same way to the lady. She grew more and more feverish as night went on, and I fretted over it more than I can say. She refused to move from the lounge, and I did not dare undress; but I went to my room and put on a wrapper, and tried to rest on the bed. I suppose my mind was full of the poor creatures on the wreck, and, besides—"

she dropped her voice, and leaned forward. "You've not seen awful sorrow in your day, you're too young. But I have, and I have always felt that same feeling. It wasn't the thought of the sailors only that filled my mind with cries, and moans, and stifled shrieks; I have heard them often since then, and they can be heard when you come very near any dreadful suffering or grief. And I have wondered if all the air about us might not be full of weeping, mourning souls, and if there weren't times when we grew liker to them and understood their language? The nights are long down here, and when the men are away on the sea and the house is rocking in the wind, we women think strange things!

"But in spite of the clamor and din all around us that night, I must have fallen into an uneasy sleep, for suddenly a blast like fury shook the very foundations, and in the midst of it someone burst in at the front door and ran up the stairs, leaving everything open behind him. The doctor's door slammed—it was opposite mine—I jumped to my feet and was hunting for my slippers, when a great shriek rang through the house, a real shriek this time. I did not trouble about my slippers any longer, but ran into the hall. The lamps had all blown out, but as I came to the railing the lady's door flew open with another such jerk as I had given mine. By the light of the candle that I had left burning there, I saw the doctor break away from her and run two steps at a time down the stairs. He threw open the back door in the lower hall; the blaze of the candle jumped high from the wick and left us in darkness. There was quick rustle of silk against the banister, and I knew that the lady was following him. The door closed behind her, but I could hear her voice above the storm crying that curious name over and over again. Without stopping even to think, I rushed out after her; flying up the avenue, she ran calling, calling—and there was not a glimmer of light on any side. I nearly caught up with her once, and at the little rise in the road, near the gate, I saw her fall. There was some rift in the clouds, or perhaps it may have lightened,

for I remember her little white hands flung out to save herself; but the next minute the whole thing was swallowed up in the pitchy night. I tried to follow, but I lost the path and ran so hard against a tree that it knocked me down; still I heard her calling and crying. At times it seemed to be along the Gloucester road, and then again I could have sworn it came from the opposite direction, down by the cove where we had been in the morning; but the darkness and the cut I got—see here, this scar on my cheek is the mark of it—completely bewildered me, and before I knew where I was, I'd waded waist-deep in water, for the tide that night came up among the trees and the pier was completely covered. I had all I could do to find my way back to the house, and there I lay half maddened with anxiety and terror, but too ill from my wetting and loss of blood to move. May I never spend such another night! When I heard James and his wife come home in the early morning, I was almost beyond speaking.

“‘The doctor—’ I called to them.

“‘Oh, is he back?’ said James, outside the door. ‘I'm glad of that!’

“‘My gracious, what a fright we've had about him,’ said his wife, coming into the room; but she stopped and looked at me with her eyes popping out of her head. ‘James!’ she cried, ‘she's all over blood.’

“‘My God!’ said James, coming in. ‘What has happened?’ But I was so broken and weak that I couldn't seem to make anything clear. They left me alone and I fell asleep. It was after ten when I woke, and I hardly had the strength to get up; but I dressed, and then plastering up my cut the best I could, I dragged myself out into the hall. Some people were standing at the foot of the stairs. I peeped over, and saw a little gentleman in a great fur overcoat talking to Mrs. James, who was crying and sobbing and wringing her hands. I don't know what he had been saying, but he seemed to have made her feel that if she wasn't a murderer she must be a thief, and all with the politest, friendliest manners possible. Suddenly, without the least warning, he looked up to where I was standing.

“‘I have the honor to wish you good-morning!’ he said, and took off his hat with a great sweep. He'd kept it on a-purpose while he talked to Mrs. James. The poor woman looked up as if I had been an angel of deliverance.

“‘Come down here,’ she called. ‘This is the lady's husband.’ I went down slowly, for I seemed to have no strength left. He watched me every step of the way, his little two-colored eyes boring to the marrow of my bones.”

Miss Langford, who had been gazing dreamily into the fire, turned suddenly with a startled expression.

“There was something about that man that made you hate him by instinct,” Mrs. Banks continued.

“‘I have just been the recipient of a double piece of bad news,’ he said. ‘My poor, unfortunate wife, it seems, has wandered off in a fit of mania—a thing against which I thought I had taken every precaution—and good Mrs. James here informs me of the probable death by drowning of a gentleman who is a very old and dear friend of mine—a very old friend, and *very* dear.’

“‘Oh, Mrs. James,’ I cried, ‘he can't mean the doctor?’

“Mrs. James nodded, and I sank on the high bottom stair.

“‘This display of affection does credit to you—and him,’ he said. Something in his tone brought me to my feet again, with all the blood left in my body ringing in my ears. ‘But as the last person, presumably, who saw my wife, I must ask you to defer your present grief to urgent necessity. I hope that this really serious wound in your cheek was not inflicted by that beloved but irresponsible hand?’ and he took me by the chin and turned my face none too gently up to his.

“‘No!’ I exclaimed, ‘I did it myself. The lady was no more mad than you are!’ For the touch of his hand stung me to fury, and his two-colored eyes peered down into mine as if he'd ferret out my very soul.”

“What do you mean by ‘two-colored eyes?’” asked Miss Langford, sitting up impatiently.

“Why, he had one brown eye and one blue eye.”

The girl fell back again. She said nothing, but the thick chestnut eyebrows drew together into her accustomed frown, and the hand resting on the arm of the chair slowly clenched until the knuckles showed white on the back of it. Mrs. Banks looked at her curiously, but went on with her story.

"You'll carry the scar to your grave," he said. "Oh! the generosity of youth! to forgive a blow like that and then defend the giver!" And fixing me again with his wicked, wicked eyes, he put me through a lot of questions that made my head swim; but I never once lost my wits. I told him when the lady went, where she went, or at least where I thought, and how I started out after her; but I never once mentioned the doctor; and when I'd got done, if looks could kill, I'd have been blasted with lightning on the spot. It was plain to me he didn't care whether she lived or died, but that the one thing he'd wanted to get out of me he hadn't found.

"There was a great search made after that; they looked everywhere—but in the sea—and the little gentleman went away insisting upon it that he was still hopeful. A few days later we had a letter from him, saying we'd be glad to hear that everything had turned out 'in a manner wholly satisfactory.' I remember the exact words. But she wasn't found, whatever he meant us to believe."

Miss Langford started forward.

"But she *was* found!" she exclaimed. "What are you trying to make me believe? Would a man like that carry on such a deception for years——?" She stopped and a terrified look came into her eyes.

"She was never found! Long after, Banks was dredging around the Doctor's Rock one day, and he found her little gold bracelet—nothing else. It had got fastened in what was left of the doctor's old mooring. We sent it to the little gentleman and he returned it, saying it had never belonged to any of his family. I've got it up to the other house—and, Miss Langford, I ask no questions—you are wearing the mate to it now!"

The girl hid her arm mechanically in the folds of her dress.

"But this," she answered, "has been

in my family for generations. I never heard of another."

"The lady had the other on when she stumbled at the gate. I had noticed it, for it's curious, and I saw it shine. She only wore one—and she was drowned that night."

"Are you sure?" said the girl, trying to overcome an uncontrollable shudder.

"As sure as I am that God is merciful," answered the little woman, solemnly.

"And the doctor?"

"We never knew exactly. James told me that the doctor stayed down there doing all that mortal could to get those people off the wreck, and about twelve or one o'clock at night, when nothing had come of it, he swore he'd take them off himself and rushed away. I can't think what he meant to do, for he knew enough to be sure that it was certain destruction to go out in a boat, and yet the next morning his cutter was found high on Short Beach, a complete wreck; but there was no sign of the doctor."

"Perhaps it broke away from the moorings and drifted there," said Miss Langford.

"It couldn't have," said Mrs. Banks. "Any man round here 'll tell you that. Banks says he saw it himself, in the murk, tacking down the channel."

Mrs. Banks said no more; her story was done. The girl rose and walked restlessly about the room.

"Do you feel like going to bed?" asked Mrs. Banks.

"I feel like going crazy!" she answered, fiercely. "What possessed you to invent such a tale as that?"

"Now, look here, Miss Langford," said Mrs. Banks, decidedly; "does this sound like an invention? You know it don't, and you know more about the whole thing this very minute than I do. It is not the story itself that's upset you this way."

Miss Langford went to the window and stood there staring into the night; the older woman knitted diligently, while the wind outside continued to increase in volume. Thus they remained, each in her own position, and the minutes went by, one after another, stretching into fives, tens, quarters of an hour. The fire was low and the room cold.

"Why did you not tell me this be-

fore?” the girl asked, without turning around.

“Because I never felt you’d any call to know,” said Mrs. Banks. “But to-night it’s been borne in on me you’d had a right to, and perhaps it was meant so. ’Tain’t natural to be so set on staying in an old house like this as you have been. I’ve kept watch, year in and year out, for thirty years, and when it’s coming this house is empty, if I can make it so. But I couldn’t compass it this time, though I tried, for your good.”

Miss Langford impatiently shrugged her shoulders.

“I tell you,” said Mrs. Banks, “when this wind comes around and this tide rolls in, the old house is no proper place to stay at; they bring with them—I don’t know what—but you’ll soon find out, for it’s coming now—hark!”

“How horribly it blows,” said the younger woman, under her breath. “The place is fairly rocking.” She stood resting her forehead against the sash. Mrs. Banks rose and glanced quietly at the clock in the hall, and then, going back to her chair, clasped her hands in her lap and sat with bent head and closed eyes.

The wind without kept pushing, pushing, pushing against the house like the shoulder of some great giant, unwilling to put out all his strength. Then the pressure was lifted, and the whole body of the storm rolled onward; but afar off, out at sea, it could be heard gathering new force in a sullen, obstinate roar.

“This is awful!” breathed the girl, not looking away from the window. “Mrs. Banks——?” There was no answer.

Swelling, deep-mouthed, up the channel the blast was returning, and little plaintive, mourning murmurs, as if from voices weary of lamentation, crept in at every cranny and crevice.

“Why are you silent?” cried the girl, impatiently and somewhat loudly, for the roll of the gale had come nearer with every instant. Still no answer. She wheeled about, stood for a second, and then springing to the little woman’s side, shook her violently by the shoulder.

“Mrs. Banks! how dare you? Stop praying instantly. You do it to frighten me. Do you want me to go mad?” Her remonstrance was drowned in the furious outbreak of the tempest. Shriek-

ing like so many demons, its heralds assailed the house, and close in their tracks came the shock and crash of the great blast itself. The front door flew open, and in an instant the room was in darkness. A faint glow from the embers in the fireplace shone vaguely on Mrs. Banks’s bowed head, on her worn clasped hands and silently moving lips—the only still spot in all that appalling orgy of sound. Half-crazed, the young girl ran toward the hall, but drew back with a harsh rattle of terror in her throat.

“Something went by me!” she said, hoarsely, and the wind, like a heavy tread, went clattering up the stairs, while all the air was full of its whistling, piercing, maddening turmoil. The door of the room overhead opened, but it immediately swung violently to, and the upper floor trembled as with the passing of heavy feet. Then came a lull in the tumult, and through the house there rang a different sound, a sound of another quality—human, broken-hearted—a long, terrible, wailing cry. The girl fell on her knees by the door of the room, and at the fireside Mrs. Banks’s motionless figure began to shake a little as she faltered forth aloud the scraps of prayer she had been repeating to herself. The wind had revived the dying embers to a stronger glow, and the wash of the waters and the rustle of dead leaves came in from the outside world. But the quiet was short-lived. With another wild gust down the stairway came the heavy reckless tread, as of one careless of all but haste, flinging out into the night with a violence that made the knocker resound hollow throughout the house; and following after, softly rustling, like silken garments, or perhaps like the swirl of autumn leaves, something flew madly in pursuit.

The girl at the door stretched forth her arms, gave a short cry, and fell forward on her face; but back to her ears, fainter and fainter with each repetition, came a voice calling again and again some strange musical name in every accent of despairing sorrow. Further and further the sounds receded—and the old house was silent.

Reaching forward, cramped and stiff from long continuance in one position,

the old woman softly laid a handful of pine cones on the embers. The room took on a sudden glow.

Slowly the girl on the floor raised herself on her hands, and then to her knees; sinking backward she pressed her palms to her temples, and swaying slightly from side to side with a look of horror in her eyes, and yet with relief in her tones, she murmured:

"It was not Mamma! It was *not* Mamma!"

"Did you see anything?" asked Mrs. Banks, in an awe-struck whisper.

The girl rose slowly to her feet, tottered toward the table, bracing herself against it in a cruel struggle for self-control.

Mrs. Banks leaned forward, her hands clutching the arms of her chair, her old face haggard and sunken.

"What did you see?" she demanded, hoarsely.

"Nothing," said Miss Langford, after a moment's hesitation.

There was a long silence.

"Very well!" said Mrs. Banks. "Have it your own way. *But I know better!*"

BACKLOG DREAMS.

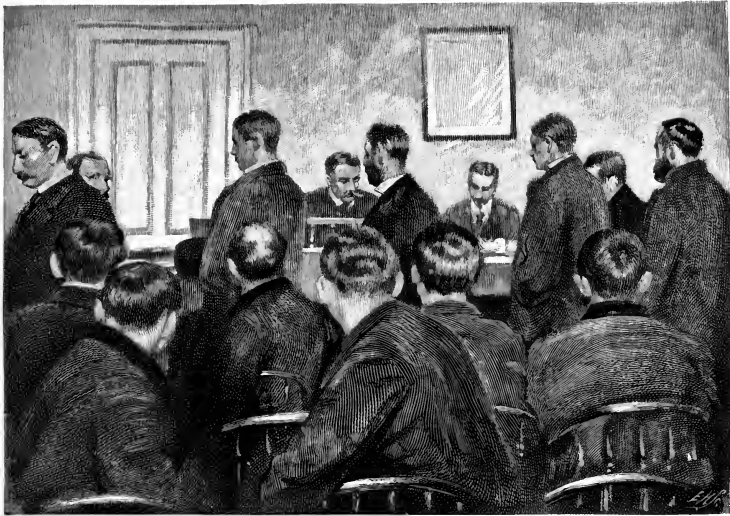
By Frank Dempster Sherman.

ABOVE the glowing embers
I hear the backlog sing
The music it remembers
Of some remembered Spring;
Back to the branch forsaken
Return the jocund choir,
And in the chimney waken
A melody of fire.

The sparks' red blossoms glisten
And flash their glances brief
At me who lean and listen
And dream I hear a leaf
On some May-morning sunny,
Low lispings in the tree,—
Or, in his haunt of honey,
A bloom-enamoured bee:

Or 'tis the soft wind blowing
Its sweetness from the South,—
A fragrant kiss bestowing
Upon the rose's mouth;
And ere the spell is broken,
Or darkness o'er it slips,
I see the scarlet token
Of love upon her lips.

Without, the wind is bitter,
The snowflakes fill the night;
Within, the embers glitter
And gild the room with light;
And in the fireplace gleaming
The backlog sings away,
And mingles all my dreaming
With birds, and blooms, and May!



A Building and Loan Association receiving Monthly Dues.
(From an instantaneous photograph.)

CO-OPERATIVE HOME-WINNING.

SOME PRACTICAL RESULTS OF BUILDING ASSOCIATIONS.

By *W. A. Linn.*

SO manifold are the bearings of money upon the lives and characters of mankind, that an insight which should search out the life of a man in his pecuniary relations would penetrate into almost every cranny of his nature," says Henry Taylor. "He who knows, like St. Paul, both how to spare and how to abound, has great knowledge. For if we take account of all the virtues with which money is mixed up—honesty, justice, generosity, charity, frugality, forethought, self-sacrifice—and of their correlative vices, it is a knowledge which goes near to cover the length and breadth of humanity; and a right measure and manner of getting, saving, spending, giving, taking, lending, borrowing, and bequeathing, would almost argue a perfect man."

While the accumulation of wealth is mixed up with many of the grievous evils

of this world, this statement of the importance of a right method of saving will not be denied; and of equal importance with a knowledge of saving is the knowledge how best to use what one has saved. The great initial problem with the multitude is how to save at all. Next comes the needed lesson, how not to squander what has been accumulated.

Experience has shown that some *system* is absolutely necessary to induce a large proportion of the persons of moderate means to lay aside a part of their incomes. The smaller the income, the greater, of course, is the temptation to spend it all in order to supply wished-for comforts of life. When money saving means a denial of some creature comfort, some equivalent for the denial must be presented clearly to view. The naturally frugal spy out this equivalent for themselves. But there are so many

who are not by nature frugal; and it is for them that a *system* must be devised.

The most efficient system of this kind should combine three things: 1, An easily perceived inducement to save; 2, regularity in laying aside the savings; 3, as much compulsion as may be in enforcing the economy.

The most widely known system of this kind is that which is supplied by the savings banks. The value of these banks in our social economy is universally conceded. But, tested by the above requirements, it must be acknowledged that they are in part lacking. The satisfaction felt by the depositor in his growing deposit, and the knowledge of the value it

so generally understood, but long tried and rapidly extending its operations—claims attention. This is the form of co-operation known most generally as the Building and Loan Association. In a former number of this Magazine * I gave a history of this kind of co-operation, and explained at length its business methods. In view of the growing interest in the subject, and the eager demand that is manifested for the opinions of members who have tested these associations, as well as the experiments of different associations with particular plans of business, I propose to bring together some experiences, gathered by personal inquiry, and by correspondence with of-



House of a Carpenter at Wollaston, Mass., cost \$1,800.

will be to him in the future, supply the inducement. But as he may make his deposits at his own pleasure, and suffer no penalty if he stops them altogether, the second and third requisites named are wanting. Here another system—not

ficers of associations all over the country. A sufficient demonstration of the importance of the subject will be found in the following statistics, compiled from the reports of 4,000 of these associations in

* SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for June, 1889.



Row of Houses in Reading, Pa., built by Building and Loan Associations.

the United States, and printed in the last report of the Secretary of Internal Affairs of Pennsylvania :

Shares	5,450,000
Members	872,000
Borrowers	272,000
Borrowed shares	1,496,000
Assets	\$336,485,080
Receipts, one year	139,323,934
Expenses	1,375,960
Gains	70,512,200

Stated in the briefest form possible, a co-operative building and loan association is a corporation, formed under a State law, the members of which agree to pay in each a fixed sum, at stated periods, on each of their shares of stock, until the payments with the accumulated profits bring the stock to its par value. The money, as it is paid in, is lent to those members (and to members only) who wish to buy or build houses, or remove incumbrances from real estate they already own. If there are more applicants for loans than the treasury can supply, the funds on hand are put up at auction, and awarded to the member who offers the highest premium in addition to the regular interest, the statutes providing that the associations may do this without incurring a penalty for usury. As the money paid in is loaned out immediately, the interest is compounded, and in this way the period required for the stock to mature is greatly

shortened. When the stock of a series matures, the borrowing members receive notice that their mortgages are cancelled, and those who have not borrowed are paid the value of their shares in cash.

Important elements of this system are regular dates for making the payments (usually a certain day of each month), and the infliction of a fine on delinquents. If a non-borrower is delinquent he knows that the fine will reduce his profits, and the borrower has the same inducement to be punctual, with the added knowledge that continued defaults will be followed by a foreclosure of his mortgage, and the consequent loss of his home. These are advantages which the Building and Loan Association system has over the savings bank. In addition it may be stated that the associations are conducted much more economically than the banks, that they consequently pay larger dividends, that they can be successfully carried on in places too small to support a bank, and that, by advancing money to members to purchase homes, they provide an immediate investment, and give the borrower the strongest possible inducement to continue his saving.

The State of Massachusetts has an excellent law governing these associations, and they have thrived there for many years without, I believe, a single failure. The

Massachusetts law calls them Co-operative Banks, and it is very specific as to their business methods, leaving much less latitude to the by-laws than the statutes of other States do. The growth of the associations there has been especially rapid during the last year, twenty-seven new ones having been formed in that time. The number of members on October 31, 1889, was 36,747, and the assets amounted to \$7,041,001. I have secured some very interesting statements of the experiences of Massachusetts members who have actually secured the ownership of homes through this system of co-operation.

J. T., a carpenter, owns the house in Wollaston, a suburb of Quincy, Mass., which is represented in the illustration on

and finished paying for it last August. It has been a good thing for me. I could not have done as well in any other way. If I had borrowed the money of a savings bank I would have paid the interest, but not the principal. I had about \$1,000 of my own to start with, and the loan of \$700 I got enabled me to put up the house. It was eleven years ago last July that I borrowed the money. My monthly payment, including principal and interest, was \$7.70. The house cost \$1,800. Things were cheaper then than they are now. It would cost \$2,100 to build the same house to-day. I have had a family of six children, so that there have been eight of us to support. We had no money coming in from any source except what I earned; the children were



House of a Clerk in Pittsburg, Pa., cost about \$2,200.

p. 570. Here is his story: "I have been connected with the Pioneer Co-operative Bank from its beginning. I took some of the very first shares, built a house,

too small to earn anything. We had to live pretty close, but we did it, and now we have the house all paid for, so there is no longer any rent. I like the co-op-

erative system well. I would always have been in debt if it had not been for the co-operative bank. The money cost me six per cent. I have had work right along in the same place for thirty-three years. I am now fifty-three years of age. A young man cannot do better than to try this system if he wants to get a home of his own. I am going to build again on the same plan. I shall borrow the money of the bank and build another house. The rent will pay the interest and all of the dues, and at the end of eleven years I shall own the house clear. The rent will cover the taxes and insurance, too. The house I now own has seven rooms, with city water."

Here is the story of another Massachusetts borrower, John J. F., a coachman, living at No. 39 Sawyer Street, Boston (Roxbury):

"It was eleven years ago, the twenty-second of January, 1890, that I bought nine shares of the co-operative bank. There was much building going on then, and I had to pay nine per cent. for my loan. But all stockholders have a privilege of buying the money over again, and I bought again and got it for seven and a half, after three years. It cost me about \$20 to get my papers renewed. My monthly payments were \$23.80 at first, but afterward they were \$18.80. I bought the house and 904 feet of land for \$1,900, paying \$200 down. Inside of eleven years I held the place with a clear title. The house has eleven rooms, city water, and sewer connection. I have had but one child to support. I have had only \$35 a month since I bought the

house, and for the last six years I have had nothing to do for three months every summer. I did not have a cent coming



House of a Western Union Telegraph Superintendent at Mount Vernon, N. Y., cost \$2,200, exclusive of ground.

to me outside my wages, and nobody gave me a cent to make my payments. But I had to work hard and save my money. I did not dress in expensive clothing and go like a dude on the streets with a cane. If a man does that he will never get anything done. I got the idea of saving and building from some other coachmen I met at Newport, from Philadelphia, who owned their own homes in this way.

"Now, I am rather fond of giving advice, and I would say to any laboring man who is industrious and wants a home for himself and his family—especially if he is a mechanic, or one who works by the day or month, or piece-work—get into some corporation like this. When they are paying their monthly dues they are really paying for their own houses."

It should be explained that this investor receives his board from his employer, which permitted him to make his payments on the wages he received. His house is a small two-story brick one, with a mansard roof, standing at the end

of a block. It is well built, neatly kept, and tastefully furnished.

Co-operation of this kind has been tested longer and more thoroughly in Pennsylvania than in any other of our

find use for the funds. But many of the Reading co-operators, a large number of whom are wage-earners, and many of foreign birth, have always manifested a disposition to see one series of stock at-



House in Sixty-seventh Street, Bay Ridge, L. I., cost \$2,500.

States. As a consequence, many variations in the methods of transacting the associations' business have been introduced in different cities and towns, none of them, of course, in conflict with the co-operative principle. In Reading, where there are forty associations, the "terminating," or single series plan, is very popular. This plan is not so generally adopted throughout the country as the "serial," because in the latter the addition of new members from time to time at the starting price of the original stock keeps up the supply of borrowers. A "terminating" association, in time, requires a large payment to become a member (all the stock being kept at the same price), and it becomes difficult to

tain its par value before another is begun. All the terminating associations there are operated on practically the same principle, which may be thus described: The par value of shares is usually \$200, \$300, or \$500, the most popular amount being \$300 or \$500. The monthly dues on the \$200 shares are \$1 per share, while on the others they are \$2. An unusual feature is that there is a fixed premium demanded of both borrowers and non-borrowers; on a \$300 share this is \$30, and on a \$500 share \$50. In the first three years of an association's life, the competition of bidders for the money in the treasury is generally so brisk that the premiums are run up to \$5 a share above the fixed amount.

After that, a borrower can generally get accommodation at the fixed rate, upon good security. The regular interest rate is six per cent. When the bidding for loans by members becomes slack, or falls off, as it does when an association has run five years or more, then the directors look out for other means of investment. Sometimes the money is loaned to other associations whose funds in hand do not satisfy their borrowers. A larger use, however, is found in buying lots of ground, and erecting buildings thereon, which are sold at prices varying from \$2,000 to \$7,000 each. The picture on p. 571 shows a row of these houses. I

factures. Only one favorable response was received, however, to the proposition, wise conservatism having prevailed. A new association has since been started there, with a large amount of capital subscribed, whose constitution contains a special provision for loaning funds to manufactories. Innovations of this kind endanger the good reputation of the building and loan association system. They are mixed up with speculation, and are certain in time to incur disaster. When this system of co-operation has had its excellence and safety proved, its friends should insist that it be not endangered by speculative experiments. If co-operative manufacturing offers a field anywhere, let it be conducted under its own name.

Of the general results of co-operative home-winning in Reading, a resident of that city writes me: "Though building associations have been in continuous operation here over thirty years, the management of their business has been in such able and safe hands that only one has had a defaulting treasurer in all that period. The community, almost without



"Then and Now." Four rooms rented in the upper floor of this building at \$9 per month.

am informed that a ready market is almost always found for them; if a season of hard times comes on, the associations are "easy" with the purchasers. I have said that non-borrowers also pay the fixed premium in these associations. To illustrate: Z invests in four \$500 shares, paying in \$8 a month as dues for eleven or twelve years, as the case may be. When the final distribution of assets is made he receives four times \$500 (\$2,000), less the fixed premium of \$200.

The growth of Reading has been so assisted by the building and loan associations, that a few months ago, the Board of Trade there tried to induce them to lend out their funds to stimulate new business enterprises, particularly manu-



House built and occupied by the same man in Hackensack, N. J., cost \$1,050, monthly payment \$11.50.

exception, holds them in high esteem. When the Schiller Association terminated, it paid its stockholders twelve per cent. The Franklin expired in ten years, and its stockholders realized twelve per cent."



House of a Wholesale Dry-Goods Merchant at Bayonne, N. J.

Another Pennsylvania city where this form of co-operation has stood the test of long trial is Pittsburg, its extensive industries furnishing a large population who can hope to become house owners in no other way. The picture on p. 572 represents the house which a Pittsburg clerk owns by the aid of one of these associations. His story shows how economically a business of this kind can be conducted, and how capable wage-earners are to manage it.

"When I had purchased my lot, I took twenty-two shares of building association stock. The par value in my association was \$100. I was permitted to borrow \$2,200 on my stock and lot. At our second meeting, as many slips of paper as there were stockholders, and numbered from one up, were put into a hat, and each man took out one. The drawer of No. 1 was entitled to borrow the first money paid in. I got a big number, which would have prevented me from borrowing for about six years. Fortunately the man who drew No. 2 was not in a hurry, and I exchanged with him. Every week I paid 30 cents a share principal, and 12 cents a share interest, a total of \$9.24, a heavy drain on my pocket-book; but I kept it up until our stock

reached par and the association expired, which happened after five years and six months. At the final settlement we found that \$82 had been paid in dues on each share, the par of which was \$100. So I made \$18 on each share. I had paid in interest \$732.16. To sum up my experience, I had been allowed to pay back the loan in such small weekly instalments as would not be accepted by a big corporation, and virtually I only paid \$1.15 a week interest, or less than three per cent. I place the actual interest paid as the amount left after subtracting \$396, the gain on the shares, from \$732.16, the amount I was credited on my book as interest paid. I never could have secured a home in any other way, and I had the pleasure of living in my own house from the start.

"Our association was operated on economical principles. We met in a cigar store, paid no rent, and the only salaried officer was the secretary. The initiation fee of 25 cents a member, with the fines, paid the biggest part of our expenses. Before the association expired the stockholders had all become borrowers. A Pittsburg blacksmith, who is still working at his trade, and who has never earned over \$3 a day, owns \$75,000 of

real estate, while a city official in Municipal Hall owns \$30,000 worth, all secured by the aid of building and loan associations. As a general rule, these men bought improved property and made the rent pay both dues and interest."

New York is far behind not only Philadelphia, that great city of co-operative homes, but cities insignificant in size by comparison, as regards these associations. A principal reason for this is her insular situation, and the consequent lack of any suburban district of her own where land is within the reach of men of moderate means. The system, too, received a set back in New York State through mismanagement some years ago, from which it has been slow to recover.

bers, is conducted by teachers in the public schools, with ladies in the board of directors, and one takes the well-known name, "Western Union." The latter claims the honor of starting the renewal of interest in this subject in New York City after the long period of inactivity. The association was incorporated in January, 1885, after two years of preliminary effort on the part of a few New York telegraphers. The management is very conservative, all temptation to speculation by the association being prevented by a clause in the constitution which forbids it to buy property. During the last five years it has received and invested \$153,000, loaned to ninety members, who are now in possession of their own homes, for which they are paying in easy



Hall built by the Columbia Association, Jersey City, cost, with lot, \$4,730.

The reaction has begun, however, and a number of associations are doing good work in the city, although the majority of their loans are made on property outside the city limits. Some of these associations are in the hands of newspaper workers; one, with over a thousand mem-

instalments. It is conducted on the serial plan. It makes loans on accepted real estate anywhere within one hundred miles of the city, and it does not restrict its membership to telegraphers. I select this association for notice only in order to show that building and loan



House of a Young Business Man in Rochester, N. Y. Built on a weekly payment of \$7.25, for a period of about nine years.

associations are a possibility even in a metropolis like New York.

As none of the series is old enough to have matured, none of the borrowers can be said strictly to "own" his home. But a good example is afforded of the satisfactory working of the system by the statement of Mr. F. A. C., the manager of the Western Union Telegraph Office in the Windsor Hotel. His house is in Mount Vernon, three miles outside the city limits. A view of it is given in the illustration on p. 573. "I had in 1885," said Mr. C., "a lot valued at \$700. In March, 1885, I borrowed of the association \$2,000, and in March, 1886, I borrowed \$200 more, which completed my house. Since the last date my monthly payments have been: dues, \$11; interest, \$11; premium, \$4.35; a total of \$26.35. Since the house was built I have added the corner lot to my plot, and I now value the house and lot at \$3,370. My house would easily rent for \$30 a month, which is more than all my monthly payments."

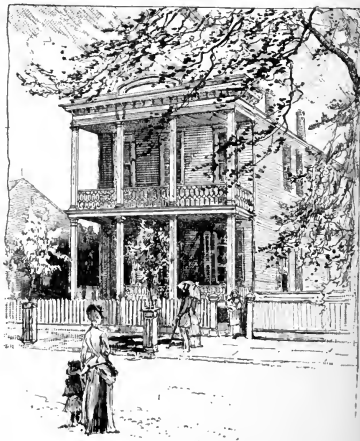
If this borrower's association closes out his series in nine years, his interest account will stand as follows:

Total payments per year (\$26.35 a month).....	\$316 20
In nine years.....	2,845 80
Interest charge (deducting \$2,200 principal).....	645 80
Interest charge per year.....	71 76

which is at the rate of but a little over three per cent. a year.

Brooklyn, N. Y., has a large extent of adjoining unimproved property, not held at exorbitant prices, and it is therefore a good field for co-operative building. The latest list of associations there numbers twenty-seven. Among the best known of these is the "Arcanum," some of whose business methods are worthy of mention. This association, of which Mr. J. J. Ashforth is secretary, was organized in December, 1885; it is not old enough, therefore, to have matured a series. It gives members the privilege of

withdrawing at any time. It is conducted now on the instalment premium plan. A balance is struck every April and October, and withdrawing members receive all their accrued profits. The premium is kept practically fixed at three per cent. a year. This is done by educating the members to pay that amount, not by any compulsory clause in the constitution. The demand for loans makes it easy to



House of a Pressman in New Orleans, cost, with lot, \$4,227.

maintain that limit. If any anxious borrower wants to exceed it, he is given to understand that the officers will not look favorably on his application, and that a large margin will be required on the loan. The secretary informs me that this matter of regulation gives them little

and three finished rooms in the attic. It is built in the best manner, with furnace, range, hot and cold water, and gas, and it cost \$2,500. The owner borrowed \$2,400, and his monthly payments, including interest, premium, and dues are \$30. His balance sheet stands thus :



House of a Tailor in St. Paul, Minn., cost \$1,860.

trouble. One of the special features of this association is the formation of a "safety fund." Out of the premiums, entrance fees, and fines, all the expenses are first paid. The balance goes into the "safety fund" which is allowed to accumulate, the income from it going to the profit of the members, and the principal being held to make good any possible losses.

The illustration on p. 574 represents one of the houses acquired by the members of this association. It is in Sixty-seventh Street, Bay Ridge, within five blocks of the Brooklyn boundary. It measures 20 x 30 feet, with an extension, two stories, and attic; has a parlor, dining-room, and kitchen on the first floor, three bedrooms and bath-room on the second,

Former annual payment for rent		\$420 00
Payments to association	\$360 00	
Taxes (less than)	20 00	
Insurance	7 50	
Extra car fare now required..	20 00	
Total	\$407 50	
Allow four per cent. interest on owner's equity in premises (\$600)	24 00	
Grand total.....		\$431 50

or \$11.50 a year more than he expended as a rent payer. The present estimate is that the interest rate of this association's borrowers, when their stock matures, will be about five and a half per cent.

Mr. Ashforth has given me this further illustration: "A teacher in one of the public schools in Brooklyn borrowed



House of a Building and Loan Association Secretary in St. Louis, cost, without lot, \$7,000.

\$4,000 of the association, and built a three-story apartment-house, with all modern improvements. She was paying \$25 a month rent for a flat when she built. She now occupies a flat in her own building, and rents the remaining two for \$25 and \$24, respectively. Her account stands thus :

Mortgage.....	\$4,000 00
Equity.....	3,000 00
Payments to association per annum..	\$600 00
Taxes.....	100 00
Insurance.....	6 00
Interest (four per cent.) on equity..	120 00
Total.....	\$826 00
Deduct rentals received.....	588 00
Leaves her net rent.....	238 00

or at the monthly rate of \$19.84, while all the time she is paying off her debt."

The illustration on p. 575 shows at a glance what a poor man who lives in rented apartments may gain by building a house of his own through the co-operative system. Mr. H. is a man of family, in the employ of a New York business firm. He rented four rooms in a building on a business street in Hackensack, N. J., paying \$9 a month rent. The lower floor was used for business purposes. His apartments were crowded and inconvenient, and by no means safe in case of fire. In the spring of 1888, he bought three lots near the town, where some farm land had been recently cut up into building lots, paying \$75 each. Then he

borrowed \$1,100 of the Hackensack Building and Loan Association, on the three lots, and put up his house, at a cost of \$1,050, the association lending him very close because of the smallness of the loan, the certain rise in the value of his property, and his excellent character. His premium (gross) was \$38.50. Now he pays to the association, as dues and interest, only \$11.50 a month—which is only \$2.50 a month more than he paid as rent—and in about eleven years he will have the premises free and clear. Meanwhile, he has a house all to himself. And a very neat and attractive house it is, although it cost so little, with a parlor, a dining-room, and a kitchen on the first floor, and three bed-rooms above. His wife said to me when they were settled: "It came very hard to pay out that \$9 a month for rent, but now we know the money we pay to the association is paying for our home."

An association which has had a remarkable history is the Mutual No. 1, of Bayonne, N. J. (a suburb of Jersey City). It was organized on the terminating plan, in June, 1879, and its final statement was dated August 12, 1889. The original estimate was that its stock would mature in ten years. It actually matured in one hundred and twenty-three months. The secretary's final report says: "Loans since 1885 had to be made outside the association, mostly on call, realizing whatever interest could be obtained, and only while the money was employed. The serial plan has a decided advantage in this respect; the introduction of new series provides employment for money, and prevents accumulation. . . . Membership, whether investors or borrowers, was not confined to any class of society; professional persons, merchants, wage-earners of all degrees, and others of independent means, men and women, shared in the prosperity. The officers of the association, except the secretary and treasurer (one person), served without compensation or emolument of any kind. No one ever lost a cent by any act of the association. The association never lost a cent of dues, interest, or fines; never foreclosed a mortgage, never had a fire insurance case to settle, and never owned an inch of real estate."

The picture on p. 576 represents one

of the homes bought through this association. I give it to show that it is not only wage-earners who may be benefited by this form of co-operation. This house is owned and occupied by a wholesale dry-goods merchant, doing business in this city, or, to be exact, by his wife, as he deeded it to her. "I went to Bayonne to live," said this gentleman, "about the time the association was started. A friend mentioned the enterprise to me, and I took five shares to see what it amounted to. Soon I bought some lots and decided to build. As I did not care to take the money for the house out of my business, I borrowed it from the association after taking more shares. My dues and interest were \$40 a month, and my payments ceased in ten years and two months. My experience was altogether satisfactory, and I would recommend the same course to any man in my position, who does not feel like taking out of his business the money to buy or build a home."

Some associations in Jersey City, N. J., have found it advisable to erect buildings to serve as their headquarters. The picture on p. 577 represents one of these, the building of the Columbia Association. The reasons which induced the erection of this building were as follows: The association was organized in the outskirts of the city, and in the heart of a district which, after being occupied for farm purposes, had recently been cut up into lots. A change of ownership in the building where the association met having compelled it to seek new quarters, the proposal was made to erect a building of its own, which took definite shape. The necessary money was taken from the general funds. The building complete, with lot, cost \$4,730.65. It was occupied in August, 1888. In the first fourteen months it brought in a net revenue of \$346.14, which was a little over six per cent. on the investment. The ground floor is used as a hall, with a real estate office in front. The upper floor contains six large rooms, with bath and all other modern improvements. Arrangements have been made to rent the hall for the present year, which will increase the income.

As the association is a serial one, and the building will be a permanent asset,

as each series matures the value of the building will be estimated, and a settlement be made with the retiring shareholders on that basis, as would be done in a business firm on the retirement of a partner. It is probable that the association will eventually realize a handsome profit on the investment.

An association with a very interesting history, to which I would be glad to devote more space than I can command, is the Mutual of Newark, N. J. This association was organized in June, 1867, and is still in prosperous operation. I can call attention only to two points in regard to it. The period of its existence covers the panic and the hard times of the '70s. Although, up to 1877, it had loaned in Essex County (a manufacturing district) \$156,800, it had been obliged to foreclose on only three pieces of property. During the latter part of 1877 and in 1878, twelve pieces of property came into possession of the association, on some of which losses were made. There has been no foreclosure in the last eleven years. It received from 1867 to 1889, cash, from all sources, \$659,603.61; has lent on bond and mortgage \$443,925; has collected \$5,501.43 in fines, and \$105,376.86 as interest; and its total expenses for twenty-two years were only \$11,483.25. It has always been conducted on the "gross" premium plan. A second point worth noting, is the long terms of its officers. On the publication of its history in pamphlet form, in 1886, the president had held his office for ten years (after three years as vice-president, and four as director); the treasurer for nineteen years; and the secretary, Mr. John Pardue, for sixteen years, after three years as director. The same treasurer and secretary are still in office.

Building and loan associations flourished in central and western New York during the period when the movement was at a standstill in the southeastern part of the State. The first picture on p. 578 shows the house of a young business man in Rochester. He figures as follows on his investment: "My total payments to the association are \$7.25 each week. If the association pays annual dividends of an average of ten per cent., as, from its record, there is every reason to believe

it will do, my mortgage will be paid off in a little less than nine years, and I shall have paid but 3.95 per cent. interest for the use of the money."

Building and loan associations have been in operation in St. Paul, Minn., for over twenty years, and nowhere have they vindicated their object more conclusively than in that city and its twin, Minneapolis. The illustration on p. 579 is the picture of the house (in its winter dress) of D. H., a tailor, at No. 183 E. Belvidere Street, St. Paul. Here is his own story of the way in which he acquired it:

"I was induced to join a building association in 1876, when I began by saving \$10 a month. I was in several series at different times, but it seemed that, as often as I got a few hundred dollars ahead, I would have to use it to meet some pressing need. But I always began over again, until in March, 1883, having about \$350 to my credit, I thought I would 'plant it' where I couldn't get it out so easily. So I bought two lots for \$700 and paid \$350 cash on them. In about a year and a half I had paid off the mortgage and a street assessment. Times were rather flush in 1885, and I bought thirteen shares of stock of the St. Paul B. and L. Association No. 1, for about \$375. I had been paying rent for years (I am over fifty now), at from \$20 to \$25 a month. I now found that I could borrow enough money of the association on my lots (which had increased in value to \$1,500) and stock to build a good house, and have only \$26 a month to pay on it. I got \$1,860 net, of the association, with which I put up an eight-room house, two stories high. I have as fine a view as any of the nabobs of Summit Avenue, and can see up the river half-way to Minneapolis.

"I shall have to pay for thirty-one months more, at \$26 a month, when I will be out of debt, and own a place worth \$4,000. I have refused an offer of \$3,000 for the house and one lot."

I am indebted to Mr. Thomas A. Rice, of St. Louis, author of a useful work on building association book-keeping, for the following account of the growth of this system of co-operation in his city, coupled with his own personal experience:

"I joined my first building associa-

tion, the Hibernia, at its organization, in July, 1873; I was totally in the dark as to its methods, but I took some shares on the advice of friends. Some three years later, on the resignation of the secretary, being a practical accountant, I was put in his place, and was thus forced to study the subject in all its bearings. I now say, unhesitatingly, that there is nothing on the face of the earth so beneficial to all who join it—especially to wage-earners who need help and encouragement in saving their money and getting a home, as a well-managed building association.

"The six associations of which I am now secretary have loaned out \$891,200 to two hundred and ninety-two borrowers, the majority of whom used the money for building houses. When the Hibernia was about five years old I, myself, borrowed \$2,500 on my five shares and bought a house and lot, living there for ten years, and now renting it for \$25 a month. Of course, since the association matured (in 1882, having run just nine years), I have had nothing to pay on it. A year and a half before the Hibernia matured it retired all its free shares, paying the stockholders the full amount of money paid in by them, and interest on the same at the rate of seventeen per cent. per annum for the average time.

"Seeing the success of this association, I easily persuaded its members, and some other persons, to organize the Laclede Association, now eight and a half years old. Of this association I was secretary for the first two years, and I still hold fifty-five shares of its stock. On these I borrowed \$11,000, and bought a five-story stone front building, No. 322 Chestnut Street. My monthly dues and interest on this loan are \$110, and I receive \$125 a month rent. I spent some \$2,000 of my own money on it.

"When the Hibernia, whose capital was \$250,000, divided into five hundred shares of \$500 each, matured in 1882, the members were so well pleased that the Hibernia No. 2 was organized the same day, with a capital of \$500,000, divided into \$200 shares. Every share of this stock was taken at the first meeting, and the stock sold the next day at a premium of fifty per cent. To accom-

modate those who could not get into this association, I organized the Mound City six months later, with a capital of \$600,000, divided into \$300 shares. This association, during the last seven years, has handled \$511,742.50, at a total expense of \$6,221.82—or only one and a quarter cent on every dollar. To-day we have in St. Louis about one hundred and ten associations, of an average capital of \$600,000, and a total membership of about forty thousand.

"In May, 1886, I borrowed from the Mound City Association \$11,100, with which I purchased a lot at Garfield and Spring Avenues, and put up the house shown in the picture, [p. 580]; \$7,000 of the money was used to erect the house. My monthly payments on this loan are \$129.50, \$2 dues on each of thirty-seven shares, and \$55.50 interest. This is pretty heavy, but my lot is 141 × 120, paid for out of this loan, and the vacant part has advanced in value to about \$5,000."

Cincinnati supports about four hundred building associations, with an average capital of about \$2,000,000. In the twenty years of their history there, not half a dozen of those properly organized have met with disaster, and in no case has there been a total failure. At least ten thousand houses, mostly in the suburbs, have been paid for through the associations, their average cost being about \$3,500. The picture at the top of p. 585 shows one of these suburban houses, owned by the bookkeeper of a Cincinnati firm. He took two shares, worth at par \$500 each. The weekly dues are \$2; his weekly interest on \$1,000 borrowed is \$1.20, and his weekly premium 16 cents, making an annual payment of \$174.72, which is about what he paid for rent before building. It is calculated that his shares will mature in less than eight years. The house and lot cost \$2,400.

The associations have found a secure hold in the far West—in Utah, California, and Oregon. The lower picture on p. 585 shows the pretty home of one of the members of the Citizens' Building and Loan Association of San Francisco, Cal., at Berkeley, just across the bay. The owner, a bookkeeper, borrowed \$2,000, and had his mortgage cancelled in one hundred and eleven months.

While, for some reason, savings institutions have not gained so general a foothold in our Southern States as they have in the North, the building association system is doing an excellent work in many Southern cities. I have space to speak of their work in only three of these cities, but this may be looked upon as typical.

There are a number of associations in Washington, D. C., the Equitable being, perhaps, the most prominent. It has about four thousand members, at least ninety-five per cent. of whom are clerks in the Government departments, clerks in stores, small merchants, and wage-earners. Some five hundred are colored people, and probably thirty-three per cent. are females. The loans have ranged from \$100 to \$8,000. There have been eighteen issues of stock, embracing 42,623 shares, of which 28,213 have been redeemed. The association has made about one thousand nine hundred loans, has foreclosed on only one, and has never lost a dollar.

The illustration on p. 586 represents the house of one of the members of this association, a clerk in the Surgeon-General's office. It is situated on "Mt. Pleasant," a northern suburb of the city. It was built two years ago at a cost of \$4,000, with money borrowed of the association.

The building and loan (or "homestead associations," as they are locally called in some instances) are a recognized feature among the business institutions of New Orleans, and a considerable part of the annual "trade editions" of the *Picayune* and the *Times-Democrat* are devoted to them. There are fifteen associations in the city, and six or eight in other parts of Louisiana. The *Times-Democrat*, in its trade edition of last September, said: "All of those in the city are in excellent financial condition, and hundreds of homes have been secured for members. The solidity of these organizations is demonstrated by the fact that, while several of them have gone out of business during the year, or consolidated with other associations owing to lack of membership, not a single shareholder has lost a nickel. While the number of residences has been materially increased, the number of renters has been proportionately diminished, and land-

lords have been compelled to pay more attention to the comfort of their tenants."

A representative Southern home, secured by co-operation, is shown in the second picture on p. 578, the house of Mr. P. K., a pressman on the *Picayune*. It is situated at No. 81 Bolivar Street. Mr. K. has held his present position since 1886. When the People's Homestead Association was organized in New Orleans, the business manager of the *Picayune* advised the employees to join it. Mr. K. subscribed for eight shares, and a few years later took twenty more. He had been a rent-payer since 1866, but his savings in the association now enabled him to enjoy the independence of a home of his own. He paid \$3,400 for his house and lot, and has land enough to set off another building lot if he were inclined. By the time he has paid in full for the property, his outlay, including taxes and insurance, will amount to \$4,227.50. The place is said to have cost originally over \$12,000.

Atlanta, Ga., has enjoyed the benefits of these associations for a number of years, and the members there have given some interesting testimony to the benefits they have received. The secretary of the People's Mutual Loan and Building Association sent out postal cards to all the members, about a year ago, asking them to give him a statement of their experience. Here are a few of the answers:

"The association has been the means of my saving \$1,600."

"The association has kept our boys' money safely invested, and they are \$925 better off than two years ago." (These boys had formerly spent all their money for drink.)

"I owe all I have in the world to the association."

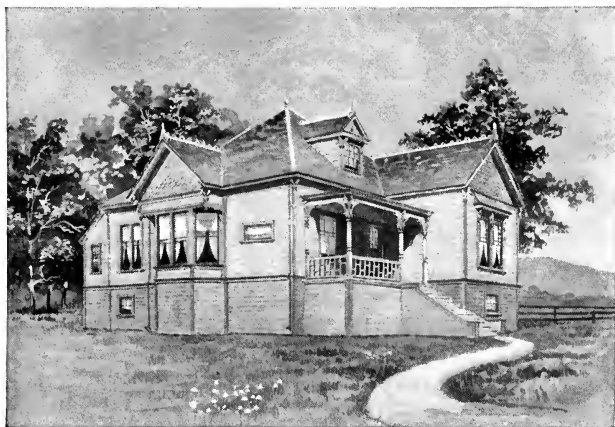
The secretary of this association, Mr. E. P. McBurney, writes to me: "A negro who, when he joined, had but \$500, has built a store costing \$4,500 in which he does business, and he is worth \$6,000. The rent of half the building more than pays his dues. Another negro member has built the house in which he lives through the association. A mechanic told me the other day that he had for four years been increasing his holding of



House of a Cincinnati Bookkeeper, cost, with lot, \$2,400.

stock, until he now paid in \$30 a month, whereas, four years ago, he did not think he could save a cent."

If this testimony to the beneficial operations of co-operative building and loan associations, gathered from so wide a territory, seems one-sided, I have only to say that in all the correspondence I have had on the subject I have not received one complaint. But the testimony should be accepted as proving, not that the system is not open to abuses and losses under bad management, but that beyond



House of a Bookkeeper at Berkeley, a suburb of San Francisco, Cal., cost \$2,000.



House of a Government Clerk in Washington, D. C., cost \$4,000.

dispute it is one of the greatest means for the encouragement of thrift that man has devised. No method has ever been invented, in public or private affairs, to render the custody of funds entirely safe. But no investment and management can nearer approach safety than that of a mutual building and loan association, in which the officers are well chosen and in which *all* do their duty.

I have received many requests, while writing this article, to sound a warning against those so-called "national" associations, which are trying to use the good fame of the genuine co-operative associations to build up a business whose real object is the acquisition of profits for a set of officers.

I do not think that the co-operative associations have anything to fear from

the "nationals," except the confusion that may exist with a large part of the public about the two systems, causing the actually co-operative associations to share in any discredit and disappointments that must, sooner or later, fall to the others. Any man can see that a "national" association, with heavy expenses for office hire, agents, etc., while the risk on its loans must be infinitely greater, cannot be as profitable to its members as a local association whose expenses a few hundred dollars will cover. The "nationals" are still young, but State officers are already "gathering them in," and time to prove the falsity of their system is, I think, all that will be required to get rid of them, even if the vigorous enforcement of State laws does not sooner weed them out.

IN THE VALLEY.

By *Harold Frederic.*

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE MESSAGE SENT AHEAD FROM THE INVADING ARMY.



THE whole forenoon of this eventful day was occupied in transmitting to the proper authorities the great tidings which had so fortuitously come to us.

For this purpose, after breakfast, John Frey, who was the Brigade Major as well as Sheriff, rode down to Caughnawaga with me, four soldiers bringing Enoch in our train. It was a busy morning at the Fonda house, where we despatched our business, only Jelles Fonda and his brother Captain Adam and the staunch old Samson Sammons being admitted to our counsels.

Here Enoch repeated his story, telling now in addition that one-half of the approaching force was composed of Hanau Chasseurs—skilled marksmen recruited in Germany from the gamekeeper or forester class—and that Joseph Brant was expected to meet them at Oswego with the Iroquois war party, Colonel Claus having command of the Missisagues or Hurons from the far west. As he mentioned the names of various officers in Sir John's regiment of Tories, we ground our teeth with wrath. They were the names of men we had long known in the Valley—men whose brothers and kinsmen were still among us—some even holding commissions in our Militia. Old Sammons could not restrain a snort of rage when the name of Hon-Yost Herkimer was mentioned in this list of men who wore now the traitor's "Royal Green" uniform, and carried commissions from King George to fight against their own blood.

"You saw no Sammons in that damned snake's nest, I'll be bound!" he shouted fiercely at Enoch.

"Nor any Fonda, either," said Major Jelles, as firmly.

But then both bethought them that these were cruel words to say in the hearing of the stalwart John Frey, who could not help it that his brother, Colonel Hendrick, was on parole as a suspected Tory, and that another brother, Bernard, and a nephew, young Philip Frey, Hendrick's son, were with John-son in Canada. So the family subject was dropped.

More or less minute reports of all that Enoch revealed, according to the position of those for whom they were intended, were written out by me, and despatched by messenger to General Schuyler at Albany; to Brigadier-General Herkimer near the Little Falls; to Colonel Campbell at Cherry Valley; and to my old comrade Peter Gansevoort, now a full colonel, and since April the commandant at Fort Stanwix. Upon him the first brunt of the coming invasion would fall. He had under him only five hundred men—the Third New York Continentals—and I took it upon myself to urge now upon General Schuyler that more should be speeded to him.

This work finally cleared away, and all done that was proper until the military head of Tryon County, Brigadier Herkimer, should take action, there was time to remember my own affairs. It had been resolved that no word of what we had learned should be made public. The haying had begun, and a panic now would work only disaster by interfering with this most important harvest a day sooner than need be. There was no longer any question of keeping Enoch in prison, but there was a real fear that if he were set at large he might reveal his secret. Hence John Frey suggested that I keep him under my eye, and this jumped with my inclination.

Accordingly, when the noon-day heat was somewhat abated, we set out down the Valley road toward The Cedars. There was no horse for him, but he



"I turned the sheet over and over in my hands, re-reading lines here and there."—Page 590.

walked with the spring and tirelessness of a greyhound, his hand on the pommel of my saddle. The four soldiers who had come down from Johnstown followed in our rear, keeping under the shade where they could, and picking berries by the way.

The mysterious letter from Philip to his deserted wife lay heavily upon my thoughts. I could not ask Enoch if he knew its contents—which it turned out he did not—but I was unable to keep my mind from speculating upon them.

During all these fourteen months Daisy and I had rarely spoken of her recreant ruffian of a husband—or, for that matter, of any other phase of her sad married life. There had been some little constraint between us for a time, after Mr. Stewart's childish babbling about us as still youth and maiden. He never happened to repeat it, and the embarrassment gradually wore away. But we had both been warned by it—if indeed I ought to speak of her as possibly needing such a warning—and by tacit consent the whole subject of her situation was avoided. I did not even tell her that I owed the worst and most lasting of my wounds to Philip. It would only have added to her grief, and impeded the freedom of my arm when the chance for revenge should come.

That my heart had been all this while deeply tender toward the poor girl, I need hardly say. I tried to believe that I thought of her only as the dear sister of my childhood, and that I looked upon her when we met with no more than the fondness which may properly glow in a brother's eyes. For the most part I succeeded in believing it—but it is just to add that the neighborhood did not. More than once my mother had angered me by reporting that people talked of my frequent visits to The Cedars, and faint echoes of this gossip had reached my ears from other sources.

"You did not stop to see Mistress Cross open her letter, then?" I asked Enoch.

"No! why should I? Nothing was said about that. He paid me only to deliver it into her hands."

"And what was his mood when he gave it to you?"

"Why, it was what you might call the

Madeira mood—his old accustomed temper. He had the hiccoughs, I recall, when he spoke with me. Most generally he does have them. Yet, speak the truth and shame the devil! he is sober two days to that Colonel Sillinger's one. If their expedition fails, it won't be for want of rum. They had twenty barrels when they started from La Chine—and it went to my heart to see men make such beasts of themselves."

I could not but smile at this. "The last time I saw you before to-day," I said, "there could not well have been less than a quart of rum inside of you."

"No doubt! But it is quite another thing to guzzle while your work is still in hand. That I never would do! And it is that which makes me doubt these British will win, in the long run. Rum is good to rest upon—it is rest itself—when the labor is done; but it is ruin to drink it when your task is still ahead of you. To tell the truth, I could not bear to see these fellows drink, drink, drink, all day long, with all their hard fighting to come. It made me uneasy."

"And is it your purpose to join us? We are the sober ones, you know."

"Well, yes and no! I don't mind giving your side a lift—it's more my way of thinking than the other—and you seem to need it powerfully, too. But"—here he looked critically over my blue and buff, from cockade to boot-tops—"you don't get any uniform on me, and I don't join any regiment. I'd take my chance in the woods first. It suits you to a 't', but it would gag me from the first minute."

We talked thus until we reached The Cedars. I left Enoch and the escort without, and knocked at the door. I had to rap a second time before Molly Wemple appeared to let me in.

"We were all upstairs," she said, wiping her hot and dusty brow with her apron—"hard at it! I'll send her down to you. She needs a little breathing spell."

The girl was gone before I could ask what extra necessity for labor had fallen upon the household, this sultry summer afternoon.

Daisy came hurriedly to me, a moment later, and took both my hands in

hers. She also bore signs of work and weariness.

"Oh! I am so glad you are come!" she said, eagerly. "Twice I have sent Tulp for you across to your mother's. It seemed as if you never would come."

"Why, what is it, my girl? Is it about the letter from—from—"

"You know, then!"

"Only that a letter came to you yesterday from him. The messenger—he is an old friend of ours—told me that much—nothing more."

Daisy turned at this, and took a chair, motioning me to another. The pleased excitement at my arrival—apparently so much desired—was succeeded all at once by visible embarrassment.

"Now that you are here, I scarcely know why I wanted you, or—how to tell you what it is," she said, speaking slowly. "I was full of the idea that nothing could be done without your advice and help—and yet, now you have come, it seems that there is nothing left for you to say or do." She paused for a moment, then added: "You know we are going back to Cairncross."

I stared at her, aghast. The best thing I could say was, "Nonsense!"

She smiled wearily. "So I might have known you would say. But it is the truth, none the less."

"You must be crazy!"

"No, Douw, only very, very wretched!"

The poor girl's voice faltered as she spoke, and I thought I saw the glisten of tears in her eyes. She had borne so brave and calm a front through all her trouble, that this suggestion of a sob wrung my heart with the cruelty of a novel sorrow. I drew my chair nearer to her.

"Tell me about it all, Daisy—if you can."

Her answer was to impulsively take a letter from her pocket, and hand it to me. She would have recalled it an instant later.

"No—give it me back!" she cried, "I forgot! There are things in it you should not see!"

But even as I held it out to her, she changed her mind once again.

"No! Read it," she said, sinking back in her chair; "it can make no

difference—between us. You might as well know all!"

The "all" could not well have been more hateful. I smoothed out the folded sheet over my knee, and read these words, written in a loose, bold character, with no date or designation of place, and with the signature scrawled grandly like the sign-manual of a Duke, at least:

"MADAM:—It is my purpose to return to Cairncross forthwith, though you are not to publish it.

"If I fail to find you there residing, as is your duty, upon my arrival, I shall be able to construe the reasons for your absence, and shall act accordingly.

"I am fully informed of your behavior in quitting my house the instant my back was turned, and in consorting publicly with my enemies, and with ruffian foes to law and order generally.

"All these rebels and knaves will shortly be shot or hanged, including without fail your Dutch gallant, who, I am told, now calls himself a Major. His daily visits to you have all been faithfully reported to me. After his neck has been properly twisted, I may be in a better humor to listen to such excuses as you can offer in his regard, albeit I make no promise.

"I despatch by this same express my commands to Rab, which will serve as your further instructions. PHILIP."

One clearly had a right to time for reflection, after having read such a letter as this. I turned the sheet over and over in my hands, re-reading lines here and there under pretence of study, and preserving silence, until finally she asked me what I thought of it all. Then I had perforce to speak my mind.

"I think, if you wish to know," I said deliberately, "that this husband of yours is the most odious brute God ever allowed to live!"

There came now in her reply a curious confirmation of the familiar saying that no man can ever comprehend a woman. A long life's experience has convinced me that the simplest and more direct of her sex must be, in the inner workings of her mind, an enigma to the wisest man that ever existed; so impressed am I with this fact that several times in the course of this narrative I have been at pains to disavow all knowledge of why the women folk of my tale did this or that, only recording the fact that they did do it—and thus to the end of time, I take it, the world's stories must be written.

This was what Daisy actually said :

"But do you not see, running through every line of the letter, and but indifferently concealed, the confession that he is sorry for what he has done, and that he still loves me?"

"I certainly see nothing of the kind!"

She had the letter by heart: "Else why does he wish me to return to his home?" she asked. "And you see he is grieved at my having been friendly with those who are not his friends; that he would not be if he cared nothing for me. Note, too, how at the close, even when he has shown that by the reports that have reached him he is justified in suspecting me, he as much as says that he will forgive me."

"Yes—perhaps—when once he has had his sweet fill of seeing me kicking at the end of a rope! Truly I marvel, Daisy, how you can be so blind, after all the misery and suffering this ruffian has caused you."

"He is my husband, Douw," she said, simply, as if that settled everything.

"Yes, he is your husband—a noble and loving husband, in truth! He first makes your life wretched at home—you know you *were* wretched, Daisy! Then he deserts you, despoiling your house before your very eyes, humiliating you in the hearing of your servants, and throwing the poverty of your parents in your face as he goes! He stops away two years—having you watched meanwhile, it seems—yet never vouchsafing you so much as a word of message! Then at last, when these coward Tories have bought help enough in Germany and in the Indian camps to embolden them to come down and look their neighbors in the face, he is pleased to write you this letter, abounding in coarse insults in every sentence. He tells you of his coming as he might notify a tavern wench. He hectors and orders you as if you were his slave. He pleasantly promises the ignominious death of your chief friends. And all this you take kindly—sifting his brutal words in search for even the tiniest grain of manliness. My faith, I am astonished at you! I credited you with more spirit."

She was not angered at this outburst,

which had in it more harsh phrases than she had heard in all her life from me before, but, after a little pause, said to me quite calmly:

"I know you deem him all bad. You never allowed him any good quality."

"You know him better than I—a thousand times better, more's the pity. Very well! I rest the case with you. Tell me, out of all your knowledge of the man, what 'good quality' he ever showed, how he showed it, and when!"

"Have you forgotten that he saved my life?"

"No, but he forgot it—or rather made it the subject of taunts, in place of soft thoughts."

"And he loved me—ah! he truly did—for a little!"

"Yes, he loved you! So he did his horses, his kennel, his wine-cellar—and a hundred-fold more he loved himself, and his cursed pride."

"How you hate him!"

"Hate him? Yes! Have I not been given cause?"

"He often said that he was not in fault for throwing Tulp over the gulf-side. He knew no reason, he avowed, why you should have sought a quarrel with him that day, and forced it upon him, there in the gulf, and as for Tulp—why, the foolish boy ran at him. Is it not so?"

"Who speaks of Tulp?" I asked impatiently. "If he had tossed all Ethiopia over the cliff, and left me *you*—I—I—"

The words were out!

I bit my tongue in shamed regret, and dared not let my glance meet hers. Of all things in the world, this was precisely what I should not have uttered—what I wanted least to say. But it had been said, and I was covered with confusion. The necessity of saying something to bridge over this chasm of insensate indiscretion tugged at my senses, and finally—after what had seemed an age of silence—I stammered on:

"What I mean is, we never liked each other. Why, the first time we ever met, we fought. You cannot remember it, but we did. He knocked me into the ashes. And then there was our dispute at Albany—at the Patroon's Mansion,

you will recall. And then at Quebec. I have never told you of this," I went on, recklessly, "but we met that morning, in the snow, as Montgomery fell. He knew me, dark as it still was, and we grappled. This scar here," I pointed to a reddish seam across my temple and cheek, "this was his doing."

I have said that I could never meet Daisy in these days, without feeling that, mere chronology to the opposite notwithstanding, she was much the older and more competent person of the two. This sense of juvenility overwhelmed me now, as she calmly rose and put her hand on my shoulder, and took a restful, as it were maternal, charge of me and my mind.

"My dear Douw," she said, with as fine an assumption of quiet, composed superiority as if she had not up to that moment been talking the veriest nonsense, "I understand just what you mean. Do not think, if I seem sometimes thoughtless or indifferent, that I am not aware of your feelings, or that I fail to appreciate the fondness you have always given me. I know what you would have said——"

"It was exactly what I most of all would *not* have said," I broke in with, in passing.

"Even so. But do you think, silly boy, that the thought was new to me? Of course we shall never speak of it again, but I am not altogether sorry it was referred to. It gives me the chance to say to you," her voice softened and wavered here, as she looked around the dear old room, reminiscent in every detail of our youth, "to say to you that, wherever my duty may be, my heart is here, here under this roof where I was so happy, and where the two best men I shall ever know loved me so tenderly, so truly, as daughter and sister."

There were tears in her eyes at the end, but she was calm and self-sustained enough.

She was very firmly of opinion that it was her duty to go to Cairncross at once, and nothing I could say sufficed to dissuade her. So it turned out that the afternoon and evening of this important day were devoted to conveying across to Cairncross the whole Cedars establishment, I myself accompanying Daisy and

Mr. Stewart in the carriage around by the Johnstown road. Rab was civil almost to the point of servility, but, to make assurance doubly sure, I sent up a guard of soldiers to the house that very night, brought Master Rab down to be safely locked up by the Sheriff at Johnstown, and left her Enoch instead.

CHAPTER XXX.

FROM THE SCYTHE AND REAPER TO THE MUSKET.

AND now, with all the desperate energy of men who risked everything that mortal can have in jeopardy, we prepared to meet the invasion.

The tidings of the next few days but amplified what Enoch had told us. Thomas Spencer, the half-breed, forwarded full intelligence of the approaching force; Oneida runners brought in stories of its magnitude, with which the forest glades began to be vocal; Colonel Gansevoort, working night and day to put into a proper state of defence the dilapidated Fort at the Mohawk's headwaters, sent down urgent demands for supplies, for more men, and for militia support.

At the most, General Schuyler could spare him but two hundred men, for Albany was in sore panic at the fall of Ticonderoga and the menace of Burgoyne's descent in force through the Champlain country. We watched this little troop march up the river road in a cloud of dust—and realized that this was the final thing Congress and the State could do for us. What more was to be done, we men of the Valley must do for ourselves.

It was almost welcome, this grim, blood-red reality of peril which now stared us in the face, so good and wholesome a change did it work in the spirit of the Valley. Despondency vanished; the cavillers who had disparaged Washington and Schuyler, sneered at stout Governor Clinton, and doubted all things save that matters would end badly, ceased their grumbling and took heart; men who had wavered and been lukewarm or suspicious came forward now and threw in their lot with their neigh-

bors. And if here and there on the hill-sides were silent houses whence no help was to come, and where, if the enemy once broke through, he would be welcomed the more as a friend if his hands were spattered with our blood—the consciousness, I say, that we had these base traitors in our midst only gave us a deeper resolution not to fail.

General Herkimer presently issued his order to the Tryon militia, apprising them of the imminent danger, and summoning all between sixteen and sixty to arms. There was no doubt now where the blow would fall. Cherry Valley, Unadilla, and the Sacondaga settlements no longer feared raids from the wilderness upon their flanks. The invaders were coming forward in a solid mass, to strike square at the Valley's head. There we must meet them!

It warms my old heart still to recall the earnestness and calm courage of that summer fortnight of preparation. All up and down the Valley bottom-lands the haying was in progress. Young and old, rich and poor, came out to carry forward this work in common. The meadows were taken in their order, some toiling with scythe and sickle, others standing guard at the forest borders of the fields to protect the workers. It was a goodly yield that year, I remember, and never in my knowledge was the harvest gathered and housed better or more thoroughly than in this period of genuine danger, when no man knew whose cattle would feed upon his hay, a month hence. The women and girls worked beside the men, and brought them cooling drinks of ginger, molasses, and vinegar, and spread tables of food in the early evening shade for the weary gleaners. These would march home in bodies, a little later, those with muskets being at the front and rear, and then, after a short night's honest sleep, the rising sun would find them again at work upon some other farm.

There was something very good and strengthening in this banding together to get the hay in for all. During twenty years of peace and security, we had grown selfish and solitary—each man for himself. We had forgotten, in the strife for individual gain and preference, the true meaning of that fine old

word "neighbor"—the husbandman or *boer* who is nigh, and to whom in nature you first look for help and sympathy and friendship. It was in this fortnight of common peril that we saw how truly we shared everything—even life itself—and how good it was to work for as well as to fight for one another—each for all, and all for each. Forty years have gone by since that summer, yet still I seem to discover in the Mohawk Valley the helpful traces of that fortnight's harvesting in common. The poor *bauers* and squatters from the bush came out then, and did their share of the work, and we went back with them into their forest clearings and beaver-flies, and helped them get in their small crops in turn. And to this day there is more brotherly feeling here between the needy and the well-to-do than I know of anywhere else.

When the barns were filled, and the sweet-smelling stacks outside properly built and thatched, the scythe was laid aside for the musket, the sickle for the sword and pistol. All up the Valley the drums' rattle drowned the drone of the locusts in the stubble. The women moulded bullets now and filled powder-horns instead of making drinks for the hay-field. There was no thought anywhere save of preparation for the march. Guns were cleaned, flints replaced, new hickory ramrods whittled out, and the grindstones threw off sparks under the pressure of swords and spear-heads. Even the little children were at work rubbing goose-grease into the hard leather of their elders' foot-gear, against the long tramp to Fort Stanwix.

By this time, the first of August, we knew more about the foe we were to meet. The commander whom Enoch had heard called Sillinger was learned to be one Colonel St. Leger, a British officer of distinction, which might have been even greater if he had not embraced the old-world military vice of his day—grievous drunkenness. The gathering of Indians at Oswego under Claus and Brant was larger than the first reports had made it. The regular troops, both British and German, intended for our destruction, were said to alone outnumber the whole militia force which we could hope to oppose to them. But most of all we thought of the hundreds of our old Tory

neighbors, who were bringing this army down upon us to avenge their own fancied wrongs. And when we thought of them we moodily rattled the bullets in our deerskin bags, and bent the steel more fiercely upon the whirling, hissing stone.

I have read much of war, both ancient and modern. I declare solemnly that in no chronicle of warfare in any country, whether it be of great campaigns like those of Marlborough and the late King of Prussia, and that strange Buonaparte, half god, half devil, who has now been caged at last at St. Helena; or of brutal invasions by a foreign enemy, as when the French overran and desolated the Palatinate; or of buccaneering and piratical enterprises by the Spaniards and Portuguese; or of the fighting of savages or of the Don Cossacks—in none of these records, I aver, can you find so much wanton baseness and beast-like bloodthirstiness as these native-born Tories showed toward us. Mankind has not been capable of more utter cruelty and wickedness than were in their hearts. Beside them the lowest painted heathen in their train was a Christian, the most ignorant Hessian peasant was a nobleman.

Ever since my talk with Colonel Dayton I had been trying to look upon these Tories as men who, however mistaken, were acting from a sense of duty. For a full year it seemed as if I had succeeded—indeed, more than once, so temperately did I bring myself in my new philosophy to think of them, I was warned by my elders that it would be better for me to keep my generous notions to myself. But now, when the stress came, all this philanthropy fell away. These men were leading down to their old home an army of savages and alien soldiers; they were boasting that we, their relatives, or whilom school-fellows, neighbors, friends, should be slaughtered like rats in a pit; their commander, St. Leger, published at their instigation general orders offering his Indians twenty dollars apiece for the scalps of our men, women, and children! How could one pretend not to hate such monsters?

At least I did not pretend any longer, but worked with an enthusiasm I had

never known before to marshal our yeomanry together.

Under the pelting July sun, in the saddle from morning till night—to Cherry Valley, to Stone Arabia, to the obscure little groups of cabins in the bush, to the remote settlements on the Unadilla and the East Creek—organizing, suggesting, pleading, sometimes, I fear, also cursing a little, my difficult work was at last done. The men of the Mohawk District regiment, who came more directly under my eye, were mustered at Caughnawaga, and some of the companies that were best filled despatched forward under Captain Adam Fonda, who was all impatience to get first to Fort Dayton—the general rendezvous. In all we were likely to gather together in this regiment one hundred and thirty men, and this was better than a fortnight ago had seemed possible.

They were sturdy fellows for the most part, tall, deep-chested, and hard of muscle. They came from the high forest clearings of Kingsland and Tribes Hill, from the lower Valley flatlands near to Schenectady, from the bush settlements scattered back on Aries Creek, from the rich farms and villages of Johnstown, and Caughnawaga, and Spraker's. There were among them all sorts and conditions of men, thrifty and thriftless, cautious and imprudent, the owners of slaves along with poor yokels of scarcely higher estate than the others' niggers. Here were posted thick in the roll-call such names as Fonda, Starin, Yates, Sammons, Gardenier, and Wemple. Many of the officers, and some few of the men, had rough imitations of uniform, such as home-made materials and craft could command, but these varied largely in style and color. The great majority of the privates wore simply their farm homespun, gray and patched, and some had not even their hat brims turned up with a cockade—but they had a look on their sunburned, gnarled, and honest faces which the Butlers and Johnsons might well have shrunk from.

These men of the Mohawk district spoke more Dutch than anything else, though there were both English and High German tongues among them. They had more old acquaintances

among the Tories than had their Palatine friends up the river, for this had been the Johnsons' own district. Hence, though in numbers we were smaller than the regiments that mustered above at Stone Arabia and Zimmerman's, at Canajoharie, and Cherry Valley, we were richer in hate.

At daybreak on August 2d, the remaining companies of this regiment were to start on their march up the Valley. I rode home to my mother's house late in the afternoon of the 1st, to spend what might be a last night under her roof. On the morrow, Samson Sammons and Jelles Fonda, members of the Committee of Safety, and I, could easily overtake the column on our horses.

I was greatly perplexed and unsettled in mind about Daisy and my duty toward her, and, though I turned this over in my thoughts the whole distance, I could come to no satisfactory conclusion. On the one hand, I yearned to go and say farewell to her; on the other, it was not clear, after that letter of her husband's, that I could do this without unjustly prejudicing her as a wife. For the wife of this viper she still was, and who could tell how soon she might not be in his power again?

I was still wrestling with this vexatious question when I came to my mother's house. I tied the horse to the fence till Tulp should come out for him, and went in, irresolutely. At every step it seemed to me as if I ought instead to be going toward Cairncross.

Guess my surprise at being met, almost upon the threshold, by the very woman of whom of all others I had been thinking! My mother and she had apparently made up their differences and stood together, waiting for me.

"Were you going away, Douw, without coming to see me—to say good-by?" asked Daisy, with a soft reproach in her voice. "Your mother tells me of your starting to-morrow—for the battle."

I took her hand and, despite my mother's presence, continued to hold it in mine. This was bold, but there was little enough of bravery in my words.

"Yes, we go to-morrow; I wanted to come—all day I have been thinking

of little else—yet I feared that my visit might—might—"

Very early in this tale it was my pride to explain that my mother was a superior woman. Faults of temper she may have had, and eke narrow prejudices on sundry points. But she had also great good sense — which she showed now by leaving the room.

"I came to you instead, you see," my dear girl said, trying to smile, yet with a quivering lip; "I could not have slept, I could not have borne to live almost, it seems, if I had let you ride off without a word, without a sign."

We stood thus facing each other for a moment—I mumbling forth some commonplaces of explanation, she looking intently into my eyes. Then with a sudden deep outburst of anguish, moaning piteously, "*Must you truly go?*" she came, nay, almost fell into my arms, burying her face on my shoulder, and weeping violently.

It is not meet that I should speak much of the hour that followed. I would, in truth, pass over it wholly in silence—as being too sacred a thing for aught of disclosure or speculation—were it not that some might, in this case, think lightly of the pure and good woman who, unduly wrung by years of grief, disappointment, and trial, now, from very weariness of soul, sobbed upon my breast. And that would be intolerable.

We sat side by side in the little musty parlor. I did not hold her hand, or so much as touch her gown with my knee or foot.

We talked of impersonal things—of the coming invasion, of the chances of relieving Fort Stanwix, of the joy it would be to me if I could bear a good part in rescuing my dear friend Gansevoort, its brave young commandant. I told her about Peter, and of how we two had consorted together in Albany, and later in Quebec. And this led us back—as we had so often returned before during these latter hateful months—to the sweet companionship of our own childhood and youth. She, in turn, talked of Mr. Stewart, who seemed less strong and contented in his new home at Cairncross. He had much enjoyment now, she said, in counting over a rosary of beads which had been his mother's, reiterating

a prayer for each one in the Romish fashion, and he was curiously able to remember these long-disused formulas of his boyhood, even while he forgot the things of yesterday. I commented upon this, pointing out to her that this is the strange quality of the Roman faith—that its forms and customs, learned in youth, remain in the affections of Papists to their dying day, even after many years of neglect and unbelief; whereas in the severe, Spanish-drab Protestantism to which I was reared, if one once loses interest in the tenets themselves, there is nothing whatever left upon which the mind may linger pleasantly.

Thus our conversation ran—decorous and harmless enough in all conscience. And if the thoughts masked by these words were all of a forbidden subject—if the very air about us was laden with sweet influences—if, when our eyes met, each read in the other's glance a whole world of meaning evaded in our talk—were we to blame?

I said "no" then, in my own heart, honestly. I say it now. Why, thank you! This love of ours was as old as our intelligence itself. Looking back, we could trace its soft touch upon every little childish incident we had in common memory; the cadence of its music bore forward, tenderly, sweetly, the song of all that had been happy in our lives. We were man and woman now, wise and grave by reason of sorrow and pain and great trials. These had come upon us both because neither of us had frankly said, at a time when to have said it would have been to alter all—"I love you!" And this we must not say to each other even now, by all the bonds of mutual honor and self-respect. But not any known law, human or divine, could hold our thoughts in leash. So we sat and talked of common things, calmly and without restraint, and our minds were leagues away, in fields of their own choosing, amid sunshine and flowers and the low chanting of love's cherubim.

We said farewell, instinctively, before my mother returned. I held her hands in mine, and, as if she had been a girl again, gently kissed the white forehead she as gently inclined to me.

"Poor old father is to burn candles

for your safety," she said, with a soft smile, "and I will pray too. Oh, do spare yourself! Come back to us!"

"I feel it in my bones," I answered stoutly. "Fear nothing, I shall come back!"

The tall, bright-eyed, shrewd old dame, my mother, came in at this, and Daisy consented to stop for supper with us, but not to spend the night with one of my sisters, as was urged. I read her reason to be that she shrank from a second and public farewell in the morning.

The supper was almost a cheery meal. The women would have readily enough made it doleful, I fancy, but my spirits were too high for that. There were birds singing in my heart. My mother from time to time looked at me searchingly, as if to guess the cause of this elation, but I doubt she was as mystified as I then thought.

At twilight I stood bare-headed and watched Daisy drive away, with Enoch and Tulp as a mounted escort. The latter was also to remain with her during my absence—and Major Mauverensen almost envied his slave.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE RENDEZVOUS OF FIGHTING MEN AT FORT DATTON.

I SHALL not easily forget the early breakfast next morning, or the calm, yet serious air with which my mother and two unmarried sisters went about the few remaining duties of preparing for my departure. For all they said, they might have been getting me ready for a fishing excursion, but it would be wrong to assume that they did not think as gravely as if they had flooded the kitchen with tears.

Little has been said of these good women in the course of my story, for the reason that Fate gave them very little to do with it, and the narrative is full long as it is, without the burden of extraneous personages. But I would not have it thought that we did not all love one another, and stand up for one another, because we kept cool about it.

During this last year, in truth, my mother and I had seen more of each other than for all the time before since

my infancy, and in the main had got on admirably together. Despite the affectation of indifference in her letter, she did not lack for pride in my being a Major; it is true that she exhibited little of this emotion to me, fearing its effect upon my vanity, doubtless, but her neighbors and gossips heard a good deal from it, I fancy. It was in her nature to be proud, and she had right to be—for what other widow in the Valley, left in sore poverty with a household of children, had, like her, by individual exertions, thrift, and keen management, brought all that family well up, purchased and paid for her own homestead and farm, and laid by enough for a comfortable old age? Not one! She therefore was justified in respecting herself and exacting respect from others, and it pleased me that she should have satisfaction as well in my advancement. But she did ruffle me sometimes by seeking to manage my business for me—she never for a moment doubting that it was within her ability to make a much better major than I was—and by ever and anon selecting some Valley maiden for me to marry. This last became a veritable infiction, so that I finally assured her I should never marry—my heart being irrevocably fixed upon a hopelessly unattainable ideal.

I desired her to suppose that this referred to some Albany woman, but I was never skilful in indirection, and I do not believe that she was at all deceived.

The time came soon enough when I must say good-by. My carefully packed bags were carried out and fastened to the saddle. Tall, slender, high-browed Margaret sadly sewed a new cockade of her own making upon my hat, and round-faced, red-cheeked Gertrude tied my sash and belt about me in silence. I kissed them both with more feeling than in all their lives before I had known for them, and when my mother followed me to the horse-block, and embraced me again, the tears could not be kept back. After all, I was her only boy—and it was to war in its deadliest form that I was going.

And then the thought came to me—how often in that cruel week it had come to fathers, husbands, brothers, in this sunny Valley of ours, leaving homes

they should never see again!—that nothing but our right arms could save these women, my own flesh and blood, from the hatchet and scalping-knife.

I swung myself into the saddle sternly at this thought, and gripped the reins hard and pushed my weight upon the stirrups. By all the gods, I should not take this ride for nothing!

“Be of good heart, mother!” I said, between my teeth. “We shall drive the scoundrels back—such as we do not feed to the wolves.”

“Aye! And do you your part!” said this fine old daughter of the men who through eighty years of warfare broke the back of Spain. “Remember that you are a Van Hoorn!”

“I shall not forget!”

“And is that young Philip Cross—her husband—with Johnson’s crew?”

“Yes, he is!”

“Then if he gets back to Canada alive you are not the man your grandfather Baltus was!”

These were her last words, and they rang in my ears long after I had joined Fonda and Sammons at Caughnawaga, and we had started westward to overtake the regiment. If I could find this Philip Cross, there was nothing more fixed in my mind than the resolve to kill him.

We rode for the most part without conversation along the rough, sun-baked road, the ruts of which had here and there been trampled into fine dust by the feet of the soldiers marching before. When we passed houses near the highway, women and children came to the doors to watch us; other women and children we could see working in the gardens, or among the rows of tall corn. But save for now and then an aged gaffer, sitting in the sunshine with his pipe, there were no men. All these who could bear a musket were gone to meet the invasion. Two years of war in other parts had drained the Valley of many of its young men, who could not bear peace at home while there were battles at the North, or in the Jerseys, and were serving in every army which Congress controlled, from Champlain and the Delaware to Charleston. And now this levy for home defence had swept the farms clean.

We had late dinner, I remember, at

the house of stout old Peter Wormuth, near the Palatine church. Both he and his son Matthew—a friend of mine from boyhood, who was to survive Oriskany only to be shot down near Cherry Valley next year by Joseph Brant—had of course gone forward with the Palatine militia. The women gave us food and drink, and I recall that Matthew's young wife, who had been Gertrude Shoemaker and was General Herkimer's niece, wept bitterly when we left, and we shouted back to her promises to keep watch over her husband. It is curious to think that when I next saw this young woman, some years later, she was the wife of Major John Frey.

It was a stiff ride on to overtake the stalwart yeomen of our regiment, which we did not far from a point opposite the upper Canajoharie Castle. The men had halted here, weary after their long, hot march, and were sprawling on the grass and in the shade of the bushes. The sun was getting low on the distant hills of the Little Falls, and there came up a refreshing stir of air from the river. Some were for encamping here for the night; others favored going on to the Falls. It annoyed me somewhat to find that this question was apparently to be left to the men themselves, Colonel Visscher not seeming able or disposed to decide for himself.

Across the stream, in the golden August haze, we could see the roofs of the Mohawks' village—or castle as they called it. Some of the men idly proposed to go over and stampede or clear out this nest of red vermin, but the idea was not seriously taken up. Perhaps if it had been much might have been changed for the better. Nothing is clearer than that Molly Brant, who with her bastard brood and other Mohawk women was then living there, sent up an emissary to warn her brother Joseph of our coming, and that it was upon this information he acted to such fell purpose. Doubtless if we had gone over and seized the castle and its inmates then, that messenger would never have been sent. But we are all wise when we look backward.

By the afternoon of the next day, August 3, the mustering at Fort Dayton

was complete. No one of the thirty-three companies of Tryon County militia was absent, and though some sent barely a score of men, still no more were to be expected. Such as the little army was, it must suffice. There were of more or less trained militiamen nearly six hundred. Of artisan volunteers, of farmers who had no place in the regular company formations, and of citizens whose anxiety to be present was unfortunately much in excess of their utility, there were enough to bring the entire total up to perhaps two score over eight hundred. Our real and effective fighting force was about half-way between these two figures—I should say about seven hundred strong.

It was the first time that the whole Tryon militia had been gathered together, and we looked one another over with curiosity. Though called into common action by a common peril, the nearness of which made the Mohawk Valley seem a very small place and its people all close neighbors, the men assembled here represented the partial settlement of a country larger than any one of several European monarchies.

As there were all sorts and grades of dress, ranging from the spruce blue and buff of some of the officers, through the gray homespun and linsey-woolsey of the farmer privates, to the buckskin of the trappers and huntsmen, so there were all manner of weapons, all styles of head-gear and equipment, all fashions of faces. There were Germans of half a dozen different types; there were Dutch, there were Irish and Scotch Presbyterians, there were stray French Huguenots, and even Englishmen, and here and there a Yankee settler from New England. Many there were who with difficulty understood each other, as when the Scotch Campbells and Clydes of Cherry Valley, for example, essayed to talk with the bush-Germans from above Zimmerman's.

Notable among the chief men of the communities here, so to speak, huddled together for safety, was old Isaac Paris, the foremost man of Stone Arabia. He should now be something over sixty years of age, yet had children at home scarce out of the cradle, and was so hale and strong in bearing that he seemed no

less fit for battle and hardship than his strapping son Peter, who was not yet eighteen. These two laid their lives down together within this dread week of which I write. I shall never forget how fine and resolute a man the old colonel looked, with his good clothes of citizen make, as became a member of the State Senate and one of the Committee of Safety, yet with as martial a bearing as any. He was a Frenchman from Strasbourg, but spoke like a German; no man of us all looked forward to fighting with greater appetite, though he had been always a quiet merchant and God-fearing, peaceful burgher.

Colonel Ebenezer Cox, a somewhat arrogant and solitary man for whom I had small liking, now commanded the Canajoharie regiment in place of Herkimer, the Brigadier-General; there were at the head of the other regiments stout Colonel Peter Bellinger, the capable and determined Colonel Jacob Klock, and our own Colonel Frederick Visscher. Almost all of the Committee of Safety were here, most of them being also officers in the militia, but others, like Paris, John Dygert, Samson Sammons, Jacob Snell, and Samuel Billington coming merely as lookers-on. In short, no well-known man of the Valley seemed absent as we looked the gathering over—and scarcely a familiar family name was lacking on our lists, which it was now my business to check off.

Whole households of strong men marched together. There were nine Snells, all relatives, in the patriot ranks; as well as I can remember, there were five Bellingers, five Seebers, five Wagners, and five Wollovers—and it may well be five of more than one other family.

The men of the different settlements formed groups by themselves at the first, and arranged their own separate camping places for the night. But soon, as was but natural, they discovered acquaintances from other parts, and began to mingle, sitting in knots or strolling about the outer palisades, or on the clearing beyond. The older men who had borne a part in the French War told stories of that time, which, indeed, had now a new, deep interest for us, not only in that we were to face an invading force

greater and more to be dreaded than was Bellêtre's, but because we were encamped on historic ground.

From the gentle knoll upon which the block-house and stockade of Fort Dayton were now reared we could see the site of that first little Palatine settlement that had then been wiped so rudely from the face of the earth; and our men revived memories of that dreadful night, and talked of them in a low voice as the daylight faded.

The scene affected me most gravely. I looked at the forest-clad range of northern hills over which the French and Indian horde stole in the night, and tried to picture their stealthy approach in my mind. Below us, flowing tranquilly past the willow-hedged farms of the German Flatts settlers, lay the Mohawk. The white rippling overcast on the water marked the shallow ford through which the panic-stricken refugees crowded in affright in the wintry darkness, and where in the crush that poor forgotten woman, the widow of an hour, was trampled under foot, swept away by the current, drowned!

How miraculous it seemed that her baby girl should have been saved, should have been brought to Mr. Stewart's door, and placed in the very sanctuary of my life, by the wilful freak of a little English boy! And how marvellous that this self-same boy, her husband now, should be among the captains of a new and more sinister invasion of our Valley, and that I should be in arms with my neighbors to stay his progress! Truly here was food enough for thought.

But there was little time for musing. After supper, when most of the rest were free to please themselves, to gossip, to set night-lines in the river against breakfast, or to carve rough initials on their powder-horns in emulation of the art-work displayed by the ingenious Petry boys, I was called to the council held by General Herkimer in one of the rooms of the Fort. There were present some of those already mentioned, and I think that Colonel Wesson, the Massachusetts officer whose troops garrisoned the place, was from courtesy also invited to take part, though if he was there he said nothing. Thomas Spencer, the Seneca half-breed blacksmith, who had

throughout been our best friend, had come down, and with him was Skenandoah, the war-chief of the Oneidas, whom Dominie Kirkland had kept in our interest.

The thing most talked of, I remember, was the help that these Oneidas could render us. General Schuyler had all along shrunk from the use of savages on the Continental side, and hence had required only friendly neutrality of the Oneidas, whose chief villages lay between us and the foe. But these Indians now saw clearly that, if the invasion succeeded, they would be exterminated not a whit the less ruthlessly by their Iroquois brothers because they had held aloof. In the grim code of the savage, as in the softened law of the Christian, those who were not for him were against him. So the noble old Oneida war-chief had come to us to say that his people, standing as it were between the devil and the deep sea, preferred to at least die like men, fighting for their lives. Skenandoah was reputed even then to be seventy years of age, but he had the square shoulders, full, corded neck, and sharp glance of a man of forty. Only last year he died—at a great age, said to be 110 years—and was buried on Clinton Hill beside his good friend Kirkland, whom for half a century he had loved so well.

There were no two opinions in the Council; let the Oneidas join us with their war-party by all means.

After this had been agreed upon, other matters came up—the quantity of stores we should take, the precedence of the regiments, the selection of the men to be sent ahead to apprise Gansevoort of our approach. But these do not concern the story.

It was after this little gathering had broken up, and the candles been blown out, that General Herkimer put his hand on my shoulder and said, in his quaint German dialect:

“Come, walk with me outside the fort.”

We went together across the parade in the growing dusk. Most of those whom we passed recognized my companion, and greeted him—more often, I am bound to say, with “Guten abend, Honnikol!” than with the salute due to his

rank. There was, indeed, very little notion of discipline in this rough, simple militia gathering.

“We walked outside the ditch to a grassy clearing toward the Flatts where we could pace back and forth without listeners—and yet could see the sentries posted at the corners of the forest enclosure. Then the honest old Brigadier laid open his heart to me.

“I wish to God we were well out of this all,” he said, almost gloomily.

I was taken aback at this. Dejection was last to be looked for in this brave, stout-hearted old frontier fighter. I asked “What is wrong?” feeling that surely there must be some cause for despondency I knew not of.

“I am wrong,” he said, simply.

“I do not understand you, Brigadier.”

“Say rather that *they*, who ought to know me better, do not understand me.”

“They? Whom do you mean?”

“All these men about us—Isaac Paris, Ebenezer Cox, the colonel of my own regiment, Fritz Visscher, and many more. I can see it—they suspect me. Nothing could be worse than that.”

“Suspect *you*, Brigadier! It is pure fancy! You are dreaming!”

“No, I am very much awake, young man. You have not heard them—I have! It has been as much as flung in my face to-day that my brother, Hon-Yost, is a colonel with Johnson—up yonder!”

The little man pointed westward with his hand, to where the last red lights of day were paling over the black line of trees.

“He is with them,” he said, bitterly, “and I am blamed for it! Then, too, my brother Hendrick hides himself away in Stone Arabia, and is not of us, and his son is with the Tories—up yonder.”

“But your brother George is here with us, as true a man as will march tomorrow.”

“Then I have a sister married to Dominie Rosencranz, and he is a Tory; and another married to Hendrick Frey, and *he* is a Tory, too. All this is thrown in my teeth. I do not pass two men with their heads together but I feel they are talking of this.”



"I wish to God we were well out of this all," he said, almost gloomily.

"Why should they? You have two other brothers-in-law here in camp—Peter Bellinger and George Bell. You imagine a vain thing, Brigadier. Believe me, I have seen or heard no hint of this."

"You would not. You are an officer of the line—the only one here. Besides, you are Schuyler's man. They would not talk before you."

"But I am Valley born, Valley bred, as much as any of you. Wherein am I different from the others? Why should they keep me in the dark? They are all my friends—just as—if you would only believe it, they are yours as well."

"Young man," said the general, in a low, impressive voice, and filling and lighting his pipe as he slowly spoke; "if you come back alive, and if you get to be of my age, you will know some things that you don't know now. Danger makes men brave; it likewise makes them selfish and jealous. We are going out together, all of us, to try what, with God's help, we can do. Behind us, down the river, are our wives, or our sweethearts—some of you leave children, others leave mothers and sisters. We are going forward to save them from death or worse than death, and to risk our lives for them and for our homes. Yet, I tell you candidly, there are men here—back here in this fort—who would almost rather see us fail, than see me win my rank in the State line."

"I cannot credit that!"

"Then—why else should they profess to doubt me? Why should they bring up my brothers' names to taunt me with their treason?"

Alas! I could not tell. We walked up and down, I remember, until long after darkness fell full upon us, and the stars were all aglow—I trying my best to dissuade the honest brigadier from his gloomy conviction.

To be frank, although he doubtless greatly exaggerated the feeling existing against him, it, to a degree, did exist.

The reasons for it are not difficult of comprehension. There were not a few officers in our force who were better educated than bluff, unlettered old

Honnikol Herkimer, and who had seen something of the world outside our Valley. It nettled their pride to be under a plain little German, who spoke English badly, and could not even spell his own name twice alike. There were at work under the surface, too, old trade and race jealousies, none the less strong because those upon whom they acted scarcely realized their presence. The Herkimers were the great family on the river, from the Little Falls westward, and there were ancient rivalries, unexpressed but still potent between them and families down the Valley. Thus, when some of the Herkimers and their connections—a majority for that matter—either openly joined the enemy or held coldly apart from us, it was easy for these jealous promptings to take the form of doubt and suspicions as to the whole-hearted loyalty of the brigadier himself. Once begun, these cruelly unjust suspicions rankled in men's minds and spread.

All this I should not mention were it not the key to the horrible tragedy which followed. It is this alone which explains how a trained Indian fighter, a veteran frontiersman like Herkimer, was spurred and stung into rushing headlong upon the death-trap, as if he had been any ignorant and wooden-headed Braddock.

We started on the march westward next day, the 4th, friendly Indians bringing us news that the van of the enemy had appeared on the evening of the 2d before Fort Stanwix, and had already begun an investment. We forded the river at Fort Schuyler, just below where Utica now stands, and pushed slowly forward through the forest, over the rude and narrow road, to the Oneida village of Oriska, something to the east of the large creek which bears the name Oriskany.

Here we halted a second time, encamping at our leisure, and despatching, on the evening of the 5th, Adam Helmer and two other scouts to penetrate to the Fort and arrange a sortie by the garrison, simultaneous with our attack.

(To be continued.)



THE THEATRES OF JAPAN.

By T. J. Nakagawa.

I.



THE origin of the stage in Japan is of comparatively recent date. At the time when Shakespeare was occupied with his last works, nothing existed in the Land of the Rising Sun that could be classed with the dramatic exhibitions of the present day. The stately and ceremonious entertainment known as *Sarugaku*, of which the more

modern designation is *No*, was undoubtedly established as early as the middle of the thirteenth century; but this was, and still continues, an especial diversion for the aristocracy, who themselves frequently take part in the representations. It is distinguished by the employment of disguising masks, and the performers move in measured steps to music supplied by simple instruments and a descriptive chorus. It is reasonable to suppose that, in the earlier period of its development, our theatre borrowed much from this classical art; yet the one is essentially distinct in method and purpose from the other, and will always so remain.

In the year 1603 a party of strolling

female dancers opened a species of ballet show in Kioto, the old capital of Japan. Their crude productions were exhibited in the open air, within spaces temporarily inclosed by bamboo-fences and screens constructed of reeds. They appeared in various parts of the districts of Gojio and Gihon, and also on the dry bed, or *kawara*, of the Kamo River—a spot which has for centuries been given up to popular amusements. From this last-named locality was derived the term of "*kawara-beggar*," ever since applied in contumely to all actors. These early entertainments were known as *O-Kuni-kabuki*, or dancing by O-Kuni, which was the name of the leading performer. They were found so attractive that similar displays were presently introduced into other large cities of the empire, and in the course of a few years were firmly established in public favor at Osaka and Yedo. By the middle of the seventeenth century the *kabuki* had spread to the remotest parts of the country, but at the moment of its highest success prejudice was excited against it on the alleged ground that the exhibitions were of a demoralizing tendency, and orders were issued by the Government of the Shogun, first forbidding the appearance of female dancers, and afterward prohibiting the business altogether. In consequence of urgent protests from many whom these edicts had deprived of the means of subsistence, the authorities were induced to grant permission that the entertainments should be re-



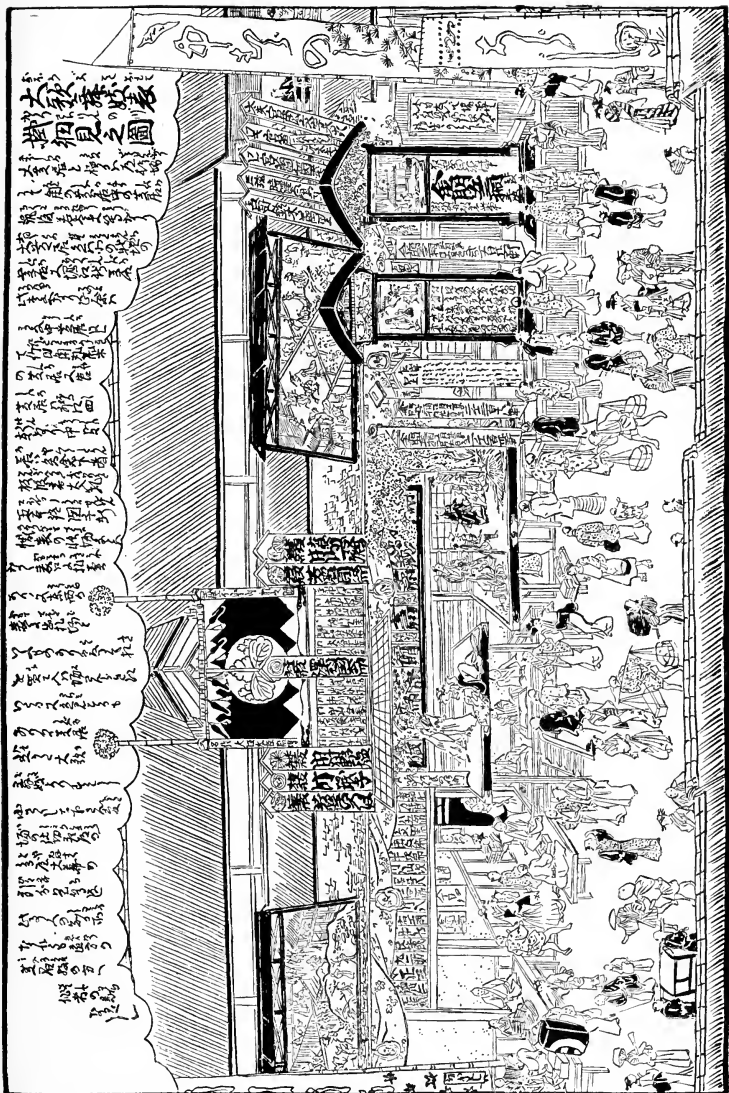
Sarugaku, or No.

(The earliest form of Japanese dramatic entertainment, established in the thirteenth century. From a Japanese engraving.)

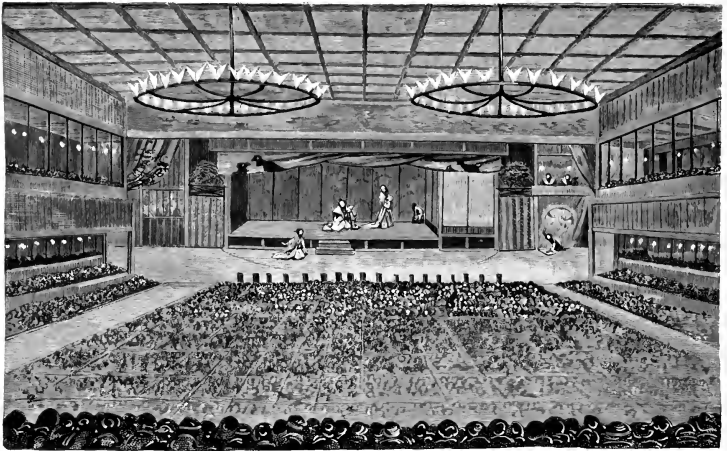
sumed, upon condition that men alone should take part in the proceedings. This marked a new departure in theatrical development. While the performances were confined to women, their range was restricted to a few showy diversions; but as soon as they were given over to the other sex, efforts were made to improve their quality by numerous devices. The monotonous dancing and singing were varied by fantastic imitations of some of the lighter and more humorous pieces in the *No* repertory, and, a little later, by attempts to illustrate popular traditions and familiar events of history in more or less coherent form. Although too artificial and grotesque to possess an artistic value, these exhibitions gradually opened the way to representations of a genuine histrionic character.

At the end of the eighteenth century Osaka had become the recognized home of the national drama. This city was the rendezvous to which all ambitious aspirants were drawn, and no actor could rise prominently in his vocation unless it were known that he had been trained upon its stages, and in accordance with

its peculiar æsthetic principles. The ascendancy of Osaka continued undisputed until the restoration of the imperial government, in 1868. Upon the removal of the court and the seat of administration from that part of the country to Tokio, three hundred miles away, the supremacy of the theatres was likewise transferred, and during the past twenty years no energy has been spared by the managers and players of the Eastern capital to elevate their art to the highest grade of perfection. There are still companies of great merit at Osaka, and in some particulars their performances are said to surpass those of their successful rivals. But the taste of connoisseurs has declared itself overwhelmingly in approval of the Tokio school. In the majority of the provincial theatres, including at present those of Kioto, nothing better can be seen than extravagant and gaudy reproductions of plays once worthily applauded, but now represented by troops of wandering players of no standing whatever. It is only on rare and exceptional occasions that actors of metropolitan repute can be persuaded to leave their own sphere and partici-



Exterior of a Japanese Theatre.
 (From an engraving in Nen-dai-ki.)



Interior of the Shintomi Theatre.

(From a drawing made for this article by the Japanese artist, Kiyokichi.)

pate in entertainments elsewhere. I shall therefore confine myself, in describing the present condition of the Japanese stage, to a review of what the leading theatres of Tokio now provide.

II.

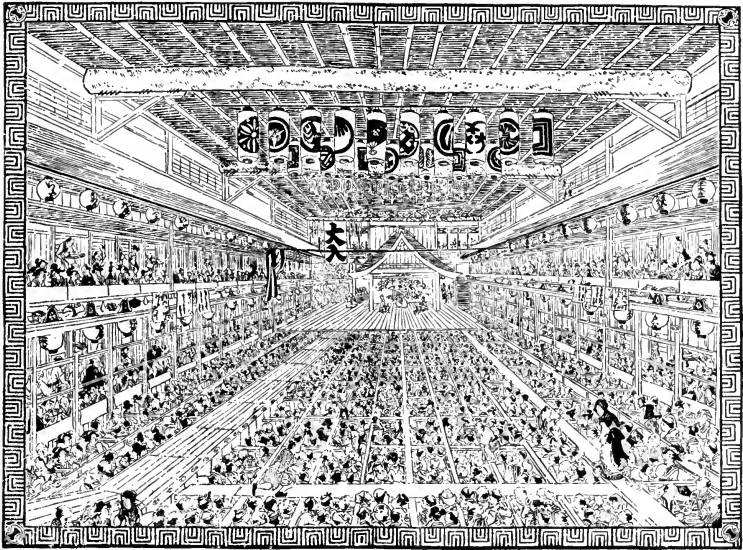
It will first be convenient to speak of scenic and mechanical effects, although it must be admitted, at the outset, that these are unquestionably defective in Japan. We have as yet no proper estimate of the importance of pictorial and structural accessories. The mimic views of landscapes, architecture, and interiors are never intrusted to really capable hands, but are almost invariably executed by painters and machinists of mediocre talent. Elaborate settings, for the purpose of increasing the illusion, are almost unknown. Gradations of light and shade are rarely attempted, and colored illuminations were experimentally introduced for the first time only about a year ago, in the Shintomi Theatre, and then without sufficient care or dexterity to produce a satisfactory impression. It is difficult to supply an explanation for the various imperfections in this department of the

theatre. No sustained effort at amendment appears to have been made in the last fifty years. But occasional indications have latterly been given of a willingness to introduce practical reforms. A movement has been set on foot by travelled Japanese who have made themselves familiar with the theatrical processes of Europe and America, the object of which is to compel the attention of managers to the required improvements. Societies have been formed, not alone for the purpose of making good the superficial deficiencies of the stage, but also to enhance its influence as an instrument of popular education. If their endeavors have thus far been unproductive of large results, it is probably because the innovations proposed are of too radical a nature. The advocates of foreign methods and appliances had known little or nothing of the Japanese drama before they went abroad, for the theatre in their own land was in many cases so degraded by evil repute that the better class of society was reluctant to patronize it. Without sufficient investigation, they are eager rather to destroy utterly, and build anew, than to graft the advantages of Western growth upon the native foundation. It is unfortunate that they are frequently found recom-

mending a degree of change which cannot for the present possibly be tolerated by the community. If the entire system should be remodelled according to their plan, the theatre would inevitably lose much of its national character, and become in many respects an imperfect and spiritless exponent of uncongenial principles. Nevertheless, their exertions have had the beneficial end of directing the minds of all concerned to the importance of casting off the old-time conventionalities and traditions, which are utterly inconsistent with a proper respect for art. Of the immediate consequences of their proceedings a few examples may be given.

Several months ago, at the Shintomi Theatre, a new piece was produced, upon the subject of the martyrdom of the

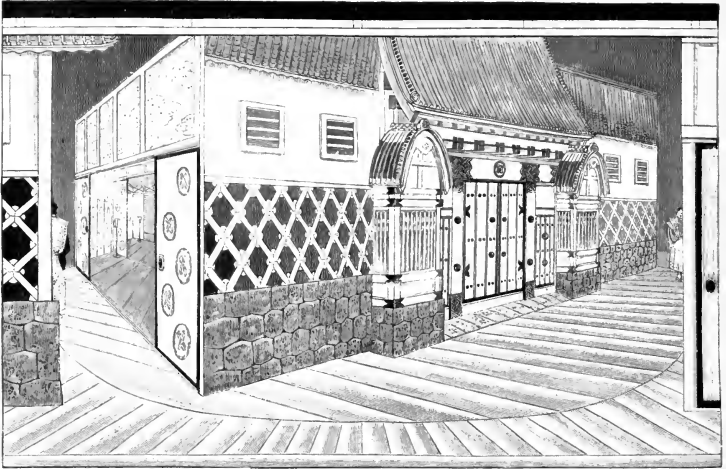
The scene reveals a physician's study, which opens upon a small garden entirely exposed to the weather. At the request of Danjiuro, the actor who assumed the principal character, machinery was contrived by which rain was made to fall, and leaves were shaken from the trees as if by the breeze. The slender branches of the willows were seen vibrating to and fro; the fragile bamboo-fence swayed from side to side; the wind was heard moaning and wailing, and the raindrops pattered against the walls of the house and into the pools that had collected upon the ground. It was a perfectly realistic representation, so far as external effects were concerned. Unluckily it had the result of entirely diverting the attention of the audience from the action of the play. The per-



Another Theatre Interior.
(From a Japanese engraving.)

early Dutch scholars. The supposed time of year was the end of November, when the leaves turn yellow and are blown off the trees by the least breath of the wind. This also is the season of continuous misty rain. It is evening.

former was not, however, deterred from making further experiments. His next appearance was in a historical drama, one of the incidents in which was a destructive earthquake. For the first time in Japanese theatrical history, a house

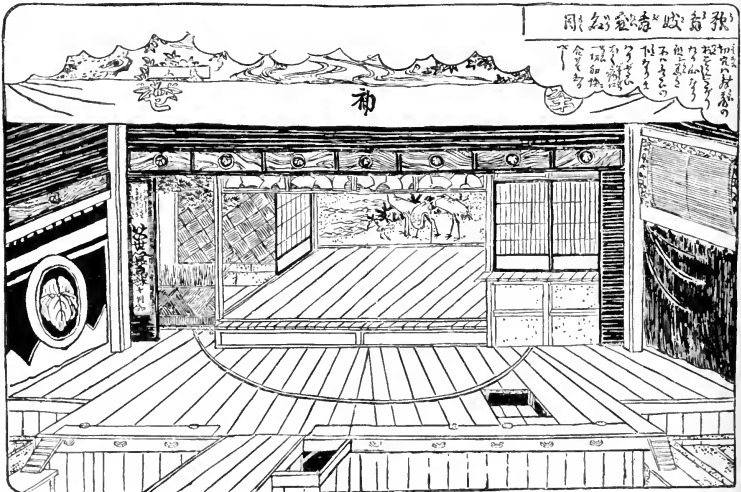


Two Views of a Japanese Revolving Stage.

(From a drawing by the Japanese artist, Tankei, and from an engraving in Gaku-ya Zukai.)

was built upon the stage in fragments, and was thrown to the ground with a violence and a disorder which startled the beholders into the belief that an actual convulsion was in progress.

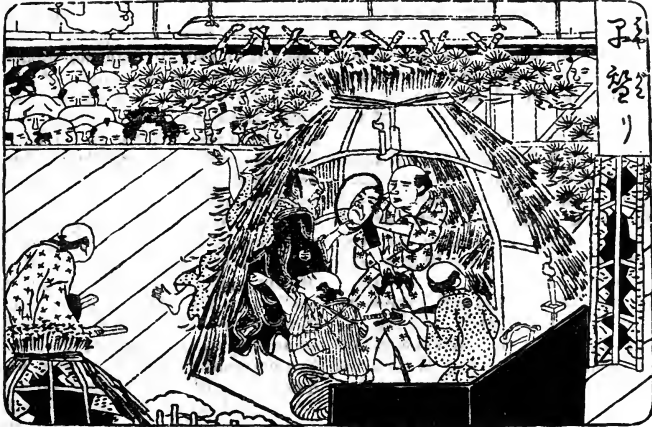
During the same season the celebrated actor Kikugoro, our foremost representative of pathetic characters, was cast in the part of a cormorant fisherman supposed to be living on the eastern shore of the Bay of Yedo. In order to ac-



quaint himself with the habits of life and occupation of this humble class, he took up his abode in the very neighborhood, and practised fishing with cormorants until he became an adept in the pursuit. Toward the end of his rural sojourn he sent for the manager and the scene-painters of his theatre, in order that an

one of the great religious festivals for which Nikko is celebrated, and was thus enabled to represent the various ceremonies, processions, etc., with a spirit and a precision which excited the most unbounded popular enthusiasm.

The indifference to ingenious mechanical devices appears the more re-



A Scene in "Chushingura."

(The play is adapted from the famous historical record of the "Forty-seven Ronins." From an engraving in Gaku-ya Zukal.)

exact likeness of the locality might be presented to the public. In this instance the result was so satisfactory that the experiment was soon after repeated on a more extensive scale. Kikugoro was charged with the preparation of a romantic drama illustrating the adventurous career of a notorious bandit who was for years the terror of the district surrounding the famous temples of Nikko. The natural beauties of this region, as well as the picturesque and majestic shrines erected in memory of the early Shoguns, are well known to great numbers of Japanese; and the actor added largely to his reputation for faithfulness of scenic reproduction by visiting the temples as a pilgrim, in company with artists and machinists, and securing models of the edifices in and around which the action of the play was understood to take place. He went so far as to join, with his associates, in

markable when it is considered that the Japanese stage has one peculiarity of construction which fits it for effects that can nowhere else be produced. This is the revolving stage (*mawari-butai*), which in any other country would probably have suggested an infinite variety of interesting and surprising illusions. The greater part of the stage, in our playhouses, consists of a large circle which can be turned around so that separate divisions are successively presented to the eyes of the spectators. Only one-half of this circle, at most, is disclosed at any one time. It is customary, while a scene is in progress before the audience, to prepare the following scene upon the hidden part of the movable platform. A change of view can thus be effected without abruptly interrupting a dialogue, or disturbing the continuity of action. In the favorite play of "Chushingura," an adaptation of the

historical record of the famous "Forty-seven Ronins," this contrivance is turned to excellent account. The last scene but one of the chivalrous drama represents the devoted band of avengers about to break into the fortified mansion of their dead master's enemy. It is a chilly December night, and the snow is falling. The assailants first endeavor to gain admission by stratagem, but finding the gate strongly blockaded, they throw aside all artifice and attack the defences with axes and heavy battering-rams. Having forced the barrier and made a sufficient opening, some of the party rush to the interior, while others scale the walls by means of rope-ladders or by climbing upon one another's shoulders. Meanwhile the stage turns and the inner court-yard of the edifice comes into view. The *ronins* are seen in fierce combat with the ill-prepared and terrified inmates. In no other manner could so stirring and impressive a picture of assault and conquest be realized in theatrical representation. The objection to employing this device in European or American cities is that twice the ordinary space behind the scenes would be required. Fully one-half of the Japanese stage is never visible from the front. I have described only the effect produced by dividing the revolving platform into two parts; but additional subdivisions can be made whenever required. In the theatres of Osaka, especially, four and even six views are sometimes presented before the stage completes its circuit.

Another striking characteristic of our theatres is the *hana-michi* — literally, "flower-path." This is an open passage extending from the front of the stage to the extreme rear of the auditorium, at the left of the pit or parterre. It is about six feet in breadth, and is elevated two feet above the flooring of the pit, to the level of the shoulders of those who sit in that part of the house. Under certain circumstances this passage is utilized for the entrances and exits of actors. If the character is imagined to have come from a great distance, or if his approach is hurried or precipitate, he proceeds to his position on the stage directly through the audience, and his arrival is thus made to

appear much more vivid and life-like than if he made his way from the side. The use of the *hana-michi* is, of course, a severe trial even to the most experienced and self-possessed performers. It is only by the exercise of great discretion, and by a complete abandonment to the spirit of the part, that the illusion can be preserved. But the real masters of the stage have proved that the danger of close contact with spectators is only fanciful, and that by exposing themselves, as it were, to the very touch of the public they are enabled to exercise a magnetic influence which can be asserted under no other conditions. When a perfect sympathy is established between artist and audience, this daring expedient is sometimes carried to startling extremes. After a scene of great distress and sorrow, the retiring actor will linger until the surrounding multitude is utterly subdued by the pathos of his spell. On the other hand, a bold and impetuous advance, in the execution of some desperate errand, or in obedience to a necessitous appeal for help, will frequently kindle the wildest excitement. At the close of the above-mentioned drama, "*Chiushingura*," the friends and allies of the besieged nobleman are made to swarm upon the stage from various directions, with a remarkable and thrilling increase to the effect of confusion and strife. For most purposes the *hana-michi* I have described as running through the left side of the pit is considered sufficient, but a corresponding passage exists at the opposite side, of somewhat smaller proportions, which is opened whenever required for more elaborate evolutions.

III.

As regards the accuracy and taste of its wardrobe, the Japanese stage is second to none in the world. No representation is considered worthy of the public in which the minutest and most patient attention has not been given to every detail of personal attire. Audiences may always safely reckon upon seeing a literal and faultless presentation of the dresses of any age or locality selected for dramatic illustration. In

satisfying the requirements of this department the question of expense is rarely considered. Managers are always ready to provide the costliest materials and to engage the most skilful workmen for fashioning the garments selected by the leading actors. It is understood that the players are in the first place responsible for the choice and style of raiment, the managers being content to follow their instructions implicitly, and to be guided entirely by their practised judgment. Sometimes this blind faith leads to awkward misunderstandings. A few years ago an old historical drama, entitled "The Two Brothers of the House of Soga," was revived with exceptional splendor, the leading parts being confided to the distinguished tragedians Sojiuro and Naritaya, both of whom are recognized as unimpeachable authorities in matters of costume. On this occasion their views as to the appropriate garb of the two brothers were totally antagonistic. Each claimed to have discovered the precise mode of attire in the period set forth, and each professed to be abundantly supplied with evidence in support of his pretensions. Neither was willing to yield, and the play was finally brought out with dresses of undoubted brilliancy and sumptuousness, but which could not be made to harmonize by any reference to history or tradition. Theatrical circles were greatly agitated by the conflict of discussion that ensued, but the question whether Naritaya or Sojiuro were entitled to greater confidence was never satisfactorily decided.

As an example of the diligence with

which apt and suggestive effects of costume are sought, I may mention an incident in the career of an actor who identified himself with the wild and law-



Scene from "The Two Brothers of the House of Soga."
(From an engraving in Nen-dai-ki.)

less heroes of the stage. In his youth he was cast for the part of a *ronin* named Sadakuro — the subordinate vassal of a nobleman who, having been expelled from his master's service, took to highway robbery for a livelihood. The conventional dress provided for this rôle, which had long been familiar to the public, failed to satisfy the performer's conception of what was suitable for a person in the situation of the discarded retainer. It occurred to him that if he could invent a new and more appropriate costume, the effect of his impersonation

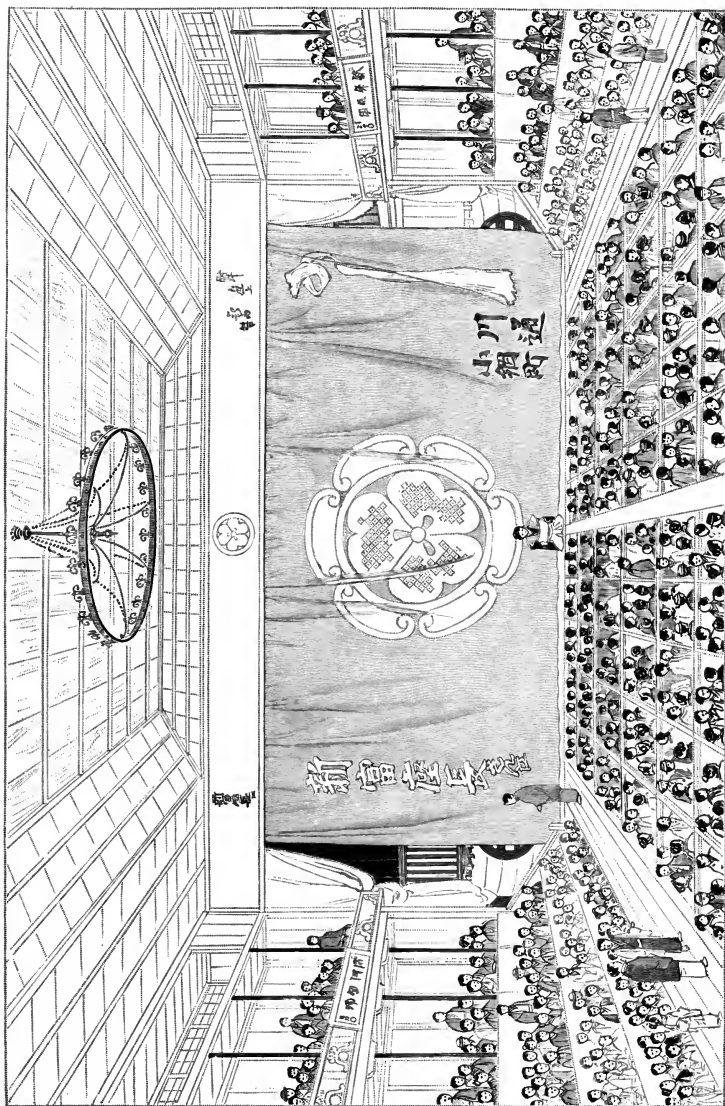
would be greatly increased. For many weeks he dwelt upon this subject until it became the absorbing occupation of his mind. The day of performance approached, but no satisfactory design presented itself to his imagination. Returning home from rehearsal one afternoon, he passed the imposing Buddhist temple of Zozo, in Shiba, in which stood the image of Kuwan-on, to which many of the populace were in the habit of praying for the realization of their dearest hopes. Impelled by the thought that he might obtain aid from this source, the actor entered the shrine and devoutly appealed for guidance in his dire emergency. For seven successive days he repeated his adjuration in vain; but on the last day, as he turned away dejected, and was about to descend the gilded steps of the temple, he was restrained by a sudden downfall of rain. Having no umbrella or overcoat with him, he stood awhile under the shelter of the broad, projecting roof. He was presently joined by a young man, apparently a profligate outcast from some family of rank, who had given himself up to the most dissolute habits of life. He wore a stained and threadbare robe, which was caught up to the knees with slovenly carelessness. He had no outer garment; his feet were bare; he carried in his right hand a torn and broken paper umbrella, and a pair of swords in tarnished lacquered sheaths were negligently stuck through his soiled silken sash. At first the actor did not notice the new-comer, but his attention was gradually attracted, and as he became aware of what was before him his heart beat with joy and gratitude at the revelation which had thus been miraculously vouchsafed. Speeding homeward, he summoned his wife and servants, and impressed upon them the necessity of imitating with scrupulous minuteness the costume and the properties which had happily fallen under his observation. The dress was hastily made ready for the opening performance, and the result of the bold departure from habitual usage was awaited with lively interest and anxiety. The secret had been carefully guarded. Upon the first appearance of the ruined *ronin* the audience stared in astonishment, and for a moment ap-

peared undecided whether to accept or reject the unlooked-for novelty. But the spirit of truthfulness and propriety soon prevailed. A tumult of applause testified to the appreciative recognition of the actor's intentions, and from that time the costume and general "make-up" of the character of Sadakuro has been in accordance with the precedent established by the inspired votary of Kuwan-on.

IV.

ALTHOUGH the theory of dramatic art in Japan excuses, and even encourages, indifference to many superficial and external accessories, it is extremely severe in demanding the closest attention to the illustration of feeling and emotion. Audiences are accustomed to the most subtle and delicate analysis of character, and are mercilessly critical in all that relates to the portrayal of human life and nature. An artist is forgiven many shortcomings if he shows evidence of a determination to identify himself personally with the ideal creation he endeavors to embody. The method of study adopted in the fulfilment of this purpose may be exemplified by incidents in the career of those who have successfully pursued it.

Two years ago the tragedian Otowaya was called upon to personate a merchant who had been driven insane by financial disasters and still heavier domestic calamities. For several days previous to the general rehearsal this actor began to accustom himself to the conditions of his part by a complete change in his habits of private life. He dressed negligently, selecting the oldest and most worthless of his garments; partook of indifferent and ill-prepared food; omitted his daily bath, which is an unheard-of deviation from Japanese usage; became moody and irritable, and seemed resolved to simulate, in every particular, the actions and demeanor of lunacy. To such an extent was this carried that those nearest to him became alarmed, and without his knowledge took counsel with the family physician, apprehending that his excessive devotion to artistic principle would seriously endanger his health.



Reading the Programme, before the Curtain Rises.
 (The "Flower-path," with some of the audience on it, is shown at the right and left. From a drawing by Tankel.)



A Theatre Dressing-room.
(From a drawing by Tankel.)

In the training of their apprentices our leading actors are none the less solicitous to inculcate the importance of the extremest fidelity in depicting strong emotions. The same Otowaya was once endeavoring to explain to a follower what was required to give appropriate effect to a hasty and excited entrance upon the stage. A messenger was supposed to be bringing intelligence of the highest moment to his lord. Many times

the desperate rush of more than a hundred feet along the *hana-michi* was repeated, without meeting the approbation of the exacting teacher. Stung by the ridicule of his associates, and looking upon himself as the object of some inexplicable spite, the youthful actor determined to renounce his calling if again subjected to reproach, rather than persevere in what he believed to be a hopeless task. He came to rehearsal pre-

pared to resent the affront which he anticipated, and to break away from his connection in a storm of rage. Bursting in upon the group surrounding Otowaya in his character of feudal chieftain, he endeavored to announce his determination with angry vehemence; but his agitation was so great that he could not utter an intelligible word. While he stood gasping for breath his instructor rose, and, approaching him with a smile, said: "At last you have done well; continue thus and your success is assured."

It is my genuine conviction that the Japanese actors are fully entitled to the credit they receive for the delineation of sentiment and passion. Few spectators, however hardened by experience, could witness unmoved the masterly exhibitions of fortitude under suffering, filial devotion, conjugal tenderness, and patriotic ardor which are constantly presented for the admiration of the theatre-going multitude. And really our audiences are sometimes more than moved. In the season of 1857, Ichikawa Ichizo was playing the part of a pirate chief who treats his father with great cruelty and exposes him to shame as well as grief. The performance was one day interrupted by a *samurai* from a distant province, who suddenly sprang upon the stage and attacked Ichikawa with a dagger, inflicting several wounds before he could be seized and disarmed. He had been so carried away by the actor's truthfulness that he attributed to the man himself, and not to the ideal character, the acts of filial impiety.

The brilliant romantic actor Yebizo was once engaged in representing a treacherous fencing-master, who first assassinates a rival swordsman and afterward murders, under circumstances of unparalleled atrocity, the two sons of his victim. During this latter scene of inhuman slaughter a spectator in the pit flung a heavy tobacco-box at the

actor's head, severely bruising him, and for a short time suspending the progress of the play. Immediately after the curtain was drawn, at the close of the act, Yebizo presented himself before the audience, with the tobacco-box fastened upon his head in place of the cap he had worn during the performance. In a few lively but emphatic words he declared himself grateful for so unmistakable a proof of appreciation, notwithstanding the extraordinary manner in which it had been manifested, and professed his determination to make himself worthy, forever after, of a testimonial the sincerity of which was beyond suspicion.

V.

IN recent years I have had frequent occasion to visit our theatres in company with foreigners. It was for a long time difficult to make them believe that



An Actor Dressed for the "Shiosa" Dance.
(Drawn by Kiyokichi.)

the women of the stage were in all cases represented by men. To such perfection have feminine impersonations been



The "Shiosa" Dance with Orchestra and Chorus.

(Drawn by Tanket.)

brought, that even those who are familiar with every artifice of disguise are unable to detect the slightest difference between the imitation and the reality. This is the result of a method of training which was once so laborious and painstaking that the actors who followed it were compelled to renounce all the natural occupations and pursuits of the male sex, and devote themselves to a life of perpetual mimicry. Not only in the exercise of their vocation, but in the privacy of their homes, they were accustomed to wear a modified form of feminine dress, to arrange their hair after the fashion of women, and to habituate themselves to the use of those household articles which are ordinarily manipulated by wives and daughters. Their style of living was like that of ladies of high degree. Their theatrical dressing-rooms have been compared, though with considerable exaggeration, to the boudoirs of feudal noblewomen. The lines of study were so carefully subdivided that one class would devote themselves to the imitation of fair damsels, while another would assume the guise of matrons, and a third would deport themselves like aged dames. These fine distinctions are not at the

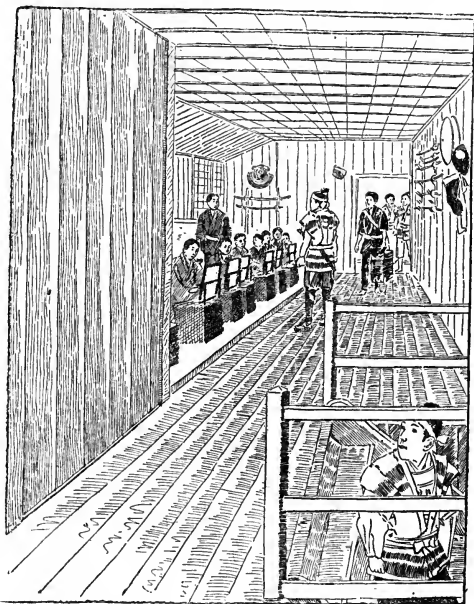
present day so strictly observed as in preceding generations; and though there are still numbers who address themselves chiefly to the impersonation of women, as their special branch, there appears to be a growing disposition to enlarge their sphere so as to include the assumption of male as well as female characters. One of the proposals of the theatrical reformers before alluded to is to abolish the custom of assigning feminine rôles to men, and to introduce actresses in accordance with the system of Western theatres. Their arguments have not yet been sufficient to convince the public that the change is necessary, and I confess to grave doubts, myself, whether it would prove truly advantageous and wise. There would certainly be great obstacles for some time to come. Theatrical companies composed entirely of women do already exist in Japan, and their performances are witnessed with more or less curiosity by those who seek variety at the expense of artistic refinement. They are popular to a certain extent among the vulgar, but they can never hope to entertain cultivated amateurs. Thus far no attempts have been made to unite the two classes of performers, and it is

probable that, before this can be successfully done, a special training school for actresses must be instituted, and a course of theatrical education be applied from early childhood until the time when they are fitted for the difficult duties of their profession. Our first tragedian, Danjiuro, is said to be rearing two of his daughters with this object in view. These young ladies are now six and eight years old, respectively. The inquiry when they will be ready for admission to their arduous career has often been made, but yet remains unanswered.

VI.

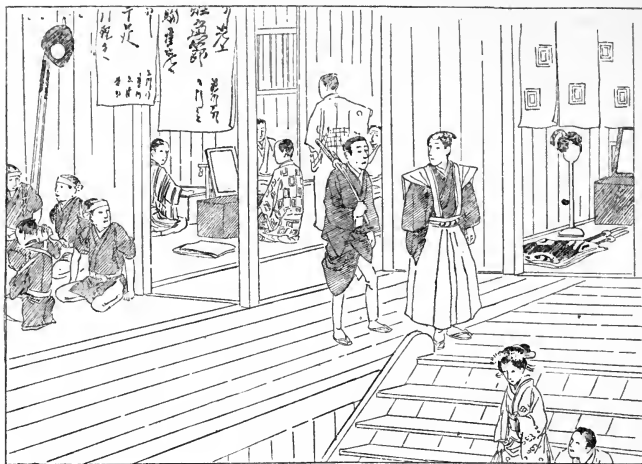
It has long been a contested question whether the theatre in Japan can or can not be regarded as an aid to the moral education of the people. I doubt that it has ever served this desirable purpose: on the contrary, its agency appears to me to have hitherto been injurious. It was to contravene its pernicious tendencies that actors were bound by severe restrictions under the Government of the Shogun. They were not allowed to mingle freely with citizens in general, and were required, when walking in the streets, to wear a peculiar helmet made of straw, the visor of which completely hid their features. Until fifty or sixty years ago regulations were posted in all green-rooms giving notice that actors were forbidden to wear garments of silk; that they must reside in a quarter especially set apart for them by the authorities; that a particular license must be procured to enable them to go more than three blocks from their dwellings; that gambling by them would be punished more stringently than the same offence committed by other parties; that the incident of suicide from disappointed love

must never be represented upon the stage, and much more to the same effect. These ordinances, however, were by no means implicitly obeyed, and the influence of the theatre grew to be so deleterious that it was universally considered a dark blot upon public morality. After the restoration of the imperial government, some twenty years ago, energetic efforts were made to improve the character of the performances and to elevate the condition of the actors. These projects were sanctioned by official authority, and in some cases the schemes of reform were laid out by responsible attachés of government. Some of the methods adopted for counteracting the evils of the playhouses, and purifying the associations of those connected therewith, were certainly calculated to startle the conservative sense



In a Dressing-room.
(Drawn by Tankci.)

of the community. Several actors of distinction were invested with the rank and dignity of preacher of the Shinto



Another Dressing-room.

(Drawn by Tankel.)

faith—the established state religion of Japan. The celebrated and popular Naritaya, the two Narikomas, father and son, and numerous others still hold these places and occasionally perform the functions of their sacred office. It may be mentioned, incidentally, that the services conducted by them are largely attended by young daughters of rather indulgent parents, and it would probably be difficult to trace any substantial improvement in social manners or habits directly to this cause.

A regular theatrical censorship has been instituted by the present government, and every piece intended for performance in the capital has now to be submitted to the inspection of officers of the metropolitan police. Delegates from this bureau attend all representations, partly to preserve order, but also to see that the rules forbidding offences against propriety are not infringed. Their interference is very rarely called for. It has come to be understood, in late years, that the indecencies of a former period must necessarily be banished, in order to secure the countenance and patronage of the respectable class. Twenty-five years ago no ladies, and comparatively few gentlemen of po-

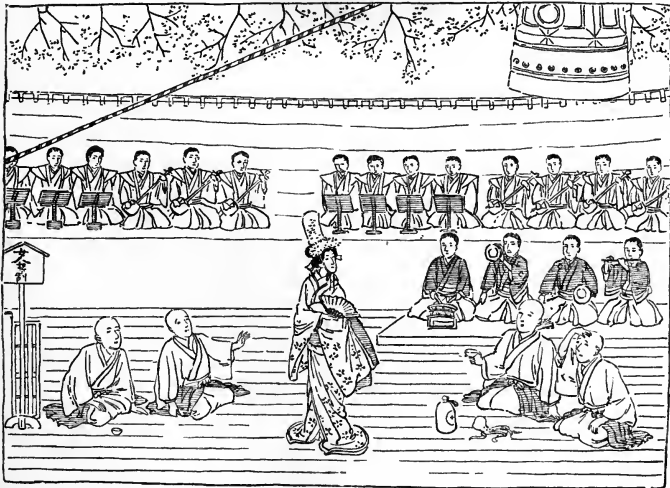
sition, could be induced to attend the theatres. Now the families of *daimios* and the attachés of the Court are frequent occupants of the boxes, and there is as little fear that their sensibilities will be shocked as in the most prudently conducted houses of Europe or America. The question of the limit to which the relations between the sexes may be illustrated has been discussed in newspapers and debating clubs, at various times, with a good deal of vigor. Some extreme purists, like the classical scholar Yoda, have gone to the length of asserting that all love-scenes should be rigorously excluded, and only historical or religious episodes be permitted. It is true that the latitude of love-making which is recognized as natural and becoming in Western countries would not be legitimately possible with us in real life, as Japanese society is now constituted. Young people are not permitted to meet and converse unreservedly, and the growth of affection is never sanctioned until after a formal betrothal. More commonly it is kept in restraint until the actual ceremony of marriage is performed. Ardent and passionate demonstrations would therefore either have no meaning, or would be sugges-

tive of a licentious disregard of social laws. The tender attachments of husband and wife; the boundless devotion of children to parents; the fervent and self-sacrificing loyalty of the servant to his master—all these may be depicted with the utmost intensity of feeling; but it is only in the illustration of loose intrigue or illicit intercourse that amatory scenes are represented.

It is to be expected that the gradual adoption of Western ideas and principles will make itself apparent in the theatre as in other institutions of Japan, but not, I trust, to the extent of interfering with its thoroughly national characteristics. Its value as a popular recreation would be greatly impaired by confining it too rigidly to a purely æsthetic purpose. According to time-honored custom, a visit to the playhouse is an affair not of a few hours, but of the entire day. Families or parties of friends take their places early in the morning and remain until nightfall, partaking of refreshments which are served between the acts

alluded, there is one which threatens destruction to these easy and comfortable habits of indulgence. A building is to be constructed with accommodations for spectators like those provided abroad, and with a stage admitting of the most elaborate foreign effects. The performances, in which women will take part as well as men, are to be given only in the evening, and the several acts are to follow one another in rapid succession. If the existing dramatic libraries do not furnish pieces that are suited to these innovations, a new repertory will be created to meet every requirement. Adaptations of exotic plays may be found desirable, and a few preliminary attempts in this direction have already been made.

Bulwer's comedy of "Money" has been submitted to the audiences of Tokio, but not, it must be acknowledged, with the most convincing results. It will be a difficult task, in my opinion, to set aside the forms and methods of amusement which have become



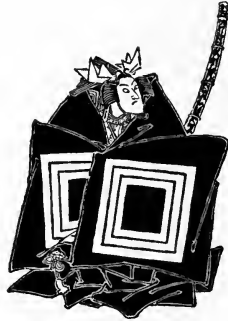
The "Shiosa"
(Drawn by Tankel.)

from neighboring restaurants. Among the projects contemplated by the reformers to whom I have once or twice

endeared to the public by long and happy association, and to secure the acceptance of strange and novel features,

however meritorious in themselves, in place of the cherished drama of history, adventure, or domestic romance, with its continuous and measured development, and its protracted course of action relieved by interludes of brilliant dancing and pantomime (*shiosa*). But I am bound to say that the societies which have taken upon themselves the work of elevating and improving the stage are entitled to respect for the honesty and uprightness with which they prosecute

their plans, and as they have secured the co-operation of many eminent actors, and declared themselves ready to be guided by practical counsel in matters in which they are inexperienced, it is not unlikely that their efforts will at least prepare the way for future benefits. If they can broaden and strengthen the edifice of dramatic art without weakening its foundations, they will deserve the gratitude of the theatre-loving community throughout Japan.



GLIMPSES OF NAPOLEON IN 1804.

By Clarence Deming.

IN the year 1801, Mr. William Brisbane, a wealthy citizen of South Carolina related to the famous Lowndes and Pinckney families, sold his plantation, and, with his wife, began an extended tour of travel. His various journeyings, chiefly made by private coach, reached during the five following years over our Eastern States, Great Britain, Ireland, Switzerland, Holland, and France, and, as his itinerary shows, covered a total distance of 20,294 miles. The narrative of his travels he recorded in a bulky manuscript volume, where the neat penmanship of his amanuensis fills almost four hundred closely written pages. For many years the antique book, highly treasured as an heirloom, has been kept quietly from public view in the library of a member of the Brisbane family living in a farm town of New England. In

this curious old folio the most interesting parts, most, if not all, of which are printed here for the first time, refer to his tour through France of some eleven months, seven of them passed at Paris, where he arrived on September 15, 1804, just before the papal coronation of the First Napoleon as Emperor of the French. It was an interesting epoch in the great conqueror's career. After granting Europe two years of peace, during which he had been a Cæsar under the guise of First Consul, he had grasped the imperial sceptre in title, as in fact. Already he had declared war against England, and was at the threshold of the campaign on the Continent which was to harvest him fresh glories at Ulm and Austerlitz. Though not yet in the heyday of conquest, Italy, Egypt, and humiliated Austria had made him a focal

figure of the world's wonderment or fears.

But the sights which met Mr. Brisbane's eyes all over France, and which are set forth in his journal, were ill calculated to impress the traveller with the real prosperity and happiness of the Empire. Everywhere he met "the new levies called conscripts," on their way to the army, in parties of twenty or thirty chained in couples by the neck or hands, and guarded by gendarmes. "The present mode of levying troops in France," adds Mr. Brisbane, "gives general dissatisfaction, and may, perhaps, at some time be the cause of insurrection." The roads on the journey from Holland to Paris he found abominable. They were paved in the middle with large, huge stones, and deep ruts or sand edged the sides. The post-horses were "wretched-looking animals whose tails and manes hang every way, tied to your carriage with ropes and such execrable tackling that it is constantly giving way and delaying you." Though he paid the postilions double, they were ever dissatisfied and saucy, while the law itself entitled them to more pay than they gave service for. On the way to Paris he passed through "a great number of miserable villages, the inhabitants living in wretched hovels built of clay and thatched, not half so good dwellings as those the negroes in South Carolina occupy on a well-regulated plantation—which appeared strange to us, as they were situated upon a principal road to Paris, and in a most fertile country." Everywhere appeared also the charred ruins of châteaux, churches, and works of art destroyed during the revolution, and, seemingly, with no effort to replace them. Even in brilliant Paris the tourist found the streets "narrow and without side-pavements, making walking very disagreeable and even dangerous, from the numerous carriages and cabriolets, the latter of which are driven furiously, and often do mischief. The streets are certainly the most filthy I have ever seen in Europe."

Let Mr. Brisbane tell in his own words his first view of Napoleon :

"The Emperor Napoleon arrived at St. Cloud on October 12th, having been for some time absent on a visit to the

coast, inspecting the several armaments designed for the invasion of England. On the 28th there was a grand review of the imperial guard and several regiments of the line in the courtyard of the Tuileries, amounting to eight or ten thousand men, composed of infantry, cavalry, and artillery; and here we had the satisfaction of seeing for the first time the celebrated conqueror of Italy. His appearance was far from dignified or inspiring beholders with that awe which one would expect in such a character. However he might be in action, he makes but a poor figure on parade. From our situation we had an excellent opportunity of observing him. We were within eight or ten yards of the spot on which he took his station while reviewing the troops. His stature is something below the middle size, his complexion of a yellow, sickly hue, a prominent chin, and his eyes a little sunk. His countenance has a melancholy, serious cast. Yet, notwithstanding these disadvantages, his face is by no means homely. He was surrounded by a group of generals whose brilliant uniforms rendered his plain dress the more conspicuous. Except his epaulets, his whole dress was perfectly plain, without either lace or embroidery. He wore his hair cut short, without powder, and a plain cocked hat with a national cockade. As soon as he descended into the courtyard he mounted a handsome white steed, and immediately set off full gallop, inspecting every corps, passing through the lines, and receiving petitions, a number of which were presented by the soldiers. He is a very bold rider, but not a very good, and certainly an ungraceful one. From his bad horsemanship (by improperly checking) he brought himself and horse to the ground. He then dismounted while the mud was washed off the poor animal, but he disdained changing his own dress, and appeared at the levee after the parade in his muddy uniform, where the diplomatic corps and a number of sprucely attired strangers had the honor of being thus received by him. In the suite of the Emperor was his favorite Mameluke, a likely young man who accompanied him from Egypt. The review lasted three hours and a half and was very splendid. The horses of

the French cavalry are small and much inferior to those of the British in appearance. The Emperor seemed most pleased with the exact evolutions of a company of seventy or eighty young men from the military school, who were afterward promoted to the rank of lieutenant."

On November 28th, Mr. Brisbane notes the coming to Paris of Pope Pius the Seventh, "who had been resting at Fontainebleau after his long journey from Rome, across the Alps, in the most inclement season of the year, to gratify the unbounded ambition of the newly-proclaimed emperor, whose subtle policy is well known," and "whose invitation he (the Pope) knew better than to refuse." Mr. Brisbane, in the context, evidently expressing the popular idea at Paris, emphasizes the emperor's obvious desire to propitiate by the papal act of coronation the French Roman Catholics. His Holiness was lodged at the Tuileries, which communicated with the grand gallery of paintings, where "the sovereign pontiff might amuse himself by viewing those celebrated pictures which once ornamented the altars of churches under his paternal care, and reflect on the instability of human greatness."

Four days later, from a window in front of Notre Dame, Mr. Brisbane witnessed the stately and splendid procession which filed in to the coronation ceremonies. First came the Pope, riding in the carriage which had been presented to the empress by the city of Brussels, and which was drawn by six gray horses. Before His Holiness rode a purple-robed ecclesiast on an ass, bearing a silver cross. Two hours after came the Emperor, who, with Josephine and the Princes Joseph and Louis Bonaparte, rode in the emblazoned imperial carriage drawn by eight Hanoverian horses of the same color and breed as those used on state occasions in England. They, with thirty carriages following, and escorted by cavalry, passed from the Tuileries to the church through double lines of infantry. On his return "the Emperor constantly bowed to the populace, who raised a faint cry of 'Vive l'Empereur.'" There were illuminations in the evening, succeeded, the next day, by popular festivities. Heralds rode

through the streets distributing "silver medals struck for the occasion, worth about threepence each, which the cidevant sovereign people scrambled for with much eagerness." There were pole-climbers for prizes, musicians playing on moving cars or on platforms, public dances, pantomimes, plays, and balloon ascensions, the whole closing with fireworks on the evening of this second imperial day.

A more æsthetic entertainment for the gay Parisians was the exhibition of paintings and statuary at the Louvre, including the masterpieces of art which Napoleon had plundered in Italy and the Netherlands. Among them were the Laocoon, the Apollo Belvidere, and the Venus de Medici. So numerous were the paintings, that "the hall could not contain them, and many had to be suspended over the staircase and in the passages." Among them Mr. Brisbane mentions two by young American students, both much praised by the Paris connoisseurs of the day. One was a landscape, the other depicted the murder of Miss McCrea by the Indians of General Burgoyne's army. A large painting (by Gros, the pupil of David), much lauded by the imperialists, represented General Bonaparte visiting the sick soldiers in hospital during the plague at Jaffa. Of this historical fiction Mr. Brisbane naïvely says: "It seems to have been intended by the painter grossly to flatter the present idol and, if possible, do away with the story of the opium."

Mr. Brisbane, referring to a visit to Malmaison, one of Napoleon's country residences, says:

"The first picture which attracted my attention was the portrait of our illustrious and truly patriotic Washington, whose magnanimous conduct as commander-in-chief at the close of the American Revolution must reflect a dishonorable comparison upon that of the proprietor of this château in the termination of the Revolution of France. The park contains many scarce and exotic plants, the Empress being a great botanist."

The presentation of the colors at the Champ de Mars, a famous historical pageant, together with one of its in-

cidents certainly not told in the *Moniteur* of the next day, may be left to Mr. Brisbane as an eye-witness:

"On the third day after the coronation there was exhibited on the Champ de Mars one of the most brilliant spectacles perhaps ever seen. Facing this place is the military school, to the front of which three pavilions had been erected. The grand or centre one was supported by columns and connected with the others by a covered gallery, the whole richly gilt and ornamented with emblematic figures and imperial eagles. In the centre pavilion a superb throne was erected under a very rich canopy. The Emperor sat on this throne having on his head a crown of gold in the form of a wreath of laurel, such as Cæsar is represented with. In his right hand he held a golden sceptre. In front was an army of twenty thousand men. . . . Nothing could exceed the magnificence of the scene: On the principal side of the square their imperial majesties, surrounded by the most brilliant court in Europe, forming the centre; the foreign ambassadors on the right wing; on the left foreign princes in their court dress, and the whole line connected by senators, tribunes, and legislators, judges, and counsellors ranged five and six deep, all in rich attire. The opposite side of this immense square was open to the river, but having its prospect bounded by the beautiful village of Passy, which rose in majestic grandeur on a slope the other side of the Seine, while the two sides were enclosed by an immense crowd of people on each rampart; and in the centre of the whole a well-appointed army of twenty thousand men, of the flower of the French troops, assembled to receive their imperial colors surmounted by gilded eagles, and take their oath of allegiance to the new order of things. Of what consequence can such oath be, when the Emperor Napoleon himself, and principal officers of the army, have annually sworn on this very field of Mars eternal hatred to royalty, and fidelity to the constitution of the day! The army was by no means pleased with resigning their ancient standards, under which many of them had engaged with such success, in ex-

change for these splendid eagles. . . . A well-dressed young man, during the faint cries of 'Vive l'Empereur' by a few of the soldiers, was so overcome that he ran about like a madman, crying: 'Liberty or death; down with the Emperor!' and it was some time before anyone would meddle with him. . . . His insanity began on that day."

When, some twelve days later, the city of Paris gave a fête in honor of the Emperor, Mr. Brisbane speaks of the unprecedented magnificence of the fireworks. One of the set pieces revealed in luminous splendor the mountain of St. Bernard, with Napoleon on horseback upon its crest. At the mountain's foot was moored a ship, also resplendent in pyrotechnics. Several of the public fountains ran wine in place of water; and at a cost of more than \$100,000, the city gave the Emperor a service of plate, and the Empress a toilet set. The old journal further on describes the brilliant effects on the waters of the lamps placed behind the cascades at St. Cloud. From those illumined waters of the imperial park, in 1804, the reader's eye looks down over the long span of eighty-five eventful years, to the gleaming fountains of a nobler Paris Exhibition in 1889, under the auspices of a republican France.

Once again our American traveller saw the Emperor. It was on December 27, 1804, when he opened the first session of the imperial parliament at the Palais Bourbon. Napoleon sat on a throne under a gilded palm-tree. Before him were the legislators (?) "wearing mantles in the old Spanish form, with round hats turned up in front, decorated with white ostrich feathers." The Emperor "wore a dress said to be in imitation of the costume worn by Henry the Fourth. He had neither crown nor sceptre, but wore a cap and feathers like those of the senators." After the members had risen, one by one, and pledged allegiance to the Empire, "the Emperor from his throne delivered a written speech of some length, in which he made the nation very flattering promises; but the tendency of what he said appeared to me to serve as an apology for his having assumed the character that he appeared in, and which he made out as

absolutely necessary for the future welfare of France. His manner, though far from dignified, did not want energy."

As a dark side-shadow on these brilliant Napoleonic pageants, read the following words of Mr. Brisbane's Journal:

"No nation ever stood in more need of amendment (in respect to the people's morals) than the French do at this day. Nothing can be obtained in France without a bribe. The best-supported claims against the Government are treated with contempt unless aided by a *douceur*—and that to every man in office who can squeeze himself into the pretension of having anything to do with the affair. The very judges, of whom there are said to be, of all sorts, three thousand in the Empire, are notoriously bribed in many cases, and I verily believe that, from the judge who disgraces the seat of justice down to the petty constable, and from the great Talleyrand himself to the meanest clerk in office, everyone of them is accessible to bribery and corruption. My opinion was formed during a residence of nearly seven months in Paris, from numerous facts which were related to me by men of the strictest veracity, and whom I cannot discredit."

Nevertheless, Mr. Brisbane declares religion to be "in a prosperous state," and avers that "the French are certainly the most polite and attentive people to

strangers of any nation in Europe. Gentle strangers are admitted to visit every national institution by only showing their passports, and are treated with the utmost civility by those who have the management of them, without expense."

He closes his journalized allusions to Napoleon with a flavor of quaint anathema, which no doubt reflects the prevailing conservative view of the imperial conqueror, at least outside of France:

"After the retreat of the British from Toulon, Napoleon's sanguinary disposition (having murdered more of the inhabitants of Toulon than were left behind) recommended him as a fit instrument in the hands of the bloody revolutionists. In Paris, when no *Frenchman* would accept the command of the troops ordered out against their fellow-citizens, this cold-blooded *Corsican* destroyed several thousands in a few minutes. This rendered him a greater favorite than ever with the ruling powers, and having married the cast-off mistress of Director Barras (now the Empress Josephine), he was appointed head of the army in Italy; and having by a long train of events conquered the enemies of republican France, he has subdued the Republic itself, and become a despot more powerful and self-willed than ever swayed the sceptre of France; and thus ended The Revolution."

DEAD CITIES.

By *A. Lampman.*

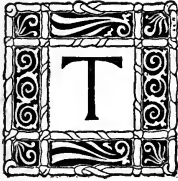
THE spell of ruined cities. Who shall see
 Even in dreams their glory? In mine ear
 Their very names are strange and great to hear,
 A sound of ancientness and majesty;
 Ninus and Shushan, Carthage, Meroe;
 Troja, long vanished in Achæan flame,
 Crowned with dead prowess and the poet's fame;
 On and Cyrene perished utterly.

Things old and dim and strange to dream upon;
 Cumæ and Sardis, cities waste and gone;
 And that pale river by whose ghostly strand
 Thebes' monstrous tombs and desolate altars stand;
 Baalbec, and Tyre, and buried Babylon,
 And ruined Tadmor in the desert sand.

THE RIGHTS OF THE CITIZEN.

II.—AS A USER OF THE PUBLIC STREETS.

By Francis Lynde Stetson.



THE scope and variety of use to which one citizen or another may have a wish or a right to subject the public streets may be most conveniently illustrated if we shall select as our citizen a resident "New Yorker," asserting the particular rights of air, light, and access for his dwelling, as well as his personal share in the general right to use the streets for travel and transportation.

This general use of the streets is their primary purpose, so that it has become a common judicial phrase that "the law of the street is motion." This rule, however, like all of its family, is subject to many qualifications, and we are fortunate in finding a concise statement of both rule and exception in an opinion recently delivered by Judge Earl, of the New York Court of Appeals. The learned judge says :

The primary purpose of streets is use by the public for travel and transportation, and the general rule is, that any obstruction of a street, or any encroachment thereon which interferes with such use is a public nuisance. But, there are exceptions to the general rule, born of necessity, and justified by public convenience. An abutting owner engaged in building may temporarily encroach upon the streets by the deposit of building materials. A tradesman may convey goods in the street to and from his adjoining store. A coach or omnibus may stop in the street to take up or set down passengers, and the use of a street for public travel may be temporarily interfered with in a variety of other ways, without the creation of what in law is deemed to be a nuisance. But all such interruptions and obstructions of streets must be justified by necessity. It is not sufficient, however, that the obstructions are necessary with reference to the business of him who erects and maintains them. They must also be reasonable with reference to the rights of the public, who have interests in the streets which may not be sacrificed or disregarded.

An irrepressible conflict has developed along the line thus laid down by Judge

Earl, between those who wish to move and those who desire to stop, on the public highway, where the general law is motion, and the particular malady encroachment.

How general and dominant is the desire to encroach upon the public streets is hardly realized by many a citizen until, having bought a vacant lot, he is about to build. Conscious then of limitation by his neighbor's bounds on either side, he casts a yearning eye upon the fine open space in front, belonging to no one in particular, but only to the public. His sense of public right suddenly sinks beneath a swelling appreciation of the convenience of subjecting the highway to his own particular use. None of it must escape him. His surveyor must lay down lines that shall make certain that the street takes nothing from him, even at the risk of his taking a little from the street. Laws and ordinances are searched, strained, and sometimes snapped, in his effort to lengthen his line street-ward. His zeal to wrest from the public place yard-room for his building material becomes keen ; and, he forgets indignation at last year's passages through muddy gutters or over slippery stagings, necessary to avoid the obstructions or trenches of the neighbor who was then building. The traveller and the house-builder look upon the public street from points of view distinctly diverse, if not adverse.

This diversity of interest has, in our modern city, led to extraordinary subdivision of the area of the streets both horizontally and vertically ; for it is found that the needs of compact communities involve the use of the street surface hardly more than of spaces above the earth and under the earth.

Horizontally considered, the area of a New York avenue, eighty feet in width, will be found to be divided into, (1) a roadway forty-two feet wide, stretching from curb to curb ; (2) two sidewalks, each comprising about eleven feet be-

tween the curb line and the fence line ; and, (3) on each side, an area-way extending about seven feet from the stoop or fence line to the lawful boundary of the highway, which is ordinarily about four feet in advance of the house itself. In streets of width greater or less than eighty feet a different subdivision is made, according to a fixed scale. The third subdivision—the area-way of about seven feet—is *the* debatable land. All of it belongs to the public, but so general and long established is the custom of enclosing it (together with about four feet of the owner's land), that most owners come to regard it all as private property, and upon it encroachments naturally accumulate. Upon this strip stand the stoop and bay window of almost every house in New York, and when houses change to shops, many an owner, reluctant to restore to the public that in which the ordinances had given him a privilege of use only conditional and temporary, seeks a revenue from this strip by leasing it to petty trucksters.

In December, 1865, the efficient Comptroller of Central Park (Mr. Andrew H. Green) made to the Commissioners a valuable report, from which information has been gained (and use permitted) as to the history of street divisions and encroachments.

Streets were first made without division into carriage ways and foot walks, and were used by men and animals of burden indiscriminately. When carriages were introduced, the beasts of burden and vehicles took one line and pedestrians another. There are to-day in many cities of Europe streets having no sidewalks, and the foot-passenger finds his way among the beasts and the filth of the kennels. The careful subdivision of the streets, and the appropriation of the several spaces to distinct classes of travel, is decidedly modern, and rests generally upon city ordinances, and not upon statute.

Encroachments, however, are abuses of venerable origin.

In ancient Athens the streets were crooked and narrow. The upper stories of the houses frequently projected over the streets (as to-day in such English towns as Chester, Winchester, and Tewkesbury); stairs, balustrades, and

doors opening outward, narrowed the path. Themistocles and Aristides, in cooperation with the Areopagus, effected nothing further than to cause that projections should no longer be built over or into the streets ; and this regulation was maintained in later times. The propositions of Hippias and Iphiciades for taking down such parts of buildings as projected over or into the public streets, were not carried into execution, because their object was believed to be not the improvement and embellishment of the streets, but extortion.

The narrow and crooked streets of Rome were still more confined—above, by projecting opening balconies from the upper stories of the houses, which in the case of the buildings surrounding the Forum were called *Mæniana*, from *Mænius*, the censor, who permitted their construction that spectators might obtain more room for beholding the games. Many regulations were found necessary to keep these within due bounds.

In New York encroachments have attracted alike the censure of the virtuous and the cupidity of the "striker," and scandalous stories prevail as to levies made upon those desiring or maintaining bay-windows or porches outside of the true house-line. The law is now fairly settled. Excepting for corner houses, no bay-windows or structure resting upon the ground can be lawfully erected ; but, by permission, orioles or windows may be projected from the house front, at such a suitable height and within such limits of width as architectural adornment may reasonably justify, without actual obstruction to the public or the adjoining neighbors. Stoops or porches not exceeding seven feet wide, may be built upon the area way belonging to the public, provided that they are not more than five feet high, and have open backs and sides and railings. Fences may be carried out to the line of the stoop where it reaches the sidewalk. Signs and goods may not be hung more than twelve inches from the house front, and awnings are at the owner's risk of damages to the passer-by. The householder may put a suitable carriage block before his door, and may leave a proper opening to the steps

descending to his basement or cellar stories.

Outside of these limits encroachment on the public way is a perilous pastime, especially in the matter of coal-holes and other vault openings in the sidewalk. These cannot be maintained at all except by municipal consent, and even such consent does not relieve the house-owner from the liabilities of a guarantor against accidents. No amount of care or scrutiny will avail the unfortunate owner whose vault-cover slips to the injury of some still more unfortunate passer-by. Very heavy damages on account of such injuries have been awarded against owners or tenants, who were held to have obtained the right to make openings in the sidewalk only upon the necessary condition that they would guarantee the public against any possible injury therefrom. The risk is so great that many owners prefer to make these openings (as they should) within their own lines.

Three classes of encroachments have become so generally established in New York as to induce the passage of special laws permitting their maintenance, with the consent of the property-owner and the local authorities, viz. : the deposit of materials necessary for building; the erection within the stoop-line of stands for the sale of newspapers, periodicals, fruits, and soda-water; and the standing of trucks at night. This latter, however, is a privilege extended only to trucks owned or used by "actual residents of the city." This local coloring was infused through the statute to discourage competition by marauding Brooklyn and Jersey truckmen, who are thus compelled night and morning to drag their empty heavy wagons from and to their place of use.

The special right of encroachment belonging to the adjacent owner, which in its abuse is the most frequent source of irritation to the travelling public, is connected with the loading and unloading of goods. This may be done either by hand, or by the use of "skids," provided that they are not allowed to remain for an unreasonable time; but it is not reasonable to keep a bridge in place at intervals, during four or five hours, between 9 A.M. and 5 P.M. Where

the pedestrian finds such an obstruction across the sidewalk, he may enter upon the adjoining premises so far as necessary to pass around it; but he takes upon himself the risk of the safety of such passage; the adjacent owner is not bound to furnish a passageway necessarily safe.

All these special rights of the owner abutting upon a public street may be summed up by saying that he is entitled to air, light, and access for his dwelling, and that, so far as reasonably necessary for the conduct of the common life and lawful business of a city, he is entitled temporarily to interfere with the course of the travelling public.

For the travelling public, as we have already seen, the law of the street is motion; a law not more strictly enforced by the London policeman ordering Jo to "move on," than it was in New York, when an enterprising dealer blocked the way by exhibiting to curious crowds seven sisters in his show-window, combing their wonderful hair. The court considered such an exhibition highly sensational and condemned it, and the consequent obstruction as a public nuisance. It was abated, and the public procession resumed its movement.

But it is not encroachments only that embarrass public travel. The opposite courses and cross currents of travel itself cause inconvenience, and have led to a variety of rules of precedence and passage which, taken together, constitute our "law of the road." This law of the road is somewhat complex and uncertain, being still in the formative period. Pedestrians meeting each other may pass to the right or left, according to their whim. So may riders on horseback. So may vehicles proceeding along streets crossing at right angles, or passing each other in the same direction. In all four cases each is bound to exercise due care not to injure the other. But vehicles moving in opposite directions must pass each other to the right. One attempting to pass or to keep to the left, even though in a loaded wagon meeting a light one, takes the risk of possible injury without chance of redress; but his offence would not justify his adversary in wilfully running him down.

For many years it was sought to establish that in the public streets, as on the highway of the sea, the stronger must give way to the weaker; that vehicles should yield to the pedestrian; but the struggle was in vain, and it is now settled that drivers and walkers must maintain mutual watchfulness and look out for each other. If, however, the driver goes at a reckless rate, especially if, as is irritatingly common, he dashes over a cross-walk, he is liable to a strict accountability at the complaint of any injured foot-passenger. This is unfortunately frequent with mail wagons, fire-engines, fire-patrol wagons, and ambulances, which do not always carefully limit the exercise of their special right of precedence given by law. The rule is that the drivers of all vehicles must anticipate and look out for pedestrians at crossings. The pedestrian may cross the streets at points where there is no cross-walk, but in such places he is held to a higher degree of caution than at crossings.

The street-cars have developed a law of their own, having at an early day succeeded in defeating the truckmen's contention that they should leave the track and turn to the right of a truck coming in an opposite direction, and finally in securing a law that forbids a truckman going before from unnecessarily hindering a succeeding car. It is now the rule that the street-car has the paramount, but not the exclusive, right to use the street. So, if a pedestrian attempting to cross the street finds it blocked by a stationary street-car, he may step upon and across the platform; and if (as in one actual case) the conductor should throw him off, the company will have to pay damages.

The word street, in its Latin origin (*sterno, stratum*) implies a pavement. There were pavements in Rome from 312 B.C., when Appius Cæcus, the Censor, paved the Appian Way. Yet many cities have grown to great proportions before their ways were paved. Mr. Green's report dwells upon this fact. There was no pavement in Paris until the royal stomach of Philip Augustus was turned, as he looked out of his window in the Cité, by the odors proceeding from a wagon plowing up the

mud of the streets; and the mandate which issued thereupon must have been slowly executed, for years elapsed before the perambulation of the streets by pigs was forbidden, when a son of Louis le Gros had been thrown from his horse by one of those untoward animals. (The similar nuisance, observed by Mr. Dickens, and condemned in his "American Notes," was actually suppressed in New York only forty years ago, though laws against the nuisance date from the Colonial period.) Less than two centuries since, the streets of London, if paved at all, were so imperfectly paved, that the occasional wheeled carriage that passed through them was very likely to get fixed in the mire. From a mutual exertion to avoid the mud thrown by the carriage-wheels toward the foot-passage, quarrels often arose between pedestrians, as to which should "take the wall" or the side of the walk most remote from the carriage-way; from which arose the custom of giving to ladies the inside of the walk.

To-day, in New York * there are :

356 miles of paved streets within jurisdiction of the Department of Public Works.

1,228 miles of gas mains.

657 miles of water pipes.

433.73 miles of sewers.

64 miles of electric subways supervised by Department of Public Works.

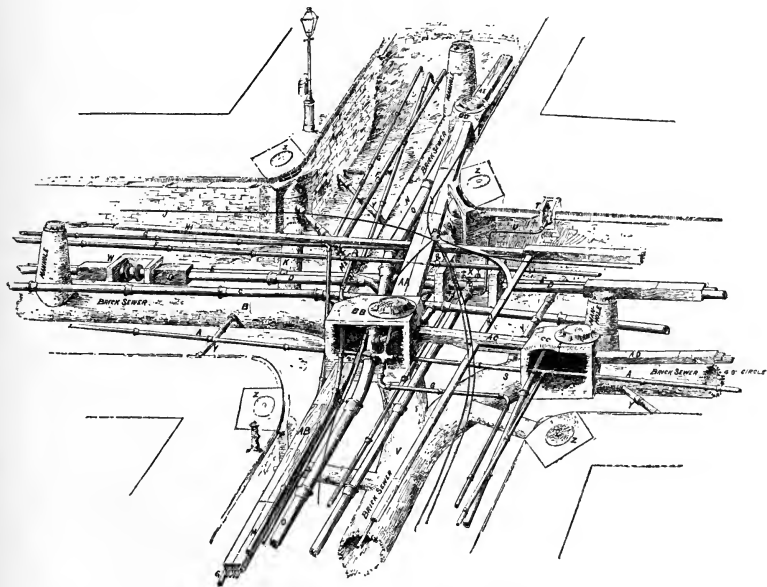
In the main, the general rights of the travelling public, as well as the special rights of the householder, have gained definition and protection with the progress of modern life, save in one particular, where they have become subject to an irritating and frequent interference, proceeding from those who, for combined purposes of private profit and public convenience, have acquired a third and special class of rights in the streets.

Upon the surface of the streets of New York to-day, there are in operation nearly two hundred and fifty miles of railroad (and much more if double tracks be reckoned). In the air above the surface, there are more than thirty-two miles of elevated railroad; and (according to the activity of the choppers of poles) hundreds upon hundreds of miles of

* I am indebted to Stevenson Towle, Esq., of the Department of Public Works, for the facts here quoted.

telegraph wire. With the appearance of all these structures we are familiar, because they are visible. But few of us realize the extent of use to which the portions of the street beneath the surface are subjected. Sewers, water-pipes, subways for electrical cables, and pneumatic conductors; systems for steam-heating; three or four distinct

some form they are essential to the conduct of civilized life in a densely peopled city. But there are few citizens of New York who do not feel frequent irritation at the repeated disruption of the pavement and upturning of the street before their doors. A computation, with results gratifying to the curious (and perhaps also to believers in an



Under the Street, at the corner of Broad and Wall, New York.

A. 6-inch New York Gas. B. Wall Street Sewer. C. 12-inch Water-pipe. D. 15-inch New York Steam Company's Pipe (steam). E. 4-inch New York Steam Company's Pipe (return). F. 8-inch Mutual Gas. G. 4-inch New York Gas. H-I. Western Union Pneumatic and Cable Tubes. J. Edison Electric Tubes. K. Old Basin Outlet (removed). L. New Basin Outlet, 15-inch Pipe. M. 6-inch Water-pipe. N. Line of 6-inch Water-pipe (before alteration). O. Nassau Street Sewer. P. 20-inch Water-pipe. Q. Edison's Electric Junction-box. R. New Basin Outlet, 15-inch Pipe. S. Old Basin Outlet (removed). T. Wall Street Sewer. U. New York Steam Company's Steam-trap. V. 2-inch Trap-pipes. W. Broad Street Sewer. X. Expansion Joint and Service-box, New York Steam Company. Y. Junction-vault of New York Steam Company's Mains. Z. House-drains. AA. Line of 6-inch Water-pipe as altered. Z. Catch Basins. AA, AB, AC, AD, AE, AA, BB, CC, DD, Electrical Subways.

systems for gas service; and some cables for surface railroads, occupy the street beneath ground as densely as the crowds fill the surface. The cut exhibits a subterranean junction at Broad Street and Wall Street, which may well serve in illustration of many another.

All of these underground constructions require, and probably have, permission of law for their existence. In

intelligent administration of municipal affairs), might be made, as to whether the aggregate expense of constantly disturbing and replacing pavements in order to reach underground constructions, would not be adequate to pay perpetual interest upon the necessary cost of capacious and accessible subways, suitable for all these various needs.

But, whatever the cost, some system

must be adopted to preserve the surface of the street against the attacks of those burrowing beneath it, or else New York must abandon all pretence to be a city of the first class. A safe, clean, and smooth roadway and sidewalk is the right of every citizen. (If the citizen be intoxicated, this right, it has been decided, grows with his increasing need of an unobstructed way.) The maintenance of such a way is a municipal duty that must be discharged without denial to the citizen of all the other quasi-public services rendered by those exercising special rights in the streets. We must have water, gas, electricity, heat, telegraph, and public transportation. It is in vain to rail at all these necessary public conveniences because of their occupation of the public ways, so long as no other way is furnished for them. They should be held to the least disturbing method of exercising their special rights, but beyond this the public demand should be, not for their restriction, but for their accommodation under suitable regulation.

The right of every citizen to a safe, clean, and smooth roadway and sidewalk is, for its enjoyment, to some degree dependent upon his own discharge of his corresponding duty, to aid in keeping them clean, smooth, and safe. Cæsar compelled every Roman householder to pave and keep in good order not only the footwalk, but the roadway in front of his house. In New York to-day, most householders assume the duty of maintaining the sidewalk, but are as indifferent to the roadway as though it were in one of the streets of London. The city ordinances on the subject are much more ample than is usually supposed. The householder may not throw into the street any offensive substance, ashes, or sweepings, but, excepting during the early days of Mayor Hewitt, no one has undertaken to enforce the ordinance. Neither may he permit snow or ice or any other obstruction to remain upon the sidewalk; and this ordinance is better enforced because of the possibility of suit (whether well or ill founded) against the city. If every citizen were to charge himself with the responsibility of himself doing nothing to encumber the street, and the correlative duty of

reporting every encumbrance at the bureau in the Department of Public Works, an improvement in our condition would be immediately observable. In other words, the right of the citizen as a user of the streets, like most of his rights, depends upon his own vigilance in maintaining them. I know of one worthy public-spirited citizen who earned the thanks of a considerable community because every morning, on his way down town, he stopped at the Bureau of Encumbrances to report building obstructions in his neighborhood. The public officers found it more comfortable to enforce the law against the builder than to endure the constantly recurring complaints of the outraged citizen. A general and concerted movement upon this line would have a most satisfactory result.*

One last and much disputed right of the citizen is to have his children play in the streets. Singularly enough, there is a diversity of opinion upon this point between the courts of various States of

* An example of the public service that may be rendered by a newspaper is afforded by the following extract from the *World* of January 24, 1890.

In order that there may be no excuse on the part of the people of this city, the *World* again publishes an outline of the ordinances regarding illegal dumping of refuse in the public streets.

If servants place ash receptacles on the curb line, they may be arrested, fined, or imprisoned.

If a tenant does the same thing, he incurs the same penalty.

If any one throws dirt, paper fragments, pieces of wood or shavings, straw, rags, or any other description of refuse in the street, he is liable to arrest, fine, or imprisonment.

If any employee sweeps the dust or refuse from any store, dwelling, or factory into the street, he can be arrested, fined, or imprisoned.

If a boy upsets an ash barrel or lights a bonfire, he is in danger of arrest, fine, or imprisonment.

If a dirt or ash cart is overloaded, so that the contents drop on the pavements, the driver is to be arrested, fined, or imprisoned.

If any person purchase fruit from a sidewalk vender, he is expressly forbidden to throw away the peelings, except into the receptacle to be provided by the vender. A violation of this ordinance subjects both the purchaser and the vender to arrest, fine, and imprisonment.

If a grocer strips his vegetable stock and does not place the strippings or refuse in a proper receptacle, he can be arrested, fined, or imprisoned.

If employees use the sidewalks for the purpose of breaking up boxes or barrels, they must remove all small fragments, under penalty of arrest, fine, or imprisonment.

If any one throws a glass bottle into the street and it breaks, he stands in danger of arrest, fine, or imprisonment.

If any one does anything to disfigure the pavement, between curb and curb, by sweeping refuse into the gutter and scattering it by hand, he can be arrested, fined, or imprisoned.

The public is therefore warned that the police intend hereafter to enforce city ordinances, and that the magistrates propose to inflict fines in the first instance and imprisonment for subsequent misdemeanors of this character. Every citizen who wants to see the streets kept clean, should assist in reporting such violations to the police. If the policeman on duty declines to act, send his name and number to the *World*.

the Union, though not in the state to which the blessed have preceded us. I have a friend who, thinking of her little son long since gone above, finds comfort

in the words of the prophet Zechariah, "And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof."

DISTICHS.

(FROM HERE AND THERE.)

By John Hay.

I.

WINE is like rain, which, when falling on mire but makes it the fouler,
But when it strikes the good soil, wakes it to beauty and bloom.

II.

When you break up housekeeping, you learn the extent of your treasures ;
Till he begins to reform, no one can number his sins.

III.

Maidens! why should you worry in choosing whom you shall marry?
Choose whom you may, you will find you have got somebody else.

IV.

Break not the rose ; its fragrance and beauty are surely sufficient ;
Resting contented with these, never a thorn shall you feel.

V.

Unto each man comes a day when his favorite sins all forsake him,
And he complacently thinks he has forsaken his sins.

VI.

Who would succeed in the world should be wise in the use of his pronouns ;
Utter the You twenty times where you once utter the I.

VII.

The best-loved man or maid in the town would perish with anguish
Could they hear all that their friends say in the course of a day.

VIII.

True luck consists not in holding the best of the cards at the table ;
Luckiest he who knows just when to rise and go home.

IX.

Make all good men your well-wishers ; and then, in the years' steady sifting
Some of them grow into friends. Friends are the sunshine of life.

X.

Try not to beat back the current, yet be not drowned in its waters ;
Speak with the speech of the world, think with the thoughts of the few.

XI.

Pleasant enough it is to hear the world speak of your virtues ;
But in your secret heart, 'tis of your faults you are proud.

XII.

Be not too anxious to gain your next-door neighbor's approval ;
Live your own life, and let him strive your approval to gain.

PERNILLA.

A STORY OF SWEDE CREEK.

By Karl Erickson.



HERE is snow in the Minnesota marshes, obliterating the exuberance of life and color that characterizes the Mississippi bottomlands in summer, and the wealth of red and gold that dyes them in autumn. Uncertain rich fleckings of light and shade that magnify details of contour, bewilder one no more. Bare limbs and naked twigs weave intricacies of shadow lace over the snow with startling distinctness. Frozen reeds and glittering rushes stand like wraiths of the summer's cardinal flowers and crimson milk-weeds. Miles and miles of snow, miles and miles of marsh, miles and miles of shadow lace.

A crooked footpath breaks the smooth expanse of snow. In mazy windings it steals among the underbrush, over ponds, and threads into the innermost woods. The morning sun traces dainty shadows along its ragged edge, shadows set with sparkling brilliants. It seems a thread of Fate spun out in these lonely wastes, and that only by dire necessity could it lure human footsteps into the forsaken winter marshes.

But the man striding along the narrow trail is the embodiment of strength and happiness. His tall figure in a scarlet felt blouse startles one in this white world. The axe on his shoulder portends the doom of many a goodly tree, and his strong stroke will soon reverberate afar, sending the snow sliding down ash and cottonwood trunks. In among the trees he disappeared, and with him the desolate aspect of the swamps. We know there is human life down there.

Sheer abundance of vital strength sent him swinging along as he cast calculating glances up along different trees. Flinging down his axe, he turned to pull off his scarlet jacket, when the blithest

girl-laugh trilled out on the frosty air, filling the woods with echoes.

"Good-morning, John Erick. Ha, ha, ha! didn't 'spect company?"

"Good-morning to you. First time I ever found a girl down the timber this here time o' day. You quite scared me, Rozina."

"That's just what I come for," she replied from her perch on the leaning trunk of a broken tree.

"How did you know I was here?"

"Do you 'spose you've been anywhere the last two years and I've not knowed it? I knowed you was choppin' down here."

"Did your pa send you?"

"My pa? No. Nor Pernilla neither," she gratuitously added.

"Rozina, what's up?" asked her companion, stepping back with folded arms.

"What's up? What's up?" she scornfully repeated, "I'll tell you what's up. I come down here, John Erick, to tell you I hate you."

"Oh, pshaw, Rozina! you don't, neither."

"Yes, I do, yes, I do. I—" here she broke off with: "Is it true you're comin' over next Sunday to talk it all over? to set the day? Is it true?"

No answer.

"John Erick," she cried, "is it true?"

"Rozina——"

"Oh, don't say nothing! I know it's true. But how do you 'spose I feel? I tell you Pernilla don't love you the way I do—'tain't in her."

John Erick started back with a surprised ejaculation, but she proceeded.

"Why couldn't you take me instead of her? I'm prettier'n Pernilla, and you know it. Lots prettier. I'd be just as good a wife, and I'll never care for anyone else. I can work as smart as her. I can weave faster, and you remember I was 'head of her at school. I got lots more headmarks. Oh, I just hate you and her!"

John Erick's blood boiled to hear this unabashed little beauty making love to him from the old stump, and coolly valuing her accomplishments above her sister's; and he retorted, with but little chivalry,

"No, you're not prettier, Rozina, you're crazy. Come, get down and go home."

"Be you goin' to marry her?" she persisted.

"Marry her? You're just right I be, as soon as ever I may. Go home now, Rozina."

But she kept her perch, biting her lips in her excitement, and going on hurriedly. "I tell you it wouldn't hurt her much if you give her up. Do you know when I looked at Pernilla this morning, with her black hair all over the pillow, I felt as if I could kill her. Do you hear? What would you say, then, John Erick? Pernilla won't care for you the way I do, anyhow, that's sure." And standing a moment on the leaning tree, she jumped to the ground beside him.

He drew aside as if afraid to touch her.

"I could kill myself now," she cried, feeling the edge of his axe and holding her wrist over it an instant. Then she bent swiftly down, laying her cheek against one of his footprints in the snow, and without glancing at him, ran quickly homeward, light and noiseless as a rabbit.

The Rosengren home was a log-house set in a birch-cove under the hills, more than a mile from the river marshes, and when Rozina reached it, the sunshine had scarcely peeped over the bluff that both morning and afternoon shut off most of the winter sun.

Her mother and Pernilla were taking a rag carpet from the loom.

Pernilla lifted the roll in her long, beautiful arms, threw it down, and, with a touch of her foot, sent it across to the opposite wall leaving a strip of the bright new web smooth laid on the white floor. With loving pride she looked upon this product of her own labor—her own cutting, sewing, dyeing, spinning, weaving.

"Mother, Rozina—do you like it?"

Mrs. Rosengren tied and retied the

blue and yellow checked kerchief on her head, as she reiterated unstinted praise.

"I was married many a year before I had a yard of carpet," she said.

"Would green warp have been prettier?" suggested Pernilla, dubiously.

"Child, no. If you want it to fade, wish it was green warp. When at last I got my first carpet, I wove the rags into green warp, and you never saw nothing fade so quick as that warp turned into pink and yellow."

Pernilla was down on her knees to cut away a knot, and remained kneeling at the end of the carpet, caressing the pretty stripes and turning her head from one side to the other, looking for knots.

"Isn't this red and white twist pretty? And who'd a thought that blue dress 'ud be so handsome in a carpet?"

"It feels real bright to the foot," said her mother, carefully stepping on a stripe of "hit and miss" at the other end. As this foot of Mrs. Rosengren was encased in a very solid, well-seasoned, shining wooden shoe, it might be questioned just what sensation of color could penetrate her substantial foot-gear; but Pernilla, too, was sure it felt nice to the foot.

"Hoey, now, womenfolks! Is the carpet done? Sure if it ain't fine! Seems, Pernilla, as if you're kind of mean to put so much time on a thing like that, and get your ma to help, and after all sneak off with it to another man's house. Ain't your pa's house got a room good enough for it?"

Stepping out of his wooden shoes, he walked all over the carpet. Pernilla laughed merrily and threatened to snip into his stout blue stockings with her scissors.

"Hi there!" he cried, capering around. "Goin' to chase your old pa off o' it too! Be careful, or I'll get a mortgage on this here fine carpet and keep it to home."

After jumping around some more, cutting a ludicrous figure in his snuff-brown homespun clothes, he sat down on the carpet roll and stamped approvingly with his stocking feet on the gay stripes.

"I s'pose as John Erick'll have to take

off his stockings too before he puts foot on this, eh?"

Pernilla, still feeling for knots, laughed out a little, "O pshaw!"

"Ma," asked Rozina, later in the day, "where's the aniline? I'm goin' to color some rags."

"What for?"

"For my carpet," replied the girl, curtly.

"Your carpet?"

"Yes, I'm goin' to make a carpet as well as Pernilla, if I ain't goin' to be married."

And color rags Rozina did all afternoon, planning designs of crimson and white stripes as she dipped the magenta skeins and hung them all around the walls of what was known as "the shanty."

During the spring, all Swede Creek settlement talked of the approaching marriage of John Erick Peterson and Pernilla Rosengren; of the fine wedding there would be, and of the clothes the Rosengren women were making. Claus Rosengren had thrived since he came to America. These two beautiful girls were born to him in the Minnesota woods, and now that Pernilla was going to marry, she should have an outfit worthy of him.

They drove twenty miles in a lumber wagon to Meadow Falls, to buy what they actually could not manufacture themselves. As it was, the sheep huddling among the charred stumps on the side of Old Rattlesnake bluff furnished a good part of the outfit in way of dresses, stockings, and shawls. For wasn't Mrs. Rosengren the only person in the settlement that could weave shawls? as well as marvellous dress fabrics that were all purple or green in one light and shining gold in another; material all from these same scrubby sheep.

Coming to Swede Creek now, you will find white dresses common. The girls flit up and down the paths of Rattlesnake and Owl Point to the log church, to quilting bees, to surprise parties, clad in dainty white gowns and embroidered suits that come from St. Paul and Minneapolis. Not so then. That was long ago, just after the war, and none of the girls in Swede Creek had white dresses.

But hadn't Mrs. Rosengren been a maid-servant at the clergyman's in her own native parish in Sweden? And when his daughter Miss Wilhelmina Ulrika Unonius was married she wore white. So white dresses they bought; some fine, soft, all-wool delaine, more dainty than any goods they had ever before seen, and consternation fell upon the whole settlement when they heard it. Even the young men asked John Erick if it were true.

But when Betsy Jonson put on her shaker to run over to tell Annie Anderson about that Pernilla's hat, it seemed as if it couldn't be true.

"A spinkin-spankin new hat, kind of tall and all covered with frosting like the frozen snow," she said.

"Who'd ever!" ejaculated Annie.

"And a big red flower in front. Don't b'lieve I'd want one."

"Rozina's awful sick, though," added Annie. "Ain't she thin? I think it's wicked to go on so 'bout clothes when her sister's so down."

But poor Rozina was sick; such a cough.

"I'm sure as you caught cold the day you dyed them rags," said her mother, as she watched her through a hard spell.

In the wedding she had no interest, and Pernilla tried to keep her own happiness out of sight.

II.

In all Swede Creek, time was now reckoned with reference to the wedding, and somewhat more than a month before that focal date, John Erick came to tell Pernilla that their house was finished.

Spring was here. That very morning Old Rattlesnake had changed color, inaugurating the witching scene that lasts but three or four days in every Minnesota May—the fairest, most fascinating days to watch the bluffs. It is when the birches leaf out, when the new foliage hangs like misty suggestion about the silver stems; when patches and stretches of pale ethereal green transform the hillsides, bringing into cameo-like relief the sylph trunks of the trees, that "conceal and half reveal" themselves amid the sacred halo.

Up the bluff, along the ravines, out on the spurs, is massed the cloud-like color that seems the spirit of the heavy foliage of summer. Just three or four days it takes for the birches to dress themselves, to invest their dainty limbs with the folds of fragrant gauze, to veil themselves in the delicate green.

Such was the blithe aspect of the hills about the new house when John Erick went to tell his black-haired sweetheart that it was ready, all ready, even to tables and chairs.

The next day he was going to the Falls to buy the most important article of household furniture, a stove. Next to the wonderful white hat, the prospective stove excited greatest interest; for, wouldn't Pernilla have to learn it all over, how to cook, bake, and brew?

Rosengren and the hired man were fishing down in the bottomlands, and Pernilla asked John Erick to stay as late as possible.

"Because," she whispered, "we're afraid to be only womenfolks, as Pa got money to-day, and it seems I can't think of nothing else."

Some "fellows from Wisconsin" (Swede Creek technical term for their brethren dwelling across the Mississippi) had paid Rosengren several hundred dollars on old debts that he had had no hope of collecting this year. His wife and the girls were the only ones who knew it, and with him had shared the anxiety of secreting it in a safe place. It had been successively put in several places; in a sack of wool, in Pernilla's new rag-carpet, in a copper coffee-pot, and even in an old wooden shoe. But his anxious mind conjured forth particular dangers connected with each one of these, and at last he deposited it in a tool-chest in the barn, much to the consternation of Mrs. Rosengren, whose sense of security bore an inverse ratio to his own on this, as on all occasions.

So John Erick stayed, and they drank fresh-brewed beer sitting on the crazy little stoop that hung like a wasp's nest on the log wall. This same drink is known as "molasses beer," and is as harmless as buttermilk. They drank a whole pitcherful of the renowned drink, and then went up on the shanty roof to

look for the fishers off on the bottomlands. An occasional gleam of the torches flickering, wavering down in the darkness of the overflowed meadows was all they saw.

John Erick could not stay very late on account of preparations for the next day's trip, and with various injunctions from Mrs. Rosengren not to spend too much money on the stove, and a sweet farewell to Pernilla out by the birch-rail fence, he left them.

The May night was heavy with the scent of young leaves and unseen buds, and John Erick's life was a thing of joy to him; a strong, buoyant personality revelling in love.

The next morning, as the first blue wreaths of smoke floated from the capacious chimney, Rosengren strode into the kitchen with colorless face, and his teeth chattering in consternation.

"The money's gone—it's gone," he gasped.

"What do you say, Rosengren?" answered his wife, faintly.

"I say you've put it somewhere—or it's gone."

"I hain't touched it. Be you sure?"

"I looked over every nail in the chest."

The girls came from the barnyard with foaming milk-pails, and he excitedly met them at the door with the news.

"And I felt of it the last thing before I went fishin', and slept out there too," he groaned.

"I don't see," said Pernilla. "No one knowed it; and John Erick was with us till late, knowin' we was skeery."

Rosengren was tearing up and down the room, feeling frantically in his pockets, in hope of finding the bills there, and muttering under his breath various vague threatenings; but at Pernilla's words he turned on her with an evil light in his narrow brown eyes.

"'Knowin' you was skeery?' What be you talkin' about, girl? Do you mean to say, do you mean," he hissed in a whisper, "that John Erick knowed about the money?"

Dumb horror seized the girl.

"Answer me."

"Why, yes—I asked him to stay for that."

"You did—did you? A pretty wed-

din' you'll have," and vouchsafing not another word, he strode off down the valley road.

Rozina, silent, sat by the fire, white as the milk foam, while Pernilla sank down by the table, moaning as she buried her face in her arms. But little was done at the Rosengrens that day. One pail of morning's milk was forgotten out under trees. Pernilla went to John Erick's house, and Mrs. Rosengren wondered and wept.

The whole settlement was afire with the news. Women put on hasty head-gear and ran to glean rumors at neighboring hearthstones. So quickly did the news spread that half the households held council over "*Klockan elfva kaffe*" (Eleven o'clock coffee).

John Erick did not go off to buy the new stove, and before the sunset lights spanned the swollen Mississippi, Pernilla's lover was in jail.

III.

FOR days, for weeks the Mississippi waters had been rising, crowding back over the bottomlands, overflowing the wooded marshes, and forming a lake in the heavy timber.

A yellow sunset cast long shadows quivering across the amber depths of the watery waste. The course of Swede Creek, like a current was outlined by rows of young willows out in the lake, that waved lazily toward the grove growing downward in the yellow water. Black and yellow, black and yellow, the waters filled all the clearing, and all the timber, splashing in little dreary waves and ripples against oaks and cottonwoods.

Rosengren and the hired man appeared on a high bank, carrying a boat, an awkward old affair, which they managed to get down to the edge of the water.

When the water comes up into the timber, the farmers find good fishing o' nights in their own fields, so to say, and an hour after sunset, the flash of lanterns about the old boat revealed Rosengren, the hired man, and Pernilla preparing for the sport.

From a tin cylinder filled with kero-

sene, several wicks gave forth a glaring yellow light, tempered as to intensity by dense clouds of smoke and soot. This apparatus was sometimes carried, and sometimes fastened by a long pole to the side of the boat.

Pernilla took the oars and with strong, steady strokes rowed the old flat-bottomed boat into the clearing, as the men, with spear in hand, watched for the fish among the grass and leaves.

Anon they took the wagon road, spearing pickerel and catfish right in the wheel-ruts, or rowed across a little triangular patch of winter wheat whose sparse blades bode small harvest.

"Not very heavy grain here," said Rosengren, "but—" and he stabbed a fine rock-bass as a compensation from Nature.

As the boat stole along the edges of the heavy timber, the torch threw ghastly lights into the watery vistas among the trees, and owls hooted in the sacred recesses of the tree-tops as the fishes splashed through the shallow water.

Far to the east, over the distant Wisconsin Hills, shimmered a trembling radiance. Silvery lights illumed the fleecy fretwork of white clouds that grew brighter and brighter with opalescent edges, until above the dull forest rose the waning moon of May. Down over the watery waste of the bottomlands streamed the glory of the sky, spiriting forth troops and platoons of willow shadows, oak shadows, reed shadows, and grass shadows to dance in spectral silence over the dark, restless waters.

Running up in shallow places, the men often got out and waded off with torch and spears, leaving Pernilla alone in the dark.

Several times they pulled up on some grassy islet, tipped the boat to pour out the water, and silently resumed their slow way.

In the centre of the clearing was a large half-finished hay-shed. The rise of the river had stopped the builders, and there it rested like a Noah's ark on the face of the deep.

They were edging along its pole foundations, but it proved too hard to row through wet grass, so the two men walked up the shallows to pursue their prey.

Pernilla, from the shadow of the hay-shed, watched them stride cautiously off, peering intently under every leaf and ledge. She was glad to be out in the night air. Her fevered being was in a whirl of passion and sorrow, and as she had rowed back and forth over the silver-brocaded waters of the woods, she had been thinking of her wedding, of her lover so unjustly accused, of his calmness when arrested, of the same old question, "Who took the money?" She was tired of thinking, of wondering, of crying.

Then she felt in the dark that a form was near her and, speechless with terror, heard her name.

"Pernilla, Pernilla. Sh—sh—it's me—John Erick."

"You? you? I thought you were—" she faltered.

"Yes, yes, in jail. But I ran away to see you. I must find out if you think——"

"Oh, hush! The men are coming back. Don't let them find you, please go," she whispered, excitedly.

"But you must tell me——"

"Go, go! I'll come back to-night again—will you stay?"

"Yes—for heaven's sake don't let them find my boat around on the other side."

The men were back. Pernilla was all atremble.

"I'm cold, father, let's go home."

"Pretty soon, but fish is plenty to-night. See what a pickerel!" And he threw down upon the slimy mass of small fish a grand old monster that reached half the length of the boat.

"Fifteen—sixteen pounds, anyway," he gleefully added.

Pernilla heard with dismay their plan of going around the hay-shed.

"I'm stiff as an oar sitting here, father, and cold, too, with my feet down in them nasty fish," she cried. "Let me change work if you're going to fish more." With this she snatched the torch from the hired man, and there was nothing for him to do but take the oars.

They pulled around the northwest corner, and Pernilla's keen eyes detected John Erick's boat off in the shadows. Leaning heavily against the side of the

boat, she gave it a lurch, screamed, and dropped the torch in the water.

John Erick, from his perch up in the rafters of the shed, chuckled heartily at the girl's skilful manœuvre and at the ejaculations of the disappointed men, as they fished around in the water for the old tin cylinder.

Pernilla sat down with a little nervous laugh, saying: "Let's go home, or the boat might tip again, and you'd lose your fine pickerel. I think 'twas him sent the light down."

Home they went, leaving all the fish except the big pickerel in the boat till morning. When Rosengren fastened this great prize to the spear, slinging it over his shoulder, the fish reached below the top of his boots, and was heavy enough to make the way seem long.

Pernilla thought the house never would get quiet, for with cooking coffee for the men, talking about the big pickerel, and with getting to bed, all was not still till after midnight.

Then, tucking a little gilt-edged Testament into the bosom of her dress, she went. As the ladder-like stair from the girls' room in the loft came down in the bed-room, she had to let herself out by way of the shanty roof. She wished the moon were not so bright, but silent as the moonlight itself, she slid down among the morning glories and young wild-cucumber vines. Swiftly she ran down the lane toward the bottoms, filled with unutterable thoughts. How clear it came to her that not for a moment had she doubted John Erick's innocence. But now, *now*, what was this hideous, stifling doubt? He had run away, *run away*—everyone would think him guilty. He could never be cleared, seeing he had run off.

Breathless, she sank down in a corner of the rail-fence. The whole length of the lane was white with amelanchier bushes—the beautiful Juneberry—all in bloom. Right over her hung its dainty, loose racemes, catching the May dew on their quivering tassels, that vibrated white and fragrant with every river breeze. The faint, exquisite odor seemed to soothe her fevered heart, and the whippoorwills sang incessantly up the bluffs.

Pernilla pulled the Testament from her dress. Every young person in this good Lutheran settlement had one just like it, given as this was by the minister at the time of confirmation. Its brass clasps glittered in the midnight moon, as she murmured :

"He'll surely tell me right by this, surely ;" and putting it back, sped on her way. Past fences and gates, stumbling over stones, everywhere brushing off the evanescent white stars of the amelanchiers, she at last pushed out the heavy old boat. As the oars dipped into the cold night waters, she shivered to think she was alone in the dark marshes.

What if John Erick were not there ?

But he was waiting for the boat.

"You're a fine girl to come down here."

"Is there a dry place inside?" she asked.

They climbed to a pile of lumber by the large opening for the future door, and she gave him a little pail.

"Here's some coffee for you ; I'm 'fraid it's cold."

"Why, what a girl you be ! But I ain't agoin' to drink it till I give you that, and that, and that," he said, rapturously kissing her, "for turnin' out that torch the way you did. I seen you."

"Oh, pshaw," laughed she, "'twas the only thing to do."

She sat silent while he took his coffee, then impetuously threw her arms about him and cried as though her heart would break. At last she sobbed out :

"Oh, John Erick, do you know it was four weeks from to-day we was to be married?"

He took off the little shawl she had on her head and smoothed her waving hair, at first fearfully, then with tender confidence.

"Poor girl—you poor girl!"

She could not ask questions ; she couldn't say she was glad he ran away, she did not know what to say. What if he were guilty ? Then she had better drown herself than be here with him.

"But why did you come to the hayshed?" she asked. "You couldn't know I'd be down here."

"I was comin' up toward the house after dark," he replied, "but when I

seen the men and the boat I knowed I'd have to stay here. And here I set watchin' the light travel 'round among the trees and down in the water, an' all at once I heard you laugh, Pernilla. You can't reckon what that laugh meant to me. It was before the moon came up, and over there in the dark, to the edge of the clearin', I heard my sweetheart laugh. After that, I tell you, I watched every move of the boat."

"But it is dreadful that you, you—" she could not speak on that subject.

"Yes, yes, it is too bad, but it must come out all right," he said, hopefully. "You didn't think I took the money, Pernilla?"

"Oh, no, you couldn't, you couldn't," she quickly rejoined. But her tones had that in them which seemed bent on reassuring herself, and John Erick felt every drop of blood tingle with anguish.

"Pernilla, Pernilla, I swear I didn't. I say you must believe me."

"I do. I do. I was longin' to hear you say it." Whereupon, pulling out the Testament, she added, timidly : "Would you be willin' to put your hand on this and say it? I believe you anyhow, but I'd feel so sure."

John Erick unhesitatingly took the book, but for a few moments was silent.

"Come over to the door, Pernilla, where I can look in your eyes and say it—yes, with my hand on the book."

As he fastened and unfastened the little brass clasps, she said :

"It's just like yourn, ain't it? See my name."

They leaned out together into the moonlight to read the inscription, when Pernilla started back in little dismay, for the name was Rozina's.

"I took it by mistake for mine. Poor Rozina, she's real sick."

John Erick started. Vividly came before him that bright winter morning down in these marshes, when she was the picture of health. But a few rods off was the spot where she waited for him, and word for word her wild talk came back.

"Pernilla, do one thing for me. Let me see your long black hair—won't you? I've heard 'em say it's the finest head o' hair they ever seen. Please, I'd like to think of it."

"Why, John Erick, would you?"

"Please do."

"Yes, yes, if you want it."

Quickly she let down two heavy braids, beginning to undo them.

"It's handsome, it is—let me undo one," said John Erick.

Shaking out the rich, wavy mass, it fell to her knees. He reverently lifted part into the moonlight, letting it fall through his fingers, thinking all the while of Rozina's words. At last he said, slowly:

"Pernilla, you're the best girl in the settlement, but you're the prettiest one too. I'm most 'fraid of you with that handsome hair."

"Why," laughed Pernilla, "it's the same hair I've always had." Then, after a brief silence, and very soberly, "Don't forget, John."

"You hold the book, Pernilla."

Severely solemn as a priestess, she stood in the white square of moonlight that shone on the new lumber, shone on her hair, on her brow, on the little Bible. John Erick knelt before her, laid his right hand over the book, while with his other he held one of hers, and sincerely swore that he was innocent.

Then Pernilla bent over him and slowly kissed him as her silky tresses swept about his shoulders, sinking to her knees beside him; and he folded her sweet face against him, kissing the throat as soft and white as a plum blossom, and her lips as red as a cardinal flower.

But the moon sloped toward the western bluffs, and soon the girl said:

"I must go; but tell me, John Erick, what you are going to do?"

"Me? Why, I'm goin' back to the fort as fast as I can," he answered.

"The fort? To jail?" she ejaculated.

"Of course, where else should I go?"

"Folks don't generally run away to— to just get put back again," she rejoined.

"See here, did you think I was goin' to sneak out o' the country *like* a thief? No, sir! Not havin' done nothing bad, I ain't goin' to sneak off."

"Oh, I'm so glad," commenced Pernilla, but stopped, afraid of betraying herself.

John Erick laughed a little. "Oh, now, that's the worst of all. My sweet-heart glad I'm goin' to jail!"

"Now, John Erick——"

"Pshaw! I just see now what you've been 'fraid of. Keep up heart, Pernilla, I feel so strong and well, and knowin' I'm innocent makes the world bright anyhow. Can't we live this down? Can't we be happy anyhow?"

It was impossible to resist his warm personality with its hopeful confidence. So she smiled even as she replied, rather dolefully,

"But we was to be married."

"So we was, so we be yet—ain't we? Will you marry me anyhow, Pernilla? It may all be clear through with in less than four weeks. What if I'm free by the weddin'-day?"

"Then I'll marry you," responded Pernilla, eagerly.

"God bless you! But if—if they manage to send me off like a thief?"

"Well, you ain't one, and if they send you off like one—well, my white dress'll keep till you come back. I must go—just now."

She pinned up her hair in a twisted coil, and he guided her down the ladder.

"Good-by—by-by—by-by," he softly called as the old boat pushed off.

Back she hurried along the lane, brushing off fragrant drifts of June-berry blossoms, and catching her dress on mischievous blackberry vines ever on the alert.

As she reached home, Cassiopea hung low over the bluffs. Tintings of pink and blue beyond the Mississippi boded the far lustre of dawn.

IV.

THE trial came on and the country around was there, men and women. The old clergyman sat by Rosengren, being probably the sternest judge present. To Pernilla, the buzz, faces, and all were a vague, oppressive dream, and what she or anyone else said she did not know.

When her part was over, she went out and walked home the six miles, wondering when she would again see her lover.

What testimony there was, was certainly against John Erick, and though it was indecisive the crowd felt anxious.

John Erick thought of but one thing, that glorious vision of Pernilla in the moonlight, holding the Bible for him to swear by. Would she marry him? Would her white dress "keep?" The testimony he did not care for, it had nothing to do with him. But Pernilla—

Undeniably, all were much more influenced by the fact that John Erick voluntarily came back to the jail after his brief freedom to face it out than by the run of evidence, so when it was all over, ready for the verdict, the public were jubilant to receive, without unnecessary delay, the acquittal of the prisoner.

People went home to weed their gardens, to kill potato-bugs, to wonder who stole Rosengren's money, and what Pernilla would do with her fine clothes.

V.

THE next day Pernilla knelt before the big green chest with its massive iron handles, many a counterpart of which to this very day arrives at Castle Garden.

Unlocking the heavy padlock that guarded her treasures, Pernilla threw up the heavy lid. There were towels, sheets, and pillow-cases of her own make, and two table-cloths brought from Sweden.

There was a real American patchwork quilt, so far superior to her other eighteen, and indeed to every other one in the settlement, that she never kept it with the rest. No other girl had had skill and patience to work out the elaborate "Texas Rising Sun" pattern, or to quilt anything one-half so closely as this was quilted. There was also her hat, which she held up to see the frosted straw sparkle in the light, looking a little dubiously at the scarlet poppy. Then she closed the chest, locked the trusty padlock, and came downstairs with her half-finished wedding-dress in her arms.

Rozina and her mother were wonder-stricken. It gradually came to them that she intended to finish it. In silence she went to work.

"What's that for?" asked her mother.

"Better finish the weddin' dress for the weddin'," was the slow reply.

"Weddin'?" gasped her mother.

But Rozina rushed up to her sister, crying, "Be you goin' to marry him? Be you? Can I help you sew?"

Pernilla dropped everything to stare at her sister. Was this the girl who had for weeks, months refused to do a thing for the wedding? What had come over her?

But with Rozina's excited exclamations, Rosengren had come to the door, and now strode forward to Pernilla.

The women all shrank back at his angry look.

"Yes, I ask too, be you goin' to marry that John Erick? Answer me!"

It was her father, he who had ever indulged his girls. She knew he believed her lover guilty. What could she say not to further incense him?

"Be you goin' to marry him?" he roared.

"Yes."

"You be? A thief as stole from your father?"

"He didn't take it, he didn't. I tell you, father, somebody else did."

"Ha, ha, ha! Bring out the thief, then, so I can make a wedding for you 'n John Erick. Bring him out. But if you don't, you shan't have a cent from me, nor an acre of land; and don't come here to be married."

Pernilla flushed and paled as her heart throbbed violently at the wrathful words, but, with calm dignity, she said, as her father was leaving the room:

"I don't ask nothing but my white dress."

The girls sewed, and Rozina chattered and cried alternately. She brought out her white goods, and would have it cut out just like her sister's.

"But where will you be married?" came out at last.

"Over on the island," answered Pernilla, with tears in her eyes.

Her listeners knew what that meant. It meant to dispense with a license, and go off like a runaway couple. "The island" was a synonym for true love that had not run smooth.

"Our minister?" faltered her mother.

"No, the justice," fell like lead on this orthodox home-circle.

"Oh, my child, it don't seem—seem religious to be married in American."

"I know, mother, but I've got over that. Do you know," she proceeded, with flashing eyes and rising before them in her regal indignation—"do you know, John Erick asked our minister to go over there and do it, and he wouldn't. He said he didn't marry runaway folks only to get a present of stolen money. That's what he said, and it's more religious to be married in American than to be married by that man."

The wedding-day came with the fairest June morning. Pernilla begged Rozina to go along, but she said the ride would make her ill.

So, on the high spring-seat of John Erick's new wagon, with the Justice and John's chum on a board behind, they drove along the beautiful Swede Creek road, around the foot of Old Rattlesnake, to the ferry.

The blue Mississippi was calm and bright in the afternoon air, and over the Wisconsin Hills beyond strayed the shadows of white clouds.

After a brief waiting at the shore, the ferryboat came, and they drove on it, being the only passengers for this trip. From this same landing-place, shady and inviting, where the road ran down to the river beneath festoons and loops of vines clambering over the trees, many a bridal couple had anxiously waited for the old, flat-bottomed ferryboat that communicated with the island. Pernilla wondered who had been the bride before her, and the ferry-hands well-nigh forgot to work the raft along the cable as they looked upon the fair bride of today. John Erick persisted in saying sweet things to her in Swedish, which Pernilla was sure the Justice understood, and which John Erick hoped he did.

Perhaps it was this, and perhaps it was the river breezes, that made her cheeks so red.

The families that lived on the island side had witnessed more than one wedding, but none to equal this in interest. Was it possible that here, on desecrated ground, as it were, they were to behold the belle of Swede Creek and John Erick Peterson?

The ferry-men waited on the old boat at the strand. From some tattered wigwams a few dilapidated specimens of

Indians stole into the bushy background. Pernilla laid aside hat and shawl, and stood bareheaded under a great maple.

Vegetation over the whole island was rich and lovely. Heavy woods rose around them. The afternoon shadows from the Minnesota side cooled the air, which was redolent with the fragrance of flowering shrubs.

Jungles of tall cornel shrubs and elder bushes were in bloom, a sea of white in among the trees as far as eye could see. The bride, in her white dress, was almost overshadowed by cymes and tassels of the festive, white-blooming bushes about her.

The June wind kissed her black hair; snowy petals fell on the silken grass; the birds sang in the wild-wood; and the river ripples laughed against the hard sands when Pernilla was married on the island.

VI.

BRAVE as she was, Pernilla did not venture to wear her white dress to church the next Sunday, and appeased John Erick's clamor by promising to put it on at home as often as he wanted.

Half the young folks of the settlement were waiting at the church door for a glimpse of the newly-married pair, and a row of homespun swains roosting on the hitching-rails, formed the first line of pickets. Having passed these with due and proper greetings for one and all, and once inside the queer little church, they parted, for the modern anomaly of men and women sitting together was then unknown in Swede Creek, and is, indeed, yet. Pernilla went to the familiar place by her mother, while John Erick found a seat among the uncouth-looking men, most of whom looked very unkempt indeed, with long hair cropped off square at the coat collar.

The pink and purple sunbonnets and gingham-caped shakers on the women's side were, on this very day, the source of no small annoyance to many females in the back part of the house, who in vain stretched and peered among their ranks and files to get an eye on Pernilla's hat.

They were singing the last hymn, and no one knew this was to be the most

memorable service ever held in the Swede Creek log-church. The fragrant, drowsy June air was heavy with bridal loveliness, and the breezes, sweet comment on the prime of the year, rustled the hymn-books. During the last lines of the hymn Rozina arose from her seat and walked firmly, unhesitatingly forward to the altar steps, ascended them, and in a few seconds stood by the pulpit.

Minister and people were stricken with amazement. The song died in the middle of a verse. Some stood on seats next the door. Mrs. Rosengren grasped Pernilla's arm and stared at Rozina. John Erick trembled violently as he hid his face in his hands. He wondered what she would do next. He was afraid of that girl. Expectant silence reigned.

She was talking to the minister, who gazed at her in dumb consternation, and Pernilla saw her little golden head against his black gown. Turning to the people, they saw she intended to speak, but courage failed her. She closed her eyes an instant, then summoning all her strength, took a step forward and spoke. The vision of that slim girl up there by the minister made people hold their breath, while her pale face and moving lips brought tears to more than one, for her voice reached only the first few seats. But her folks heard every word—words that would never more be silent. Rosengren rose in his seat, leaning toward the pulpit as one enchanted. She spoke in English, which made it more startling in that place, and this is what she said.

"I took the money. I stole it. John Erick Peterson knows nothing about it. I did it—I did it. I want you *all* to know it——"

She faltered, swayed as if to fall, but spoke on, though only the clergyman caught her last words, which she uttered quickly, turning to him with little eager motions, as if she felt she could not make herself heard.

Then, clasping her hands on her breast, she uttered a cry of pain. The people pressed forward in wonder and in sympathy. White as death she lay, and from her mouth came drops of blood.

Her father took her in his arms and bore her to the wagon. She moaned,

and with great effort begged, in a whisper, to be taken to Pernilla's new house. This was not a time to consider feuds, and the whole Rosengren family gathered in the little two-room frame cottage, and Rozina was laid on Pernilla's bed. Toward dusk she fell asleep. Then John Erick took Pernilla out to a bench under a mountain ash and told her all he knew—told it tenderly and with tears in his voice.

On leaving them the night the money was taken, he had, before going home, gone up the valley to the nearest neighbor, and on returning past the Rosengren house, within half an hour, had taken a short cut behind the barn. Hurrying along, he spied Rozina not far from him, but on calling her, she crouched as if to hide, and an instant after ran off without a word. He thought it strange, but suspected a joke of some kind, and turned to go into the house to ferret her out, but changed his mind. When the theft was discovered and he was arrested, and Rozina in her testimony said nothing about having seen him (he said nothing of it either), he felt sure she had hidden the money to make trouble for him.

Pernilla listened as in a dream to this enigma, finally asking:

"But why should she? Why?"

In answer he told of the February morning in the bottomlands, and all Rozina's wild words; upon which Pernilla burst into tears, sobbing:

"Poor Rozina! poor Rozina! It seems wrong for me to have you."

That night Rozina would have Pernilla sleep with her. She was quite free from pain, and asked questions at long intervals, keeping her arm thrown over Pernilla.

"Pernilla," she would whisper as often as her sister lay very still, "don't go to sleep yet."

"Now, Pernilla, tell me 'bout your weddin' again—the ride, the island." And eagerly she would listen to the description.

"You said there was flowers?"

"Yes; tall bushes snow-white all over the woods; right by me, too."

"White flowers by you? How pretty. Was it near the river?"

"Right near it—under a big tree. Just a lovely place," said Pernilla.

"And was there Injuns—did you say?"

"True, yes; there was Injuns at my weddin'."

"Not near you—was they?"

"No, 'way off in the woods."

"Pernilla, you're married now, ain't you?"

"Yes, dearie." Long silence.

"Pernilla, you know I like him?"

"There's a good girl, Rozina; you go to sleep now; don't talk about it now."

"Yes, now. I liked him, did he tell you?"

"Yes, dearie."

"When? I want to know when," she said, excitedly, to Pernilla's great fear as to the result.

"Oh, Rozina, don't take it hard; do go to sleep a little bit. When you get well we can talk it over."

"I ain't never goin' to get well. When did John Erick tell you?"

"He told me this afternoon."

"This here afternoon?" cried the sick girl. "Do you mean to say he never said nothin' before?"

"Not a word, Rozina. Don't cry."

But she cuddled into Pernilla's arms like a bird and asked no more questions, only sobbed once or twice:

"Wish I had some of them white flowers from the island."

"Don't you hate me, John Erick?" was her greeting, as he came to her bedside in the morning.

"Hush, Rozy, you must be good now." Her great dark eyes were fixed on him.

"John Erick, I wish— Oh, I can't ask it."

"Yes, yes, Rozina, anything."

"I'd like some of them white flowers from the island. Pernilla says it was all white over there."

"Why, if that's all, I'll ride over the ferry and get all you want," he answered.

"I'd love 'em so," was all she said.

So, after dinner, John Erick rode off after white flowers. Rozina's love of flowers was a passion, and was considered from her early childhood as a pe-

culiarity by her folks. When all the old women, on Sunday mornings, reverently carried into church two leaves of rosemary and a sprig of old-man, she would, all unabashed, gather a handful of the showiest flowers to be found, golden lady-slippers or fragrant water-lilies, often to her mother's discomfort, for only rosemary and old-man seemed orthodox. And no sooner had John Erick gone off than she teased for her white dress. This seemed a wild whim, but in vain they tried to dissuade her.

"I finished mine, too, Pernilla, after you left home, and I want it on a little while. Just a little while, Pernilla."

So they put it on, but the effort exhausted her; and as her father knelt in anguish by the bed, she was too weak to open her eyes. She was following John Erick's ride. She seemed to be with him—the landing, the ferry-boat, the slow journey over the river, then the island. Under the very tree she thought she stood, and he. Now he was coming back.

"Has he come yet?"

"Pretty soon, Rozy," was the answer, many times.

The clatter of hoofs, and John Erick rode by the window with an armful of snowy branches.

"There he is, there he is," cried the sick girl, raising herself to look out.

Pernilla broke a handful of sprays from the delicate, faintly fragrant spiræa and brought them to Rozina, who took them, eagerly whispering:

"Did he bring them from the island? Be them from the island?"

John Erick stood in the doorway, fumbling with a branch, and tears shone in his eyes as Rozina turned her grateful look on him and touched her lips to the flowers, repeating,

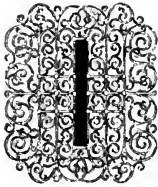
"Pernilla, be them the kind? Be them from the island?"

The excitement was too much. A fit of coughing came on, and as she lay back after the struggle, she weakly lifted the white flowers from the island to her sweet, tired face.

And with this, her last movement, she fell asleep—fell asleep and died in the June afternoon, with the feathery blossoms quivering in her last fluttering breath.

“CORINNE.”

By Eugene Schuyler.



It was in the summer of 1804, after she had recovered from the first shock of her father's death, that Madame de Staël decided on spending a winter in Italy, a project which she had caressed for several years without putting into execution. As before, she asked Camille Jordan to accompany her, for she could not exist without being surrounded by friends, listeners, and admirers, and, for the sake of their company, she was generally ready to pay their expenses. When she finally crossed the Alps she was accompanied by her daughter Albertine (afterward Duchesse de Broglie) and by the inseparable August Wilhelm von Schlegel. The faithful Sismondi joined her afterward in Rome.

Letters of introduction were given in plenty, even by Prince Joseph Bonaparte, so soon to be King of Naples. These, however, were scarcely necessary, for Madame de Staël had already many old and high-placed Italian friends, and even without that she had the faculty of beginning an acquaintance with a short note from her inn, which no woman would dare refuse to take into account, and which would bring the men to her feet as soon as a carriage could take them. It was in this way that she made the acquaintance of Vincenzo Monti, the Italian poet, at Milan, on December 30, 1804. There was an every-day and all-day intimacy, which lasted for a fortnight at Milan, and there were many letters afterward, at first daily. Those of Monti are probably preserved in the archives of Coppet, unless they were torn up on the spot, but for family reasons are inaccessible to the historical student; those of Madame de Staël were, fortunately, published (though in a small number of copies) a few years ago, and go far to supply the absence of a journal.

Perhaps the travels of every person of

sense would be amusing, if they could be written from both sides; and we could know not only what he thought of the people whom he met, but what they thought of him. In this case there are sufficient notices of Madame de Staël, in memoirs and letters recently made public or still in manuscript, to render the comparison not unamusing.

The time for the journey was, considering all things, not badly chosen. Italy was tranquil; for war did not again break out till the autumn of 1805, when Madame de Staël had got back to Switzerland. Milan, as capital of an independent republic, and subsequently of the Italic kingdom, had already begun to be a political, social, and literary centre, such as it had never been before, and such as it continued to be for a while even after the restoration of Austrian rule. Modena, as well as Bologna and most of the old Papal Provinces, had already been annexed to the kingdom, but it was not till the next year—after Austerlitz—that Venetia was added, where the Austrians were then still trying to conciliate the population by a mild rule. Parma was occupied and governed by the French, but had not yet been formally annexed to France. At Florence a Bourbon was on the throne, and the Queen of Etruria, Marie Louise, was still governing as Regent. There was yet a Papal government in Rome, and although the position of Ferdinand and Caroline at Naples was precarious, it was not until almost the last day of that year that a *bulletin de la grand armée* proclaimed that the Neapolitan dynasty had ceased to reign.

Pope Pius VII., however, was not in Rome during any part of Madame de Staël's visit, having gone to Paris for the coronation of the Emperor. Napoleon himself came to Milan in the spring of 1805 to receive the Iron Crown as King of Italy; and although Madame de Staël thought at one time of going to Milan to have a personal interview with him, and ask for the payment of

her father's millions, which had been lent to France—and which would have been paid long before had Necker chosen to accept money derived from confiscated church property—subsequent information made her think better of the project, and she delayed in Rome and Florence until the great man had gone.

In other respects Italy was perhaps at its least interesting period. The French were disliked and even hated. The populations were not enthusiastic for the new order of things, except in the Italic kingdom; and society—except to some extent at Rome—had not retained the habits of careless ease belonging to the old regime. The French had already plundered Italy of the great treasures of its art; and in all the galleries there were gaps which saddened all but French visitors. Literature was at a very low ebb. The death of Parini in 1799, and that more recently of Alfieri in 1803, had left Monti by far the first of Italian poets—for he had already made his great reputation—although Pindemonte and Cesarotti were still alive. Of his two subsequent rivals, the fiery Ugo Foscolo had as yet only published a few sonnets and lyrics, and was then an officer in the French camp at Boulogne; while Manzoni was a youth of twenty, and had just then been called by his mother to Paris to complete his education. Alessandro Verri was still living, and there were of course many learned men, even of European reputation, scattered about in the universities and libraries. Giordani had, it is true, begun to write; but Silvio Pellico was only a boy of fifteen, and the other writers who illustrated the subsequent period had their reputation still to make.

The movements of so many people depended on those of Napoleon that Madame de Staël was unable to make the acquaintance of all the people she wished to meet, and could not even see as much of some of her friends as she would have liked. Monti, for example, had to be away during her second stay at Milan—nominally in discharge of some of his duties as court-poet, or as professor. Nevertheless in her two visits to Milan Madame de Staël had access to the best society of the new cap-

ital, and met a number of distinguished literary men whose names are still known, such as Count Pietro Moscati, the eminent surgeon and professor, at that time Minister of Public Instruction; Breislak, the well-known geologist, then inspector of the Powder and Saltpetre Works; Count Leopold Cicognara and his clever wife; Cardinal Caprara; and such others as Benincasa, the author of “Les Morlaques,” and Bossi, the statesman.

Cicognara, on returning from Paris to Italy in 1800, when he had much difficulty on account of the passage of recruits and prisoners, had been entertained at Coppet. Necker questioned him a good deal on events in Italy and on public opinion, but himself talked very little. Madame de Staël expressed surprise at never having met him at Paris; he saw her again several times, and even had some correspondence with her. “I esteemed her much, but never had any sympathy with her,” he said. He married Massimiliana, the divorced wife of Count Rotari; and on his return in 1804 from another journey to Paris, found Madame de Staël very intimate with his wife, to whom she had been presented by Bossi. Although she was most amiable with him, and was always publicly sounding his praises, she never succeeded in conquering his antipathy to her. An amusing little incident happened. Monti one day presented to Madame de Staël a copy of a translation of Persius which he had just published; she in return gave him one of the last published volumes of her edition of Necker's works. After leaving her, Monti stopped to visit Madame Cicognara, and left there the book he had just received, saying that he would call for it another day. Soon afterward Madame de Staël called there, having on her way read in her carriage part of the Persius: this *she* also left there, with the intention of taking it away another time. Long afterward the Countess Massimiliana used to point out to her friends the two volumes which had never been called for, as an instance of the regard of authors for one another. This adventure of the books will perhaps explain why the geologist Breislak sent Madame de Staël one of his books

on natural history with a certain amount of mystery, and begged her not to open his letter till she was far from Milan. She seemed to think that it was because he feared that Monti did not like him.

By Lodi and Piacenza Madame de Staël found her way to Parma, though she was detained for a day at Borgo San Donnino, just as a mad dog had bitten some of the post drivers and a servant of the hotel, all of whom were taken to the priest to be cured by his blessing. "Ask Moscati if he thinks this efficacious. I arrived here (Parma) the day of Saint Antonio, and all the horses arrived also to be blessed: ah! Monti, can peoples ever recover from all that?" At Parma Moreau de Saint-Méry, the French governor, immediately came to see her, and took her to the opera that evening. Next morning she went to Bodoni, the celebrated printer, who talked to her about Monti.

Bodoni has both the animation and the culture requisite for his art, but were he really an enlightened man what a sad life must he have to lead in this town, which seems to have acquired the very impress of the Infante. Priests and beggars fill the streets: what pitiful social order! Bodoni has given me the Sonnets of Minzoni, therefore do not trouble yourself to copy for me the one that I am so fond of. He has also given me the "Mattino" and the "Mezzogiorno" of Parini, which I intend to read to-morrow. It is you, your talent, your charm, your friendship that has interested me in Italian literature; and I think that had I reason to be vexed with you I could no longer endure a single one of those sounds which have penetrated into my soul only through your accents. *Addio, caro Monti*, I count on a letter from you at Bologna: should I not receive one I should be sad and silent.

At Bologna the Abbé Biamonti made for her what was considered a remarkable improvisation, and she also made the acquaintance of Monti's wife. "I hope she will tell you how much I am attached to you; I made her talk about you, and of all the details of your petulant goodness; and I loved you almost as much for your defects as for your good qualities." Being once in the Papal States she followed the old regular road to Rome, which seems now a very roundabout route, by the east coast to Ancona and Loreto; but she must have found the sanctuary of the Virgin in rather a sad condition, as the

French troops had, six years before, carried off all that was valuable. At the very gates of Rome she was detained for two days by the great inundation of February 2, 1805, which was only thirty-one inches less than that of December, 1870, the cause of Victor Emmanuel's entry into Rome.

Perhaps the best, and certainly the easiest way of presenting Madame de Staël's impressions of Rome is to quote from her letters to Monti, which may in places be compared with what she says in "Corinne."

Rome, February 5, 1805.—I have as yet seen only St. Peter's and some cardinals, who were good enough to come to me on my arrival, and are preparing to make me a Catholic. St. Peter's made a profound impression on me of sadness and admiration, and this feeling seems to return often. There is contradiction in all impressions at Rome; most beautiful monuments raised for most superstitious ideas; grandest memories side by side with the deepest misery. This contrast would, I think, always give me painful impressions. One is forever measuring here the height from which man has fallen: what he is and what he was inspire a melancholy more humiliating than sweet. . . . Yesterday I had the pleasure of seeing a performance of Alfieri's "Saul;" you know that it is the one of his pieces which pleases me most, and there was a tolerable Saul—but what an audience for tragedies! One must have civil and political institutions before having a nation; and without a nation how can there be a theatre? . . . I have seen Giuntotardi, the tribune of the Arcadia; he gave me a very pastoral idea of the Roman Republic. Cardinal La Somaglia has undertaken my conversion; but say nothing of this. The Marquise Lepri says, speaking of "Saul," "What a pity that it is sad—they want a tragedy *tutta da ridere*."

February 7th.—I must tell you about Rome: all here is grand, full of memories, of majesty, and of melancholy. Above all, I love the moon and the night in Rome; all that separates one from the antique is then asleep, and the ruins stand out; but Society here, and Man! Ah! how I admire you for becoming what you are, and remaining yourself with such surroundings! I do not know what I myself should have become if, instead of the heavenly being who directed all my feelings, I had listened to these women without love, these men without pride, this affected speech which calls itself wit, these despotic women and their slavish lovers. But, for Heaven's sake, do not repeat this; there is a depth of kindness in the midst of it all which touches me, and a good feeling toward me, the more generous because without motive. There is not a word from my inner self which I can address to them, and if I please them it is only by mere super-

ficial talk. What could I do to forget you? Everything renews my regrets; this language, the first sounds of which reached me by your voice, now jars upon my ear; hoping for a word of yours I hear but a very insipid noise of harmonious vowels. But I must except some men and some cardinals: these last indeed please me the most; as they have ruled, as they have had to deal with men and facts, their heads are much less dry. Consalvi, La Somaglia, Erskine please me especially; and should I be faithless to you it will certainly be for a cardinal.

The famous Arcadia—or, as it is more properly called, the Academy of the Arcadians—though not in its most flourishing period—was still a meeting-place, and afforded diversion of a weakly literary nature to the motley Roman public—a public composed of cardinals and abbés, of poets and artists, of learned or rich foreigners; though not many English were in Rome at this time. Vernon Lee has given us an interesting and charming account of this now venerable institution, when at its best, in the opening chapter of her “Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy.” She is wrong, however, in supposing the Academy to have perished; it still exists, and not only that, but in the last few years has been endowed with fresh and apparently vigorous life. It is a Papal as distinguished from an Italian institution. Cardinals still attend its meetings, and occasionally it is presented as a body to the Pope. I remember one such occasion; for, to quote the line of Schiller which was abbreviated by Goethe for the epigraph of the “Italian Journey,”

Ich auch war in Arkadien geboren,

under the name of Areto Dardanio.

It was a celebration in honor of St. Thomas Aquinas, and the Arcadia was received in a body in one of the halls of the Vatican by Pope Leo XIII.—otherwise so invisible to all who had officially to do even in a slight way with the Royal government—who made us a long and very interesting discourse in Latin on the merits of the philosophy of the Angelic Doctor and the advantages to be derived from its study. At that time the Arcadia had its sheepfold in the Palazzo Altamps, near the Piazza Navona; but it has now removed to larger and more central quarters in the Palaz-

zo Altieri, where twice a week during the winter and spring there are varied lectures on literary and scientific subjects, free to the public, given by the most eminent professors and scholars of Rome. These are in addition to the usual meetings, where essays are still read and sonnets recited. The Arcadia was always hospitable to eminent foreigners. Among its members we find the names of Newton, Buffon, Châteaubriand, Montalembert, Humboldt, and Longfellow.

Goethe was made a member in 1786, on his visit to Rome. The same honor was of course paid to Madame de Staël. She writes on February 15th:

I must tell you, dear Monti, about yesterday. Abbé Godard came and asked me to attend a meeting of the Arcadia and read something there. I was much embarrassed in choosing what to read, when it occurred to me on the way that—my whole soul being still impassioned by your voice—I had translated into verse the sonnet “Quando Gesù,” and all of you that there is in that translation made me consent to read it. So I entered an assembly of nearly all Rome, attracted by curiosity; on entering I pictured you as present, and this remembrance was enough to enhance the importance of the Arcadia. Nelli had begun a prose reading on the alliance of poetry with painting; and, as you know, *caro* Monti, that *poetry is the daughter of imagination*, he allowed himself some of those truisms which I by no means like. He paid me a compliment far more open to dispute, and therefore rather pretty. Abbé Godard proclaimed me an Arcadian; Prince Chigi addressed me some verses at the end of an elegy on the death of Cardinal Gerdil; some one else made a Latin sonnet on me; and lastly I had to rise and recite my translation of Minzoni. At first I trembled very much, but I recalled your every accent, and then recited so well as to cover myself with applause. Tell me if you feel with me the delicate pleasure I experienced on being applauded on your account; for the translation as well as the recitation was inspired by you. After this a fiery shower of sonnets rained on my head; ten young men, all declaiming with increasing energy, fired sonnets at us as though they were the thunders of the Vatican: what vivacity, what energy wasted on the air! Alborghetti had put neatly into verse a passage from my work on literature; and I returned to pass the evening at home with the Arcadians, Cardinal Gonsalvi, M. de Humboldt, and young M. de Souza, who is very pleasing. Here is my life of yesterday, which would not be worthy of such full detail but that your memory was so closely woven with it. To conclude with a literary matter: tell me if you know a Latin epitaph which Alfieri wrote for the Countess of Albany and himself, in which he says that for twenty-six years he has loved

her more than any earthly being, and adding a note on the intense grief it would be to him to die before her. I adore Alfieri for this epithet—would you like it? It made me shed tears freely.

Again from Velletri :

I am not sorry to have a truce from the sonnets of Rome, so many did I hear last evening, till I felt buried in a heap of verbiage. The art of self-restraint and concentration, of getting at the essence of things, seems unknown; and if no flood comes to swallow up these common-places I know not how this will end. . . . On this point I must tell you a story—but please do not repeat it, for I should appear to ridicule those who overwhelm me with politeness. They yesterday made me hear a young *improvisatrice*, Mademoiselle Pellegrini: with her came a cloud of little poets armed with sonnets. One, on being presented to me, said, "I am an insect of Parnassus" (*Sono un insetto del Parnaso*). Godard seized his hand and said, "He is a swan, I answer for it" (*E' un cigno, ne rispondo*). What an assertion and what a dialogue! Without all these old metaphors I tell you that I love you, which is better than to invoke the deity, most invoked in Italy after the Madonna, Apollo—as an ornament of my simple words.

She was already on her road to Naples, where during her brief stay she was received by Queen Caroline, saw much of Cardinal Ruffo as well as of Monsignore Capecelatro, the Archbishop of Taranto, with whom she was in correspondence long afterwards. She wrote :

Naples, February 23d.—The view from Naples, *caro Monti*, how grand it is! That stream of fire descending from Vesuvius, whose waves all on fire are side by side with those of the sea, as if in order to present one idea under forms so different; the eternal fire which one sees for the first time, this nature so full of life, these lemon and orange trees, the fruits of which are rolling about the streets with that indifference born of plenty; all here is admirable except the moral climate, which well reminds one not to mistake the place for Paradise. I arrived here the day before yesterday, and the first news which greeted me was of the departure during the night of the French ambassador: true it is that as yet there is nothing in this, but the country nevertheless is threatened by sea and land; and I must retain in my imagination the impressions which it causes so as to review them in some more tranquil place of sojourn. I have, however, met two men of talent, Cardinal Ruffo and the Archbishop of Taranto. I spoke at once to Cardinal Ruffo about you, and was pleased with his answer as to your wit and talent; yet all out of friendship say something against your character; when one insists

on knowing what it is the replies are to my mind very vague, and then they fall back on admiration for your talent: may it not be that this very talent, so superior to anything else here, is the sole cause of this hatred? The Archbishop of Taranto repeated to me my favorite phrase, "the first poet of Italy," and his kindly heart only heaped praise on praise. I told Cardinal Ruffo that you had never spoken to me of him but in his praise, which pleased him greatly. In fact I cannot remember having heard you speak evil of any one. . . . Joseph, not having obtained that independence which he thinks necessary for a king, refuses to be one. They write of hopes that this may come up again, but I doubt it: still one must not despair as yet. I have had in Italy but four sources of real pleasure; to hear you, to see St. Peter's, the sea, and Vesuvius; and then Vesuvius and you can only count as one.

Naples, March 8th.—How much shall we have to talk of about this country and its sovereign, who pays me endless compliments. Conceive that in an opera-book the words *amore tiranno* had been expunged, as being too philosophical: how void the world is of noble souls and superior minds!

The impressions of Naples lasted after her return to Rome, where she wrote on March 16th :

I must tell you in confidence that Rome, or rather Roman society, bores me: the vivacity of the Neapolitans, their Vesuvian nature, was more pleasing; here it is insipid and formal. I happened the other day to read a note by Duchess Braschi: I wanted to see her on account of her love toward you, but as she did not come to the house where I was I made them give me her note. It related in full detail the complaint in the foot of her *cavaliere sercente*, and added, "my friendly escort being unable to put on his shoes, I shall not come this evening." Certainly we should have had a long laugh in France about a woman who could say in a note of apology that her lover could not put on his shoe; here this is quite a matter of course; nothing is ridiculous, and yet nothing is natural. It is not the feeling expressed, it is its indecency; all is avowed except the love. How to act here, dear Monti, I know not; and though in some respects you have reconciled me to it, one must still allow that in this country there are all the facts of immorality without the grace, the hope, which it inspires in France. I am more ready to be a convert as to poetry; even I felt at Naples that sort of enthusiasm which comes from the air, the odors, and the marvels of nature, and the lines which I will read to you express this: but I constantly think that, as things are now, a nation so favored by its sky, so degraded by its government; a nation whose physical life is so fair, whose moral life is so limited; such a nation can only love what is on the surface, must have pictures, must have sights, rather than feel and think.

Rome, March 30th.—I confess to you that I should not find myself capable of passing my

life in Rome: one is so filled with the thoughts of death, presented in so many shapes, in the catacombs, on the Appian Way, at the Pyramid of Cestius, in the crypt of St. Peter's, in the church of the dead, that one can scarcely believe one's self alive; and all struggle for this life succumbs before the spectacle of these thousands of buried beings. It is a gentle manner of preparing to die; one has before one's eyes so many examples of it! but to be excited, to be active, to breathe even, is nigh impossible amid so many ruins of human hopes and efforts; so never will I settle in Rome. Besides, the great predominating influence is in statues and pictures, and I have not that insatiable admiration for the human form that I can pass my life in observing it. To represent a soul-secret, some way of suffering less and of being more beloved, this would touch me infinitely more than these beautiful feet and lovely hands of which they talk all day long; and in society here I find none of that originality which can make up for everything, even for charms.

This remark about art recalls the opinions expressed about Madame de Staël by those who had met her and knew her well. Even her friend Bonstetten had said: “She entirely lacks feeling for art, and beauty does not exist for her, unless it is wit or elegance.” Chamisso, too, said, in speaking of her enthusiastic, passionate nature: “She grasps thought only with her soul. She has no sense for painting—music is all to her; she lives only in tones: music must be about her when she writes.” During her stay at Weimar, the year before, Schiller had written to Goethe, “of what we call poetry she has no perception; she can accept only what is ordinary, persuasive, and passionate in works of that description.” Goethe judged in much the same way, for he wrote at this time to Johannes von Müller: “Madame de Staël is in Italy: whether her passionate and shapeless style will become more definite by means of this visit, whether she will have acquired more taste for the arts on her return, remains to be seen.”

Nevertheless she met at Rome many artists whose society she apparently enjoyed—Thorwaldsen, Canova, Rauch, Angelica Kaufman, and others less known. She apparently visited Canova's studio—or rather the Church on the Corso which the Pope had set apart for an exhibition of Canova's sculptures and Camocchini's paintings—in the evening, when they were shown off by candle-

light. At least she mentions a similar scene in “Corinne;” and such an honor might well have been paid her, for this method of illumination was not then unusual, and has since been occasionally practised in the galleries of the Vatican and the Capitol. Among the works exhibited were the seated statue of Madame Bonaparte, the reclining one of Pauline Borghese as Venus, the dancing girl made for the Empress Josephine, the tomb of the Archduchess Christine of Austria, and the model of the colossal statue of Napoleon. It is remarked, by the way, in “Corinne,” that the works of art were not yet (1795) dispersed; but it is curious, as showing the effect of personal reminiscence, that in the discussion there of statues no mention is made of any which had been taken to Paris, and therefore had not been seen by Madame de Staël. And the criticisms on Raphael's Transfiguration, and Domenichino's Communion of St. Jerome, both of which had been taken to Paris, might have been made as easily after the inspection of engravings of those pictures. Most of the criticism, however, in “Corinne,”—artistic, literary, and other—was due to Schlegel.

The general rendezvous for foreigners, and for Italians who enjoyed their society, was at the Villa Malta, above the Via Sistina (afterward the property of King Louis I. of Bavaria), where Wilhelm von Humboldt had resided as Prussian minister for three years past. Here, besides the artists, Madame de Staël met Alexander von Humboldt, who had just returned from his American journey, the poet Tiedge, Ludwig Tieck and his sister Sophie Bernhadi, and Rumohr, the writer on art. Her experiences at Rome may perhaps be summed up in a letter to Bonstetten, although it was written before her departure for Naples:

Rome, February 5th.—There is so much to say about this country, so much bad and so much good, that it is impossible to put down a single phrase without wishing to scratch it out again, or to make one reflection without another contradicting it. The feeling which makes one love Rome is magical, especially as I have not found one congenial soul among the Romans. There seems to be a secret connection between the Sun and the Past, which would make a residence here delightful could one share it with the object of one's affection. But I have learnt

lately to live quite within myself: alas! it is the first time that I have passed two months without an intimate friend; and it is in Heaven that I must look for one here. There is a confused idea of me here, which is something between admiration and fear, and if anyone were to say that I were a Devil, no one would resent it. I am going next to Naples, and shall return here to pass a month without this series of balls and parties which waste all my time. . . . I prefer associating with Humboldt to anyone else, although I am also pleased with exclusively Roman articles, with the exception of the Princes, who are very tiresome. . . . But what need is there of the ideas of men when things are so eloquent? It would be too much if feelings and interchange of thought were to be found here as well.

Two letters from Rome will show something of what was thought of Madame de Staël. One is from Wilhelm von Humboldt, who had previously written to Goethe: "You will have noticed this in the Staël, who is in my opinion of a thoroughly unpoetic nature without being prosaic." Now he writes:

Madame de Staël spoke with unflinching enthusiasm of you; my estimation of her has greatly increased. She acquired more calm and more repose here; she was not to the same extent dragged hither and thither by those spirits who only torment and lead her astray; and when her activity, which otherwise is only fatiguing, strikes the right path she strengthens and does one good. Schlegel was much gentler here than I have ever known him. He has gained much less in versatility than he has lost in activity by his intercourse with Madame de Staël. He has undeniable talent, although as far as I can judge it is always subordinate, and his real sphere will ever remain that of a translator.

The other is from Count Alessandro Verri, who wrote from Rome to his brother at Milan:

That celebrity Vincenzo Monti has given me a letter of introduction to Madame de Staël, daughter of Necker, an authoress in great repute. For years she has passed as talented; literary, French, Parisian—there seem to be many minds in that one body; fire, genius, sensibility, urbanity, elegance—in what other nation do these combine, whether for good or evil? She is received with distinction by the cardinals. I think I can see her defect; that of speaking out everything on occasions when it would be better not to utter the half of one's thoughts. One versed in the manners of Parisian ladies of genius will know how to treat her; but one unused to this form of talent, new to ourselves, will be confused. As regards myself, I fancy that my short stay in Paris

gave me an idea of that jargon; and besides, this lady has shown me much favor and spoken very highly of me. My honest impression is that she has genuine sensibility and genius, and a moral character worthy of friendship.

In the state of politics at this time numerous inquiries had to be made as to whether it would be safe and proper to pass through Florence. At last the journey was decided upon, and Madame de Staël remained there for nearly a month, waiting for the Emperor to be well out of Milan. She writes from Bologna, May 21st:

I saw Madame d'Albany every day at Florence, and she entrusted to me the manuscript of the life of Alfieri, written by himself. The reading so fascinated me that I lived only for her during five days: of this we will talk. But this man was much more to be admired for his character than for his talent; and such a character in a country where the gift is very rare! and this profound feeling for a woman whose hair has really now turned white with grief for him. Ah! *caro* Monti, there were great treasures in that heart! I never entered his house without the deepest emotion.

Opinions differ about the Countess of Albany, but the weight of testimony is that Madame de Staël is deceived in thinking that the hair of Charles Edward's widow had grown white from grief. The Duke de Broglie (Madame de Staël's son-in-law), who saw her ten years afterward, calls her "a good woman, rather common, or to speak more truly, *une véritable commère*, who every afternoon had a little meeting for gossip and scandal, of which Madame de Staël was made an honorary member." Gino Capponi speaks of her as "plump in body and somewhat material, but well educated and intelligent, a little coarse, not the least poetical; dressed like a servant and keeping the establishment of a princess. Alfieri had ceased to care for her several years, and there were certain things she could not understand." Massimo d'Azeglio, who as a boy was much in the house, wrote:

They used to take me there on Sunday morning, and the Countess heard me say some lines learned during the week, which recital was always followed by a reward. Still can I see the ample circumference of that celebrity, all in white, with her large *fichu de linon à la Marie Antoinette*, mounting on a chair to reach

a box of sugar-plums on the upper shelf of her bookcase. After the sugar-plums came a pencil and a sheet of paper for scribbling; and I can remember (happy is the retrospect) a drawing in which I attempted to represent the departure of the Greek fleet for Troy—a work much applauded at the time. If I have not become a great poet or grand painter, it is not for want of a Mæneas or of early encouragement. . . . Count Alfieri went out every evening at nine, and went to call upon a French lady whose name I cannot recall. Was she a rival of the Countess? Was it an excitement, or an excuse for her relations with Fabre? Who knows? When of an evening he returned home woe betide the servants if they had shut the door and bolted it when he could still hear the noise; “I’m slave enough already,” he would say, “and will not hear myself put in prison.”

Madame de Staël saw the Countess of Albany again in the spring of 1816, when she had gone to Pisa and Florence for a couple of months with Rocca, her second husband, who was ill of consumption. An extract from a letter, written during this second visit, to Ugo Foscolo, with whom she had apparently been having a *liaison*, shows the feelings of the Countess: *

We have Madame de Staël here seeking talent everywhere, but it is not common in these parts. Leoni is a favorite with her. Niccolini annoys her about Italian literature, which she always will compare with French, and it cannot be done. Every country has its own, according to the genius of the people, their climate, their tastes and habits, which have nothing in common with that of their neighbors: this variety is agreeable. . . . Sismondi is going to call on Madame de Staël, who will remain here through May for a friend who spits blood. Her conversation amuses me and would divert you. The pasture in this country is too little for her: they don’t like to discuss, but to dispute in an impolite way.

In another unpublished letter, quoted by Vernon Lee, she calls Madame de Staël “a mad woman, who always wants to inspire passions, and feels nothing, and makes her readers feel nothing.”

From Florence the travellers went to Bologna, where they renewed some former acquaintances, and then by Ferrara to Venice, delaying for a while at Padua to see Melchioro Cesarotti, the translator of Ossian and Homer, not by any means a great poet, but a cultivated, agreeable man, a fine critic, and one of the most distinguished profes-

sors of that university. There had recently come to Padua, chiefly led by his admiration of Cesarotti, a young man of about twenty-eight, Mario Pieri, a native of Corfu, who was desirous of leading a literary life. Pieri had more ambition than talent, and never made much of a figure in the world, even at Padua. But he was a frequent visitor in the salons at Venice, was a lover and hanger-on of great men, and has left us (preserved in the National Library at Florence) a copious manuscript diary which tells of everything he saw and felt. He evidently reread it more than once, and even published an autobiography derived from it; and many pages of the early part bear cynical annotations written years afterward. Here is an extract:

On the 25th of May, 1805, I find mention of a celebrated lady, with whom I became acquainted in the house of Cesarotti, and who stayed three days in Padua for intercourse with that distinguished Italian, who, too, was a great admirer of her father. During those three days Cesarotti passed the whole morning in the Hotel Aquila d’Oro, and she the whole evening at his house, where I never failed to go. She was ugly in looks, clumsy in person, rather tall, full of fire, of regular features, an eloquent and very rash talker. She talked to us, I well remember, of the singular political ignorance and simplicity of the poet Orofrío Minzoni, whom she had known at Ferrara, which went so far that he did not even know her famous father by name. Then she talked of Madame de Genlis in a manner rather adverse than otherwise, who, having been her mother’s friend, became the daughter’s open enemy out of envy at her rapid advance in fame; and then ventilated opinions and paradoxes with amazing frankness. Cesarotti put up with her, and (perhaps out of consideration for her sex and her real merits, and those of her father) he met everything with the utmost indulgence and with a smile of seeming approbation. But what I could not endure was the presence of a companion whom she brought with her those evenings; a man very very thin, very very dry, very very cold, with a stony look that never was animated, taciturn as silence itself: I don’t remember once hearing his voice; he seemed deaf, nearly dumb, in a brown study. Probably I need not add that the lady was the daughter of the famous Necker, the celebrated Madame de Staël, and her companion the illustrious German writer, a critic distinguished for extensive knowledge and strange opinions, Wilhelm Schlegel.

Cesarotti was more enthusiastic. He wrote to his intimate friend and con-

stant correspondent at Venice, the distinguished Giustina Renier Michiel :

Let Venice and the rest talk as they please of Madame de Staël. She was born to cause a *furor* for and against her. I am raised to a transport by her writings. I have just read the life of Necker, which is the preface to the edition of his writings, and am more charmed than I am able to express. More I cannot say. She has the soul of her father, enough to make one adore her. No, that compound of eloquence and reason, that sublime morality, that sweet and deep sensibility, that fresh and refined thought, that varied expression, that assured noble loftiness of character—all this accumulation of qualities combined was never met with but in the making of this admirable family. I have not got her "Delphine," perhaps not the best of her works. Even though there be in it a hundred defects, there will assuredly also be such beauties as will compensate for all these.

And again :

I was certain that Madame de Staël must please you; and yet more so that you would remain delighted could you talk with her alone or at most as one of three. On Sunday I shall again be with her, and shall enjoy hearing her speak of you as I have spoken of you to her. Rizzo seems enchanted with her; thank him for the pleasure he has given me, and tell him I will answer him after my second interview with her.

There still exists among the Michiel papers a note from Madame de Staël, telling her that Cesarotti has spoken so much about Rizzo that she would be glad to make his acquaintance. Count Francesco Rizzo-Pattarol was a well-known Venetian of those times, but with whom we are chiefly acquainted through Byron's lines on the birth of Hoppner's boy :

His father's sense, his mother's grace
In him, I hope, will always fit so,
With (still to keep him in good case)
The health and appetite of Rizzo.

Giustina Michiel was not, however, so satisfied with Madame de Staël as Cesarotti expected; for in a letter to Bettinelli she gives this portrait of her :

This Madame de Staël set before me one of those contrasts, far too frequent, between personality and writer, which I absolutely detest. All that one reads of hers is more or less pathetic, refined, sweet, and winning, causing one to love and respect her. On seeing

her, she appears with a measured and martial gait, her black eyes shoot vivid glances, her hair in ringlets like Medusa's snakes; large mouth, shoulders, and proportions all which one would like to be more moderate and refined; her look lively and joyous; ease and frankness of manner in whatever society; listening to every praise as if her due; to every conversation as if without prejudice; never blushing, either from bashfulness or shame; when not speaking she seems to reflect; when she speaks she does so with levity, without any depth; first effusively and then rather coldly (after the French way). She declaims well, shows great tenderness for her children, and speaks warmly of her father; never mentions her mother, an eminent lady who has left a volume of excellent maxims, who was Thomas's only friend, and who deserved universal esteem and the greatest *attachment* on the part of her husband.

When Madame de Staël arrived at Verona, on returning from Venice, she immediately sent a polite little note to the poet Ippolito Pindemonte, saying that she could stop but a few hours, and wanted to know him. He at once went to her inn and found her at dinner. She begged him to go with her to the amphitheatre, and had her carriage sent there in which she went on to Brescia. "I wish to see you at home," she also said, "and to see your own apartment." It pleased him to find her face very different to that of her portrait which is on the first page of her poems published in Tuscany; to see in it a pensiveness, the absence of which he had regretted in the portrait.

On returning to Milan Madame de Staël saw Monti again, but only for one day, which ended up with a dinner, at which were present Racagni, the professor of physics, Ferdinand Arrivabene, and many other literary men. Bettinelli, who had just received the character sketch sent to him by Giustina Michiel, now had another from his friend Arrivabene :

Madame de Staël talked of you in your praise and at length, and regretted not seeing you. She has been unable to speak with the sovereign; she follows and lays wait for him in France, to recover her own and her children's money. But she delights to find herself among Mantuans; she recalls your writings one by one and asks no end of questions about you. She has the face of Ceres, the bosom of Aglaia, the arm and hand of Venus, though at first sight she is more a woman than an angel. A twig of laurel in the right hand is the constant ther-

momenter of her thoughts; even at the table she flirts it between two lovely fingers, so eliciting sparks of grand thought. I have seen her write a note on her knees while waving and looking at her laurel; what she wrote I know not—no doubt either philosophy or poetry. She alone could write the works which we have in her name. What charming things she said to me of Rome! she loves its very foundations and stones; the nights there graced by the revered shade of ancient statues and monuments is more charming than our south. Her journey in Italy is already the subject of a romance of hers. I doubt whether her very fervent fancy adds to the charm of what she sees, but certainly it adds to her personal charm, so that all are in love with her; but Monti by her side is the one most favored—a literary dictatorship! And you add not a little to her bliss. At that dinner he even brought himself to quit her for a moment in order to bid me express to you her gratitude. You will read your own letter concerning his “Vision” in the *Giornale Italiano*, a treaty of alliance between two great Powers.

Monti was obliged to leave Milan early the next morning for Bologna, in order, in his capacity as Court Poet, to join the Emperor and Count Marescalchi. Madame de Staël remained behind, and the next day wrote to him :

This morning, *caro* Monti, I awoke with so deep a sadness that I must write you some lines, not for distraction but to think less bitterly of you. Amid all the turmoil around you, will you reflect that I love you deeply, and that I never said those words idly, those sacred words knitting the heart and life? After leaving you yesterday evening, yesterday, June 12th; after having your *word* that we should meet again before August 12th; I went to see the Princess Lambertini of Bologna—an interest in Bologna had suddenly come over me. She told me that the Empress had spoken to her very kindly about me. . . . At Madame Tron’s I met the Venetian Madame Benzoni, a person entirely blonde, entirely white, but rather affected, which to me is very displeasing in an Italian. Their great charm is to be natural; the French alone can give some grace to mannerism, and a poor talent it is. Rangoni praised you roundly; he talked to me of a “Vision of Ezekiel,” verses of your early youth, which he pronounces admirable. I am going to read them in my collection. Yesterday, that very last day, you were truly eloquent; so write a tragedy, write the outline at Coppet, and believe fully that it is in your talent and in the *chefs-d’œuvre* of your talent that you will find your power and your independence. The relations of society and its rulers become broken; they are unsettled from moment to moment; but an evergrowing reputation is your true regis, and I know that a peaceful sojourn with a woman worthy to sympathize with you is good for you every way. Till to-morrow!—and all day without seeing you, *ah! mon Dieu!* Well, Count Verri’s sister-

in-law has just sent me most beautiful fruit and flowers. I went on receiving them: flowers sent to me when you were gone! So one must leave this dear Italy, *bella Italia amate sponde*. Ah! my heart is heavy! Monti, Monti, become tender on reading these lines which I cannot see for tears. . . . This morning I have been to the Duomo, where I prayed for you; is not that a feeling which you can share? You have too much genius, your soul is too impulsive to be always tied to earth; and on raising my eyes to this lovely sky I assuredly find there thoughts of you. Do not let yourself be too closely bound by political ties, they make freshness wither; while on the shores of my lake you will have the full energy of your thought.—3 o’clock. Do you know whence I come? From Appiani’s house: I needed to see your portrait. I said farewell to it and recommended myself to it. Appiani spoke to me warmly in your praise, and also in my own; and yet he is not a man to my taste—am I right? I was there with Madame Visconti, who is coming to see me at Coppet! Alas, time has set its mark on Madame Visconti and perhaps in ten years will weigh more on me than on her. Monti, think at least that it is now, when life is yet whole in me, that I long to pass this life with you; and come to see me while an impression of youthfulness still adorns my tender friendship for you. . . . I like M. de Melzi more and more daily: I beg you to bind yourself by *no political tie* that would separate you from him. His is a character so noble and pure that consideration attaches to those who are his friends; and with your admirable genius nothing else is needed but reputation without a cloud. I think that enthusiasm for your talent is on the increase, and at times *mi lusingo* that I should not be valueless to you in this country, should I live here. The Viceroy’s government will be good like himself. If you love me, if you pass some time with me at Coppet, you will have, I am sure, a great influence on my life. . . . You are, my friend, in the zenith of your glory; if you will now do a work superior to all circumstances, it is at Coppet that your mind, free from all external disquiet, will be in its full force. . . . Yesterday I had Madame Monti at dinner; I did my best to make her approve your journey. I recited verses for her—she was a power to whom I paid more homage than to all the court ladies. . . . In short, these two days I have lived, like a worshipper, in your presence. Dear Monti, it is a pang to me to leave places where you live; it would be less bitter to leave you yourself. Tenderness will shed some sweetness on separation, but there is something dry in adieux to one who does not receive them, as prayers before a tomb when the very ashes are not there.

On such a letter comment is useless; but one would be glad to see those written to Narbonne, or Constant, or Rocca.

The same themes recur in the subse-

quent almost daily letters, continued into August, from Coppet, where she had already arrived at the end of June. She travels by night on account of the heat, and sees the fire-flies: "What a lovely country this is, and how sad to quit it, when the feelings of the heart are mingled with these enchantments of the imagination!" At Turin she reads the tragedies of Alfieri for a whole day, and is quite convinced that all the merit of this man is in his character rather than his tongue. She therefore suggests many subjects for tragedies, and again begs Monti to come to Coppet and write them in quiet, especially as war seems probable. At the foot of Mont Cenis she writes (June 22, 1805):

Vegno di loco ove tornar disio.

I have repeated that verse all along Mont Cenis. I have perpetually thought what would be your impressions on this journey, and heard with pleasure that in three days the road will be open for carriages. It will be inaugurated by three thousand guns sent to the army of Italy, which are here at the foot of the mountain. . . . *A propos*, I would bet that the lines which Talleyrand repeated to you are these:

"A ses chagrins qu'elle aime, elle est toujours fidèle,
Ses maux et ses plaisirs ne sont connus que d'elle."

It was I who taught them to him at a time when he thought himself in love with me. He is a man of much mental grace, but dead to all involuntary feeling: he has made life a calculation in which honor, glory, and love have no place. I loved him with most devoted friendship, and, if he had been unhappy, should have, perhaps, felt some interest in him; but prosperity sits ill upon him, like a bad-fitting garment. . . . To love, *caro* Monti, is a heavenly faculty; one must not profane it. I love you, you; I love you with all the power of my soul, and if you do not wound this affection it will have a great influence on my life. For example, should you wish it I will take you next year to Rome. I should feel proud to return there with you, and see there your enemies at your feet. I do not know if ever you have been loved by a woman who could feel all the superiority of your talent; now that is my merit, of which I am proud. Not a word do you say of which the charm is lost on me. Not a line that you write—especially to me—but is at once learnt by heart; learn to know yourself by the impression you make on me; see yourself in the mirror of my soul.

She promised him at Coppet the society of Madame Récamier, "the most

beautiful woman of Paris;" and at Geneva that of Madame Filangieri, Madame Visconti, and the Princess Belmonte. At Chambéry she stopped in the middle of the day, to the great astonishment of her companions; "but I wanted to make a pilgrimage to your place of exile; I wished to give myself up to the deep tenderness of these memories. I saw the chestnuts under which you used to rest, and wept over the time when we were so near each other, where I would have made you happy by loving you. Six years would have now passed in which we were friends, in which our hearts were in unison. Ah! my friend, how in this short life can one be consoled for six years lost of loving and being loved by you?" Immediately afterward she recommends him a pomade to prevent him from becoming gray, and recalls the time when one of her locks turned entirely white. From Coppet she repeats her advice and invitations, gives him the literary news from Paris, among which that "Chateaubriand is writing a prose-poem, like 'Télémaque,' on the conversion of Constantine to Christianity." She tells of her guests and her reading; talks of her Italian friends, and has vague thoughts of a trip to Lake Como. In despair at his non-arrival she offers to send him some money for the journey, and hopes that he will not wound her by any false delicacy.

Finally, at the end of the year, Monti did succeed in visiting her for a few days. He was returning from Munich, whither he had gone as one of the deputation to congratulate the Emperor on the results of the war. He was just too late: his day had passed. The flirtation with him had filled up a gap made by the defection of Benjamin Constant, who was now once again at the feet of his mistress. This is what Constant says in his diary:

I go to Coppet, where Madame de Staël is back again. The poet Monti arrives there. He has a superb face—gentle, yet at the same time proud. His declamation of verse is very remarkable. He is a real poet, fiery, inspired, weak, timid, mobile, the Italian counterpart of Chénier, though worth much more than Chénier. In the evening I have a frightful scene with Madame de Staël. I announce a decisive rupture of our relations. Second scene. Fury, reconciliation impossible, departure difficult.

I must get married. . . . Madame de Staël has conquered me.

Such were the outward characteristics, and, as far as can be obtained, the actual facts of her Italian journey; the spiritual, intellectual, and poetic side of which Madame de Staël endeavored to portray in “Corinne.” All who knew the authoress felt sure that a book must be the result of the journey. Every event in her life was the cause of much writing, and there was a good deal of truth in Byron’s cynical remark.* Her German friends were most anxious because they were eagerly expecting a promised book on her German tour, in which she was going to praise them. No one knew for a long time what the outcome was to be, even at Coppet, until, as she wrote to Monti (August, 1806), “I am very glad to tell you that I read to my friends the beginning of my novel about Italy. They think it better than anything I have ever written—I know why. Don’t extinguish my talent by prolonging your absence.” Although the book was written at Coppet, finishing touches were put to it in the château of a friend in the neighborhood of Paris. She had gone to France nominally to superintend the publication, but really because she was bored. As she wrote to Madame Brun from Auxerre, where she was detained for some time by the police:

It is a life-destroying contrast to be born a Frenchwoman with a foreign character, with French tastes and habits, but with the ideas and sentiments of the northern world. I am still in the same situation—sometimes in the society of my friends, oftener awaiting their arrival, and without the possibility of making use of my solitary life as I ought to do, because I take opium to make me sleep, and opium destroys the nerves.

The book was published in the spring of 1807, and the success, according to Sainte-Beuve, was instantaneous and universal, although few evidences of it were to be seen in the French press, where

* Byron to Moore, August 22. 1813. “Madame de Staël-Holstein has lost one of her young Barons, who has been carbonaded by a vile Teutonic adjutant—kilt and killed in a coffee-house at Serawsenhausen. Corinne is, of course, what all mothers must be; but will, I venture to prophecy, do what few mothers could—write an essay upon it. She cannot exist without a grievance, and somebody to see, or read, how much grief becomes her. I have not seen her since the event; but merely judge (not very charitably) from prior observation.”

criticism, even of literature, had been almost extinguished. In England there was some displeasure on account of the disagreeable naturalism of Lady Edgermont’s tea-parties, which seem, according to Lady Blennerhasset, “personal reminiscences, as if in tardy revenge for the social interdict at Juniper Hall, and for that which vivacious natures find more difficult to forgive—the weariness there endured.” In one of the conversations “Chateaubriand recognized his own reminiscences of the way in which he had been entertained by some old maids in London, and which he had retailed at Coppet.” In the same way the Count d’Erfeuil was considered unpatriotic in France, and Napoleon himself is said to have written the bitter notice of “Corinne” in the *Moniteur*. Many people found the style inflated, and even now it is not thoroughly approved by the French Academy, which in its work on the dictionary never accepts without discussion a word from the writings of Madame de Staël. In England she made the women cry and the men laugh at her sentiment. To quote again Sainte-Beuve:

With “Corinne” Madame de Staël certainly enters into glory and empire, . . . and from the date of “Corinne” all Europe crowned her with that name. “Corinne” is indeed the ideal of the sovereign independence of genius, though at the same time of most complete oppression; Corinne, who will be crowned at Rome, in the Capitol of the Eternal City, where the conqueror who banishes her will never set his foot.

“Corinne” (says Chénier), is “Delphine” again, but in perfection and independent, giving full swing to her faculties, and always with a double inspiration of talent and love.

Indeed, behind Corinne herself, we can always see Madame de Staël, so different in personal appearance and manner, standing with one elbow on the chimney-piece, and declaiming and improvising to the accompaniment of the laurel twig. Corinne is Madame de Staël as she would have been glad to be. Of course the other characters were immediately placed. Everybody thought they knew “of what elements, somewhat mixed, the noble figure of Oswald was made up; while one believed in the genuine truthfulness, and in the scene of the adieux; and one almost remem-

bered the agonies of Corinne during his absence." Schlegel flattered himself that he had posed for the Prince of Castelforte.

As may be seen from some of the letters cited, Monti was not the only Italian with whom Madame de Staël had correspondence. There exists an unpublished series of letters from her to Count Giuseppe Alborghetti, of Rome, a friend of Monti, beginning with the time of her departure from Italy. She wrote to him, among other things, about her progress with "Corinne," its success in France, and her desire to have it translated into Italian. In sending him a copy of the book she wrote from Geneva (January 3, 1808), "I am worth much more than Corinne, and I could improve much better than she, if you would reply." Again, in sending him some copies of the book to be distributed among her friends at Rome, she recommended to him a young American, Mr. Middleton, who had spent the whole summer near her. "He was called Oswald in Paris. I am not a Corinne for him, but still have all the esteem for him that he merits. He will speak to you about Madame Récamier, with whom he is somewhat taken up."

This was John Izard Middleton, the second son of Arthur Middleton, of South Carolina, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and younger brother of Henry Middleton, afterward for many years Minister in Russia. He lived in Europe many years and died in Paris in 1849. The journal which he kept during his visits to Coppet in 1806 and 1807, and in which he speaks much of Madame Récamier, is said to be in the possession of a relative in Baltimore.

After speaking of the false Oswald it is perhaps admissible to tell about the counterfeit Corinne. This was a daughter of a Mr. Carr, a rich Indian merchant or planter, who had married a man named Apreece. As a rich and pretty widow she had travelled on the continent, and had made at Coppet, and perhaps elsewhere, the acquaintance of Madame de Staël; who flattered her greatly, as was her habit, and even said about her that "she had all the good qualities of Corinne with none of her

faults." With this vague reputation Mrs. Apreece created a sensation at Edinburgh, where even the venerable Professor Playfair was seen kneeling in the street to tie her shoe. As the wife of Sir Humphry Davy she had considerable social success in London. "She was a clever, active-minded woman, with popular manners, very vain and very demonstrative." George Ticknor saw her in 1815, and wrote, "Lady Davy is small, with black eyes and hair, a very pleasant face, an uncommonly sweet smile, and, when she speaks, has much spirit and expression in her countenance. Her conversation is agreeable, particularly in the choice and variety of her phraseology, and has more the air of eloquence than I have ever heard before from a lady. But then it has something of the appearance of formality and display, which injures conversation. Her manner is gracious and elegant, and though I should not think of comparing her to 'Corinne,' yet I think she has uncommon powers."

Whatever may have been her phraseology in English, it was anything but perfect in French and Italian; and as amusing anecdotes were told of her as are rightfully told of several other ladies—and who has not known at least one such? Hayward writes of her: "Lord Holland had a story of her turning short upon an Italian soldier, who was unconsciously following her at Rome, with '*Infame soldato, che volete?*' She called out to a French postilion, '*Allez avec votre ventre sur la terre,*' and nearly took away a foreign friend's character by the unlucky application of the term *meretrice*. I heard her at Mrs. Damer's, in Tilney Street, tell a story of her riding on a donkey near Naples, when the wind blew so hard as to carry off garment after garment till, she said, 'I had nothing left but my seat'—which was not much."

But there is no need now to discuss the merits of "Corinne," either as a novel or as part of the literature of the world. The book is, or can be, in everybody's hands, even after eighty years have passed, and it is easy to compare the occasional false sentiment of "Corinne" with the true feeling which animated the letters to Monti.



THE POINT OF VIEW.

IT can hardly be a matter of mere climate that makes the Colombian novel "María" so different from anything produced in our own literature. But what is it? "María" is not quite, as Mr. Janvier, who writes the very sympathetic introduction to a recent translation of it, would have us believe, a rival of "Paul et Virginie" and "Atala;" its proportions are hardly classic. But it is a delightful love story. And since when has there been a North American love-story? María herself is one of the sweetest girls that fiction contains. She is not only a particularly lovable girl, gentle and winning in an extraordinary degree, but she is taken out of the ordinary category of sweet and lovable girls by a curiously penetrating perfume of spiritual elevation, a soft and pliant intensity of devotion, by—there are no better epithets for the quality—ideality and poetry. She is by no means unique. Valdés's Maximina, the Rosario of "Doña Perfecta" and some of Valera's heroines have the same essential quality. French fiction—not only that of George Sand, but that of Balzac and even of Zola—counts many of her kin. Plus a little dreamy desultoriness she figures largely in German novels; in hundreds of English stories she appears, domestic and dovelike; and, so far as devotion is concerned, the Norse heroine of Ibsen's "A Doll's Home" is its incarnation. It is needless to multiply instances. Everyone who has read Isaac's story must recognize that though María is perhaps especially Spanish—and has in consequence a particular nobility, derived from Castilian heritage and tradition and therefore a little differ-

ent from that of even our "four hundred," for example—she has sisters among the charming girls of all fiction but our own. It is the province of the sun in tropical countries to *dilatar el alma*, according to the Spanish proverb, but how are we to explain that among modern literatures only ours is lacking in such characters as Isaac's María?

"María" is by no means to be stigmatized as romance. It is a realistic novel if ever there was one, and it would be idle to pretend that our novelists do not produce such stories because they are more seriously occupied with reality as such. Most of our glib short-story writers could "give points" to the author of "María" in construction, and their works are, compared with his, artificiality itself. Scarcely anything of moment happens from one end of his tale to the other. There is nothing organic, composed, regulated about it. It sins against many of the canons established by those of our littérateurs who both practise and preach the philosophy of the art of fiction. Is it possible that our realists are a little mechanical, and that it is the *art* of fiction—in which they are agreed that we have attained an altogether extraordinary eminence—rather than its substance that occupies them? Otherwise, how is it that they miss giving us portraits of such characters as María? Have we no models for such a character? Does she not exist among us? Is "the American girl" so *sui generis*, so different from all other incarnations of the *ewig Weibliche*, that the artists who depict her must accentuate exceptional rather

than essential feminine qualities in order to make a life-like portrait of her ?

Surely, the American novelist will not be so lacking in chivalry as to accept this theory. If he does, at any rate, he may be sure that the American novel is doomed, and that American literature will take some other direction than that of fiction. The only alternative, however—in the face of such a *cri du cœur* as Maria, and of its immense attractiveness in spite of its constructional and other weaknesses—is to admit that the American fiction of the present day is, in an important respect, superficial. Some of its practitioners have, apparently, deliberately set out to do something more ingenious, more interesting, more “real”—peradventure!—than “the same old thing,” the old hackneyed story of Edwin and Angelina, of Romeo and Juliet. Some of them have tried their best to extend the supposed limitations of Anglo-Saxon fiction and give us Edwin and Angelina metamorphosed into creatures wholly unknown to their supposed environment, and acting in a manner wholly inconsistent with their traditions—with the net result of attaining vice while missing passion. Very few—how many can the most convinced optimist count?—have occupied themselves with the simple but supreme motive of the love of a pair of lovers? To most of them evidently so restricted a range of characters and so uncomplicated a situation seem jejune and barren; though, suggestively enough, those who have dealt with this motive and situation and—like Miss Phelps on the one hand and Miss Amélie Rives on the other—have even carried them into the realm of the wildly fantastic, have nevertheless won very noteworthy successes. Hence one is inclined to ask: Does the pitch of perfection which the art of fiction has reached with us really imply an absolute divorce between literature and the love story? If not, why is the love story left to writers who occupy themselves so little with literature? Is literature the incarnation of cleverness, of ingenuity, of minute inspection of the superficies of things social to the exclusion of those phenomena which, recondite or not, are associated with the very existence and endurance of “life and the world?” This is a view which even such painters of manners—such literary sociologists—as Thackeray

and Balzac certainly did not take; and our accomplishment—splendid as we are constantly informed that it is—must, we think, be held as yet incomplete for having hitherto so markedly neglected the Marias that must abound among us, and the situation which—however lacking in intrigue, movement, suggestion, or intellectual interest—here as elsewhere, is responsible for making “the world go ‘round.”

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THERE is a law of whist, exquisite in its simplicity and apparently as easy as lying, but in fact extremely difficult to follow, on which, more than on anything else, success at the game depends. It may be called a higher law than many specifically enjoined in the books, since no absolute penalty (like that of a revoke for instance) is exacted upon its infraction. Yet not to abide by it means failure. It is, as every player who has read so far already knows, the law of watching the board and not the hand, overcoming an unworthy impulse to slide the latter back and forth for repeated assurance of possibilities comprehended by the adept at a single glance. In short, the law of devotion to others rather than to the individual—a paradox in altruism, with the selfish end of reaping quick returns and large profits in the score. Where this amiable rule of conduct is carried beyond the card-room the gain, though rarely so direct, nevertheless goes with it; and its more rigid observance might give enduring value to that “good society” which the English writer cleverly defines as “a charmed circle of uncertain limits . . . those latter-day Athenians whose graver and deeper impulses are subordinated to a code of artificial manners.” Especially would such self-abnegation work self-benefit at tables where knives and forks, like the cards, are mere instruments of a purely intellectual diversion. Who cared an hour afterward for that mistake by which the salad was served hot at your dinner? No one. But neither you nor any of your guests will forget the aplomb with which your wife turned the distressing incident into a jest, thereby proving it a blessing in disguise. Her readiness reduced the lapse in what is sometimes called the culinary art to its proper place, of no greater relative

importance than a poor hand at whist to a club veteran. We can eat and drink alone sufficiently well to sustain life; but when the table's full, the sauce to meat is wit as well as ceremony, and the skilful play of it an art in itself too often undervalued.

All restraint within limits is sure to reveal idiosyncrasies of character, and no man really knows his friend till he has travelled with him. A certain crusty sage of many voyages in later years refrained from walking the ship's deck with a woman, because he had found that the time, place, and opportunity invariably moved the incomprehensible sex to confidences; and for an analogous reason he preferred to feed apart. To dine in company is to go cabined, cribbed, confined upon a journey, happily short, but beset with dangers against which there is no insurance; as, to be linked with your mortal enemy, or, if you are single, with her who last refused you; to suffer tortures of ennui at the bore's callous lips; to eat, drink, and, above all, talk too much unwittingly. This last accident is not only the commonest, but also the most disastrous one in its effects, and he who becomes its unconscious victim is lost beyond recovery.

The man who listens, be it never so little, to his own discourse will end by listening much, and will be known thenceforth as a preacher of the dinner-table, happy only when fatally destructive to whatever current of animal magnetism may be assumed to have existed there—sinking into oppressive gloom with silence enforced upon him. For when two of these fierce talkers meet at close quarters one must be silent; and to the other the very walls must seem to hearken.

But if he does it well, what then? Even then he has no right to do it, and his persistence can but promote the surfeit caused by excess of a good thing. The best listener chafes inwardly without his moment of relief. Strange that so many men otherwise acute, men of talent, men of genius, should overlook this fact or choose to disregard it utterly; till all the good things others long to say have gone unsaid because of one. He who should be their most brilliant exponent has somehow missed deplorably the first principles of the game.

And these are, briefly: To love your

neighbor a little better than yourself; to turn your inward eye without; ever patiently to incline a willing ear; and never to forget that the world acknowledges but two autocrats—one, who by divine right rules all the Russias; one, who by right of conquest has held undisputed sway over generations at the Breakfast Table.

In this age of effort, when literary blossoms open upon every bush, when every drawing-room undertakes to be a "salon" and every hostess suggests Madame Récamier, the attitude of a simple, self-respecting citizen amid the distinguished company is one of poise and difficulty. There stands before you, let us suppose, hemmed in by his admiring throng, the first poet of the day, to whom in a moment you must be presented whether you will or no. What does he know of you? What on earth will you find to say? Here comes a young essayist whose first book has met with some success. He is trying hard to look unconscious, but it will never do to ignore him. You have read the record of his reflections without an overwhelming sense of its profundity; on the whole, however, you like it passably well. Are you to tell him just that and no more? And here is a third and a most prolific writer, whose thick-coming fancies you have never liked and have now ceased to read. He has lately published a new volume, more disagreeably potent than the others. Good Heavens! His eye has fastened upon yours. He comes to talk with you; there is no escape; and what, short of mortal offence, will be the outcome of your interview?

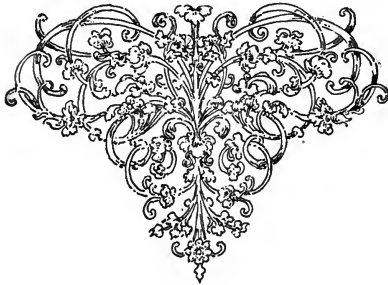
But one safe course lies open to you in this last instance; and that is to bear in mind the warning of the sages, overcautious in its extreme discretion—*never speak to an author of his works*. Heed this, and you will perhaps avoid incurring his everlasting enmity. On the other hand, it is true, you will reduce to a minimum the chance of gaining more than the outward semblance of his friendship. This is to be regretted, since, apart from his literary weakness, he may teem with amiable qualities. Yet here you have no choice. Silence is enforced upon you in his case; the same silence which you will preserve with different effect

in the presence of the great man when you are dragged before him. Then, if you are wise, your whole expression will be one of awe; you will await his word, agreeing with it at all hazards. Were Shakespeare present, this personage, lofty as he is, would hardly venture to give the master his reasons for thinking "Othello" a fine play. As Shakespeare to him, so is he to you; and the more devotional your reticence, the higher the pedestal on which you place him. Make it a pinnacle if you can, and he will like you so much the better. He is human, and from his towering height he will look down to smile and smile again upon you.

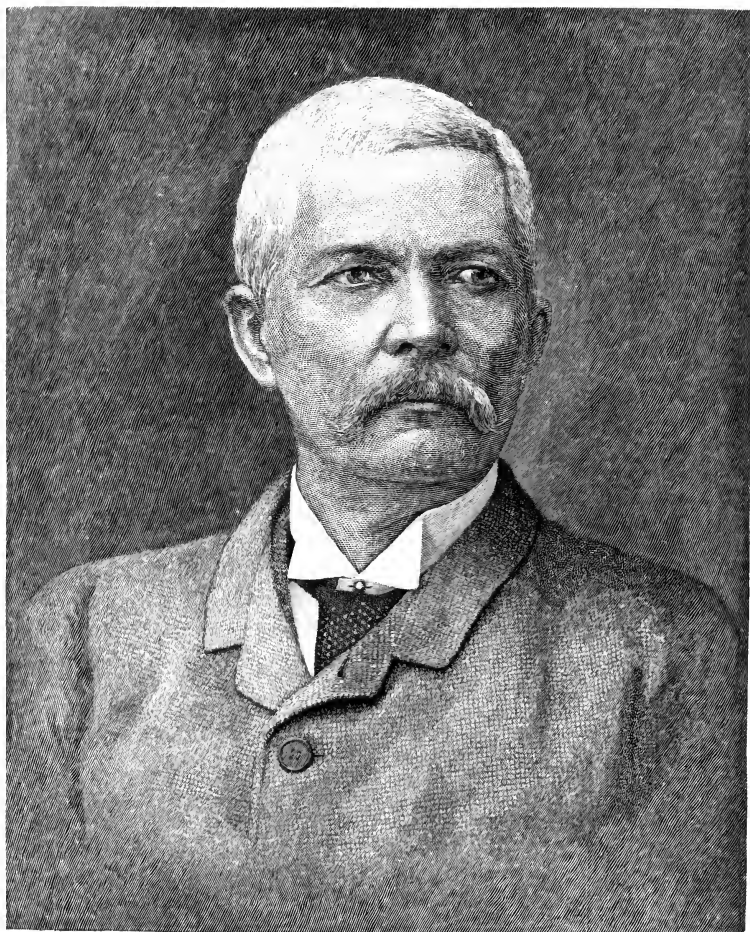
With the middle-man begins your real perplexity—an oft-recurring one; for while genius "walks grand among us" with agreeable rarity, deserving mediocrity oppresses us on all sides. It is well to remember that the man, whose work, with certain reservations, now pleases you, may learn in time to do a thing that shall please you wholly. But he is vain enough already, you think. Waive that; he is not too vain to need encouragement of a kind that you can give. Vanity is a phase which often passes, while the need remains; how great this latter is you do not dream; and you forget, perhaps, not only that he cannot

divine your good opinion, but also that professional critics continually call him to account for the faults he knows too well. Speak to him of his work, therefore, as pleasantly as possible, strain your conscience a point or two, and let your reservations go. Practice will enable you to proceed in this with tact and delicacy; to steer your bark unswervingly between the Scylla of flattery and the Charybdis of condescending patronage. Unless you are gifted with an extraordinary memory, attempt neither to quote nor to mention one of his characters by name. Above all, erase from your vocabulary one fatal adjective. Whatever your thought, do not call his contribution to our native literature a *little* book. Slight as the context seems, it may have cost him months of labor. How needlessly unkind of you, then, to remind him that the result is not a great one!

This trifling act of consideration is sure to yield you an inestimable reward. Though his face glows with pleasure, if he is a man of sense, he does not bore you. He accepts the recognition gracefully, then turns the talk another way. But the trouble you have taken will live in his remembrance, giving value to his friendship long after you have forgotten its first cause.







Henry W. Hensley

(From a photograph taken at Cairo in March, 1890.)

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

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THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION.

By Henry M. Stanley.



Basket-work Pot of the Avi Navaya.

NO one knows what is asked when I am called upon suddenly, and without previous warning, to sit down promptly and write quickly an article on the subject of my recent explorations

in quest of Emin Pasha, for so important a periodical as SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. Such a task demands leisure and careful thought, without which it would not be possible to convey even the baldest outline of my adventures. Apart from this, it is no slight undertaking to endeavor successfully to condense, within the compass of a magazine article, a readable and interesting epitome of nearly three long years of toil, of anxiety, and of cruel suffering. This demand comes upon me, too, at a time when every minute, from early morning till late at night, is fully occupied; when my heart and brain are alike centred in writing a full and faithful record of all that has befallen me and those under my charge.

Under these circumstances I think I cannot do better than begin with an extract from a prefatory letter to Sir William Mackinnon, which will appear in my forthcoming work, and which, as it touches upon many of the most important episodes, will not, I trust, fail to be of great interest to the readers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE:—

I regret that I was not able to accomplish all that I burned to do when I set out from England, in January, 1887; but the total collapse of the Government of Equatoria thrust upon us the duty of conveying in hammocks so many aged and sick people, and protecting so many helpless, feeble folks, that we became transformed from a small fighting column of tried men into a mere hospital corps, to whom active adventure was denied. The Governor was half-blind and possessed much luggage; Casati was weakly and had to be carried, and ninety per cent. of their followers were, soon after starting, scarcely able to travel from age, disease, weakness, or infancy. Without sacrificing our sacred charge, to assist which was the object of the expedition, we could neither deviate to the right nor to the left from the most direct road to the sea.

You, who throughout your long and varied life have steadfastly believed in the Christian's God, and before men have professed your devout thankfulness for many mercies vouchsafed to you, will better understand than many others the feelings which animate me when I find myself back in civilization, uninjured in life or health, after passing through so many stormy and distressful periods. Constrained at the darkest hour to humbly confess that without God's help, I was helpless, I vowed a vow in the forest solitudes that I would confess His aid before men. Silence, as of death, was round about me; it was

midnight; I was weakened by illness, prostrated by fatigue, and wan with anxiety for my white and black com-

had been reading the exhortation of Moses to Joshua, and whether it was the effect of those brave words, or whether



A Stockaded Camp.
(From a photograph.)

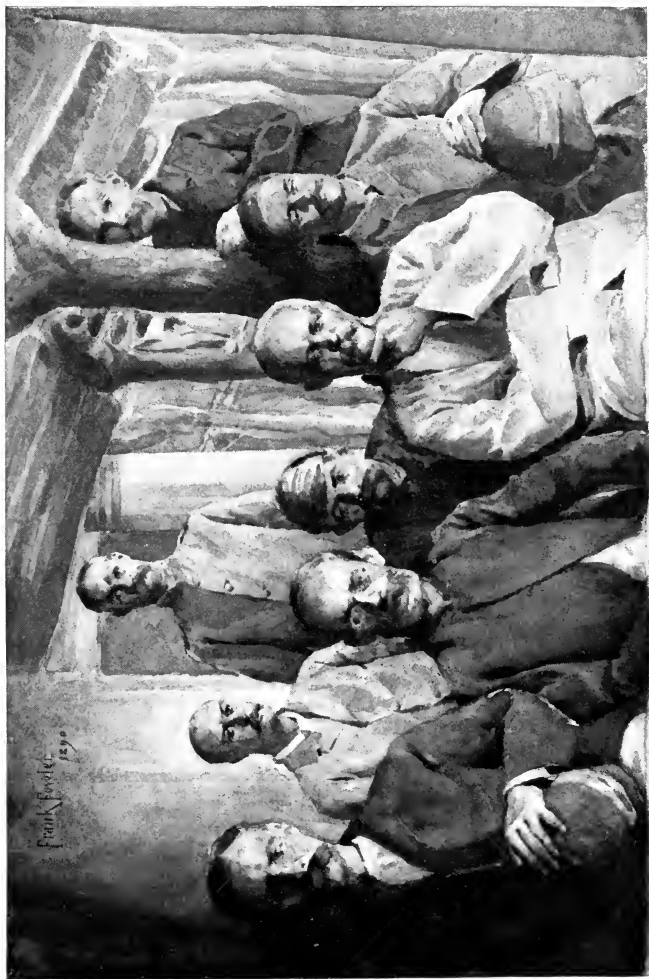
panions, whose fate was a mystery. In this physical and mental distress I besought God to give me back my people. Nine hours later we were exulting with a rapturous joy. In full view of all was the crimson-flag with the crescent, and beneath its waving folds was the long-stored rear column.

Again we had emerged into the open country, out of the forest, after such experiences as, in the collective annals of African travels, there is no parallel. We were approaching the region wherein our ideal Governor was reported to be beleaguered. All that we heard from such natives as our scouts caught prepared us for desperate encounters with multitudes, of whose numbers or qualities none could inform us intelligently; and when the population of Undesuma swarmed in myriads on the hills, and the valleys seemed alive with warriors, it really seemed to us, in our dense ignorance of their character and power, that these were of those who hemmed in the Pasha to the west. If he with 4,000 appealed for help, what could we effect with 173? The night before, I

it was a voice, I know not, but it appeared to me as though I heard, "Be strong, and of good courage; fear not, nor be afraid of them, for the Lord thy God, he it is that doth go with thee, he will not fail thee nor forsake thee." When on the next day Mazamboni commanded his people to attack and exterminate us, there was not a coward in our camp; whereas, the evening before, we exclaimed in bitterness, on seeing four of

our men fly before one native, "And these are the wretches with whom we must reach the Pasha."

And yet again. Between the confluence of the Ihuru and the Dui Rivers in December, 1888, one hundred and fifty of the best and strongest of our men had been despatched to forage for food. They had been absent for many days more than they ought to have been, and in the meantime 130 men, besides boys and women, were starving. They were supported each day with a cup of warm thin broth, made of buttermilk and water, to keep death away as long as possible. When the provisions were so reduced that there were only sufficient for 13 men for ten days, even of the thin broth, with four tiny biscuits each per day, it became necessary for me to hunt up the missing men. They might, being without a leader, have been reckless, and been besieged by an overwhelming force of vicious dwarfs. My following consisted of 66 men, a few women and children, who, more active than the others, had assisted the thin fluid with the berries



Bonny Parke.

Stanley.

Jephson.

Casati Emin.

Nelson.

Stairs.

Stanley, Emin, Casati, and Officers of the Expedition.
(From a photograph taken at Urambiro.)

of the phrynum and amomum, and such fungi as could be discovered in damp places, and therefore were possessed of some little strength, though the poor fellows were terribly emaciated; 51 men, besides boys and women, were so prostrated with debility and disease that they would be hopelessly gone if within a few hours food did not arrive. My white comrade and 13 men were assured of sufficient for ten days to protract the struggle against painful death. We, who were bound for the search, possessed nothing; we could feed on berries until we should arrive at a plantation. As we travelled that afternoon we passed several dead bodies in various stages of decay, and the sight of doomed, dying, and dead produced on my nerves such a feeling of weakness that I was well-nigh overcome.

Every soul in that camp was paralyzed with sadness and suffering. Despair had made them all dumb. Not a sound was heard to disturb the deathly brooding. It was a mercy to me that I heard no murmur of reproach, no sigh of rebuke. I felt the horror of the silence of the forest, and thought intensely. Sleep was impossible. My thoughts dwelt on the recurring disobediences, which caused so much misery and anxiety. Stiff-necked, rebellious, incorrigible human nature, ever showing its animalism and brutishness! Let the wretches be forever accursed! Their utter thoughtlessness and oblivious natures, and continual breach of promises, kill more men and cause more anxiety than the poison of the dart, or barbs and points of the arrows. If I meet them, I will — but before the resolve was uttered, flashed to my memory the dead men on the road, the doomed in the camp, and the starving with me, and the thought that those 150 men were lost in the remorseless woods beyond recovery, or surrounded by savages without hope of escape. Then do you wonder that the natural hardness of the heart was softened, and that I again consigned my care to Him who could alone assist us?

The next morning, within half an hour of the start, we met the foragers, safe, sound, robust, loaded, bearing four tons

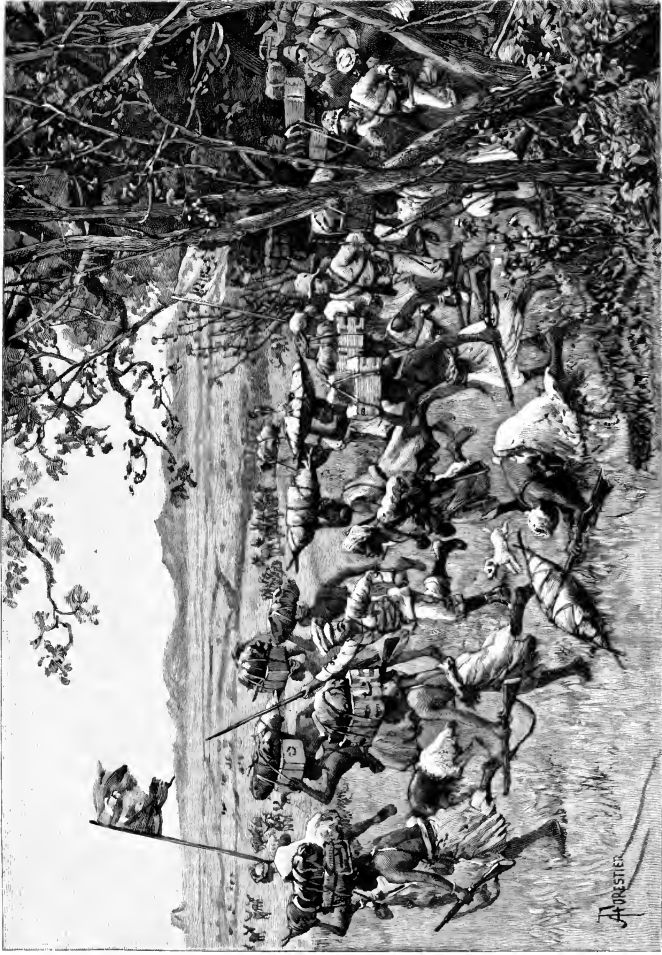
of plantains. You can imagine what cries of joy these wild children of nature uttered; you can imagine how they flung themselves upon the fruit, and kindled the fires to roast and boil and bake, and how, after they were all filled, we strode back to the camp to rejoice those unfortunates with Mr. Bonny.

As I mentally review the many grim episodes, and reflect on the marvellously narrow escapes from utter destruction to which we have been subjected during our various journeys to and fro through that immense and gloomy extent of primeval woods, I feel utterly unable to attribute our salvation to any other cause than to a gracious Providence, who, for some purpose of His own, preserved us. All the armies and armaments of Europe could not have lent us any aid in the dire extremity in which we found ourselves in that camp between the Dui and Ihuru; an army of explorers could not have traced our course to the scene of the last struggle had we fallen; for deep, deep as utter oblivion had we been surely buried under the humus of the trackless wilds.

It is in this humble and grateful spirit that I commence this record of the progress of the expedition, from its inception by you to the date when, at our feet, the Indian Ocean burst into view, pure and blue as heaven, when we might justly exclaim, "It is ended!"

What the public ought to know, that have I written. . . . I write to you and to your friends, and for those who desire more light on darkest Africa, and for those who can feel an interest in what concerns humanity.

My creed has been, is, and will remain so, I hope, to act for the best, think the right thought, and speak the right word as well as a good motive will permit. When a mission is intrusted to me, and my conscience approves it as noble and right, and I give my promise to exert my best powers to fulfil this according to the letter and spirit, I carry with me a law that I am compelled to obey. If any associated with me prove to me by their manner and action that this law is equally incumbent on them, then I recognize my brothers. There-



Emerging from the Forest, after a March of One Hundred and Sixty Days.

fore, it is with unqualified delight that I acknowledge the priceless services of my friends Stairs, Jephson, Nelson, and Parke—four men whose devotion to their several duties was as perfect as human nature is capable of. As a man's epitaph can only be justly written when he lies in his sepulchre, so I vainly attempted to tell them during the journey how much I valued the ready and prompt obedience of Stairs; that earnestness for work which distinguished Jephson; the brave, soldierly qualities of Nelson; and the gentle, tender devotion paid by our doctor to his ailing patients. But now that the long wanderings are over, and they have bided and labored ungrudgingly throughout the long period, I feel that my words are poor indeed when I need them to express in full my lasting obligation to each of them.

Concerning those who have fallen, or who were turned back by illness or accident, I will admit, with pleasure, that while in my company every one seemed most capable of fulfilling the highest expectations formed of him. I never had a doubt of any of them until Mr. Bonny poured into my ears the dismal story of the rear column. While I possess positive proofs that both the Major and Mr. Jameson were inspired by loyalty, and burning with desire throughout those long months at Yambuya, I have endeavored to ascertain why they did not proceed as instructed by letter, or why Messrs. Ward, Troup, and Bonny did not suggest that to move little by little was preferable to rotting at Yambuya, which they were clearly in danger of doing, like the 100 dead followers. To this simple question there is no answer. The eight visits to Stanley Falls and Kasongo amount in the aggregate to 1,200 miles; their journals, log-books, letters, teem with proofs that every element of success was in and with them.

I cannot understand why the five officers, having means for moving, confessedly burning with the desire to move, and animated with the highest feelings, did not move on along our track, as directed, or why, believing I was alive, the officers sent my personal baggage down river, and reduced their chief to a state of destitution; or why they should send

European tinned provisions and two dozen bottles of Madeira down river, when there were thirty-three men sick and hungry in camp; or why Mr. Bonny should allow his own rations to be sent down while he was present; or why Mr. Ward should be sent down river with a despatch, and an order be sent after him to prevent his return to the expedition. These are a few of the problems which puzzle me, and to which I have been unable to obtain satisfactory solutions. Had any other person informed me that such things had taken place, I should have doubted them; but I take my information solely from Major Barttelot's official despatch. The telegram which Mr. Ward conveyed to the sea requests instruction from the London committee; but the gentlemen in London reply, "We refer you to Mr. Stanley's letter of instructions." It becomes clear to everyone that there is a mystery for which I cannot conceive a rational solution; and therefore each reader of my narrative must think his own thoughts, but construe the whole charitably.

After the discovery of Mr. Bonny at Banalya I had frequent occasions to remark to him that his good-will and devotion were equal to that shown by the others, and as for bravery, I think he has as much as the bravest. With his performance of any appointed work I never had cause for dissatisfaction, and as he so admirably conducted himself, with such perfect and respectful obedience while with us from Banalya to the Indian Sea, the mystery of Yambuya life is deepened the more; for with 2,000 such soldiers as Bonny, under a competent leader, the entire Soudan could be subjugated, pacified, and governed.

What is herein related about Emin Pasha need not, I hope, be taken as derogating in the slightest from the high conception of our ideal. If the reality differs somewhat from it, no fault can be attributed to him. While his people were faithful, he was equal to the ideal; when his soldiers revolted, his usefulness as a governor ceased; just as the cabinet-maker with his tools may turn out finished wood-work, but without them can do nothing. If the pasha was



Ruwenzori (The Snowy Mountain), identified by Stanley with "the Mountains of the Moon."

Ascended 10,677 feet above sea-level by Lieutenant Stairs. Total height about 16,600 feet.

(From a drawing by Mr. Stanley, made at the time of the discovery.)

not of such gigantic stature as we had supposed him to be, he certainly cannot be held responsible for that any more than he can be held accountable for his unmilitary appearance. If the pasha was able to maintain his province for seven years, he cannot in justice be held answerable for the wave of insanity and the epidemic of turbulence which converted his hitherto loyal soldiers into rebels. You will find two special periods in this narrative wherein the pasha is described with strictest impartiality in each; but his misfortunes never cause us to lose our respect for him, though we may not agree with that excess of sentiment which distinguished him, for objects so unworthy as sworn rebels. As an administrator he displayed the finest qualities; he was just, tender, loyal, merciful, and affectionate to the natives who placed themselves under his protection; and no higher and better proof of the esteem with which he was regarded by his soldiery can be desired than that he owed his life to the reputation for justness and mildness which he had won. In short, every hour saved from sleep was



Lieutenant W. E. Stairs.

devoted, before his final deposition, to some useful purpose conducive to increase of knowledge, improvement of humanity, and gain to civilization. You must remember all these things, and by no means lose sight of them, even while you read our impressions of him.

I am compelled to believe that Mr.

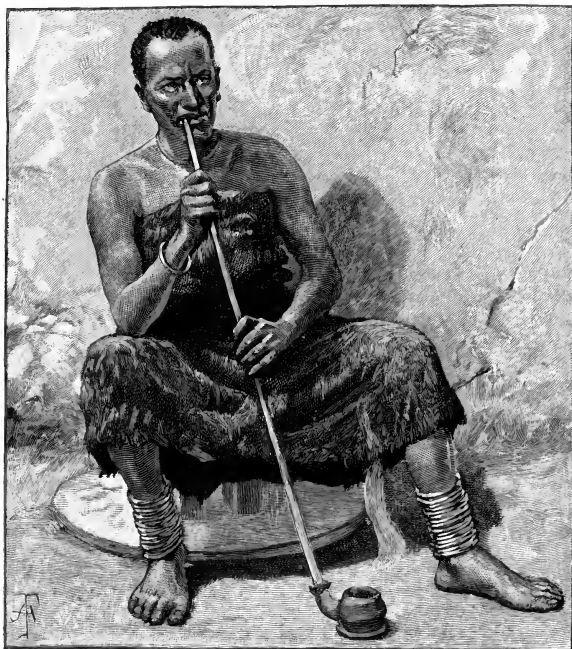
Mounteney Jephson wrote the kindest report of the events that transpired during the arrest and imprisonment of the pasha and himself, out of pure affection, sympathy, and fellow-feeling for his friend; indeed the kindness and sympathy he entertains for the pasha are so evident that I playfully accuse him of being either a Mahdist, Arabist, or Eminist—as one would naturally feel indignant at the prospect of leading a slave's life at Khartoum. The letters of Mr. Jephson, after being shown, were indorsed, as will be seen, by Emin Pasha; later observations proved the truth of those made by Mr. Jephson when he said, "Sentiment is the pasha's worst enemy; nothing keeps Emin here but Emin himself." What I most admire in him is the evident struggle between his duty to me, as my agent, and the friendship he entertains for the pasha.

While we may naturally regret that Emin Pasha did not possess that influence over his troops which would have commanded their perfect obedience, confidence, and trust, and made them pliable to the laws and customs of civilization, and compelled them to respect natives as fellow-subjects, to be guardians of peace and protectors of property, without which there can be no civilization—many will think that as the Governor was unable to do this, it is as well that events took the turn they did. The natives of Africa cannot be taught that there are blessings in civilization if they are permitted to be oppressed, and to be treated as unworthy of the treatment due to human beings, to be despoiled and enslaved at will by a licentious soldiery. The habit of regarding the aborigines as nothing better than Pagan *abed*, or slaves, dates from Ibrahim Pasha, and must be utterly suppressed before any semblance of civilization can be seen outside the military settlement. When every grain of corn, and every fowl, goat, sheep, and cow, which is necessary for the troops is paid for in sterling money, or its equivalent in necessary goods, then civilization will become irresistible in its influence, and the Gospel even may be introduced; but without impartial justice both are impossible—certainly never possible when preceded and accompanied by

spoliation, which I fear was too general a custom in the Soudan.

Those who have some regard for righteous justice may find some comfort in the reflection that until civilization in its true and real form be introduced

and black; since then two had died of dysentery, one from debility, four had deserted, and one man was hanged. We had, therefore, 263 men left. Out of this number 52 had been reduced to skeletons—who, first attacked by ulcers,



Kavalli, Chief of the Babiassi.

into Equatoria, the aborigines will now have some peace and rest; and that whatever aspects its semblance bore—except a few orange and lime trees—can be replaced within a month, under higher, better, and more enduring auspices.

I conclude this narrative with a passage from my forthcoming work, describing one of the most eventful periods of our journey:

NELSON'S STARVATION CAMP.

On the morning of October 6 [1887] we were 271 in number, including white

had been unable to forage, and who had wasted by their want of economy, rations which would have been sufficient to maintain them during the days that intervened of total want. These losses in men left me 211 still able to march; and as among these there were 40 men non-carriers, and as I had 227 loads, it followed that when I needed carriage I had about 80 loads more than could be carried. Captain Nelson, for the last two weeks, had also suffered from a dozen small ulcers, which had gradually increased in virulence. On this day, when the wild state of the river quite prohibited further progress by it,

he and 52 men were utterly unfit and incapable of travel.

It was a difficult problem that now faced us. Captain Nelson was our comrade, whom to save we were bound to exert our best force. To the 52 black men we were equally bound by the most solemn obligations, and dark as was the prospect around us we were not so far reduced but that we entertained a lively hope that we could save them. As the Manyema had reported that their settlement was only five days' journey, and we had already travelled two days' march then, probably the village or station was still three days' ahead of us. It was suggested by Captain Nelson that if we dispatched intelligent couriers ahead they would be enabled to reach Kilonga-Longa's settlement long before the column. As the suggestion admitted of no contradiction, and as the headmen were naturally the most capable and intelligent, the chief of the headmen and five others were hastened off at once, and instructed to proceed along the south bank of the river until they discovered some landing-place, whence they must find means to cross the Ituri, find the settlement, and obtain an immediate store of food.

Before starting, officers and men demanded to know from me whether I believed the story of Arabs being ahead. I replied that I believed it most thoroughly, but that it was possible the Manyema had underestimated the distance to gratify or encourage us and abate our apparent anxiety.

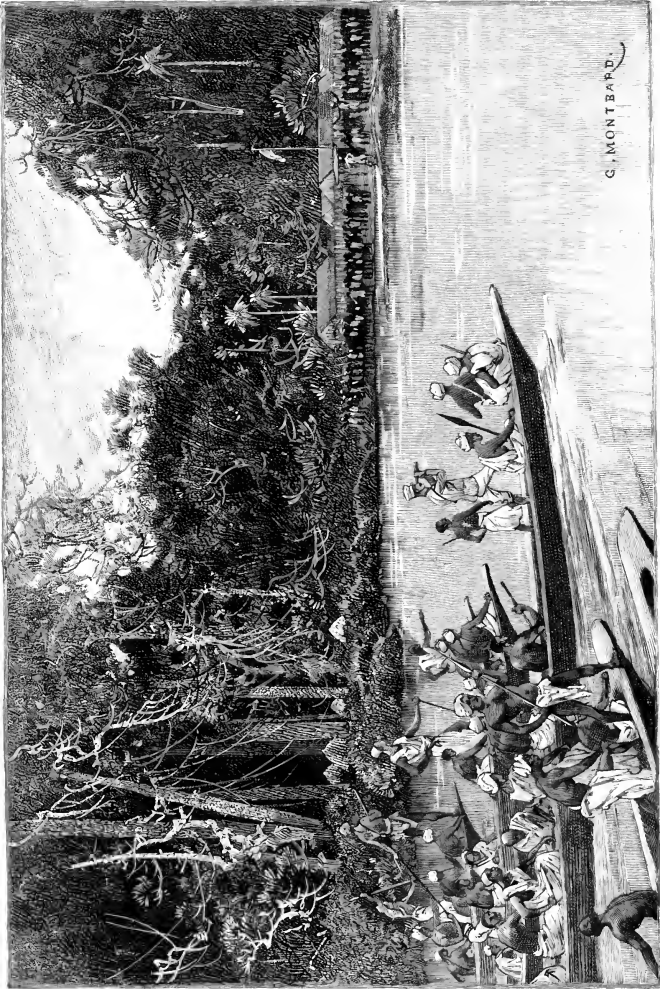
After informing the unfortunate cripples of our intention to proceed forward until we could find food, that we might not all be lost, and send relief as quickly as it could be obtained, I consigned the 52 men, 81 loads, and 10 canoes in charge of Captain Nelson, bade him be of good cheer, and, hoisting our loads and boat on our shoulders, we marched away.

No more gloomy spot could have been selected for a camp than that sandy terrace, encompassed by rocks and hemmed in narrowly by those dark woods, which rose from the river's edge to the height of six hundred feet, and pent in the never-ceasing uproar which was created by the writhing and tortured

stream, and the twin cataracts which ever rivalled each other's thunder. The imagination shudders at the hapless position of those crippled men, who were doomed to remain inactive, to listen every moment to the awful sound of that irreconcilable fury of wrathful waters, and the monotonous and continuous roar of plunging rivers; to watch the leaping waves coiling and twisting into uprising columns as they ever wrestled for mastery with each other, and were dashed in white fragments of foam far apart by the ceaseless force of driven currents; to gaze at the dark, relentless woods spreading upward and around, standing perpetually fixed in dull green, mourning over past ages, past times, and past generations; then think of the night with its palpable blackness; the dead, black shadows of the wooded hills; that eternal sound of fury, that ceaseless boom of the cataracts, the indefinite forms born of nervousness and fearfulness; that misery engendered by loneliness, and creeping sense of abandonment; then will be understood something of the true position of these poor men.

And what of us, trudging up those wooded slopes to gain the crest of the forest upland, to tramp on and on, whither, we knew not, for how long a time we dared not think, seeking for food, with the double responsibility weighing us down for these trustful, brave fellows with us, and for those, no less brave and trustful, whom we had left behind at the bottom of the horrible cañon?

As I looked at the poor men struggling wearily onward, it appeared to me as though a few hours only were needed to insure our fate—one day, perhaps two days, and then life would ebb away. How their eyes searched the wild woods for the red berries of the phrynica, and the tartish, crimson and oblong fruit of the amoma; how they rushed for the flat beans of the forest, and gloated over their treasures of fungi! In short, nothing was rejected in this severe distress to which we were reduced, except leaves and wood. We passed several abandoned clearings, and some men chopped down pieces of banana stalk, then searched for wild herbs to make potage; the bastard



Stanley Meeting with the Rear Column at Banalya.

jack fruit or the *fenessi* and other huge fruit became dear objects of interest as we struggled on.

“Return we could not, nor
Continue where we were ; to shift our place
Was to exchange one misery with another.
And every day that came, came to decay
A day’s work in us.”

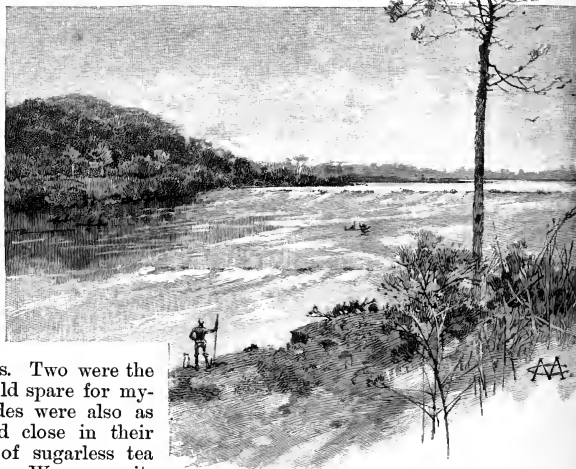
On October 7th we began at six thirty A.M. that funeral pace through the trackless region on the crest of the forest uplands. We picked up fungi, and the *matonga* wild fruit, as we travelled, and after seven hours’ march we rested for the day. At 11 A.M. we had halted for lunch at the usual hour. Each officer had economized his

rations of bananas. Two were the utmost that I could spare for myself. My comrades were also as rigidly strict and close in their diet, and a cup of sugarless tea closed the repast. We were sitting conversing about our prospects, discussing the probabilities of our couriers reaching some settlement on this day, or the next, and the time that it would take them to return ; and they desired to know whether, in my previous African experience, I had encountered anything so grievous as this.

“No ; not quite so bad as this,” I replied. “We have suffered ; but not to such an extremity as this. Those nine days on the way into Ituru were wretched. On our flight from Bumbiré we certainly suffered much hunger, and also while floating down the Congo to trace its course our condition was much to be pitied ; we have had a little of something, and at least large hopes, and if they die where are we ? The age of miracles is past, it is said, but why should they be ? Moses drew water from the rock at Horeb for the thirsty Israel-

ites. Of water we have enough and to spare. Elijah was fed by ravens at the brook Cherith, but there is not a raven in all this forest. Christ was ministered unto by angels. I wonder if anyone will minister unto us ?”

Just then there was a sound as of a large bird



Yambuya—up-river view.

whirring through the air. Little Randy, my fox-terrier, lifted up a foot and gazed inquiringly ; we turned our heads to see, and that second the bird dropped beneath the jaws of Randy, who snapped at the prize and held it fast in a vice as of iron [p. 685].

“There, boys,” I said, “truly the gods are gracious. The age of miracles is not past,” and my comrades were seen gazing in delighted surprise at the bird, which was a fine fat guinea-fowl. It was not long before the guinea-fowl was divided, and Randy, its captor, had his lawful share ; and the little doggie seemed to know that he had grown in esteem with all men, and we enjoyed our prize each with his own feelings.

On the next day, in order to relieve the boat-bearers of their hard

work, Mr. Jephson was requested to connect the sections together; and two hours after starting on the march we came opposite an inhabited island. The advance scouts seized a canoe and bore straight on to the island, to snatch in the same unruly manner as Orlando, meat for the hungry.

"What would you, unruly men?"

"We would have meat! Two hundred stagger in these woods and reel with faintness."

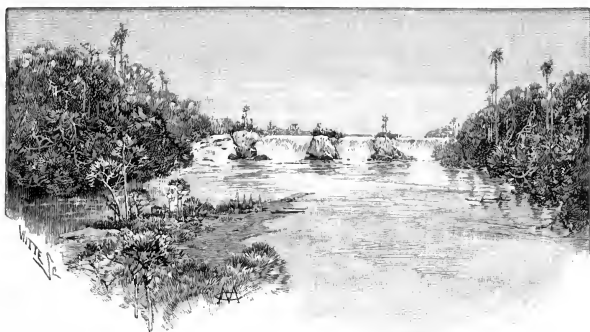
The natives did not stand for further questions, but vanished kindly, and left their treasures of food. We received as our share two pounds of Indian corn and half a pound of beans. Altogether about twenty-five pounds of corn were discovered, which was distributed among the people.

In the afternoon I received a note from Mr. Jephson, who was behind with the boat: "For God's sake, if you can get any food at village, send us some."

Despatched answer to Jephson to hunt up the wounded elephant that I had shot, and which had taken refuge on an island near him and, in reply to his anxious letter, a small handful of corn.

On October 9th one hundred men volunteered to go across the river and ex-

lage; those who were too dispirited to go far wandered southward through the woods to search for wild fruit and forest beans. This last article was about four times the size of a large garden bean, encased in a brown leathery rind. At first we had contented ourselves with merely skinning it and boiling it, but this produced sickness of the stomach. An old woman captured on the island was seen to prepare a dish of these beans by skinning them and afterward scraping the inner covering, and finally scraping them as we would nutmegs. Out of this floury substance she made some patties for her captor, who shouted in ecstasies that they were good. Whereupon everybody bestirred themselves to collect the beans, which were fairly plentiful. Tempted by a "lady-finger" cake of this article that was brought to me, I ventured to try it, and found it sufficiently filling, and about as palatable as a mess of acorns. Indeed, the flavor strongly reminded me of the acorn. The fungi were of several varieties, some pure and perfect mushrooms, others were of a less harmless kind; but surely the gods protected the miserable human beings condemned to live on such things. Grubs were collected;



Panga Falls.

plore inland from the north bank, with a resolute intention not to return without food of some kind. I went up river with the boat's crew, and Stairs down river to strike inland by a little track, in the hope that it might lead to some vil-

also slugs from the trees, caterpillars, and white ants—these served for meat. The *mabengu* (*nux vomica*) furnished the dessert, with *fenessi* or a species of bastard jack fruit.

The following day some of the for-



Group of Wambutti Dwarfs—the first ever photographed.

(Scattered among the Balasese, between Ipoto and Mount Pisgah, and inhabiting the land situated between the Nzayn and Itrul Rivers, a region equal in area to two counties of Scotland, are the Wambutti, variously called Bakwa, Akku, and Bazungu. These people are under-sized nomads, dwarfs, and pygmies, who live in the interior of the continent, and support themselves on game, which they carry off in catching. They vary in height from three feet to four feet six inches. A full-grown male adult may weigh ninety pounds.—From "In Darkest Africa.")

agers from across the river returned bringing nothing, because they had discovered such emptiness on the north bank as we had found on the south bank; but "Inshallah!" they said, "we shall find food either to-morrow or the next day."

In the morning I had eaten my last grain of Indian corn, and my last portion of everything solid that was obtainable and reserved, and at noon the horrid pains of the stomach had to be satisfied with something. Some potato-leaves brought me by Wadi Khamis, a headman, were bruised fine and cooked. They were not bad; still the stomach ached from utter depletion. Then a Zanzibari, with his face aglow with honest pride, brought me a dozen fruit of the size and color of a prize pear which emitted a most pleasant fruity odor. He warranted them to be lovely, and declared that the men enjoyed them, but the finest had been picked out for myself and officers. He had also brought a patty made out of the wood bean-flower, which had a rich, custardy look about it. With many thanks I accepted this novel repast, and I felt a grateful sense of fullness. In an hour, however, a nausea attacked me, and I was forced to seek my bed. The temples presently felt as if constricted by an iron band, the eyes blinked strangely, and a magnifying-glass did not enable me to read the figures of Norie's epitome. My German servant, with the rashness of youth, had lunched bravely on what I had shared with him of the sweetly smelling pear-like fruit, and consequently suffered more severely. Had he been in a little cockle boat on a mad Channel sea he could scarcely have presented a more flabby and disordered aspect than had been caused by the forest pears.

Just at sunset the foragers of No. 1 Company, after an absence of thirty-six hours, appeared from the north bank, bringing sufficient plantains to save the Europeans from despair and starvation; but the men received only two plantains each, equal to four ounces of solid stuff, to put into stomachs that would have required eight pounds to satisfy.

The officers Stairs, Jephson, and Parke, had been amusing themselves the

entire afternoon in drawing fanciful menus where such things figured as:

Filet de bœuf en Chartreuse.
Pâté de volailles à la Lucullus.
Petites bouchées aux huîtres d'Ostende.
Bécaffines rôties à la Londres.

Another had shown his Anglo-Saxon proclivities for solids such as:

Ham and eggs, and plenty of them.
Roast beef and potatoes unlimited.
A weighty plum-pudding.

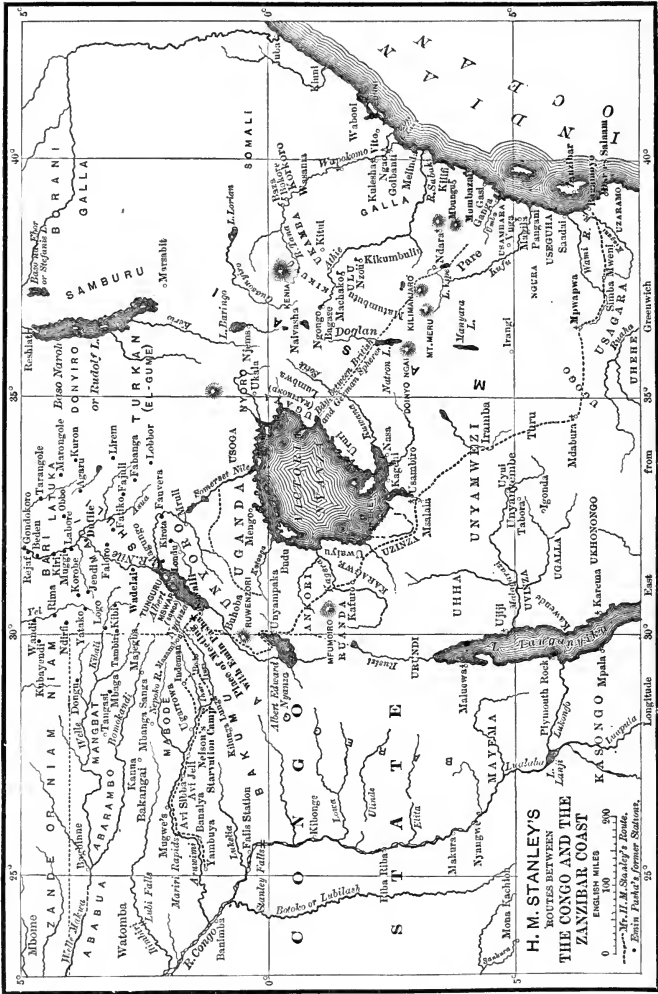
There were two of the foragers missing, but we could not wait for them. We moved from this starvation camp to one higher up, a distance of eleven miles.

A man of No. 3 Company dropped his box of ammunition into a deep affluent and lost it. Kajeli stole a box of Winchester ammunition and absconded. Salim stole a case containing Emin Pasha's new boots and two pairs of mine, and deserted. Wadi Adam vanished with Surgeon Parke's entire kit. Swadi, of No. 1 Company, left his box on the road, and departed himself to parts unknown. Bull-necked Uchungu followed suit with a box of Remington cartridges.

On October 12th we marched four and a half miles, east by south. The boat and crew were far below, struggling in the rapids. We wished now to cross the river to try our fortunes on the north bank. We searched for a canoe, and saw one on the other side, but the river was four hundred yards wide, and the current was too strong against the best swimmers in their present state of debility.

Some scouts presently discovered a canoe fastened to an island only forty yards from the south bank, which was situated a little above our halting-place. Three men volunteered, among whom was Wadi Asmani, of the Pioneers, a grave man, faithful, and of much experience in many African lands. Twenty dollars reward was to be the prize of success. Asmani lacked the audacity of Uledi, the coxswain of the "advance," as well as his bold, high spirit, but was a most prudent and valuable man.

These three men chose a small rapid for their venture, that they might ob-



H. M. STANLEY'S
 ROUTES BETWEEN
 THE CONGO AND THE
 ZANZIBAR COAST

0
 100
 200
 300
 ENGLISH MILES
 Mr. H. M. Stanley's Route.
 Emin Pasha's former Stations.

tain a footing now and then on the rocks. At dusk two of them returned to grieve us with the news that Asmani had tried to swim with his Winchester on his back, and had been swept by the strong current into a whirlpool, and was drowned.

We were unfortunate in every respect; our chiefs had not returned, we were fearing for their fate, strong men deserted. Our rifles were rapidly decreasing in number. Our ammunition was being stolen. Feruzi, the next best man to Uledi as a sailor, soldier, carrier, good man and true, was dying from a wound inflicted on the head by a savage's knife.

The following day was also a halt. We were about to cross the river, and we were anxious for our six chiefs, one of whom was Rashid bin Omar, "the father of the people" as he was called. Equipped with only their rifles, accoutrements, and sufficient ammunition, such men ought to have travelled, in the week that had elapsed since our departure from Nelson's camp, over a hundred miles. If they, during that distance, could not discover the Manyema settlement, what chance had we, burdened with loads, with a caravan of hungry and despairing men, who for a week had fed on nothing but two plantains, berries, wild fruit, and fungi? Our men had begun to suffer dearly during this protracted starvation. Three had died the day before.

Toward evening Jephson appeared with the boat, and brought a supply of Indian corn, which sufficed to give twelve cupfuls to each white. It was a reprieve from death for the Europeans.

The next day, the 15th, having blazed trees around the camp, and drawn broad arrows with charcoal for the guidance of the headmen when they should return, the expedition crossed over to the north bank and camped on the upper side of a range of hills. Feruzi Ali died of his wound soon after.

Our men were in such a desperately weak state that I had not the heart to command the boat to be disconnected for transport; as, had a world's treasure been spread out before them, they could not have exhibited greater power than

they were willing to give at a word. I stated the case fairly to them thus:

"You see, my men, our condition in brief is this: We started from Yambuya 389 in number and took 237 loads with us. We had 80 extra carriers to provide for those who by the way might become weak and ailing. We left 56 men at Ugarrowwa's Settlement, and 52 with Captain Nelson. We should have 271 left, but instead of that number we have only 200 to-day, including the chiefs who are absent. Seventy-one have either died, been killed, or deserted. But there are only 150 of you fit to carry anything, and therefore we cannot carry this boat any farther. I say let us sink her here by the river side, and let us press on to get food for ourselves and those with Captain Nelson, who are wondering what has become of us, before we all die in these woods. You are the carriers of the boat—not we. Do you speak, what shall be done unto her?"

Many suggestions were made by the officers and men, but Uledi of "Through the Dark Continent," always Uledi, the ever faithful Uledi, spoke straight to the purpose. "Sir, my advice is this. You go on with the caravan and search for the Manyema, and I and my crew will work at these rapids, and pole, row, or drag her on as we can. After I have gone two days up, if I do not see signs of the Manyema I will send men after you to keep touch with you. We cannot lose you, for a blind man could follow such a track as the caravan makes."

This suggestion was agreed by all to be the best, and it was arranged that our rule of conduct should be as Uledi sketched out.

We separated at 10 A.M., and in a short time I had my first experience among the loftier hills of the Aruwimi valley. I led the caravan northward through the trackless forest, sheering a little to the northeast to gain a spur, and using animal tracks when they served us. Progress was very slow, the undergrowth was dense; berries of the phrynium and fruit of the amomum, *fenessi*, and nuxvomica, besides the large wood beans and fungi of all sorts, were numerous, and each man gathered a plentiful harvest. Unaccustomed to hills for years, our hearts palpitated violently as we

breasted the steep wooded slopes, and cut and slashed at the impending creepers, bush, and plants.

Ah, it was a sad sight, unutterably sad, to see so many men struggling on blindly through that endless forest, following one white man, who was bound whither none knew, whom most believed did not know himself! They were in a veritable hell of hunger already! What nameless horrors awaited them further on none could conjecture. But what matter, death comes to every man soon or late! Therefore we pushed on and on, broke through the bush, trampled down the plants, wound along the crest of spurs zigzagging from northeast to northwest, and, descending to a bowl-like valley by a clear stream, lunched on our corn and berries.

During our mid-day halt, one Umari having seen some magnificent and ripe *fenessi* at the top of a tree sixty feet high, essayed to climb it; but, on gaining that height, a branch or his strength yielded, and he tumbled headlong upon the heads of two other men who were waiting to seize the fruit. Strange to say, none of them were very seriously injured. Umari was a little lame in the hip, and one of those upon whom he fell complained of a pain in the chest.

At 3.30, after a terrible struggle through a suffocating wilderness of arums, amoma, and bush, we came to a dark amphitheatral glen, and at the bottom found a camp just deserted by the natives, and in such hot haste that they had thought it best not to burden themselves with their treasures. Surely some divinity provided for us always in the most stressful hours! Two bushels of Indian corn and a bushel of beans awaited us in this camp.

My poor donkey from Zanzibar showed symptoms of surrender. Arums and amoma every day since June 28th were no fit food for a dainty Zanzibar ass, therefore to end his misery I shot him. The meat was as carefully shared as though it were the finest venison, for a wild and famished mob threatened to defy discipline. When the meat was fairly served a free fight took place over the skin, the bones were taken up and crushed, the hoofs were boiled for hours, there was nothing left of my faithful

animal but the spilled blood and hair; a pack of hyenas could not have made a more thorough disposal of it. That constituent of the human being which marks him as superior to all others of the animal creation was so deadened by hunger that our men had become merely carnivorous bipeds, inclined to be as ferocious as any beast of prey.

On the 16th we crossed through four deep gorges one after another, through wonderful growths of phrynina. The trees frequently bore *fenessi* nearly ripe, one foot long and eight inches in diameter. Some of this fruit was equal to pineapple; it was certainly wholesome. Even the rotten fruit was not rejected. When the *fenessi* were absent, the wood-bean tree flourished and kindly sprinkled the ground with its fruit. Nature seemed to confess that the wanderers had borne enough of pain and grief. The deepest solitudes showed increasing tenderness for the weary and long-suffering. The phrynina gave us their brightest red berries, the amoma furnished us with the finest, ripest scarlet fruit, the *fenessi* were in a state of perfection, the wood-beans were larger and fatter, the streams of the wood glens were clear and cold; no enemy was in sight, nothing was to be feared but hunger, and nature did its best with her unknown treasures, shaded us with her fragrant and loving shades, and whispered to us unspeakable things, sweetly and tenderly.

During the mid-day halt the men discussed our prospects. They said, with solemn shaking of their heads, "Know you that such and such a man is dead? that the other is lost! another will probably fall this afternoon! the rest will perish to-morrow!" The trumpet summoned all to their feet, to march on, and strive, and press forward to the goal.

Half an hour later the pioneers broke through a growth of amoma, and stepped on a road. And lo! on every tree we saw the peculiar "blaze" of the Manyema, a discovery that was transmitted by every voice from the head to the rear of the column, and was received with jubilant cheers.

"Which way, sir?" asked the delighted pioneers.

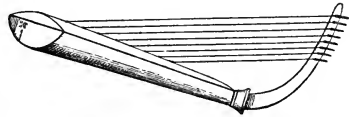
"Right turn, of course," I replied, feeling far more glad than any, and fuller

of longings for the settlement that was to end this terrible period, and shorten the misery of Nelson and his dark followers.

"Please God," they said, "to-morrow or the next day we shall have food," which meant that, after suffering unappeasable hunger for three hundred and thirty-six hours, they could patiently wait, if it pleased God, another thirty-six or sixty hours more.

We were all frightfully thin, the whites not so much reduced as our colored men. We thought of the future and abounded with hope, though deep depression followed any inspection of the people. We regretted that our followers did not have greater faith in us. Hunger, followed by despair, killed many. Many freely expressed their thoughts, and declared to one another plainly that we knew not whither we were marching. And they were not far wrong, for who knew what a day might bring forth in unexplored depths of woods? But, as they said, it was their fate to follow us, and therefore they followed fate. They had fared badly and had suffered greatly. It is hard to walk at all when weakness sets in through emptiness; it is still worse to do so when burdened with sixty pounds' weight. Over fifty were yet in fair condition; 150 were skeletons covered with ashy-gray skins, jaded and worn out, with every sign of wretchedness printed deep in their eyes, in their bodies, and movements. These could hardly do more than creep on and moan, and shed tears and sigh. My only dog "Randy," alas! how feeble he had become! Meat he had not tasted—except with me of the ass's meat—for weeks. Parched corn and beans were not fit for a terrier, and *fenessi* and *mabengu* and such other acid fruit he disdained, and so he declined, until he became as gaunt as the pariah of a Moslem. Stairs had never failed me. Jephson every now and then had been fortunate in discoveries of grain treasures, and had always showed an indomitable front; and Parke was ever striving, patient, cheerful, and gentle. Deep, deep down to undiscovered depths our life in the forest had enabled me to penetrate human nature with all its endurance and virtues.

Along the track of the Manyema it was easy to travel. Sometimes we came to a maze of roads; but once the general direction was found there was no difficulty to point to the right one. It appeared to be well travelled, and it was clearer



Musical Instrument of the Balegga.

every mile that we were approaching a populous settlement. As recent tracks became more numerous, the bush seemed more broken into with many a halt and many wayward strayings. Here and there trees had been lopped of their branches. Cording vines lay frequently on the track; pads for native carriers had often been dropped in haste. Most of the morning was expended in crossing a score of lazy, oozy rillets, which caused large breadths of slime-covered swamp. Wasps attacked the column at one crossing, and stung a man into high fever, and being in such an emaciated condition there was little chance of his recovery. After a march of seven miles southeastwardly we halted on the afternoon of the 17th.

The night was ushered in by a tempest which threatened to uproot the forest and bear it to the distant west, accompanied by floods of rain, and a severe, cold temperature. Nevertheless, fear of famishing drove us to begin the march at an early hour on the following day. In about an hour and a half we stood on the confines of a large clearing, but the fog was so dense that we could discern nothing further than two hundred feet in front. Resting awhile to debate upon our course, we heard a sonorous voice singing in a language none of us knew, and a lusty hail and an argument with what appeared to be some humor. As this was not a land where aborigines would dare to be so light-hearted and frivolous, this singing we believed could proceed from no other people than those who knew they had nothing to fear. I fired a Winchester rapidly in the air. The response by

heavy-loaded muskets revealed that these were the Manyema whom we had been so long seeking, and scarcely had the echoes ceased their reverberations than the caravan relieved its joy by long-continued hurrahs.

We descended the slope of the clearing to a little valley, and from all sides of an opposite slope were seen issuing lines of men and women to welcome us with friendly hails. We looked to the right and left, and saw thriving fields, Indian corn, rice, sweet potatoes, and beans. The well-known sounds of Arab greeting and hospitable tenders of friendship burst upon our ears; and our hands were soon clasped by lusty, huge fellows, who seemed to enjoy life in the wilds as much as they could have enjoyed it in their own lands. These came principally from Manyema, though their no less stout slaves, armed with percussion muskets and carbines, echoed heartily their superiors' sentiments and professions.

We were conducted up the sloping clearing through fields of luxuriant grain, by troops of men and youngsters, who were irrepressibly frolicsome in their joy at the new arrivals and dawning promise of a holiday. On arrival at the village, we were invited to take our seats in deep, shady verandas, where we soon had to answer to hosts of questions and congratulations. As the caravan filed past us to its allotted quarters, which men were appointed to show, numerous were the praises to God uttered by them for our marvellous escapes from the terrible wilderness that stretched from their settlement of Ipoto to the Basopo Cataract, a distance of 197 miles—praises in which, in our inmost hearts, each one of our sorely tried caravan most heartily joined.

This community of ivory hunters, established at Ipoto, had arrived five months previous to our coming from the banks of the Lualaba, from a point situated between the exits of the Lowwa and the Leopold into the great river. The journey had occupied them seven and a half months, and they had seen neither grass nor open country, nor even heard of them during their wanderings. They had halted a month at Kinnena on the Lindi, and had built a station-house for

their chief, Kilonga-Longa, who, when he had joined them with the main body, sent on about two hundred guns and two hundred slave carriers to strike further in a northeasterly direction, to discover some other prosperous settlement far in advance of him, whence they could sally out in bands to destroy, burn, and enslave natives in exchange for ivory. Through continual fighting, and the carelessness which the unbalanced mind is so apt to fall into after one or more happy successes, they had decreased in number within seven and a half months to a force of about ninety guns. On reaching the Lenda River they heard of the settlements of Ugarrowwa, and sheered off the limits of his raiding circle to obtain a centre of their own, and, crossing the Lenda, they succeeded in reaching the south bank of the Ituri, about south of their present settlement at Ipoto.

As the natives would not assist them over the river to the north bank, they cut down a big tree, and with axe and fire hollowed it into a sizable canoe, which conveyed them across to the north bank to Ipoto. Since that date they had launched out on one of the most sanguinary and destructive careers to which even Tippu-Tib's or Tagamoyo's career offer but poor comparison. Toward the Lenda and Ihuru Rivers, they had levelled into black ashes every settlement; their rage for destruction had even been vented on the plantain groves, every canoe on the rivers had been split into pieces, every island had been searched, and into the darkest recesses whither a slight track could be traced, they had penetrated, with only one dominating passion, which was to kill as many of the men and capture as many of the women and children as craft and cruelty would enable them. How far northward or eastward had these people reached? one said nine days' march, another fifteen days'; but wherever they had gone they had done precisely as we had seen between the Lenda River and Ipoto, and reduced the forest land into a howling wilderness, and throughout all the immense area had left scarcely a hut standing.

What these destroyers had left of groves and plantations of plantain and

bananas, manioc, and corn-fields, the elephant, chimpanzee, and monkeys had trampled and crushed into decaying and putrid muck, and in their places had sprung up, with the swiftness of mushrooms, whole hosts of large-leaved plants native to the soil, briars, calamus and bush, which the natives had in times past suppressed with their knives, axes, and hoes. With each season the bush grew more robust and taller, and a few seasons only were wanted to cover all traces of former habitation and labor.

From Ipoto to the Lenda the distance by our track is one hundred and five miles. Assume that this is the distance eastward to which their ravages have extended, and northward and southward, and we have something like forty-four thousand square miles. We know what Ugarrowwa has done, what he is still doing with all the vigor of his mind; and we know what the Arabs about Stanley Falls are doing on the Lumami, and what sort of devil's work Mumi Muhala and Bwana Mohamed are perpetrating around Lake Ozo, the source of the Lulu; and once we know where their centres are located, we may with a pair of compasses draw great circles round each, and park off areas of forty thousand and fifty thousand square miles into which half a dozen resolute men, aided by their hundreds of bandits, have divided about three-fourths of the great upper Congo forest for the sole purpose of murder, and becoming heirs



Pipe of the Undusuma.

Khamisi's area was along the line of the Ihuru, then east to Ibwiri; to Sangarameni all the land east and west between the Ibina and Ihuru affluents of the Ituri. Altogether there were one hun-



Pipe from Avijeli.

dred and fifty fighting men, but only about ninety were armed with guns. Kilonga-Longa was still at Kinnena, and was not expected for three months yet.

The fighting men under the three leaders consisted of Bakusu, Balegga, and Basongora, youths who were trained by the Manyema as riders in the forest region, in the same manner as in 1876. Manyema youths had been trained by Arabs and Waswahili of the east coast. We see in this extraordinary increase in the number of raiders in the upper Congo basin the fruits of the Arab policy of killing off the adult aborigines and preserving the children. The girls are distributed among the Arab, Swahili, and Manyema harems, the boys are trained to carry arms and are exercised in the use of them. When they are grown tall and strong enough they are rewarded with wives from the female servants of the harem, and then are admitted partners in these bloody ventures. So many parts of the profits are due to the great proprietor, such as Tippu-Tib, or Said bin Abed; a less number becomes the due of the headmen, and the remainder becomes the property of the bandits. At other times large ivories, over thirty-five pounds each, become the property of the proprietor; all over twenty pounds to thirty-five pounds belong to the headmen; scraps, pieces, and young ivory are permitted to be kept by the lucky finders. Hence every member of the caravan is inspired to do his best. The caravan is well armed and well manned by the proprietor, who stays at home on the Congo or Lualaba indulging in rice and pilaf and the excesses of his harem; the headmen, inspired by greed and cupidity, become ferocious and stern; the bandits fling themselves upon a settlement without

At the date of our arrival at Ipoto, there were the Man-

yema headmen, physically fine stalwart fellows, named Ismailia, Khamisi, and Sangarameni, who were responsible to Kilonga-Longa, their chief, for the followers and operations intrusted to their charge. At alternate periods each set out from Ipoto to his own special sub-district. Thus to Ismailia all roads from Ipoto to Ibwiri, and east to the Ituri, were given as his special charge.

mercy, to obtain the largest share of loot, of children, flocks, poultry, and ivory.

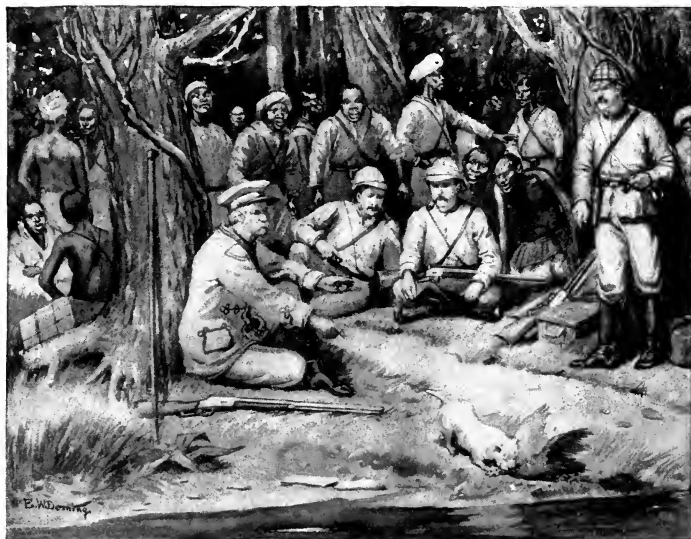
All this would be clearly beyond their power if they possessed no gunpowder. Not a mile beyond their settlements would the Arabs and their followers dare venture. It is more than likely that if gunpowder was prohibited entry into Africa there would be a general and quick migration to the sea of all Arabs from inner Africa, as the native chiefs would be immeasurably stronger than any combination of Arabs armed with spears. What possible chance could Tippu-Tib, Abed bin Salim, Ugarowwa and Kilonga-Longa have against the Basongora and Bakusu? How could the Arabs of Ujiji resist the Wajiji and Warundi, or how could those of Unyamwebe live among the bowmen and spearmen of Unyamwezi?

There is only one remedy for these wholesale devastations of African aborigines, and that is the solemn combination of England, Germany, France, Portugal, South and East Africa, and Congo State against the introduction of gunpowder into any part of the Continent except for the use of their own agents, soldiers, and employees; or seizing upon every tusk of ivory brought out, as there is not a single piece nowadays which has been gained lawfully. Every tusk, piece, and scrap in the possession of an Arab trader has been steeped and dyed in blood. Every pound weight has cost the life of a man, woman, or child; for every five pounds a hut has been burned; for every two tusks a whole village has been destroyed; every twenty tusks have been obtained at the price of a district, with all its people, villages, and plantations. It is simply incredible that because ivory is required for ornaments or billiard games, the rich heart of Africa should be laid waste at this late year of the nineteenth century, signalized as it has been by so much advance; that populations, tribes, and nations should be utterly destroyed. Whom, after all, does this bloody seizure of ivory enrich? Only a few dozens of half-castes, Arab and Negro, who, if due justice were dealt to them, should be made to sweat out the remainder of their piratical lives in the severest penal servitude.

On arriving in civilization after these terrible discoveries, I was told of a crusade that had been preached by Cardinal Lavigerie, and of a rising desire in Europe to effect a reform by force of arms, in the old crusader style, and to attack the Arabs and their followers in their strongholds in central Africa. It is just such a scheme as might have been expected from men who applauded Gordon when he set out with a white wand and six followers to rescue all the garrisons of the Soudan, a task which 14,000 of his countrymen, under one of the most skilful English generals, would have found impossible at that date. We pride ourselves upon being practical and sensible men, and yet every now and then let some enthusiast—whether Gladstone, Gordon, Lavigerie, or another—speak, and a wave of Quixotism spreads over many lands. The last thing I heard in connection with this mad project is that a band of one hundred Swedes, who have subscribed twenty-five pounds each, are about to sail to some part of the East Coast of Africa, and proceed to Tanganyika to commence ostensibly the extirpation of the Arab slave-trader, but in reality to commit suicide.

However, these matters are not the present object. We are about to have a more intimate acquaintance with the morals of the Manyema, and to understand them better than we ever expected we should.

They had not heard a word or a whisper of our headmen whom we had despatched as couriers to obtain relief for Nelson's party, and as it was scarcely possible that a starving caravan would accomplish the distance between Nelson's camp and Ipoto before six active and intelligent men, we began to fear that among the lost men we should have to number our Zanzibari chiefs. Their track was clear as far as the crossing-place of December 14th and 15th. It was most probable that the witless men would continue up the river until they were overpowered by the savages of some unknown village. Our minds were never free from anxiety respecting Captain Nelson and his men. Thirteen days had already elapsed since our parting. During this period their position



Randy and the Guinea Fowl.—Page 674.

was not worse than ours had been. The forest was around them as it was around us. They were not loaded down as we were. The most active men could search about for food, as they could employ their canoes to ferry themselves over to the scene of the forage of December 3d, one day's journey by land, or an hour by water. Berries and fungi abounded on the crest of the hills above their camp as in other parts. Yet we were anxious; and one of my first duties was to try and engage a relief party to take food to Nelson's camp. I was promised that it should be arranged next day.

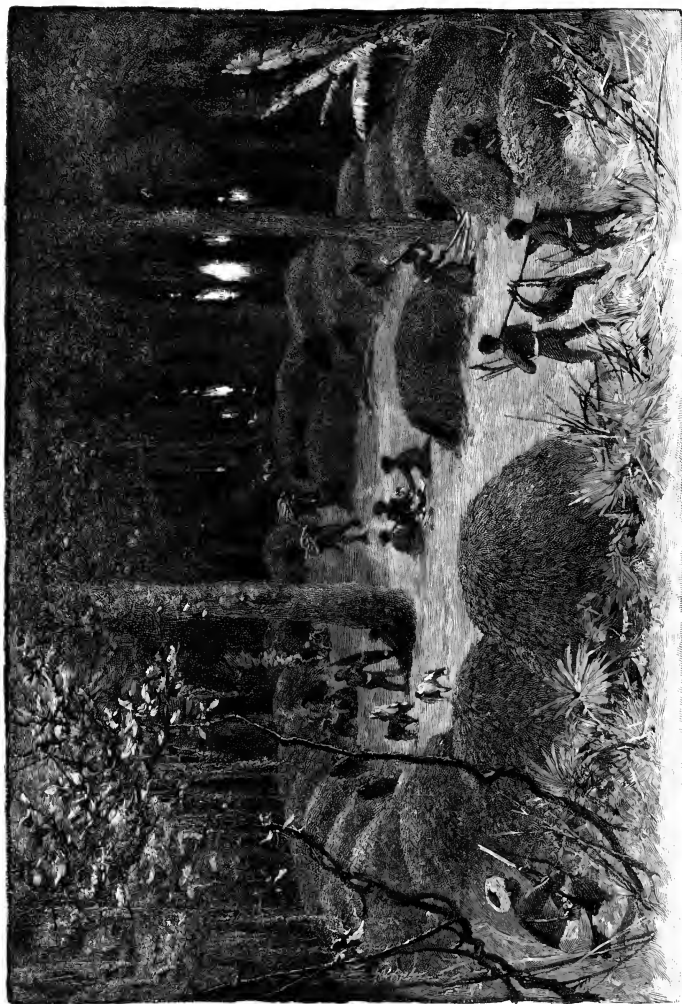
For ourselves we received three goats and twelve baskets of Indian corn, which, when distributed, gave six ears of corn per man. It furnished us with two good meals, and many must have felt revived and refreshed, as I did.

On the first day's halt at Ipoto we suffered considerable lassitude. Nature either furnishes a stomach and no food, or else furnishes a feast and robs us of all appetite. On the day before and on this we had fed sumptuously on rice and pilaf and goat's stew, but now we be-

gan to suffer from many illnesses. The masticators had forgotten their office, and the digestive organs disdained the dainties, and affected to be deranged. Seriously, it was the natural result of over-eating; corn mush, grits, parched corn, beans, and meat, are solids requiring gastric juice, which, after being famished for so many days, was not in sufficient supply for the eager demand made for it.

The Manyema had about three hundred or four hundred acres under corn, five acres under rice, and as many under beans. Sugar-cane was also grown largely. They possessed about one hundred goats—all stolen from the natives. In their store-huts they had immense supplies of Indian corn, drawn from some village near the Ihuru, and as yet unshucked. Their banana plantations were well stocked with fruit. Indeed the condition of everyone in the settlement was prime.

It is but right to acknowledge that we were received on the first day with ostentatious kindness, but on the third day something of a strangeness sprang



A Village of Wambutti Dwarfs.

up between us. Their cordiality probably arose from a belief that our loads contained some desirable articles; but unfortunately, the first-class beads that would have sufficed for the purchase of all their stock of corn were lost by the capsizing of a canoe near Panga Falls, and the gold-braided Arab burnouses were stolen below Ugarrowwa, by deserters. Disappointed at not receiving the expected quantity of fine cloth or fine beads, they proceeded systematically to tempt our men to sell everything they possessed, shirts, caps, daoles, waist-cloths, knives, belts, which, being their personal property, we had no objection. But the lucky owners of such articles, having been seen by others less fortunate hugely enjoying varieties of succulent food, were the means of inspiring the latter to envy, and finally to theft. The unthrifty and reckless men, sold their ammunition, accoutrements, bill hooks, ramrods, and finally their Remington rifles. Thus, after escaping the terrible dangers of starvation and such injuries as the many savage tribes could inflict on us, we were in near peril of becoming slaves to the Arab slaves.

Despite entreaties for corn, we could obtain no more than two ears per man per day. I promised to pay triple price for everything received on the arrival of the rear column; but with these people a present possession is better than a prospective one. They professed to doubt that we had cloth, and to believe that we had travelled all this distance to fight them. We represented, on the other hand, that all we needed were six ears of corn per day during nine days' rest. Three rifles disappeared. The headmen denied all knowledge of them. We were compelled to reflect that if it were true they suspected we entertained sinister intentions toward them, that surely the safest and craftiest policy would be to purchase our arms secretly, and disarm us altogether, when they could enforce what terms they pleased on us.

On the 21st six more rifles were abstracted. At this rate the expedition would be wrecked in a short time, for a body of men without arms, in the heart of the great forest, with a host of men to the eastward and a large body to the

westward depending upon them, were lost beyond hope of salvation. Both advance and retreat were equally cut off, and no resource would be left but absolute submission to the chief who chose to assert himself to be our master, or death. Therefore I proposed, for my part, to struggle strongly against such a fate, and either to provoke it instantly, or ward it off by prompt action.

A muster was made, the five men without arms were sentenced to twenty-five lashes each and to be tied up. After a considerable fume and fuss had been exhibited, a man stepped up, as one was about to undergo punishment, and begged permission to speak.

"This man is innocent, sir. I have his rifle in my hut, I seized it last night from Juma [one of the cooks], son of Forkali, as he brought it to a Manyema to sell. It may be Juma stole it from this man. I know that all these men have pleaded that their rifles have been stolen by others while they slept. It may be true as in this case." Meantime Juma had flown, but was found later on hiding in the corn fields. He confessed that he had stolen two, and had taken them to the informer to be disposed of for corn, or a goat, but it was solely at the instigation of the informer. It may have been true, for scarcely one of them but was quite capable of such a course; but the story was lame, and unreasonable in this case and was rejected. Another now came up and recognized Juma as the thief who had abstracted his rifle, and having proved his statement, and confession having been made, the prisoner was sentenced to immediate execution, which was accordingly carried out by hanging.

It now being proved beyond a doubt that the Manyema were purchasing our rifles at the rate of a few ears of corn per gun, I sent for the headmen, and made a formal demand for their instant restitution, otherwise they would be responsible for the consequences. They were inclined to be wrathful at first. They drove the Zanzibaris from the village out into the clearing, and there was every prospect of a fight, or, as very probable, that the expedition was about to be wrecked. Our men being so utterly demoralized, and utterly broken in

spirit from what they had undergone were not to be relied on, and as they were ready to sell themselves for corn—there was little chance of our winning a victory in case of a struggle. It requires fulness of stomach to be brave. At the same time death was sure to conclude us in any event, for to remain quiescent under such circumstances tended to produce an ultimate appeal to arms. With those eleven rifles, three thousand rounds of ammunition had been sold. No option presented itself to me than to be firm in my demand for the rifles; it was reiterated, under a threat that I would proceed to take other means, and as a proof of it they had but to look at the body hanging from a tree; for if we proceeded to such extremities as putting to death one of our own men, they certainly ought to know that we should feel ourselves perfectly prepared to take vengeance on those who had really caused his death by keeping open doors to receive stolen property.

After an hour's storming in their village they brought five rifles to me, and to my astonishment pointed out the sellers of them. Had it not been impolitic in the first place to drive things to the extreme, I should have declined receiving one of them back before all had been returned, and could I have been assured of the aid of fifty men I should have declared for a fight; but just at this juncture Uledi, the faithful coxswain of the *Advance*, strode into camp bringing news that the boat was safe at the landing-place of Ipoto and of his discovery of the six missing chiefs in a starving and bewildered state four miles from the settlement. This produced a revulsion of feeling. Gratitude for the discovery of my lost men, the sight of Uledi—the knowledge that, after all, despite the perverseness of human nature, I had some faithful fellows, left me for the time speechless.

Then the tale was told to Uledi and he undertook the business of eradicating the hostile feelings of the Manyema, and pleaded with me to let bygones be bygones, on the score that the dark days were ended, and happy days he was sure were in store for us.

"For surely, dear master," he said,

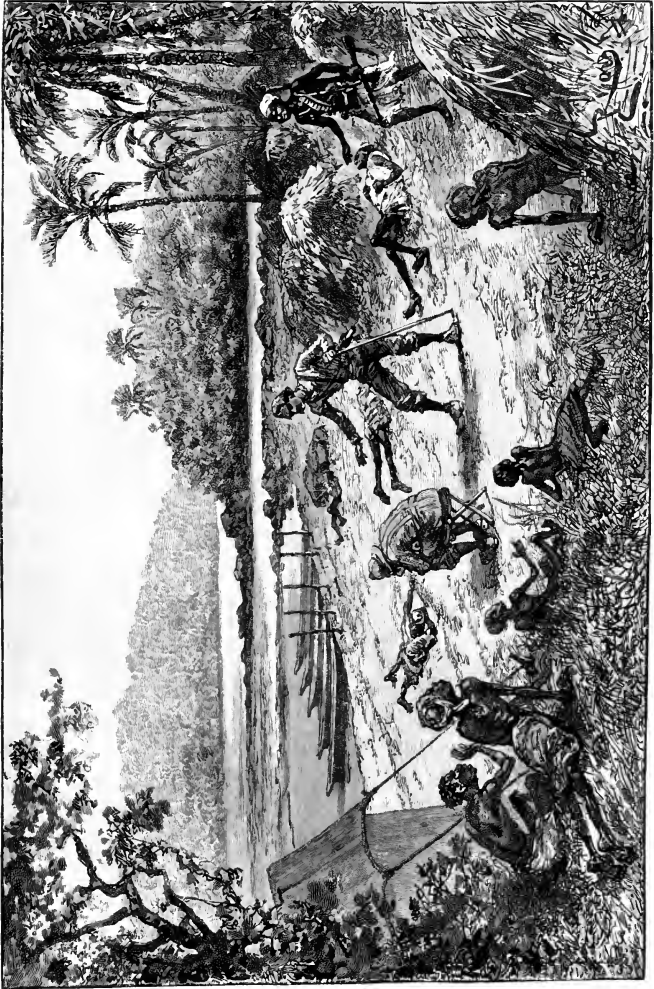
"after the longest night comes day, and why not sunshine after darkness with us? I think of how many long nights and dark days we pulled through in the old times when we pierced Africa together, and now let your heart be at peace. Please God we shall forget our troubles before long."

The culprits were ordered to be bound until morning. Uledi, with his bold, frank way, sailed straight into the affections of the Manyema headmen. Presents of corn were brought to me, apologies were made and accepted. The corn was distributed among the people, and we ended this troublesome day, which had brought us all to the verge of dissolution in much greater content than could have been hoped from its ominous commencement.

Our land-wandering chiefs, who were sent as heralds of our approach to Ipoto, arrived on Sunday the 23d. They surely had made but a fruitless quest, and they found us old residents of the place they had been despatched to seek. Haggard, wan, and feeble from seventeen days' feeding on what the uninhabited wilderness afforded, they were also greatly abashed at their failure. They had reached the Ibina River, which flows from the southeast, and struck it two days above the confluence with the Ituri; they had then followed the tributary down to the junction, had found a canoe and rowed across to the right bank, where they had nearly perished from hunger. Fortunately Uledi had discovered them in time, had informed them of the direction of Ipoto, and they had crawled as they best could to camp.

Before night Sangarameni, the third headman, appeared from a raid, with fifteen fine ivories. He said he had penetrated a twenty days' journey, and from a high hill had viewed an open country all grass land.

Out of a supply I obtained on this day I was able to give two ears of corn per man, and to store a couple of baskets for Nelson's party. But events were not progressing smoothly; I could obtain no favorable answer to my entreaty for a relief party. One of our men had been speared to death by the Manyema on a charge of stealing corn from the fields. One had been hanged,



Finding Nelson in Distress at Starvation Camp.
(After a sketch.)

twenty had been flogged for stealing ammunition, another had received two hundred cuts from the Manyema for attempting to steal. If only the men could have reasoned sensibly during these days how quickly matters could have been settled otherwise!

I had spoken and warned them with all earnestness to "endure, and cheer up," and that there were two ways of settling all this, but that I was afraid of them only, for they preferred the refuse of the Manyema to our wages and work. The Manyema were proving to them what they might expect of them; and with us the worst days were over; all we had to do was to march beyond the utmost reach of the Manyema raids, when we should all become as robust as they. Bah! I might as well have addressed my appeals to the trees of the forest as unto wretches so sodden in despair.

The Manyema had promised me three several times by this day to send eighty men as a relief party to Nelson's camp; but the arrival of Sangarameni, and various misunderstandings and other trifles had disturbed the arrangements.



A. J. Mounteney Jephson.

On the 24th firing was heard on the other side of the river, and under the plea that it indicated the arrival of Kilonga-Longa, the relief caravan was again prevented from setting out.

The next day those who had fired arrived in camp, and proved to be the

Manyema knaves whom we had seen on October 2d. Out of fifteen men they had lost one man from an arrow wound. They had wandered for twenty-four days to find the track; but having no other loads than provisions these had lasted with economy for fifteen days, but for the last nine days they had subsisted on mushrooms and wild fruit.

On this evening I succeeded in drawing a contract, and getting the three headmen to agree to the following:

"To send thirty men to the relief of Captain Nelson, with four hundred ears of corn for his party.

"To provide Captain Nelson and Surgeon Parke, and all sick men unable to work in the fields, with provisions, until our return from Lake Albert.

"The service of a guide from Ipoto to Ibwiri, for which they were to be paid one bale and a half of cloth on the arrival of the rear column."

It was drawn up in Arabic by Rashid, and in English by myself, and witnessed by three men.

For some fancy articles of personal property I succeeded in purchasing for Mr. Jephson and Captain Nelson two hundred and fifty ears of Indian corn, and for two hundred and fifty pistol cartridges I bought another quantity, and for an ivory-framed mirror from a dressing-case purchased two basketfuls; for three bottles of ottar of roses I obtained three fowls, so that I had one thousand ears of corn for the relieving and relieved parties.

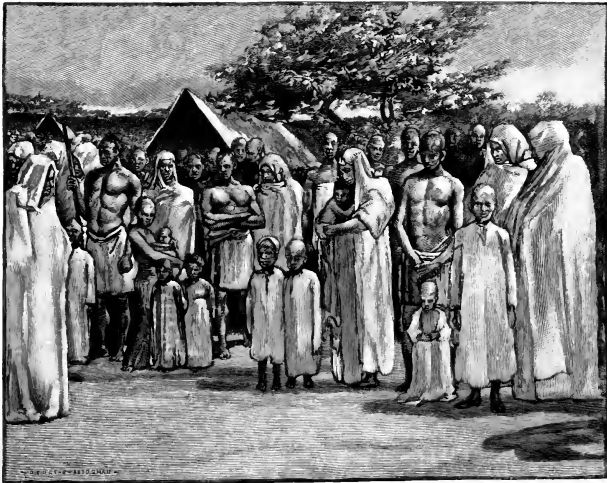
On the 26th Mr. Mounteney Jephson, forty Zanzibaris, and thirty Manyema slaves started on their journey to Nelson's camp. I cannot do better than introduce Mr. Jephson's report on his journey.

Jephson's Rescue of Nelson.

ARAB SETTLEMENT AT IPOTO,
November 4, 1887.

DEAR SIR: I left at mid-day on October 26th, and arrived at the river and crossed over with thirty Manyema and forty Zanzibaris under my charge the same afternoon and camped on landing. The next morning we started off early and reached the camp, where we had crossed the river when we were wander-

ing about in a starving condition in search of the Arabs; by mid-day the signs and arrow-heads we had marked All were passed by quickly to-day, and again the skeletons in the road testified to the trials through which we had



Egyptian Women and Children.
(From a photograph.)

on the trees to show the chiefs we had crossed were still fresh. I reached another of our camps that night. The next day we did nearly three of our former marches. The camp where Feruzi Ali had got his death-wound, and where we had spent three such miserable days of hunger and anxiety, looked very dismal as we passed through it. During the day we passed the skeletons of three of our men who had fallen down and died from sheer starvation; they were grim reminders of the misery through which we had so lately gone.

On the morning of the 29th I started off as soon as it was daylight, determining to reach Nelson that day and decide the question as to his being yet alive. Accompanied by one man only I soon found myself far ahead of my followers. As I neared Nelson's camp a feverish anxiety to know his fate possessed me, and I pushed on through streams and creeks, by banks and bogs, over which our starving people had slowly toiled with the boat sections.

passed. As I came down the hill into Nelson's camp, not a sound was heard but the groans of two dying men in a hut close by. The whole place had a deserted and woe-begone look. I came quietly round the tent and found Nelson sitting there; we clasped hands, and then, poor fellow! he turned away and sobbed, and muttered something about being very weak.

Nelson was greatly changed in appearance, being worn and haggard-looking, with deep lines about his eyes and mouth. He told me his anxiety had been intense, as day after day passed and no relief came; he had at last made up his mind that something had happened to us, and that we had been compelled to abandon him. He had lived chiefly upon fruits and fungi which his two boys had brought in from day to day. Of the fifty-two men you left with him, only five remained, of whom two were in a dying state. All the rest had either deserted him or were dead.

He has himself given you an account of his losses from death and desertion. I gave him the food you sent him, which I had carefully watched on the way, and he had one of the chickens and some porridge cooked at once ; it was the first nourishing food he had tasted for many days. After I had been with him there a couple of hours my people came in, and all crowded round the tent to offer him their congratulations.

You remember Nelson's feet had been very bad for some days before we left him ; he had hardly left the tent the whole time he had been here. At one time he had had ten ulcers on one foot, but he had now recovered from them in a great measure, and said he thought he would be able to march slowly. On the 30th we began the return march. I gave out most of the loads to the Man-yema and Zanzibaris, but was obliged to leave thirteen boxes of ammunition and seven other loads ; these I buried, and Parke will be able to fetch them later on.

Nelson did the marches better than I expected, though he was much knocked up at the end of each day. On the return march we crossed the river lower down and made our way up the right bank and struck your old road a day's march from the Arab camp. Here again we passed more skeletons, at one place there were three within two hundred yards of each other.

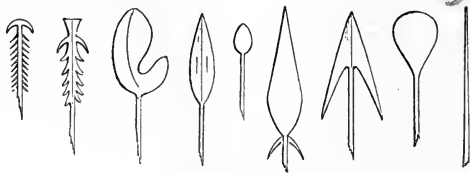
On the fifth day, that is November 3d, we reached the Arab camp, and Nelson's relief was accomplished. He has already picked up wonderfully in spite of the marching, but he cannot get sleep at

night, and is still in a nervous and highly strung state ; the rest in the Arab camp will, I trust, set him up again. It is certain that in his state of health he could not have followed us in our wanderings in search of food ; he must have fallen by the way.

I am &c., &c.,
(Signed) A. J. MOUNTENEY JEPESON.

On the evening of the 26th Ismaili entered my hut and declared that he had become so attached to me that he would dearly love to go through the process of blood-brotherhood with me. As I was about to intrust Captain Nelson and Surgeon Parke, and about thirty sick men, to the charge of himself and to brother chiefs, I readily consented, though it was somewhat *infra dig.* to make brotherhood with a slave ; but as he was powerful in that bloody gang of bandits, I pocketed my dignity and underwent the ceremony. I then selected a five-guinea rug, silk handkerchiefs, a couple of yards of crimson broad-cloth, and a few other costly trifles. Finally, I made another written agreement for guides to accompany me to the distance of fifteen camps, which he said was the limit of his territory, and for good treatment of my officers, and handed to him a gold watch and chain, value £49 in London, as pledge of this agreement, in presence of Surgeon Parke.

The next day, after leaving Surgeon Parke to attend to his friend Nelson, and twenty-nine men, we left Ipoto with our reduced force to strive once more with the hunger of the wilderness.



Arrow-heads of the Dwarfs.



Brick House, corner of East Sixty-eighth Street and Park Avenue, New York, built about 1880.
(A good example of appropriate architectural effect produced without sculptured ornament or expensive stone-cutting.)

THE CITY HOUSE.

[THE EAST AND SOUTH.]

By Russell Sturgis.

IN this paper a city house is assumed to be one which forms part of a thickly built neighborhood. The city house, according to this standard, occupies a lot which it almost entirely fills. It is either enclosed on both sides, so as to have its windows in the two narrow faces only, or else, if a corner house, it has the street on two sides of it, and another house set close against it on one side. Houses which are freer in this respect, and have windows on all four



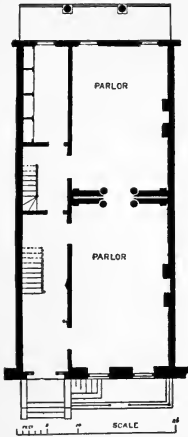
Houses on Washington Square, North, New York.

sides, and those which have, moreover, some ground about them, which circumstance will usually modify their plan, come under the head of suburban houses, and will be considered at another time.

The very simple New York house of 1830 and the years following, and the more stately houses of the same epoch were alike planned nearly as in Plan 1. The mansion of Washington Square and the six-thousand-dollar house of an out-

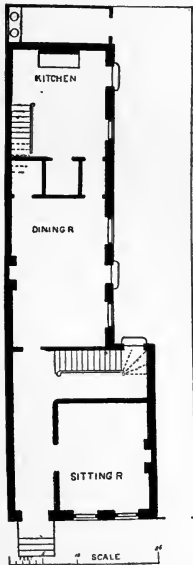
of-the-way street differ merely in dimensions, and in such minor features as the presence or absence of the columns which seem to reinforce the partition between the parlors, and the similar architectural adornments of the principal entrance. The stoop* contained

* This word, of Dutch origin, once unknown outside of New York and its immediate vicinity, but now in use throughout the country, is a desirable addition to the language, for it expresses what no other English word does. It corresponds very closely to the French *perron*.



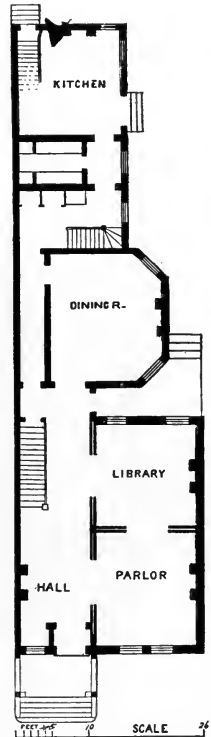
Plan 1.—A Washington Square House, New York, about 1830.

story, and between the kitchen and the dining-room were closets and pantries, with sometimes a trap in the wall through which dishes could be passed, and sometimes a free doorway. The back yard was not, as has been the later custom, dug out to the level of six or eight inches below the kitchen floor, but remained at the original level, and an area, that is, a sunken enclosure with retaining walls and a few rough stone steps, was made for access to the kitchen. In the second story there was the well-known arrangement of a large bedroom in front with two windows, and a small one adjoining it; the same arrangement in the rear, and the space between the two large bedrooms occupied by closets, called in New York, of old, always "pantries."



Plan 2.—Ground Plan of a Southern House.

not less than eight risers in addition to the door-sill; that is to say, the visitor had to mount at least nine steps from the sidewalk to reach the parlor floor; very often there were eleven or twelve steps in all. Indeed, one gentleman of the old school, who, in 1870, was building a house into which he wished to incorporate his reminiscences of the early time, insisted on a total height of seven feet seven inches for his stoop, or thirteen risers of seven inches each, which he thought was the normal height and arrangement of a New York stoop. In houses of 1830, both the larger and the smaller, the front basement room was expected to be used as a dining-room. So much of the common London house plan was retained, with, however, this important difference—that instead of entering the house on the dining-room floor, and going upstairs to the drawing-rooms, you entered the house on the drawing-room floor, and were obliged to plunge downstairs to the dining-room. The kitchen occupied the back part of the basement



Plan 3.—Ground Floor of a House in Richmond, Va.

After the introduction of the Croton water into New York, a bath was put up in the smaller back room, or, as it is generally called nowadays, the back hall-bedroom; and, in houses built after the introduction of Croton water, this was almost uniformly used as the bathroom. The water-supply in these houses was, however, limited to this bathroom and to the kitchen sink. There were no "set" wash-trays, no water-supply for the furnace—for there was no furnace, at least of the modern sort—no permanent basins in the bedrooms, no

sinks or other conveniences to which water was supplied; furthermore, there was no dumb-waiter connecting the kitchen floor and the parlor floor, because it was not expected that the family would eat anywhere except in the front basement room. Access to the roof was by

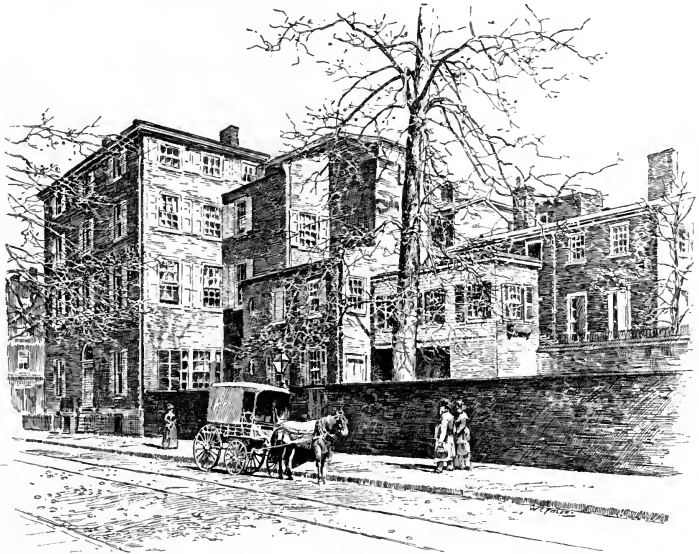
means of a movable ladder. The cellar was paved with cobble-stones, and had no fittings beyond a few shelves and one or two "hanging shelves," which were light platforms, hung by strips of wood nailed to the beams overhead; but at least every house had a cellar under its

whole extent, and this partly made up for the absent garret, which the growing disposition to make what are called flat roofs—that is, roofs with a very slight inclination, and covered, usually, with metal—was beginning to banish. Such a house, if it had two full stories of bedrooms above the parlors, was still called a "two-story house with finished attic," that is to say, the parlor story counted as one, and the second bedroom story was still the attic, whether it was everywhere nine feet or more high in the clear, or whether, as often happened, the slope of the roof cut off the back rooms to a height of six or even five feet at the rear wall. The front was of plain brick, with white marble lintels and stoop in the handsomer houses of Bleecker Street, Washington Place, Washington Square, and the like, or of Connecticut brown stone in Clinton Place, lower Fifth Avenue, Second Avenue, St. Mark's Place, and in other parts of the town. There was extreme simplicity in all the fittings and appointments, with the exception of here and there a costly detail; thus, in many of these houses, the doors of the parlor story, and sometimes of



Old Type of House in Beach Street, Boston.

- the first bedroom story, were of mahogany or rosewood veneered work, extremely handsome, well-made, and urban type, was usual. Plan 2 shows the ground-floor of such a house of the smaller and cheaper sort, and it will be



Rear View of Houses at Eighth and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia.

costly, while all the woodwork around them was of white pine, simply painted white, and without carving or ornament of applied composition. The tendency of the epoch thirty years earlier for rather elaborate decoration, with plaster, stucco, and the like, in the classical style, and applied freely to cornices and ceilings, had also disappeared, and a severe uniformity had become the rule.

The picture on p. 694 gives the exterior of such a house, taken from one of those now standing on the north side of Washington Square. The only discrepancy between plan and exterior view is that the latter has a more elaborate entrance; the doorway proper more deeply recessed and decorated with wooden columns within the recess, while a marble porch decorates the opening in the house-wall.

In Baltimore and the more Southern cities a very different plan of house, and one more nearly approaching the sub-

seen that such a plan presupposes lower prices for land and the possibility of using, for an eight-thousand or a ten-thousand dollar house, a larger, or at least a wider, lot than New York allowed to a house of twice the cost. The front building has but one room and the staircase hall in its depth; and this front building is usually three actual stories in height, namely, the ground-story, raised only two or three steps above the sidewalk; the drawing-room story above this, and a third story containing perhaps two bedrooms. The back building contains, above the rooms shown in the plan, at least one story of bedrooms. The back stairs leading from the kitchen communicate with this and with a sort of garret above. There is no water-supply to the house except a pump at the end of the yard, which pump, however, was replaced by a hydrant when water from an aqueduct was to be had.

Plan 3 shows a modification of this



Group of Houses at Third and Locust Streets, Philadelphia; built about 1810.

plan in the direction of greater elegance and cost. The plan is as noticeable for convenience and pleasantness, as, in its smaller way, is Plan 2. The little passage leading to the side door would seem to separate the dining-room from the parlors enough and not too much.

The superiority of these plans over the New York one, in all that goes to make up the comfort of domestic life, is obvious; but their merits are directly traceable to the low price of land. The unfortunate step taken long ago by our now-forgotten predecessors of placing New York City on this narrow island of Manhattan was felt in its fatal influence on the comfort of our homes before New York contained a quarter of a million of inhabitants.

The Boston type of house, Plans 4 and 5 [p. 701], seems to indicate a still greater scarcity of land than existed in New York, in which latter city the streets at least were tolerably wide and allowed of the usual exterior appliances—stoops,

areas, and courtyards, to use the most familiar terms. Boston, indeed, was a very crowded place before the building up of Back Bay was begun. The curious arrangement of the entrance flight of steps within the wall of the house was as characteristic a feature of Boston streets as any that could be named. Plan 4 shows the lowest story, raised five or six steps above the sidewalk. The front room was nearly always arranged for a dining-room, and so used; the back room was the kitchen, and beneath this story there was nothing but the cellar, raised half above the ground, like a New York basement story, and including the curious "archway," by means of which access was had to the kitchen by the tradesmen supplying the family. The butcher-boy, ringing at the archway bell, plunged down a steep flight of steps when the door was opened, passed through a passage-way partitioned off from the cellar, mounted a second flight of steps to the back yard, and so found

himself opposite the kitchen door. It was, indeed, the Baltimore or Philadelphia alley adapted to a small lot by being put under the house instead of beside it; and there were Boston houses which retained the alley on the street level, and were carried over it and so made wider in the upper stories. Plan 5 shows the drawing-room floor of a Boston house of this sort; and, as the room back of the staircase was often arranged for a china-closet, it would seem that the Boston family used often to dine in the back parlor. There was no dumb-waiter, to be sure, but Boston always was inclined to take after London, and to this day a waiting-maid in a London house brings all the dishes for the table up at least one flight of stairs to the dining-room, an arrangement which a New York maid or man would consider quite out of the question. There was no plumbing and no water-supply in such a house except in the kitchen, no dumb-waiter, no furnace. When the Cochituate water was brought into the city a bath-room was perhaps fitted up in the ground-floor extension, or more rarely in the third story. The

cost of such a house was about the same as that of a New York house of the same size, but the Boston lot was not usually of the full depth of a hundred feet. In view of the small size of the back yard, the "wash" was dried on the roof of the one-story extension, and the frames and racks adapted to this purpose were a characteristic feature of the interior of an old Boston block.

The picture on p. 696 is a front view of such a house. The steps that lead up to the front door might be of wood, as they were partially protected from the weather, and they were so except in rather costly houses. It was noticeable that in these houses there was no projection of any sort beyond the house-wall, nothing belonging to the house which in any way encroached upon the street. Perhaps a scraper for the feet at the main entrance would be the only accessory which invaded the public way, or perhaps the uppermost step of the flight leading to the archway would invade the sidewalk to the width of a foot or somewhat less. The New Yorker walking along the Boston streets had a curious sensation of brushing the walls of



House in Charleston, S. C.



House in Washington Place, New York.

the houses with his elbow, and of being within two feet of the people looking out of the windows of the ground floor. Something of the same kind we shall find in Philadelphia. The narrow and crooked streets, lined on both sides with houses like these, gave a singular air of sternness and simplicity to the town, and caused to a certain extent what was called the English look of Boston.

In the three typical houses we have been considering, it was always assumed that the dining-room would be on the floor below that occupied by the drawing-room or rooms; but in Philadelphia a type of house was in use from an early

time which put all the living-rooms on one floor, and very nearly on the level of the street. It is curious to see this retention of an eminently out-of-town feature in so thickly built a city. Plan 6 gives us the ground floor of such a house as this. The wealthy Quaker merchants of Philadelphia may be said to have brought this kind of house to as great perfection as the plan allows. Their fittings and decorations were of the most simple character, so far as the variety of form and color is concerned, but the workmanship was excellent, and there was no rejection of such worldly features as expensive wall-paper with

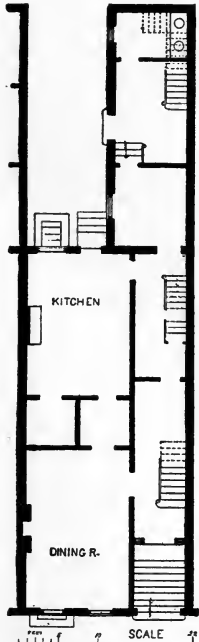
gold patterns on a gray ground, and doors and mantel-pieces of somewhat costly materials. In general, the fittings and appointments were at least as good as those of Boston and New York. As regards the plan, it must not be forgotten that the Philadelphia house communicated with a back alley running through the block, from which there was a gateway through the back wall of the yard and thence to the kitchen. In front, therefore, on the street, there needed to be but one entrance, and this was raised not more than five risers from the sidewalk. There was no front area, of course, and the smooth brick sidewalk was carried unbroken to the marble facing of the basement story, so that any passer-by could look in at the windows. The front parlor was made as wide as the house would allow, leaving only about five feet or thereabout for the passageway; but the staircase hall in the rear

was necessarily wider, and the staircase usually went up in double flights with platforms, so that the back parlor was therefore two feet or three feet narrower than the front. In this plan the dining-room is supposed to be the back parlor. This arrangement was facilitated by the closets between the two parlors, convenient in themselves and forming a lobby or short passage with two pairs of doors if desired; but houses somewhat more expensive have a larger back building than is sufficient for the kitchen and its appurtenances,

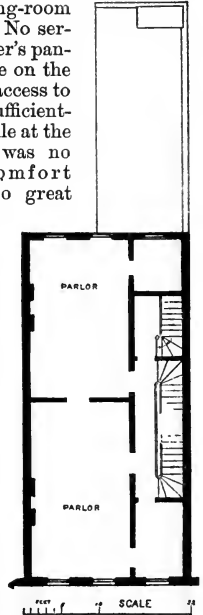
and have the dining-room itself in that L. No service room or butler's pantry was obtainable on the smaller plan, but access to the kitchen was sufficiently convenient, while at the same time there was no unnecessary discomfort caused by its too great vicinity. The upper stories had this peculiarity, that the staircase hall was always well-lighted by windows on the platforms of the staircase; for the back building did not extend above the first story. The inhabitants paid for their light staircase and hall by giving up one of the possible hall-bed-rooms on each floor. Houses like this, and in desirable neighborhoods too,

would rent for from \$600 to \$800 at a time when in New York absolutely nothing of the sort was known; when, even as now, one had to go to South Brooklyn or to Harlem for a six-hundred-dollar house and nearly as far for an eight-hundred-dollar one. Philadelphia as well as Baltimore had the advantage of plenty of land to spread over. It used this great advantage in a way not decorative or poetical assuredly, but in the most economical fashion, so as to make possible thousands of comfortable and sufficient private houses.

The picture on p. 697 shows the exterior, not indeed of just such a house as we have been describing, but of the corner house of a block of just such houses. The entrance being on the side street, around the corner, changes the arrangement of the principal rooms, and there is a much larger area enclosed from the street than we had assumed to be customary; but the

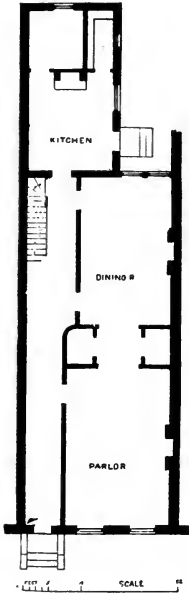


Plan 4.—Boston House, Ground Floor.



Plan 5.—Boston House, Second Floor.

back building containing the kitchen, the red brick and white marble, and above all the display of white-painted solid shutters at all the windows, above and below, are as characteristic as possible. These Philadelphia houses are so fascinating in their simplicity and homeliness, that it seems worth while to give in the picture on p. 698 a row of smaller ones, older perhaps than the types we have been considering, perhaps of about 1810, adorned with a little colored brick-work, and more picturesque than a later taste allowed.

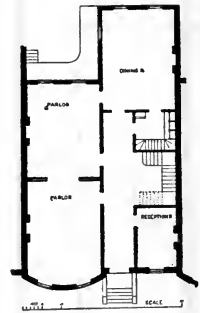


Plan 6.—Ground Floor of a Philadelphia House.

The types followed in the more Southern cities vary too much for us to follow them in detail. Thus, in New Orleans, the building of the larger houses around courts, or with large paved yards between the house and the street, made the type of smaller houses very uncertain. Each builder of a small house tried to secure some of the features of the larger ones, and the result was endless variety. In Savannah the house of the better class was apt to have the parlors, dining-room, etc., in a long suite, with windows opening on a garden which stretched the whole length of the house. In Charleston the houses were more like those in Northern cities, except the mansions of considerable size; these had "galleries," or verandas, sometimes two stories of them, as in the picture on p. 699, and resembled suburban rather than city houses. It is hard to establish a type for the smaller houses of the Southern cities. It is quite prob-

able that there was not quite so uniform a gradation between the humblest and the more elegant houses as in the North.

Wealthier families at the North, as well as at the South, enjoyed double houses, that is to say, houses with rooms on both sides of the entrance hall, occupying for the purpose lots of ground from thirty-seven to fifty feet in width. It is remarkable, however, that very few such houses were built in New York, as compared with the much greater number in Baltimore and Philadelphia, and even in crowded Boston. Mr. Bristed, in his "Upper Ten Thousand," the letters composing which work were contributed to *Frazer's Magazine* about 1845, puts his typical New York grandee into a house three rooms deep and twenty-seven feet wide, and explains that this house occupied a corner lot, and thus had the advantage of windows in the second room of the three. Indeed, any one who knew New York about 1845, will remember how unusual was the house with four or five windows in one story of its front. Still, such houses were known: The picture on p. 700 shows one that must have been a delightful residence; it is now no longer a private dwelling. The Boston double house was apt to be of the type shown in Plan 7. The lot is about forty feet wide. The two large parlors are in themselves almost exactly reproductions of the two parlors of the narrower houses that we have been considering; but, as half of the width of the lot is allowed them, they are broader, and with the width goes generally greater length. The plan, as it is given here, is a Boston plan, but the New York house of the same character was very like it, except that the rounded front of the parlor would be absent; for these "swell fronts" were essentially a Boston pecul-



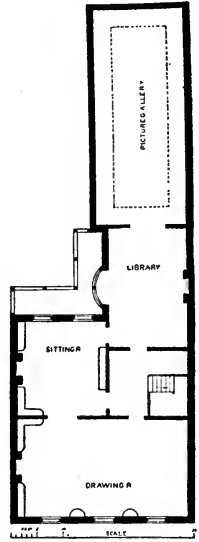
Plan 7.—Ground Floor, Boston Double-house.

liarity. The plan, as it is given here, is a Boston plan, but the New York house of the same character was very like it, except that the rounded front of the parlor would be absent; for these "swell fronts" were essentially a Boston pecul-

ilarity, and but two or three groups of them existed in New York. A similar house was built on a narrower lot, thirty-two feet wide or thereabouts, with this change, namely, that the dining-room, instead of slipping past the back parlor in the direction of the length of the house, so as to allow of a door in the longitudinal partition, as in Plan 7, was slipped past the back parlor the other way, or transversely, so that the door leading from the back parlor to the dining-room would be in the rear wall of the latter, and the back parlor would have but one window.

In this plan, the stoop, with entrance directly to the principal floor, was still maintained. With this exception, it is curious how like the plan is to a well-known English one. Plan 8 represents a house to which many an American has gone to see the beautiful works of art which it contained—a simple house in a quarter of London very fashionable forty years ago, and still respectable, with a venerable air of bygone magnificence. Here, as in pretty much all London houses, the entrance is on what we should call the basement floor, and on the same floor as the dining-room. The principal story is, therefore, left free from the annoyance of the entrance from the street, and consists of a series of drawing-rooms and sitting-rooms. The plan differs from that of other London houses of the same epoch, and of some dignity, chiefly in the great prolongation of the L or extension, so as to make a double picture-gallery of considerable size, lighted from the roof as well as from the side wall. Ordinarily, such a house had an extension of not more than fifteen feet from the rear wall of the main building, and a morning-room or sitting-room of moderate size occupied the whole of this. The immense superiority, for all purposes of elegant social life, of this plan over the Boston one is obvious. The only advantage which the Boston plan has is that of having the dining-room on the same floor as the sitting-room and drawing-room, so that dinner guests assembling in any of these rooms can go to the dining-room, and can, later, pass from the dining-room to the drawing-room without going up and down stairs. This

advantage is perhaps fully counterbalanced by the avoidance of the neighborhood of the dining-room with its odors, so unwelcome after the dinner is over. In a city house there is hardly room for the dining-room on the same floor with the drawing-room, without this annoyance; and in all other respects the London plan has the clear advantage, the rooms for family life and for entertainment being alike free from the double annoyance of the doorway to the street with its passage or entry cutting across the sequence of the apartments, and of the dining-room with its pantries and other appurtenances. There is, indeed, but one good reason for the adoption of the "high-stoop" plan, and that is the lack, in this country, of fairly well-trained servants. The lady of the house receiving in London is supposed to ring for a servant to show her guest to the outer door, to open it and close it again. In planning the American house, it is assumed that she will not have servants enough, or well-trained enough, to allow of such a manner of speeding her parting guest; she is supposed to be left to her own resources, and to be more able to see that her guests get out of the house in safety if she is herself in the room immediately adjoining the entrance. No other reason has ever been suggested, so far as the author knows, for the solecism, almost universal in America now, of having the principal rooms for entertainment and family life as close as possible to the street door. It is, in fact, a country plan or a sub-urban plan, adapted badly enough to



Plan 8.—An Old London House.

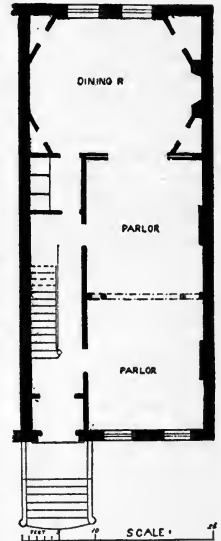
city uses. It dates from a time when the door-bell did not ring much more often in a city house than the knocker sounded in a country house; from a time when there was practically no service, and when, the door standing open in pleasant weather, the visitor or messenger or tradesman announced his presence as best he could, by rapping at the open door, or by hemming or coughing in the front hall; when, during the hours of an evening entertainment, no interruption was to be expected, and when morning or afternoon visiting was so far informal and a matter of free intercourse between neighbors, that there was little call for further ceremony than the good-by at the door.

Such, then, were the houses in which our fathers lived when they were obliged to confine their habitations to city lots. They may be taken as dating from 1830, and any inquiry that we have to make into the later development of the American city plans will begin with 1850, leaving between these two dates a space of time great enough to form a visible boundary between the plans of the old time and the plans of the new time. In dealing with modern plans, we have to consider a much more self-conscious and deliberate epoch than that which went before. As writers of the history of the grander forms of architecture draw a sharp line between all the styles existing previous to the classic revival of the fifteenth century and those that have succeeded it, that line separating the unconscious and, so to speak, aboriginal styles of architecture from the deliberately worked-up and thought-out styles that we know as modern, so, in dealing with these American house plans, we must separate rather sharply the simple plans of our ancestors from the modern ones, supposed to be the deliberately worked-out conceptions of their authors.

Let us hasten to say that this last theory is not yet completely realized. New York is held back by a half-and-half adoption of the modern idea. Boston is wiser or more fortunate in this, that the modern idea is more faithfully followed up. In Boston, the man of some means, who wishes to have a house, employs an architect whom he

considers the most intelligent or the most agreeable, and builds his house: in New York, the man, even of wealth, goes with his wife to look at ready-made houses, and accepts, buys, and pays for the one which is the least objectionable. In other words, the Boston man has his clothes carefully made for him by a tailor whom he thinks skilful: the New York man buys his clothes ready-made. Oddly enough, this comparison, if taken literally, is the reverse of true; for the New York man is notoriously the most carefully dressed man on the continent, and has, as Mark Twain says, "a godless grace and snap and style" about himself and his dress which the people of other communities find it impossible to reproduce; but in building — except in the obviously exceptional case of palaces — elegance, comfort, and a careful adaptation of means to an end, are less studied in New York than in any other community which can in any respect be compared with it.

The modern New York house in its original state is, of course, the simple house, Plan 1, with the addition of a back room and a vestibule. The back room was called the "third room," the "tea-room," and often the "extension." Originally this room formed really a one-story extension, and was most commonly built as an after-thought and an addition to the house as at first planned. The next step was to include such a room as this in the house as originally conceived. Plan 9 shows this change and shows also the step that immediately and inevitably fol-



Plan 9.—New York House, 1860,
Ground Floor Plan.

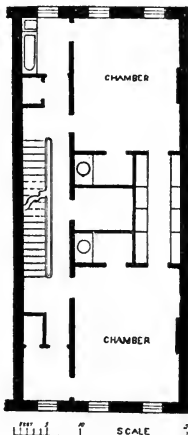
lowed, namely, the abandonment of the division wall between the two parlors, and the substitution for it of a screen of columns. One great reason for this change was the disagreeable effect of a room with no windows. By doing away with the wall between the front and the back parlor, the two parlors became one room, and there was no longer a room without a window; but an obvious improvement upon this was to do away with the screen of columns also, and to substitute either a transom, or a slightly indicated arch, across the long and narrow parlor; which arch or transom, in its turn, disappeared, and the whole space was treated as a single room, having probably a single fireplace in the middle of the wall, and perhaps a single doorway from the entry. It is hardly necessary to show these different steps in separate cuts. In all of them the back room is prepared for use as a dining-room, and that part of the hall or entry which is enclosed, next adjoining it, is fitted with a dumb-waiter and cupboards, so as to answer for a small service-room, or, as it is called in New York, a butler's pantry.

The depth of the house thus obtained would have been fifty-seven or fifty-eight feet if the full length of the old parlors had been retained; but it has often happened that the one long parlor which has succeeded them is shortened from forty to thirty-four feet, or even less, so that, with a back room fifteen feet wide, the house, with its walls, is brought within fifty feet. This is a reasonable depth, leaving a satisfactory back yard; and this depth is carried up for the full height of the house. There appeared, contemporaneously with these changes in the main floor, the common addition of a third story of bed-rooms, making what would have been called forty years ago a three-story-and-attic house, but which we call to-day, more simply and naturally, a four-story house. These two changes, coming together as they did, raised the price of New York houses considerably, for there were no houses constructed on the older and simple plan, or almost none. To find the seven-thousand-dollar or eight-thousand-dollar house of 1850 and later years, one has to take either a house sixteen feet wide or even twelve and a half feet wide, or

less, or else go far afield. It has been extremely difficult to get a house for a reasonable price or a reasonable rent in

New York, and the reason for that is obvious: space is so much in demand for houses that will bring \$20,000, and over, that it is found far more profitable to provide such houses than smaller ones, except, of course, in the forgotten parts of the city, where persons with any pretensions to a claim to polite society do not wish to live.

There was, however, a good deal of sense in this ground-floor



Plan 10.—New York House, 1860, Second Floor.

plan, and it maintained itself for thirty years as almost the only pattern for houses worth, with the land, from \$20,000 to \$35,000. The plan of the bed-room floor of such a house was also very sensible and reasonable, when there was not too eager an attempt to get a great many bed-rooms, resulting in the use for that purpose of some rooms not properly lighted. For a family not too large for the house no plan is likely to be better than the one shown in Plan 10, where a large bedroom at the front and a large bedroom at the back are at once divided and connected by a passageway with cupboards on each side, each room having also a separate large closet, in which a water-supply can easily be arranged and often is provided. The two smaller rooms can be used either as two bedrooms, or one of them as a sitting-room, sewing-room, or the like. In plans of this simple kind one of these rooms, and perhaps one on the third bedroom floor, is used for a bathroom, as indeed Plan 10 shows. When the house is somewhat deeper, and the space between the two large bedrooms thereby increased, the bathroom is often put in the middle of

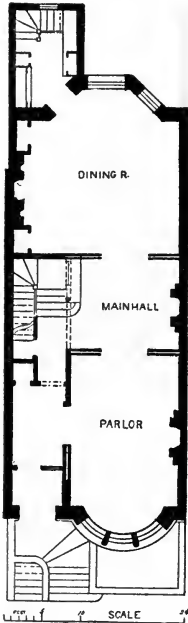
the house between the closets which connect the large bedrooms. In this case a light-shaft from the roof gives light and ventilation. These light-shafts have been interfered with by the recent New York building laws, as indeed reason was, for they are a terrible danger on account of their adaptedness to serve as flues for spreading fire rapidly from floor to floor.

One of the most approved recent modifications of this arrangement is shown in Plan 11.* The main peculiarity in this is the resolute insistence on something in the way of a hall, which shall replace the long, narrow entrance-way called by that name by former generations. Out of this square hall the

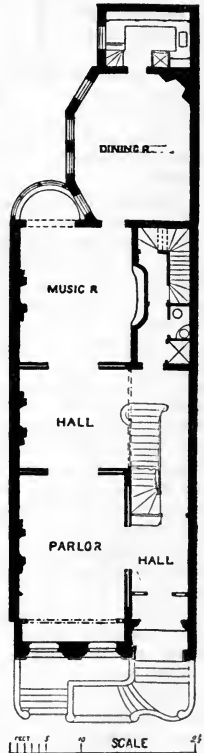
staircase to the upper stories must necessarily lead, and the completeness of the screening of this staircase from the hall, so as to make the access to it partly private from at least a part of the house, is the main point of difference among many different modern houses. In some an architectural screen is arranged, amounting almost to a complete partition, so that, unless doors are left open, the staircase is in an apartment by itself; in others, as in the one before us, this separation is effected by means of an open arcade, or row of columns, with curtains which can be adjusted at pleasure. Whether this plan is agreeable or not in daily use, depends on the habits of the family. It seems to be founded

largely upon the idea that a hall and staircase should be handsome and spacious, and that a house that has not a handsome and spacious hall and staircase is an inferior one. This theory cannot be maintained in all cases. It may often be better to reduce the entrance-way and the staircase to the narrowest and humblest dimensions reconcilable with convenience, in order that the rooms actually lived in may be the larger. It is a quite defensible proposition that passageways and stairways need only be wide enough to make the moving of furniture into and out of the house practicable, and that every available inch of room should be put into rooms which are capable of being wholly shut off

from the passages. The square hall in the middle of the house, as it has been introduced into such New York houses as cost, with the land, from \$20,000 to \$35,000, is certainly open to the objection that it is not a comfortable or agreeable sitting-room, because too public and because not easily made warm, while, on the other hand, it is altogether unnecessary as a means of communication between more secluded and more pleasant apartments. It remains to be seen whether the whole scheme will be abandoned, as a temporary "fad," or



Plan 11.—Modern New York House, West End Avenue.



Plan 12.—First Floor of House in Eighty-first Street, New York.

*House in West End Avenue, designed by Messrs. Berg & Clark.

whether modifications can be introduced into it which will make it a permanent feature of our residences.

Plan 12 shows a house which occupies nearly the whole of its hundred-foot lot.* The arrangements by which the four rooms ensuite are made all accessible and convenient, whether used separately or together, are certainly excellent, nor is it easy to see how the ground can be used to better advantage.

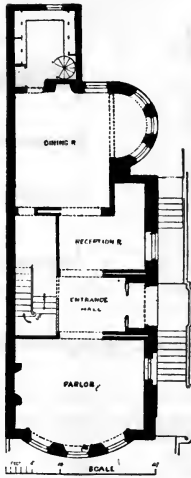
Before leaving the consideration of these twenty-five-foot and twenty-two-foot houses, standing in the middle of blocks, reference must be made to our illustrations, which give the fronts of such houses as these. Thus, the picture on page 710 shows a very original and certainly effective façade, executed in light yellow brick, with the entire framework and architectural setting of the windows in terra cotta, a few shades darker than the color of the walls.† The left hand picture on p. 711 gives an admirable design; one of the most simple and yet effective and spirited fronts which New York can show.‡ The right hand picture on p. 711 shows one section or bay of the well-known row of houses in Lafayette Place; this is of the old and almost forgotten New York, and contrasts with the very recently built exteriors.

There is no doubt that until very much greater familiarity with the possibilities of our narrow fronts has been gained by close and minute study of their decorative treatment by our architects, severe restraint and an almost

* House in West Eighty-first Street, fronting on Manhattan Square, Messrs. Berr & Clark, architects.

† House in East Thirty-third Street.

‡ House in East Forty-ninth Street.

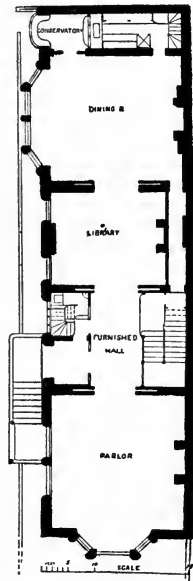


Plan 13.—Corner House on West End Avenue, New York.

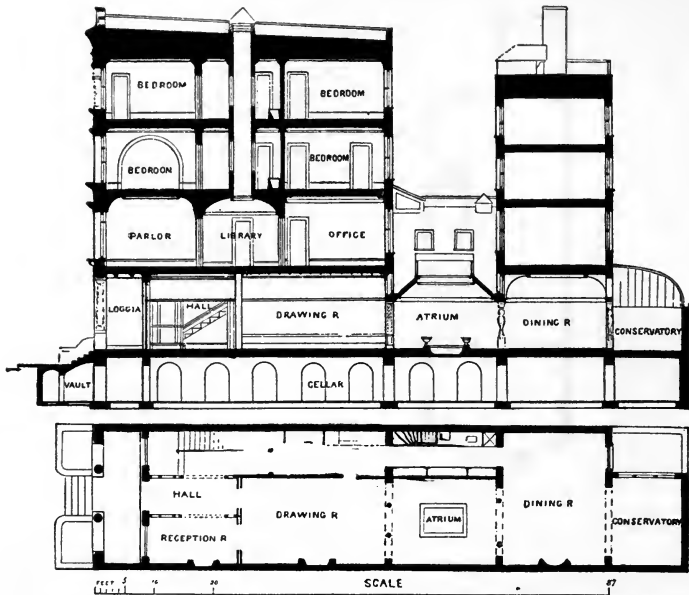
complete abstinence from elaborate ornament form the only safe course to pursue. Not only architectural sculpture in the strict sense is to be avoided, until it has been much more thoroughly studied than our architects have yet been able to study it, but larger features, such as bay-windows, porches, and the like, which are matters of course, and which every owner thinks he can have if he can pay for them—even these are dangerous things, and are apt to ruin the fronts in which they are embodied. The front given in the Forty-ninth Street house, on p. 711, seems to answer all the requirements of the case: it is rich and complete looking, it argues care and thought on the part of the designer, and no improper parsimony on the part of the owner; and there is nothing attempted in it which our designers do not thoroughly understand or which our workmen are unable to execute.

The subject of corner houses must be touched upon briefly. Where the entrance is in the narrower front,

the house is not very unlike a house which is wedged in between two others, the only important difference being that the rooms can be lighted from the side, and some slight improvements are thus rendered easy; but it is rather the custom of late years in New York to enter such corner houses in the middle of the wider front; and this brings up the difficulty alluded to above of separating the two main parts of the house too decidedly one from another; with the added in-



Plan 14.—House in Fifth Avenue, New York.



Plan 15.—Section and Plan of a Modern New York House, showing partial separation of front and back buildings.

convenience of direct entrance from the street into this separating hall. Elegant corner houses, twenty-five feet by sixty and thereabouts, are spoiled by having the hall carried athwart them for nearly their whole width, cutting off one-half of the large rooms of the principal floor from the other half by a strip of passageway, which it is indeed customary to consider as part of the available space for guests, but which is in reality liable to sudden invasion from out of doors. The high-stoop house, with which New York is afflicted for its sins, shows perhaps more of its awkwardness here than in the houses entered at one end. When an entertainment is going on, especially if it is a large one, when the company rather crowds the house, the guests who arrive must pass through the already assembled company, and gain their dressing-rooms as best they may; and in like manner those guests who may wish to depart early have the gauntlet to run once more. This, which was bad in the old

houses, is worse in the new. Custom has made it a matter of course to pass, in wet and bedraggled out-of-door garments, through a full-dressed assemblage, but it is none the less a solecism.

Plan 13* shows what must be a delightful house to live in; and the staircase here is retired enough to make it much better for daily use than it would be if open to the entrance-hall; but here there is still no remedy provided for that awkward arrival and departure of guests, threading their tortuous way through a crowded party. Really, our wealthy New Yorkers ought to remember that their houses are not to live in only. They are to "entertain" in too, and that to an extent hardly reconcilable with right reason. If, therefore, the thronged receptions and dancing-parties are to be as agreeable as their nature allows, the houses must really be planned with some regard to their requirements.

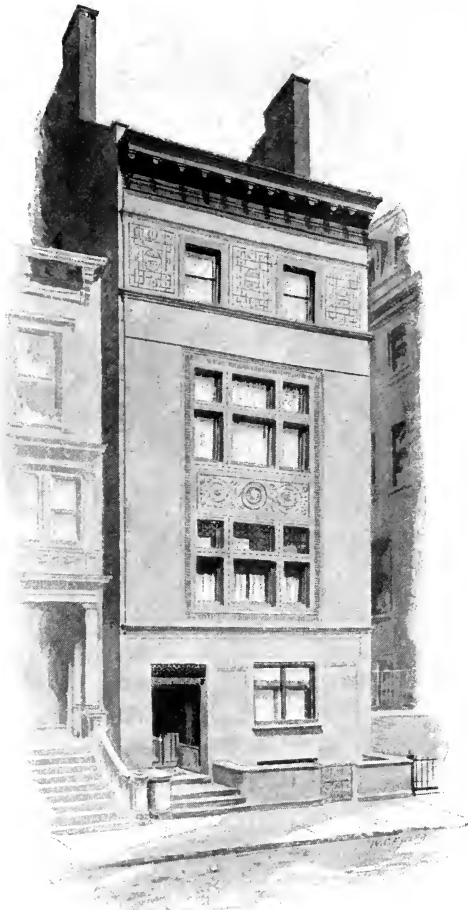
* House on West End Avenue, Babb, Cook & Willard, architects.



The Sears Houses, now the Somerset Club, exemplifying the more sumptuous Boston House of 1840 and later.
 (The "archway" is retained in the passage leading from the doorway in the Terrace Wall.)

But, apart from this, what a good plan we have here, and how charming in its simplicity is the exterior, shown in the picture on p. 712. It is not the object of this paper to dwell upon details, else there would be many things to praise in this design; but mention must

be made at least of the treatment of all the faces as parts of the same design—front, side, and rear all of the same material and treated in the same fashion. It is an elementary truth that a corner house will not be a good design if it has a "front" faced with ashlar, a "gable"



House in East Thirty-third Street, New York.

or end wall faced with Philadelphia brick, and a rear wall of cheaper brick; and yet sumptuous houses are built on that principle to-day.

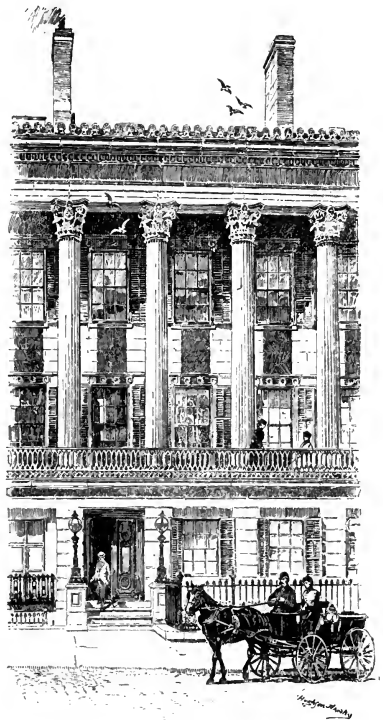
Plan 14* shows a simple remedy for some of the troubles we have been considering, namely, a staircase, narrow, but sufficiently easy and spacious for

* House in Fifth Avenue, designed by Robert H. Robertson, architect.

the purpose, carried up direct from the vestibule of the front door to the second story, and equally capable of being carried down to the basement. By means of this, both ladies and gentlemen, on arriving at the house, may go direct to the dressing-rooms provided for them. A very slight extension of the plan would allow of an elevator having the same relation to the first and second stories; but, as to the staircase, it is to be observed that such a ready communication as this between the front door and the upper and lower stories is desirable on other accounts as well. A similar feature is to be seen in large English country houses, where what is called the "bachelors' stair" communicates directly from out of doors to the bed-rooms above, enabling men who come, wet or muddy, from out-of-door sports, to seek their bed-rooms without passing up the great staircase. Such accessories and facilities as this have been too much neglected in our American houses hitherto.

There is no doubt, however, that the real difficulty is in the high-stoop house itself, which is a survival of early and simpler habits, and should have been abandoned long ago for all city dwellings. There is an anomaly, which only long custom blinds us to, in the coming of a porter with a great package or a messenger boy with a note, and his waiting for ten minutes, while an answer is being prepared, within three feet of the door, which opens into the drawing-room, which may at that moment be devoted to a large and dressy assembly. It is almost equally objectionable during the

hours of family tranquillity ; though, as the rooms are not crowded at such times, the door of communication can be shut. There may be a sufficient reason for the retention of the old high-stoop plan in small houses, in which there would not be many entertainments held, and none of a ceremonious kind ; but the moment that rich men begin to build houses for their wives and daughters to use in costly entertainment, that moment the plan should have been abandoned once for all. Nothing more incongruous than our New York palaces, of which the first notable one was the marble structure at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, has



Old New York Houses, now the Colonnade Hotel, Lafayette Place, New York.

ever been planned or erected. They are in almost all respects small houses looked at through a magnifying glass ; the necessary conditions of a stately house, a sort of palazzo, have hardly been considered in them ; the American citizen whose fortune has increased a hundred-fold builds a house perhaps ten-fold larger than he would otherwise have done, but in other respects very similar to that one in which his father lived in days of comparative poverty.

In closing this examination it will be well to show at least one bold departure from the accepted method of proceeding. Plan 15 (p. 708) shows the first story, and a vertical section of a house*

* House designed by Thayer & Robinson, architects.



House in East Forty-ninth Street, New York.



House in West End Avenue, New York.

in which many of the disadvantages of our ordinary New York houses are avoided. The treatment of the front and back building in intimate connection with one another below, and wholly separate above, is excellent, and reminds the student of two very dissimilar, but in their way equally successful, types, namely, that of the German and the Flemish houses of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, a survival itself of an earlier form; and secondly, that of a host of London houses, of which one of the best instances is given in Mr. Kerr's book, "The English Gentleman's House." In the English scheme, the back building contains only the stables on the ground floor, opening into a mews in the rear of the house, and rooms above for the coachman and stable help,

while the main building in front has seven available stories, namely the ground floor, which is six steps above the sidewalk; a basement below it, of which only a small part is used for cellarage; and not less than five stories above. This, however, is a detail. The house may be larger or smaller. The theory of giving light to all the rooms by cutting a court for light boldly through the house, and dividing it thus into a front and a rear building, is one that should have been put into practice before this. The other peculiarities in the house, Plan 15, need study, and it is only after several such houses shall have been built that these can be judged aright. Thus, the loggia at the entrance seems to us a mistake, not likely to be useful, and certainly objectionable in

several ways. On the other hand, the placing of the kitchen above the dining-room in the back building, would probably work very well.

Unfortunately, it is not New York that will solve such problems. The custom so prevalent there of building houses in blocks, and on general principles, for sale to whomsoever will buy, is, of course, preclusive of any originality in treatment, or of the application of any thought and skill to delicacy of plan and arrangement. This fashion is in every way hostile to the best interests of the city. It is impossible for the architect to plan with his best skill when he has to provide for, not a special family, with peculiar needs, but a general, a possible family, of tastes which cannot be foreseen. To plan a house which may please almost anybody, instead of a house specially adapted to please somebody, is forlorn business. As for good building, too, it has been ascertained long ago that solidly built houses cannot be made profitable to him who builds to sell. A certain popular kind of elegance pays very well; but the cost of solid brick-work, well-built flues, extra deep floor-

timbers, and the like, this will never come back to the man who has invested in them. And as for the artistic side of it all, a speculative builder is not a lover of good architectural ornament, nor does he believe in it; and he is right. Good architectural ornament assuredly will never pay.

It is often pointed out how much a city is injured by the existence within its limits of a large amount of leasehold property; because houses on leased ground will not be so well built as those on freehold ground. But, indeed, houses built by their expectant inhabitants on leased lots would be far better for New York than houses built for sale on land held in fee simple. The one thing needful is that relation between owner and architect which will call out the best gifts of the planner and designer, and which will result in the house best fitted to be the home of its owner's family, and of such general design and ornamentation as is best suited to the plan. The architects will meet their employers more than half way; but the initiative must come from the owner—from the man who wants a house.

THE MAGIC HOUSE.

By Duncan Campbell Scott.

In her chamber, wheresoe'er
 Time shall build the walls of it,
 Melodies shall minister,
 Mellow sounds shall fit
 Through a dusk of musk and myrrh.

Lingering in the spaces vague,
 Like the breath within a flute,
 Winds shall move along the stair;
 When she walketh mute
 Music meet shall greet her there.

Time shall make a truce with Time,
 All the languid dials tell
 Irised hours of gossamer,
 Eve perpetual
 Shall the night or light defer.

THE MAGIC HOUSE.

From her casement she shall see
 Down a valley wild and dim,
 Swart with woods of pine and fir;
 Shall the sunsets swim
 Red with untold gold to her.

From her terrace she shall see
 Lines of birds like dusky motes
 Falling in the heated glare;
 How an eagle floats
 In the wan unconscious air!

From her turret she shall see
 Vision of a cloudy place,
 Like a group of opal flowers
 On the verge of space,
 Or a town, or crown of towers.

From her garden she shall hear
 Fall the cones between the pines;
 She shall seem to hear the sea,
 Or behind the vines
 Some small noise, a voice maybe.

But no thing shall habit there,
 There no human foot shall fall,
 No sweet word the silence stir,
 Naught her name shall call,
 Nothing come to comfort her.

But about the middle night,
 When the dusk is loathèd most,
 Ancient thoughts and words long said,
 Like an alien host,
 There shall come unsummonèd.

With her forehead on her wrist
 She shall lean against the wall
 And see all the dream go by.
 In the interval
 Time shall turn Eternity.

But the agony shall pass—
 Fainting with unuttered prayer,
 She shall see the world's outlines
 And the weary glare
 And the bare unvaried pines.



JERRY.

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

"Alone and empty-handed in this world
Where loves and hopes crowd thick as Heaven's
stars."



HE sat in the doorway with his elbows on his knees, and his chin in his dirty little hands. His yellow face was expressionless almost; and his thin, straight lips looked as if

they could never have smiled or laughed as a child's lips should. A tired face, with all the lines set as in the countenance of an old person; a stolid face that gave small sign of heart, or mind, or soul.

Motionless he sat, with the spring sun sending a thousand flickering lights about him, and cutting his shadow sharp and black on the block of light in the doorway.

Behind him a clay-daubed log-house; before him, a barren rain-gullied yard, a broken rail-fence, and a few poor apple-trees. A rickety grindstone stood at the corner of the house where the mud chimney jutted out—an axe stuck in a log near the wood-pile—one lean, straight-tailed hog rooted in a corner of the fence.

In all his life the child had never looked on any other scene; had never lost sight of the smoke from that poor

chimney. Now he rose slowly, pulling up his ragged trousers.

"I'm agoin'," he said, looking straight before him. "Hit ain't no use, I can't git to see youuns no mo', an' youuns tole me hit worn't much fur youuns were agoin' to the 'Golding Gates,' not much fur;" and putting his hands in his pockets, he walked away slowly down a path to where a spring made a still, clear pool in the gray rocks. He paused here a moment to drink out of a gourd that lay on the ledge, then passed beyond to where in a corner of the fence there was a grave. Some rails had been laid about the off-side of this grave, but this extra fence was very low, as if the strength that built it were not equal to the task.

The child stood and looked; his expression did not change, no special feeling seemed to stir within him, but at last the straight lips parted, and he spoke to the grave as he had spoken to himself up at the house. "I'm agoin', mammy," he said, "hit ain't no use; dad, he beats me, an' Minervy Ann Salter's done come to live, an' her beats me too—hit ain't no use. I ain't took much rails," he went on, "an' mebbe dad'll lettum stay; mebbe he'll furgit you're down har if I kivver youuns good—mebbe he'll furgit;" and without haste or excitement he climbed over the outer fence to reach a brush-heap which was there.

"I'll kivver youuns good," he repeated, and dropped the brush branch by branch

over the fence on the grave, then beyond he picked a long branch of black-berry blossoms. Gravely he scanned from end to end the blooming brier, holding it high as he recrossed the fence; and once more beside the grave, the sharp little voice again broke the silence.

"Youns were powerful proud o' blossoms, mammy," he said, "an' I'll lay 'em thar; but I'm agoin'—I can't git to see youns, but dad can't nuther, can't beat youns no mo'; an' mebbe," nodding his head slowly, "mebbe he'll furgit them rails." His task was done, and he stood slouching like an old man; the poor grave had become a brush-heap, with the spray of snowy blossoms on the top, and the stolen rails were covered—"mebbe, he'll furgit them rails," and the child turned away toward the house.

Straight up the path, and in at the house-door, there he paused and looked about him. Two beds—a broad, broken fireplace where stones served for andirons, some battered cooking utensils, a few tin plates and cups, two or three splint-bottomed chairs, a string of red peppers over the chimney; these things that had been always about his life, he was going to leave. He drew his dirty shirt sleeve across his nose, pausing in the act, as his eyes in their survey reached a dark corner of the house. He walked over to the spot, and laid his hand softly on a faded blue homespun apron that hung there. "Hit's yourn, mammy," he whispered, "hit ain't Minervy Ann Salter's, hit's been a-hengin' thar ever sence dad knocked youns over; dad ain't a-goin' to 'member hit;" and drawing himself up by the uneven logs, he reached the peg where the apron hung.

Once more on the floor with his prize in his hands, he looked it' over with a gleam of recognition in his eyes, as if every smirch on it had some association for him; then rolled it up with clumsy carefulness, wrapping some straw about it to make it fast. "Hit ain't Minervy Ann Salter's," he said, decisively, "hit's mammy's, surely," and he turned and left the house.

A road passed near the fence, turning down the hillside, a rough, red road

where the winter's ruts had hardened under the spring sun; with here and there a well-worn stump garnishing its ugly length, or the rounded shoulder of some mighty buried cliff making a few smooth steps. On either side the woods crept up so close that the roots of the trees were travel-worn, and much bark was missing from the trunks at the usual height of the wheel-hubs. A lonely, desolate road, lying like a long red gash cut on the face of the world as God had left it—the only mark that man had made. The child paused as he crossed the fence, and hitched the strings that answered for braces a little higher on his shoulders, then turned the straw-wrapped bundle over slowly in his hands. "Hit aint no use," he repeated once again, as if at the last some memory laid faint hold upon him; "hit ain't no use, mammy, an' I'se done kivered youns good—rale good—" almost pleadingly—"good as I could." One moment more he paused, then climbed down to the rough road, and turned away resolutely from all the landmarks of his little life. If he realized at all the thing he was doing—if he had any fear of the world—if he felt any sorrow for the ties he was breaking, he gave no sign more than the pause as he crossed the fence. What had roused him now seemed more than he could bear, and he went away.

The road grew more and more rough as it descended the hills; the rocks more frequent and more scarred and scraped by brake-locked wheels; the trees were taller and bent in more various directions, as they had to find more precarious rootage among the rocks, and from tree to tree rank vines and briars that made an impassable barrier on either side. Straight on the child walked; not picking his way, not avoiding rock, nor root, nor mud-hole—straight on, neither fast nor slow, looking neither to the right nor to the left. His bundle close under one arm, his hands in his pockets, his hat crammed down on his head so that his colorless hair, creeping through a hole in the crown, could scarcely be distinguished from the equally colorless felt.

Down the road wound, with sometimes a level sweep, sometimes a slight rise that showed it was not taking the most direct route to the valley; the ruts

deepening into gullies, the woods becoming denser, the rocks changing from yellow to a pale gray, and the clay shading to a more sanguinary hue that prophetically stained the feet of the child ere the first day of his wandering was done. The noonday sun looked straight down on the rough red road and the human mite that followed it, then turned toward the west—the shadows blackened—the rocks and trees took on weird shapes—the wind rose and fell, dying far up the hillside. The child walked on. The shadows and the gathering gloom seemed not to disturb him; on between the black woods, with the narrow strip of sky above him turning slowly from blue to violet, where presently the watchful stars would shine and flicker in their places.

The road broadened, and a fence stood sharply defined against the sky—a fence that seemed to run along the brow of a hill. The child paused, then went on more slowly. Where was he, and who lived here? Gradually the road rose until it reached the fence, then both dipped, and before him, in a ravine, a light shone. He stopped again as if for consideration, then approached cautiously, over the fence and across a field where the belted dead trees stood up like gaunt spectres against the sky. Nearer the child crept, not pausing until the fire, shining all over the one room of the house, showed him the faces gathered about it, and striking through the open door, made a path of light to where he stood.

"Them folks ain't never been up ourn way," he whispered. Once more he looked to make sure, when the sharp bark of a dog that dashed out at him, and a woman following, made retreat hopeless.

"Who's thar!" she called, then to the dog, "hesh up, Buck, drat yer!" and some children coming to the front, the boy was discovered. He stood quite still, a black shadow in the stream of light, his hands in his pockets, the little bundle close under one arm, and his yellow face, all drawn and haggard from hunger and fatigue, turned up to meet the eyes of the woman.

"Mussy me!" she said, kicking the small dog aside and taking a snuff-stick

from her mouth, "whar's youuns come from?"

"No whars," the child answered, looking furtively at the fence as if bent on a hasty retreat.

"No whars?" the woman repeated, setting her arms akimbo, "that's good; whar's youuns mar?" The child paused a moment.

"I dunno," he said, slowly.

"Yer dunno?" raising her voice. "Well, whar's youuns par?"

"Over yon," pointing to the hills that loomed above them.

"That's more like now," a little satisfaction coming into her voice. "An' whar mout youuns be agoin'?"

"Over yon," pointing to the west, where the yellow light yet lingered in the still day-faithful horizon.

"That's sensible," sarcastically; "I reckon you've telled all youuns knows, aint yer?"

"I reckon," humbly.

"Jest so, ceppen youuns name; is yer got any o' thet?"

"Jerry."

"Jerry," the woman repeated, and looking him over from head to foot, laid her hand on his shoulder; not roughly, yet a shiver ran over the child's thin body, and his tired eyes flickered in their upward look.

"Lord-er-mussy, child," and she gave him a little shake, "thar ain't no use a trimlin' an' ajumpin', I ain't agoin' to knock youuns; looks like yer's usen to beatin'."

"I is," stolidly.

"An' I'llows thet youuns is runned away," putting her head on one side with a knowing look; "ain't thet so?"

There was a pause, then a quick gasp, as the child's voice, grown suddenly sharper, broke the silence.

"Does youuns know Minervy Ann Salter?" fearfully.

"No."

A sigh of relief came from the boy.

"Her's a great big woman," he said, meditatively, "an' her knocked me deaf an' bline, her did, an' I runned away."

"Well, I never! Jest alisten, Delithy," to a younger woman who had joined the group.

"I hearn," Delithy answered, taking out a piece of straight comb that held

up the knot of sandy hair on the back of her head, to comb it straight back from each side the ragged parting, and screw it up again. "I hearn, but ain't her no kin to youuns?"

"Minervy Ann?" the boy asked, with some scorn, "no!"

Then inside the house a baby began to cry, and the women turned simultaneously.

"I reckon youuns kin come in, Jerry," the elder woman said, and the child followed her. The fire, and the smell of something that was cooking on the hearth, made the lines in the child's face relax, and sent a gleam of light into his hopeless eyes. All that long spring day he had walked without a stop for rest, and nothing had passed his lips since he drank from the pool near the lonely grave. Now he squatted at the corner of the wide chimney, and watched intently the corn-bread that was cooking in a spider over the coals.

"Youuns looks powerful honggry," Delithy remarked when, the baby being hushed and the children settled in convenient staring distance, silence reigned. "How long sence yer hed wittles?"

"I ain't hed a bite sence mornin'," not moving his eyes from the bread.

"An' been a-runnin' all day!"

"I were feared to run," he said, "I were feared I'd give out."

"Well, I reckon yer jest would."

"Kin I hev a *leetle* bite?" the boy went on, pointing to the bread, but not moving his eyes from it. "I'll chop wood fur hit."

Delithy moved her snuff-stick thoughtfully across her big white teeth, eying the boy the while.

"An' I'll tote water," was added by the sharp little voice to the pitiful bargain; he was so hungry.

"Youuns seems usen to work," Delithy remarked.

"I reckon I is," thoughtfully; "kin I hev hit?"

"Hit's Jake's bread," she answered, slowly, watching the boy intently, with a dull satisfaction in his longing that was with her a form of humor.

"Well, Jake ain't a-comin' *this* night," the elder woman put in, returning from where she had deposited the baby on the bed, "an' I reckon Louwisy Dyer is

able to give a bite o' bread 'thout trad-in'. I'llow, though, 'twon't hurt to tote a leetle water," stooping over the bread, "youuns is sure 'bout hit?"

"I is," and for the first time that day the little bundle dropped from under the boy's arm, as both hands were stretched out, "jest sure;" then further utterance was stopped by the bread.

"For all the worl' liker honggry dorg," Delithy said, after some thought, "I never seen the like!" and again she combed and put in place her sandy locks.

Then in a tin cup the elder woman gave Jerry some cold coffee, and told him where in the loft he could sleep on some fodder.

And the child crept away up the ladder, and quickly fell asleep with his little bundle safe inside his shirt, "Kase hit might git lost in the fodder," he said.

II.

"But the child's sob in the darkness curses deeper,
Than the strong man in his wrath."

"THAR'S Jake, an' a man alonger him."

Coming up from the spring with two buckets of water, Jerry heard the words and stopped. The midday meal was over, and still Jerry had not gone away from this first resting place. He was loath to leave the unwonted kindness of these pitying women, for he was weary—weary from the tramp of the day before—weary of his little life. These women were good to him, and now he was bringing water for Delithy's washing.

"A man alonger him," the words rang in his ears; who was it? Fear made him cautious, and leaving the buckets, he crept on his hands and knees to where he could see this man.

Across the field, between the dead trees, blackly silhouetted against the golden glory of the western sky, he saw them coming; two long, lean, slouching mountaineers, walking with the uneven regularity of men who followed the plough. The child cowered, trembled, shrank, with his face bleaching to a

deathly gray ; his eyes wide with terror ; he seemed as one paralyzed.

"Dad!" he whispered, then all was still.

Nearer they came across the dreary field ; Delithy paused over her tub, the elder woman stood in the doorway, the children gazed open-mouthed, and through a bunch of maple bushes whose young spring leaves glowed red in the sunlight, two glittering, fear-charmed eyes were watching. Then Jake's voice :

"Hardy, gals, hardy ; I'm back."

"I reckon I'se got eyes, Jake Dyer, the elder woman answered, "an' yeers too, fur all yer holler like I'm deaf."

"Ain't youuns deaf, Louwisy?" jocularly, "don't say!"

"No, I ain't deaf ;" then to the stranger, "good-evenin'."

"Mr. Bill Wilkerson," Jake went on, "I makes yer knowed to Mis. Louwisy Dyer, my ole woman ; an' Mis. Louwisy Dyer, I make yer knowed to Mr. Bill Wilkerson — likewise Miss Delithy Suggs ;" and Jake bowed with a flourish.

Delithy nodding, said, "evenin'" to her new acquaintance, then added, with calm, complacent certainty, "Jake, you're drunk."

"No, I ain't drunk nuther," Jake retorted, but with no sign of anger, "an' Mr. Wilkerson ain't drunk nuther, but he's done lost his'n's boy, he hes."

The women looked at each other, and the children looked at the women.

"Weuns went to meetin' yisterday," Mr. Wilkerson began, "an' when we come home, Jerry, my boy, were amissin', an' he muster come this road, kase tother road'd tuck him to meetin'."

"An' no folks over thar sawn him," Jake put in, "an' as Mr. Wilkerson were made knowed to me by Preacher Dunner, I tole him to come alonger me, an' hunt fur thet boy."

Still the women did not speak, and the children gazed stolidly in their faces, until Wilkerson, looking from one to the other, said :

"Hev youuns sawn him?"

"Yes, weuns hev sawn him," Delithy answered sharply, returning vigorously to her washing ; "he tuck a bite here las' night, but he's plum gone now, he is."

"Thet's so," Louisa added, earnestly, and the children were silent.

"Well, thet beats me!" Wilkerson said, slowly, pushing his hat a little further back on his head ; "I never hearn the like ; he's jest aspilin' fur a beatin', Jerry is."

"Hit looked to me like he were spilin' fur wittles," and Delithy shook the suds from her hands, took up a bucket, and went toward the spring, leaving her parting shot to work its way. Only a little way down the steep path, then she stopped, for on either side stood two buckets full of water.

"Pore creetur!" she muttered, looking about her as she poured the water out, "he couldn't tuck much more beatin'," and hiding the buckets in the bushes, fearing that Wilkerson might search, she went on her way.

Straight on through the black night the child walked ; down, down, and the early dawn found him in the valley, with the grim, flat-topped old Cumberland Mountains lying behind him like huge sleeping creatures rising black against the eastern sky. From the time when Jake's voice broke the spell that held him still behind the maple bushes, he had not paused ; often he had fallen — often his terror had bid him run, but while never stopping, he never ran. Sore, and bruised, and with nothing to guide his course, he still pushed on, with always the thought that his father might come on him in the darkness without warning ; then, in the gray dawn of the growing day he had looked back to the lessening hills, while the new thought came to him — "Dad mout git a nag an' ketch me yit."

The fields that had shown green and fresh about him as the darkness lifted, the rail-fences that had loomed like long rows of skeleton ribs — endless fences that seemed to crawl forever by him as he walked — were with him still ; and still the road lay straight and red as blood before him, until the color had grown into his eyes, staining wherever he looked. He was afraid, deadly afraid of stopping ; but at last he had been obliged to stop at a house and beg for food, and in her way the woman had been kind to him.

"Youuns mise well stop an' rest," she

had said, looking him over almost contemptuously; "nobody ain't arunnin' atter siche' splinter as youuns, nohow."

But Jerry had resisted with patient persistence:

"Gimme in my han's," he pleaded, "an' I kin eat while I'm a-walkin'." Then he had added, persuasively, "an' when I gits a chence, I'll come back an' chop youuns wood, I will."

The woman had looked keenly into the wistful eyes before she parted with the bread, but then she had given it all.

"I b'lieve youuns is hones," she had said; "I b'lieve it sure; but youuns won't git no chence ceppen to lay down an' b' planted, an' thet afore many days."

The child took the bread with a look of wonder growing in his eyes, that were fastened on the woman's face.

"Planted?" he had repeated as to himself, "planted!" and he had turned away without another word; had walked slowly but steadily down the long red road, and as he munched the hard corn-bread had said over and over to himself, "Planted—planted."

This had been hours ago, in the early morning, and now in the noonday brightness, the child still plodding on his way, had but the one thought—"Thet's what dad done to youuns, mammy; youuns said yer were agoin' over yander to the 'Golding Gates,' not much fur, youuns said; an' thet's what dad done—he planted youuns so yer couldn't go."

On through the gathering heat he walked, with this one thought repeating itself over and over again in his mind—"thet's what dad done—" At last he stopped in his going, for a new fact had come home to him. He stood quite still for a moment while his little face blanched, and a look of longing—untold, bitter longing came into his eyes as he turned them to the fading hills.

"An' I he'pped him!" he cried aloud to the empty fields and sky, "I he'pped him, I piled the bresh thar! Oh, mammy, I never knowed, I never knowed!" and down on the hard red road he cast himself, sobbing as if his heart would break. And always the burden of his cry, "I never knowed, mammy, I never knowed!"

Presently the sobs died away, and as he lay there dull with grief, the sound of a horse's hoofs struck on his ear. For one second he listened, too terrified to move, then sprang up; it was a man on horseback, and coming from the direction of the mountains! One frightened glance, one instant's blindness, then down the road he sped like a hunted animal fleeing for its life.

Would the fences never end, would the road lie between those level fields forever—was the man coming any faster? A terrified look over his shoulder: the horse was trotting smartly; there was no hope, and a voice hailed him—"Stop!"

He tried so hard to run a little faster, but his breath seemed to fail, and once more he fell prone in the dust. One moment, then the horse stopped beside him, and a voice broke on his ear:

"Git up."

But he could neither speak nor move, he could not even distinguish if it were his father's voice.

"What ails youuns?" and he was lifted after a kindly fashion, and saw above him a rough old face that was unknown to him. "What air youuns skeered about?"

Jerry's voice came back to him now with a long sobbing breath.

"I were feared," he faltered, "feared youuns'd ketch me."

"An' I hev," the old man answered simply, "but I ain't agoin' to hurt yer; whar air youuns agoin' to?"

"Over yon," pointing, as always, to the west.

"Well, youuns'll never git thar if youuns try runnin'," the old man went on, with clear common-sense; "but git up, and I'll take youuns a piece."

The child looked up; the poor little face was smeared now with tears and dust in addition to its usual yellowness, but in the eyes was the same wistful look that had made Delithy put his father off the track; that had made the woman feed him that morning, and that now made the old countryman lift him on the raw-boned horse that waited so patiently.

"Tuck a good grip," the old man said kindly, as he settled himself in the saddle, "youuns kin hole on good, I'm

solid; but youuns looks powerful weakly an' small to be so fur off?" he went on, interrogatively, "youuns is about five miles frum anywhars; what mout be youuns name?"

"Jerry," the child answered from where he leaned against the broad back of the brown jeans coat.

"Jeremiah, I reckon," the old man went on, in a superior tone.

"Mammy usen to call me 'Miah,'" came with a little catch in the voice, "but I's mostly called Jerry."

"Jest so, but hit stan's to reason thet youuns name is Jeremiah now, what's the balance o' youuns name?" in a still more persuasive voice.

"Does youuns know Minervy Ann Salter?" came irrelevantly from the child.

"I can't say as I rickerlec any sicher name," was answered.

"Well, my name is Wilkerson, sence youuns dunno Minervy Ann."

"Jeremiah Wilkerson," the old man repeated, "is thar any mo' to hit?"

"I dunno rightly," Jerry answered, "but dad said thar were a 'P' in hit."

"A 'P'?" Well, I reckon hit were Jeremiah P. Wilkerson; thet soun's ralenice."

"Hit do, sure," and the little voice had a ring of pride and pleasure in it. "I reckon thet were hit, Jeremiah P. Wilkerson; hit soun's rayly purty."

"An' youuns par, what were hisn's name?" the old man went on, pleased with his success, his husky voice jolting out in tune to the jog-trot of his horse.

"Bill," and at the awful name the child gave a frightened look behind. "Can't weuns git on a leetle faster?" he asked, anxiously, "I'm feared."

"Feared?" his new friend repeated, pulling the horse to a sudden stop; "thet's curus, sure."

"I'm feared o' dad," Jerry explained, hastily, "I'm feared he'll git me agin, an' if youuns ain't agoin no further, I'll light an' walk," trying to look round the broad back that obscured his view of everything. The old man thought a moment, then again urged his beast into the slow trot that seemed its normal pace.

"I'm agoin' further, Jeremiah, an' I'll hev a few words alonger youuns," was answered, meditatively; then with much

condescension, "I'm a preacher, Jeremiah, Preacher Babbit, I am," pausing that this announcement might have full effect, "an' I'll not be fur frum the mark if I says youuns is arunnin' away; aint yer?" pausing, "ain't youuns arunnin' off frum youuns dear par, William Wilkerson, an' youuns pore mar; ain't yer?"

There was a moment's silence after this unexpected attack, then, with a new, hard tone in his voice, the child answered:

"Mammy ain't thar any mo', an' Minervy Ann Salter's done come to live, an' her knocked me deaf an' bline, an' I runned away."

"I reckon youuns par done married agin, Jeremiah, ain't thet so?" coaxingly.

"I dunno," sullenly, "but I knows I hates him, I do."

"No, Jeremiah," and Preacher Babbit cleared his throat, and stroked the fringe of beard under his chin in a way that would have shown a less ignorant person that a lecture was coming—"The Holy Scriptor says as leetle boys mustn't hate their pars," he began, slowly, "an' youuns mustn't nuther; thar's nothin' good as comes of hatin' pars, an' youuns mustn't do hit, Jeremiah. Now, I'm agoin' to hole a meetin' down these ways ter-morrer, an' mebbe youuns dear par'll come, an' he'll furgive youuns, an' tuck youuns home agin'; the par in the Testymnt did; now, Jeremiah, jest think of thet!" and Preacher Babbit made a well-meant effort to turn his face over his fat shoulder, so as to bestow a look of encouragement on his little companion.

But Jerry had no thought for him, instead, was looking eagerly from side to side of the road. They had come a long distance in the slow jog-trot, and now were in the woods, with the evening closing in. Everything was in Jerry's favor, and in an instant he had slipped off the horse's tail, and lay sprawling in the road; but only for a second he lay there, then he was up and off, speeding blindly through the thick woods. In vain the worthy preacher called, the child would not hear; a dreadful suggestion had been made to him—a camp-meeting was to be held,

and his father might be there. No thought of distance came to reassure him; no thought at all was with him, only the dread conviction that his father would be at the meeting; for his father always went to camp-meetings, and no persuasion could call him back to that possibility.

He fled until the old man's voice faded from his hearing, then he sat down to rest; but not for long, and through the night he wandered as he had done the night before. Once he lay down, but in the stillness his terror increased, and with it the dull pain that had been with him ever since the woman's unconsciously cruel words had forced their way into his mind, and with them the pitiful conviction that he had aided his father in the deed that had shut his only friend away from him. Living in the heart of the Cumberland Mountains, whose heights he had never before left, his ignorance was dense, and to him things were strangely mingled and perverted. The thought that he might go back and pull away the brush he had piled over his mother, and so undo his share in the work that had imprisoned her, had not yet occurred to him. He was not accustomed to thinking, and, until lately, little accustomed to feeling anything save cold, and hunger, and blows. But now a great awakening was on him, and a great loneliness that had been with him ever since the one soul that loved him had been put away from him in a mysterious manner that he had not understood until now; and now the awful conviction was with him that he had helped to shut his mother up in the earth. So he could not stop to rest, for he would begin to cry again, and crying made him feel so sick and weak. Very, very tired he was when at last the day dawned, and he found himself in a long, straight clearing that extended as far as he could see; a clearing like a roadway, only up and down the centre were beams of wood, and across them long shining pieces of iron. He stopped and looked at it; it must be some kind of road, but a new kind he had never seen before. He climbed the slight embankment on which it was, and stood looking wonderingly up and down;

then with his back to the rising sun, he followed slowly this new kind of road. He was weak and tired, and the stepping from beam to beam confused him so much that it took all his attention to step just the right distance, and not to fall. Carefully he made his way until something caused him to look up, when he found himself in a straggling line of small houses. He paused and turned about, for the moment forgetting all his ills in the wonder called forth. "Lotser folks muss live here," he muttered, "an' I knows dad ain't never sawn hit, kase I ain't never hearn him tell 'bout no sicher place—I never did, *sure!*" and with his hands in his pockets, he stood regarding the few widely separated houses. Presently he saw a curl of smoke come from the house nearest him, and watched a woman as she slowly opened a door, then a window; then he approached, for he was too hungry to pause for consideration. Reaching the house he had just seen opened, he leaned against the open door, saying simply:

"I'm honggry."

The woman turned quickly, and her eyes opened wide as they rested on the ragged, starved specimen of humanity confronting her.

"Mussy, but you're a rough 'un!" she said, scanning Jerry, but not seeming to heed his words until he repeated slowly:

"I'm honggry, gimme a bite o' sum-ten'."

"Most folks works fur their wittles," was the ungracious reply.

"I kin work," the child persisted, "but I'm plum wore out now, I is," and he sat down slowly on the low step. The Widow Perkins paused before further words of harshness, to watch the child's movements which had been made assured by the kindly treatment he had met with in his wanderings through the unopened regions from which he had come; and while she watched the thought came to her, suppose he was one of a gang of tramps sent ahead to "spy out the land"—suppose, if she refused him what he asked, he should bring the whole company down on her in the night—she had read of such things in the papers. And she stared at the child

with a growing anxiety in her eyes as she asked, quickly :

"Will you git away if I give you some wittles?"

Jerry looked up slowly, asking innocently :

"Don't youuns warnt me to tote no water fur youuns when I gits rested?" The woman's silly fears having once taken possession of her, grew with every word the child uttered; he was surely a "spyer," and she must persuade him to go away.

"You're too little," she said, kindly, "I couldn't abear to see you workin'."

Jerry listened in wonder; yesterday a woman had fed him, but she had expected him to work for her in the future, so he thought, but this woman was a new experience, and would not let him work at all.

"Here's bread an' meat, chile, an' some good hot coffee," she went on, handing him a plate and cup, "an' when you're through, I'll give you more to take along." Jerry looked up at her with his wistful eyes full of wonder, but he had no words. His life had been one strictly of command and obedience, he had no vocabulary of thanks. He listened without comment to the kind words that came from the woman's lips as he ate and drank, and when he had finished, took in silence the fresh supply of food that was given him, wrapped in greasy paper. It was very strange, this kindness, and emboldened him, and he laid his dirty little hand on the woman's dress as she stood near him.

"Kin I lay down a while?" he asked.

"Lord, honey," and the woman's voice was actually tremulous from uneasiness, "I ain't got nary place fitten to sleep in," going on more hastily as if to cover the clumsy lie; "but if you'll go 'long the track a piece, there's a car of straw where you kin rest just as easy; now you go 'long an' try it," and she walked out of the house in her anxiety to point him in the right direction.

But Jerry's ignorance foiled her; he did not know what a car was, so could not understand her words nor her actions, except that she wanted him to go on, and he was too tired; he listened patiently, however, until she paused to see the effect of her advice—then—

"I wanter drink o' water," was all that came from the child's almost colorless lips; and the woman's heart sank. Was this stupidity, or was it cunning to gain time in which to make observations? Whatever it was, she answered amiably, though with more haste.

"Yes, honey, jest you wait, an I'll git some," and she hurried into the house.

Jerry waited; he could not understand this person, but she gave him what he needed, and he was content to obey her. Presently she returned, looking about anxiously, and in her hands a gourd of water, and a black bottle tightly corked.

"Drink this, honey," handing him the gourd, "an' here's some more in the bottle; 'twon't be much to tote," encouragingly, "an' I'll take you to the car myself," looking keenly at the nearest houses. "An' it's too early for anybody to see you git in the car;" and as she talked, she walked quickly down the railway to where, on a side-track, a box-car was being loaded with loose hay.

Left unlocked at this little country station, there was no difficulty in pushing the doors far enough apart for Jerry to creep in, then the woman handed in the bottle of water and package of food, and pulled the doors close as she had found them. One anxious look about to see if she were observed, then this sagacious woman returned to her house, congratulating herself on her shrewdness. The hay was fragrant and soft, and Jerry not at all comprehending why he was there, but perfectly contented with his quarters, waded and clambered to a far corner, where, putting safely to one side his food and bottle, he made for himself a little nest, and curling up, was soon in a dreamless sleep, that seemed almost the sleep of death. So, through all the noise of the approaching train; through the new, unknown motion to which he was shortly subjected, he slept, and not until far into the afternoon did he rouse from the lethargy that overpowered him. Slowly he opened his eyes and looked about him; the loosely packed hay was shivering from base to apex, his bottle and bread jolting straight up and down, and his own sensations beyond any words of his to describe.

He was terrified ; he called aloud—he tried to stand, then gladly sank again into the hay. What was the matter—such noise—such furious motion? He was now afraid to move, and for a long time lay quite still, but at last hunger overcame him, and he opened his bundle of food. There was the bread and the meat that he had regarded with such satisfaction ; he touched it, as if under the strange circumstances he doubted his senses ; but it was as real as it looked ; he tasted it, then ate heartily, putting away the fragments carefully—a lesson he had learned as a dog learns to hide a bone.

He felt better after this, and drinking some water from his bottle, resumed his place. Thoughtfully he regarded the roof of the car, then pulled more hay down about him.

“When hit gits through runnin’ away and busts,” he muttered, “I’d mise well fall soff,” and burying himself still more deeply, once more forgot all things in sleep.

On through fields and swamps, through hills and woods, on until the new moon rose thin and fair, looking down on the far-off brush-heaped grave—on slow Delithy thinking how she had “fooled that Wilkerson man”—on the kindly woman in the valley wondering over his fate—on Preacher Babbitt using the little waif as an example of the modern Prodigal Son—on Widow Perkins still waiting for the tramps. On and on hurried the battered old car carrying the little sleeping boy hopelessly away from his life among the lonely hills.

On the train rushed toward the west, while the moon set, and the night blackened ; then in the early dawn a sudden stop.

CHAPTER III.

“On to days of strangest wonder—
Was it Providence or Fate?”

THE grating doors were pushed back and the faces of men appeared in the opening. Jerry looked out cautiously from his lair ; he was afraid, for ever since the sudden stoppage he had heard strange sounds outside. Rumbblings as of wheels over stones ; strange cries and

calls ; awful shrieks and whoops that made him put his fingers in his ears ; and above all, clanging as of a hundred cow-bells rung at once ! Where was he—what was it all?

So now, when the doors were rolled back, he peeped forth cautiously to make observations. The hay was being taken out, and he could see the heads of horses ; then beyond he saw men swarming in every direction, and vehicles rushing about, nor were any of them like the vehicles of his mountains ; and going in and out among this crowd of men and wheels, were great black things with black smoke coming from them—huge things rolling back and forth on the same kind of road he had found down in the woods.

He stood there a gaunt, wonder-stricken spectre, not heeding the calls of the men, who catching sight of him, had for the moment ceased from their work.

“Say, sonny, is you deaf?” and one of the men springing into the car, laid a hand on the child’s shoulder. Jerry did not start, but looked up slowly, dumb with fear and wonder.

“Where did you come from?” the man went on, shaking him slightly.

“I dunno,” slowly.

“That’s wholesome ; where’s you goin’, then?”

“I dunno.”

“Sure enough?” laughing. “Do you think you’ll have a safe trip?” and again came the pitiful answer:

“I dunno.”

“Maybe you kin tell us how you feel?”

“I feels feared, an’ I feels honggry,” looking from one to the other.

“Pitch him out, Dick!” said another man, reaching in and pulling the child toward the door.

Jerry did not resist, except for one moment he paused to feel if his little bundle was safe inside his shirt, then he yielded himself to the man’s strong grasp, and was put down in the street. “Git away, now,” but the child did not move ; all about him was the rush of a great railway terminus, and he did not dare move, and the man called Dick half lifted, half dragged him to the pavement, where he left him.

It was early, but numbers of people were abroad, and to Jerry, crouching in a doorway not ten steps away from where the man had put him, they seemed like figures in a dream. He had no words, he had no thoughts; he was seated on something immovable, he was leaning against something solid; it did not matter that everything seemed sometimes to sway and jolt as he had been doing in the car, all was so strange that nothing could surprise him any more; not even a big man with shining buttons on his coat, who pushed him with a stick and told him to get up. He only felt sorry to move because he was so weak and hungry, and did not ask a question when the man, taking him by the arm, led him away. He was very tired, and was glad when they stopped in front of a door; inside a number of people were gathered—people who laughed when he dropped on a bench against the wall. His chief sensation was still weariness, and he dozed in the corner where he had been put, only rousing when he was led into another room, where he saw more men with shining buttons, and one sitting high above the others.

Here he was put in a little pen with a low fence all round it, and the man who had brought him said something he could not understand, and the man seated high up looked at him very hard, then asked his name.

"Jerry," he answered, and the familiar sound seemed to bring him out of the dream he was in; the very twang of his own voice, so different from the voices about him, made things seem more real, and he looked around him more intelligently.

"What other name have you?" the man went on; there was a pause, then the child looked up, asking:

"Does youns know Minervy Ann Salter?" There was a smile even in the well-ordered police court, and he answered:

"No."

"Well, then, my name is Jerry Wilkerson," slowly, "an' Preacher Babbit says he 'llows I's named Jeremiah P. Wilkerson," with great stress on the P.

"Jeremiah P. Wilkerson," the official repeated, then went on. "Where have you come from, Jeremiah?"

A puzzled look came over the child's face.

"I dunno," he answered, slowly, "hit's a fur ways, an' hit's over yander whar the sun gits up, an' hit's powerful lonesome."

"What is the name of the place?"

Jerry shook his head.

"Hit ain't got no name as I knows on," he said.

"How far is it from here?"

"I dunno."

"How did you come?"

Jerry paused a moment; he could answer this, for he could recall with pain and weariness every change in his mode of travelling.

"I walked a piece," he began, with slow literalness, "an' I runned a piece 'cause I were feared; an' I comed a piece on Preacher Babbit's nag, an' I drapped off kase he were goin' ter sen' me back; an' I runned another piece to a curus kinder road; and a woman gived me sumpen to eat, an' shet me in a box o' strawer, an' when I woked up," excitedly, "hit were a-gittin' along the all-gracious-beatenest kinder way; an' I were feared agin; an' the fellers tuck me out an' sot me down in the road, whar all sorter tricks were alopin' aroun', an' smokin', an' hollerin'; then him," pointing to his captor, "come an' got me."

The sharp little voice ceased; the hard faces about the room looked a little softer, perhaps, and the next question did not have such a business-like ring to it.

"Why did you leave your home?"

The child's face changed, and all his sorrow and remorse came back to him while he answered, with a look of pitiful despair in his eyes:

"Mammy were gone, an' Minervy Ann Salter come thar to live, an' her knocked me deaf an' bline, an' I runned away."

"Where had your mother gone?"

"I dunno."

There was a pause, as if the officials were nonplussed; there was no law nor refuge providing for a case like this; he was not an orphan, he did not deserve punishment, and the officer asked:

"Where are you going when you leave this?"

"Whar the sun sots," was the quiet answer.

"Have you friends there?" smiling.

"Mammy said she were agoin' thar, her did; an' she 'llowed tworn't much fur to the 'Golding Gates.'"

The men looked at each other.

"San Francisco?" one hazarded.

The child shook his head.

"I dunno; but her p'inted whar the sun sots, an' I'm agoin' thar."

"Are you going on to-day?"

"I 'llowed I'd rest awhile," was answered, simply.

"Where will you rest?"

"I 'llowed youuns'd lemme rest right here; an' I'm honggry," looking up as a dog might.

"Poor little creature!" and the chief officer put some money on the table; "let '63' take him in the yard and feed him; his case shall be attended to later"—then to the child: "Jeremiah, you must wait until I see you again."

"Jest so, I'll wait, sure," nodding reassuringly; then he followed "63" out into the dingy yard. Here he was fed, then placed on a bench with orders not to move until "63" should come back.

"Kin I lay down?" he asked, wearily.

"Yes, but don't you go away from this bench, do you hear?"

"I do," and the child lay down, while the man went away with the empty plate and cup. Soundly he slept until the sun crept round the high buildings and shone down on him, a poor ragged little mite. Two men stood looking down on him, one, Policeman "63," the other the official who had provided food for him.

"I have a brother who runs a boat on the river," "63" was saying, "I reckon he can find him work to do."

"That will do," the officer answered; "poor little devil; waken him."

So Jerry, coming back once more to the bewildering world, looked about him slowly, fastening his eyes at last on "63."

"I ain't got off the bench oncest," he said, remembering the last order given him.

"All right," the man answered, "but I want you to come with me now, I am going to take you to my brother." The child got up without a question, paused to feel for the little bundle inside his

shirt, then putting his hands deep in his pockets, he turned to the officer.

"Youuns ain't acomin'?" he said familiarly, with perfect unconscionness of the distance between them.

"No."

"Well, far'well," holding out a dirty hand that looked as thin and small as a bird's claw.

"Good-by," and the officer shook the little hand quite heartily; "take care of yourself, Jeremiah."

"All right," then returning his hand to his pocket, he followed his guide out of the courtyard.

Down the broad busy streets, now swarming with the full rush of daily traffic, Jerry slouched along beside "63;" his hands in his pockets, his hat drawn well down to his ears, and his eyes grown keen and thoughtful during his few days of travel, wandering over the scenes about him; but, with the stoical inertness of his class, he accepted the bewilderment, asking no questions. Suddenly his guide stopped.

"Hello, Sam!" he called, and a huge, rough-coated man turned.

"Hello, George!" was answered, then the two men drew together, and turning aside from the stream of pedestrians, talked earnestly for a few moments, at last pulling Jerry forward.

"Here's your boss, Jerry," "63" said; then to the man: "Don't you think you can find work for him on the boat?"

Sam looked the limp boy over from head to heels.

"Work," he repeated, slowly; "he looks more like a candidate for planting," and he laughed a little fat, chuckling laugh.

"Planting!" and the child's face changed suddenly—"planting," a word that until lately had meant nothing save in connection with potatoes and corn, but that now had come to mean the putting people out of sight! Now they spoke of "planting" him! His heart sank within him; how could he get away? A troubled look came in his eyes as he measured the man introduced to him as his "boss;" he was very big, the child thought, and his fears increased, and combined with his weariness, came near overpowering him, and he leaned against "63."

"He looks awful weakly," Sam went on, "but as you ask it, George, I'll give him the trip," rubbing his fat chin; then to the child, "What can you do?"

"Chop wood, an' tote water," was answered slowly.

"That's hopeful," laughing.

"I kin," the child insisted, "when I gits rested."

"You're sure, now?" the boss went on, "and when I give you a hatchet you won't cut my boat to pieces?"

But Jerry had had no training in the matter of jokes, and for answer drew his sleeve across his forehead, where the great drops had come when the man spoke of "planting"—of dealing with him as his mother had been dealt with. A tremulous motion passed over him, and for the first time the idea came to him distinctly that he should go back and take the brush off the place where they had hidden his mother, and so undo his part of the evil deed; and he whispered now while the men talked—"I never knowed—I never knowed!"

Then the captain laid his fat hand on Jerry's shoulder. "Come along now, Samson," he said, "and we'll chop that wood," and as, in the morning that now seemed so far away, the child was half led, half carried down the street. Narrower and dirtier the street grew, and the appearance of the people changed; then, at the beginning of the wharf, the captain gave Jerry over to a rougher, larger man, and with a farewell joke, went back into the town. In and out among barrels and bales the child followed his third guide, down the full length of the hollow-sounding wharf to a rusty looking steamboat; but at the gang-plank Jerry stopped. The swift, swirling water that was suddenly revealed to him seemed on every hand, and he realized that only a floor was between him and this new thing. He shrank back, cowering away from the big man. "I'm feared—I'm feared!" he cried aloud, "lemme go, lemme go!" For a moment the man paused, looking down in astonishment on the frightened child, then with an oath he lifted him, and striding across the plank, dropped him on a pile of rope and bagging that was near at hand.

Very still the child lay, while the re-

alization of his absolute helplessness rushed over him with dreadful force, and he shivered to think of the water slipping by so silently, so swiftly! And where had it all come from?

"An' I can't never git back no mo' to tuck thet bresh off" he whispered to himself; for the feeling that had come to him so slowly, had taken a great hold on him, until it now reached the point of remorse.

"An' the blossoms air dried up by now, an' looks like bresh too;" the little whisper died away, and he covered his face with his hands.

The sun had set and the darkness was falling fast when the captain returned, and Jerry crouched closer to the ropes and bagging as he passed, for he had a great fear of this man.

"Mebbe he'll furgit me," he whispered, as he heard the loud voice giving orders in the distance; wondering the while what the increased noise meant, when suddenly a sound broke on his ear that he knew was a bell, simply from the family resemblance it bore to the cow-bells of his native region. After that a strange scream, like some he had heard that morning; again it came, and with it a great sigh and shudder, and the frail structure that held him from the water shivered from end to end. For a moment he crouched closer to the floor, then as the second scream and shudder seemed to make certain the feared destruction, he sprang to his feet with a pitiful little cry. Terrified as only an ignorant creature can be terrified, he clung to the guards and looked to where the gang-plank had been; in his desperation he would have dared that journey back to land.

Alas, the plank was gone! and between him and the city, now sparkling with myriad lights, there lay a broad expanse of water, repeating indefinitely every flickering gleam. They moved!

"Like the box of strawer!" he said fearfully to himself, then stood quite still, looking down steadfastly into the water—fascinated, magnetized, he watched it—"slippin' away like snakes," he whispered, as if afraid the water might hear him, "I hates hit—I hates hit!" he said, unconsciously raising his voice.

Then a heavy hand fell on his shoulder, and the captain's rough voice asked:

"What's that you hate?"

"The water," catching his breath with a gasp; "hit favors snakes—hit sorter crawls away an' don't make no soun';" then more slowly, "thar's sicher lot I'm feared."

"Come away then," laughing; "are you hungry?"

"I is," but he still clung to the guards.

"Come, then," but the child did not move; "come, I say!" and the captain's big voice grew louder.

"I'm feared to leg go," and the thin face looked up fearfully.

"You fool, come to me!" two terrors, the child chose the least, and letting go his hold on the side of the boat, he walked unsteadily to his master, seizing his coat anxiously.

"Now, are you dead?"

"No, but I 'llow I'm nigh to hit," looking furtively at the open space left for the gang-plank. The captain laughed, but he was merciful enough not to take his coat from between the clinging hands until he gave the child in charge to the cook, with orders for him to be fed and given a place to sleep.

So all night long the boat shivered and strained against the mighty current of the great river; and the child slept uneasily, waking often with a shudder as he remembered the black water slipping by so near him.

CHAPTER IV.

"Patient children—think what pain
Makes a young child patient—ponder!
Wronged too commonly to strain
After right, or wish or wonder."

JERRY'S hope that the captain would forget him was doomed to disappointment, and with the earliest dawn he was put to work; but always he turned his face from the water.

"Hit trimmles kase hit can't abear to tech the water," he said.

"What trembles?" asked the man working near him.

"Hit," Jerry answered, striking the side of the boat; "jest youuns feel how

hit trimmles," looking up as the boat shivered under the thud of the engine. The man laughed.

"You'd better not let the boys know you're skeart of water," he said.

"I'm feared, sure," the child repeated, and the captain passing, heard him.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed, "the boys must learn you better'n that, Samson; we'll dip you a few times when we get in order," and he laughed again.

The child made no answer save to bend lower over his work. To be put in that water—to feel it slipping by like snakes! His straight hair almost stood on end. He must go—he must dare to cross the plank. "How long 'fore youuns hes time?" he asked, at last.

"To dip you?" and the man laughed; "by mornin', I reckon."

"By mornin'," Jerry repeated, and from that moment he watched at every landing for an opportunity to escape; he would watch the gang-plank swing into place, but his courage would fail, for, added to the fear of the crossing, was the fear that seeing him on the plank would tempt the men to dip him. He determined to wait until night, and watched with sickening anxiety the growing order on the boat. Would night never come?

It did at last—an inky black night with a slight rain falling—a dreary night to run away in, but Jerry was desperate.

Close under the high bluff the boat swung; boxes and barrels and bales were put on and off with all the marvellous celerity of trained handlers; and still the child waited.

At last there came a moment's cessation of the noise—was the plank to swing into place again, and he be carried on?

Never! and a little shadow sped across the wavering plank; one moment in the glare of the lanterns—the next, lost in the shadow of the bluff. No one called to him, and in and out between the piles of landed cargo he crawled, making his way to the impenetrable darkness outside the circle of barrels and boxes.

At last he came to where, a little way up the bank, a clump of bushes grew, and above them a small tree that had toppled over with the caving in of the

bluff; carefully he climbed up, glad to find a place where he could hide and rest until the boat went. "They'll furrig me tell mornin'," he thought; there he watched the moving lights, and listened to the noises that sounded so preternaturally clear in the cloud-weighted stillness. The rain whispered softly, filtering patiently through the foliage of the little tree, and through the child's few garments, and mingled with its whisper came the low licking of the river, eating hungrily into the shore.

Gradually it attracted Jerry's attention, and he listened anxiously—it seemed so near, this latest enemy, that he drew his feet up under him, and he took a closer hold on the slim stem against which he leaned. This made him feel more safe, and he watched while the boat swung out and away on her journey, and all life and light faded from the scene; then again came to him the hungry gnawing of the river.

"Ef I drap to sleep hit mout ketch me," he muttered, and moving a little, some sand sliding down against his back, the thought came to him that a great deal might roll down and "kivver him like his mammy"—and with this thought his remorse for the help he had given his father swept back on him. The present was forgotten, and his voice broke the stillness of the night: "I'll go back," he said, "go back ef dad knocks me over onces a minute—I will, sure." When the morning dawned he would turn his face, not his back, to the rising sun, and it would surely guide him home.

"An' I'll tuck all the bresh and the dirt off, mammy," talking softly to himself, feeling happier because of his resolve, "an' weuns kin run away agin; an' weuns kin talk, and dad won't be 'roun' to cuss us;" thus the one love of his life would come back to him. Poor love, that had been able to show itself only in such humble ways—the secret soothing after a beating—an extra piece of meat—a little coffee hidden that he might drink it when his father was out of the way. So he remembered his mother. He could not understand her going from him, but he could remember how it had happened; remember how his mother stood still and watched while his fa-

ther beat him; remember how he would not cry out because she had warned him not to, even when, in his drunken fury, his father raised him to dash him against the chimney! He remembered the breathless, silent, upward swing; then the sharp cry as his mother's arms wrapped close about him, and the blow that followed. He covered his face as the sound of the dull thud came back to him; and after that the strange stillness about the house when he waked again and found his mother lying on her bed, and an old woman, their only neighbor, watching her. He talked to her that afternoon, and heard her speak then of the "Golden Gates;" and his father, crouching over the fire, heard too, and did not curse her. That night he fell asleep lying there close by her side; and in the morning she was there still, but though he called and spoke to her until his father and the old woman turned him out of the house, she did not answer. He had understood nothing that followed until he had learned wisdom from the woman in the valley. Now that he understood all, he would go back; would begin his return journey when daylight came, and it would not take him long; he could soon get back and pull the brush off.

Slower and slower the thoughts came; the little head drooped against the tree; the loose sand settled more warmly about him; the rain, the wind, the gnawing of the water, faded from his hearing, and he slept as soundly as the dead woman on the hillside. Slept while the clouds floated away, and in the dawn his pitiful eyes watched the sun rise—eyes that grew wide with despair.

At his feet the mighty, impassable river, and beyond, far beyond the other shore, the sun rose.

CHAPTER V.

"What use in hope ?

What use!

In waiting long with empty hands held high—

In watching patiently the clouded sky—

What use—you soon will die ?"

We yearn, and strive, and long, and grieve, and hold up praying hands. Then stand and watch with death-like

serenity, maybe, while our hopes, our beliefs, our loves, all of them dyed to the most prismatic loveliness by the light gone from our eyes—the strength from our youth—the blood from our hearts, fade from us as certainly as the day fades down the western sky. Fade from us entirely, until we are glad when they—

“Put the death-weights on our eyes
To seal them safe from tears.”

The ragged tops of the great mountains behind him, the broken cliffs falling down a hundred feet below him, and far off beyond this wild desert of rock, in the gold and purple glory of the dying day, the distant valley lying like a dream. And where were the “Golding Gates?”

Jerry crouched on the dizzy pinnacle of barren rock, only a step away from the narrow foot-track he had so persistently climbed. Ever since the day before he had been toiling up the grim mountains, sure that at last he had reached his goal. The path wound up and up along the dizzy cliffs, avoiding and rounding the higher reaches, until now on the western side, with the apex of the mighty ridge left behind, it touched with one curve this crowning height of its course ere it turned to descend. And Jerry crouched there with the September wind striking sharply through his thin clothing—his face looking drawn and blank, his hands clasped close.

Where were the “Golding Gates?”

When the river had intervened between him and his resolve on that May morning that seemed so long ago, the child had resumed his old course toward the west, toward the “Golding Gates,” but with little hope of seeing them. Still, as evening after evening he watched the western sky, the “gates” seemed to grow into absolute certainties that some day he would reach; and for weeks, as he made his way toward these mountains, pausing to work for his food, pausing until some merciful hand would wash and patch his clothes, begging a lift from some kindly emigrant; for all these weeks, ever since these mountains came in sight, he had made sure that behind this last barrier he would find the gates.

And now with this last disappointment his strength seemed to leave him, and he shivered and crouched close to the rocks as the wind struck him.

“Youuns ’lloved tworn’t much fur, mammy,” he whispered, “an’ I’ve done come, an’ come fur a long time, an’ hit don’t seems like I gits to nowhars;” a moment longer he looked out across the grand scene, then he covered his face with his hands. “Oh, mammy, mammy!” he wailed, “I ain’t got no place—I ain’t got nobody—oh, mammy, mammy!” and the frail, uncared-for little creature was shaken with a storm of sobs.

In the months he had wandered the knowledge of his loneliness had come to him; he had learned that people belonged to each other, and with this knowledge came the other, that he belonged to no one. Still, the “Golding Gates” opened as a vision before him, for somehow they would welcome him and make him happy when he reached them. But now his hope by day, and his dream by night, had been taken away from him, and his life was left unto him desolate.

He crept slowly from off the great boulder, and once more on the path, passed downward wearily; he did not think any more of following the sunset, for this last long view across the valley had made him feel that somehow his mother had been mistaken. An instinct guided him now, and made him descend—he knew that nobody lived among these barren rocks—a woman on the other side had told him so, had warned him that he would be lost or starve to death. But Jerry was not to be dissuaded from crossing the mountains. From every meal he had saved some scrap as store to help him to this serious undertaking, filling a small cotton bag with these hoarded treasures of broken food. And early in the dawn he had started—had climbed all day, sleeping at night in a crevice in the rocks, pushing aside his fears by thoughts of what he would reach on the morrow. And when the morrow came he still pushed on; not scanning much in front of him, not looking much beyond the next step he must take, going on in perfect faith that the setting sun

would bring him to his mammy, and he could tell her about the "bresh."

And crouching in the cutting wind, he saw only a barren wilderness of rocks, and in the infinite distance the sun sinking grandly down the western sky.

Down into the gathering shadows he went, a long journey it seemed to him, and coming at last to a little grass, he lay down, for he was very weary. His head felt heavy, and his body seemed torn by creeping pains—and he wondered what ailed him.

"If I could git to feel a fire," he said, "I 'llow I'd be better." Slowly he rose and stumbled on; his head grew more heavy and a chill mingled with his pains. Still the path stretched before him, but it was broader now, and more worn, as if constantly used.

"Mebbe I'll git to som'ers atter a while," pausing for a moment, as the whole mountain side seemed to waver. He covered his eyes.

"Hit's me as is a-shakin'," fearfully, "an' I ain't got no place; if I could jest git to feel a fire, jest fur a minute. Oh, mammy, mammy!" Then all faded from him, and he sank down on the roadside.

At last he was worn out, and lying limp and haggard among the gray rocks, he looked as if at last the "Gates" had opened for him, and the weary, ignorant little soul had crept in among the Paradise flowers.

CHAPTER VI

"Is your wisdom very wise,—
On this narrow earth?
Very happy, very worth
That I should stay to learn?
Are these air-corrupting sighs
Fashioned by unlearned breath?
Do the students' lamps that burn
All night, illumine death?"

"WHERE did you find him, Joe?"

"I were a-comin' down Blake's trail, an' I sawn him a-lyin' thar liker dead critter, I did," and Joe poked the fire, "an' I says, says I, Joe Gilliam, yon's dead; but when I got nigher I sorter changed, an' I poked him, says I, 'Sonny,' says I; an' he riz right up, lookin'

wild like; says 'ee 'Mammy, I ain't got no place—Mammy, I ain't got nobody!' I were tuk all to pieces, doctor; says I 'Sonny, youuns shell hev a place,' says I, an' I brunged him har, I did," and again the man pushed the fire, going on more slowly—"I ain't got nobody nuther, doctor; but I 'llowed thet as I hes a leetle place I'd keep him fur comp'ny like; an' 'cause he talks like my own home folks."

The man addressed as "doctor" stood looking down into the fire.

"If we can keep him, Joe," he said.

"He's powerful bony," Joe admitted, "looks like he'd been starved fur a long time; an' he never hed nothin' alonger him ceppen this leetle passel," taking a small, dirty, newspaper-wrapped bundle from a crevice in the wall, "seems like it's strawer inside," turning it over slowly.

The doctor took the bundle, looked at it for a moment, then replaced it in the wall.

"An' he's been a-cryin' jest like he's hollerin' now ever sence yisterday mornin'," Joe went on, seriously; "fust I 'llowed as I could fotch him roun', but 'tworn't no use, you bet."

"Poor little creature," and the doctor turned again to the bed where Jerry lay in a consuming fever, turning his head from side to side with the never-ceasing cry—"I never knowed, mammy—I never knowed." The voice was sinking lower each hour from weakness, and the doctor had to bend down now to hear him—"I never knowed—I never knowed," the pitiful cry went on.

Then the doctor whispered:

"I know that."

There was a pause in the monotonous movement of the head; the wild eyes fastened on his face, and the little hand crept up to touch him.

"An' ther blossoms?" the weak voice went on.

"Beautiful!" was answered.

"What?" uneasily.

"Pretty," the doctor repeated.

"They was, sure; an' youuns was powerful proud er blossoms, mammy."

"Yes."

"An' I never knowed—I never knowed."

"Yes."

"An' I never knowed," more slowly as the eyes closed and the hands fell limp on the quilt—"I never knowed."

The doctor's finger was on the fluttering pulse.

"He is going to sleep, Joe," he said; "but you must watch him if you want him."

"I will," Joe answered. "An' I dunno, doctor, but he's got a grip on me, he has; I reckon his talkin' done it."

"And give him whiskey and milk all night."

"Jest so."

"And I will come up again in the morning." Then the doctor stooped under the low doorway, and mounting his horse, rode off.

Patiently Joe watched, and when the night fell he rose from his place in the chimney-corner to close and bolt the stout wooden shutter that guarded the window, and to bar securely the door. He shut the door very carefully, trying it again and again; then reaching down a long, lean rifle he proceeded to load and cap it, then put it against the wall near his chair, full cocked.

"Youuns is dange'ous, Tom," he said, as if the rifle understood, and patted it gently; then, as by a preconcerted signal, there emerged from one corner a huge, hideous yellow dog, stump-tailed, bow-legged, but with a breadth of chest and a jaw that promised a hopeless grip.

"Youuns is honggry, is you, Pete?" going to the corner and lifting most carefully the leaves that made his bed. "I'll feed you, jest hev a leetle patience"—then he peered about the low rafters with a torch flickering and flaring in his hand. "It's better to know fur sure," he said, as he put down the torch and proceeded to feed the evil-looking dog. "Eatin' means a good grip, Pete," giving him a rough caress; then once more taking up the rifle, he looked carefully to its condition.

So the night swept on, the moon sending but few rays to touch the low log-house so far back under the rocks. The man dozed in his chair—the sleeping boy looked dead—the fire flickered weirdly, and the dog breathed loud in the corner. Slowly the dawn crept over the mountains, and with the first

ray of light the man roused himself with a start, reaching his hand to his rifle before his eyes were well opened, and listening intently. He could hear nothing but the breathing of the dog—was the child dead? He crossed over to the bed, and bent his ear to the thin lips; but the breath came regularly, and raising him for the whiskey, he laid him down again and covered him as gently as a woman might.

Soon the fire blazed, and the breakfast for the man and the dog was under way; then he made the same survey he had made the night before, of the dog's bed and the rafters, before he opened either the window or the door.

He was a middle-aged man, with close-cut gray hair, keen gray eyes set far back under bushy eyebrows, and filled with an eager light. He was short, squarely built, with long, powerful arms, and shoulders rounded forward as from years of stooping. Canvas trousers, high, heavy boots, and a red flannel shirt that, opening at the throat, showed a neck like a bull-dog's.

His movements were slow and silent, and watching him, his long arms seemed to reach from place to place like the legs of a great spider. The meal that he cooked was simple enough, and after carefully giving the dog much the larger part, he ate slowly and earnestly.

Away off from under the shadow of the cliffs the sun was shining brightly now, and standing in the doorway one could see far below where the long shafts of light struck down, losing themselves among the black pines, and beyond sweeping like a tender hand over the barren, brown rocks.

Joe only looked down the trail, he did not watch the sunlight; he did not heed any of the beauty about him; he was listening intently, with his arms folded, and his hat drawn down to shield his keen eyes.

"I can't spar' another day," he said, stepping out a little distance to get a better view down the path. "I ain't done a good stroke fur three days an' mo'," walking restlessly back. "I'llowed he'd come afore now." Then going within he gave the child the milk ordered, looking steadfastly at it the while.

"I ain't tasted no milk in a-many a year," he said, slowly; "pore leetle Nan wanted a cow powerful," and he drew a long breath that in the civilized world would have answered for a sigh, then he turned to the child.

Mechanically the milk was taken; the heavy eyelids did not rise, the parched, cracked lips seemed scarcely to close on the cup, and once more on the hard pillow, the narrow, yellow face looked beyond the reach of human help.

"Pore leetle varmint, he's hed a rale rough time, sure," and Joe lifted the toil-worn, bony hand and laid it back on the coverlid as gently as if his great strength were trained to the handling of little things; then he returned to his watch in the doorway.

Slowly the doctor came: the way was long, the path was narrow and steep, and on every hand were pictures that could have detained him all day.

Slowly but surely, and Joe's brow cleared as the first sharp ring of the horse's hoofs on the rocks struck his ear; very far away, but in the death-like stillness of the rocky wilderness the sounds came very distinctly, with every now and then the rattle of a loosened stone rolling down to some unknown depth.

"Et laist," Joe muttered, and went forward to meet his guest.

"Is he alive?" was the first question.

"He are, but looks morer like dead;" then Joe took the horse to tie it, and the doctor stooped under the doorway.

He put his hand on the child's pulse, then lifted the eyelids to look into the eyes.

"Has he been quiet all night?" to Joe.

"Jest the way yer sees him."

"Well, I will wait until he wakens," and the doctor put a small tin bucket on the table; "it is the milk, Joe, and you had better put it in a jug in the spring."

But Joe did not move; he stood looking at the doctor doubtfully.

"How long will he be a-sleepin'?" he asked.

"I do not know," placing a chair in the doorway; "why?"

"I wanter go to my work."

"Your work?" slowly, not turning his eyes from the scene outside the door; "what is it, Joe?"

A keener light came into Joe's eyes, and he cast a furtive glance at the rafters, and toward the dog's corner.

"I works over in Eureky; I's been a-doin' it ever sence before youuns come to Durdens."

"That will take you until night."

"If I works it will, but I'll jest tell 'em I'm a-comin', thet's all I wanter do;" then after a moment's pause, "do youuns reckon he'll sleep thet long?"

"You may go; but leave me something to eat."

"I ain't got nothin' fitten, doctor," with real regret in his voice, "I ain't never oncest thought 'bout thet."

"Any meal?"

"Lord, yes, an' bacon too; but thet's all."

"That will do; but remember, I do not wish to be on the road after dark."

"All right;" then Joe paused, again looking doubtfully at the doctor, "an' Pete?" he asked slowly, "will youuns give him a bite?"

"Yes."

"Thenkey, doctor," with a grunt of satisfaction, and in an incredibly short space of time the horse was unsaddled and tethered; the milk in an earthen-ware jug in the spring, and Joe on his way down the mountain-side, with a long swinging stride that soon took him out of sight.

Very still the man in the doorway sat, looking out with a far-reaching look that seemed to be searching time rather than space. Perfectly still, with his arms folded, his head bent, and his broad-brimmed hat drawn down to shade his eyes. The sunlight crept nearer—a bright snake glided slowly past among the rocks—a lizard basked on the logs of the house—the hideous dog came out and sniffed about the figure sitting so still, and a busy spider span its web across the corner of the doorway.

Quite still until a little sound reached him—a long sigh with a sobbing catch in it. He rose quickly, and laying aside his hat, bent over the child; another sobbing sigh, then the eyes opened slowly, looking up without a question in them—without a hope, only so weary.

Then the little whisper—

"I never knowed."

"Yes," the doctor answered, "but you must drink this for me," and he raised the child gently.

Again the unchildish eyes opened and looked into the man's eyes above them.

"Mammy 'lloed 'tworn't much fur; but I'm done give out, sure," and the weak whisper died away.

"I know that," the doctor answered; "but drink this."

The child obeyed, looking steadfastly into the face above him.

"I kin chop wood fur youuns," with a little gasp, "an' tote water when I gits rested, I kin."

"Very well, but you must rest now," and he turned over the hard pillow before he laid the child down again.

Suddenly there was a movement, and the little wasted creature looked like a hunted animal: "Whar's it!" the weak voice breaking with a cry, "hes youuns taken it? Oh, gimme, gimme, gimme!" and he clutched the doctor's arm; "oh, gimme! it can't do youuns no good."

"What is it?" kindly.

"My bundle, my leetle bundle," and the words finished with a pitiful wail.

For a moment the doctor was puzzled, then he remembered the bundle Joe had shown him the day before, and stepped to the side of the fireplace.

"Is this it?" holding up the shabby little package.

It was as if a beam of light had swept across the child's face.

"Thet's it," lifting his hands with sudden energy to clutch it, hiding it under his pillow—"it ain't nothin' to do no good," he explained, looking up deprecatingly, "it ain't wittles; it ain't nothin' youuns wants," pressing the pillow down as securely as he could, "it ain't nothin'," still more pleadingly.

"Very well," the doctor answered, drawing the covering up a little higher, "you shall keep it, you need not be

afraid; but go to sleep now;" then he turned away to his place in the doorway, while the child, with his hand on the bundle under his pillow, went to sleep. So the day passed; the doctor moved only when it was absolutely necessary, to wait on the child, to cook his dinner, or to water his horse; he sat like one resting after a great strain; every muscle seemed relaxed, and a supreme weariness of body possessed him. No word, no sign escaped him until toward the afternoon he walked out to the trail and stood looking down.

"If God will ever forgive me," he said, slowly, then for one instant he covered his face with his hands. Suddenly the sound of a falling stone caught his attention; he looked up quickly, and with his hands in his pocket, stood waiting for Joe.

"I ain't much late, is I, doctor?" coming up slightly blown.

"Not much."

"An' the boy?"

"Better; but I will come again tomorrow; give him the whiskey and milk all night, and do not take away his bundle, he has it under his pillow."

"All right," and Joe took the saddle from where it had hung all day, while the doctor went to look at his patient once more.

"Poor little devil," and he laid his hand on the forehead of the sleeping child, "what have I saved you for, and will you thank me when all is done?"

"All right, doctor," Joe called, and taking the tin bucket, the doctor turned away.

"Every hour, Joe, whiskey or milk," he repeated, "and leave the bundle where it is."

Then the doctor rode away down the mountain; and his face changed as he went. All the gentleness faded from it, and the lines about the mouth grew set and stern—his every-day face that no one realized was a mask.

(To be continued.)



BARBIZON AND JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET.

By T. H. Bartlett.

IV.

MILLET'S LETTERS TO SENSIER.



URING the years from 1848 to 1874 Millet wrote to Alfred Sensier, his friend and biographer, about six hundred letters. They were carefully preserved by the

latter, with nearly all the envelopes. Those of each year were placed by themselves in a separate portfolio, appropriately marked, and the whole wrapped together and designated as a "Precious Bundle of Letters by Jean-François Millet." A hundred or more were printed in part or entirely in Sensier's "Life of Millet."

Those written the first few years were sent without envelopes, and all were sealed with red wax and stamped with an antique intaglio given to the writer by his old friend, Mr. Feuardent, the Paris numismatist. When envelopes were used they were either long and narrow or small and nearly square. All the letters, with very few exceptions, were written on ordinary note-paper, white color predominating.

The address was always in a large, distinct hand, especially written to please his eldest son, who, when a boy, carried them to the post-office and loved to read the superscription. Waiting anxiously at his father's side to start on his errand, the latter would say: "Wait a little, and I'll make this clear and handsome so that you can read it." For the first years the letters had neither day, date, nor place to identify them, and it was not until 1861, progressing from day of week to date and place, and leaving a space on the left side of the sheet, that they began to have a complete letter appearance. With the aid of the post-mark and the date of reception Sensier was able to correctly mark those that had no date. Millet's autograph was always the same, plain, simple, and

with only one flourish after crossing the *t*. In the earlier letters there was some negligence in the use of capitals, correct spelling, and the grammatical completion of sentences, as well as too much punctuation; but in all these points, as in facility, ease, and correctness of expression, Millet made great progress. This is especially noticeable in his letters on art, and where his profession was to be considered. There he had no equal. No one knew what art is better than Millet, and very few knew it as well.

Millet's handwriting is so varied that it may be said that he had four different styles, each representing more or less his condition of mind when writing. His usual hand was an easy, common one, with the letters running into each other; another was extremely fine, words close together and letters very distinct—with this hand he put a great deal of matter on a page. The third, was like graceful, unconsciously made print, each letter being independent of the other. When writing notes of his recollections, or copying some favorite author for Sensier, he wrote a large, open hand. A few of the letters are written almost in stenographic characters, with lines, marks, and dots, as though he tried to make as little of a letter as possible though invariably giving the essentially constructive part. All of the hands are characteristic, though this last one reminds one more than any other of the predominant element of his art, absence of detail, but masses put in with great force. One of the longest and clearest in expression, handwriting fine and legible, is that giving the account of the death of Vallardi, the friend of Rousseau, who committed suicide in the latter's house.

The style of the letters is simple, sober, and direct, with an evident desire to be clearly understood, the writer often repeating in order that his meaning may leave no doubt in the mind of the reader.

The matter of the letters is generally confined to his professional interests, family affairs, and matters concerning Sensier, with which Millet was familiar. They give a pretty full and complete account of those twenty-six weighty years passed in Barbizon. Little allusion is made to the people among whom Millet lived, save as the creatures that annoyed him with their duns and uncertain ways.

Sensier has been severely criticised for his lengthy and continued account of Millet's miseries, though he very truly says that he has not told the whole truth, nor revealed all the confidences that were given to him. The scope of "The Life of Millet" did not permit of anything like a full reproduction of these letters, nor of all of the important facts of the artist's life, and it may be added that the time has not yet come when they can be properly related.

During all the years of his intimacy with Sensier, Millet depended upon him implicitly in all matters. No two brothers could have been more confidential in the interests affecting them than were these two totally opposite natures. No one could have rested more completely upon another than Millet did upon Sensier. At the same time there was not a point of interest of any kind affecting Millet, that arose through all these twenty-six varying years, that he did not scrutinize and examine with sensitive care. He was as alert and wise concerning his art interests, his family, and his future prospects as he was jealous of his art, sentiment, and integrity. A lack of active business ability and a peculiar train of circumstances prevented him from putting in practice his alertness and wisdom. Millet had an eye for business, and had commercial art resources been as wide in his day as they are now, he certainly would have escaped much trouble. If art and its production never had a more exacting and devoted worshipper, so did its commercial relationships in their best sense never have a more ardent advocate. He neither liked public exhibitions nor art dealers' manipulations, but believed that art should be bought at first hand by real art lovers. He wanted his work to go straight into their hands, and remain in quiet re-

treats. No one desired more to realize a fair money return for his labor than Millet, and every shadow of a prospect of selling, of securing a probable future purchaser and friend, or of raising his price, was watched and considered with the greatest care and anxiety.

One especial characteristic of many of the letters is the variety of subjects spoken of, and the amount of detail concerning himself and family, and of Sensier's health and that of his family. Millet was a very sympathetic, affectionate family man, and, like most Frenchmen, fond of family and personal details and confidences; and his circle of acquaintances being very limited, and having nothing to do with the people of Barbizon, he turned to Rousseau and Sensier, they being nearest to him, to get the comfort he needed outside of his home.

How close he got to them, or they to him, beyond the ordinary kind of friendly, professional, or business intercourse, if either got beyond at all, is difficult to determine. It is certain that the very formation of such temperaments as Millet, Barye, Corot, Daumier, and Rousseau, all old acquaintances—creators, fertile producers—precludes a very intense human intimacy, and promotes generally a positive and unsurmountable antagonism. All these men knew, admired, respected, and in some degree appreciated each other as artists, but it is very doubtful if there was much deep heart vibration between them, though Millet and Rousseau came nearer to it than Millet did with any other of them. Such temperaments have a world to themselves, and they must live in it, though sometimes reaching out in vain, as Millet did, for wide heart comfort.

It is well known that Corot could get nothing out of Millet's work, nor knew him very intimately as man or artist; yet his abounding generosity flew on the wings of the wind from his death-bed to Millet's widow, as soon as he heard of her husband's death, and only a month later he followed Millet into the other world.

The letters selected for publication at this time are intended to elucidate these observations, and illustrate somewhat certain phases of their author's charac-

ter not generally understood. They are translated as literally as possible, the object being to reproduce them as they were written. The dates enclosed in parentheses were added to the letters by Sensier. The words in the upper left-hand corner of the first letter were written on the original by him, and give one of the invariable instances of his scrupulous care.

(Received Tuesday, 25 March, at 6 o'clock in the morning. Arrived in Paris, Monday evening, the 24th.)

SUNDAY (23 March, 1851).

MY DEAR SENSIER: I remain stupefied and astounded by the news you give me of the death of poor Longuet. I am very much pained, not only because of the suddenness of his death, for only very lately he came to see me at Le-vieille's and appeared in as good health as he had ever been, but because I have always supposed him to be a very worthy man.

What a frail machine is ours!

I believe he was married, though I did not know his wife. Did he leave any children? I received news from Jacque a few days ago. The commission, he says, has fallen through, though they will get up a subscription of 2,000 francs, which is something, and even very agreeable, if only half the sum he expected to have.

Gautier's article is very good. I am a little more contented. His remarks about my thick colors are also very just. Those who see and judge my pictures are not forced to know that I am not guided in making them by a definite intention, though I am obliged to work hard to try to get as near as possible to what I am seeking after, and independently of methods. People are not even obliged to know the reason why I work in this way, with all its faults.

Occupy yourself about the manikin as soon as you can, as I need it very much. I am studying some compositions that I mean to execute, but I cannot do them before I am in possession of all the necessary means, and the manikin is one of them.

MONDAY MORNING.

Yesterday evening, Sunday, when I was writing to you and had got as far

as you see above, I was forced to interrupt my letter to attend to my oldest girl, who was suddenly attacked by a violent fever. She played during the day as usual, but asked to be put to bed while she was eating her dinner, complaining of being cold. I passed the night with her, applying, according to Raspail's methods, bandages wet with sedative water, and washing her with it. It did no good, as the fever developed to a formidable degree. I am suffering the greatest uneasiness. Generally speaking, I have very little confidence in physicians, and much less in the one at Chailly than any other. How and what is to be done? I have just washed her again, which always has the good result of preventing the bowels from swelling, a danger always to be feared. Poor little girl! So gay all day, and in a moment stricken down by this quick-coming fever. Whether I send or not for the horrid doctor at Chailly, oblige me by buying as soon as you get this note, and sending by the stage, a bottle of camphorated ammonia that is sold ready prepared at the special apothecaries, and to which one has only to add the salt to make sedative water. You will not read my letter before tomorrow evening, perhaps, but if by chance you should be at home during the day, buy the bottle above spoken of and give it to the stage which leaves at four o'clock. In any case do it at least on Wednesday, and I will go to Chailly to see if it comes. I hope to have no need of it when it gets here, but it may be useful at any moment. Good-day—the fever does not diminish.

J. F. MILLET.

TUESDAY MORNING, 15 November, 1853.

MY DEAR SENSIER: . . . A propos of the man from Holland, here are some considerations. The price of five hundred francs is not to be despised, far from it, but I should like, if such a thing were possible, to raise my prices. You will tell me, and I shall understand it, whether it is best at this time to vote yes or no. At the same time, if it will not trouble you, try for six hundred francs, making it appear that I will not make the two pictures for less. But if it is already understood that he will not

give more than five hundred, take it upon yourself to settle the matter at that price. All this is very perplexing, but I am between two fears, one, of being too fastidious in regard to raising my prices, the other, of working a long while yet at a low price. *Sacré nom de Dieu!*

All this lacks sense, it is perhaps better to simply say that I will not make them for less than six hundred francs. For really, these little hesitations are repugnant to me. It is decided. Nothing less than six hundred. It is not so much for one hundred francs more or less, although I insist upon it all the same, but three hundred francs sounds to me much larger than two hundred and fifty. It seems to me a half more.

As for the Feydeau order, that pleases me perfectly. Bring the canvases and the panels of the desired sizes, and we will talk over the subjects to put on them.

(16 FEBRUARY, 1854.)

MY DEAR SENSIER: . . . Campredon has tranquillized me effectively, but your letter reawakens my trouble, for the reasons which I will try to make you understand. I know very well that you are embarrassed in regard to Diaz, and that it is perhaps difficult for you not to do what he asks of you. But how is it that Diaz has not thought that in getting together the sum he needs, he who can earn so much money, he obliges me to run the risk of not gaining any myself, I who am just beginning to live. For you will agree that this is not the moment for me to show myself in public sales, as my works have no value save that which is made by those who possess them. Happily I have very few things in the hands of the dealers, and I felicitate myself on this advantage. It seems to me a bad time to give them a chance to get my things for a low price, if not for nothing; at least, to offer an opportunity for comparison which cannot be other than unfortunate, because my works have no importance and represent in no way that which I desire to do in the future, especially with the things of Diaz, which, in the first place, are quoted as valuable, and are certainly more important in every respect than

mine. And even if my pictures should really sell for a good price, the exhibition could be but disastrous for me. Reflect on all this and you will see that I am not very much mistaken. It seems hard to me to run the risk of failure for the sake of being a pretence for Diaz to get money, money that he can earn so easily, at least much easier than I, and this at a moment when my affairs are beginning to get into order, on the single condition of not making my things common until they have acquired a value by the appreciation of those who possess them, as I have already said. I know that Diaz is a good fellow, but I doubt if he would consent, even in his present position, to do what he asks you to have me do. He asked me to tell him the price of two of my pictures, because he needed to know, and I did not hesitate to tell him in spite of the bother that it may make for me. I find a great difference between a man in his position, reputation and future assured, risking all, and that of one in mine, and I doubt very much if many in the latter situation would take it. I can't conceive even the idea he has in mind; he seems to treat the matter like a man who makes light of the injury that may happen to me, so long as he succeeds. I wonder, now that I know what he is up to, if the expression Diaz used to Campredon, that the sale was to be, above all, *in favor of Millet*, explains it. Campredon has been indiscreet without knowing or intending to be so. He told me very plainly, among other things, that Diaz said to him, "You ought to have a sale and put into it a picture that I am working on, and make the sale *above all* in Millet's interest." I very much hope that I am mistaken in my appreciation of this sale, but I believe not.

Millet was correct in his judgment concerning the reception the public would give his works, for they sold in the Campredon sale for next to nothing. His appreciation of Diaz's methods was also just. Diaz painted to sell, and he did sell and make money. Nor did he ever understand the gulf that existed between his and Millet's art and professional conduct. Millet rejoiced in

the power of production, and revered it to such a degree that he desired its results to be first loved, and their value established by those who loved them. Some observations by Français on the art business performances of Diaz will be given in another place.

The first mention of "The Angelus" is made in this letter.

BARBIZON, Saturday (6 February, 1858).

MY DEAR SENSIER: Rousseau, who came back yesterday, tells me you are better. I am also sick, and I write you from my bed. I have been pulled down for several days with a sick headache and the influenza combined, all of which produces a beautiful result. As I look with fear for the end of the month, I shall be obliged to you if you will tell me of the arrangement for the payment of my picture "The Angelus," of which I spoke, which will be agreeable to Feydeau and yourself.

Extracts from the following letter and that of September 25, 1859, were given in Sensier's "Life." The letters are now given in full, the parts already printed being in quotation marks.

WEDNESDAY MORNING (January, 1859).

MY DEAR SENSIER: A horrible sick headache has prevented me from writing you immediately to tell you in what a sad state are my affairs. What a veritable breaking down was Latrône's sale. The future is more and more compromised. [In this sale were four of Millet's pictures, and they were sold for very low prices.—T. H. B.] I am all the more sensible of it because I don't see how I can escape, even a little, from the misery that holds me down so firmly. I am constantly troubled with little debts in every direction that are impossible for me to pay, and "it is so frightful to be stripped naked before such people, not so much because one's pride suffers, as that one cannot get what is needed. We have wood yet for two more days, and we don't know how to get any more, as it will not be given to us without money. My wife will be confined next month, and I shall not have" a cent, as it is not even certain that I

can get together the three hundred francs to pay the note which comes due the end of the month. Enough of this. I intend to try to get something from Mr. Atger, on his drawings, though it is very probable that he will object. "I am suffering and sad. Forgive me for telling you these things. I do not pretend to be more unfortunate than many others, but each has his own immediate pain." I am very glad that Feydeau has bought my pictures, but Serville will soon replace on sale my "Woman putting bread into the oven." What will Rousseau say to all that? It will also trouble him, and with good reason. "If you can stir up a little those who can get me an order, I shall be more and more obliged to you. I shall not actually believe it until I have one. I am working on drawings." I shall send you without doubt to-morrow or next day one of the drawings for Feydeau, for which I beg you to send me the money as soon as you receive it, as the children cannot be without fire. So much the worse for the end of the month!

MONDAY MORNING (14 February, 1859).

MY DEAR SENSIER: I have received the one hundred francs you sent me from Lavieille, and I will tell you when to send me the other twenty.

Here is what my wife charges me to write: As the country will do Mme. Sensier good (she not being occupied with anything important in Paris), why can't she come here with you as soon as she can bear the journey? We will arrange any one of the rooms she desires; the one at the end of the house will perhaps be the best, as it has a fireplace. We will buy a sack of the same kind of coal that you use to burn with the wood, so that the fire will be constant and pleasant, and the room shall be furnished with your things. The walls must be hung with all sorts of draperies, among them my old, large piece of tapestry, to go behind the bed, etc., etc. Mme. Sensier can lead a life full of every beautiful comfort. Think about it seriously. I don't think this is a bad idea by any means, as it is very practicable. Then, as you wish Ernest to have good health, it is necessary that the mother should

be as strong as possible with country air. This is my conclusion.

The drawing I am making will be whiter than Ermine white. As I write, Maria and Louisa are pestering me with their importunities about what I shall say to Mme. Sensier. "Tell her to come at once, right away!" and in the meantime they heartily kiss her.

We say good-day to you all, and good health.
J. F. MILLET.

Those familiar with the life of Millet will remember that the year 1859 was a particularly dreadful one in almost every respect—family sickness, abuse of critics, debts, difficulties in getting money, running to and fro from Paris to Barbizon, and the uncertainties of the future; yet his letters are full of thought and care for Sensier's interests, and betray no lack of courage concerning himself.

2 APRIL (1859).

MY DEAR SENSIER: Leave your bed at Doyen's Inn, in Melun, and the Barbizon stage will bring it here. As the season is well advanced, your potatoes will be planted as fast as the ground is spaded; if we waited to work over the ground it would be very late to plant them, as the weeds must have time to rot after being turned under. The latter plan would have been the best if it could have been done sooner. The piece you want planted is the one where Brézar's apple-tree is, is it not? and the one lately bought by Antoine. We will get potatoes for both of us and plant at the same time. I will make a picture for Etienne, and some drawings also, as well as I can, and as much as possible from real life; but, as you say, a little calm is needed to give time for the idea that comes to you to concentrate in the imagination to such a degree that nothing but the really essential point of it shall be given. . . . As my "Woman and the Cow" is, after all, accepted, isn't there something to do to prevent its being hung out of sight? Who has charge of the hanging of the pictures? Is it the jury, or another committee. If the fine art inspectors have any influence, can't something be done through them in getting a more or less good place? If it is possible, my desire

would be to have it hung on the lowest line and in the least dark place. If this is impossible or too difficult to undertake, it must be left to the grace of God.

Like you, I am greatly afflicted regarding the health of Madame Rousseau; all her strength seems to have left her.

It is as cold as winter, and freezes in the night. The ice was very thick yesterday morning, and the surface of the ground like a crust. Some of your trees are in blossom—the unfortunates!

The strange and suggestive fact is stated in the following letter, that Millet did not know for certain the price that "The Angelus" sold for.

SUNDAY (25 September, 1859).

MY DEAR SENSIER: Your letter arrived just after mine was sent to the office. The thing to do with the money is to send some very quickly, but how can you send two hundred and fifty francs? "I told Mr. Gunsberger that 'The Angelus' was sold for either two thousand or twenty-five hundred francs, I am not certain which, but for not less than two thousand; 'The Shepherd,' three thousand, Feydeau's little picture, 'The Repose of the Winnowers,' twelve hundred, yours, 'The Woman rocking her Infant,' fifteen hundred. If only the drawings would sell!" It would be a good, a very good thing to have Jacque's studio [the one with the thatched roof.—T. H. B.], but what are the propositions? Does he give time for the payments?

That is a question of great importance. (Mr. Laure came in to say good-day and I rose to receive him; Charles, profiting of my absence, undertook to continue my letter, as you see below.)

Is it necessary to reply to Jacque at once, or can you wait until Sunday, so that we can talk it over together? There is perhaps reason to suppose that the fact of his selling indicates that he cannot give time for the payment, though my supposition is gratuitous. Coffin asks me for a definite decision about the floor of the new chamber, whether it shall be wood or tile. I told him to make it of wood, and that will cost sixteen francs more. Nothing new since morning. We shall meet on Saturday.

TUESDAY MORNING (6 December, 1859).

MY DEAR SENSIER: AS soon as you receive this little note, have the frame of "The Angelus" carried to Diaz's studio, as I shall bring the picture to Paris to-morrow. You will get this letter this morning. Arrange it so that the frame will be at Diaz's early in the morning. Go also to Diaz's early, in order that he may have time to send a word to Stevens that I am coming with "The Angelus," and that he can see it whenever he wishes. I shall leave here by the first stage to-morrow morning, and shall be in Paris about ten thirty or eleven

corner of his fireplace eating a very large plate of soup. I speak of this last fact because it was really very fantastic. The room was dark and the candle was not lighted. As I have just said, père Ribouillard sat in the corner of the fireplace eating, while Eugenia Bélon occupied the opposite corner, like a gnome, and very attentively engaged in eating soup from the bottom of a kettle; and so assiduously, that she never even turned her head as I came in. You can imagine what ornaments to the fireplace were père Ribouillard and Eugenia Bélon! Though their visages were

*A la mémoire de J.F. Millet et de Evariste Rousseau
Barbizon; 14* Avril 1884*

h. Chapu *N. Bodmer* *W. Bonnat*
E. Robert *H. Bonnat* *J. Bonnat* *M. Bonnat*
Jean Gigoux *J. Bonnat* *F. Galipaux* *N. Bodmer*
Guteller *R. Méry* *G. Jaffar*
L. Suvet *P. Bonnat* *H. Bonnat*
J. Bonnat *H. Bonnat* *H. Bonnat*

*Talut à vous tout bon plaisir, bon
De la nature à simple à court
Les yeux mespris clachés dans la ligne
gardent vos adieux, précieuses à la postérité
Millet et Bonnat*

Mad. Duchesse

E. La Roche

Autographs of Chapu, Bonnat, Bodmer, and other Artists and Writers who attended the Inauguration of the Millet and Rousseau Monument, in the Forest of Fontainebleau, April 14, 1884.

o'clock. I count on finding the frame at Diaz's, so that I can put the picture in it at once.

THURSDAY MORNING (1859).

MY DEAR SENSIER: Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday were most religiously consecrated to ridding myself of a sick headache, and this is why I did not answer your letter sooner, though I went yesterday evening to see père Ribouillard, whom I found sitting in the

only slightly lighted up by the little blaze in the fireplace, you could easily make out their general forms. Mère Ribouillard, that old layer out of dead bodies, was between the two. I asked Ribouillard what he wanted of you, and his wife replied that they heartily wished you would pay them a little money. Their bill was fifteen francs for clearing the woods, and seventeen and a half sous for half a day's work, but my wife be-

lieves the wood clearing ought not to be more than eleven francs. We will pay them nine francs for the present. . . . If Ernest Feydeau can, let him hasten the conclusion of the order. Since you left, heavy bills have fairly rained on me, and all I could do was to give notes in payment. . . . If Feydeau sells a picture to Stevens, let it be the "Woman and Chickens." Best wishes for the cure of your cold, and perfect health to Madame Sensier.

Jacque and Millet did not long remain friends after they arrived in Barbizon. In fact, the former had so much trouble there with everyone that, as he says, "I was obliged to sell my property and go away." The next few letters will give some idea of a part of the contentions that made the trouble.

22 JANUARY (1861).

MY DEAR SENSIER: You know the piece of land that Jacque bought near the Mazette Gate of the forest, and remember that a path has run through it for a long time. Now, he doesn't like to have this path divide his land, and he has got the permission of the mayor, Bélon, by giving him a little picture, painting a brooch for his wife, and promising a hundred francs to the commune, to close the path. The crier has already announced that the voters must come together next Sunday to vote on the matter. All Barbizon is in a flutter about it. It appears that Jacque promises all sorts of favors to those who will vote for his project. Many will vote under the influence of the mayor, because they are cowards, and fear him. Jacque has no doubt arranged with the prefect to secure his favor.

I don't know what entrance to the forest will take the place of the Mazette, nor what is to be gained or lost in making the change, but it seems to me proper to prevent, if possible, anyone from acting just as he pleases, especially when he is disposed to make rain and sunshine to suit himself. Can't you put a spoke in their wheels from the office of the Ministry? Look into it, and do it quickly, for next Sunday decides the thing. If there is any way of fettering them, let us employ it. Jacque's projects

are by no means limited to this enterprise; he also wishes to close the path that runs in the rear of our fields. I don't know the name of it, but it is the one that runs just back of his studio, through your land, and by the apple-trees of *père Lefort and Coffin*. Rouseau and I talked over this matter last evening, and we wish that it could be understood that this ass of a Bélon should not be at the disposition of every whim that comes into Jacque's head. It is more a matter of principle than anything else. Personally I care nothing about it, but it is impossible to consent to everything that he wishes to do, either for his own interests or to bother others. In any case, can't you and Tillot send a vote against closing the Mazette Gate. He has opponents and Bourignon is one of them.

Imagine the indignation of Bodmer; for (incredible as it is) *he came to see me* to talk the matter over! Finally, if you have, directly or indirectly, any powerful or rapid working means at your disposal, whereby you can hinder this matter, use it and show this kind of a Robert Macaire that he has not the right to throw dirt at everyone, as it may please his fancy. Give Bélon a lesson also, if it is possible. This fool that sides with Jacque in this thing, and closes the forest entrances that have been left open by the forest administration!

During the darkest hours of the last half of the year 1859, when Millet found it very difficult to sell enough of his work to support his family, he made a proposition to Mr. Arthur Stevens, a Belgian art amateur and picture dealer who lived in Paris, to buy all the pictures that he might execute, and pay for them in stated sums and on given dates. Millet was very anxious that this transaction should take place, and he often refers to it in his letters during the months before it was finally settled. It was an important enterprise, and Stevens took ample time to consider it. Not wishing to undertake it alone, he formed a partnership with Mr. E. Blanc, a Paris picture dealer, and the father-in-law of his brother Alfred, a well-known artist who lived in Paris, under the name of Arthur Stevens & Co.

This company made a contract with Millet in March, 1860, by which the latter agreed to deliver to the former all the work, pictures, and drawings that he should execute during the three succeeding years, the company agreeing to pay him a thousand francs on the twenty-fifth of each month. This transaction, a history of itself, marking an important period in the life of the artist, is too long to be given at this time, and only a few facts will be alluded to through some of the letters written by those concerned in it.

Appended to the contract was an inventory of twenty-five pictures then in the artist's studio in various stages of completion, the stipulated prices of which amounted to twenty-seven thousand six hundred francs, the highest priced one, three thousand, being for the "Tobit." One provision of the contract was that before Millet could receive a payment he must deliver six pictures, amounting to seven thousand and nine hundred francs. Another was that the price of each picture was to be placed to his credit, though he could only receive the thousand francs each month. Millet's financial condition at this time was such that he could not buy a loaf of bread, a stick of wood, or a bottle of wine in Barbizon on credit, though he had lived there nearly eleven years, and had earned and spent more money in it for the necessaries of life than any other artist. Professionally, he had great difficulty in selling his work; yet in his studio was the above startling amount of pictures more or less finished. The facts suggest a very interesting question: What was the real reason of all this? Before the contract was signed Arthur Stevens had begun to buy all the Millets in the market. Sensier attended for Millet to all the business matters connected with the contract, and sold to the company several of the latter's pictures that belonged to him, and were partly finished, on a commission of ten per cent.

It is true that to some degree this agreement brought peace to Millet, but the letters here given indicate that trouble, too, came as its attendant.

From the nature of the circumstances surrounding the transaction, it was im-

possible for either party to fulfil its provisions. There were delays in the payments, misunderstandings, accusations of dishonesty, and lawsuits. Stevens and Blanc disagreed in 1861, and as one of the results Millet could neither deliver pictures to them, sell to any one else, or get any money from them. His hands were actually tied, and bread was needed for empty mouths. Although at the close of the three years Millet had overdrawn his account in the sum of nearly six thousand francs, it is by no means certain at the present writing that he was in any way to blame in not delivering work enough to balance this amount. He finally paid it in pictures.

The whole affair of the contract was not concluded until 1866.

Letter from Blanc to Sensier.

PARIS, 22 May, 1863.

DEAR SIR: At the end of the month I must pay Millet's note for fifteen hundred francs, and give him five hundred more, though he has not sent me a picture for the month of April. As a result he doesn't lighten his account, and leaves me without security. Ah! if his name were not Millet!

It is necessary, then, that you shall kindly endorse the enclosed note, get it discounted, and send me the money by the 30th of this month.

I know that it is not necessary to appeal to your friendship, as you know the gravity of a note's falling due.

A thousand thanks.

E. BLANC.

Letter from Blanc to Millet.

26 MAY, 1861.

MY DEAR MILLET: Let me embrace you in thanks for your sheep picture. At least, there is a picture that won't be long in selling. I have placed fifteen hundred francs to your credit. Will you write me a word to the effect that we are in accord, so that Arthur Stevens shall know about the picture? Make a great many little things of this kind and send them to your dealer; *he has need of them.*

Tout à vous,

BLANC.

Letter from Blanc to Millet.

24 AUGUST, 1861.

MY DEAR MILLET: I have received the "Shepherd driving in his sheep." I compliment you on this charming picture; it makes one dream.

It is well that you have received my letter of the 8th inst. Will you bear in mind its contents.*

Enclosed is a note of five hundred francs, which please acknowledge.

Tout à vous,

BLANC.

BARBIZON, 16 December (1861).

MY DEAR SENSIER: Rousseau had already paid Hârcus when I spoke to him about the hundred and fifty francs. He can lend them to me until the end of the week, when he goes to Paris. Can Mr. Niel buy the drawing, or is there any other way of selling it so that Rousseau will not be embarrassed on my account? Shall I make some more drawings, and is there any chance of disposing of them? It is a very grave matter if I do make them, because it prevents me from finishing my pictures; and that may be still more grave, as Messrs. Blanc and Stevens may hear of it and say that, as I am doing work outside of my engagement, I am thus seeking to break the contract. All this is very troublesome, but one must eat. What shall I do?

It is evident that Stevens will do all he can to hinder the desired conclusion, but I beg you to urge the lawyers to perform their duty as rapidly as it can be done.

BARBIZON, 17 July, 1863.

MY DEAR SENSIER: Your notices of my pictures sent to Brussels are first rate. Who can anticipate the slowness of an *express train*, and that an article leaving Melun Sunday evening cannot arrive in Paris [twenty-eight miles.—T. H. B.] before Tuesday morning? I can well imagine that Arthur [Stevens.—T. H. B.] would like to make money with my picture. What method is he trying in order to sell it? Has he spoken to you about it? I can't see my way clear in that matter, though at first thought I should prefer not to have him make a

* Referring to the disagreement between Stevens and Blanc.

photograph of it. What do you think? The annoyance of this jobbery about pictures completely prevents me from seeing clearly. You may think my conclusion very vague, at any rate I shall agree with whatever you think best.

Letter from Millet to Blanc.

BARBIZON, 10 August, 1863.

MR. BLANC: If you had simply said that I don't send you pictures enough, or anything else of that kind, your reproaches would appear more comprehensible than those you now make. Because the picture that I have sent you does not please you at all, or not enough, you draw too hasty conclusions, which I deem really outrageous. First, and simply, you have seen it but a short time; and it seems to me that you are in too much of a hurry in judging it as a work knocked off by a student "to make up for lost time," for perhaps this picture is more than that. Then, from such a hurried judgment you jump at one bound to accusing me of intentions which are nothing less than making me say, "It is good enough for him. I always do enough for him, etc."

Your suggestions of such intentions is really too gratuitous.

From what premises do you support it?

If it should happen that this picture should appear less objectionable to you after a while, would it not pain you to have said these things?

I think there is always time enough to say them, and that they should not be said at the beginning.

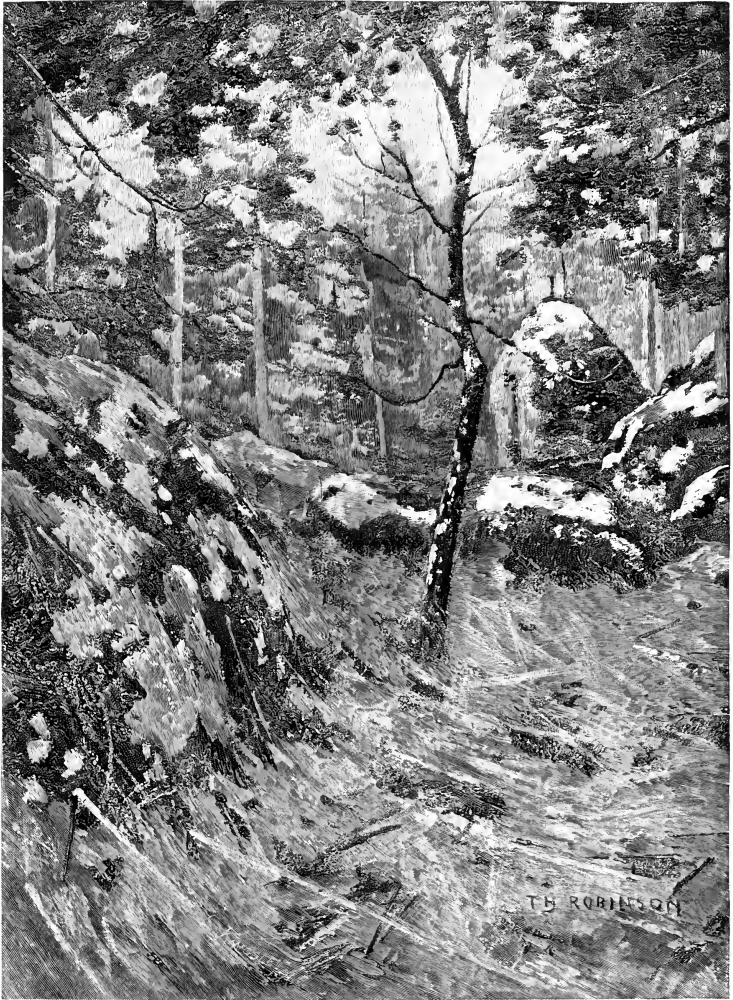
Tell me, then, that you uttered them only whimsically, and that I am to consider them as coming from a man in bad humor, without their having a deep root in your mind.

I cannot believe that a reflecting and serious man, like yourself, can really, permanently think this of me. In any case I need your assurance one way or the other before definitely believing.

Letter from Millet to Blanc.

(BARBIZON) 23 August, 1863.

M. BLANC: You know that I am never offended at any criticism, however sharp it may be, if it has for its only object



Vale of the Musketeers.
(Artagnan's tall rock at right—forest of Fontainebleau.)



Millet at the Age of Thirty-two.
(From a daguerreotype by Charlier.)

the examination of a work ; and I think I never should be offended.

The thing which pained me in what you wrote was the intention you attributed to me of always sending you "anything" as "good enough for you." As you ask me to send you your own words, here they are. "*In seeing this canvas, still wet, I am reminded of my childhood, and the tasks I knocked off to make up for lost time.*"

Further on you say that I ought to remember who had put the conditions and power to create ; "*Time, care, suffering, that is labor.*" Again you add, "It is impossible for me not to say to you, I am not satisfied with you." And finally, "I am always for you, though I see clearly that you are not for me."

If you ask me to say it, I give you my word of honor that I have not made any

painting, small or large, for anyone save yourself: the "Female Bather," that you have lately received, and a picture very much more important, now in process of execution, a "Shepherdess and her sheep."

My spare time has been employed, as I told you when I was in Paris, in making drawings, and under such conditions that they will not get into circulation. As I have no other resource for subsistence save this, I am forced to employ it, seeing that in order to work one must first live.

It is also very easy to imagine that the time given to this employment, bearing in mind the result, cannot be given to you. The price of the "Female Bather" is eight hundred francs. Be well assured, M. Blanc, that I don't do things in the dark, and accept a shake of the hand.

The old church at Chailly, seen in the distance of "The Angelus," is one of the most interesting in its memories of any in the department. Around it, covering nearly an acre of ground, was the cemetery in which had been buried for forgotten centuries the bodies of the nobles and peasants of the three hamlets that composed the commune, Chailly, Fays, and Barbizon. The earth itself was not only solid with bones, but as fast as the graves became full the bodies were deposited above ground and a kind of tomb of earth and stones built around them. This practice had been carried to such an extent that the place appeared more like an inverted cemetery with narrow paths between the graves, than the usual surfaced burial-ground. Bones were everywhere, they protruded from the sides of the overground graves, and the walks were paved with them. Dogs had dug numberless burrows in search of rats and mice, and the irreverent urchins of the village had extended the work of their canine precursors in making rival brigand caves in imitation of the natural ones of the forest.

The proposed destruction of this cemetery disturbed Millet; but its actual destruction was far more brutal than he had anticipated — a kind of concentrated expression of the moral condition of the people. The sacred remains that had reposed so long in comparative tranquillity were thrown about like so much rubbish, and the former incipient brigands, now turned into ruffians by the example of their elders, enlarged upon their previous performances, kicked the skulls around for foot-balls, and powdered for fertilizing purposes the bones of their forefathers. A very small quantity were carried to the new cemetery, and thrown upon the top of the ground against the wall. In due time the holes made by the removal of the remains were filled with earth, and the people danced over the former graves. When the novelty of this pleasure had become dull, the cattle were driven there to graze upon the rich grass. With the coming of a new curé in 1888, he could only put a stop to this sacrilege by driving off the beasts and their guardian with a big stick, and threatening the mayor with

Barbizon 9 Janvier 1869

Mon cher Sensier

Je confie ce soir Lundi
à M^r Rousseau la petite
peinture pour Fougère. J'imagine
qu'en se retirant elle
arrivera. M^r Rousseau est
là. Il est que je n'empêcherai
en dit long mais demain ma-
tin je vous enverrai & aussi
à Fougère. Avant-hier je
vous prêtai deux - vous une
petite table, mais arrangez
vous pour qu'il vienne plutôt
le matin que dans la soirée
car j'ai un mieux qu'il en ait

la première impression à la
lumière du jour plutôt qu'à
celle de la lampe. Ce
soit qu'il fait comme vos
voies mais l'effet d'ensemble
y est peut-être un peu
faible - il convient ??

Je n'empêcherai pas rien en
car la nuit avec M^r Rousseau

à demain

& à vous

J. F. Millet

prosecution unless he took some legal steps to entirely discontinue this practice. With his own money he erected a cross on the spot, inscribed with a suitable inscription, planted trees with his own hands, and performed appropriate religious services.

BARBIZON, 21 November, 1863.

MY DEAR SENSIER: . . . Perhaps you don't know that they are going to destroy the little cemetery that surrounds the church at Chailly, and prepare the site for dancing on fête days. It is, as you remember, one of those rare little places that remind one of the memories of other times.

auction! It is only a short time since they buried their friends there.

Is there no way to put a stop to this? Is there not such a thing as a specified space of time to elapse before destroying sepulchres? especially when no more urgent necessity exists than in this case?

Thus do these wretches spread out their families over the fields to make potatoes grow!

Oh, shameful, brutal hand of man!

If the work is not already begun, it will be very soon, so, if there is anything to be done to prevent it it must be done quickly. Base actions show themselves in all forms.

Tout à vous, and good health to you all.



Rousseau's House, and Stairs to Studio, at his Death, 1867.

Nothing stands in the way of the rage for embellishment that takes hold of people; and the inhabitants of Chailly, stupid as idiots and without heart, will fatten their land with the bones of their relations. As long as it enriches, it matters little from where it comes. And this earth of bones will be sold at

(1863.)

MY DEAR SENSIER: . . . I have had a little talk with Rousseau about the Chailly cemetery, and we have concluded to write a letter to the prefect, though there may be slight chance of accomplishing anything, especially as they say that he himself, when in Chailly, seeing



Théodore Rousseau.

(The photograph made in 1864, at Arras, by Eugène Cuvellier, when Rousseau was visiting him.)

the old cemetery, said that it ought to be destroyed. The mayor, like a silly courtier, did not fail to improve the occasion in agreeing with his superior. The trees that surrounded it are already sold. Tillot can be of no use, as he goes to Paris to-day for at least a month. I hope you will see him from time to time.

In view of what I tell you about the prefect, do you think we had better write to him, or to the minister? Give me your advice. . . .

The following letter is an excellent expression of Millet's fastidious sensitiveness.

BARBIZON, 2 May, 1865.

MY DEAR SENSIER: I have Mr. Manne's package with this letter:

"SIR: I received yesterday, by the obliging medium of Mr. Sensier, the pastel that he asked you to make for

me. I am extremely satisfied with it, and all the amateurs to whom I have shown it agreed in their recognition of the excellent qualities of this drawing.

"Will you then accept my thanks and the assurance of my most distinguished sentiments?"

MANNE.

"I shall be obliged to you if you will acknowledge the receipt of the enclosed two hundred francs—the price made by yourself."

This letter, which ought to fill all the exigencies of politeness, is not of a nature to show me whether Mr. Manne is contented, and it seems to me that it is the kind of one that would be written beforehand.

Try to find out through your brother the real facts. It may be that this is the way certain people express their satisfaction, and I hope it is so in this case.

Every person in need within Millet's knowledge, whether in Barbizon or his native commune, Greville, that could be helped by the government, was brought to the attention of Sensier, and his influence appealed to to accomplish that purpose. Millet's sympathy for the poor was unbounded, and no beggar ever came to his door without being filled with food, and cheered by a kindly word.

BARBIZON, Saturday (1865 or 6).

MY DEAR SENSIER: . . . The post-mistress appeared very glad about what you did for her, and I am certain that the unhappy blind woman in Greville will also be. I ought to go to Paris to talk with you about a visit that Mr. Gavet [the architect who bought so many of the artist's drawings.—T. H. B.] paid me day before yesterday. He wishes me to make an innumerable quantity of drawings for him, and that I engage to make hardly anything for anyone else. I told him that above all things there were certain persons for whom I would never refuse to work, himself among

them, and so on. I did not wish to make any kind of a reply to him. He will return here, perhaps next Thursday, to try to come to some kind of an agreement. As you will be here before that time, we can talk over together what we think may be the best to do. There are certain points for and against which we must define as much as possible. No use in saying any more, as we shall soon have a chance to talk. Try, if you can, to find out what I am *worth* in Paris, for that is a point of departure. It will be a good thing for you not to be in Paris during the cholera.

BARBIZON, 24 April, 1866.

MY DEAR SENSIER: . . . We received your letter, and one from Madame F—, by the same post, in which she announces the early marriage of Louise. In spite of all our troubles, I think we must not fail to go to the wedding, and so, here is something that I beg you very seriously to tell me at once, in order that the invitation once received, we can occupy ourselves about the way to properly appear on that occasion. What kind of dress is suitable? I don't think one has the right to show himself on such occasions in a scandalous one. My familiarity with the F—s counts for nothing now, or with them, but the occasion does, and they are no more masters of it than I. My familiarity with them is a reason more important than ever that I should not abuse it in the sight of anyone. Tell me, then, what is the most suitable and simple dress, something that will shock no one and yet be the least official. Give the details: coat like this, waistcoat like that, of what color, etc., etc.

I suppose their invitation will arrive enough in advance so that I can get all made that is necessary, because I don't wish to go to such an expense beforehand. Any way, give me



Siron's Hotel, Barbizon.



On the Plain of Barbizon. In the distance the church at Chailly seen in "The Angelus."

(From a painting by Theodore Robinson.)

quickly the information I ask, and then I have only to act when the moment comes. I have no need to tell you that I shall go alone, for my wife will be in no condition to go.

The favor of the emperor was a matter of great importance to artists, and sought after with most vigilant persistence by most of them. In order to get it it was necessary to make friends with Count Nieuwerkerke, the personal friend of His Majesty and the Director of Fine Arts, and to do that, a consid-

erable amount of personal attention to him was absolutely required. Millet could not and would not perform this inevitable portion of the bargain, and whether it was for this, or his dislike for the artist's work, that the Director was strongly opposed to Millet, is not known for certain. It is certain, however, that he lost no chance of showing his opposition, and it is affirmed that he took some extra pains to manifest it. But Millet grew, and the noise about him extended, until the Director was obliged to open negotiations with him

in order to bring about a mutual understanding. The painter objected, he was determined not to go out of his habits in the matter for anybody or anything.

At last the talk about him reached the ears of the Emperor, and he said to Nieuwerkerke, "What is it about this



Mère Marier; Model used in "The Angelus" and "The Gleaners."

painter-peasant, Millet? Who and what is he? If he has anything at the salon I wish to see it." The Director hastened to the salon, took Millet's pictures out of their frames and brought them to his master.

"There, Sire, there they are, and it is all there is to them," said the fine art protector of the third Empire.

"Not much, in fact, enough. The noise about this delineator of sabots is a vulgar one," observed his Majesty. So began and ended Millet at the Tuileries.

BARBIZON, 7 April, 1867.*

MY DEAR SENSIER: I wish with all my

* The passages in quotation marks were printed in Sensier's "Life."

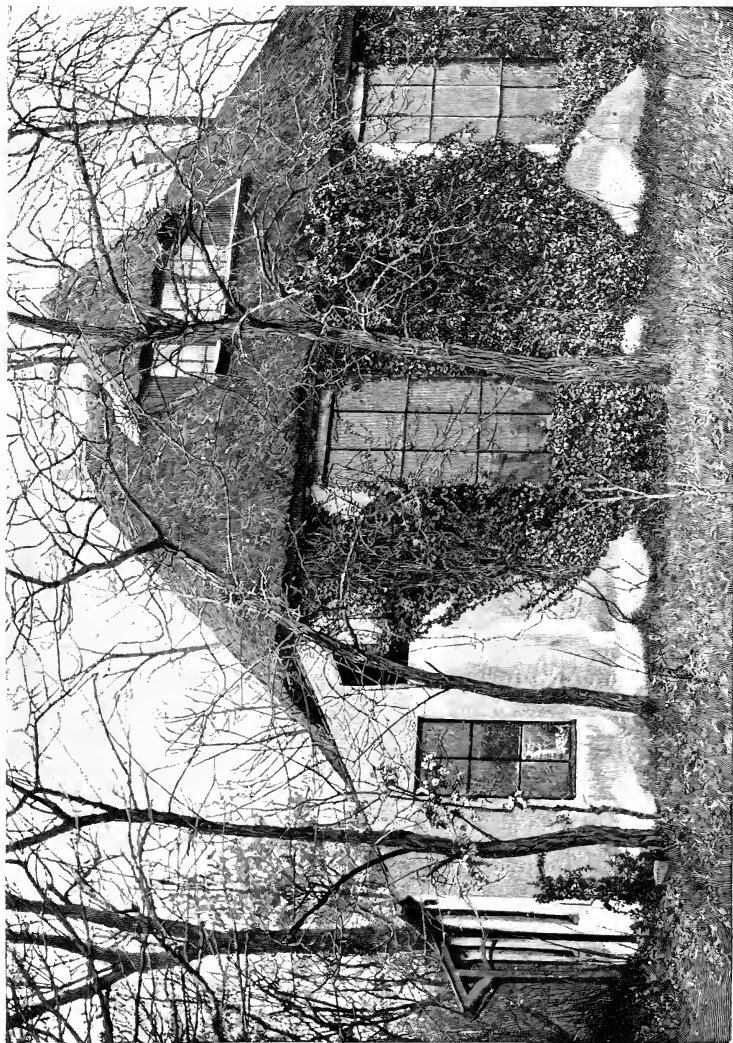
heart that you could get over the uneasiness that weighed upon you when you wrote. I think if you could only come here for a while it would do you a great deal of good. The weather will be milder in a few days and the air good to breathe. Many of the fruit-trees are only waiting for a little sun to display their flowers, and everywhere one feels the dumb life of the earth.

In fact there is a breath of resurrection that ought to be as good for man as for plants. Try to make that combination if you can.

"What you tell me of the exhibition (1867) relieves my anxiety a little. I wait yet a little, however, to see its definite character." How is it that I receive this invitation from the Director of Fine Arts? I have replied to him in the sense you indicated, that I could not accept because I lived so far from Paris. Tillot has suggested an idea, and that is to go and see him and talk over the question of my taste regarding the matter, and to ask him not to present me. It bothers me very much, and for no reason whatever will I change my habits. If pushed too much, I shall be obliged to formally refuse. I shall go to Paris very soon and will talk the matter over, and try to arrange it agreeable to all concerned.

"Diaz is here with Eugene. He says, they tell him that my pictures look well." I invited them to dine with me to-day, and they accepted. Diaz says that they are all coming here in May with Detrimont and Marie. "Mr. Gavet has not yet come for his drawings, and that is why Diaz has seen them. He appeared satisfied, especially with the 'lamp effect.' If you see him ask him what he thinks.

"Your letter, my dear Sensier, appears to me very melancholy. Come here, then. We will live over again together the years that have gone; for, I am also continually ruminating over them. The Prophet-King David said: *Annos antiquos mente habui.*"



Jacque's Thatched-roof Studio.
(Occupied for a short time by Millet and his son François.)

The petition mentioned in the next letter is the one sent to the Empress, begging her influence in favor of preserving from proposed administrative destruction, the most artistic part of the forest

not arrived. How do matters come on concerning the inheritance of Rousseau, and will the seals on the doors be taken off soon?

Sylvestre sends me a hastily written



Père Coricorée's Lane Leading to the Plains.

of Fontainebleau, the Bas Bréau, near Barbizon.

BARBIZON, 31 December, 1867.

MY DEAR SENSIER : I sent Joseph Girard to see Mr. Sian, and here is his reply. I signed the petition to the Empress that Sylvestre sent me. It seemed very well written. François is preparing a canvas upon which he proposes to try to reproduce Rousseau's "Sunset." As you have seen Tillot (at least I suppose so), he has without doubt given you all the news.

"The death of Rousseau besets me. I am so enveloped in sadness and weariness that I am almost incapable of working. I must, however, by one means or another, conquer this feeling. Eight days have passed since he was buried. Poor Rousseau!"* How does he feel in his cold bed!

I have received a letter announcing the shipment, by Mr. Hartmann, of three of Rousseau's pictures, though they have

* Printed in Sensier's "Life."

note, to say that he had delivered my drawing to Mr. Piétri,† and that the latter declares himself not only satisfied but astonished; and adding other very flattering words. The important thing is that he should be satisfied. Give me all the details that you think will be interesting and useful. Still another year has arrived where so many others have gone. Who is certain to see the end of the next one?

We wish that everything that you desire may come to you and yours.

Millet's last letter to Sensier.

BARBIZON, 18 March, 1874.

"How long it is since I have written to you, my dear Sensier! I am in such a languishing state of health that I put off from day to day whatever is neces-

† As soon as Sylvestre, one of the most intelligent and capable of Paris art writers, became convinced of Millet's great merits, he worked in every way to help him, and as Piétri was a friend of his as well as the chief of police of Paris, and also, I think, prefect of the Seine, Sylvestre tried to reach the Emperor through him, but did not succeed.—T. H. B.



House of William M. Hunt, Barbizon, 1856.

sary to do." I do not answer your letter in explanations, but I beg you to believe that I think of you all the same. If my body has become weak, my heart is not colder."

From what you have told Felix, it appears that Mr. Atger's sale was not too disastrous for me. I had a great apprehension of what might take place. Twenty-two drawings thrown at once into the face of the public! However, what you have said to Felix gives me pleasure. You know that Detrimont came to see me to ask for some pictures.

I shall talk with you about that when

the proper time comes, because, before anything is done, it is necessary to have an arrangement with Durand Ruel.

"Mr. Hartmann wrote me some time ago, announcing his visit about the end of this month. His picture of the 'Stacks' is nearly finished, and I am now giving a good pushing to the 'Buckwheat Threshers.'" We are very happy to hear that your health is better than usual, and that your hand is healing.

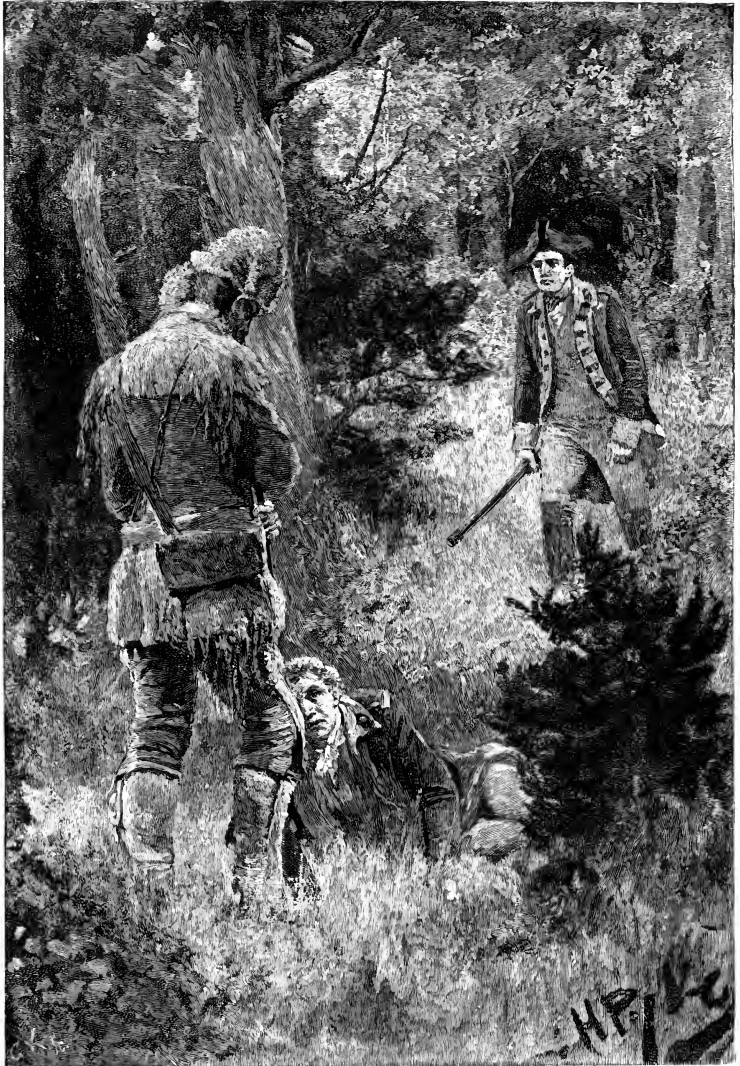
"Everyone embraces you."

When are you coming?

Tout à vous, my dear Sensier.

J. F. MILLET.

THE END.



"There, half-stretched on the wet, blood-stained grass, lay Philip Cross."—Page 706.



IN THE VALLEY.

By Harold Frederic.

CHAPTER XXXII.

“THE BLOOD BE ON YOUR HEADS.”



ABRIGHT, hot sun shone upon us the next morning—the never-to-be-forgotten sixth. There would have been small need for any waking rattle of the drums; the sultry heat made all willing to rise from the hard, dry ground, where sleep had been difficult enough even in the cooler darkness. At six o'clock the camp, such as it was, was all astir.

Breakfast was eaten in little groups squatted about in the clearing, or in the shade of the trees at its edges, members of families or close neighbors clustering together in parties once more, to share victuals prepared by the same housewives—it may be from the same oven or spit. It might well happen that for many of us this was the last meal on earth, for we were within hearing of the heavy guns of the Fort, and when three of these should be fired in succession we were to take up our final six-miles' march. But this reflection made no one sad, apparently. Everywhere you could hear merry converse and sounds of laughter. Listening, no one would have dreamed that this body of men stood upon the threshold of so grave an adventure.

I had been up earlier than most of the others, and had gone over to the spot where the horses were tethered. Of these animals there were some dozen, all

told, and their appearance showed that they had had a bad night of it with the flies. After I had seen them led to water and safely brought back, and had watched that in the distribution of the scanty store of oats my steed had his proper share, I came back to breakfast with the Stone Arabia men, among whom I had many acquaintances. I contributed some sausages and slices of bread and meat, I remember, to the general stock of food, which was spread out upon one of Isaac Paris's blankets. We ate with a light heart, half-lying on the parched grass around the extemporized cloth. Some of the young farmers, their meal already finished, were up on their feet, scuffling and wrestling in jest and high spirits. They laughed so heartily from time to time that Mr. Paris would call out: “Less noise there, you, or we shall not hear the cannon from the Fort!”

No one would have thought that this was the morning before a battle.

Eight o'clock arrived, and still there had been no signal. All preparations had long since been made. The saddle-horses of the officers were ready under the shade, their girths properly tightened. Blankets had been rolled up and strapped, haversacks and bags properly repacked, a last look taken to flints and priming. The supply-wagon stood behind where the General's tent had been, all laden for the start, and with the horses harnessed to the pole. Still no signal came!

The men began to grow uneasy with the waiting. It had been against the prevalent feeling of impatience that we halted here the preceding day, instead of

hastening forward to strike the blow. Now every minute's inaction increased this spirit of restlessness. The militia-men's faces—already saturnine enough, what with broken rest and three days' stubble of beard—were clouding over with dislike for the delay.

The sauntering to and fro began to assume a general trend toward the headquarters of the Brigadier. I had visited this spot once or twice before during the early morning, to offer suggestions or receive commands. I went again now, having it in mind to report to the General the evident impatience of the men. A doubt was growing with me, too, whether we were not too far away to be sure of hearing the guns from the Fort—quite six miles distant.

The privacy of the commander was indifferently secured by the posting of sentries, who guarded a square perhaps forty feet each way. In the centre of this inclosure was a clump of high bushes, with one or two young trees, bunched upon the bank of a tiny rivulet now almost dried up. Here, during the night, the General's small army-tent had been pitched, and here, now, after the tent had been packed on the wagon, he sat, on the only chair in camp, under the shadow of the bushes, within full view of his soldiers. These were by this time gathered three or four deep around the three front sides of the square, and were gradually pushing the sentries in. Five or six officers stood about the General, talking earnestly with him and with one another, and the growing crowd outside the square were visibly anxious to hear what was going on.

I have said before, I think, that I was the only officer of the Continental line in the whole party. This fact, and some trifling differences between my uniform and that of the militia colonels and majors, had attracted notice, not wholly of an admiring sort. I had had the misfortune, moreover, to learn in camp before Quebec to shave every day, as regularly as if at home, with the result that I was probably the only man in the clearing that morning who wore a clean face. This served further to make me a marked man among such of the farmer boys as knew me only by sight. As I pushed my way through the throng to get inside

the square, I heard various comments by strangers from Canajoharie or Cherry Valley way.

"There goes Schuyler's Dutchman," said one. "He has brought his *friseur* with him."

"It would have been more to the point if he had brought some soldiers. Albany would see us hang before she would help us," growled another.

"Make way for Mynheer," said a rough joker in the crowd, half-laughing, half-scowling. "What they need inside yonder is some more Dutch prudence. When they have heard him they will vote to go into winter quarters and fight next spring!"

All this was disagreeable enough, but it was wisest to pretend not to hear, and I went forward to the groups around the Brigadier.

The question under debate was, of course, whether we should wait longer for the signal—or rather, whether it had not been already fired, and the sound failed to reach us on the sultry, heavy air. There were two opinions upon this, and for a time the difference was discussed in amiability, if with some heat. The General felt positive that if the shots had been fired we must have heard them.

I seem to see him now, the brave old man, as he sat there on the rough stool, imperturbably smoking, and maintaining his own against the dissenting officers. Even after some of them grew vexed, and declared that either the signal had been fired or the express had been captured, and that in either case it would be worse than folly to longer remain here, he held his temper. Perhaps his keen black eyes sparkled the brighter, but he kept his tongue calm, and quietly reiterated his arguments. The beleaguering force outside the Fort, he said, must outnumber ours two to one. They had artillery, and they had regular German troops, the best in Europe, not to mention many hundreds of Indians, all well armed and munitioned. It would be next to impossible to surprise an army thus supplied with scouts; it would be practically hopeless to attack them, unless we were backed up by a simultaneous sortie in force from the fort. In that, the Brigadier insisted, lay our only chance of success.

"But I say the *sortie* will be made! They are waiting for us! Only we are too far off to hear their signal!" cried one of the impatient colonels.

"If the wind was in the east," said the Brigadier, "that might be the case. But in breathless air like this I have heard the guns from that Fort two miles farther back."

"Our messengers may not have got through the lines last night," put in Thomas Spencer, the half-breed. "The swamp back of the Fort is difficult travelling, even to one who knows it better than Helmer does, and Butler's Indians are not children, to see only straight ahead of their noses."

"Would it not be wise for Spencer here, and some of our young trappers, or some of Skenandoah's Indians, to go forward and spy out the land for us?" I asked.

"These would do little good now," answered Herkimer; "the chief thing is to know when Gansevoort is ready to come out and help us."

"The chief thing to know, by God," broke forth one of the colonels, with a great oath, "is whether we have a Patriot or a Tory at our head!"

Herkimer's tanned and swarthy face changed color at this taunt. He stole a swift glance at me, as if to say "this is what I warned you was to be looked for," and smoked his pipe for a minute in silence.

His brother-in-law, Colonel Peter Bellingier, took the insult less tamely.

"The man who says Honikol Herkimer is a Tory lies," he said bluntly, with his hand on his sword-hilt, and honest wrath in his gray eyes.

"Peace, Peter," said the Brigadier. "Let them think what they like. It is not my affair. My business is to guard the lives of these young men here, as if I were their father. I am a childless man, yet here I am as the parent of all of them. I could not go back again, and look their mothers in the eye if I had led them into trouble which could be avoided."

"We are not here to avoid trouble, but rather to seek it," shouted Colonel Cox, angrily.

He spoke loud enough to be heard by the throng beyond, which now num-

bered four-fifths of our whole force, and there rolled back to us from them a loud answering murmur of approval. At the sound of this, others came running up to learn what was going on, and the line, hitherto with difficulty kept back by the sentries, was broken in in more than one place. Matters looked bad for discipline, or wise action of any sort.

"A man does not show his bravery by running his head at a stone wall," said the Brigadier, still striving to keep his temper, but rising to his feet as he spoke.

"Will you give the order to go on?" demanded Cox, in a fierce tone, pitched even higher.

"Lead us on!" came loud shouts from many places in the crowd. There was a general pushing in of the line now, and some men at the back, misinterpreting this, began waving their hats and cheering.

"Give us the word, Honikol!" they yelled.

Still Herkimer stood his ground, though with rising choler.

"What for a soldier are you," he called out sharply, "to make mutiny like this? Know you not your duty better?"

"Our duty is to fight, not to sit around here in idleness. At least we are not cowards," broke in another, who had supported Cox from the outset.

"You!" cried Herkimer, all roused at last. "You will be the first to run when you see the British!"

There was no longer any pretence of keeping the square. The excited farmers pressed closely about us now, and the clamor was rising momentarily. All thought of order or military grade was gone. Men who had no rank whatever thrust their loud voices into the council, so that we could hear nothing clearly.

There was a brief interchange of further hot words between the Brigadier, Colonel Bellingier, and John Frey on the one side, and the mutinous colonels and men on the other. I heard the bitter epithets of "Tory" and "coward" hurled at the old man, who stood with chin defiant in air, and dark eyes ablaze, facing his antagonists. The scene was so shameful that I could scarce bear to look upon it.

There came a hurly-burly of confusion and tumult as the shouts of the crowd grew more vehement, and one of the refractory colonels impetuously drew his sword and half turned as if to give the command himself.

Then I heard Herkimer, too incensed to longer control himself, cry: "If you will have it so, the blood be on your heads." He sprang upon the stool at this, waved his sword and shouted so that all the eight hundred could hear:

"VORWÄRTS!"

The tall pines themselves shook with the cheer which the yeomen raised.

There was a scramble on the instant for muskets, bags, and belongings. To rush was the order. We under-officers caught the infection, and with no dignity at all hurried across the clearing to our horses. We cantered back in a troop, Barent Coppernal leading the Brigadier's white mare at a hand-gallop by our side. Still trembling with excitement, yet perhaps somewhat reconciled to the adventure by the exultant spirit of the scene before him, General Herkimer got into the saddle, and watched closely the efforts of the colonels, now once more all gratified enthusiasm, to bring their eager men into form. It had been arranged that Cox with his Canajoharie regiment should have the right of the line, and this body was ready and under way in less time, it seemed, than I have taken to write of it. The General saw the other three regiments trooped, told Visscher to bring the supply-wagon with the rear, and then, with Isaac Paris, Jelles Fonda, and myself galloped to the head of the column, where Spencer and Skenandoah with the Oneida Indians were.

So, marching swiftly, and without scouts, we started forth at about nine in the morning.

The road over which we hurried was as bad, even in those hot, dry days of August, as any still to be found in the Adirondacks. The bottom lands of the Mohawk Valley, as is well known, are of the best farming soil in the world, but for that very reason they make bad roads. The highway leading to the Fort lay for the most part over low and springy land, and was cut through the thick beech and hemlock forest almost in a straight line,

regardless of swales and marshy places. These had been in some instances bridged indifferently by corduroys of logs, laid the previous spring when Gansevoort dragged up his cannon for the defence of the Fort, and by this time too often loose and out of place. We, on horseback, found these rough spots even more trying than did the footmen; but for all of us progress was slow enough, after the first excitement of the start had passed away.

There was no outlook at any point. We were hedged in everywhere by walls of foliage, of mossy tree-trunks covered with vines, of tangled undergrowth and brush. When we had gained a hill-top, nothing more was to be seen than the dark-brown band of logs on the gulley-bottom before us, and the dim line of road losing itself in a mass of green beyond.

Neither Herkimer nor Paris had much to say, as we rode on in the van. Major Fonda made sundry efforts to engage them in talk, as if there had been no recent dispute, no harsh words, no angry recriminations, but without special success. For my part, I said nothing whatever. Surely there was enough to think of, both as to the miserable insubordination of an hour back, and as to what the next hour might bring.

We had passed over about the worst of these patches of corduroy road, in the bottom of a ravine between two hills, where a little brook, dammed in part by the logs, spread itself out over the swampy soil on both sides. We in the van had nearly gained the summit of the farther eminence, and were resting for the moment to see how Visscher should manage with his wagon in the rear. Colonel Cox had also turned in his saddle, some ten yards farther down the hill, and was calling back angrily to his men to keep in the centre of the logs and not tip them up by walking on the ends.

While I looked Barent Coppernal called out to me: "Do you remember? This is where we camped five years ago."

Before I could answer I heard a rifle report, and saw Colonel Cox half headlong upon the neck of his horse.

There was a momentary glimpse of

dark forms running back, a strange yell, a shot or two—and then the gates of Hell opened upon us.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE FEARSOME DEATH-STRUGGLE IN THE FOREST.

WERE I Homer and Shakespeare and Milton, merged all in one, I should still not know how fitly to depict the terrible scene which followed.

I had seen poor, headstrong, wilful Cox pitch forward upon the mane of his horse, as if all at once his spine had been turned into limp string; I saw now a ring of fire run out in spitting tongues of flame around the gulf, and a circle of thin whitish smoke slowly raise itself through the dark leaves of the girdling bushes. It was an appalling second of mental numbness during which I looked at this strange sight, and seemed not at all to comprehend it.

Then Herkimer cried out, shrilly: "My God! here it is!" and, whirling his mare about, dashed down the hillside again. I followed him, keeping ahead of Paris, and pushing my horse forward through the aimlessly swarming footmen of our van with a fierce, unintelligent excitement.

The air was filled now with shouts—what they were I did not know. The solid body of our troops on the corduroy bridge were huddling together like sheep in a storm. From the outer edges of this mass men were sinking to the ground. The tipping, rolling logs tossed these bodies on their ends off into the water, or under the feet of the others. Cox's horse had jumped side-long into the marsh, and now, its hind-quarters sinking in the mire, plunged wildly, flinging the inert body still fastened in the stirrups from side to side. Some of our men were firing their guns at random into the underbrush.

All this I saw in the swift gallop down the hill to rejoin the Brigadier.

As I jerked up my horse beside him, a blood-curdling chorus of strange barking screams, as from the throats of maniac women, rose at the farther side of the ravine, drowning the shouts of

our men, the ping-g-g of the whistling bullets, and even the sharp crack of the muskets. It was the Indian war-whoop! A swarm of savages were leaping from the bush in all directions, and falling upon our men as they stood jammed together on the causeway. It was a horrible spectacle—of naked, yelling devils, daubed with vermilion and ghastly yellow, rushing with uplifted hatchets and flashing knives upon this huddled mass of white men—our friends and neighbors. These, after the first bewildering shock, made what defence they could, shooting right and left, and beating down their assailants with terrific smashing blows from their gunstocks. But the throng on the sliding logs made them almost powerless, and into their jumbled ranks kept pouring the pitiless rain of bullets from the bush.

By God's providence there were cooler brains and wiser heads than mine, here in the ravine, to face and grapple with this awful crisis.

Old Herkimer seemed before my very eyes to wax bigger and stronger and calmer in the saddle, as this pandemonium unfolded in front of us. His orders I forget now—or what part I played at first in carrying them out—but they were given swiftly and with cool comprehension of all our needs. I should think that within five minutes from the first shot of the attack our forces—or what was left of them—had been drawn out of the cruel helplessness of their position in the centre of the swamp. This could never have been done had not Honikol Herkimer kept perfectly his self-control and balance, like an eagle in a tempest.

Visscher's regiment, in the rear, had not got fairly into the gulf, owing to the delay in dragging the wagon along, when the ambushed Indians fired their first volley; and he and his men, finding themselves outside the fiery circle, promptly ran away. They were followed by many of the Indians, which weakened the attacking force on the eastern side of the ravine. Peter Bellinger, therefore, was able to push his way back again from the beginning of the corduroy bridge into the woods on both sides of the road beyond, where cover was to

be had. It was a noble sight to see the stalwart Palatine farmers of his regiment—these Petries, Weavers, Helmers, and Dygerts of the German Flats—fight their path backward through the hail of lead, crushing Mohawk skulls as though they had been egg-shells with the mighty flail-like swing of their clubbed muskets, and returning fire only to kill every time. The bulk of Cox's Canajoharie regiment, and of Klock's Stone Arabia yeomen were pulled forward to the rising ground on the west side, and spread themselves out in the timber as well as they could, north and south of the road.

While these wise measures were being ordered, we three horsemen had, strangely enough, been out of the range of fire, but now, as we turned to ride back, a sudden shower of bullets came whizzing past us. My horse was struck in the head, and began staggering forward blindly. I leaped from his back as he toppled, only to come in violent collision with General Herkimer, whose white mare, fatally wounded, had toppled toward me. The Brigadier helped extricate himself from the saddle, and started with the rest of us to run up the hill for cover, but stumbled and stopped after a step or two. The bone of his right leg had been shattered by the ball which killed his steed, and his high boot was already welling with blood.

It was in my arms, never put to better purpose, that the honest old man was carried up the side-hill. Here, under a low-branched beech some two rods from the road, Dr. William Petrie stripped off the boot, and bandaged, as best he could, the wounded leg. The spot was not well sheltered, but here the Brigadier, a little pale, yet still calm and resolute, said he would sit and see the battle out. Several young men, at a hint from the doctor, ran down through the sweeping fire to the edge of the morass, unfastened the big saddle from his dead mare, and safely brought it to us. On this the brave old German took his seat, with the maimed leg stretched out on some boughs hastily gathered, and, coolly lighting his pipe, proceeded to look about him.

"Can we not find a safer place for you farther back, Brigadier?" I asked.

"No; here I will sit," he answered, stoutly. "The men can see me here; I will face the enemy till I die."

All this time the rattle of musketry, the screech of flying bullets, the hoarse din and clamor of forest warfare, had never for an instant abated. Looking down upon the open space of the gully's bottom, we could see more than two-score corpses piled upon the logs of the road, or upon little mounds of black soil which showed above the level of the slough, half-hidden by the willows and tall, rank tufts of swamp-grass. Save for the dead, this natural clearing was well-nigh deserted. Captain Jacob Seeber was in sight, upon a hillock below us to the north, with a score of his Canajoharie company in a circle, firing outward at the enemy. Across the ravine Captain Jacob Gardener, a gigantic farmer, armed with a captured Indian spear, had cut loose with his men from Visscher's retreat, and had fought his way back to help us. Farther to the south, some of the Cherry Valley men had got trees, and were holding the Indians at bay.

The hot August sun poured its fiercest rays down upon the heaps of dead and wounded in this forest cockpit, and turned into golden haze the mist of smoke encircling it. Through this pale veil we saw, from time to time, forms struggling in the dusk of the thicket beyond. Behind each tree-trunk was the stage whereon a life-drama was being played, with a sickening and tragic sameness in them all. The yeoman from his cover would fire; if he missed, forth upon him would dart the savage, raised hatchet gleaming—and there would be a widow the more in some one of our Valley homes.

"Put two men behind each tree," ordered keen-eyed Herkimer. "Then, when one fires, the other's gun will be loaded for the Indian on his running forward." After this command had been followed, the battle went better for us.

There was a hideous fascination in this spectacle stretched before us. An hour ago it had been so softly peaceful, with the little brook picking its clean way in the sunlight through the morass, and the kingfisher flitting among the willows, and the bees' drone laying like

a spell of indolence upon the heated air. Now the swale was choked with corpses! The rivulet ran red with blood, and sluggishly spread its current around barriers of dead men. Bullets whistled across the gulf, cutting off boughs of trees as with a knife, and scattering tufts of leaves like feathers from a hawk stricken in its flight. The heavy air grew thick with smoke, dashed by swift streaks of dancing flame. The demon-like screams of the savages, the shouts and moans and curses of our own men, made hearing horrible. Yes—horrible is the right word!

A frightened owl, I remember, was routed by the tumult from its sleepy perch, and flew slowly over the open space of the ravine. So curious a compound is man!—we watched the great, brown-winged creature flap its purblind way across from wood to wood, and speculated there, as we stood in the jaws of death, if some random ball would hit it.

I am writing of all this as if I did nothing but look about me while others fought. Of course that could not have been the case. I recall now these fragmentary impressions of the scene around me with a distinctness and with a plenitude of minutæ which surprise me, the more that I remember little enough of what I myself did. But when a man is in a fight for his life there are no details. He is either to come out of it or he isn't, and that is about all he thinks of.

I have put down nothing about what was now the most serious part of the struggle—the combat with the German mercenaries and Tory volunteers on the high ground beyond the ravine. I conceive it to have been the plan of the enemy to let the Indians lie hidden round about the gulf until our rear-guard had entered it. Then they were to disclose their ambuscade, sweeping the corduroy bridge with fire, while the Germans and Tories, meeting our van up on the crown of the hill beyond, were to attack and drive it back upon our flank in the gulf bottom, when we should have been wholly at the mercy of the encircling fusillade from the hills. Fortunately St. Leger had given the Indians a quart of rum apiece before

they started; this was our salvation. The savages were too excited to wait, and closed too soon the fiery ring which was to destroy us all. This premature action cut off our rear, but it also prevented our van reaching the point where the white foe lay watching for us. Thus we were able to form upon our centre, after the first awful shock was over, and to then force our way backward or forward to some sort of cover before the Germans and Tories came upon us.

The fighting in which I bore a part was at the farthest western point, where the remnants of four or five companies, half-buried in the gloom of the impenetrable wood, on a line stretching along the whole crest of the hill, held these troops at bay. We lay or crouched behind leafy coverts—crawling from place to place as our range was reached by the enemy—shooting from the shield of tree-trunks, or of tangled clumps of small firs, or, best of all, of fallen and prostrate logs.

Often, when one of us, creeping cautiously forward, gained a spot which promised better shelter, it was to find it already tenanted by a corpse—perhaps of a near and dear friend. It was thus that I came upon the body of Major John Eisenlord, and, later, upon what was left of poor Barent Coppernol, lying half-hidden among the running hemlock, scalpless and cold. It was from one of these recesses, too, that I saw stout old Isaac Paris shot down, and then dragged away a prisoner by the Tories, to be handed over to the hatchets of their Indian friends a few days hence.

Fancy three hours of this horrible forest warfare, in which every minute bore a whole lifetime's strain and burden of peril!

We knew not then how time passed, and could but dimly guess how things were going beyond the brambled copse in which we fought. Vague intimations reached our ears, as the sounds of battle now receded, now drew near, that the issue of the day still hung in suspense. The war-yells of the Indians to the rear were heard less often now. The conflict seemed to be spreading out over a greater area, to judge from the faintness

of some of the rifle reports which came to us. But we could not tell which side was giving way; nor was there much time to think of this. All our vigilance and attention were needed from moment to moment to keep ourselves alive.

All at once, with a terrific swoop, there burst upon the forest a great storm, with loud-rolling thunder and a drenching downfall of rain. We had been too grimly engrossed in the affairs of the earth to note the darkening sky. The tempest broke upon us unawares. The wind fairly roared through the branches high above us; blinding flashes of lightning blazed in the shadows of the wood. Huge boughs were wrenched bodily off by the blast. Streaks of flame ran zig-zag down the sides of the tall, straight hemlocks. The forest fairly rocked under the convulsion of the elements.

We wrapped our neckcloths or kerchiefs about our gunlocks, and crouched under shelter from the pelting sheets of water as well as might be. As for the fight, it ceased utterly.

While we lay thus quiescent in the rain, I heard a low, distant report from the west, which seemed distinct among the growlings of the thunder; there followed another, and a third. It was the belated signal from the Fort!

I made my way back to the hill-side as best I could, under the dripping brambles, over the drenched and slippery ground-vines, upon the chance that the Brigadier had not heard the reports.

The commander still sat on his saddle under the beech-tree where I had left him. Some watch-coats had been stretched over the lowest branches above him, forming a tolerable shelter. His honest brown face seemed to have grown wan and aged during the day. He protested that he had little or no pain from his wound, but the repressed lines about his lips belied their assurance. He smiled with gentle irony when I told him of what I had heard, and how I had hastened to apprise him of it.

"I must indeed be getting old," he said, to his brother George. "The young men think I can no longer hear cannon when they are fired off."

The half-dozen officers who squatted or stood about under the tree, avoiding

the streams which fell from the holes in the improvised roof, told me a terrible story of the day's slaughter. Of our eight hundred, nearly half were killed. Visscher's regiment had been chased northward toward the river, whither the fighting from the ravine had also in large part drifted. How the combat was going down there it was difficult to say. There were dead men behind every tree, it seemed. Commands were so broken up, and troops so scattered by the stern exigencies of forest fighting that it could not be known who was living and who was dead.

What made all this doubly tragic in my ears was that these officers, who recounted to me our losses, had to name their own kinsmen among the slain. Beneath the general grief and dismay in the presence of this great catastrophe were the cruel gnawings of personal anguish.

"My son Robert lies out there, just beyond the tamarack," said Colonel Samuel Campbell to me, in a hoarse whisper.

"My brother Stufel killed two Mohawks before he died; he is on the knoll there with most of his men," said Captain Fox.

Major William Seeber, himself wounded beyond help, said, gravely: "God only knows whether my boy Jacob lives or not; but Audolph is gone, and my brother Saffreness and his son James." The old merchant said this with dry eyes, but with the bitterness of a broken heart.

I told them of the shooting and capture of Paris and the death of Eisenlord. My news created no impression, apparently. Our minds were saturated with horror. Of the nine Snells who came with us, seven were said to be dead already.

The storm stopped as abruptly as it had come upon us. Of a sudden it grew lighter, and the rain dwindled to a fine mist. Great luminous masses of white appeared in the sky, pushing aside the leaden clouds. Then all at once the sun was shining.

On that instant shots rang out here and there through the forest. The fight began again.

The two hours which followed seem to

me now but the indistinct space of a few minutes. Our men had seized upon the leisure of the lull to eat what food was at hand in their pockets, and felt now refreshed in strength. They had had time, too, to learn something of the awful debt of vengeance they owed the enemy. A sombre rage possessed them, and gave to their hearts a giant's daring. Heroes before, they became Titans now.

The vapors steaming up in the sunlight from the wet earth seemed to bear the scent of blood. The odor affected our senses. We ran forth in parties now, disdainful cover. Some fell; we leaped over their writhing forms, dashed our fierce way through the thicket to where the tell-tale smoke arose, and smote, stabbed, stamped out the life of the ambushed foe. Under the sway of this frenzy timorous men swelled into veritable paladins. The least reckless of us rushed upon death with breast bared and with clinched fists.

A body of us were thus scouring the wood on the crest of the hill, pushing through the tangle of dead brush and thick high brake, which soaked us afresh to the waist, resolute to overcome and kill whomsoever we could reach. Below us, in the direction of the river, though half a mile this side of it, we could hear a scattering fusillade maintained, which bespoke bush-fighting. Toward this we made our way, firing at momentary glimpses of figures in the thicket, and driving scattered groups of the foe before us as we ran.

Coming out upon the brow of the hill, and peering through the saplings and underbrush, we could see that big Captain Gardenier and his Caughnawaga men were gathered in three or four parties behind clumps of alders in the bottom, loading and firing upon an enemy invisible to us. While we were looking down and hesitating how best to go to his succor, one of old Sammons's sons came bounding down the side-hill, all excitement, crying:

"Help is here from the Fort!"

Sure enough, close behind him were descending some fourscore men, whose musket-barrels and cocked hats we could distinguish swaying above the bushes, as they advanced in regular order.

I think I see huge, burly Gardenier still, standing in his woollen shirt-sleeves, begrimed with powder and mud, one hand holding his spear, the other shading his eyes against the sinking sun, as he scanned the new-comers.

"Who's there?" he roared at them.

"From the Fort!" we could hear the answer.

Our hearts leaped with joy at this, and we began with one accord to get to the foot of the hill, to meet these preservers. Down the steep side we clambered, through the dense second-growth, in hot haste and all confidence. We had some friendly Oneidas with us, and I had to tell them to keep back, lest Gardenier, deeming them Mohawks, should fire upon them.

Coming to the edge of the swampy clearing we saw a strange sight.

Captain Gardenier was some yards in advance of his men, struggling like a mad Hercules with half a dozen of these new-comers, hurling them right and left, then falling to the ground, pinned through each thigh by a bayonet, and pulling down his nearest assailant upon his breast to serve as a shield.

While we took in this astounding spectacle young Sammons was dancing with excitement.

"In God's name, Captain," he shrieked. "You are killing our friends!"

"Friends be damned!" yelled back Gardenier, still struggling with all his vast might. "These are Tories. *Fire!* you fools! *Fire!*"

It was the truth. They were indeed Tories—double traitors to their former friends. As Gardenier shouted out his command these ruffians raised their guns, and there sprang up from the bushes on either side of them as many more savages, with weapons lifting for a volley.

How it was I know not, but they never fired that volley. Our muskets seemed to poise and discharge themselves of their own volition, and a score of the villains, white and red, tumbled before us. Gardenier's men had recovered their senses as well, and pouring in a deadly fusillade, dashed furiously forward with clubbed muskets upon the unmasked foe. These latter would now have retreated up the hill

again, whence they could fire to advantage, but we at this leaped forth upon their flank, and they, with a futile shot or two, turned and fled in every direction, we all in wild pursuit.

Ah, that chase! Over rotten, moss-grown logs, weaving between gnarled tree-trunks, slipping on treacherous twigs, the wet saplings whipping our faces, the boughs knocking against our guns, in savage heat we tore forward, loading and firing as we ran.

The pursuit had a malignant pleasure in it; we knew the men we were driving before us. Cries of recognition rose through the woods; names of renegades were shouted out which had a sinister familiarity in all our ears.

I came upon young Stephen Watts, the boyish brother of Lady Johnson, lying piteously prone against some roots, his neck torn with a hideous wound of some sort; he did not know me, and I passed him by with a bitter hardening of the heart. What did he here, making war upon my Valley? One of the Papist Scots from Johnstown, Augus McDonell, was shot, knocked down, and left senseless behind us. So far from there being any pang of compassion for him, we cheered his fall, and pushed fiercely on. The scent of blood in the moist air had made us wild beasts all.

I found myself at last near the river, and on the edge of a morass, where the sun was shining upon the purple flowers of the sweet flag, and tall rushes rose above little miry pools. I had with me a young Dutch farmer—John Van Antwerp—and three Oneida Indians, who had apparently attached themselves to me on account of my epaulettes. We had followed thus far at some distance a party of four or five Tories and Indians; we came to a halt here, puzzled as to the course they had taken.

While my Indians, bent double, were running about scanning the soft ground for a trail, I heard a well-known voice close behind me say:

“They’re over to the right, in that clump of cedars. Better get behind a tree.”

I turned around. To my amazement Enoch Wade stood within two yards of me, his buckskin shirt wide open at the

throat, his coon-skin cap on the back of his head, his long rifle over his arm.

“In heaven’s name, how did you come here?”

“Lay down, I tell ye!” he replied, throwing himself flat on his face as he spoke.

We were too late. They had fired on us from the cedars, and a bullet struck poor Van Antwerp down at my feet.

“Now for it, before they can load!” cried Enoch, darting past me and leading a way on the open border of the swale, with long, unerring leaps from one raised point to another. The Indians raced beside him, crouching almost to a level with the reeds, and I followed.

A single shot came from the thicket as we reached it, and I felt a momentary twinge of pain in my arm.

“Damnation! I’ve missed him! Run for your lives!” I heard shouted excitedly from the bush.

There came a crack, crack, of two guns; one of my Indians rolled headlong upon the ground; the others darted forward in pursuit of some flitting forms dimly to be seen in the undergrowth beyond.

“Come here!” called Enoch to me. He was standing among the low cedars, resting his chin on his hands, spread palm down over the muzzle of his gun, and looking calmly upon something on the ground before him.

I hurried to his side. There, half-stretched on the wet, blood-stained grass, panting with the exertion of raising himself on his elbow, and looking me square in the face with distended eyes, lay Philip Cross.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ALONE AT LAST WITH MY ENEMY.

My stricken foe looked steadily into my face; once his lips parted to speak, but no sound came from them.

For my part I did not know what to say to him. A score of thoughts pressed upon my tongue for utterance, but none of them seemed suited to this strange occasion. Everything that occurred to me was either weak or over-violent. Two distinct ideas of this momentary irreso-

lution I remember; one was to leave him in silence for my Oneidas to tomahawk and scalp; the other was to curse him where he lay.

There was nothing in his whitening face to help me to a decision. The look in his eyes was both sad and savage—an expression I could not fathom. For all it said to me, he might be thinking wholly of his wound, or of nothing whatever. The speechless fixity of this gaze embarrassed me. For relief I turned to Enoch, and said sharply:

"You haven't told me yet what you were doing here."

The trapper kept his chin still on its rest, and only for a second turned his shrewd gray eyes from the wounded quarry to me.

"You can see for yourself, can't ye?" he said. "What do people mostly do when there's shooting going on, and they've got a gun?"

"But how came you here at all? I thought you were to stay at—at the place where I put you."

"That was likely, wasn't it! Me loafing around the house like a tame cat among the niggers, while good fighting was going on up here!"

"If you wanted to come, why not have marched with us? I asked you."

"I don't march much myself. It suits me to get around on my own legs in my own way. I told you I wouldn't go into any ranks, or tote my gun on my shoulder when it was handier to carry it on my arm. But I didn't tell you I wouldn't come up and see this thing on my own hook."

"Have you been here all day?"

"If you come to that, it's none of your business, young man. I got here about the right time of day to save *your* bacon; anyway. That's enough for *you*, aint it?"

The rebuke was just, and I put no further questions.

A great stillness had fallen upon the forest behind us. In the distance, from the scrub-oak thickets on the lowlands by the river, there sounded from time to time the echo of a stray shot, and faint Mohawk cries of "Oonah! Oonah!" The battle was over!

"They were beginning to run away before I came down," said Enoch, in comment upon some of these dying-away

yells of defeat which came to us. "They got handled too rough. If their white officers had showed themselves more, and took bigger risks, they'd have stood their ground. But these Tory fine gentlemen are a pack of cowards. They let the Injuns get killed, but they kept darned well hid themselves."

The man on the ground broke silence here.

"You lie!" he said, fiercely.

"Oh! you can talk, can you?" said Enoch. "No, I don't lie, Mr. Cross. I'm talking gospel truth. Herkimer's officers came out like men, and fought like men, and got shot by dozens; but till we struck you I never laid eyes on one of you fellows all day long, and my eyesight's pretty good, too. Don't you think it is? I nailed you right under the nipple, there, within a hair of the button I sighted on. I leave it to you if that ain't pretty fair shooting."

The cool brutality of this talk revolted me. I had it on my tongue to interpose, when the wounded man spoke again, with a new accent of gloom in his tone.

"What have I ever done to you?" he said, with his hand upon his breast.

"Why, nothing at all, Mr. Cross," answered Enoch, amiably. "There wasn't any feeling about it, at least on my part. I'd have potted you just as carefully if we'd been perfect strangers."

"Will you leave us here together for a little while, Enoch?" I broke in. "Come back in a few minutes—find out what the news is in the gulf—how the fight has gone. I desire some words with this—this gentleman."

The trapper nodded at this, and started off with his cat-like, springing walk, loading his rifle as he went. "I'll turn up in about a quarter of an hour," he said.

I watched his lithe, leather-clad figure disappear among the trees, and then wheeled around to my prostrate foe.

"I do not know what to say to you," I said, hesitatingly, looking down upon him.

He had taken his hand away from his breast, and was fumbling with it on the grass behind him. Suddenly he raised it, with a sharp cry of—

"I know what to say to you!"

There was a pistol in the air confront-

ing me, and I, taken all aback, looked full into the black circle of its barrel as he pulled the trigger. The flint struck out a spark of flame, but it fell upon priming dampened by the wet grass.

The momentary gleam of eagerness in the pallid face before me died pitiously away when no report came. If he had had the strength, he would have thrown the useless weapon at me. As it was, it dropped from his nerveless fingers. He closed his eyes under the knit brows, upon which cold sweat stood out, and groaned aloud.

"I do not know what to say to you," I went on, the episode of the pistol seeming, strangely enough, to have cleared my thoughts. "For two years—yes, for five years—I have been picturing to myself some such scene as this, where you should lie overthrown before me, and I should crush the life out of your hateful body with my heel, as one does with snakes. But now that it has come about, I am at a strange loss for words."

"That you were not formerly," said the wounded man. "Since I have known you, you have fought always exceedingly well with your mouth. It was only in deeds that you were slow."

He made this retort with a contemptuous coolness of tone which was belied by his white face and drawn brows, and by the troubled, clinging gaze in his eyes. I found myself looking with a curious impersonal interest upon this heavy, large-featured countenance, always heretofore so deeply flushed with color, and now coarsely blotched with varying depths of pallor.

"Doubtless it would be best to leave you here. None of your party will straggle this way. They have all fled. You can lie here and think of your misdeeds until——"

"Until the wolves come, you mean. Yes, go away. I prefer them to you."

The sky to the west was one great lurid, brassy glare, overlung with banks of sinister clouds, a leaden purple above, fiery crimson below. The unnatural light fell strongly upon us both. A big shadow passed for an instant across the sunset, and we, looking instinctively up, saw the circling bulk of some huge bird of prey. I shuddered at the sight.

"Yes, leave me to *them!*" he said, bitterly. "Go back and seize my lands, my house. While the beasts and the birds tear me to bits here in the forest, do you fatten upon my substance at home. You and they are of a kidney."

"You know I would touch nothing of yours!"

"No! not even my wife!"

The thrust went home. There was a world of sardonic disdain in his voice as he spoke, but in truth I thought little of his tone. The words themselves seemed to open a gulf before my feet. Was it indeed true, in welcoming this man's death, that I was thinking of the woman it would set free—for me?

It seemed a long, long time before I found tongue again. I walked up and down among the small cedars, fighting out in my own mind the issue of honor which had been with such brutal frankness raised. I could not make it seem wholly untrue—this charge he so contemptuously flung at me. There was no softening of my heart toward him; he was still the repellent, evil ruffian I had for years held him to be. I felt that I hated him the more because he had put me in the wrong. I went back to him, ashamed for the source of the increase of temper I trembled under, yet powerless to dissemble it.

"Why should I not kill you where you lie?" I shouted at him.

He made an effort at shrugging his shoulders, but vouchsafed no other reply.

"You"—I went on, in a whirl of rage at myself, at him, at the entire universe—"you have made my whole manhood bitter. I fought you the first time I saw you—when we were little boys. Even then you insulted, injured me! I have always hated you! You have always given me reason to hate you! It was you who poisoned Mr. Stewart's mind against me. It was you who stole my sweet sister away from me. Did this content you? No. You must drive the good old gentleman into paralysis and illness unto death—out of his mind—and you must overwhelm the poor, gentle girl with drunken brutality and cruelty, and, to cap all, with desertion. And this is not enough—my God! think of it!—*this* is not enough!

—but you must come with the others to force Indian war upon our Valley, upon your old neighbors! There are hundreds lying dead here to-day in these woods—honest men, whose wives, parents, little children are waiting for them at home. They will never lay eyes on them again! Why? Because of you and your scoundrel friends. You have done too much mischief already. It is high time to put an end to you!”

The wounded man had listened to me wearily, with his free hand clutched tight over his wound, and the other tearing spasmodically at the grass beside him.

“I am bleeding to death,” he said, with a voice obviously weakened since his last preceding words. “So much the better for you. You would like it so—you are not bold enough to knock me on the head, or merciful enough to go about your business and leave me in peace. I ought to be above bandying words with you—nor would I if it did not take my mind from my hurt. You are right, you have always been my enemy. You were jealous of me as a little boy. You had an apron, and you envied me my coat. When, like a fool, I came again to this cursed wilderness, your sour face rose up in front of me like an ugly dream. It was my first disagreeable thing. Still you were jealous of me, for I was a gentleman; you were a skin-pedler. I married a maiden who had beauty and wit enough to grace my station—even though she had not been born to it. It was you who turned her mind against me, and incited her to unhappiness in the home I had given her. It was you who made a damned rebel out of her, and drove me into going to Canada. She has ever been more your friend than mine. You are of her sort. An English gentleman could rightly have had no part or lot with either of you. Go back to her now—tell her you left me here waiting for the wolves—and that my dying message was——”

He followed with some painfully bitter and malignant words which I have not the heart to set down here in cold blood against him.

“Let me see your wound,” I said, when he had finished and sank back, exhausted.

I knelt beside him and opened his green coat, and the fine, ruffled shirt beneath it. Both were soaked with blood on the whole right side, but the soft cambric had, in a measure, checked the flow. He made no resistance, and I spread over the ugly aperture some of the plaster with which my mother had fitted me out, and bound it fast, with some difficulty, by passing my sash under his body and winding it about his chest.

He kept his eyes closed while I was doing this. I could not tell whether he was conscious or not. Nor could I explain to myself why I was concerning myself with his wound. Was it to save, if possible, his life? Was it to lengthen out his term of torture here in the great final solitude, helplessly facing the end with snarling wolves and screaming kites for his death-watch? I scarcely knew which.

I try now to retrace the courses by which my thoughts, in the confused searchings of those few moments, reached finally a good conclusion; but the effort is beyond my powers. I know only that all at once it became quite clear to my mind that I must not leave my enemy to die. How much of this was due to purely physical compassion for suffering, how much to the higher pleadings of humanity, how much to the feeling that his taunts of baseness must be proved untrue, I cannot say.

I was still kneeling beside him, I know, when Enoch suddenly stood in front of me. His practised footsteps had made no sound. He glanced gravely at me and at the white, inanimate face of Cross. Emotions did not play lightly upon Enoch's leather-like visage; there was nothing in his look to tell whether he was surprised or not.

“Well, what news? How has the day gone?” I asked him.

“Your people hold the gulf. The British have gone back. It seems they were attacked in their rear from the Fort. The woods are full of dead men.”

“What is Herkimer going to do?”

“They were making a litter to carry him off the field. They are going home again—down the Valley.”

“So, then, we have lost the fight.”

“Well, seeing that every three sound

men have got to tote back one wounded man, and that about half the people you brought here are dead to begin with, it don't look much like a victory, does it?"

"But the British have retreated, you say, and there was a sortie from the Fort?"

"Yes, it's about six of one and half-dozen of t'other. I should say that both sides had got their bellyful of fighting. I guess they'll both want to rest for a spell."

I made no answer, being lost in a maze of thoughts upon the hideous carnage of the day, and upon what was likely to come of it. Enoch went on:

"They seemed to be pretty nigh through with their litter-making. They must be about ready to start. You'd better be sry if you want to go along with 'em."

"Did you speak to anyone of me? Did you tell them where I was?"

"I ain't quite a fool, young man," said the trapper, with a gaunt sort of smile. "If they'd caught sight of me, I wouldn't have got much chance to explain about myself, let alone you. It kind of occurred to me that strangers found loafing around in the woods wouldn't get much of an opening for polite conversation just now—especially if those strangers were fellows who had come down from Sillinger's camp with letters only a fortnight ago."

All this time Cross had been stretched at my knees, with his eyes closed. He opened them here, at Enoch's last words, and broke into our conversation with a weak, strangely altered voice:

"I know you now—damn you! I couldn't think before. You are the fellow I gave my letters to, there on Buck's Island. I paid you your own price—in hard gold—and now you shoot me in return. You are on the right side now. You make a good rebel."

"Now look here, Mr. Cross," put in Enoch, with just a trace of temper in his tone. "You paid me to carry those letters because I was going that way,

and I carried 'em straight. You didn't pay me for anything else, and you couldn't, neither. There ain't been gold enough minted yet to hire me to fight for your King George against Congress. Put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

"Come, Enoch," I here interrupted, "enough of that. The man is suffering. You must not vex him further by words."

"Suffering or not," returned the trapper, "he might keep a civil tongue in his head. Why, I even did something you didn't pay me for," he went on, scowling down at the prostrate soldier. "I delivered your message here to this man" (indicating me with a gesture of his thumb)—"all that, you know, about cutting out his heart when you met him, and feeding it to a Mississague dog."

Enoch's grim features relaxed into a sardonic smile as he added: "There may be more or less heart-eating round about here presently, but it don't look much as if it would be his, and the dogs that'll do it don't belong to anybody—not even to a Mississague buck."

The wounded man's frame shook under a spasm of shuddering, and he glowered at us both wildly, with a look half-wrath, half-pitiful pleading, which helped me the better to make up my mind.

Enoch had turned to me once more:

"Come," he said; "we better hustle along. It will be all right with me so long as I am with you, and there is no time to lose. They must be starting from the gulf by this time. If we step along brisk we'll soon catch them. As for this chap here—I guess we'd better leave him. He won't last long anyway, and your folks don't want any wounded prisoners. They've got too many litters to carry already."

"No," I made answer, with my resolve clear now before me. "We will make our own litter, and we will carry him to his home ourselves—by the river—away from the others."

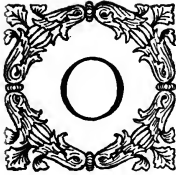
"The hell you say!" said Enoch.

(To be concluded in the July number.)

THE RIGHTS OF THE CITIZEN.

III.—AS A USER OF PUBLIC CONVEYANCES.

By Seth Low.



ONE is tempted to say that the only recognized right of the citizen as a traveller in the city of New York, and measurably in other cities, is the right to transportation. To be just, however, one must add that such travel is possible with a high degree of safety. It remains true, nevertheless, that almost all lines of city travel are greatly overcrowded. On the elevated roads and in the street-cars a gentleman who retains the old-time instinct of surrendering his seat to a lady must expect to stand most of the time. The company collects a full fare, with complete placidity, from these standing passengers, whom it generously warns to avail themselves of the straps which are provided because of the curves. It demands the same full return from those who hang on the platforms or the steps, as a witty Frenchman expressed it, "like grapes on a bunch." There is manifest nowhere, either on the part of the company or the public, the slightest recognition of any right on the part of the traveller except the right to safe transportation. So precisely is this the case that one frequently hears a railroad company, or the like, plume itself on having furnished the travelling public with more comfortable cars, sagely remarking at the same time that it is good business judgment to make its patrons comfortable. No doubt it is good business judgment, but that there is an obligation to do so is naively lost sight of. There can be but one adequate explanation of this situation. The standard of our people is not high enough. They do not demand from the companies which transport them a high enough quality of service. When they do, and ask for it intelligently, they will find that it is to be had for the asking. There is complaint enough certainly, but dissat-

isfaction is not the intelligent insistence on a higher standard of service. As to what it is reasonable to expect, let us learn a lesson from our fellow-republicans of the city of Paris. No vehicle in Paris is allowed to carry more passengers than can be seated. The sign "*complet*" warns the would-be traveller that he may not demand transportation for himself by making everybody else uncomfortable, while the law compels the companies to confront the proposition, "no seat, no fare." One result, no doubt, is seen in an immensely larger cab service, at low rates, and pavements which make travel on wheels tolerable. It is an interesting fact that public sentiment in this country, where the people always have been supreme, never has formulated so high a standard, much less enforced it. In another particular our cities make but a poor showing, in this relation, as compared with the cities of the old world. The most valuable city franchises in the United States have been parted with, for the most part, for nothing. In Europe they have been largely retained as a source of revenue to the community. If we can find the reason for the facts as they exist here, much light may be thrown on the question of remedy.

It would appear, first of all, then, that our people learn the art of government largely by experiment. The great majority of the community never have come in contact with conditions other than those they see about them, and therefore it scarcely occurs to them that corporations can be made to deal with the public otherwise than they themselves are dealt with. The remedy for this difficulty is adequate, but it takes time to operate. Public sentiment must be awakened to a higher standard by the simple process of education. The process is slow, but it is sure. For this great merit American communities certainly have, that they are teachable.

When the suggestion is made to a

corporation that it should give a better service, the first reply usually is that it would be too costly. It must be admitted that the public cannot expect a quality of service which it will not pay for. But in most cases the returns made by the public would pay handsomely for the better service, except for certain general conditions for which the public itself is responsible. We have allowed it to become unduly costly to serve the public through a city franchise in two ways. Speaking broadly and of no particular locality, it has become almost impossible, under existing methods, to secure municipal consent for the grant of such a franchise except by incurring charges which at once add to the cost, and change all such enterprises at the outset from the safest kind of business undertakings into speculative movements. Many men will not be connected with such movements until they reach an advanced stage. Such undertakings inevitably float all the stock and bonds they can, aiming to give as little as they must, and to secure as large returns as possible. Let me say again I am not speaking of any city in particular, but of results which are traceable, with more or less distinctness, in cities everywhere in this country, which results flow, as I think, largely from faulty methods that admit of correction.

There was a time in the early part of this century when nobody thought of applying for a bank charter except to a legislature with which he was politically in sympathy. Such a charter was a gift only to be granted to those who might be favored for political or other reasons. The clause in the New York State Constitution forbidding the formation of corporations by special acts, indicates that the State was no more to be trusted with the power to decide on such matters by favor, than our cities have shown themselves competent to be. The truth is that the system is at fault. A public body which has valuable franchises to grant, at will, is peculiarly exposed to corruption. Until human nature changes, or is completely regenerated, it always will be so. The remedy is to be sought in depriving the public body, whatever it may be, of the power

to make such grants at will. The remedy has been found as to bank charters, and it works perfectly, by granting the same privileges to everybody under general laws. The remedy is to be found as to city franchises, not by precisely the same method, but by working along the same general path. The power of the city government to grant or withhold consent at will must be taken away. One step has been taken in this direction in some cities by the provision compelling the sale at auction of such franchises. This is good as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. As long as the city is kept in the position of granting or selling the right to do what somebody in particular wants to do, those who have planned the scheme come to the auction with everything in their favor. The relation of the city to such enterprises should be exactly reversed. Instead of the city holding the passive part of consent, upon it should be thrown exactly the opposite duty of actively planning the route that is to be operated and of protecting the public interests by specifying the conditions. When the public authorities of a city can specify all the conditions upon which public franchises can be operated, as they now specify some, we may hope for better accommodations. The so-called bobtail car has yielded in many places under precisely this pressure. Under existing methods no public franchise is sought until it promises to be profitable. Not improbably it is then sought to serve subsidiary private ends rather than the public convenience. If the initiative lay with the city, it might make the strong carry the weak. Profitable routes could be sold in connection with less promising ones to the great advancement of public convenience in the large sense. In any case, if the city were to seek bidders after due public notice, for specific work to be done in a specified way, under conditions which lifted the right to do the work entirely out of the range of favoritism, it can scarcely be doubted that capital would compete for the privileges so offered for sale much more cheaply than at present. It may be urged that public work done by contract is not always honestly done. Unhappily this is true, but the interest of a contractor in

his work ceases the instant he is paid. The interest of a successful bidder for a public franchise lasts as long as he holds the franchise. Again, it may be urged that the city may favor individuals or localities, or may be unwise in its action, in the routes it lays out. This also is true. Human nature never reaches perfection anywhere. The contention is that the element of corruption as it affects city franchises may be eliminated by throwing upon the city the duty of devising instead of the duty of consenting. Under the protection given to individuals as property-owners, by the Constitution of New York State, it is believed that a safe and workable law to accomplish this result can be readily devised. It is interesting to point out that both of the laws now pending in the legislature, to deal with New York's rapid transit problem, proceed upon this theory. What is wanted is a general law applying this principle to all cities, and to all methods of communication within cities.

It remains to speak of the loss which citizens have sustained in the failure to make city franchises a source of municipal revenue. It would be idle to try to point out in figures the income that might have been received under wiser management. The important thing is to consider what can be done for the future. By a study of the past it is easy to determine the right and the wrong line of procedure. Singularly enough, New York City furnishes the most striking illustrations in both directions.

The city of New York never has parted with the ownership of its ferry franchises, certainly not with those which run to Brooklyn and to Staten Island within the State of New York. Since 1859 the Union Ferry Company has bought at public auction the franchise for five of the East River ferries. The last sale took place in 1886. It is interesting to notice in the careful provision for the public interest, the effect of putting the city in the positive attitude of saying what it wants, instead of limiting its function to the negative duty of consent. The lease provides:

Ferry Company (the lessee at the time of sale) shall be required to purchase, at a fair appraised valuation, the boats, buildings, and other property of the Union Ferry Company.

3. The highest bidder to pay down \$25,000 besides auctioneer's fees. All piers, slips, etc., to be kept in repair by lessee.

4. The lease shall contain covenants that ferries will be run in conformity with ordinances and laws.

5. Each ferry-boat shall contain a fire-engine and not less than 400 feet of hose, and each such boat shall be subject to the call of the New York Fire Department at the rate of \$20 an hour.

6. The lessee agrees to dredge slips as necessary.

The lease also fixes fares, which, since 1870, have been for foot-passengers during commission hours, one cent, and at other times two cents, except that seventeen tickets could be bought at all times for 25 cents.

It is clear from this summary that the public interests have been well protected. A study of the series of leases since 1859 shows that each succeeding lease has been more and more favorable to the public. It is a notable fact that the largest price paid at any time for this lease was at the last sale, 12 $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. of the gross receipts. What makes it notable is, that it was the first sale after the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge, which reduced the travel over the ferries of the Union Ferry Company about 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. The conditions of this lease were the most stringent of any. It is another notable fact that the control of the Brooklyn Ferry Company has just been bought at 200 per cent. of the par value of the stock, while this lease has still more than one year to run. The proceeds to the city of New York of this single group of franchises since 1861 have been in round numbers \$2,300,000. Meanwhile it is to be noted on the one hand that New York owns the franchises still, and will continue to profit by them; on the other hand, that the ferry service has been both cheap and excellent, and that the stock of the company has been uniformly a ten per cent. dividend-paying stock. No breath of scandal has ever attached to the sale of these franchises, except when Tweed, in 1870, gave a ten-year lease for the nominal sum of \$1.00 per annum in return for the one-cent fare during commission hours. After Tweed's overthrow the

1. For an upset price of 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the total gross receipts.

2. The highest bidder other than the Union

city brought suit to set aside the lease. This suit was compromised by the Ferry Company by the payment of \$300,000, the city meanwhile retaining the low rates of fare.

It may fairly be claimed, therefore, that the dealing of New York with these ferry franchises is a striking illustration of the right way to deal with all municipal franchises. The principles involved are few and simple.

1. The city offers for sale a lease which conveys a completed right.

2. It leases for a term of years only, and does not part with the title. It thus retains for itself a fair share of the increase of value which comes with time.

Both of these principles have been reversed in regard to most street franchises. The city's consent has been granted for a right that was not complete without it, and might not be complete with it; and this consent, in one instance, certainly, was obtained by bribes. The city has sold nothing until lately, and even now, in such cases, it does not offer for sale what it has been determined by public authorities in the public interest should be sold, but only what somebody with private ends in view wants to buy. Again the proceeding takes the form of a sale, not of a lease. So far as it can, the city parts with the title. It may be too late to reach franchises which have been already parted with under existing methods. It is not too late to protect the future as to all new franchises. A general law should be passed applying to all cities and to all city franchises, which law should do three things:

1. Give the city the initiative.
2. Compel the city to retain the title of all public franchises.

3. Compel the city to lease at auction for a term of years, in no case to exceed twenty years, all franchises, which in the public interest the proper authorities should decide to offer.

Other details, no doubt, are important; these are essential.

It remains to point out that better accommodations for the traveller are to be found along the same road. Only when the city at periodic intervals restates the conditions upon which a public franchise is to be enjoyed, can the public obtain the power and the opportunity to elevate the service to the advancing standards of a progressive people. Something is done undoubtedly by the companies in recognition of their own interests, but the full standard will be reached only when the public demands can be stipulated for as conditions of the franchise. If the interests of the companies and of the public were in all respects identical, the matter could well be left to take care of itself. As those interests are not identical, the public should be in a position to enforce as duties what an enlightened sentiment would demand.

In New York at the present time a great part of the difficulty arises from the inadequacy of travelling facilities of all kinds. If the city had the initiative, pressure could be brought to bear on the authorities to lay out new routes and to lease the necessary franchises. Probably there is a lack of adequate legal authority anywhere to remedy the evil. Such at least would be the fair inference from the special legislation which is being sought. It is difficult to see why a general law should not be passed dealing adequately with the whole question in all the cities of the State, on the general principles indicated in this paper. The public then would not be dependent either upon special legislation or upon the initiative of private parties. It would be as much a duty of the authorities to see that facilities for travel were kept adequate, as to see that the water-supply should not fail. The solution of the question lies in lodging as a duty somewhere, what now is no concern of the authorities except in the passive relation of giving consent to something somebody may wish to do.

AMATEUR TRACK AND FIELD ATHLETICS.

By Charles P. Sawyer.



COMPARATIVELY recent and very rapid spread of interest in amateur athletics throughout this country, is one of the significant indications that other things than business are

beginning to occupy the time and attention of young Americans.

Few people have any idea of the extent to which this interest has reached. The Amateur Athletic Union, young as it is, is a power in the land, and nearly all of the amateur athletes in the country are members; the clubs with which they affiliate, to the number of 64, have joined the Union, carrying with them 33,000 men; and the Turn Vereins, with their 50,000 members, also under the protection of the Union, swell the total in this one organization to 83,000. There are other athletic organizations, not belonging to the Union, to be added, and it can safely be estimated that there are at least 100,000 young Americans, who at some time during the year, engage in amateur athletics. If the number of people who go to see sport of this character should be added, it will be seen that the total is very great.

The first amateur athletic meeting in the United States was that held by the New York Athletic Club, in the Empire City Skating Rink, on November 10, 1868, the club having been organized September 18th. of the same year. Athletic contests among the students of Columbia College had been indulged in, however, at an earlier date. As there was no acknowledged definition of an "amateur," the New York Club made a sweeping one, and under it the athletes of the Caledonians took part in the meeting. On the programme were field and track events of all kinds, with the exception of walking. There were 197 entries, and of these 95 appeared at the

meeting. The records made were very ordinary, the 220 yards dash being run in 28 seconds, the quarter-mile run in 1 minute, 2 seconds, and the half-mile in 2 minutes, 26 seconds, other records being in proportion.

Very slowly the interest in the sport increased, and the next year saw American amateur athletics modelled upon English rules. With each succeeding year the number of clubs and athletic meetings increased, until 1878, when there were thousands of amateur athletes. Many of them were, however, amateurs only in name. Many clubs were organized simply for the purpose of making money, and the number of entries at meetings was greater than it is at present. In 1879, on Thanksgiving Day, there were two meetings in New York City; one given by the Manhattan Athletic Club, for which there were 820 entries, and another by the Scottish American Athletic Club, with 752 entries. Winter meetings lasting two days were common, and walking was a prominent feature of them.

Early in 1879, the National Association of Amateur Athletes was formed, and in September of that year the first meeting was held. The number of clubs on the roll of membership increased with each year, and in 1886 twelve clubs in and around New York, and two outside clubs, were members. In the fall of 1887 the New York Athletic Club, which had resigned from the National Association, took steps toward the formation of another association of athletic clubs, which should be more strict than the National Association, and a preliminary convention was held October 1st. January 21, 1888, the Amateur Athletic Union was organized, and fifteen clubs joined. Then came the struggle for life between the two associations. The number of meetings which occurred during the year 1889 was larger than that of any previous year; the intense rivalry between the two organizations fostering the increase. Prizes of great

value were offered at all competitions, and each association seemed to be striving to outdo the other in costly trophies for the winners of the various events on the programmes. Gold watches and diamond pins, costing in many cases \$100, were given to the victors in the contests of speed, agility, or endurance, and the clubs seemed to be rushing headlong to their destruction, when a halt was suddenly called, and the athletic war ended. The reconciliation between the two factions was largely brought about by A. G. Mills, a member of the New York Athletic Club, and of the Board of Managers of the Amateur Athletic Union. He saw what the unhealthy rivalry was leading to; and, gathering the committee around him, soon effected a settlement of the whole trouble by joining the two organizations under the name of the Amateur Athletic Union. The clubs are rivals still, but they are in the same general organization, and a much better condition of things prevails.

The struggle of the clubs for supremacy has not only led to an increase in the number of athletes, but also to a decided improvement in the number and character of buildings. The first athletic club-house of any great beauty, and with modern appliances for practice, was that of the New York Club, on Fifty-fifth Street, New York City. It was, when it was built, a model in its way, and seemed to fulfil all the requirements demanded. There was a well-lighted gymnasium, dining-rooms, baths, and all the conveniences of a well-appointed club-house. The members thought that they had got as near perfection as possible at the time. A new field was secured on Travers Island, opposite Pelhamville, on Long Island Sound; a track was laid out, and a country club-house was built. Then the Boston Athletic Association built its beautiful house in Boston, and many things about the building were improvements on the New York house. The Manhattan Athletic Club, of New York City, was next. Plans were made for a club-house which should be even larger and better than the others, and in the fall of this year it will be ready for occupancy. There is little doubt but that the New York Club, dissatisfied

with its house, will build a larger and better one in the near future. The Pastime Athletic Club, of St. Louis, Mo., has under way a club-house finer than any in the West. Every possible convenience for athletes will be provided; its gymnasium will be second to none in the country; and it will be opened during certain days of the week for the use of the women of the club. The Berkeley Athletic Club, of this city, has an offshoot in the form of a Woman's Athletic Club, which has lately opened its building in Forty-fourth Street, New York City, its rooms are open at all hours of the day, and an instructor is present in the gymnasium to show the women how to best utilize the apparatus. Many other clubs throughout the country have commodious houses.

The tendency of the larger amateur athletic clubs to secure as members the best athletes, is likely to lead them into difficulties. Already some of the clubs have members who live in far distant cities, and good men are being added to the rolls of membership without regard to their residence. The efforts of the clubs to increase the average excellence of their athletes will be, unless soon stopped, as great an evil as the excessive cost of prizes, and may end in serious trouble. A good remedy would be the enactment of a law by the Amateur Athletic Union, which would prevent athletes from joining any club more than a specified distance from their homes. Let the college men join a club near the college if necessary, or, better still, compel them to run races under their college colors as long as they are students. Too often, as soon as a promising runner or jumper is developed in the college games, do the athletic clubs strive to elect him a member, and in the struggle for success, it is possible that the laws which qualify amateurs may be broken in spirit—which is just as bad as if they were broken in the letter.

This leads us to the much debated question: What constitutes an amateur athlete? Authorities differ, and many declare that it is impossible to formulate a rule that will cover all cases. Such a thing ought not to be, the line of demarcation between the amateur and the

professional should be sharp and clear. There should be no possibility of stepping over it. An amateur should be without a taint of professionalism. Field sports, rowing, and the kindred diversions of American manhood can be indulged in by amateurs, without any lack of competition; the races may be just as spirited, and as closely contested; and the public interest just as great, whether the prize is valued at a very small amount or at a hundred dollars. Amateurs should contest against each other in games of skill, strength, or endurance, simply for the honor of winning; that should be sufficient. With the positive elimination of value in the prizes, and the prohibition of betting, better things are bound to come. Contests between individuals for prizes of a set value to be purchased by the winner, and for which the loser has to pay, are little better than contests for money, which immediately constitute the competitors professionals. The amateur athletes should forbid these; force the men who struggle for supremacy in the various games to do so for the honor of winning, and punish everybody who disobeys those conditions quickly and effectively; and although there may be a thinning out of the amateur ranks, it will do a world of good. There will be a host of men left who will strive just as hard to win, and the people who witness the games will be just as well satisfied with the results.

During the year 1889 the newer men in amateur athletics came mainly from the colleges; and the question was often asked—not so often answered—whether college athletes, as a class, are not better than those who have come up from the vast army of clerks and business men. In years past, the honors appeared to be easy; what the coming year will bring forth is problematic. No college has yet turned out a runner as fast as L. E. Myers, who for so long was the best man America could produce, equally good at fifty yards and the intermediate distances up to a mile. He was a member of the Manhattan Athletic Club. For all distances below a mile he was practically invincible, and above that he was among the best. Many of the

records he made still stand—a mark for the host of ambitious men who have come after him.

Sprinting—that is, races of 220 yards and under—is usually left for the younger athletes. It seems as if the particular qualities necessary for great speed at short distances, existed only in the early years of a man's life, for few sprinters have been in the first rank who were over twenty-five. The first requisite for this kind of runner is lightness; he seems to be able to do better, the more delicate he is in frame. Long legs with short body, muscles long rather than thick, and a full chest, go to make up the successful sprinter. The runner with long legs can take bigger strides, and this is a great feature in races at short distances, when only a few inches separate the competitors at the finish line.

Another and an important feature is the start. As every inch of the race is a factor, and the smallest fraction of a second may win the race for one or the other of the runners, each tries to get off on the instant of the pistol shot, and much practice is had in this important part of the race. The runners stand with their toes on the "scratch," the starter calls "set," and the men assume the positions which they think will get them into their best speed the quickest. Some stand almost erect, others lean forward so far that they are almost over-balanced, while a few start from a stooping position, with one hand on the ground. Many are the tricks devised to get away before the pistol is heard, and oftentimes a runner gains a foot or two by hearing the click of the pistol an instant before the report. One runner has been known to gain a good deal by watching his trainer—who stood in front of the line, and saw the pistol smoke before the others heard the report—move his hand slightly, and in this way sent his charge off a yard in advance of everybody else. Such tricks, however, should be discountenanced.

Among the athletes who have in some instances reached the high standard set by Myers, and in some cases passed it, may be mentioned Wendell Baker, Evert J. Wendell, C. H. Sherrill, W. C. Dohm, W. C. Downs, Luther L. Cary, J. Owen, Jr., V. L. Schifferstein, F.

Westing, and A. F. Copland, the first five being college men.

Wendell Baker was one of Harvard's champions, a remarkably speedy man up to a quarter of a mile, but no further. He could cover any of the smaller distances in an exceedingly short space of time, and ran like a deer; he started well, and with every yard seemed to gain in speed, until he had left all of his opponents behind him. It seemed the easiest thing in the world for him to run, and he did it with so little exertion that it was not till the time was recorded by the stop-watches that any on-looker had an idea that records were in danger. His unbeaten records are 22 seconds for the 220 yards, and $47\frac{3}{4}$ seconds for the quarter-mile race. Another good Harvard runner was E. J. Wendell, and, although he did good work at distances over a hundred yards, he was best at that, 10 seconds being his record.

C. H. Sherrill, of Yale, belonging to the same class, cut down some records made by Myers, and then went further still, and beat Wendell Baker's best time in several instances. He never succeeded in putting his name among the ten-second men at 100 yards, but was only a shade behind them. It was at a little longer distance that he excelled, and in the early season of 1889 did his best work at record-breaking. His fastest running was at Fleetwood Park, just outside of New York City, and on a dirt track, by no means as fast as a cinder path. He was in the 100-yard race, with a number of competitors, and won in $10\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. Arrangements had been made for him to continue to the 125 yard mark, and on he flew like the wind. At the 100-yard mark, he was only a foot ahead of his nearest rival, and then, with a splendid burst of speed, he covered the remaining 25 yards in $2\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, putting on the list of records, $12\frac{3}{4}$ seconds for 125 yards.

In the Staten Island games, W. C. Dohm, of Princeton, and W. C. Downs, of Harvard, came together in the match at 220 yards. The two clean-limbed athletes ran side by side, stride for stride, for nearly the whole distance. At the end, however, Dohm drew away, and won comfortably. In point of style, the men are very much alike; they are about

the same height, their methods of starting are the same, and each runs with long, loping strides. The quarter is thought to be Dohm's best distance, although, at a members' meeting of the New York Athletic Club in June, he ran the half-mile in 1 minute $55\frac{1}{4}$ seconds—a new record for America.

Luther L. Cary, now of Princeton, formerly of the Chicago Athletic Club, came up very rapidly last season. Little was known of him until the Western Championships were to be settled at the Amateur Athletic Meeting in Detroit, Mich., when, together with J. Owen, Jr., he made his appearance in the 100-yard run. Each won one heat; they came together at the final, and a splendid race resulted, Cary winning by about three feet in 10 seconds. In the 220-yard dash they met again, and again Cary won, this time in $22\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. He also won the quarter-mile run. To see Cary on the track would soon convince anyone of his extraordinary speed. He is a tall, slender young man, and his stride is even and long.

Owen had a trial at the records in August, in Detroit. It was a beautiful summer's day, the grounds were in good condition, the track was just right for record-making. In the 100-yard dash, he took $9\frac{1}{2}$ seconds to go the distance, and he covered 220 yards in $21\frac{3}{4}$ seconds. During these races, however, the wind was blowing half a gale behind the runners, and Owen did not claim a record on the performance, but he showed very conclusively that he was a sprinter of a high rank. His next appearance was at the championship meeting in September, when, on a very heavy track, and at times in a pouring rain, he beat the best sprinters in America in the 100-yard and the 220-yard dashes.

Schifferstein is a sprinter and jumper of more than average ability; he has made, with others, the best record for the 100-yard dash, and is within a very few inches of the best long jump on record. On account of the unfortunate quarrel between the associations last year, he did not come East to compete, remaining in California. Westing, one of the best sprinters during the year, did not seem to be able to run in anything like his usual style, and was not very

successful. A. F. Copland, a hurdler by nature, devoted himself more or less to sprint-running, and although seldom a winner, was always dangerous.

Probably at no time during the year was there a more enjoyable meeting than that of the Intercollegiate Association. Many of the old athletes were absent, but in their places were newer and even better men. Sherrill was an easy winner in the sprint running, and Dohm captured the quarter; in the half-mile run W. C. Downs, of Harvard, was the victor. In the mile race C. O. Wells, of Amherst, took first place among the mile runners of the year.

Herbert Mapes ran away from everybody, and beat the intercollegiate record in both hurdle races. Mapes is probably the best man in hurdle running in America to-day. He takes the hurdles in his stride, not pausing for an instant on the flat, and never by any chance clears the pathway for his followers.

Hurdle racing is, like the steeple chase at horse races, a very pretty sight and a great pleasure to the spectators. There are two kinds of hurdles used, those three feet six inches high, generally for races of 150 yards and under; and those two feet six inches high for distances over 150 yards. In the first, or what are known as low hurdles, the qualities of the jumper and sprinter combined must exist in the contestant. He must be able to jump well, and at the same time run fast. In the second, or the high hurdles, the distance between the obstacles is greater than in the first, and sprinting qualities come more into play. There is but little jumping, for when the runner gets to the hurdle he has adapted his stride to the height he has to get over and does not pause for an instant after he is over, but continues on as if there had been no obstruction in his path. He must be possessed of great speed and accuracy in calculating distances; he begins to jump before he reaches the hurdle, when he gets there rises easily and safely, clears the bar, and settles into his sprinting stride immediately, keeping it until he prepares for the next hurdle.

During the year the long-distance runners of consequence were Sidney

Thomas, P. D. Skillman, W. D. Day, T. P. Conneff, W. T. Young, and A. B. George; Day and Skillman were the only Americans among them, and Day led all. He ran well in the spring, suffered from over-work in the summer, and was unbeaten in the fall. The close of the out-door athletic sports came on November 16th on the grounds of the New York Athletic Club, when Day placed to his credit a new record for four miles, covering the distance in 20 minutes 15½ seconds, better time than ever before had been made in this country. Day is also a cross-country runner of the highest class. Although he is light and small, there appears to be no one in America able to approach him in this exciting sport.

Field athletics, as distinguished from track athletics (which are running and walking races on a measured track), include jumping, vaulting, and the casting of heavy weights. In jumping there are four different kinds: the running high and broad jumps, and the standing high and broad jumps. The two last named are rarely practised now, and the reason for this is simple. It is obviously impossible for any man to jump as high or as far from a standing position as when he is aided by the impetus given by a long run before the jump. There is but little glory in jumping ten or twelve feet from a mark, when the distance can be doubled if a short run is first made. Spectators do not understand the relative merits of the two performances, and consequently prefer the sport which apparently shows the best performances. The weight contests include throwing the hammer, usually a 16-pound shot with a handle four feet long; putting the shot, generally 16-pound weight, from the shoulder; and throwing the 56-pound weight. The men who compete in this are, as a rule, more mature than the other athletes, as strength is the principal feature necessary. In these competitions the athlete is big and brawny, and as he stands at a mark with a hammer, whirls the sixteen pounds of iron around his head two or three times, and hurls it a hundred feet through the air, his muscular figure and the exhibition of

great strength are sure to excite admiration.

In 1889 field sports were made interesting by the fact that only very good men took part in them. In the contests with the heavy weights, mention may be made of C. A. J. Queckberner, George R. Gray, J. S. Mitchell, W. L. Coudon, and F. L. Lambrecht, none of them new men, all strong, and nearly all record-breakers. The broad jumping was fairly good, but no one was able to beat Ford's record, made so long ago.

Running high jumping brought out many young men who were able to clear five feet ten inches, but at no time was six feet reached. R. K. Pritchard was chief among the jumpers, and, with William Byrd Page out of the list of contestants, will probably be the champion of 1890. One of the chief attractions of running high jumping is the ability of the athletes to jump over a bar somewhat above their own heads, and this without any artificial aid, and from the solid ground. Page, the man who has jumped higher than any other man in the world, is an example of this; although he is only 5 feet 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches in height, he has jumped over a bar 6 feet 4 inches from the ground. Pritchard, the coming jumper, is one-half an inch over 6 feet, but has not yet jumped that height; and in the past Guy C. Richards and Malcolm W. Ford, both small men, have jumped much higher than their own heads.

Pole vaulting is probably one of the most interesting of the field sports, and this is due largely to the elements of danger in it, in combination with the hardihood of the vaulter, and the amount of skill necessary for an athlete to leap over a bar five feet or more higher than his head. The participant in this game starts well behind the uprights on which the bar is placed, and grasping his pole with both hands, runs toward them; when he reaches what he thinks is a proper distance from the bar, he sticks his pole in the ground, and, rising in the air from the force of his run, clears the bar and lands in the soft dirt on the other side. H. H. Baxter, of the New York Athletic Club, with a record of 11 feet 5 inches, and the Eng-

lishmen, E. L. Stones and Thomas Ray, with respective records of 11 feet 7 inches and 11 feet 6 $\frac{3}{8}$ inches, are the best men at this sport. Stones came to this country last year, but was unable to reach within a foot of his record, and as Baxter did not vault but once, except for the contest between Leavett and Shearman in the intercollegiate games, little was done. Baxter's method of vaulting is by far the best, for he never changes the position of his hands on the pole after he leaves the ground; he raises himself by his hands and throws his body over the bar, gracefully and scientifically—invariably calling forth the applause of the spectators.

The method adopted by Stones and Ray is very different. It is known as the English style of vaulting, and its principal variation from the American method is the climbing. Ray's hands are far above the bar when he goes over it, and in some cases they are about four feet higher than they were when he left the ground. He does not move his hands as a rope-climber, one over the other, but slides them along the pole, one after the other, getting over the bar feet first, and in a nearly upright position. While Baxter and Ray are both over six feet tall, Stones is a smaller man, being but 5 feet 8 inches in height. He uses a pole with a tripod on the end which is placed on the ground, and climbs in the same way as does Ray, throwing himself over the bar when he has climbed far enough. With the change of hands and a possible development of the tripod, the height over which Stones could vault would seem to be limited only by the distance he could fall without breaking his neck.

In England some records were broken, a few athletes made remarkable time, and some new runners astonished the people of that country. In June, on the Stourbridge Grounds in London, in perfect weather, and on as good a track as could be well desired, E. H. Pelling and H. C. L. Tindall won their respective races in excellent time. Tindall's performance in the quarter-mile run was a splendid one. His time was 48 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds—a new record for England, but still behind Wendell Baker's time

made in Boston. On August 31st, J. Kibblewhite, of the Spartan Harriers, in his club games at Stourbridge, ran three miles in 14 minutes, 29 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds, taking ten seconds off the best previous amateur record in the world. The best performance of the year in England was in the sports of the London Athletic Club in September, when E. H. Pelling won the 200 yard dash. The second heat was won by him in 19 $\frac{1}{4}$ seconds. There was no wind in that heat, but in the final there was a light breeze blowing. When the last heat was run Pelling was in third place until a short distance from the finish, when, with a tremendous rush, he came away, finishing in 19 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds. Pelling's best distance is probably about 280 yards, and it is not likely that any man in the world can approach him there.

It is quite evident that the palm for superiority in all branches of athletics does not yet lie with college men. In distance-running they are decidedly inferior to the others, and this may be expected, for they do not, as a rule, take part in races of over one mile. In the heavy-weight contests, the same story may be told, and from the very nature of these, it can hardly be expected that the young men who are students in the institutions of learning in this country should be as strong as the men who are more mature, and who have a decade of years the advantage of them in physical strength. It is in the other events, where the two classes meet on equal terms, that the rivalry is marked. In the running races under one mile, college men ought to have the advantage. They have the benefit of college physical training, which obviously helps them greatly. The best trainers have been secured by the colleges, the grounds are well kept, and with each year more money is spent for the encouragement of athletics. College men have more leisure than others in which to practise, they can be kept in stricter training, and obey orders better. They keep at work each year of their four or more years, and are thus gradually improved. When a race is over they do not lapse from training, but are kept at just enough work to prevent them from getting in that con-

dition the athletes call "stale." They are rarely overtrained or trained too rapidly. When they enter a race they are fit to run at their best speed, and do not often lose a race from lack of judgment.

On the other hand, the men who rely upon their athletic club for training facilities, are too often quickly trained. They enter a race, a bundle of nerves, their flesh reduced by heroic means which must weaken them, and before the season is over they often break down.

Although the annual meeting of the Amateur Athletic Union, last September, gave but one championship to a college man, it may be said in passing that the best athletes from the colleges did not appear in those contests. In the club meetings, during the season, they were present, however, and the average observer would come to the conclusion that they excelled in the sports in which they entered.

The chief athletic events of the coming year are the annual contest of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association, which takes place in New York on May 31st; the games for the championship of the Amateur Athletic Union in the East and in the West; and the meeting at Washington, D. C., where the championships of the Amateur Athletic Union in the United States will be decided. Besides these, the more prominent athletic clubs will hold spring and fall meetings, where many events full of interest will be seen.

During the present season, the lovers of athletic sports look to the colleges for champions, and much is expected of both old and new men. The new-comers will naturally take a higher position than they have held heretofore. In sprinting, Luther L. Cary and J. Owen, Jr., are the most promising. C. H. Sherrill, of Yale, will work harder than ever before to keep his position. F. Westing and V. E. Schifferstein will represent the Manhattan Athletic Club and San Francisco, respectively, in the year's work. The probabilities of victory in the sprinting contests of 1890 are with the colleges.

Among the middle distance runners

(that is, over 220 yards and under 1,000), at the head of the list is Princeton's runner, W. C. Dohm. Nobody in America could beat him in 1889, and no one seems likely to do it in 1890. The other athletes in this class, from the colleges, who are speedy and strong, are H. M. Banks, of Columbia, J. C. Devereaux, also of Columbia, and W. C. Downs, of Harvard. T. P. Conneff, of the Manhattan Athletic Club, and A. W. S. Cochrane, of the New York Athletic Club, are the best of the others. Here the college athletes seem to be reasonably certain of victory.

In runs of one mile and over, C. O. Wells, of Amherst, seems to be about the only dependence of the colleges. In this class of contests there is every probability of exciting sport. Among the really first-class men in the athletic clubs, the two Americans, W. D. Day and P. D. Skillman, will be pitted against A. B. George, an Englishman who has done remarkably well during the short time he has been in this country, W. T. Young, another Englishman, T. P. Conneff, the Irish champion, and Sidney Thomas, champion of England. Much is expected of Day in the way of record-breaking.

There will, in all probability, be some excellent contests in hurdle racing, and Columbia College has in Herbert Mapes a strong man. Walking matches will be indulged in as usual, but there is little interest in them.

In field sports there are no new men in sight. The competitors for honors in the weight-throwing contests will be the same as last year, and Baxter is the most prominent among pole vaulters.

Although a man may succeed in placing new records to his credit for running, walking, jumping, etc., and derive a great deal of pleasure in so doing, the question naturally arises, does it all pay? What benefit is it to a man in after-life, if he was in his youth able to cover a short distance of ground in less time than any of his rivals? Does it do good to any man if he can walk a mile in a few seconds less than it has ever

been walked before? Athletes who have done these things say that it does; that the habits of training inculcated in their early athletic days still stay by them, and physically they are in better condition than they would have been had they not gained the habit of taking care of themselves. A strong man is always at a greater advantage in the world than is a weaker one, and is apt to keep up his early training all through his life, for that reason if for no other.

The long distance runners, however, seem to be the most rational in their choice of sport. In this there appears to be a real benefit. Emergencies may arise at any time in a man's life when he must get to one place from another in as short a time as possible; then the man who has accustomed himself to going long distances sees the value of his choice. Sprinting is of little value in such a case, and fast walking does not enter into it.

In connection with the long distance running, which is so steadily growing into favor, has come the organization of outing clubs, and a rapid increase in the number of cross-country runs. Where, a few years ago, but a dozen men could be found to take part in these, now there are hundreds. Every Sunday, when the weather is favorable, the different athletics clubs have a practice run, and there are many out for a ten or fifteen mile spin over fields and hills, through bush and briar.

There are also clubs of older men who take their weekly tramps, of which the Fresh Air Club is a good example. Once a week during the season, this Club is out for an all-day jaunt, and often at least twenty-five miles are covered before the day is done. Other clubs are being formed for the same purpose, and the old athletes are beginning to see the advantage of it. Exercise only is the object, and with this comes the most valuable thing of all, good health, and an ability to endure the indoor life of the city during the week; and quiet, restful sleep at night—the best gift to man.



'ROSAMOND.

By Barrett Wendell.

SCENE.—The Bower at Woodstock.

ROSAMOND (*reading*). "So fare thee well, Rose of the World. From France
One shall ride swift with greetings. Day by day
My thoughts shall fly to thee. Rebellious sons
Of their curst mother take me from thee now.
The cares of state, the turmoil of the wars
Keep my wits busy—yet no day shall pass
Without an embassy of love to thee.
Watch for them day by day, and when they fail
Know me no longer thy Plantagenet."—
This from Southampton. Ay, and days have passed,
And nights have I lain waking for the words
I would not sleep for reading. Yet none came.
So I begun to dread lest far away
In France, in all the pomp of royalty,
Henry Plantagenet had little thought
For these dull glades of Woodstock. Then, but now,
Has come the summons calling forth the guard;
And these dear lines I have so often conned
I con again, to take farewell of them.
For fresher greetings hurry to me now,
And what has latest touched King Henry's hand
Is dearest to my heart.—I hear one come
Hurrying hither with the words of love
That now henceforth shall greet me day by day.
Come hither quickly!

Enter QUEEN.

QUEEN (*to attendants without*). Stay without there! I
Would enter here alone.

Ros. Would enter here?
Pray, lady, by what leave? Meseems it were

Fitter that I should chide thy sauciness
Than question any further.

QUEEN. Rosamond

Men call thee.

Ros. 'Twas a name not dear to me
Until I knew it dear to him whose lips
Have kissed my soul away—

QUEEN. Say no word more.

Those thou hast said already were enough
To prove my visit timely.

Ros. With your leave.

I know not who you are. But this I know:
The name that greets me from the royal lips
Of Henry is a name no other tongue
May speak to me unchallenged. All but he.
Call me the Lady Clifford.

QUEEN. To thy face.

What I have heard thee called sounds little like
A term of honor.

Ros. How you entered here

I know not. He who guards me waits without,
Bound by allegiance so to do my will
In Woodstock here as though King Henry's voice
Spoke through my lips. Here I am royal too.
The whims of kings are laws. A word from me,
And your shrill voice is silenced.

QUEEN. Silly girl,

Dost thou not know me?

Ros. No, nor would. Go safe.

I give you leave to leave me, for that now
Your voice and look speak ill of none but me,
And I am merciful to-day, when fresh
From France come greetings from my royal love.

QUEEN. Greetings to-day!

Ros. You are not safe to wait.

I am a woman full of fantasy.
Perchance my whim shall change. Your reverend airs
Would not avail you should I speak the word
Of doom instead of mercy.

QUEEN. Know me, then,

Elinor of Guienne.

Ros. How came you here?

QUEEN. My guards without have mastered thine. This bower
Is mine, who rule in England while my lord
The King is busy with his wars in France.

Ros. Sir Richard, ho!

QUEEN. Sir Richard hears, perchance;

They say the dead have ears, but all too low
Their voices are to answer.

Ros. Dead!

QUEEN. Ay, dead!

He strove to bar my passage with such news
Of Henry's dotings as you prate. He fought
Those I bade clear my way. So he is gone
To see if at the gate of Paradise
His royal master's name may more avail
Than here on earth.

Ros. And I am here alone,
And at thy mercy?

QUEEN. Mercy, Rosamond?
Look not for that from me. Here I am come
To do a deed of justice.

Ros. If the King
Were by, to judge between us—

QUEEN. These grave wars
In France distract the King. While he is gone
To chide his warring children, I remain
To do the petty works he leaves behind—
Smile on the fawning courtiers, vex the Jews
Till they bring forth their hoards, proclaim the laws,
And judge what forfeit those shall pay whose deeds
Work mischief here in England.

Ros. Tell me, then,
What forfeit she must pay who long ago,
When Henry's children gathered at her knee,
Whispered them tales of how, in times gone by,
Princes waxed strong had harried hapless kings
Into their graves.

QUEEN. 'Tis thou that in the ear
Of yielding Henry whisperest these tales
To stir up strife betwixt him and the wife
God gave him.

Ros. Now, by all the blessed saints
That pray in Heaven for our sins on earth,
You name a sin I am not guilty of.

QUEEN. Let the saints judge of that.

Ros. Nay, let them judge
As sternly as God will what I have done—
And I am very sinful, nor will plead
Aught save that from the day when first he smiled
On me, a virgin, in my father's house,
I have not thought a thought, nor spoke a word,
Nor done a deed I have not done and spoke
And thought to make him happy.—Let the saints
Doom me for that. 'Tis justice. But believe
I never slandered thee.

QUEEN. Why, even now,
Here, to my face, thou spakest out the words
Thou wouldst disclaim.

Ros. Ay, to thy face I spake
 What men have told for truth. But unto him,
 Henry, my king, my love——

QUEEN. My husband, girl!

Ros. So be it.—I have never spoken word
 To stir his wrath against a living thing.
 Vexed with the cares of state, with wars, with plots,
 With all the turmoil that I know not of,
 He comes to me, to lay aside awhile
 The tedious pomp of royalty. And days
 Have passed, and months, and years—the which I count
 For so much Heaven granted me on earth—
 And through them all betwixt the King and me
 Pass words of peace, and love, and joyousness.
 Believe me, we have dearer business
 Than thee and thy misdoing.

QUEEN. Rosamond,
 Thy time grows short.

Ros. Well, take me where thou wilt.
 Woodstock is thine now. Send me forth, and search it
 For that great treasure which till now it housed,
 King Henry's heart.

QUEEN. Thou hast not far to go.
 In Godstowe Church I bade the monks prepare
 A chamber for thee. 'Tis a narrow one;
 I would it were so narrow that therein
 Thou couldst not keep thy treasure. But, alas,
 My power is all too little to bereave
 Thee of the love that thy fair looks have stolen
 From me in all my royalty.

Ros. From thee,
 Lady, I have stolen nothing. Surely, then,
 Thou wouldst not have me die!

QUEEN. Ah, Rosamond,
 Think'st thou I love him not?

Ros. Thou? Love the King?

QUEEN. Ay, love him with a consecrated love
 Made holy by the blessing of the church.
 Oh, I am old. Thy locks are ruddy gold,
 And mine grow grizzled. Thy fair face is smooth,
 And my grim visage wrinkled with the cares
 Of years that were no more long ere thine eyes
 Laughed back the sunshine. But my heart awoke
 Almost as late as thine. When first the King
 Came in his bridal pomp to take this hand
 That made him master of those lands in France
 My fathers ruled, I looked upon the face
 Thou knowest as well as I. Then first I knew
 What life might be on earth. Ay, curl thy lip.
 Louis of France had known me; then proclaimed

How some black-bearded Saracen, long since
 Gone to his lying prophet, made me sin
 Against his honor and the cross of Christ;
 So cast me forth. These tales are old. But hear
 One older still: how younger yet than thou
 When first King Henry saw thee, I was made
 Bride to that stale, unloving prince of France,
 Who craved Guienne, and took me as the price
 They made him pay for purchase.—Royalty
 Men deem most worthy state of mortal men.
 I have reigned Queen of France; I reign to-day
 Lady of England. Wouldst thou change with me?
 Take all my honors? give me in return
 Only the love of Henry?

Ros. Rather die,
 As die I must if what thou speak'st be true.

QUEEN. And dost thou think that aught but truth could wring
 From me, from Elinor the Queen, these tales
 That speak the story of my wretched life—
 A wife unloving, then a wife unloved?

Ros. Lady, my sins are deeper than I knew.
 Heaven, I knew, forbade me so to love
 As what was earthly in me made me love.
 I turned from Heaven. Henry's love on earth
 Was Heaven enough for me.

QUEEN. So, too, for me
 Who bore him children, served his every nod,
 Watching and praying through the lingering years
 That, wheresoever his light fancy strayed,
 His eye at length might fall on me, and know
 The wife that loved him. Oh, that look of love
 That never came had saved thee even now.

Ros. Lady, forgive me. I am very frail,
 And young, and sinful. Now at last I know
 That thou hast right to be as stern as God
 In judging me. Yet I have dared to hope
 That God, for Christ's sweet sake, and for the saints'
 That pray for us in Heaven, might perchance
 Forgive the sin I sinned against His law,
 Knowing the love that bound me. Elinor,
 Thou knowest that love. Be merciful. Forgive.
 I am afraid to die.

QUEEN. If thou wert I
 Wouldst thou forgive?

Ros. Alas, I know not. I
 Have in my veins none of that godlike blood
 That feeds the life of princes.

QUEEN. Rosamond,
 I have forgotten what my fathers were,
 And what I am to-day, save that I am

A woman and a wife much sinned against.
Here, take this phial.

Ros. Lady! Elinor!
Have mercy! To thy right I bow myself.
I will go forth from hence, will hide my head,
Where'er thou wilt, where none may find me out,
And there live out my life in penitence
For the great wrongs I did thee. Nevermore
Shall Henry see my face—

QUEEN. And thinkest thou
This earth is wide enough to hold a spot
That love cannot search out? Oh, Rosamond,
Through all the unseen centuries to come
Men will remember that thy locks were fair
And twined about the heart of him whose love
I yearned to win in vain. In Godstowe Church
Men will shed tears above thee sleeping there,
Loved, unforgotten. All that blessedness
Is thine forever. And my lot must be
What it has been on earth. Where'er I sleep
The sneers of men shall pierce the marble through
And quiver in my bony ears the news
That here in death, as erst in life, one lies
Royal, unloved, forsaken.

Ros. Pity me—

QUEEN. Nay, rather pity me. Here, take this glass.
In to thy chamber. There make peace with God.
Then drink the potion. In an hour's time
My men shall come to find thee—if in death,
To bear thee reverently to Godstowe Church
There to have burial. But lest thy faint heart
Should fail to speed thee on thy road to God
They shall bear daggers with them.

Ros. Fare thee well.
Thy men shall find me even as thou wilt.
May God have mercy on me. I have loved
Even as thou. And were I thou, perchance
Like thee I should do justice. If the King
Ask thee in time to come how when thou camest
To Woodstock here thou found'st poor Rosamond,
Tell him that in her hand she bore this scroll
His hand had written; conning it again,
Though well she knew the lines, for that they bore
Tidings of what was hers—and never thine—
His love.

QUEEN. "So fare thee well, Rose of the World."



THE POINT OF VIEW.

YOU probably remember who it was that called travelling the fool's paradise. I do not recall his name at this moment, and my books are elsewhere; but he was a man of sense and I am of his opinion. I say I am of his opinion, for this is a personal protest. I dare say no one else feels as I do about it, or has the same sense of injury. Writing this eleventh day of April—and begging humbly any future reader's pardon for carrying him so far back toward the inclement spring—I ask, Where is the Rogers family, with whom it is my habit to dine on Thursdays? Where are the Robinsons, who invited me to dinner the day before I went to New York, and were to have renewed the invitation when I got back? Where are the Joneses with whom I dine on Sundays? Where are the Browns that have such pleasant girls with such attractive Easter hats to visit them after Lent? Where are most of the people who are *folks*, and keep the breath of life stirring in this town of Wayback?

The Rogerses! The Rogerses went to Florida about the first of February, and are now at Fort Monroe on their way back. They may be home again by the first of May. The Robinsons went to Mexico last week with the Fitztons. They gave no bonds to return, and won't be back until—until nobody knows when. The Joneses have been spending the winter in the South of Europe and are at Monte Carlo, and the Browns are still in Colorado. What sort of a spring it is for me any coherent reader can piece out of what he imagines about the number of people in Wayback who are folkable according to my personal taste.

And how is it for the summer? Some of

the Wayback tramps will be at home again then, perhaps—for little spells of time. I hope so; but in the summer I like to get away myself for a few days. But where to? The whole family of Iresons—father, mother, aunts, and all six of the children—who used to make Pittox so lively in August, sail on the City of Jericho the first Wednesday in June, to be gone until September. The Blenkinsops, who had such a good place at Sopton for September, have rented it, and propose to spend June in Japan and August in Norway. Alenson, who used to come up for our September tennis, is going to the Feejee Islands this year instead. He says he wants to go to some place that isn't next door, and that it takes a little while to reach. The Easterlings have hired a moor in Scotland, and the Westons a castle somewhere—in Spain, I believe—and Newport will know neither of them this summer. No one who has a place will be in it, and there's no out-of-the-way corner of the globe where you won't be more liable to run up against your next-door neighbor than you would be to find him next door.

For my part I protest against all this straggling and globe-trotting. If there was any limit or end, or any legitimate purpose to it, it might be tolerated. But there is not. It is simply a return to vagrancy and nomadism. The same people who are doing all this straggling this year will be at it again next year, or the year after at the outside. Once the habit is formed they never stay at home except for so long as suffices for necessary measures of financial retrieval.

Of course there is some use in travel. It is instructive to have seen the world and to

know what is in it. It gives the means of making comparisons, imparts culture, and opens the eyes generally. But these contemporary tramps of ours have long since passed the stage of learning anything. Their notion of travel is rest and repairs, and to have fun—good things in their way, but by this generation inordinately pursued. I say they are a frivolous lot—our tramps; that they try to dodge life; that by keeping perpetually on the go they succeed in evading the habits of work and the natural ties that stay-at-home people have to form, and the responsibilities that they have to share.

In conversation the other day with this expostulator, an eminent man of letters, who bids fair only too soon to be the dean of the American literary guild, said that he had travelled thoroughly abroad some thirty years ago, and got great benefit from it, but had not been to Europe since. "My doctor," he said, "said to me a number of years ago, 'You must absolutely stop all work and go abroad.' I said to him, 'If I quit work can't I stay at home?' 'Oh, yes,' he said, 'if you can do it. What I want is to stop the work. The European part of it is not essential.' So I stayed at home, and hardly made a mark with a pen for six months."

Here was a man who might have gone to Europe and didn't. The excuse came to him ready-made; he had the inevitable doctor to put the responsibility upon, but he stayed at home. It was borne in upon me that his example was one that ought to be published as a corrective to that vagrant spirit of the age, against which Miss Cobbe filed a passing protest when she wrote, the other day: "The gadfly which pursued poor *Io* seems to have stung us all, and we flit about the globe restlessly, until it has nearly come to pass that everyone who has a home has let it to somebody else, and the last place to expect to find a man is at home."

—

THERE is no weakness of the human mind more curious than the very common and apparently unreasonable one of instinctive repulsion between man and man. We can all be good haters upon occasion; but hatred is always due to some great underlying cause readily determined. For the sligh-

ter feeling, on the contrary, it is often extremely hard to assign a reason—so hard, in fact, that the difficulty became proverbial long ago, in the familiar rhyme of Doctor Fell. X— is a man of recognized ability, whose own unaided efforts have won him the world's notice; on all sides I hear his praises sounded by his troops of friends. Yet it is my misfortune to dislike him, though ours is a mere bowing acquaintance of the most formal kind. In long years nothing has occurred to strengthen this dislike, which has increased, nevertheless, until now it is an effort for me to return his salute with civility. Obviously, in my case at least, antipathy, like jealousy, is a monster which doth mock the meat it feeds on. But all the arguments in Shakespeare will not reason it away. Were X— and I to be stranded alone upon a desert island, we should become either bitter enemies or warm friends—the latter, probably; since in friendship, as in matrimony, it is safest, as Mrs. Malaprop says, to begin with a little aversion. While we do but pass each other day by day among the haunts of men, my attitude toward him must remain one of armed neutrality.

Pondering this long I have at last traced the flood of bitterness to its source. X— met me but once; at that meeting, I remember, his manner did not overflow with cordiality. I am not distinguished, but I would have accepted gladly an assurance that he felt I should be so. The need of making this demonstration never occurred to him. He was content to be civil. He could not read my thought, and his own prompted him no further. My whole prejudice dates, then, from a moment of wounded vanity. Had I been a shade less supersensitive, nay, had I waked that morning in a less reflective mood, I should fling up my hat to-day in his train with the others. Truly, it is in ourselves that we are thus, or thus; within our own quintessence of dust must we seek for the origin of our antipathies. Lest, like X—, we go about unconsciously incurring them, it is well to remember that men are most subject to morbid sensibility in early youth and in extreme old age—before the skin has been toughened by contact with the world's atmosphere, and after long use has weak-

ened it. To be loved as a companion, then, one must employ a peculiar deference in dealing with these opposite phases of life. Boys, especially, shrink from any approach to ridicule on the part of their elders. Only yesterday a wise and amiable philosopher confessed to me that his disapproval of a certain person of note arose from nothing more serious than an unlucky question put to him in his boyhood by the celebrity we were discussing. The man, meaning to be pleasantly jocose, in the presence of others had asked the boy what he thought of matters and things in general. The fitting repartee is not apparent at once even to a mature mind; and the poor victim had remained confused and silent, recalling his painful position ever afterward at sight of his tormentor—until displeasure, thriving upon itself, grew into resentment.

We may be so unfortunate as to encounter antipathetic creatures at all seasons of our lives; but surely the antipathies most deeply-rooted have their seed sown early, as this one was. Beware of youth! it is to be dreaded, not despised. The callow fledgling whom we laugh at may burst into song one day. Worse than that, he may impale us for our shortcomings with a shaft of satire, as the poet of the ages did poor Justice Shallow. We, through him, may live eternally inglorious, while he reads his history in all nations' eyes.

A MAN died the other day of whom it was told, in all his obituary notices, that in his physical equipment there was this curious defect, that he could not hear the sound of S, or of the shrill notes. He would be walking in the street with a policeman at night sometimes, and would see the officer go through the motions of blowing a whistle. The whole neighborhood might echo with the shrill noise, but not a sound would reach him. That was bad, but it was a mere bagatelle compared with another thing that was the matter with him. The poor gentleman had the intellectual defect of being unable to see a joke, even when it took form in the newspaper of which he was editor. One day one of his reporters, in describing an egg of extra size, mentioned that it had all been laid by one hen. He sent for that reporter next day and asked

him if he really supposed that two hens could lay a single egg between them.

That two inabilities so curiously analogous should coexist in the same person furnishes an almost irresistible opportunity for the construction of didactic parallels. It is worth noting that the unfortunate gentleman was at great pains to remedy his physical defect and to obviate its consequences, but his intellectual—or would you call it spiritual—infirmity he seems not to have attempted to cure. It shows how green our civilization still is, and how much the world has to learn, that no treatment has been devised to remedy a defective sense of humor. The deaf are taught to hear with their eyes, the dumb are taught to speak with their fingers and to talk actually with their vocal organs. If the blind have the least glimmer of light left to them the very utmost is made of it, but the man who cannot see a joke gets no help at all, and is exceptionally lucky if he even meets with sympathy. Let us hope it will not be so much longer; but that by hypnotism, or Christian Science, or some unexpected application of electricity, the seat of humor may be reached and quickened. Love is the great sweetener that makes living tolerable, and dying a good deal more comfortable than most people think; but after love, is there any other corrective of existence that is fit to compare with humor? It greases the wheels so! It makes so many burdens endurable that must have been crushing without it!

And if the lack of it is detrimental to anyone, it is so above all others to an American. It will not be seriously disputed that Americans have the sense of humor more generally developed than any other people (unless it is the Irish); but of all people they need it most, for the wear and tear of American life is prodigious, and the best friends of the American climate do not vaunt it as a conservator of energy. Irish humor owes its development, perhaps, to a protracted scarcity of the means of material enjoyment. Where people cannot find pleasure in what they possess, or what they consume, it behooves them to have what fun they may with what they think and say. And that the Irish do; as witness Mr. Frederic's report of a remark of Baron Dowse, who died last month,

that it was better to have a small career in Ireland than a great one in England, because in Ireland when one said funny things people comprehended them, and that made life worth living.

Of course, when humor overflows its limits, and from being an aid to serious existence becomes its end, it loses its savor, and ceases to be of use. It is no longer humor, then, but something coarser and material. It is not the grease on the wheels any more, but the load on the wagon. It is with humor as it is with piety, it is liable to degenerate into self-worship, and then it is all up with it. "Very great is the difference," severely says Noah Porter, "whether we see through the disguise, the look of which the frivolous Bohemian can never rid himself, or the broad, swimming eyes of love with which Hood always looked through all his fun, or the sad earnestness into which Lamb relaxed as soon as he had stammered out his joke or his pun." Very great the difference, truly. The Publican may have brought his sense of humor with him when he came out of the temple, but the Pharisee didn't. His was lost; humor is inconsistent with his frame of mind.

WHILE it may be necessary to recognize that men may fall short of a desirable standard of moral excellence without being wholly worthless, this must not win any toleration for Ouida's pleasing suggestion—made in a paper on Shelley in a recent magazine—that for men of genius there shall be no moral standard whatever. On Ouida's bookshelves there is probably the record of the life of an Italian person (Italian by adoption) who would have applauded this view and agreed with it from his heart. But alas, his name was Tito Melema! Ouida's strength has never been considered to lie in her ability to take sound and healthful views of human morals, and perhaps it does not matter much when her utterance on such subjects is wrong; but it was really not so difficult to say the right thing about Shelley's errors without

resuscitating this venerable proposition, which no man of genius ever actually made in his own defence.

It takes some years to determine whether a man is a man of genius or not; and in the case of any given subject it may transpire after he has made fragments of the decalogue in his struggles to free his supposed genius from restraint, that he hasn't any genius at all, but only an eccentric order of misguided talent. Genius that comes to earth must accept us as it finds us; or, if it chooses to run counter to the laws which human experience has found to be necessary to the due regulation of human conduct, it must take the consequences. Reasonable restraint will not hinder it nearly as much as Ouida seems to fear. Where lawless indulgence has resulted in one masterpiece, stern self-denial can show a score; but if it were true that genius and decent morals were hopelessly antagonistic it would not be morals that the world could better spare.

Murder never helped the quality of Benvenuto Cellini's matchless work, but its consequences were a constant impediment to his industry. House-breaking was no invaluable source of inspiration to Villon. Our god-like Webster would have been a greater man still if he could have strengthened the relation between his expenses and his income. Genius is energy, power, perception—capacities that, uncontrolled by moral sense and law, make monsters—Frankensteins, not men. Burdens carried, trusts fulfilled, happiness compelled by being made a minor consideration—those are what make men; and discipline of that sort is as good for men of genius as it is for common clay. The greatest mission of a poet is to inspire other human souls with high thoughts that have been born in his own. Shelley delights, but does he inspire? It may be that if he could have exacted from himself the fidelity that we expect from ordinary good men, his song would have gained a quality that would have made it a strengthening inspiration to higher souls than Ouida's.

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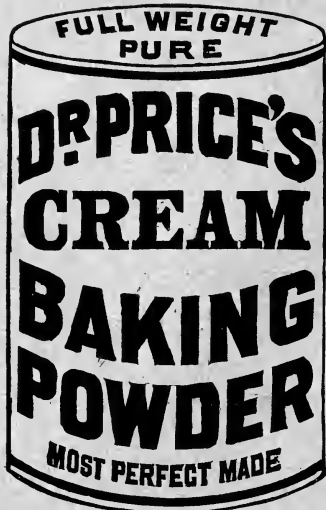
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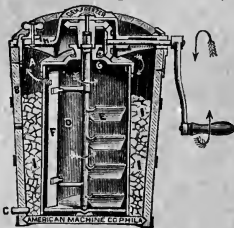
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