THE STORY OF MY LIFE

Mary A. Livermore

Engraved from a photograph taken at the age of seventy-five.

Yrs. truly,
Mary A. Livermore

MRS. LIVERMORE IN HER STUDY IN HER MELROSE HOME, WRITING THE STORY OF HER LIFE.

From a photograph made expressly for this book. For the last twenty-eight years Mrs. Livermore has done all her literary work in this room.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/storyofmylifeors00liveuoft

B
L

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

OR

THE SUNSHINE AND SHADOW OF SEVENTY YEARS

BY

MARY A. LIVERMORE

TEACHER, AUTHOR, WIFE, MOTHER, ARMY NURSE, SOLDIER'S FRIEND, LECTURER, AND REFORMER

A

NARRATIVE OF HER EARLY LIFE AND STRUGGLES FOR EDUCATION, THREE YEARS' EXPERIENCES ON A SOUTHERN PLANTATION AMONG WHITE MASTERS AND BLACK SLAVES, HER COURTSHIP, MARRIAGE, DOMESTIC LIFE, ETC.

WITH HITHERTO UNRECORDED

Incidents and Recollections of Three Years' Experience as an Army Nurse in the Great Civil War

AND REMINISCENCES OF

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS' EXPERIENCES ON THE LECTURE PLATFORM, INCLUDING THRILLING, PATHETIC, AND HUMOROUS INCIDENTS OF PLATFORM LIFE

TO WHICH IS ADDED

SIX OF HER MOST POPULAR LECTURES

532205
9-1.52

Superbly Illustrated

WITH PORTRAITS AND ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY ENGRAVINGS FROM DESIGNS BY EMINENT ARTISTS, MADE EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK

SOLD ONLY TO SUBSCRIBERS

HARTFORD, CONN.
A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., PUBLISHERS
1897

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1897,
BY A. D. WORTHINGTON & COMPANY,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

To Whom it May Concern:—Notice is hereby given by the publishers that the sale of this book, "THE STORY OF MY LIFE," by subscription only, is protected by decisions of the United States Courts. These decisions are by the U. S. Circuit Court of Ohio, rendered by Judge Hammond, and by the U. S. Circuit Court of Pennsylvania, rendered by Judge Butler, and are that "when a subscription book publishing house, in connection with the author, elects to sell a book *purely by subscription* and *does so sell it*, through agents that are agents in the *legal sense* and *not independent purchasers* of the books, the house and author are entitled to the protection of the Courts against any bookseller who invades their rights by an attempt to buy and sell a book so published and sold."

Hence, this is to notify booksellers and the public that all our agents are under contract, as our agents, to sell this book by subscription only. They have no right whatever to sell it in any other way, as books are furnished to them only for delivery to individual subscribers; and any interference with our agents to induce them to sell contrary to their contract obligations and our rights, or any sale of this book by any one not an authorized agent will entitle us to the protection of the Courts.

Notice is also hereby given that this copy of "THE STORY OF MY LIFE" can be identified wherever found together with the name of the agent to whom the publishers supplied it; and the detection of persons supplying it to booksellers, and the offering of it for sale by a bookseller will be sufficient justification for us to institute summary proceedings against both bookseller and agent.

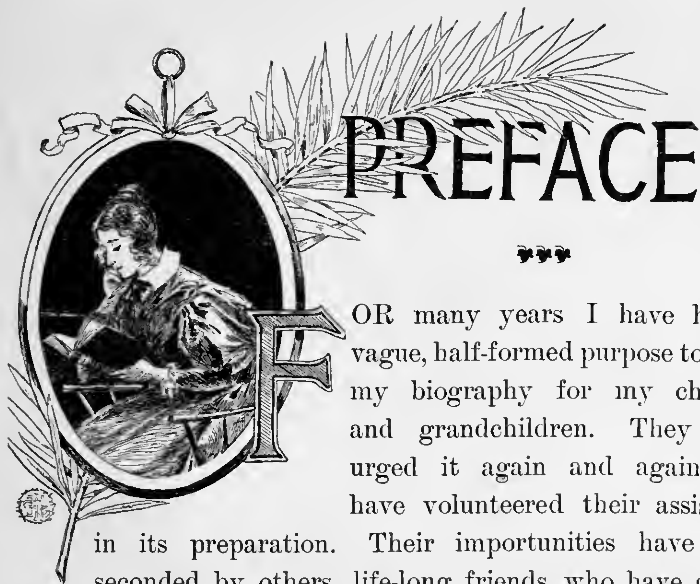
We trust this notice will be received in the kindly spirit in which it is given, as it is made simply to protect the author, ourselves, and our agents against infringements which rob us of the legitimate fruits of our labor and investment.

Agents and all other persons are requested to inform us at once of the offering of any copies of this book for sale by any bookseller, or by any person not our accredited agent.

THE PUBLISHERS.

LIBRARY
FEB 3 1975
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

CT
275
W5A3
1899
cop. 3



PREFACE

FOR many years I have had a vague, half-formed purpose to write my biography for my children and grandchildren. They have urged it again and again, and have volunteered their assistance in its preparation. Their importunities have been seconded by others, life-long friends, who have grown old with me, and who have offered to assist me with reminiscences of my youth, memoranda of events that occurred during our school life, and with packages of my own letters, running through half a century, the oldest of them dating back more than sixty years.

My father and mother during my girlhood religiously preserved my weekly letters to them, which were always packed with my experiences at the time, as these were what they cared most to know. And my faithful husband, during our long life together, has almost prepared a biography of me in his methodical collection, arrangement, and preservation of my letters and manuscripts, our experiences in the ministry, and our editorial co-partnership; in his memories

of journeys, visits to historic places, and eminent people; in his reports of lectures, preservation of newspaper clippings relating to myself, of all sorts and from all parts of the country, and with copious memoranda of the prominent events of my life in general. There was no lack of material.

But it requires some courage to write one's biography. Every human soul has its secret chamber, which no one is allowed to invade. Our uncomforted sorrows, our tenderest and most exquisite loves, our remediless disappointments, our highest aspirations, our constantly baffled efforts for higher attainments, are known only to ourselves and God. We never talk of them. When these are counted out, with numerous events in which one has participated with living people, whose narration might leave a sting, the story of one's life seems to one's self to lose color, and to dwindle in its proportions. Who would care to read it? What good purpose would its publication subserve? If one outstays the average longevity of the race, the waters of oblivion close over him, and he is forgotten before he dies, while the ranks close up immediately when one drops on the march, and his very name is soon unheard. Why then write an autobiography at all? And I found my courage oozing out at the finger-tips, whenever I addressed myself to the task of telling the story of my life.

Not only lack of courage, but lack of time, delayed the fulfilment of my purpose, and held my biography in a nebulous state. The daily business of life is imperative, and calls for immediate attention. I am always sorely pressed by demands upon my time that cannot be held in abeyance, and should probably have postponed the preparation of this book until it was too late, but for the advent of my friend and publisher.

He represented to me that I had been identified with so

many matters of wide interest during my life that my decease would inevitably be the signal for the appearance of unauthorized, unreliable, and shabby biographies. And he urged that it would be much the wiser way for me to take time by the forelock, and write my story myself. It would be more satisfactory to my family and friends, and would secure a larger number of readers. Before his visit was ended, the whole matter was put on a business basis, and I had contracted to place my manuscript in his hands at a specified date.

As if to confirm his predictions, a lady called upon me, a few days later, as I was convalescing from a sharp attack of illness, bringing with her a prodigious bundle of manuscript, which she begged me to examine. I declined, for it was a formidable task, and I was ill. Then she besought me to give her information, which "I alone could furnish." And little by little it came out that she knew I had passed the "dead line" of three score years and ten, declared by the Psalmist to be the duration of human life, and hearing that I had been very ill, she had decided "to take time by the forelock," as my publisher had advised me to do. She had been "working on a sketch of my life," but lacked information concerning my early history, and if I would "fill out the gaps in her narrative," she should be able to place her work in the hands of a publisher, whenever "anything happened" to me.

I was a little startled, and much amused. It seemed as if sentence of death was to be executed upon me immediately, so coolly and clearly did my unknown visitant inform me of my approaching demise. And the perfect nonchalance of her manner, when she requested me to help her complete a biography of myself that she might be able to put her book upon the market as soon as I had "shuffled

off this mortal coil," was most amusing. I informed her that a story of my life would probably be published in advance of hers, and perhaps while I yet lived, and that her manuscript must be suppressed. For now I examined it in part, and found it very inaccurate and unreliable. But it required a long and very plain discussion of the whole matter before I succeeded in convincing her that my publisher, my family, and myself had rights which she would infringe if she persisted in publishing her incorrect, badly written, and unauthorized manuscript.

If I should pass out of life before this book is published, I wish it distinctly understood that this is the only biography of myself that I have authorized, and the only one that is reliable. No other that may appear has received any sanction from me, or from any member of my family.

I have given more space to the story of my three years life in Virginia than I had intended. But after re-reading, I have decided not to abridge the narrative. It is a story of plantation life at the South, fifty-five years ago, and presents a phase of society and civilization that has passed away forever, and, as such, may prove of value and interest to young readers. It was written from a journal carefully kept at the time, from my copious weekly letters home to my parents, and from my correspondence with the family on my return North.

In those days letters were letters, written with care, packed with details, highly prized, and carefully preserved. Every one of my letters home contained two sheets of foolscap, closely written on both sides, and each one cost my father twenty-five or thirty-seven and a half cents postage. At that time the receiver of a letter paid the postage, and not the sender, as now. The postage was increased with the increase of sheets of paper in the letter, letters not being

paid for by weight, as at present. And on occasions, when some unusual event had tempted me to send home some half dozen or more sheets of gossip, my father has paid fifty cents postage on the letter, and there were times when that sum was exceeded.

I cannot but hope that the story of my life may prove interesting to my friends and acquaintances, and to others into whose hands it may fall. It has been interesting to me while I have been living it, although entirely different from what I had planned and hoped. Eventful, and full of variety, I have never found it dull, and have never suffered from ennui. I have had little cause for complaint, although my life has been a long struggle. There has always been some good thing to strive for and to win, or some evil to be suppressed and rooted out. And I have felt so kindly an interest in the men and women among whom my lot has been cast that I have carried on my shoulders and in my heart many of their burdens and sorrows, and been gladdened by their happiness. Generally I have won that which I have sought, and have most highly valued.

No woman has been more blessed than I in my home, my family, and with my many, many friends. The bitterness of death will be tasted in parting company with them. And but for the certainty that we shall "join hands in the halls of immortality" after a brief separation, it would be sad to die. The world which I shall soon leave is very different from that into which I was born, and is a much better world to live in. I congratulate women that their long struggle for freedom, knowledge, opportunity, and the rights of human nature is nearly ended, and that the day is close at hand when it shall be as good a thing to be born a girl as to be born a boy. A most hopeful future confronts those who, like myself, can only be satisfied with complete mental

liberty and religious freedom. The world is slowly reaching out for "more light, more justice, and more love." And it is being vitalized and renovated by the growing conviction that practical religion is always and forever love to God and love to man.

I cannot say with my dear friend, Miss Frances Power Cobbe, that "I would gladly accept the permission to run my earthly race once more from beginning to end." I am afraid it would prove wearisome — "a twice-told tale." And so while rejoicing in the gains of the past and in the bright outlook into the future, I prefer to go forward into the larger life that beckons me farther on, where I am sure it will be better than here. And when the summons comes, although the world has dealt kindly with me, I shall not be sorry to lift the latch and step out into "that other chamber of the King, larger than this and lovelier."

Mary A. Livermore

From Photographs and Original Designs by Eminent Artists, made expressly for this book.

1. PORTRAIT OF MARY A. LIVERMORE . . *Frontispiece*
   Engraved from a photograph taken at the age of seventy-five.
2. MRS. LIVERMORE IN HER STUDY IN HER MELROSE HOME, WRITING THE STORY OF HER LIFE (**Full Page.**) . . . . *To face frontispiece*
   From a photograph made expressly for this book. For the last twenty-eight years Mrs. Livermore has done all her literary work in this room.
3. Ornamental Heading and Initial Letter to Preface . 7
4. Engraved Autograph of Mary A. Livermore . . . 12
5. Ornamental Heading to List of Illustrations . . . 13
6. Ornamental Heading to Contents 19
7. Ornamental Heading to Chapter I 35
8. Ornamental Initial Letter to Chapter I 35
9. The Old North Church, Boston, and its Historic Bells 43
10. Old New England Door-knocker 44
11. Old New England Door-knocker 44
12. A New England Fire-place of Seventy Years Ago . 46
13. The Town Crier 49
14. The Night Watchman 51
15. An Old New England Foot-stove 53
16. A Church Chorister 54
17. Specters Everywhere 56
    Trembling with fright, I clung to my father.
18. Daddy Winslow 57
    His tread was cat-like, and his everlasting sniff, sniff, sniff betrayed him.
19. The End of My Robinson Crusoe 59
    I saw it smoulder under the forelog, and then blaze out into a vivid flame.
20. THE CLIMAX OF ONE OF MY CHILDISH THEATRICAL PLAYS. (**Full Page.**) Designed by Edmund H. Garrett . . . . *To face* 69
    The shutters were thrown open simultaneously with a prodigious bang, the occupant of the tomb threw down the fire-board with a crash, and emerged, clad in ghostly white.
21. My First Audience 71
    Preaching to a congregation of sticks.

22. My Secret Discovered 73

"Do you know anything about these shirts, Mary?"

23. Discovery of the Theft 75

24. Some Old New England School Ma'ams 85

Middle aged "dames" who dozed in their chairs, took snuff, drank tea, and often something stronger from a bottle stowed away in a cupboard.

25. Memories of My School Days 86

We sometimes tipped off the bench backwards.

26. Job Turner, My Youthful Defender 89

27. Cremation of My Only Wax Doll 94

The flames enwrapped the devoted doll, while the smoke blinded and choked us, and tears streamed down our sooty faces.

28. Seeing Stars 95

She set me down in a kitchen chair with an emphasis that caused me to see stars.

29. "Westward Ho" 100

Our journey in an old-fashioned New England stage-coach.

30. Our Log House in Western New York 105

Ah, but it was a desolate place.

31. My First Books 120

I hid myself in some dimly-lighted corner where no one would look for me and read on to the last page of the book.

32. Fate of My Offending Stays 123

He took from his pocket his sharp jackknife and cut asunder the lacings at the back and the straps on the shoulders, and the stays dropped to the floor.

33. My Interview with the Dressmaker 125

I sought the establishment of a well-known dressmaker and bargained with her to teach me her trade.

34. MY FIRST GREAT AFFLICTION—MY SISTER RACHEL'S DEATH. (**Full Page.**) Designed by Edmund H. Garrett . . . . *To face* 136

My mother, who knelt beside me, enclosed me with her arms, and held me tightly. My father made no comments, but remained on his knees sobbing, until my unusual prayer was ended.

35. An Unexpected Invitation 144

36. On the Way to "Ole Virginny" 150

37. "Who's Getting Out Now, He or I?" 152

38. MY ARRIVAL AT THE PLANTATION IN "OLE VIRGINNY." (**Full Page.**) Designed by Wm. L. Sheppard . . . . *To face* 154

The whole family were grouped on the piazza to welcome me. Scores of woolly heads were framed in the windows, and projected from the doors of the little whitewashed buildings, for "de teacher from de Norf had come."

39. Aunt Aggy 166

She wore a towering bright colored turban, a white neckerchief folded across her bosom, and an immaculate white apron.

40. "Lor me, Whar You Come From?" 167

41. Aunt Phenie, the Cook 169

"Sam, you brack rascal, take youah fingers outen dat shugah-bowl."

42. Temptation 178

"Oh, Mas'r Dick, Mas'r Dick, come heah, quick, quick, quick!"

43. Resenting Pete's "Sass" 182

44. Plantation Slave Singers 185
All clapped hands in unison, until the air quivered with melody.
45. The First Morning of School 191
46. A SUDDEN INVASION OF MY PLANTATION SCHOOL-ROOM. (**Full Page.**) Designed by Wm. L. Sheppard *To face* 192
Opening wide the door I caught up a broom to drive out the intruders with blows and force.
47. A Lazy Pupil 195
48. "Whoop-La!" 198
49. Little Pete and His "Monst'ous" Coon 200
50. Matt's Plea for Mercy 213
"Oh, Massa, doan have me whipped!"
51. THE BRUTAL WHIPPING OF MATT. (**Full Page.**) Designed by Howard Helmick . . . . . *To face* 214
The swish of a long whip flashed through the air. The lash sank with a cutting sound into Matt's quivering flesh. Shrieks of torture pierced the skies as blow after blow fell upon the body of the suffering man. I stood immovable, sick and faint, and heard and saw it all, paralyzed with horror and fear.
52. Bryson, the Grim-Visaged Plantation Overseer . . 218
53. Indolent Patsy 221
"A sittin' thar a smokin' an' a smokin'."
54 On My Way to Matt's Cabin 230
55. URGING MATT TO FLY TO FREEDOM. — "RUN AWAY, MATT, I WILL HELP YOU." (**Full Page.**) Designed by Howard Helmick . . . . *To face* 232
"See here!" and I opened my purse, and took from it bills. "Ten dollars! Fifteen dollars! Twenty! Fifty! You shall have whatever you need. Get out of this hell as quick as you can!"
56. Death of Matt 235
Death had healed all his wounds, and poor Matt was enfolded in her comforting embrace.
57. Settling Their Differences 241
58. After the Fight 242
"Oh, Jim, how you look!"
59. A Backwoods Preacher 251
"Before I begin my sermon I must take off my stock."
60. Uncle Aaron, the Preacher 254
61. Uncle Aaron's Advice from the Pulpit 255
"Ike Martin, quit youah stealin'."
62. The Broomstick Wedding 257
"Look squar' at de broomstick! All ready now: one-two-three, jump!"
63. Giving the Bridal Couple a Good Send-Off . . . 258
64. Premonition 266
"Something hurts me here."
65. "De Mill's Dun Burnt up!" 282
66. The Quest 284
67. Alone 288
What glided across my room with stealthy tread? Who was creeping along the corridor, with softly shod feet?

68. Three Loud Raps Sounded on My Door 289

"Come in!" I waited. "*Come in!*" I sprang to the door. Nobody was there.

69. A Father's Anxiety 297

Nearer — nearer — nearer — yes, there were two horses. Mr. Henderson was coming, thank God!

70. DEATH OF LAURA. — WHAT HAD HAPPENED? WHO CALLED ME? **(Full Page.)** Designed by Edmund H. Garrett . . . . *To face* 300

I took her little limp hand in mine. An icy chill ran through my veins. I placed my hand over her heart, but detected no pulsation. The marble pallor of death was there, and an expression of infinite peace and blessedness which surpassed human understanding.

71. Dust to Dust. — Burial of Laura 312

72. The Ill-favored Slave-trader 319

"They all look jest like this fellar."

73. A Mother's Anguish 330

"She screeched and screeched when she larnt dat de baby was to be leff."

74. Uncle Henson "Cuts the Pigeon Wing" 333

75. A PLANTATION "CORN-SHUCKING"— SOCIAL MEETING OF SLAVES. **(Full Page.)** Designed by Howard Helmick . . . . *To face* 336

Costumed in every variety of nondescript garments, with faces of every shade of black, as diverse in aspect as were their garments in fashion, they seated themselves in groups around the mounds of unhusked corn.

76. The Departing Guests 340

Their torches were borne aloft, and their melodious voices rang out in song as they marched away.

77. Brotherly Encouragement 347

"Go it, brudder, doan gib it up!"

78. Trying to "Cotch de Chune" 357

"A heap o' niggahs wi' der fiddles was a stan'in' in de storm tryin' t' cotch de chune."

79. Death of Jamie 361

80. A BAR-ROOM AUDIENCE.— THE BEGINNING OF THE GREAT TOTAL ABSTINENCE MOVEMENT. **(Full Page.)** Designed by Edmund H. Garrett . *To face* 374

The reform was inaugurated in Baltimore in 1840, by a club of six drinking men, who met regularly in a bar-room for a "roaring good time." A temperance address to which all the club listened led them to sign the pledge of total abstinence.

81. A Crisis in My Life 387

I stood beside the church door, irresolute. Should I enter?

82. Fate — My First Meeting with Mr. Livermore . . . 391

83. Mr. and Mrs. Livermore 395

Reproduction of an old daguerreotype taken the day after their wedding, May 7, 1845.

84. Laying My "Newest Grief" before My Husband . . . 404

"What am I to do with these packages of 'cooking soda' and 'cream of tartar'?"

85. An Unseen Witness 406

86. Ignominious Fate of My First Fish Chowder 406

After dark, that night, the masculine head of the house quietly buried it in a corner of the garden.

87. My Husband Arrives Home from a Picture Sale . . . 409

88. Helping Me out of a Dilemma 417

89. A Secret Experiment 422

With doors locked and curtains drawn I completed the new trousers in less than two days.

90. An Innocent Looking Package 423

I folded the trousers neatly in brown paper, and directed the parcel to "Rev. D. P. Livermore."

91. PAYING FOR OUR NEWSPAPER BY MAKING A PAIR OF TROUSERS FOR MY HUSBAND. (**Full Page.**) Designed by Charles Copeland . . . *To face* 424

I ventured to reveal myself to my husband as their manufacturer. I shall never forget the incredulous look on his face as he heard my statement. "*You!* Do you mean to say that *you* cut and made these garments?"

92. A Minister's Donation Party 430

The dancing increased in vigor, and the stove-pipe of the sitting-room was shaken down.

93. After the Donation Party 431

94. "Whew." Our Demoralized Kitchen 433

I invited him to accompany me on a tour of inspection.

95. Lured to Ruin. — The Cup of Death 439

He was enticed into one saloon after another, drinking in all of them, until he became thoroughly crazed with liquor.

96. WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE? A DRUNKARD'S RACE THAT ENDED IN DEATH. (**Full Page**) Designed by Charles Copeland . . . . *To face* 440

As he reached the summit of the long steep hill on his return, and began its descent, he saw over his shoulder that the stage was close behind him. He whipped up his horse and dashed down the hill at a furious speed. One of the wheels of the wagon rolled off, and he was thrown with great violence against a boulder by the roadside. His skull was fractured. He was taken up and carried home dead.

97. An Expected Attack 445

I dropped a little behind him to defend him from any attack in the rear.

98. THE RUNAWAY SLAVES, ANTHONY BURNS AND THOMAS SIMS, RETURNED TO SLAVERY — THEIR MARCH THROUGH THE STREETS OF BOSTON. (**Full Page.**) Designed by Edmund H. Garrett *To face* 453

With pinioned arms and manacled feet they marched between files of soldiers to a steamer bound for South Carolina from whence they had fled. Vast throngs of men and women watched the procession, many weeping as they gazed.

99. A Personal Experience with Chicago Mud . . . 459

I bid Mr. Livermore go to church and praise God, if he could.

100. A Narrow Escape 461

101. ENTERING THE DARK VALLEY — "WRITE FOR HIM FIRST; I CAN WAIT." (**Full Page.**) Designed by Howard Helmick . . . . *To face* 474

I came upon a poor fellow evidently near death. He accepted my offer to write a letter to his mother, but pointing to a comrade in the next bed, said, "Write for him first; I can wait," and I was obliged to obey. Noticing that my eyes sought him constantly he beckoned feebly to one of the nurses who turned him in the bed that I might not be disturbed by his whitening face and shortening breath. And when I moved to his bedside to receive his dictation he had passed beyond the need of my services.

102. I am taken for a Trance Medium 498

103. In the Engineer's Cab 501

Keeping a lecture engagement under difficulties.

104. My Ride in a Beer Wagon 502

105. I am Billed as "Live Stock" 503

106. AN AWKWARD MISTAKE — A COMPANY OF YOUNG MEN IN POSSESSION OF MY ROOM AND BELONGINGS. (**Full Page.**) Designed by Charles Copeland *To face* 506

To say that they were surprised at my appearance is to state the situation feebly. They were having a gay time. One of them with his hat on one side, and a cigar in his mouth, was attired in my hoopskirt. Another had donned my traveling dress. A third had dressed himself in my bonnet, which he had put on hind side before, and others were rummaging my valise.

107. An Unexpected Interruption 511

"Mis' Speaker, I demand er name er wretched man."

108. On the Verge of Destruction 512

We were saved before we knew our danger.

109. A MEMORABLE EXPERIENCE — THE TERRIBLE CRY OF FIRE! FIRE! FIRE! RANG OUT OVER THE BOAT. (**Full Page.**) Designed by Charles Copeland *To face* 514

Pushing the door open I saw to my consternation that the boat was in flames. I looked out upon the river to measure my chances for life, should I be obliged to jump overboard. I unfastened my clothing so that I could shake it to the deck in an instant, and I unbuttoned my heavy boots. All this planning was the work of an instant in the midst of the shrieking and fainting women, frightened children, and equally frightened men.

110. Tombs in the Catacombs made of Human Skulls . . . 532

111. Mount Vesuvius as seen from the Streets of Pompeii . 537

112. The Amphitheater — Pompeii 538

113. Cast of a Human Body found at Pompeii 539

Buried for more than eighteen hundred years. From a recent photograph.

114. Cast of a Dog found at Pompeii 540

Buried for more than eighteen hundred years. From a recent photograph.

115. The Women's Temperance Crusade — A Band of Praying Women in a Saloon 579

I accompanied the women to the saloons, and was an amazed spectator of the impression they produced.

116. Renouncing Liquor Selling Forever 580

They emptied into gutters and ditches their kegs and barrels of alcoholic liquors, and joined the crusaders.

117. Rev. Daniel P. Livermore 596

From a photograph taken at the age of seventy.

118. Mr. and Mrs. Livermore's Home, Melrose, Mass. . . 603

119. Parlor in Mrs. Livermore's House 605

120. Tail Piece — Good-night 610

121. MARBLE BUST OF MARY A. LIVERMORE. (**Full Page.**) *To face* 613

Made by Anne Whitney at the request of the Massachusetts Women's Christian Temperance Union. It now adorns their headquarters in Boston.

122. Mrs. Livermore on the Lecture Platform 615

CHAPTER I.

MY BIRTHPLACE — SKETCH OF PARENTS AND HOME — HOUSEKEEPING IN NEW ENGLAND SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

My Earthly Début — Boston in 1820 — The Old North Church — Its Peal of Bells — The Common a Cow Pasture — "The Best Way to Get Over is to Crawl Under" — "Playing Tag" and Making "Mud Pies" — My Modest and Simple Home — My Father and Mother — How we Began and Closed the Day — Kitchen Conveniences Seventy Years Ago — I Am Much Given to Running Away — "Come and Get Mary, Old Boolah! She's a Bad Child!" — Apples and Cider, Doughnuts and Cheese for Neighbors who "Dropped in" — The Town Crier's Bell — "Child Lost! Child Lost!" — The Night Watchman, . . 35

CHAPTER II.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY CHILDHOOD — EARLY RELIGIOUS TRAINING AND IMPRESSIONS — INCIDENTS AND EXPERIENCES IN THE FIRST FIFTEEN YEARS OF MY LIFE.

The Sundays of my Childhood — Dreaded Days — Cold Food at Meals — Long Prayers and Unnecessary Rigors — My First Minister — "God was in the Pulpit, but Jesus Christ Preached" — Long Services in Gloomy Churches — Specters Everywhere — A Crotchety Sexton —

"Daddy Winslow's" Cat-like Tread — A Sour Old Curmudgeon — His Everlasting "Sniff" Betrayed him — "Get into your Pews and Behave yourselves" — Forbidden "Didoes" — I am Caught Reading Robinson Crusoe on Sunday — The Book Burned — Mourning the Birth of a Little Sister — "Let's Send the Baby back to God" — A Saddened Childhood — Fear of Death and the Hereafter — I Grow Morbid and Anxious — Severe Religious Training — Join the Baptist Church with Eighteen other Girls — My Pastor and Life-long Friend — "Life is Better Farther on!" — A Nobler Comprehension of God, . . 52

CHAPTER III.

CHILDISH THEATRICALS — "I'D MAKE A MINISTER OF HER!" — FIRST EFFORTS TO SUPPORT MYSELF — TAKING IN "SLOP-WORK" AND MAKING SHIRTS.

My Cousins and I Dramatize Biblical Stories and Act them — How we Conducted Meetings in the Kitchen — Using the Kitchen Table for a Pulpit — My Congregation — My Mother's Reproof — "Laughter does not Become God's House" — Preaching to a Wooden Congregation of Unsplit Logs — My Last Slide on the Ice — Earnest Efforts to Support Myself — I Secretly Agree to make a Dozen Flannel Shirts at Seventy-five Cents a Dozen — My Plans Discovered — My First School — A Strong Box with a "Patent Lock" — A Mean Theft — The Champion of Poor Children — I Become Judge, Jury, and Executioner to the Rough Boys who Tormented them — My Great Contempt for "Sunday Clothes" — Thanksgiving at Home — "Will it Make Mary a Better Christian to Study Latin?" — Adam and Eve Candy Medallions — How we Celebrated "Independence Day," 65

CHAPTER IV.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY CHILDHOOD CONTINUED — JOB TURNER, MY DEAF AND DUMB DEFENDER — AN IGNOMINIOUS FINALE — I AM SENT SUPPERLESS TO BED.

The First High School for Girls — Its Failure — Closed for Twenty Years — Shabby Primary Schools — "Kept" by "Dames" who Slept, Took Snuff, and Drank Tea — A Suspicious Bottle in the Cupboard — I am Sent to a Sewing School — My Disreputable Needle-work — Job Turner, my Deaf and Dumb Champion — He Defends me from the Teacher's Wrath — "Too Small a Girl for so Big a Job" — A Comical Pantomime — Searching the Maps for the City of Destruction — The Books I Read Aloud to my Father before I

was Fourteen Years Old — Playing "Christian Martyrs" — My Wax Doll Personifies Archbishop Cranmer — Burned as a Martyr at the Stake — Abigail shakes me as a Whirlwind — I am Sent Supperless to Bed — The Remorse of a Matricide Overtakes me — I am Sent to the Hancock School, ... 83

CHAPTER V.

MY FATHER HAS "WESTERN FEVER" — WE JOURNEY WEST BY STAGE AND CANAL — TWO YEARS OF FARM-LIFE AND EXPERIENCES — TURNING OUR FACES HOMEWARD.

"Westward Ho!" — Farewell to Old Friends — The Night of our Departure — Journeying by Stage to Albany — To Rochester by the Erie Canal — The most Delightful Journey of my Life — We Settle on a Desolate Farm — "A Log House, with Windows of Glass and Oiled Paper" — A Chimney Made of Sticks and Mud — A Homesick and Dissatisfied Family — Sale of the Farm — We Turn Our Faces Homeward — Defending Ourselves with Umbrellas from the Sparks and Cinders of the Locomotive — My First Ride on a Railroad Train — I Re-enter Hancock School — A Remarkable Teacher — A Test in English Composition — An Unjust Accusation — Ralph Waldo Emerson's Senior Deacon — "Grog" at Eleven, and "Curfew" at Nine — "The Violins Played the Dickens with my Feet" — Dancing "with Grace and Precision" — Home, Love, and Welcome, ... 98

CHAPTER VI.

NEW ENGLAND DRESS SIXTY YEARS AGO — "LOW-NECKED DRESSES," "HOME-MADE STAYS," AND "PAPER-SOLED SLIPPERS" — FOUR MONTHS AS A DRESSMAKER.

How I Earned the Free Use of a Circulating Library — Books that I Read Sixty Years Ago — Home-made Stays — "Tell your Aunt Mary I can Burn Stays as fast as she can Make them" — Persistent in Purpose — Award of a Medal — Compelled to Withdraw from the Public School — Planning for the Future — I Decide to Learn the Dressmaker's Trade — A Scheme that my Father Frowned upon — Four Months in a Dressmaker's Establishment — Earning Twenty-five Cents a Day — My Admission to Charlestown Female Seminary — Why it was Called the "Rib Factory" — The Happiest Day of my Life — Studying Astronomy at Five O'clock on a Cold Winter's Morning — Days of Anguish and Tears — The Burden Lifted — I am able to Defray all my Expenses — Elected on the Board of Instruction, ... 118

CHAPTER VII.

MY SISTER RACHEL — HER LOVELY CHARACTER AND UNTIMELY DEATH — A REMARKABLE INTERVIEW — A CRISIS IN MY LIFE.

My Relations to my Sister — We Grow up together and Occupy the Same Room — Failing Visibly before our Eyes — A Patient Sufferer — A Blameless Life — Our very Remarkable Conversation just before her Death — An Impending Sorrow — The Shadow of Death — "No, I am not Afraid to Die!" — A White Dove Flies in at the Window — "Isn't it a Bad Sign when a White Bird Flies into a Room?" — Passing into Unconsciousness — Her Peaceful Death — Inconsolable Anguish of the Family — A Broken-hearted Mother — My Father and I are Plunged in Despair — A Crisis in my Life — Groping in the Dark — Studying the New Testament in the Original — Inquiries, Doubts, and Fears — I am Regarded as a Possible Heretic, ... 130

CHAPTER VIII.

I AM INVITED TO TEACH SCHOOL ON A SOUTHERN PLANTATION — "RUNNING AWAY FROM HOME LIKE A BOY" — MY ARRIVAL IN "OLE VIRGINNY."

An Unexpected Invitation — Am Invited to Teach the Children of a Planter in "Ole Virginny" — Bitter Opposition of Friends and Kindred — Clandestine Preparations — "As you make your bed so you must lie" — Tender Adieus — The Parting of the Ways — Starting on the Journey — Traveling Fifty Years ago — No Baggage Checks in Use — "Come out to the Baggage Kyar, and tend to yer Plunder!" — Reminiscences of Distinguished Men — Ten Hideous Miles of Staging — "Git Aboard and Quit Foolin'!" — Mules nearly Lost in Mud — We Endure Terrible Bouncing and Shaking for Hours — I Reach my Destination — "De Teacher from de Norf," 143

CHAPTER IX.

MY RECEPTION AT THE PLANTATION — NEW FACES AND SCENES — MY ESCORT OF SIX CHILDREN — LIVELY SPARRING — "YOU'RE TOO LAZY TO BREATHE."

Pen Portrait of my Employer — His Wife — A Cold Gray Eye and Shrunken Form — A Woman whom all Feared and Obeyed — Enforcing Obedience with a Rawhide — "We *had* to learn when Ma Taught

us, I Tell *you!*" — My Room — The Six Henderson Children — Opening Fire on Dick — "Powerful Laziness" — "Don't be oneasy on my Account" — Aunt Aggy Appears on the Scene — The Air of an African Princess — Great Commotion in the Kitchen — Aunt Phenie, the Cook, Disciplines her Assistants with a Rolling-Pin — Where Punctuality was not a Virtue — Preparing for an Excursion — Jim's Dog, Spitfire — "That's just what he is!" — "Girls are so scart at a Gun!" — A Furious War of Words — Owning a Gun since it was a Pistol — "You Chilluns, clar out o' dat Basket!" — Lawless Little Virginians, . 159

CHAPTER X.

LIFE IN "OLE VIRGINNY" FIFTY YEARS AGO — PLANTATION SCENES AND NEGRO SONGS — LIFE AMONG BLACK SLAVES.

A Day's Outing in "Ole Virginny" — A Southern Picnic — I am Appalled at the Magnitude of the Party under my Care — Dogs and Guns, Game-Bags and Lunch — Our Destination — Through Pine Forests and across Old Fields — Dick's Intimate Acquaintance with Coons, 'Possums, Woodchucks, and Rabbits — "Mis'able Trundle-Bed Trash" — I Engage in Story-telling — Black Peter — Dick's Quarrel with him — Raining Stinging Blows in Peter's Face — "I ain't gwine to take none of Pete's Sass!" — We Return Home — Arrayed in Bright Leaves and Berries, Greenery and Festoons of Moss — The Field Negroes Returning from Work — Pathetic, Dusky Faces — "How-dye, Miss" — A Unique Procession — Negro Songs in Chorus — The Ragged Pickaninnies at the Gate — "The Laziest Niggers in the County," 174

CHAPTER XI.

A NORTHERN TEACHER'S LIFE IN A SOUTHERN PLANTATION SCHOOL — SOME INTERESTING PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

The Little Whitewashed Schoolhouse — How it was Furnished and Decorated — A Remarkable Outfit for School Children — An Eventful Morning — Six Body-Servants for Six Little Pupils — I Propose to Dismiss them — A Storm of Indignant Protests — My Troubles Begin — "Spitfire" Bursts into the Room, with all the Plantation Dogs at his Heels — A Sudden Uproar — Relief at Last — Disarming Black Pete — Unceremonious Departure of all the Children to Eat a Coon Supper — Another Sudden Exodus from the Schoolroom — Aunt Aggy Upsets

the Order of School — Arrival of the Weekly Mail — A Great Event — More Commotion — Breaking up the School — My Pupils Scamper after the Mail-Boy, and Fail to Return — My Disgust and Anger — I Decline to Remain as Teacher unless a Change is Made, . . 189

CHAPTER XII.

NEGRO MATT, THE COOPER — SAVAGE BRYSON, THE NEGRO OVERSEER — AN AGONIZING BUT UNAVAILING PLEA FOR MERCY — A SLAVE-WHIPPING AND A TRAGEDY.

A Quiet Talk with Mr. and Mrs. Henderson — My Grievances — "Your Plans are those of a Yankee" — Christmas Guests and Revelry — Burlesque Performances at the "Quarters" — A Severe Winter's Work — Loud and Angry Voices — Savage Threats — I am Petrified with Terror — The Brutal Whipping of Matt, the Cooper — He Pleads for Mercy in Agonizing Appeals — Savage Bryson, the Overseer — "Oh, Massa! fo' de Lawd's Sake doan whip me!" — Tied by the Hands — Jerked up by a Rope Thrown across a Beam — A Never-to-be-forgotten Scene — The Swish of a Long Whip Flashed through the Air — Blow after Blow on Matt's Ensanguined Body — The Cruel Lash — Shrieks that Died into Moans — A Dreadful Spectacle — Matt's Limp and Lifeless Body — I am Dazed by the Awful Tragedy — Confined to my Room a Week — An Ever Present Vision — Why Matt was Whipped, . . . 208

CHAPTER XIII.

A STORMY INTERVIEW — THE WHIPPING OF MATT DISCUSSED — MY VISIT TO MATT'S HOUSE — "RUN AWAY, MATT; I WILL HELP YOU!"

Convalescent — The Children Welcome me — What Happened during my Illness — A Dinner Party and a Ball at the Blackstock's — A Plain Question — We Discuss Matt's Whipping — Mrs. Henderson sides with Bryson — "Matt Needed to be taken down" — A Family Jar — My Visit to the "Negro Quarters" — Black Pickaninnies Herded Together in "Ole Betty's Yard" — Repulsive Quarters — Finding my Way to Matt's Cabin — His Home and Surroundings — My Interview with him — Results — I Urge him to run away — "Get out of this Hell as quick as you can!" — Matt's Sufferings — His Fate — Found Dead Two Years Later — Preparations for the Blackstock Visit — Great Anticipations — Cordial Hospitality, . . 223

CHAPTER XIV.

I AM THE INNOCENT CAUSE OF A FIGHT—RELIGIOUS SERVICES AMONG THE SLAVES IN "OLE VIRGINNY."

School at the Blackstocks — Furious Quarrel between Jamie and Bob — My Pugnacious Little Pupil — "Bob called you a Yankee!" — After the Battle — "Oh, Jim, how you Look!" — Sunday Services in a Church without a Floor, Windows, or Door — How the Minister "Deaconed off" the Hymn — Reciting Scripture with a "Hop, Skip, and Jump" — Grandiloquent Rant — How the Preacher's Words were Received — Hysterical Sobs and Wails — A Tempest of "Hosannas" and "Hallelujahs" — "How can you Folks up North go every Sunday to such a Row as that?" — A Slave Meeting in Full Blast — Old Uncle Aaron — An Appeal to the Devil — A Quaint Service — "Ike Martin, Quit Stealin'" — "Ben Solger, Stop youah Lyin'" — A "Broomstick Wedding" — Assembly of the Black People, . 240

CHAPTER XV.

PLANTERS AND SLAVE-HOLDERS OF ANTE-BELLUM DAYS — AT THE GREAT DANCE AND BALL — INSULTS AND THREATS — I LEAVE THE DINING-ROOM IN ANGER.

Elaborate Preparations for the Great Ball — Plantation Housekeepers — Flags, Bunting, and Portraits on Every Side — Laura's Aversion to the Approaching Festivities — A Mother's Criticism — I Defend Laura — Laura Overhears it — An Awful Silence — Tears and Forebodings — Arrival of the Guests — A Crowd of Planters — "The Idol of his Party" — Received with Great Enthusiasm — The Ladies of the Party — Gentle, Refined, but Half-Starved Socially — A Vision of Loveliness — An Animated Scene — Convivial and Noisy Gentlemen — Flushed and Heated Guests — The Storm Bursts — A Tempest of Wrath — A Threat to "Shovel Boston into the Atlantic," and "Hang Massachusetts Women to the Lamp-post" — I Leave the Table in Anger — The Dinner Party Breaks up, ... 259

CHAPTER XVI.

BLACK PETER'S STARTLING NEWS—BURNING OF MR. HENDERSON'S MILL—"DE DEBBLE BRUNG 'IS FIRE WID 'IM!"

Inquisitive Dick — His Confidential Question — Explanations — Mary Defends the Hilarious Gentlemen — "Taken too much Wine" — A Tem-

perance Discussion — Astounding News — Burning of Mr. Henderson's Mill — Arrival of Black Peter — Ashen with Fear and Excitement — "De Debble's Broke Loose at our Place" — "Yo' can Smell Hell Fire on my Clo'es!" — Consternation and Excitement among the Servants — "De Mill's all dun burnt up!" — Laura's Strange Request — "Don't let me be Buried at Liberty Hill!" — The Young People's First Ball — Fear and Excitement — Surrounded by Horrors — "What Glided across my Room with Stealthy Tread?" — Dick Clamors for Admission — "I ain't gwine to have no more Home-made Clo'es!" — Ashamed of his Baggy Breeches! 277

CHAPTER XVII.

THE NIGHT OF THE BALL — THE TRAGEDY DEEPENS — THE HAND OF DEATH — A SORROWFUL RETURN HOME.

The Gay, Dizzy Dances — Launched among the Waltzers — A Presentiment of Approaching Death — A Cry of Dismay — Laura is Borne to her Room — A Young Physician among the Guests — Mr. Henderson Hastens to his Dying Child — "Must she die?" — She Exacts from me a Promise — "Do you think God will make me Beautiful in Heaven?" — Watching with the Sufferer — Anxious Hours — The Hand of Death — Passing from Sleep into Eternal Life — A Stricken Family — Dick's Grief — Return Home with our Beloved Dead — A Desolate Home-coming — Aunt Aggy's Story — Negro Superstitions — Early Events of Laura's Life — "I allers knowed dis yer would happen!" — "Ah, Honey, I knowed! I knowed!" 292

CHAPTER XVIII.

A SUNSET BURIAL IN THE ROSE GARDEN — AN UNEXPECTED AND AN UNDESIRABLE GUEST — A SLAVE-TRADER AND HIS MISSION — THE "NIGGAH" MARKET.

Mrs. Henderson's Remorse — Laura Bedecked with Flowers as if for a Bridal — Her Grave in the Rose Garden — A Sunset Burial — I Read the Burial Service at Laura's Grave — The Servants' Passionate Demonstrations of Grief — A Break in the Ranks — A Vanished Presence — "Where do You think Sist' Laura has Gone?" — The Unsolved Problem of the Ages — An Awful Mystery — Life Beyond the Grave — The Influence of Laura's Life — I Resume School Ses-

sions — Laggard Dick — A "Slough of Despond" — "I wish the Fellers that writ them Mis'able Latin Grammars had to Eat 'em" — A Solitary Horseman — "Who is He, and What is his Errand?" — A Slave-Trader Makes Us a Visit — A Repulsive and Ill-favored Man — The "Niggah" Market — "Pa's Gwine to Sell Aleck," . . 308

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SLAVE-TRADER'S PURCHASE — A SLAVE GANG BOUND FOR THE SOUTH — DISTRESSING SCENES AT PARTING — "WE'LL SHUCK DIS CAWN BEFO' WE GO!"

Our Repulsive Visitor — "Buckets of Honey" — A Perplexed Pupil — An Undercurrent of Thought — What about the Slave-Trader? — The Fearful Forebodings — "Dat Pickaninny dun dead!" — The Story of the Sale out at last — The Slave-Trader Buys Aleck, Mary Harris, and Patsy — A Slave Mother's Agony — The Institution of Slavery — Dick's Chamber of Reptiles — An Embryo Naturalist — "We'll have that Boy in Yale yet!" — A Negro "Corn-Shucking" Party — A Mighty Feast of Coon-stew, Corn Pones, and Sweet Potatoes — Happy Negroes — Dusky Faces and Melodious Voices — A Husking Contest by Torchlight — A Supper Fit for the Gods — Negro Songs — "We'll Shuck dis Cawn befo' we go!" — "An' we'll meet again in de Mawnin'!" 324

CHAPTER XX.

CHRISTMAS AT THE NEGRO "QUARTERS" — MY LONELY LIFE BRIGHTENED — AN ARRIVAL FROM THE NORTH.

Preparations for Christmas — Making ready for Guests — The Hubbub of the Kitchen — Dr. Singleton Arrives — The House Beautified with Holly, Mistletoe, and Blooming Flowers — A Warm Welcome — Christmas at the "Quarters" — Swarms of Negroes from other Plantations — Negro Foot-races, Cock Fights, and Revival Meetings — Sectarian Feuds among the Negroes — Dr. Singleton and Mary gravitate towards each other — Divining the Future — "That Man will bear your Daughter away as a Bride" — Our Neighbors' Request — What the Henderson Children Learned — A Solemn Conclave — New Pupils Proposed — I Enlarge my School — An Increase of Salary — Fanny Codman arrives from the North — Her Grace and Loveliness — A Sharp Line of Demarcation, ... 342

CHAPTER XXI.

ADIEUS TO THE SUNNY SOUTH—TEN YEARS AFTERWARDS—WHAT BECAME OF THE HENDERSON FAMILY, THEIR SLAVES, AND THEIR PLANTATION.

"The Children Bewitched"—Making Reputation as Teachers—Fanny and I mutually helpful—She shrinks from the Negroes—I defend her from a Knowledge of the Horrors of Slavery—Inducements offered to remain South—Parting with our Friends—We return North—Mary's Wedding with Dr. Singleton—Mr. Henderson's Sickness and Sudden Death—"We shall meet again!"—Ten Years Afterwards—Dick's Career—Enters Yale—His Graduation, Marriage, and Death—Jenny's Marriage to a Confederate Colonel—Jamie becomes Major of a Confederate Regiment—His Death while leading a Charge—Buried on the Field of Battle—What became of the Henderson Slaves—The Plantation sold to a Northern Purchaser—I am welcomed Home as one from the Dead, ... 354

CHAPTER XXII.

SOME HAPPY YEARS OF MY LIFE.—THE WASHINGTONIAN REFORM—REMINISCENCES OF THEODORE PARKER AND DANIEL WEBSTER.

The Duxbury School—My Oldest Pupil Five Months my Senior—Neither Rewards offered nor Punishments threatened—A School Orchestra—A well-remembered Excursion—Left by the Tide—The Launching of a Ship breaks up my School—Some of the Happiest Years of my Life—Joys that are Dead and Loved Ones that have Vanished—The Washingtonian Reform—Six Drunkards who met for a "Roaring Good Time"—A Mighty Influence—Pressed into Work for the Cold Water Army—The first Temperance Work of my Life—My first Meeting with Theodore Parker—The Strange Adventures of a Cat—Daniel Webster's Summer Residence, ... 366

CHAPTER XXIII.

FATE—AN EVENTFUL CHRISTMAS NIGHT—A REMARKABLE SERMON—MY FIRST MEETING WITH MR. LIVERMORE—OUR MARRIAGE—WHAT HAPPENED.

An Old-Fashioned Singing Master—Opposition to a "bellowing Organ"—"When an Organ comes into this Singing Loft, my

Violin and I go out!" — A long Tramp in the Moonlight on Christmas Night — Standing beside the Church Door — Shall I enter? — The Door suddenly opens — A Triumphant Burst of Song — I drop into a vacant Seat — A remarkable Sermon — "He shall save his People from their Sins" — A Great Peace steals over me — Introducing myself to the Clergyman — He supplies me with Books and Periodicals — My Teacher becomes my Husband — The Storm bursts upon me — Friends forsake me — My Father Inconsolable — A complete Surrender, ... 384

CHAPTER XXIV.

WE COMMENCE HOUSEKEEPING — SOME COMICAL EXPERIENCES — MY FIRST FISH CHOWDER AND ITS IGNOMINIOUS FATE — A PATIENT HUSBAND.

The Operatives of Fall River Fifty Years ago — My Husband and I make the Acquaintance of his Parish — Our House of Six Rooms — I win a Prize of Fifty Dollars for writing the best Story — We commence Housekeeping — Wendell Phillips on Housekeeping — Trying Times — My Culinary Experiments — Results — My Husband's Remarks — "We never gauged the Heat of an Oven by a Thermometer, when I was a Boy" — Cook-Books not very Abundant — Impossible Directions — My First Fish Chowder — A Formidable Receipt — We bury the Chowder in the Garden in the Darkness of Night — My Sister comes to my Relief — The Terrors of Housekeeping vanish — Our little Home takes on Beauty — A Tangle of Miscellaneous Work — Decide on a Change of Location, 398

CHAPTER XXV.

A MINISTER'S HOUSE A FREE HOTEL — MY HOSPITALITY TRESPASSED UPON — I TRY MY HAND AT TAILORING — A REMARKABLE PAIR OF TROUSERS.

Connecticut Thrift — The Stafford Parish — We become House-owners — Transforming our Desolate Purchase into a Place of Beauty — Our House Headquarters for all Itinerants — "It is nothing when you get used to it!" — The Ominous Summons of the Door-Bell — The "State Missionary" and his Wife — A Proceeding that took my Breath away — My Dilemma — Friends come to my Rescue — Leading my Uninvited Guests to the Spare Chamber — "I knew that Horse and Chaise in a Moment, and have come to help you" — Prodigious Work — Getting Settled — Our Need of Economy — How I paid for the "National Era" — Earning the Money for it by a job

of Tailoring — Making a Pair of Trousers for my Husband — "Who-ever heard of making Trousers that way?" — My Husband's Astonishment, ... 412

CHAPTER XXVI.

OUR FIRST AND LAST "DONATION PARTY" — UTTER DEMORALIZATION OF OUR HOME — LEADING THE TEMPERANCE CAMPAIGN — TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS.

Our first Donation Party — A Timely Hint — An Unpleasant Experience — The Invasion — The whole Proceeding Repugnant to me — "On with the Dance" — Unspoken Misgivings — Every Room showed Sign of Rough Usage — Supper was Scattered Everywhere — Dismayed and Discouraged — "Whew! what will you do with all these Turkeys and Pies?" — The Maine Liquor Law — Its Effects in New England and the Northern States — My Husband Works for it — A Hotly Contested Campaign — Personal Violence threatened — A Visit from a Drunkard — His Sudden Death — What Happened at His Funeral — A Violent Outpouring of Wrath — Excitement and Threats — I Accompany my Husband to the Polls — "Three Cheers for Livermore!" — The Last Sunday in the Stafford Pulpit — Our first Bereavement, . . 428

CHAPTER XXVII.

EXCITING TIMES — WE JOIN A COLONY OF PIONEERS AND START FOR KANSAS — CHICAGO IN THE FIFTIES — THE WAR CLOUD BURSTS.

Increasing Excitement on the Subject of Slavery — An Approaching Crisis — Rendition of Burns and Sims to Their Southern Masters — My Husband Sorely Smitten with "Western Fever" — We Join a Colony and Start for Kansas — My Tastes and Training Opposed to a Pioneer Life — Detained in Chicago by Sickness — My Husband Enters on a New Phase of Life, as Editor and Publisher — My Capacity for Work — Chicago in the Fifties — No Gas, Sewerage, or Water — Stuck in the Mud en route to Church — Going to a Tea Party in a Four-Horse Wagon — "Tears and the Dumps" — Uneasy Times — The Impending Crisis — The Beginning of the War for the Union — The Great Awakening — Exciting Events and Scenes, . . . 449

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MY PERSONAL WORK AND EXPERIENCES IN THE CIVIL WAR—THE SANITARY COMMISSION—CIRCUMSTANCES THAT LED TO MY LECTURE WORK.

The Civil War—The Relief Work of Women—The Sanitary Commission—Blessed Memories—Woman Suffragists renew their Work—"The First Woman Suffrage Lecture I ever Heard, I gave Myself"—"The First Woman Suffragist Convention I ever Attended, I called, and Presided over Myself"—I am Invited to Become Editor-in-Chief of the Woman's Journal, in Boston—I enter the Lecture Field with Reluctance—No Ambition for Public Life—James Redpath, Founder of the Lecture Bureau—The Great Impetus he gave to Public Lecturing—"It is preposterous that you should continue to bake and brew, to sweep and dust, to make, to mend, and to launder," . . . 469

CHAPTER XXIX.

AFTER THE WAR—MY PLATFORM CAREER—THE COMICAL SIDE OF A LECTURER'S LIFE.

Intellectual Giants in those Days—Stern and Inspiring Times—The People at a White Heat of Intellectual Life—My First Lecture—The Life of a Lecturer—James Redpath's Lyceum Bureau—Brainy to the Tips of His Fingers—Erratic but Magnetic—The Prince of Managers—Beginning of my Platform Career—My Resolve to Work for Women during my Life—Do "Women who miss Marriage miss Everything?"—Lectures most frequently called for—When a Frolic is in Order and a Good Laugh comes in—A Bridegroom's Valise in Place of my own—"Oh, dry up!"—Some Amusing Experiences—Oliver Wendell Holmes' Fee of Two Dollars and a Half—"The Lecture warn't as funny as expected," . . 487

CHAPTER XXX.

KEEPING LECTURE ENGAGEMENTS UNDER DIFFICULTIES—THE VICTIM OF A PRACTICAL JOKE—NARROW ESCAPES FROM ACCIDENTS—PLATFORM EXPERIENCES.

How I Kept my Lecture Engagements—Traveling by Special Train—My Earnest Efforts not to Disappoint an Audience—A Company of Young Men take Possession of my Wearing Apparel—Having a

Gay Time — Taken by Surprise — An Intoxicated Auditor — "Shut Up" and "Keep Still" — A Wag in the Gallery — "Ben Butler!" — Some Narrow Escapes — Collision of Passenger Trains — Falling through Bridges — My Experience on a Missouri Ferryboat — The Hoarse Cry of a Dozen Voices — "Fire! Fire! Fire!" — A Weird Experience — Our First Trip to Europe — Why Americans go Beyond the Sea — Experiences of an Ocean Voyage — A Storm at Sea — The Steward who knew "Nothin' 'bout the Storm" — "'T was the Cap'n's Business" — On the Threshold of the Old World, . 505

CHAPTER XXXI.

THROUGH EUROPE — THE CATACOMBS UNDERNEATH ROME — NINE HUNDRED MILES OF SILENT UNDERGROUND STREETS — SIX MILLION DEAD BURIED THERE.

The Road from Marseilles to Rome — The Museum of all the Ages — A World in Itself — The Eternal City — Giving Ourselves up to Sight-seeing — The Campagna that once Contained over Thirty Towns and Cities — Peopled by over Three Million Inhabitants — "Where Cæsar fell, slain by the Hands of Traitors" — "Hannibal Encamped on Yonder Hills" — The Arena of the Colosseum — Drenched with the Blood of Christians thrown to Wild Beasts — Sixty Thousand Soldiers in St. Peter's, and the Church not Crowded — Fifteen Miles through the Grounds of the Vatican — The Vatican Museum — The Sistine Chapel — The Catacombs — Where the Early Christians Buried their Dead — The Resting-place of Six Million Dead — Inscriptions on the Walls — A History of Conflict and Blood — Besieged by Beggars — Pompeii — Buried by an Overflow of Vesuvius for Sixteen Centuries, ... 522

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE SIMPLON PASS — A STUMBLING MULE AND AN IRATE GUIDE — "DO-YOU-SPEAK-ENGLISH?" — THE UNIVERSAL YANKEE — GAY AND BEAUTIFUL PARIS.

The Valley of Chamouni — Clad in a vast Mantle of Snow — "Hold your Tongue!" — A Cathedral over Six Hundred Years in Process of Erection — The Foundation had decayed when the Tower was finished — "Do you speak English?" — "Good Lord! I should think I might!" — A Yankee from the Pine Tree State — We walk the Streets till Morning — The Universal Yankee everywhere — Gay and Beautiful Paris — The Playground and the Sewer of all Civilized

People — Masterpieces of Art — Experiences in Paris — The Politeness of Parisians — A Veneer of Custom, ... 542

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FACE TO FACE WITH OUR ENGLISH COUSINS — EMINENT PEOPLE WHOM I MET — TURNING OUR FACES HOMEWARD.

Our English Civilization — London the great World Center — Its Gay and Courtly Life — A Storehouse of Universal Knowledge — Effects of Unequal Distribution of Wealth — Given to Excessive Drinking — English Social Life — An Embarrassing Situation — The Early Friend of George Eliot — The Minister of Finsbury Place Chapel — "I hope the Men of America will emigrate where Women will be kept in their Places" — The Coffee House System of England — "Free and Easies" — Miss Martineau's Scrupulous Cleanliness — Treating a Cow like a Lady — Giving her Pig a Bath — A Long Struggle — Turning our Faces Homeward, ... 555

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE WOMEN'S TEMPERANCE CRUSADE — UNCOMPROMISING HOSTILITY TO THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC — EMINENT MEN AND WOMEN OF MY ACQUAINTANCE.

The Women's Crusade — It spreads like Prairie Fire — Women invade Saloons — Transforming Saloons into Prayer Meetings — Where the Women crusaded — "God is leading us, and we shall wait for Him to show the way" — Dawn of a new Day to Women — The Woman Suffrage Question the largest now before the Public — Reasons why the Reform should win — Anticipation of Ostracism and Derision not realized — Eminent Men and Women of my Acquaintance — A Company of Glorious Women and Noble Men — My Husband's never-failing Good-will and efficient Assistance — More indebted to him than to all others — My Lover, Friend, and Helpmate, . 578

CHAPTER XXXV.

OCCUPATIONS OPEN TO WOMEN — OUR "GOLDEN WEDDING" — ONE OF THE PLEASANTEST EVENTS OF MY LIFE.

Occupations Open to Women — One Hundred and Fifty Women Ministers — Women Lawyers Admitted to the Bar — Colleges, Universities, Professional and Technical Schools now Admit Women —

Changes in the Laws for Women — Keeping Pace with Educational Advances — States and Territories where Women Vote — Various Philanthropic Societies with which I am Affiliated — Our "Golden Wedding" — No Invitations Sent Out — "The Latch-string Hung Out" — Shaking Hands with Fifteen Hundred People — Passing the Limit of "Three Score Years and Ten — The Immanent God and Human Destiny — The Future Radiant with the Glory of a Nobler Civilization, ... 598

LECTURES.

1. WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR DAUGHTERS? . 615

2. THE BOY OF TO-DAY, ... 630

3. CONCERNING HUSBANDS AND WIVES, ... 652

4. THE BATTLE OF LIFE, ... 677

5. DOES THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC PAY? 698

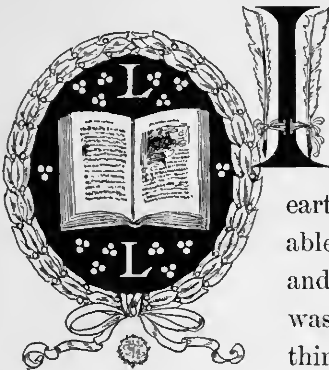
6. HAS THE NIGHT OF DEATH NO MORNING? . . . 713

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

CHAPTER I.

MY BIRTHPLACE — SKETCH OF PARENTS AND HOME — HOUSEKEEPING IN NEW ENGLAND SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

My Earthly Début — Boston in 1820 — The Old North Church — Its Peal of Bells — The Common a Cow Pasture — "The Best Way to Get Over is to Crawl Under" — "Playing Tag" and Making "Mud Pies" — My Modest and Simple Home — My Father and Mother — How we Began and Closed the Day — Kitchen Conveniences Seventy Years Ago — I Am Much Given to Running Away — "Come and Get Mary, Old Boolah! She's a Bad Child!" — Apples and Cider, Doughnuts and Cheese for Neighbors who "Dropped in" — The Town Crier's Bell — "Child Lost! Child Lost!" — The Night Watchman.



IF it be true that to be well-born is the most fortunate accident that can happen to a human being, then I can congratulate myself that my earthly *début* was made under favorable conditions, both as to parentage and locality. At that time Boston was a small city of not more than thirty or forty thousand inhabitants, — a pretty country town, in fact. The dwelling-houses were beautified by gardens at the front and rear, where every variety of old-fashioned

flowering plant rioted in color during the summer. The little city was built on a pear-shaped peninsula, and was indeed almost an island, a very narrow strip of land connecting it with the main land, so that it was quite shut in from the rest of the world. This little strip was called "The Neck," and there the city abruptly terminated. There were times when "The Neck" was flooded by easterly gales and high tides, so that it could not be crossed for a time. The New England Conservatory of Music is located on or near this spot. And if I remember aright, the corporation now owns the long-ago disused burial ground adjacent, which was a horror to me in early childhood; for it was neglected, wind-swept, and utterly desolate.

At that time the North End of Boston was the court end of the town, where some of the most eminent personages of the day were born and reared,—and where later their remains were buried in Copp's Hill burying-ground,—their weather-worn monuments hallowing the ancient cemetery to-day. There were located some of the most famous public and private buildings of colonial times, whose architecture is still picturesque, making that part of the metropolis far more interesting, historically, than any other. Of the three hills on which Boston was built, one of them, Fort Hill, on the east, has disappeared entirely. It has been leveled in some places fifty feet, and the earth used in filling in the marshes which formerly surrounded Boston, immensely extending the area of the city.

The Common was a large, uncared-for pasture, and yet a popular resort, especially to children. The frog-pond was a large puddle, most of the time, but it was dwarfed and unsightly during the heats of summer. Cows were pastured on the Common, and a wooden fence surrounded it, too high for small children to climb, and too low for them

to creep under. "How shall we get over this fence?" I inquired of a laborer, after vainly seeking an entrance to the Common by a gateway, which was out of repair. I was in charge of my younger sisters, whom I had been permitted to take out for a walk. "The best way to get over is to crawl under!" was his reply, which we did, to the utter demoralization of our long-sleeved and high-necked white aprons and white pantalettes.

Copp's Hill and the burial ground located on its summit, some fifty or sixty feet above the sea, was the favorite play-ground of North End children. In 1775, at the battle of Bunker Hill, the British planted a battery of heavy guns on this hill, which did effective work for their side, and the children never failed to dig for battle relics in the earth as zealously as if no relic-hunters of previous generations had preceded them. Copp's Hill was formerly known as Snow Hill, and for good reasons. After a heavy snow storm the hill would swarm with children, enjoying madder revels than were always safe for girls, who were thrown down and run over by the reckless games of the boys. But the girls "held the fort" in summer, the play-ground not being then suited to the wants of the boys. And in my memory of those early days there was no prettier sight than Copp's Hill on a summer Saturday afternoon. Then it was gay and vocal with little girls, attired in sunbonnets and aprons, "keeping house," and "playing school," "hide and seek" and "playing tag," and sometimes, it must be confessed, making "mud pies." It was Saturday afternoon, and the maternal injunction, "Keep your clothes clean!" was not in force on that half holiday, for the clean clothes for the next week were to be donned on Sunday morning.

I have always congratulated myself that I was born in this little seaport town. For life then and there was sim

ple, dignified, and lofty in moral tone. No one was demoralized by great wealth, and those who were regarded as rich possessed only moderate fortunes as compared with those of to-day. They lived simply and without vulgar parade and ostentation. The very poor were never numerous, in those days, and when they needed charity it was dispensed by the churches to which they belonged,—for church-going was almost universal. Those who stayed away from church habitually were regarded as outside the pale of salvation. It was a part of the unwritten law of the community that everybody should be industrious, economical, courteous, and well-behaved. Children were expected to be useful to their parents, and to look up to them, and not down upon them. For boys, there were excellent advantages of education, — for girls, almost nothing, but then, it was the same everywhere.

My modest and simple home differed in no respect from hundreds of others in the city of Boston at that time, save in the quality of my parents. They were neither rich nor poor, neither learned nor illiterate, but fond of reading and never lacking books, loving and trusting each other, devoted to their children, and extremely solicitous for their welfare. The home was comfortable, well-ordered, and carefully guarded from whatever was low and demoralizing.

My father, Timothy Rice, born in Northfield, Massachusetts, came of Welsh ancestry, and belonged to a strong, vigorous, and long-lived family. His direct ancestor, Edmund Rice, came from Barkhamstead, England, in the county of Hertfordshire, and settled in Sudbury, Massachusetts, in 1638. For one hundred and fifty years his descendants cultivated farms in eastern Massachusetts, and, according to the genealogical annals of the day, were people of "indus-

trious habits, honest, and God-fearing." My father was the sixth in a family of eleven children, of whom five were boys, and all of whom received Bible names,—Paul, Silas, Timothy, Moses, and Benjamin. I have visited the old farm on which he was born, and learned much of his early history, and the traditions of his family. He was tall and large physically, prodigiously strong and massive in his young manhood, a kind of blonde giant. The old people who were cotemporary with him all told the same story. He was very thoughtful and devout in his early life, studious and religious, devoted to his parents, and to his mother especially, "set in his way," a great talker, fluent in speech, and talking with much power. Those were his traits through life.

My mother, Zebiah Vose Ashton, born in Boston, was of direct English descent, her father having been born in London, England, where most of her kindred have since resided. He always subscribed himself "Captain Nathaniel Ashton, London, England,"— a sailor in the East India service, not a soldier. He was intensely English and bristled with family pride and loyalty to the Church of England. This did not prevent his marrying a Boston woman, my grandmother, who must have been very comely in her youth, as she was a very handsome woman in her old age. She could not be induced to forsake her native city, and so it happened that my mother also was born in Boston. The law on both sides of the water gave my grandfather the right to compel my grandmother to reside in England as he desired; but he never attempted such compulsion, nor would he have succeeded if he had, for his wife was a woman with a mind of her own, and, young or old, carried her points. So my grandfather contented himself until late in life with vibrating between the old world and the new,

seeming to my childish imagination to be forever standing with one foot on the sea and the other on dry land, like the angel of the Apocalypse.

My mother was of medium height and size, much smaller than my father physically, and in delicate health until middle life. She possessed a most expressive and winning face, which was illumined by large brown eyes of singular beauty. Only one of her six children resembled her in face, figure, or character. Gentleness draped her like a garment, and in speech as in manner she was uniformly kind, tolerant, and gracious. She could be very decided when it was necessary, and when she had once taken a stand we all knew that there was no receding from it. My father and mother supplemented each other perfectly, and yet I doubt if they ever knew it. My father was positive, and regarded himself as the head of his house and the master of his family, and was never backward in declaring this as his divinely appointed position. My mother never disputed it, nor even discussed it, and yet no man was ever more completely under the control of another than was he under that of my mother. Her word, and even her wishes, if he could ascertain them, were a law to him. And I have heard him say that he always consulted her in every important matter that came before him. "Bless the united heads of this family!" was the unchanged formula he uttered at family prayers, which were never omitted night or morning. My father and mother were alternately subjects and rulers in their home, and, as in many other instances, they never knew it.

My father accepted the Calvinistic faith in its entirety and severity as it was taught and believed a hundred years ago. He expounded it in his family with voluminous speech and tremendous power, until I was steeped in it. Before I

was ten years old I had the whole system at my tongue's end, and could restate it and dovetail it together like a theological expert. This faith dominated my early life, and has affected me more or less during all the years that have followed. My father's nature was so large and generous that his heart was continually at war with his creed. Nature had made him an optimist, while his creed transformed him into a pessimist. He mourned and wept while he taught that the doom of endless perdition hung over the majority of the human race. He never escaped from his early belief, and so lost the joy of life which nature had designed for him.

If my mother *had* a creed she never stated it. All her talk was practical, and she dealt wholly with the ethical side of questions. "That would be wrong, for it would be really telling a lie," was her quick way of settling the question when one of us proposed to deceive a playmate by pantomime. "That would not be treating your sister as you would be treated." "You must be as good to your playmate as you would be to yourself." "I should be ashamed of my child if she were so selfish as not to share her pleasures with her playmates." Axioms like these we heard continually from her lips. And yet my father had very serious doubts about the wisdom of her training the children. His method was to teach doctrinal religion, to lay down laws, affix penalties to the violation of them, and the punishment was sure to be executed if the laws were broken.

My mother made no laws, affixed no penalties, never threatened, but dealt with every case as it came up in a tolerant and liberal way. She used to declare that "she never knew a child ruined by being made too happy in its childhood," so she devised plays for us, played with us, invited our young friends and cousins to visit us, and made

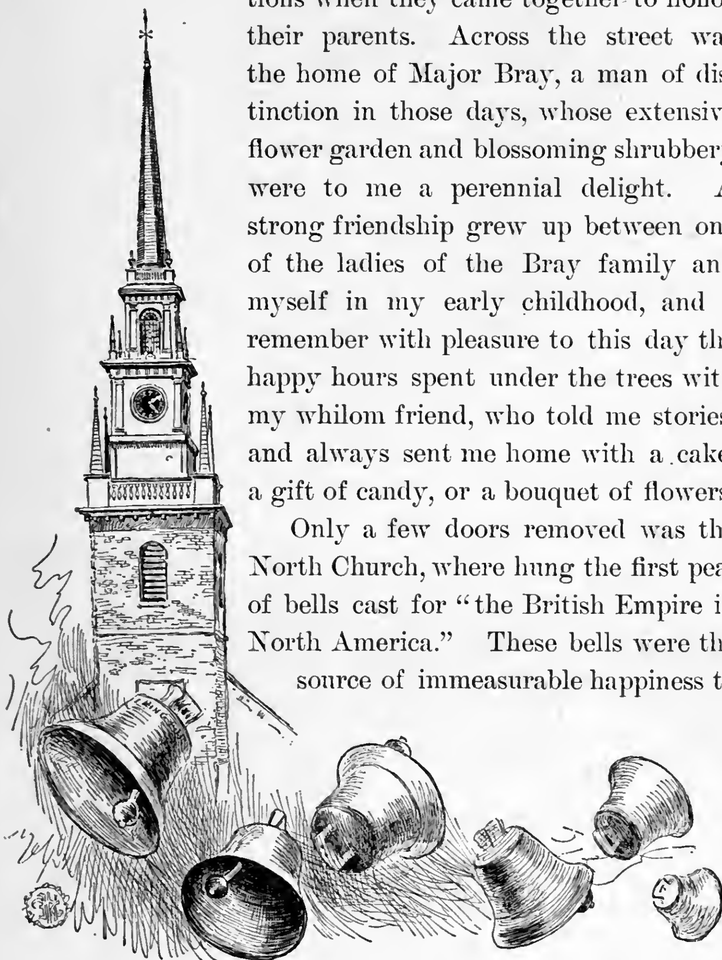
no little work for herself by entertaining them and trying to make her children happy. She gave us our stints of work, simple little duties of housekeeping, like dish-washing and dusting when we were young, increasing them as we became older. Nor did any one of her daughters escape being well taught in needle-work, except myself. It was not her fault, however, that I grew up ignorant of this feminine accomplishment.

My home was eminently and severely religious. We began the day with prayer and Bible reading. Every child in the family from the age of seven was expected to read the Bible through once a year, according to a plan marked out by my father. I observed this custom until I was twenty-three years of age, so that the good book has become ingrained in my memory, a part of my very self. To this day I am saluted in my home as "The Family Concordance." A blessing was asked upon each meal of which we partook, all standing, and thanks were returned after eating. The day was closed with prayer and Bible reading and the children were then put through a rigorous course of self-examination concerning their use of the day, which was conducted by my father. This was not the best sleeping potion for a serious and thoughtful child like myself, and sometimes long after the whole household was steeped in slumber, I was lying awake mourning and weeping over the events of the day in which I had participated, and which loomed up before me after the evening's investigation as heinous sins against God.

I was the fourth in a family of six children, two boys and four girls, and was born on Salem street, at the North End of Boston, on the 19th of December, 1820. Our house was located three or four doors below the Old North Church, on the same side of the street. Adjoining was the residence of Noah Lincoln, with its handsome grounds at the rear, or,

as we called it then, the "back-yard." Here his large family of twelve children and his grandchildren held their celebrations when they came together to honor their parents. Across the street was the home of Major Bray, a man of distinction in those days, whose extensive flower garden and blossoming shrubbery were to me a perennial delight. A strong friendship grew up between one of the ladies of the Bray family and myself in my early childhood, and I remember with pleasure to this day the happy hours spent under the trees with my whilom friend, who told me stories, and always sent me home with a cake, a gift of candy, or a bouquet of flowers.

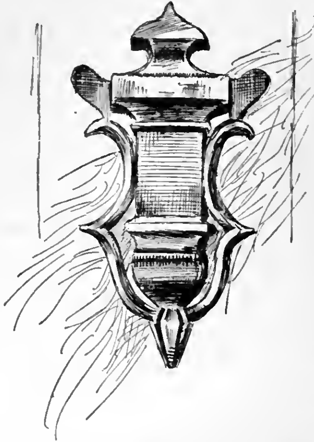
Only a few doors removed was the North Church, where hung the first peal of bells cast for "the British Empire in North America." These bells were the source of immeasurable happiness to



THE OLD NORTH CHURCH, BOSTON, AND ITS HISTORIC BELLS.
The first peal of bells cast for "the British Empire in North America."

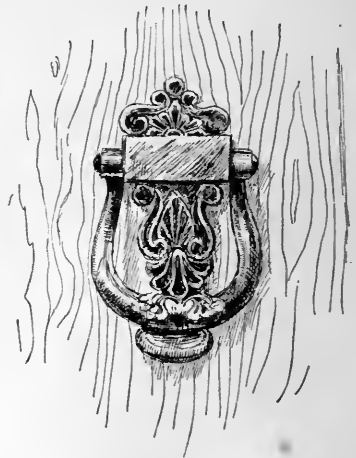
me. They assisted in my education, they aided in my development. I listened to them as they played on the ordinary occasions of church services and festivals, and

grew religious and devout. I thrilled with patriotic feeling when they rang out with "God Save the Queen," or "Hail, Columbia, Happy Land," on the Fourth of July and the twenty-second of February. I became jubilant or solemn as their music inspired me at Easter or Christmas, and I cannot now hear them without being overwhelmed with a flood of memories of the long past, in which figure those whom I shall never again behold until I ascend the green hills of the immortal life.



OLD NEW ENGLAND DOOR-KNOCKER.

The house in which we lived for the first ten years of my life was set back so far from the street that two houses were built on each side, and at right angles to it. That gave a large rectangular plat of open ground, common to the five dwelling-houses which partly encircled it. They were all small and unpretentious, unlike in appearance, but all open on three sides to sunlight and air. Our house gloried in an adornment which the others lacked. On the front door was a dumpy green iron knocker, which came down with so prodigious a bang that it aroused the whole neighborhood.



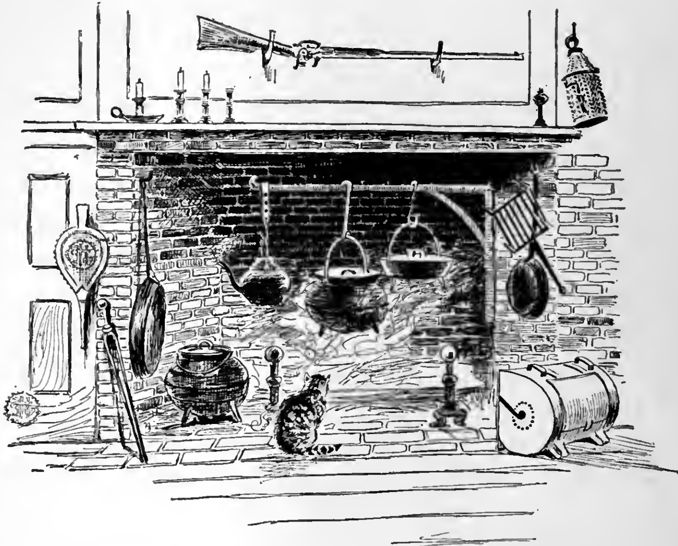
OLD NEW ENGLAND DOOR-KNOCKER.

These houses have all given way to a large brick block erected on their sites, handsome when built, but reduced to the common level of most North End houses by the immigrants, who long ago took possession of that section of the city. A low fence, built by my father with his own hands, separated our house completely from the others, and gave my mother ample room for a flower garden, which was an adjunct to most Boston houses at that time. Here she reveled in the flowers which embowered the little white house and filled it with their fragrance, while birds and bees rioted among the blossoms. Vines clambered up the sides of the house, and wreathed with beauty even the old woodshed. I regarded my home as the most beautiful spot on the earth, and when we changed our residence I was like Eve when driven from Paradise, who must have been heartbroken. I was homesick for weeks.

The front door opened into a small entry, which, if it could have been extended, would have bisected the little house into two equal parts. But the immense brick-work of the house interfered, for it included a yawning fire-place of immense proportions, a portentous brick oven, heated every Saturday afternoon for the baking of white bread, brown bread, pudding and pies, meat and beans, — the mighty ash-hole underneath,— and the deep closet overhead for japanned lamps which burned whale oil, flatirons, skillets, spiders, and other kitchen utensils of iron. What was left of the middle of the house by this massive chimney was utilized as an "entry," only large enough for the admission of one person at a time, who turned to the right for the sitting-room and to the left for the kitchen.

The kitchen was my favorite room. It was lighted by four windows, its floor was scoured white, and sanded with beach sand in summer, and carpeted with home-made rugs

in winter. It served as dining-room both winter and summer, the cooking being done in summer in a little basement room made for that purpose. At that time there were no stoves, nor ranges, neither gas nor coal, and the cooking



A NEW ENGLAND FIRE-PLACE OF SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

was done in the open fire-place, by means of cranes inserted in the chimney, from which were suspended hooks for pots and kettles. There were "bake-kettles" for the baking of biscuit and gingerbread over beds of live coals, which also were heaped on the cover. There were "tin-kitchens" for the roasting of meats and poultry before the fire,—potatoes were baked in the hot ashes,—steaks were broiled over hot coals, and tea and coffee steeped on the hearth. The ashes were carefully raked over the bed of coals on the hearth at night to preserve the fire. If we "lost fire," we fell back on the tinder-box, and struck a steel ring with a flint till a spark fell on tinder, when it was blown into a flame. Or, if

the tinder-box was out of order, we went to a neighbor's kitchen and begged a shovelful of coals. The kitchen conveniences of those days would drive to despair our housekeepers of to-day.

The associations of the always clean and orderly kitchen of my home were very pleasant to me, and are so to-day. My chief delight in the spacious room was the freedom I found there. We could play, shout, run, jump, stand on the substantial chairs to look out the windows, play housekeeping, and set out the kitchen table with our little pewter dishes and tiny porringers, bring in our individual chairs, stools, and crickets, and build up establishments in every corner of the room, and then inaugurate a series of calls and visits to one another, take our rag-babies to ride in an overturned chair, which we dragged over the floor, sing to no tune ever written, or ever dreamed of, till my patient mother would beg a respite from the ear-splitting discord, that "we might rest our throats," cut out dresses for our hideous rag dolls, botch them into shapelessness, and then coax the dear mother to make them "look like something," which she did, hold prayer-meetings, preach sermons, tell stories of our own invention, — what was there that we were not at liberty to undertake in that kitchen, if we would not quarrel or get into mischief! Blessed are the children who are under the care of a wise, loving, patient mother!

The three children who preceded my birth died during their first year. They were delicate, and lacked vitality for continued existence. There was great anxiety, therefore, when I was born, lest I might be feeble as they were. But a few months dispelled that anxiety. I was never ill, but grew up physically strong, escaping completely out of babyhood into young girlhood, at the age of two years. Another sort of problem confronted my parents when I appeared.

How could the superabundant energy and activity of this romping baby girl be controlled and wisely directed? I was so busy and mischievous that my mother gladly accepted the relief of an infant school, conducted by a motherly woman just across the street. I vaguely remember it,—a large, airy chamber, where were a dozen children of my age, of whom I was very fond, with a garden in the rear into which we were turned loose most of the time, when the weather permitted, for we were only taught to sing and to play.

If the teacher left us alone a moment, some evil genius prompted me to open the gate, no matter how it was fastened, and then to run down the street like a deer. One or two of my tiny companions would sometimes essay to follow me, but I generally outran them, and they went back to the play-ground. When my annoying propensity was discovered, my father trained the house-dog, Hector by name, to follow me, and he would for a short distance; but if I was off for too long a tramp he would return without me. Then there was a scare. George Bissell, a fatherless little fellow whom my parents had taken into the family to rear, was detailed to search for me.

If he found me, and I resisted being taken home, he could speedily reduce me to order by threatening me with "Old Boolah," a mythical personage supposed to be on the lookout for bad children, whom he carried away in his large pockets, and that was the end of them. "Come and get Mary, Old Boolah! She's a bad child! Come, quick, and carry her off!" he would shout. And then looking afar off down the street, he would exclaim, "I see him! there he comes! Hurry up, Old Boolah!" It was a very effective way of dealing with me, up to a certain age, for I would immediately suppress my inclination to kick and

scream, and become the very "pink of propriety." If George did not find me, the town crier was summoned, who was always successful. For I rejoiced in his bell and his stentorian cries, and was as eager to find him as he was to discover me. We marched home together, a very happy couple,—he, because the lost was found, and I, because I had the company of his noisy bell.

The town crier was an institution in those days. He was in constant requisition to advertise an auction, the arrival of overdue vessels, the loss of a child which had strayed from its home, the death of an eminent personage, or a lecture or entertainment in the evening. As he went through the streets, ringing his ponderous bell to attract attention, he would shout in stentorian tones, "Child lost! Child lost!" which would speedily draw a crowd around him to hear the story and to aid in the search. A story is told of an old friend of my father, Deacon John Sullivan, the senior deacon of the First Baptist Church, where we attended service. He hired the crier to ring his bell in front of all the schoolhouses in Boston, one day in June, and then

THE TOWN CRIER.
"Child lost! Child lost!"

invited the children to go to the Common in the afternoon and roll on the newly-mown hay. The old deacon was known and loved by the children of the city almost universally.

There was more natural and simple social life in those days than we have at the present time. Instead of punctilious calls of fashion in elaborate street-dress, card-case in hand, neighbors ran into each other's houses for an hour or two of visiting between dinner and supper, sewing diligently while they chatted. In the evening, apples and cider always graced the center-table of the family room for the refreshment of those who might "drop in." Sometimes doughnuts and cheese were added. If it were a cold, sparkling winter night, the oysterman was hailed, who made nightly rounds with a large pailful of his appetizing wares swinging on either side of him — and a steaming oyster stew was served. Unless the weather was very stormy, or it was more intensely cold than is usual in a New England winter, we rarely failed of hearing his slow and familiar step on the pavement, accompanied by his musical cry, "Oys! Oys! Oys!" with a peculiar liquid roll of the vowels — "Here's your fine, fresh Oys! Come, buy!"

I remember one evening when an impromptu party of uncles, aunts, and cousins galore took possession of our house "to spend the evening." It was a cold night, and we listened for the oysterman. He was tardy in coming, and the oyster stew was served at a late hour, with coffee and other accessories; and it was well towards midnight when our kindred bade us good-bye. I had tasted coffee that night for the first time in my life, and was exhilarated as with wine. There was neither "sleep to my eyes, nor slumber to my eyelids," and as I laid quietly in bed, tremulous with nervous excitement, the clocks rang out slowly the

hour of twelve. Hardly had they ceased, when the night watchman just under my window, announced in sonorous tones, "Twelve o'clock, and a pleasant morning!" I had never before heard him, although he passed and repassed the house every night—but I was a child, and slept. His announcement quieted me. I was not alone in my wakefulness, so ran my thought, for the night watchman slept not, but maintained long, lonely vigils, that he might protect us. God protected him, and so all was well and I might sleep.

THE NIGHT WATCHMAN.
"Twelve o'clock, and a pleasant morning!"

CHAPTER II.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY CHILDHOOD — EARLY RELIGIOUS TRAINING AND IMPRESSIONS — INCIDENTS AND EXPERIENCES IN THE FIRST FIFTEEN YEARS OF MY LIFE.

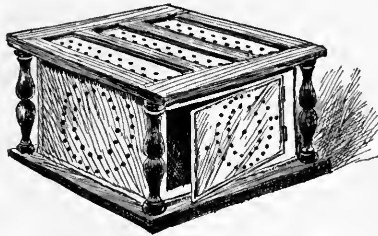
The Sundays of my Childhood — Dreaded Days — Cold Food at Meals — Long Prayers and Unnecessary Rigors — My First Minister — "God was in the Pulpit, but Jesus Christ Preached" — Long Services in Gloomy Churches — Specters Everywhere — A Crotchety Sexton — "Daddy Winslow's" Cat-like Tread — A Sour Old Curmudgeon — His Everlasting "Sniff" Betrayed him — "Get into your Pews and Behave yourselves" — Forbidden "Didoes" — I am Caught Reading Robinson Crusoe on Sunday — The Book Burned — Mourning the Birth of a Little Sister — "Let's Send the Baby back to God" — A Saddened Childhood — Fear of Death and the Hereafter — I Grow Morbid and Anxious — Severe Religious Training — Join the Baptist Church with Eighteen other Girls — My Pastor and Life-long Friend — "Life is Better Farther on!" — A Nobler Comprehension of God.

AS soon as we were able to walk we were taken to church, where my father had charge of us. The church which we attended was the First Baptist Church of Boston, and was then located on the corner of Stillman and Back (now Salem) streets.

The church was of wood, unpretentious and unattractive. The grass lawn in front was its great glory, sprinkled profusely with buttercups, daisies, and red clover, and exhaling such fragrance, as my father and I walked through it on a June Sunday morning, as never will again greet my senses. From the church windows there was nothing to obstruct the vision, and I sat beside my father and watched the boats and small craft in Mill Creek and on Mill Pond, both of which have since been filled up to make available land.

The former ran where now is Blackstone street, and crossed Hanover street in its course, where a drawbridge spanned it. Mill Pond was a large basin of water where now is Haymarket Square, which, when filled, made the location of the old station of the Boston & Maine Railroad.

The Sundays of my childhood were not enjoyable days, they were observed with such unnecessary rigor. All work was tabooed on that day, even cooking, winter and summer. The food was cooked the day before. We rose early, and we children were prepared for the morning Sunday-school at nine o'clock. The churches were not sufficiently warmed for the winter, and, in many instances, not warmed at all, and so a foot-stove was taken by one of us, which the sexton filled with live coals. We took turns in warming our feet upon it, and then were half frozen. The Sunday-school ended at half-past ten, when we adjourned from the vestry to the church. A sounding-board overhung the pulpit, which was small and circular and seemingly suspended in the air, for the posts that upheld it and the narrow, spiral stairway which conducted to it were inclosed by curtains. I thought the minister, when he passed inside these curtains, rose in the air, very much as a bird soars from the ground, until he came to the level where he could be seen by the people.



AN OLD NEW ENGLAND FOOT-STOVE.

The minister was Rev. Francis Wayland, afterwards President of Brown University. He was my first pastor, and the first I remember. So much was said to me about the "Meeting-house" being "God's house," and that "God was always present in his house," that I confounded

Mr. Wayland with the Deity, and was awed into a very correct sort of behavior when he was in the pulpit. He was a tall, thin, dark man, of whom I was much afraid when he made his pastoral visits. On one occasion he was assisted in the service by a blonde, rosy-cheeked young man, who preached in a finely modulated, ringing tenor voice, which presented the greatest contrast to the monotonous bass tones of Mr. Wayland. I was thoroughly taught the doctrine of

A CHURCH CHORISTER.
Starting the tune with a pitch-pipe.

the Trinity, but in such an unfortunate way that God the Father was my aversion, and God the Saviour, Jesus Christ, was the blessed Lord whom I adored. When we reached home at the close of the service, my mother inquired, "Who preached?" I answered promptly, after my fashion, "God was in the pulpit and prayed, but he did not preach; Jesus Christ preached, and I liked him best."

The choir sang without instrumental accompaniment, the

chorister starting the tune with a pitch-pipe. The prayers were half an hour long, and the hymns contained six or eight stanzas. During the sermon that followed, I gave myself up to all kinds of mental occupation to while away the time, for there was very little of the hour's discourse that I could comprehend. I would count the people; then count the men and women separately, to ascertain the number of each. I imagined little stories; speculated on the lives of some of my playmates about me, and wished with all my heart and soul that God loved us more, so that we could have more happiness in this life and a better chance hereafter. When the church service was over we hurried home to the cold dinner.

The heavy window curtains of "furniture calico" were dropped to the floor on Sunday, as they were not on any other day of the week. We were not allowed to read a story-book, nor the religious newspaper, nor a missionary magazine, or to look into a school-book. It was Sunday, and the Bible was the only book proper for Sunday reading. At two o'clock we hurried back to the second session of the Sunday-school, then again to afternoon service in the church, and after that came an interminable prayer-meeting in the body of the house, to which all remained who could,— the children always included. This prayer-meeting lasted until dark in the winter and until very nearly supper-time in summer. It was my great dread. The prayers and addresses were rarely delivered in an audible tone of voice, but were yet echoed and re-echoed through the building. The intense stillness without deepened solemnly, and the darkness crept into the nooks and corners of the church till the place seemed ghostly, and I saw specters everywhere. Trembling with fright I would cling to my father, and insist that he should put his arm around me and hold my hand tightly in his.

Sunday evening was devoted to the religious instruction of the children at home. Of this my father took charge, while my mother in company with friends or neighbors attended service at one of the churches in the near vicinity. First came the catechism, through which we went every Sunday evening, my father occasionally enforcing a precept or expounding an obscure point. If that catechism is lost, hopelessly, I can at any time reproduce it, question and answer, *verbatim et literatim*, for it is burned into my memory forever. Then followed the Bible reading, in which we all took part, and after this a plain, practical talk from my father concerning the salvation of our souls and the dangers under which we lived while unconverted. This never affected my sisters as it did me. I was sometimes shaken to the very center of my being, and often expressed to my father, even when very young, what I frequently felt,— a bitter regret that I had ever been born. There were times when I envied the cat that purred at the fireside, or the dog that slept on the doorstep. They could be happy, for they had no souls to be saved or lost.

SPECTERS EVERYWHERE.
Trembling with fright I clung to my father.

There was one person whom we dreaded more than the

prayer-meeting in the dark and desolate meeting-house at the close of the day, and that was the sexton, Samuel Winslow, long since deceased. "Daddy Winslow" was the cognomen by which he was known everywhere. He was a small man, short and thin, with a bleached look, as if he had been kept out in the rain to whiten, like cotton cloth. He was weazened and wrinkled and old at thirty-five. He wore his hair in a long queue, short breeches that were tied at the knee with black ribbon, and buckles on his shoes. He had a habit of sniffing continually, and though his tread was cat-like and we never heard his footstep, his continuous sniff, sniff, sniff, always warned us of his approach. He was a terror to children, upon whom he looked with an evil eye. There was a threat in the very tones of his shrill, high-pitched voice. "Get up quick into your pews and behave yourselves!" he would say to a bevy of little girls entering the church from the vestry, "or I'll 'tend to you!" and we would scramble up the stairs into the gallery as if our lives were at stake. Fortunate the boy following in the same direction who did not get his ears pulled, or snapped, or boxed, or who was not roughly shaken, with an admonition "not to cut up any of his didoes in the church, unless he wanted to lose his hide." A sour old curmudgeon,

DADDY WINSLOW.
His tread was cat-like, and his everlasting sniff, sniff, sniff, betrayed him.

whom neither the fear of man nor the grace of God ever sweetened.

It was not regarded as proper for children to sleep in church, as they were to hear the text and remember it. If I nodded, my father's red bandanna handkerchief came flirting down the pew so skillfully that it gave me a little slap in the face, waking me like the blast of a trumpet. When there was a baby in the house I was sent to my Grandmother Ashton's on North Russell street to spend every alternate Sunday. I suspect from what I can remember that it was found necessary that I should "leave my country for my country's good." However that may be, I was supremely happy in the visits, and mourned inconsolably when they were ended, for when I went to church with the indulgent grandmother I was allowed to sleep all through the sermon. She was a communicant of the Charles Street Baptist church, of which Rev. Dr. Sharp was minister. Because I never heard the sermon I supposed Dr. Sharp never preached one. He called at my grandmother's one afternoon and had much to say to me in a pleasant way, finally inquiring, "if I loved to go to church?" I answered promptly and with enthusiasm, "Oh, yes; I like to go to *your* church, because you never preach sermons, as Mr. Wayland does."

On my eighth birthday my aunt, Mary Ashton, for whom I was named, made me a birthday gift of "Robinson Crusoe," bound in red and thickly illustrated with hideous wood-cuts, which to me, in my ignorance, possessed divine beauty. Books were rare in those days, and I was wild with delight. It was Sunday, but I forgot it, and four times was caught devouring the story. I was warned that if I was found reading it again on Sunday, the book would be destroyed. But eagerness to continue the story which I had begun, and a natural tendency to persist in anything I

undertook, made me forget this warning, and it was taken from my hands the fifth time. I could not believe my beautiful book would be burned, and when I saw it smouldering under the forelog, and then blaze out into vivid flame, such a sense of loss came over me as I should not now experience if all my earthly possessions melted away. Added

THE END OF MY ROBINSON CRUSOE.
I saw it smoulder under the forelog, and then blaze out into a vivid flame.

to this feeling was a keen sense of injustice, which I did not know how to put into words. I felt that there was no harm in reading the book on Sunday, and that its destruction was an interference with my property and my rights. As I threw myself on the bed, at night, ill-natured, unhappy, and utterly out of sorts, I said to my mother with great vehemence, "I'm glad this Sunday has gone, and I wish we weren't to have another for twenty years!"

"Oh, that isn't right," replied my mother; "you shouldn't say that. If you can't be happy one Sunday here, what will you do when you go to heaven? Don't you know your papa tells you Heaven is one eternal Sunday?"

After thinking a moment in a child's fashion, I uttered the only hope that presented itself to me:

"Well, I won't worry about it now, for perhaps I shan't have to go there!"

Undoubtedly, I often received impressions that my religious instructors did not intend to give. But in some way, I had come to regard God as only a judge, who tried human beings, condemned or acquitted them, and sent them to reward or punishment. But Jesus Christ, the beloved Son of God, loved the world so much that he died to save it, and he would save everybody if he could. To this forgiving, loving, all-befriending Saviour would I pray; and I ceased addressing my prayers night and morning to God, and instead of beginning my petitions, "Our Father who art in heaven," I addressed them to "Our Jesus who art in heaven." My father became aware of this and sought to change my custom. But he only succeeded when I was required to pray aloud in his presence. In his absence I continued to address my prayers to Jesus. My mother never condemned me for it. Once she said, "God the Father is good and to be loved as well as Jesus Christ. He doesn't want any one to be lost."

When I was between seven and eight years old, I was taken to my mother's chamber one wintry March morning to welcome a newly-arrived sister. I bent down to kiss the plump, rosy, sleeping baby. Then the thought flashed through me, "What if she is not elected to be saved, and is lost!" I could not keep back the tears, and burying my face in the pillow I wept aloud. A great rush of affection

welled up within me at sight of the little one, and an infinite feeling of pity overcame me as I thought what her doom might be. "Oh, mother," I cried, "don't let's keep the baby; let's send her back to God! What if she doesn't grow up to be a Christian, and is lost!" "We will pray," said my father, "that God will make her a Christian, and we will try to train her so that she will become one." But the doctrine of election had been thoroughly taught me, and I was not comforted by that promise. "But, father, if she is not elected to be saved, how can she be? Do send her back to God! Tell him we don't want any more babies in this house."

I could not be comforted, and in my sore anxiety added a new petition to my morning and evening prayer, that God would take the little sister back to heaven before she was seven years old. I had somehow settled on the age of seven as the period when God holds children responsible for their lives. Ah, if my childish petition had been granted, how much of comfort would now be missing from my life! For that sister and myself are to-day the sole survivors of my father's family, and are journeying together to the foot of the hill, as we began its ascent on the other side,—house-mates, members of the same family, living under one roof.

The connection of this life with the next, as I heard it expounded in sermons and at conference meetings, brought me immitigable distress and saddened my childhood. I became morbid and anxious, with nights of wakefulness and days of solitary weeping. When any of my kindred, acquaintances, or playmates passed into death I immediately followed them in imagination, trying to settle their probable fate. Where had they gone? Generally they were lost. There was no hope that they would ever be ransomed, and unless the same doom overtook me, as I greatly feared

it would, I should never see them again throughout eternity. I was devoured with immense concern for all whom I loved, and while I did not regard myself as a Christian, I prayed earnestly and anxiously for those who were dear to me, and who were, as the phrase was, "out of the ark of safety." Night after night I have wakened my father and mother from their sleep, and insisted upon their rising to pray for the salvation of my younger sisters. My mental distress forbade me to sleep, and I could not bear my trouble alone. When my father would remonstrate, and ask, "Is there not danger that you may also be lost? Have you made your peace with God?" I would reply, "No, I expect to be lost, but I don't care if they are saved; I am strong and healthy, and can bear it, but they are so small and delicate they cannot. They *must* be saved, father!"

Under the teaching and influence of both parents, my pastor, Sunday-school teacher, and others, I passed through almost every phase of religious experience during the first fifteen years of my life. My mother tried to comfort me in the despair that sometimes overtook me because there was so little hope for the majority of the world. "You must not take everybody's burden on your shoulders," she would say. "You are too young to worry over these matters! Leave them to God, our Father. He cares for the world, and all will come out right. He hasn't made us to hate us and torture us. Oh, no, my daughter, God is our Father!" But I had much less faith in her knowledge of these matters than in that of my father. He was my prophet, priest, and king, and I never doubted that he was correct. I always went to him for the solution of problems that puzzled me, the explanation of difficult texts of scripture, and the anxieties that robbed me of a child's happiness.

I became a member of the First Baptist Church of Bos-

ton, where my parents were communicants, when I was a few months past my fourteenth birthday. I was one of eighteen young girls who were baptized on the same day, all of us school friends, and not one of us over sixteen years old. Besides ourselves, thirteen women and twenty-two men — fifty-three in all — became members of the church at one time. My connection with the church was of great benefit to me, for its members were excellent people, and most kind and genial, and but for the awful dread of the great Hereafter, I should have been very happy. I was in perfect health, abounded in animal spirits, which I repressed with a strong hand, loved my home, and was environed in the affections of good and tender parents. Why should I not be happy?

Rev. R. H. Neale was pastor of the church at the time, and for more than forty years after. A broad-minded man, of most catholic spirit, genial, loving, and beloved, he became my friend and adviser, and our friendship continued till his death. He assisted me to books, supervised my reading, kept track of my studies, brought me into acquaintance with people whom it was an advantage for me to know, and made me his debtor for life by his many unsolicited kindnesses. Calling on him a few days before his death, he spoke very freely of his approaching departure, and of the probability that we might not meet again. And when I ventured to inquire if he would not like to remain in life longer, he answered with animation, "Oh, no! I am ready now, and am glad to go. So glad that I pity young people who are to live, perhaps, as long as I have. I could not be reconciled to live my life over again. I am sure, my friend, though dying, that life is better farther on."

In later years I have unlearned much that was taught me in early life, as does every one. But the essential truths

of my religious education are immortal, and will abide with me forever. If it be a good thing to have ingrained in one's nature so vital a faith in God, right, duty, and immortality that no accident of life can destroy it, or annul its control of one's conduct, then have I great cause for gratitude to my father and mother. If my father was too ascetic and taught too gloomy a religion to his children, it was because he believed it, to his own sorrow, with all his soul. If my mother avoided teaching religious dogmas to her children, it was because she thought them of little value in comparison with life and character. Both did their whole duty, as they understood it. In later years I have been compelled to so wide and thorough a study of the great subject of religion that I have gained a nobler comprehension of God, life, and human destiny than I was ever taught. I have learned a broader tolerance, a world-embracing sympathy, and a more stimulating and uplifting faith.

CHAPTER III.

CHILDISH THEATRICALS — "I'D MAKE A MINISTER OF HER!" — FIRST EFFORTS TO SUPPORT MYSELF — TAKING IN "SLOP-WORK" AND MAKING SHIRTS.

My Cousins and I Dramatize Biblical Stories and Act them — How we Conducted Meetings in the Kitchen — Using the Kitchen Table for a Pulpit — My Congregation — My Mother's Reproof — "Laughter does not Become God's House" — Preaching to a Wooden Congregation of Unsplit Logs — My Last Slide on the Ice — Earnest Efforts to Support Myself — I Secretly Agree to make a Dozen Flannel Shirts at Seventy-five Cents a Dozen — My Plans Discovered — My First School — A Strong Box with a "Patent Lock" — A Mean Theft — The Champion of Poor Children — I Become Judge, Jury, and Executioner to the Rough Boys who Tormented them — My Great Contempt for "Sunday Clothes" — Thanksgiving at Home — "Will it Make Mary a Better Christian to Study Latin?" — Adam and Eve Candy Medallions — How we Celebrated "Independence Day."

IT must not be supposed because we had no toys, excursions, games, picnics, entertainments, or books to teach us how to play, that we had no recreations and never frolicked. The religious atmosphere we breathed permeated our whole being, as it did that of many other children, and our plays were almost always biblical or religious. We had eight cousins who lived in the near neighborhood, four boys and four girls. They were trained as I was, but none of them took it to heart as I did. Chiefly through my mother's efforts we passed every Saturday afternoon together, either in my father's house or that of my uncle. We were very ingenious in devising plays, as children always will be when thrown on their own resources. But better than anything else, we enjoyed acting the biblical stories we

knew, and which we dramatized after a fashion of our own. We played Joseph and his brethren, Abraham sacrificing Isaac, the maidens of Judah welcoming David with timbrels and dances, after his slaughter of the Philistines, the Resurrection, and even the Lord's Supper.

There was but one theater in Boston at that time, and we had never heard of it. We knew nothing of dramas, and had never witnessed a tableau. But we had the love of the thing in us, and arranged our plays after our own ideas with reverence and seriousness, as became children brought up religiously. Our four boy cousins were full of inventions and designs, and helped us mightily. The play of the Resurrection was our great delight. It was arranged in three acts, and we were always obliged to play it at my uncle's, there being no conveniences for it in my father's house. My uncle's house, still standing on Prince street, but very much curtailed and crippled, was large, old-fashioned, and very rambling. We were allowed the use of a large chamber in the rear of the house, and also of one over the wood-shed, with the long corridor or gallery that connected them.

In the first act of our play we provided for the sickness and death of one of our number, each detail being faithfully carried out. Our patient had a serious illness, and her suffering was attested by groans, and sometimes by convulsions. There was the visit of the doctor, the prescription of medicines, the administration of bitters and pills, and the application of blisters and compresses. We sat around the departing patient quietly, and wept real tears until all was over. Then we arrayed the body for burial, placing large, cloth-wrapped copper cents on the eyelids to close the eyes, and folding the hands upon the breast. In the second act we performed the funeral services, where a sermon was

preached, generally by myself, prayers offered, and the hymn sung, "Hark, from the tomb a doleful sound!"

Then followed the burial. One of the boys had made a rough bier, which was one of our properties, on which the body was borne into the old-fashioned play-room, where there was a large fire-place that served us for a tomb. We followed after in a procession, with black streamers tied on the left arm, most of us so excited that we wept freely. My aunt had caused the fire-place to be painted black and red, and the flue of the chimney closed and also painted, that we might not get soiled with falling soot. We lifted the body tenderly from the bier, wrapped in a sheet which served for a shroud, bore it inside the fire-place, and then closed it in with the fire-board. In the third and final act, two of the boys ascended the stairs to the chamber above. The heavy window-shutters of the play-room were closed tightly, the heart-shaped openings of the upper half of them were darkened, and a child was detailed to each window to open the shutters when the signal was given. Presently we heard the sound of a trumpet up-stairs,—it came nearer,—horns were blown, cymbals clashed,—and there was a rush down the stairs,—the shutters were thrown open simultaneously with a prodigious bang, the occupant of the tomb threw down the fire-board with a crash, and emerged, clad in ghostly white, and all sprang together to the middle of the room, and sang with uplifted faces and outstretched hands,—

"Angels, roll the rock away,
Death, give up the mighty prey!"

We palpitated with excitement, and wept profusely, we knew not why. No spectacular play that I have ever witnessed has thrilled me as "The Resurrection" did.

At other times, when the coast was clear, I conducted

meetings in the kitchen, always officiating as the minister, and making a pulpit of the kitchen table. My mother, on some happy occasions, would help me to arrange my sermon and prayer in a practical way, for my own and my sister's benefit, I suspect, for she had a fashion of quoting my sermon against me afterwards, when I was behaving badly. She was always one of the congregation, but on condition that she might bring her sewing with her, or place the cradle where she could rock it with her foot. I consented provided she would not talk, or make disturbance in managing the other children. I proposed to manage them myself. There would be times when something in my discourse would cause her to laugh, and this I always rebuked, looking down upon her severely, and telling her that "laughter did not become God's house."

When I failed of the help of my mother, and could not even have her as one of my audience, and lacked not only playmates but playthings, I would go alone to the wood-shed, arrange the unsplit logs in rows as pews, and the split sticks as an audience occupying them, and then mount a box, which served for a pulpit, and preach, and pray, and sing by the hour, until I became faint with the excess of emotion and waste of nervous force. "If that girl were only a boy," said my father, after he had looked in upon my wood-shed meeting at one time, unobserved by me, "I would educate her for the ministry, for she has it in her." Pray, why not? I had generations of Baptist ministers behind me. I have sometimes recalled my wooden congregation, when addressing human audiences, and have wondered whether it was more discouraging to address wooden blocks than human lager beer casks.

My great desire not to make care for others, and especially not to be burdensome to my parents, was almost

unchildlike. I have never seen anything like it in my sisters, my own children, or my grandchildren. Economy was a necessary virtue much preached and practised in New

MY FIRST AUDIENCE.
Preaching to a congregation of sticks.

England in my girlhood. We were taught never to be guilty of waste, but in all matters to be prudent and frugal. I knew that the resources of my parents were limited; that there was no money for superfluities, except on holidays, though always enough for our education, and our necessary books. The matter was never a subject of conversation, nor did I ever hear a complaint of the cost of my education. And yet there were weeks, when I was in a perfect fever from worry, because I felt myself to be a heavy burden upon my parents. I wearied myself trying to devise ways and means by which I could economize in my small expenses, or add to the family income.

I was exceedingly fond of sliding on the ice. Girls neither skated nor coasted in those days, but we were allowed to slide. On one occasion, after having spent an hour sliding with my schoolmates over ice as smooth as glass, the joy of the exercise heightened by our exuberant spirits, and the air ringing with sallies of fun and wit and shouts of laughter, I hurried home, as the supper hour was approaching, and burst into the house all aglow with excitement. My father made some pleasant comment on my rosy appearance, when I replied with enthusiasm, "I have had a glorious time! There never was such smooth sliding, and I have never enjoyed it so much! It is good, healthy exercise for me, isn't it, father?"

"Yes, good for *you*," said my father, "because it gives you a good body and strong limbs, but it is rather hard on the boots."

"No?" I inquired; "does it hurt boots to slide?"

He lifted my foot to his knee so that I could see where the sole of my boot had been worn away on the side towards which I had leaned in sliding. It was very apparent. I made no reply, but immediately resolved that sliding on the ice should henceforth be a forbidden pleasure; and from that day I never took another slide.

If I tore my dress, or ripped the skirt, or found a hole in my stocking, or buttons and strings came off, I would forego every immediate pleasure and hasten to repair the damage before my mother found it out, elate with happiness in the consciousness that I had saved her work. I had the same feeling with regard to my sisters. Being older, stronger, and more pronounced in every way as a child, I was frequently invited to juvenile parties where they were omitted. As I compared the daintier supper served on such occasions with that which my sisters would

have at home, and which was better for them, I could not eat a mouthful, but would resolutely and stoutly declare that I was not hungry. If instead of supper, dainty refreshments were served in the parlor, nuts, raisins, and confectionery, according to the custom of the time, I would decline them, and only because my sisters had none.

When I was not more than a dozen years old, I went secretly to a slop-shop on Ann street one afternoon, and took home a dozen flannel shirts to make at fourpence (six and a quarter cents) apiece. As I could not possibly make more than one in two days while attending school, and sewed slowly and abominably, I had only finished half of them when a messenger called to inquire for them. My mother assured him that nobody in the house did slop-work, — that she was the only woman in the house,— that the other members of the family were her husband and young children. But when the man pulled out his memorandum book and read the name to which they were credited, "Mary A. Rice, 91 Salem Street," she turned to me inquiringly: "Do you know anything about these shirts, Mary?"

MY SECRET DISCOVERED.

"Do you know anything about these shirts, Mary?"

I told her the whole story, and begged earnestly that

she would allow me to complete them, because I could do it in a few days by increased industry. She consented, and then finished them herself, returned them, and received payment for the whole dozen (seventy-five cents) which she gave to me. I refused it, and could not be persuaded to accept more than half the amount. "I have only made six shirts, and I will only take the money for six," was my decision, to which I adhered. When my mother inquired my reason for taking a bundle of slop-work to make, I hardly knew how to reply. She assured me that there was no necessity for doing so, that my father was abundantly able to support me and his family without my help, and made so florid a statement of his resources, and of the little farm he owned in Berkshire county, that I disbelieved every word she said. I thought she was romancing, in order to allay my anxiety.

I resorted to other similar expedients to pay my own way. When I was about thirteen years old I gathered into a vacation school some forty little children, who were to pay ninepence, or twelve and half cents per week for care and instruction. I expected to be able to conduct the school through the vacation, without my mother's knowledge. But mothers are clear-sighted where their children are concerned. And one day she surprised me by suddenly appearing in the schoolroom, where I was teaching the alphabet to a class of "four-year-olds," when she removed her bonnet and seated herself for the morning. I had taken a schoolmate into partnership, who taught the little flock, boys included, to sing, sew, knit, and work samplers. I was as ignorant of these accomplishments as a Hottentot. We were to divide the receipts of the school between us, at its close. As the children paid their small bills weekly, Rebecca Hadaway, my associate, afterwards Mrs. Charles Wiggin of

Boston, brought a strong box from home, with a "patent lock," for the safe keeping of our funds. We locked the box in the desk when we went home in the afternoon, happy in the consciousness that it was safe beyond a peradventure,—for had it not a "patent lock"! But on the very last morning of the school,—which had increased in numbers to sixty-two, and might have run up to a hundred, had there been room enough, — we discovered that some one had stolen our money in the night, strong box, "patent lock," and all.

My mother was greatly pleased with our joint manage-

DISCOVERY OF THE THEFT.
Someone had stolen our money in the night, strong box, 'patent lock,' and all.

ment of the school, and praised us warmly to our faces. So did our patrons. Both of us loved children, and enjoyed occupation. And the little lads and lasses, who were of all sorts, and who would now-a-days be sent to a kindergarten, were so happy with us, and with one another, that it was with difficulty we could persuade them to go home when the school-day was ended. I was supremely happy in the vacation school. My motherly nature had full play; I was free and under no espionage, and was "doing something," which always lifted me out of the gloom into the sunshine. And after my mother had won my father over, so that he

thought well of my experiment, I resolved to make teaching my life-work.

It gave my mother great anxiety, as it did my father, that underlying all my small experiments was a determination to take care of myself. I was not willing to be a burden to anybody,—and *was* willing, and desirous to assume the burdens of others, if they were not too heavy. I came honestly by these traits of character, for I inherited them from my mother. If I took home from school a weak, sick, poor, or ill-dressed child, or one who was likely to become the brunt of ridicule, or to receive the insult of rough companions, it was not only sure of my championship, but of my mother's kindness, who rendered substantial aid. If the big boys attempted any sort of misdoing to the dubious procession of unkempt and ragged children who accompanied me to and from school, I did not hesitate to lay hands on the strongest of them. I became judge, jury, and executioner immediately, and soon created among them a very wholesome fear of me. My mother did better. She went to headquarters with her complaints to the teachers, and ended the petty persecutions to which the ill-clad, ill-looking, and ill-faring children of a school are very often subject.

To add to my mother's discomforts concerning me, I had an aversion to being "dressed up," as the phrase is. Whatever enjoyment my parents found in my society, must have come in later life, for I certainly kept them busy and anxious over my peculiarities in childhood and young girlhood. Matters ran on easily with my sisters; they did as they were bidden, and, as my mother phrased it, "took no more care into their hearts than they could throw off at their heels." They could not say it of me. Unlike them, and unlike most little girls, I never wished to be smartly dressed, and had a contempt for "Sunday clothes." I only wanted

to have "week-day clothes," as I called them, but as every well-regulated child had a Sunday dress, a Sunday hat, and a Sunday pair of shoes, so had I mine. But if I could not carry out my heart's desire to have all my clothes plain, and alike, for every day of the week, Sundays included, I could at least reduce my Sunday clothes to a week-day appearance. If my Sunday boots had an extra shine upon them, I would search for some moist place on my way to church or Sunday-school, where I could dull their splendor. If, according to my way of thinking, there were too many ribbons or flowers on my hat or bonnet, I would manage in some way to remove a part of them, and to hide them while passing through the street. The lisle-thread gloves and silk mitts which were for Sunday and holiday wear were removed as soon as I left the house, and carried in my pocket. Why I was so averse to "best clothes" I cannot tell, unless it was from shyness. I was extremely bashful, and could not talk with a stranger without stuttering. The fear that my Sunday clothes would attract attention and make me conspicuous was probably the cause of my aversion to them. I did not want people to stare at me. When I learned that I was too unimportant to attract attention, my dislike to being well-dressed vanished.

There were only two pronounced holidays in the year, Fourth of July and Thanksgiving Day. To Christmas no attention whatever was paid, in my girlhood, except by Episcopalians and Roman Catholics, and of the latter sect there were then comparatively few. Schools held their sessions on Christmas day as on other days. There was no feasting, giving of presents, nor any observances to mark the occasion. It was considered a Papist festival, and special pains was taken to treat it with complete neglect. Thanksgiving Day was *the* great day in New England. The observances of

the great holiday were universal, and preparations for it were made weeks in advance. There was a general gathering of kindred from far and near, feasting and social enjoyment, while a spirit of general good will and benevolence ruled the hour.

Everybody attended meeting in the morning, to return thanks to the Almighty for his benefits. It was expected that everybody would have a turkey for Thanksgiving dinner, no matter how straitened his circumstances, nor how shabbily he had dined on every other day throughout the year. If there were poor relatives, or acquaintances who were homeless, they were sure to be invited to the Thanksgiving dinner of some one more fortunate than themselves. Chicken pie and roast turkey were always served at dinner, followed by a variety of pies and puddings, and for dessert there were Messina oranges, Malaga raisins, Smyrna figs, and nuts. These fruits were not brought from California, which was at that time *terra incognita*, but from Mediterranean ports. Ice cream, sherbet, frozen pudding, charlotte-russe, and other like modern delicacies had not then come into vogue.

In my father's house there were always invited at Thanksgiving a number of poor women belonging to the church of which he was a member — women who were husbandless and homeless, who boarded in families, or lived in solitary hired rooms, picking up their meals through the week as best they could. We children were expected to treat these guests with great consideration, — they were the "Lord's poor," — to be quite content if they monopolized our places at the dinner table, while we were placed at a smaller board in an adjoining room. There were also a number of relatives who dined with us on that day,— not a large number, as my father's brothers and sisters had large

families, who observed the day in their own homes, and invited guests to join them.

The Thanksgiving after I had graduated from the Hancock School one of my father's brothers from Ohio happened to be with us, and three or four of my oldest cousins had accompanied him. It was known to all present that I was to continue in school, and that my father had procured me private instruction in Latin, to which Greek might be added by and by, — a proceeding highly disapproved, especially by the women of the company. They thought my father could ill afford the expense, that the fact that I had received a medal at graduation from the public school demonstrated that my education was sufficient for all necessary purposes, and above all, they lacked language to express their poor opinion of a girl who was so unlike her associates, that she desired or was willing to study Latin or Greek. The higher education of girls was an advance for which the general public was not then prepared.

After the dinner was over, and there was a little lull in the small talk that had prevailed, an attack was begun upon my father.

"Was it your desire that Mary should study Latin?" one asked.

"I desired it as soon as I discovered that she wished to do so," replied my father.

"Do you think it will enable her to get a better living? Why *should* she study Latin?"

"I think there is no doubt but she will get a living if she has her health."

"Do you think it will help her to be a better woman?"

"I am very sure it will not hinder her."

"Well, brother," said my uncle, and this was the clincher, "do you think it will make her a better Christian?"

"She is a good enough Christian now," said my father; "better than most of us." (This made me open my eyes to their widest capacity. I never dreamed that my father thought so well of me.) "And now let me tell you," said he, laying off his spectacles and putting down the newspaper he was reading, "if that girl wants to study the black art, and I can find any one to teach her, and can get the money to pay the bills, she shall do it." And so it was settled. What do I not owe to my resolute father for his efforts to procure for me advantages of education not open to girls at that time!

Thanksgiving Day was the great holiday of the heart. It deepened family affections, strengthened family ties, and brought rich and poor together as did no other day of the year.

The Fourth of July, or "Independence Day," as we called it then, was different. The day was ushered in with the same ringing of bells and firing of cannon as now; but there was more hearty patriotism put into its observance, and much of the noise and danger now connected with the national celebration was lacking. The city government celebrated the day with much pomp, according to the old-fashioned requirements of the time. It secured some person of distinction to deliver a patriotic address to which the people were invited, and which they attended, marching in procession to the hall where it was delivered. There was a military parade, diversions on the Common, with fireworks in the evening, that mainly fizzed and sputtered, and went out.

Every kind of booth surrounded Boston Common, where were sold all manner of abominable and indigestible concoctions, to eat and to drink, and everbody seemed to buy them. I remember the day in my childhood better from the

fact that I was then mistress of more money than on any other occasion. My father always gave me ninepence, (twelve and a half cents), my mother added fourpence, (six and a quarter cents), and each of my big boy cousins added something more to my purse. What to do with so much silver was a problem. I was so ignorant of the proper things to buy on "Independence Day" that when I discovered some very red and translucent checkerberry medallions for sale in a candy booth, which represented Adam and Eve in the garden, with the serpent going up a tree, I invested all my money in them at once. I marched home, proudly, unwilling to display my purchase to the profane eyes of my cousins till my mother had seen and admired it. When I had counted out twenty-two Adam and Eve medallions, that permeated the room with their spicy odor, and looked up at the family group for commendation of my wise purchase, I was taken aback by the roars of laughter that followed, in which even my father and mother joined most heartily.

"You believe in the doctrine of original sin, don't you, Cousin Mary?" quizzed one.

"Biblical confectionery is your choice, isn't it?" inquired another, insinuatingly.

"Let's tile the fire-place with them in the play-room!" suggested a third: "they'll go there nicely, 'cause we never have a fire there."

I was fatigued with the heat of the day, and foot-sore with my tramp, in slippers, over the cobble-stones, for the crowd had forced me off the sidewalk, and in a minute more I should have broken down ignominiously in a cry. But my mother came to the rescue, and drawing me to her knee, pushed back the hair from my hot and sun-burned face, and asked tenderly,

"What are you going to do with them, my daughter?"

"Keep 'em!" I answered with spirit. "I was going to give 'em one apiece, all round; but now, they shan't have a piece of one." My mother's question had suggested this method of retaliation.

"That's right!" was her endorsement, and bringing a small empty box they were disposed of for the night,—and, as far as I was concerned, for all time, for I never saw them afterwards.

CHAPTER IV.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY CHILDHOOD CONTINUED — JOB TURNER, MY DEAF AND DUMB DEFENDER — AN IGNOMINIOUS FINALE — I AM SENT SUPPERLESS TO BED.

The First High School for Girls — Its Failure — Closed for Twenty Years — Shabby Primary Schools — "Kept" by "Dames" who Slept, Took Snuff, and Drank Tea — A Suspicious Bottle in the Cupboard — I am Sent to a Sewing School — My Disreputable Needle-work — Job Turner, my Deaf and Dumb Champion — He Defends me from the Teacher's Wrath — "Too Small a Girl for so Big a Job" — A Comical Pantomime — Searching the Maps for the City of Destruction — The Books I Read Aloud to my Father before I was Fourteen Yours Old — Playing "Christian Martyrs" — My Wax Doll Personifies Archbishop Cranmer — Burned as a Martyr at the Stake — Abigail shakes me as a Whirlwind — I am Sent Supperless to Bed — The Remorse of a Matricide Overtakes me — I am Sent to the Hancock School — The Days before Rubber Shoes and Water-proof Cloaks were Invented.

"MY children shall have a good education if I am able to give them nothing more," was a very frequent declaration of parents in my childhood. The majority of them could hardly hope to bestow on their children any other endowment. It was not as easy then as it is now to educate children, especially girls. For boys the opportunities were ample for the times, although they have since been increased a hundred-fold. The necessities of physical existence weighed as heavily on boys as on men, and only the fortunate few could spare the time, or be supported by their parents, to pursue an extensive course of study. The educational advantages for girls were niggardly in the extreme, and altogether insufficient.

Primary and grammar schools for both boys and girls were established in most New England towns at an early date. Only the primary schools were co-educational, the little lads and lasses being separated when they entered the grammar schools. Girls could remain in these schools until they reached the age of sixteen; but if the required course of study was completed at an earlier age, or if they obtained medals for good scholarship, they were compelled to leave to make room for others. For them the state made no farther provision. A High School for girls was established in 1826, but it was so connected with the monitorial system of education, which allowed the older and more advanced pupils to act as teachers to those younger, that it was doomed from the start. And when at the close of the first year, it was found that hundreds of girls were preparing for admission the next year, an order was given by the authorities for the school to be closed indefinitely. It was declared authoritatively by the mayor that the funds of the city of Boston were insufficient for the expense of a High School for girls, and there was no attempt to reëstablish another until nearly twenty years later. Every advance in woman's education has been resisted from the beginning, with all the force of a stupid and bigoted conservatism.

For boys, there was a High School which had been established for years, as well as a Latin School, which had existed for nearly two centuries. There were also the College and the Professional Schools. The gross injustice of this partial distribution of educational privileges was, at times, discussed with great heat, but the wrong was not righted until many years after.

The primary schools which received children at the age of four years were very shabby. As I remember them they

SOME OLD NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL MA'AMS.
Middle aged 'dames' who dozed in their chairs, took snuff, drank tea, and often something stronger from a bottle stowed away in a cupboard.

were "kept," not taught, by elderly or middle-aged "dames," who dozed in their chairs, took snuff, drank tea, and often something stronger from a bottle stowed away in a cupboard. At one of these schools "kept" by Ma'am Adams, I was daily sent to the grocery store for the teacher's eleven o'clock dram of New England or Santa Cruz rum, until my mother discovered the practice, when my father called upon the mistress and forbade her to send me on such errands. My father was a rigid temperance man long before the subject of temperance was discussed in public, or indeed in private.

The school benches on which we sat were without backs, and were sometimes so high that we beguiled the weary school hours by swinging our feet violently back and forth, by which process we worked off a good deal of animal vigor. We sometimes tipped off the bench backwards, and fell atop of the children behind us, when we all set up a prodigious howling; not because we were hurt, but we enjoyed the noise hugely, and prolonged the commotion as long as we could. When the drowsiness of the dame deepened into a snoring nap, we ran about the room, and with the zest that accompanies the doing of forbidden things, we swiftly over-

turned the benches, misplaced the articles on the table, threw the spelling cards out the window, and not unfrequently ran out into the street. When the uproar of the mischievous children awoke the dame from her slumbers, she started up, and flourished through the schoolroom with a long switch, the stinging blows from which descended, like the rain from heaven, on the good and bad alike. And this was considered discipline.

MEMORIES OF MY SCHOOL DAYS.
We sometimes tipped off the bench backwards.

My father's lack of early opportunities made him extremely solicitous that his children should fare better than he did, and he soon removed me from this school, where I learned nothing, to a private school of superior quality. Here, in addition to being taught reading, writing, a primer-arithmetic, simple geography, and a little much-diluted grammar, I received two hours of daily instruction in needle work. It was my mother's idea that I should be taught to sew, for she was horrified at my utter ignorance of and aversion to this domestic accomplishment. I pleaded with my father to be allowed all the time for study; but my mother was inexorable, and a daily cloud overshadowed me at the advent of the sewing mistress, when she appeared with her big basket of work. She tied about my waist what was called a "sewing-pocket." This was a "double-deck"

affair, consisting of an upper and a lower bag, or pocket. The former held my thread, thimble, needle, scissors, and emery cushion, while the lower pocket contained the work on which I was engaged. This was carefully rolled up almost to the point where I had left off sewing the day before, to avoid soiling my work.

The school was a good one, as schools went in those days, and I made such progress as delighted my father. When a little past seven years old I was promoted to the honor of reading aloud the Bible lesson, at family prayers, morning and evening. I had learned to read and write before going to school, although I do not remember how, and I was regarded when a young child as "quick at figures." When able to read aloud a long chapter of the Bible without hesitation, despite the seriousness of the occasion, my father would gravely nod to my mother, and say, in an undertone which I never failed to hear, "She has not been obliged to spell a single word."

But alas the sewing! I carried home to my mother, week after week, the most disreputable specimens of needlework ever exhibited. No matter what work it was, patchwork, night-caps, sewing-bags, pillow-slips, sheets, or table cloths, it all passed alike out of my hands soiled, defaced, and abominably sewed, except in places where my schoolmates, in pity, had helped me with their deft fingers. The work had been ripped and picked out, re-basted and re-sewed to such an extent that the fabrics on which I wrought were almost worn out before the articles were completed, and my own patience, temper, and nervous system were about as badly damaged as the cloth.

One of the pupils in Miss Hall's school was a deaf and dumb lad of my own age, Job Turner by name. There was no special provision for this class of unfortunates at

that time, and the only thing attempted for the boy was to make of him a skilled embroiderer. He succeeded most admirably in embroidery. An exhibition of the collars, lace veils, and neckkerchiefs which he glorified with his needle would be a revelation to some of our young women of to-day. He was one of the first pupils who entered the Deaf and Dumb Asylum at Hartford. Eventually, he became a preacher to deaf mute congregations, and is still in the active service of the Episcopal Church, as a missionary to isolated mute families, his preaching circuit taking him through the South. Between him and myself there grew up a very strong friendship, which continues to this day. His own plain needle-work was so perfect it seemed as if done by machinery, and he tried to teach me to sew as well. Failing in this he sought to help me, by stealthily doing my work himself. In his boyish kindness, he did it somewhat badly, that the credit of it might fall to me, as I was not expected to sew well.

One warm and muggy afternoon, when the windows were wide open, and the flies exasperating in their attentions, when the needle grew rusty from the moisture of my hands, and squeaked through the firm, unbleached cotton cloth, and the breadths of sheeting, two and a half yards long, which I was to sew together, stitch over stitch, seemed interminable, I became utterly disheartened. I untied the "sewing-pocket," about my waist, threw it down on the seat beside me, and picking up a little story book called "English Mary," I read it through before the dismissal of school.

When Miss Hall, our teacher, came round to inspect the afternoon's sewing, she felt that my idleness and bad achievement deserved punishment, not alone for my good, but for that of other lazy pupils in the class. She, therefore, directed me to take my long sheet about the room, and

show to every pupil the few dirty stitches I had sewed in three hours, which were as black as though my sewing-cotton had been dipped in ink. This was humiliating, and I was sensitive; but there was no escape, and I began my pilgrimage round the room, with tears streaming down my cheeks. As soon as little Job Turner understood my offense, and the magnitude of my punishment, he darted from his seat, and stood up beside me. He was a tempestu-

JOB TURNER, MY YOUTHFUL DEFENDER, FLIES TO MY RELIEF.
Job darted from his seat and stood up beside me.

ous little fellow when opposed, and was generally allowed to have his own way. Snatching the work from my hands, he pulled the sheet from the bag, and drew slowly through his fingers the long breadths of cotton cloth, measuring it off by arms' lengths, to show Miss Hall what an endless job of work had been assigned me. Emphasizing his pantomime by a harsh jargon of wordless noise, stamping violently on the floor, and gesticulating furiously — an abortive effort on his part to talk, — he put his hand on my head, and

measured my height, to show our teacher, how small a girl I was to be assigned to so long a task.

Then, with most comical pantomime, he imitated the buzzing torment of the flies, the oppressive heat of the afternoon, and the languor it occasioned, threw the work upon the floor, kicked it contemptuously, spat upon it, and patting me on the back, led me out of the room, and began to put on my sunbonnet, all the while scolding Miss Hall in his harsh and wordless jargon, and threatening her with his index finger. She tried to interfere, but though generally very fond of her, on this occasion Job pushed her roughly away, stamped and threatened, and again indicated that he would not have me punished. She was obliged to make terms with him, and, taking me by the hand, led me back to my seat, while the offensive sheet was left on the floor to be trampled under foot. When the school was restored to its usual quiet, Miss Hall administered to me a castigation with her tongue, which was lost upon my mute champion of the hour, but which, being given in the presence of the children of the whole school, hurt me more than if she had used the ferule.

My mother admonished me that no amount of book-learning or book-reading would atone for ignorance of domestic affairs — that I was in danger of growing up "good for nothing," unable to take care of myself, to make or mend my clothes, and that I might be sure that no man would ever marry a girl as "shiftless" as I was likely to become. I thought it very likely that such might be my fate, and calling to mind the doctrine of election, into which I had been thoroughly initiated by my father, wondered whether I had not been elected to this desolate future of shiftlessness and celibacy. My father took a more cheerful view of the situation, and begged my mother not to

worry about me, and not to make herself and me miserable, saying, "She will learn to sew when she must do it, as we all learn to do things."

His hopeful prediction has been verified. The time came, in after life, when, as the wife of a country clergyman with a small salary, a thorough knowledge of sewing, cooking, and domestic economy generally became indispensable to the well-being of my family. I then put myself under instruction as I had done when I wished to learn a language, and found the domestic arts not difficult to acquire. I must confess, however, that I have never found much pleasure in either needle-work or cooking, and have developed considerable ingenuity in devising means by which I could honorably escape from these pursuits.

There were few books in existence in my youth that were attractive to children. Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress and Robinson Crusoe were the favorites of my small collection, and I read and re-read them with an avidity that was never satiated. I read Pilgrim's Progress when I was so young that I searched all the maps in the house for the "City of Destruction" from which Pilgrim started out on his journey to the "Celestial City." No juvenile magazines were published; no books of travel, for there was very little journeying anywhere. My father was an omnivorous reader, and always had on hand some literature that interested him. I was too young to comprehend his books, and I never attempted to read them.

But when he was unable to read himself for two or three years, owing to an injury to his eyes, I volunteered to read aloud to him. I soon caught his enthusiasm, and by the aid of his comments and explanations began to understand in part what I read, and became interested. He was a charming listener, as was my mother, and both were always ready

for the reading to begin. As long as I remained at home this custom was continued, with occasional interruptions, and was a great benefit to me in many ways; for it helped me to acquire a large fund of general information that farther on in life became very useful to me. I formed regular habits of reading, from which I have never departed. And I was awakened to an early interest in the affairs of nations, that has developed into an abiding and vital concern for the well-being of our common humanity. The regular exercise of the vocal organs was very serviceable to me. It gave me the only training in voice-culture or elocution I have ever received. I was so constituted physically that I used the abdominal muscles in speaking or reading without knowing it, and consequently almost never experienced weariness or hoarseness from hours of reading aloud. The praise of my father and mother for "excellent reading" stimulated me to do my very best, when they were listeners.

There were no other books accessible to me until I was nearly fourteen years old, except those which I read to my father, among which were these: Rollin's Ancient History; Josephus' History of the Jews; Tytler's Universal History; Goldsmith's History of Greece and Rome; Benedict's History of the Baptists; History of the American Revolution; History of the French and Indian Wars; Life of Washington; Fox's Christian Martyrs; and the Lives of Ann Hazeltine Judson and Harriet Newell. They were among the earliest women missionaries to the Orient, and the former was a heroine. Her life was romantic and thrilling in the extreme. But the one circumstance of her history which impressed me most strongly was the fact that she addressed large bodies of Baptist women from the pulpit, during the year of her visit home for rest and recuperation. "Was it right?" was the question I propounded when my mother,

who was one of her audience, described Mrs. Judson's appearance in the pulpit and gave an epitome of her address. I also read aloud to my father the weekly paper, including the advertisements, which were very few in those days, but very interesting, and the regular monthly issues of the American Baptist Magazine.

My cousins came to visit me one Saturday afternoon while I was reading aloud Fox's Christian Martyrs, and remained in the evening to hear the ghastly chronicles. The story was the martyrdom of Archbishop Cranmer, who was burned at the stake in the time of Henry VIII. They were much impressed by the narration, and my father, who never lost an opportunity "to point a moral," emphasized the worth of the religion we had been taught, and which had been maintained by noble men and women through persecution and martyrdom. And he added a few instances of religious persecution that had taken place in Scotland, at a later date, which were even more horrible than the martyrdom of Cranmer.

Some weeks later, the cousins came again for a Saturday afternoon visit.

"What shall we play?" was the first question they asked.

"Let's play Christian martyrs!" was the prompt answer of my cousin Augustus, who reveled in tragedy; "and let's burn Archbishop Cranmer at the stake!"

"Where shall we get an Archbishop Cranmer? Have you got a rag-baby?" turning to me.

I had not, nor had I any sort of doll, except a "London wax doll," very beautiful and costly, a gift from my young aunt, Mary Ashton. I was never allowed to play with it, only occasionally to look at it as it lay in state in the bureau drawer of my mother's room.

"Well, let's take your wax doll!" proposed Augustus; "you never play with it, and you are too big to play with dolls, any way."

I hesitated, but all joined in his request, and as eager as any of my cousins to play "Christian Martyrs," I finally surrendered my costliest possession, and the only valuable plaything I ever owned. Some of the bricks were loose in the kitchen hearth, and among these the boys planted

CREMATION OF MY ONLY WAX DOLL.

The flames enwrapped the devoted doll, while the smoke blinded and choked us, and tears streamed down our sooty faces.

the stake, to which our martyr was speedily bound. Taking the picture as a model, the wood was built up around her, and a pile of fagots placed within reach, if necessary. The fire was lighted, and in a few moments a dense smoke filled the kitchen. We opened the door to breathe, and that the smoke might be carried up chimney. But it streamed out the doors and windows instead, and in a little while invaded every room in the house. My mother was absent from home at the time, and we knew it. But we were too

intent on the tragedy we were enacting to think of consequences, or to care for the opinions of our elders. The flames enwrapped the devoted doll, as they did the figure of Cranmer in the picture. The legs burned off, and the head dropped into the fiery mass below, while the smoke blinded and choked us, and tears streamed down our sooty faces.

Suddenly, like a thunderbolt, my mother's maiden cousin, Abigail, who lived with us when some other relative did not need and claim her services, burst in upon us. With one vigorous thrust of the shovel she sent the burning, smouldering mass far into the fire-place! Turning to my cousins, she ordered them home instanter, and ignominiously thrust them out the back door, in hot haste. Regarding me as the chief offender, Cousin Abigail shook me as if she were a whirlwind, set me down in a kitchen chair with an emphasis that caused me to see stars, and to bite my tongue nearly in twain, and after an exhortation that sounded like an anathema, ordered me, supperless, to bed. I "stayed not on the order of my going, but went at once," glad to get away from her infuriated presence.

SEEING STARS.
She set me down in a kitchen chair with an emphasis that caused me to see stars.

As I entered my darkened and lonely chamber, I was

overwhelmed with a great sorrow. I had destroyed my doll —my child, whom I should have loved and caressed, and with whom I had, at stolen moments, taken sweet, if unspoken counsel. I should never again behold her; that beautiful vision of blue eyes and golden hair had been burned alive, and I had not only consented to the sacrifice, but had participated in it. The remorse of a matricide overtook me, and throwing myself face down upon the bed, I wept bitterly, shedding great floods of tears that would not cease to flow. I was Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted because my doll was not. Not even my mother, on her return from the country, was able to console me, and it was months before I could think of my cremated doll without a pang of anguish. I never had another, nor even a rag-baby.

From Miss Hall's private school I was inducted into the Hancock Grammar School, then located on Hanover street, at that time a school for both boys and girls. But we never studied nor recited together, and even the play-grounds where we spent the morning and afternoon recesses, were divided by high walls over which we could not look. We were dismissed from school down different stairways, and through different outside doors. There were four classes in each of the two large upper halls, where study, recitation, and instruction were all in progress at one time, there being no recitation rooms. Bedlam is a tame and quiet place in comparison to that schoolroom during the hours of session. There were no backs to the seats, and it was a misdemeanor, if the tired child leaned against the desk behind her. The four walls were pierced with windows, that flooded us with light and air. We studied all objects through cross lights, and for hours of every clear day sat facing the sunlight. And on a windy day, a young cyclone could be more speed-

ily developed in that upper hall, than is possible to-day in any region of the breezy Northwest. I wonder that we did not die of pneumonia, and I marvel yet more that any of us escaped spinal disease, and partial or total blindness.

Steam heaters and furnaces were unknown, and the halls were warmed by mighty open fires at each end, and in extreme weather by one in the center. Behind each form of boys and girls were quadruple rows of hooks, tier above tier, on which we hung our wraps when we entered the school. It was not the most comfortable thing in the world, on a rainy or snowy day, to sit through a session with a solid background of dripping cloaks and coats behind us, while pools of water from umbrellas settled about our feet. There were no rubber boots or shoes in those days, and no waterproof cloaks. And there was no other dressing room for the pupils of the school than this common recitation and instruction hall.

Nevertheless there was thorough and conscientious teaching done in the Hancock School in those days. And there are men and women still living, who date from those crowded, inconvenient, and topsy-turvy rooms, when they tell the story of their early mental quickening, and aspirations for a noble life. Lacking normal schools, teachers' institutes, proper text-books, and most other helps which exist to-day in abundance, the teachers of the early times were compelled to put much of themselves into their work, and many a time built better than they knew. "Mark Hopkins on one end of a log," said President Garfield, "and a student at the other end, made a University."

CHAPTER V.

MY FATHER HAS "WESTERN FEVER"—WE JOURNEY WEST BY STAGE AND CANAL—TWO YEARS OF FARM-LIFE AND EXPERIENCES—TURNING OUR FACES HOMEWARD.

"Westward Ho!" — Farewell to Old Friends — The Night of our Departure — Journeying by Stage to Albany — To Rochester by the Erie Canal — The most Delightful Journey of my Life — We Settle on a Desolate Farm — "A Log House, with Windows of Glass and Oiled Paper" — A Chimney Made of Sticks and Mud — A Homesick and Dissatisfied Family — Sale of the Farm — We Turn Our Faces Homeward — Defending Ourselves with Umbrellas from the Sparks and Cinders of the Locomotive — My First Ride on a Railroad Train — I Re-enter Hancock School — A Remarkable Teacher — A Test in English Composition — An Unjust Accusation — Ralph Waldo Emerson's Senior Deacon — "Grog" at Eleven, and "Curfew" at Nine — The Smile on Mr. Emerson's Face — "The Violins Played the Dickens with my Feet" — Dancing "with Grace and Precision" — "Father Thinks it is Wicked to Dance!" — Home, Love, and Welcome.

I HAVE not attempted to write with chronological exactness, and cannot remember at what time my father decided to leave Boston for a residence in Western New York. I was between ten and twelve years of age at that time, and it was at the very beginning of the epidemic known as "western fever." Many New England people, eager to increase their limited fortunes, were bestirring themselves to find their way to the West, of which they knew very little, for the "West" in those days was almost *terra incognita.* Western New York was regarded by many as "the land of promise," "a land flowing with milk and honey," whose soil only needed "to be tickled with a hoe, and it would laugh with a harv-

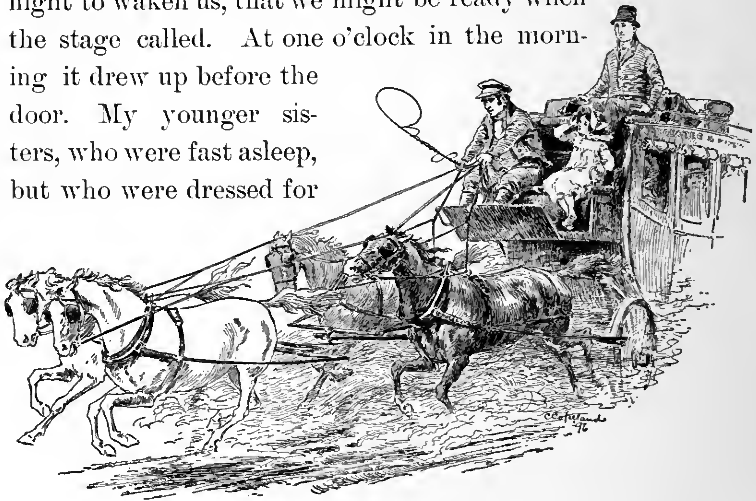
est." Others there were whose ambition led them to seek homes in the territories of Michigan, Ohio, and Illinois, beyond the great lakes, where it was believed the earth brought forth almost spontaneously, and where the rigors of a New England winter were unknown, and thither some bold adventurers had migrated.

Three families of our acquaintance sold all their possessions, and started off on a pioneer journey, not knowing whither they were going, after they reached Buffalo. Previous to their departure, a farewell meeting was held in the church. They were going out to return no more, and must be dismissed on their hazardous undertaking with an affectionate and ceremonious leave-taking. They occupied seats in the body of the church, and friends and neighbors were ranged on either side of them. Prayers were offered, committing them to the care of God, as they were about to journey to a land they knew not, braving the perils of savage beasts and still more hostile men,—for there were few inhabitants except Indians then living west of the lakes. They were to trust themselves to the perils of unnavigated rivers, and to blaze their way through trackless forests, with none but God to guide them.

The prayer was followed by a series of addresses, one after another expressing regret at the parting with friends, and hoping "they would take God and the Bible, and the love of Jesus in their hearts wherever they went, as the children of Israel bore the ark of the covenant in all their wanderings." A general hand-shaking followed, and by the time this ceremony was ended, the speeding as well as the departing friends were bathed in tears. I remember hearing my father say in his address, "We are like Paul when he bade his friends good-bye: we 'sorrow most of all that we shall see their faces no more.'"

My mother was unwilling to go as far west as Michigan, and my father and she finally compromised on Western New York. It was my father's plan to take his family to Rochester, New York, and leaving them there, to proceed to the office of the Holland Land Purchase Company, at Batavia, and buy a farm. So, we, in turn, had our send-off in the church, and friends and acquaintances assembled for prayer and leave-taking.

How well I remember the eventful night of our departure! A messenger from the stage office called at midnight to waken us, that we might be ready when the stage called. At one o'clock in the morning it drew up before the door. My younger sisters, who were fast asleep, but who were dressed for



"WESTWARD HO!"
Our journey in an old-fashioned New England stage-coach.

the journey, were lifted into the coach, and I, watching everything, clambered in at the last moment. Northampton, Massachusetts, where my father's relatives lived, was to be our first stopping place. Long before the daylight of a clear, cool, spring morning in April, I was lifted from the inside to the top of the coach, on account of the deathly stage-sickness which had overcome me, and there I

maintained my position until seven o'clock in the evening. I have never been able since then to take even a short ride inside a stage-coach. At that time there was no other mode of travel through the country than by stage, private conveyance, or on horseback. At first, all was delightful, as we drove through fields, galloped through villages, and passed thrifty farms. New England then, as now, looked fresh, clean, and tidy, like a house recently put in order by a careful housekeeper. By noon, when a halt was made for dinner, we had all become weary. The little children inside the coach slept in the arms of my father and mother, and a kind-hearted traveler on the outside arranged a resting place for my head, and sheltered me with an umbrella from the blazing sun, so that I slept also; and when I awoke the afternoon was well spent.

When we reached Northampton, between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, my father decided to take a private conveyance and push on to my grandfather's farm, some five miles farther on. What an obstreperous welcome awaited us! Though late for the young children of the family, all were on hand to receive us. Candles were blazing, supper was ready, two or three house-dogs barked themselves hoarse, and nearly wriggled themselves in twain in the fervor of their welcome, and in a few moments we had forgotten our weariness. My grandfather was a grave and dignified old man, quaint and pious in speech, and very solemn in his demeanor, while my handsome grandmother was as rollicking as any of her grandchildren, and promised us any amount of fun during our visit. That visit was one that we never forgot, nor do I think our hosts were able to forget it during their lifetime.

A more mischievous and wide-awake set of city children were surely never let loose upon a farm. Every thing was

new to us, and full of interest and wonder. Feeding the pigs was our chief amusement, to which we devoted ourselves so assiduously, that one of us fell headlong into the pen, to the great consternation of the porkers. "Lucky for you," said my father, as he fished my forlorn looking sister from her unsavory companions, "that these pigs are not cannibals, or you would have been eaten alive!" a left-handed compliment that we youngsters failed to appreciate. Our mania for feeding the pigs continued, and we were instructed to pull up all the weeds for them, as pigs were fond of "green things." We obeyed, and only ceased in our work when the vegetable garden was as bare of growing things as the middle of the road. Not only vegetables, but domestic herbs which were carefully husbanded every fall, for use in sickness, — catnip and wormwood, mint and thoroughwort, fennel and caraway, — all went to the capacious maws of the ravenous swine. The gooseberry and raspberry bushes were only saved by the thorns that protected them. We hunted hens' nests with such persistence that the poor fowls were obliged to make new nests for themselves, where we could not find them. We did not allow them the privacy needed for laying eggs. We dragged the light wagon into the middle of the road, our cousins helping in the mischief, and when we found it going down hill too fast for us, we stood aside and left it to its fate. Needless to add, a visit to the repair shop was the result. Our relatives must have rejoiced as much over our departure as they did on our arrival at the farm.

Again we took the stage and proceeded to Albany, where our father made arrangements for continuing the journey to the West by way of the Erie Canal. With evident satisfaction, he told us that he had engaged passage on a swift packet-boat as far as Rochester, — not an ordinary canal

boat, — but a packet-boat which would in six days take us to our destination, and that we were to start the same evening. Only six days from Albany to Rochester! This was a new and delightful experience. The accommodations of the boat were very fair for that time. The saloon where we sat and sewed, read, or played during the day, was transformed at night into a large sleeping apartment. Bunks were made up, and mattresses spread upon the floor, men occupying one part of the saloon, and women and children the other. Travel on the Erie Canal was much enjoyed in those days, especially if one was fortunate enough to obtain passage on a packet-boat. When passing through the locks the boat made slow progress, and then my father would take us ashore, and walk with us until we became weary, or, overtaken by the boat, would help us on board again.

If we chanced to come upon any of the nondescript shops where everything was sold, we stopped to visit it, always finding something new or curious. Sometimes we would coax our father to gratify our childish appetites by the purchase of sweets or bakers' cakes, most temptingly displayed in the windows. And we never failed to romp to our hearts' content. Other children who were our fellow-passengers usually accompanied us on these tramps, and often my mother would join us when her health permitted. We thought in advance that a week on a boat would be wearisome, but the time passed swiftly and most pleasantly. I have traveled much since, both in America and abroad, and can recall most delightful experiences, entertaining as well as instructive. But that delightful trip of six days on the Erie Canal packet-boat remains in my memory as the most charming journey I have ever made. I was young then, life was new to me, and my desire to see and to know everything was insatiable.

When we reached Rochester my father proceeded to the Land Office at Batavia, and my importunity to accompany him, seconded by my mother's wishes, won the day, and I occupied the vacant seat in the open wagon beside him. The building in which the Land Office was located seemed to me the most astonishing piece of architecture I had ever beheld. I saw it ten years ago, and found that it was indeed very pretentious, the façade being a poor imitation of a Greek temple. It was painted a brilliant white, with green blinds. When my father had selected his farm, and the papers connected with the new purchase had been made out, we returned to Rochester, all our numerous belongings were packed into two large two-horse wagons hired for the purpose, and we started again. This was a weary journey, up hill and down hill, sometimes through heavily-timbered woodland, and sometimes through swamps, now through villages of log cabins, and then through stretches of uncultivated farm land, — it seemed an interminable distance to our destination. At last, one sunny afternoon, we stopped in what is now the town of Arcade, on the line of the Erie Railway. I thought it a most desolate locality then, — I find it far from attractive at the present time.

The farm which my father had bought had been cultivated by a previous owner, who had lost possession of it by the foreclosure of a mortgage held by the Holland Land Purchase Company. It was therefore necessary to bargain with him for his "betterments," as he called the improvements he had made upon the place. This being accomplished, his scanty effects were packed into a small wagon, and he and his family moved away, leaving my father in possession. Ah, but it was a desolate place! The house was built of logs, a story and a half in height; the windows in the lower story were of glass, while those in the half-

story above were of oiled paper. The chimney, composed of sticks and mud, was on the outside of the house, a very convenient arrangement, as it had a chronic trick of getting on fire, when it was more manageable from the outside than the inside. My father's predecessor had begun to build a frame house, which had been enclosed and roofed, when his funds gave out. He had put in a few rude doors, and in this condition it was utilized as a barn. Here we remained for nearly two weary years.

There was an entire absence of schools and churches in the town, and our neighbors even were remote. The land was better adapted to pasturage than cultivation, and, excepting the comparatively small area which had been cleared, was heavily timbered. After the fashion of a genuine Yankee, my father immediately set to work to establish a school, and to provide for religious services on Sundays. A log schoolhouse was erected, a teacher engaged, and we went thither daily for instruction, with other children of the neighborhood. The teacher was a pleasant, kind-hearted young girl, who boarded round, and who did her utmost to interest and educate her pupils. Reading, writing, spelling, recitation of the multiplication

OUR LOG HOUSE IN WESTERN NEW YORK.
Ah, but it was a desolate place!

table, with a spelling-down exercise every other day, made up the curriculum of this rude seat of learning.

While we remained in the town, my father conducted public religious services in the little homely log school-house, when there was no one else to do it. He was very careful that his children should not lose what they had already learned. So I was required to teach my younger sisters, to read aloud to him or my mother two or three hours daily, to conduct the correspondence of the household with our eastern kindred and friends, in the best English and chirography that I could command, to review the arithmetic I had learned, and to spell a certain number of words daily.

But we were all homesick and dissatisfied. My father became convinced that a farmer's life was not the best for him. I think he must also have been convinced that it was not safe to buy a farm until he had personally inspected it. His experience in farming had been very limited, for he had left his country home for the city when very young, and had never returned to it. He had served in the navy during the war of 1812–1815, and when peace was declared, had married my mother, to whom he had been engaged for half a dozen years. She would not marry him till he renounced the ocean. So, near the close of our second year on the dismal farm, where the land was so sterile that the more one owned of it the poorer one was, he disposed of the place with its increased "betterments," and returned to Boston.

It was with happy hearts that we set our faces homeward. Once more we enjoyed the swift packet-boat on the Erie Canal, but this time only as far as Schenectady. For the march of modern improvement had begun, and the first railroad of the country had been built during our absence,

from Albany to Schenectady. It was a very rude affair, but it was the progenitor of our modern railways with their splendid equipments and multiform advantages. The cars were like our street railway cars, open at both sides, all the seats facing the locomotive, while the conductor collected fares as on open street cars to-day. The locomotive defies description, and discharged such mighty showers of sparks and cinders at every puff, that passengers protected themselves from the fiery rain with open umbrellas, which were burned full of holes at the end of the seventeen-miles trip. That first train was exhibited at the World's Fair, in the Transportation Building, at Chicago, and attracted more attention than the perfect passenger trains which run on long routes at the present time.

Many changes had taken place during our two years' absence. Our old home, which I had childishly hoped we might re-occupy, had been torn down to make room for a larger wooden building, which was in process of erection, and which covered all the ground of my mother's flower-garden, that had been the glory of the neighborhood. It seemed a sacrilege to me, and I mourned over it with a bitter sense of loss. I could not find the schoolmates dearest to me: they had removed to another part of the city, and strangers had taken possession of their former home. Saddest of all, my best beloved boy cousin, my playmate and companion, dear as a brother, had been laid away in Copp's Hill burying-ground, only two or three days before our arrival in Boston. The joy of our home-coming was dashed with sorrow to all of us, — to me, with a new and awful sense of aloneness.

I re-entered the Hancock school, which I had left two years before. Huge wood-stoves, which were great curiosities, had superseded the monstrous fire-places. All the

teachers but one were new to me, and four lady teachers were installed in the place of the one sub-master, in both the large halls. This was a great innovation. The classes were smaller, the text-books better, the windows were curtained to protect the eyes of the children from the sun, the schoolhouse was newly painted, and was cleaner, and we were forbidden to litter the floor, stairs, halls, or yard. The spirit of public school improvement had been awakened, which later swept Horace Mann into the Secretaryship of the Massachusetts Board of Education, who re-created the public school, and gave it a spirit, East, West, North, and South, which inspires it to-day.

The head-master of the English department, who was a new man, was rude, ungoverned, impatient, and passionate, and unfit to teach, no matter what were his qualifications for the profession. He was anything but a gentleman.

Training in English composition began when we were promoted to his classes. We were allowed to choose our own topics on our first attempt. I selected "A Mother's Love," because it suited my taste, and I knew more about it than any other theme which suggested itself. My father advised me to strike out the redundant adjectives which weakened my little essay, and to tone it down still farther by the omission of one or two very flowery sentences. Moreover, I had had some practice in writing, and was not altogether a novice, as most of my classmates were. I began to write Sunday-school anniversary hymns before I was ten years old, which were printed and sung, verses for birthday occasions, Thanksgiving and New Year, little stories for children, and hymns for their use, which in some way got into print. Moreover, I had filled a large blank book with short stories, written entirely for my own enjoyment, on which I had bestowed much labor, writing and

re-writing them, and then copying them carefully into my blank book. I have no doubt that my composition, while in nowise remarkable, was unlike most of those of my companions.

All the compositions were returned to their authors after correction, except mine, — and I was summoned to the master's desk.

"From what book did you copy your composition?" was his courteous salute.

"I understood that we were to write original compositions," was my reply.

"That was the requirement, but you haven't complied with it, it appears."

There was no rejoinder. Nothing stung me like an unjust accusation or an invasion of my rights, and I was too angry to speak in my defense.

"I am going to offer a reward to any member of the school who will discover the book or magazine from which you have copied this composition, and some of them will find it."

"I will persuade my father to double your reward when they produce it," was my answer.

"Has your father seen this?"

"Yes, and he helped me write it"; and I told him what assistance my father had rendered me.

The school was called to order, and my case stated, as if I were a convicted plagiarist. "Now, I will read this composition to the school, that they may see how improbable is Miss Rice's statement that she wrote it herself." And he read it admirably, for he was a good reader.

"Before deciding the matter, I am going to send Miss Rice into the lobby with only a large slate and pencil. No one will accompany her. She will there write a composition

on 'Self-Government,' and at the end of an hour we will hear it. We shall then be able to judge somewhat of her ability in English Composition."

It was not a difficut task to which he had subjected me. Self-control was the theme of many of my father's exhortations, both in his home and at prayer-meetings. "Habitual self-control is a most important qualification for active usefulness," was a copperplate copy which I had repeated down the whole page in my writing-book. And had I not a daily object-lesson before my eyes in the person of this very master, who was so entirely at the mercy of impulse and passion that he was at once the terror and the laughing-stock of his pupils? In half an hour I sent for another slate and a dictionary, and when I was released from the lobby, both slates were filled.

I was directed to read aloud what I had written, and complied willingly. Whether my teacher enjoyed hearing my hastily written essay as I did reading it, I cannot say. But when I had finished a paragraph on the importance of teachers cultivating habits of self-control, since their pupils would be more influenced by their example than by their precept, he summarily ended my reading.

"That will do!" he said; "you have more skill in English composition than I gave you credit for. I think Miss Rice has proved her ability to write the composition she presented, and I am sure my associates," bowing to the lady teachers, "and her classmates will agree with me." "Her class-mates" did, most certainly, not only with waving of handkerchiefs, and clapping of hands, but with hearty handshakes, as I walked slowly up the aisle to my seat, with mingled feelings of pride and indignation. We never came in collision again, although there was no friendliness between us. But the man was a hindrance to me as long as I

remained his pupil, especially in English composition. I never dared do my best, as I was sure to be rewarded by him with satiric praise, and an air of mock deference which never failed to raise a laugh at my expense. Fortunately for me he was transferred to another school. His outbursts of temper and severity of punishment, unprovoked by the well-born and well-reared girls who were mainly his pupils, brought him into continual trouble with their parents, at whose request he was finally removed from his position.

A very different man was at the head of the mathematical department, in the lower hall. Who among his surviving pupils to-day does not have a warm place in his heart for Peter McIntosh, the senior deacon of Ralph Waldo Emerson's church, during his brief pastorate in Boston? With him I studied arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and penmanship. But of far greater worth to me than his instruction in mathematics and penmanship, superbly as he taught them, was the ethical knowledge I learned of this man, though he never pretended to teach ethics. Mr. McIntosh and I became friends at once. He comprehended my good qualities and my defects from the beginning of our acquaintance, and sought to develop the former and to remedy the latter. No one except my father acquired so great an influence over me as did this exceptional and almost perfect teacher. I possessed an inordinate ambition to surpass every one and to stand at the head of my class, and could not be happy if one girl stood above me. While others commended this trait, it dwindled to a very unworthy aim as Mr. McIntosh delineated to me the beautiful character of a woman whom he knew, who was learned and scholarly, but who yet put her great gifts to the service of others, endeavoring to help them onward rather than to outrank them.

Notwithstanding the religious teaching I received in my own home, which was thorough and continuous, it was Mr. McIntosh who first impressed upon me the great truths that for us to love one another is as necessary to Christian living as to love God; that habitual self-control is a most important qualification to usefulness; that true religion forbids selfishness, and that cheerfulness and trust in God must be cultivated as positive virtues. No brief sketch can portray this rare and gifted teacher, on whose words I hung with delight; nor can I ever convey to another the illumination of soul that I received from conversation with him. Sometimes I sat at his desk after school hours to help him make the quill pens for the next day's exercise in writing; or, on rare occasions, I walked beside him, often a long distance out of my way, to accompany him to his home. Then, with what fatherly tenderness he would indicate wherein I had erred in some transaction of the day, or commend some act of helpfulness or self-denial which his observant eye had noted. Our friendship continued as long as he lived, and what he was to me, he was to scores of his other pupils.

It was while under Mr. McIntosh's instruction that I first saw Ralph Waldo Emerson. Answering the rap at the schoolroom door one morning when I was on duty, I was confronted by a tall, thin young man, whose large nose first attracted my notice, and then the beauty of the smile which irradiated his face. "I wish to see Mr. McIntosh, if he is in," was his request. There was something so irresistible in the smile, the face, and manner, that I was compelled to more courtesy than was usually bestowed upon chance comers. I found him a chair inside the room, asked him to be seated near the fire, and relieved him of his hat, hanging it among the garments of the teachers. I observed him very

closely during his interview with our head-master, and finally settled down into the conclusion that he would be very plain but for his smile. But, how divine was the smile!

When I ventured to inquire of my teacher who was the lovely man that had called, he gave me his name, — "Ralph Waldo Emerson, my minister, who preaches over there in the church," pointing out the window towards it, "by whose clock we run the Hancock School, you know!"

The name signified nothing to me then, neither did it to the world at that time, for the greatness and the fame of Mr. Emerson came later. It was the bell on his church that summoned the North End to breakfast at seven o'clock in the morning, — that announced the hour for "grog" at eleven, when one could see the workingmen hurrying to their "eleven o'clock dram" of New England rum, or possibly cider, — that rang for dinner at one, — and that sounded for curfew at nine in the evening, when there was a general raking up of fires on every hearth, the extinguishing of all lights in the houses, and the retiring of all for the night. All children in the same locality went to school, morning and afternoon, by the clock on his church. And when the minute hand approached very close to the moment when the school doors would be shut, and the delinquents locked out, there would come such a rush of pattering feet down Salem and Hanover streets as suggested a sudden dashing of rain on the brick sidewalks. The church was generally called the "Cockerel Church," from the gilded cock that surmounted the spire, but by children it was known as "Mr. Emerson's church," even after Mr. Emerson had withdrawn from the ministry.

It was also while I was with Mr. McIntosh that I went on the first excursion of my life. Excursions were almost unknown at that time, nor were the accommodations such

as to induce people to undertake them in large companies. A steamboat ran to Nahant every morning and returned every night. A hotel had been built a little distance from the landing, where one could get dinner and afterwards lounge on the piazzas that encircled the building and enjoy the ocean breeze. Many climbed the rocks to watch the waves that broke in subdued thunder upon the headlands, or visited "Spouting Horn," and mounted "The Pulpit" for a view of the ocean. It was a locality in which young people rejoiced, and the prospect of an excursion to Nahant, and a day amid its enchantments, promised more enjoyment to the untraveled youth of that day than does a trip to Europe to the *blasé* pleasure-seeker of the present.

With what ecstasy our hearts dilated, when we listened to the request made from the master's desk, one hot day in June, that all who wished to join an excursion to Nahant should purchase tickets of a committee, whose names were given, within the next four days! It was hardly possible to settle down to the routine of school life while so great an event was impending. And if our teachers had not winked at our infractions of rules, we should have been in disgrace every hour of the time that lagged until the excursion started. I was so absurdly happy that I could neither eat nor sleep. And the night before the trip my head was out the window half the night, watching the sky for omens of good weather the next day.

My mother yielded to my importunities and allowed my sister Rachel to accompany me, a delicate and timid girl, a few years younger than myself. I was a good care-taker, and my sister looked up to me as to a mother. We started in procession from the schoolhouse, the band leading, the boys following next, and the girls bringing up the rear, with the teachers wherever they were needed. We palpitated

with a new sense of importance as we tried to keep step to the music of the band, and were smitten with vanity when we became aware of the attention we attracted, and listened to the oft-repeated inquiry, "Where are all these children going?" But when we were on board the steamer and felt the pulsations of the engine as we moved out from the pier, while the band played and the people on shore hurrahed, and the boys on board shouted and threw up their caps, and the girls stood on tiptoe and waved their handkerchiefs, the faces of the children shone as if they were transfigured.

We steamed to Nahant so quickly that it was a disappointment; we would have bargained for a whole day on the water. "The boat will return to Boston at five o'clock, and all are to hasten to the landing at the call of the bugle!" And this order being given, we dispersed wherever we pleased. I was obliged to consult the strength of my young sister, and so did very little romping that day. She was supremely happy to walk over the grounds, to sit on the piazza, or to wander about the hotel. We heard the music of a band, and following where it led, we found the ball-room occupied with dancers. We had never seen dancing before; in our little world it was tabooed as "sinful." We stood and looked on, rooted to the floor. They danced a basket cotillion, not in the slovenly fashion of to-day, but with regular steps, taken with grace and precision. Then came a Virginia reel, danced with accuracy, but in very lively fashion. My head swam, and I was almost intoxicated with the swift movement of the dance, while the violins played the dickens with my feet. I dared not try to cross the hall. The whole scene was like the rapid revolution of kaleidoscopes, the figures and colors were changing so continually.

"Oh, don't you wish we could learn?" asked Rachel, as she looked up to me with her eyes alight with pleasure.

"Father thinks it is wicked to dance," was my evasive answer; "but it is beautiful. It seems to me that almost everything that is beautiful is wicked. I wonder if it is! I wouldn't care if it were sinful, if I could only have a good time now and then."

Long before the bugle had recalled us to the landing, a thunder-storm had gathered in the southeast, which, black and portentous, darkened the sky far up to the zenith. It advanced rapidly, increasing the darkness, and we were not a mile from shore when it burst upon us in fury. The incessant crash of thunder, the continuous blaze of lightning, the pelting of the pitiless rain and hail, and the fearful wind and darkness drove the scared children into the small saloon, or anywhere under cover. I dared not take my delicate sister below, where many of the little ones were in the agony of sea-sickness. So sheltering her as well as I could, we remained on deck, drenched to the skin, but calm and quiet. I was more courageous than most girls, and rarely lost my self-possession; and as I was not frightened, she was not.

We were among the first to leave the boat, when it reached the pier, which was crowded with parents and friends in quest of their children, carriages and teams of every description. Holding Rachel firmly by the hand, and slowly threading my way among the carriages, I tried to find the street. The street lamps burning whale oil only served to make the darkness more visible, and I stopped finally, for we were hemmed in by carriages, and I did not know the way.

"Please, sir, I live on Salem Street," was my appeal to a hackman holding his horses, for they were restive in the storm. "Can you direct me so that I can find Hanover Street, and I know the way then." I held my sister straight

before me, for she was frightened now, and weeping bitterly. Before the hackman could reply, I heard my father's voice, sounding out of the darkness, who was searching for his children. "Mary, I am here! Have you got Rachel? Stand where you are until I get to you!" In a moment, his tall, strong figure was visible, he had opened the door of a carriage, lifted us in, wrapped us in dry shawls, and entering himself, he bade the coachman drive us to 91 Salem Street, where the beloved mother awaited us, with dry clothing, a good supper, and the unspeakable blessedness of home, love, and welcome.

How often, in later years, have I recalled that day at Nahant, with its unexpected termination! If, when the storms of life beat remorselessly upon us from some unforeseen and unfortified quarter, and heart and flesh fail us in the darkness and fury of the tempest, we could hear the clear voice of our Father sounding from out the gloom, "Lo, I am here!" how calmly we could await the subsiding of the storm and the return of the sunlight, confident that

> "No harm can come to us from God,
> On ocean or on shore!"

CHAPTER VI.

NEW ENGLAND DRESS SIXTY YEARS AGO — "LOW-NECKED DRESSES," "HOME-MADE STAYS," AND "PAPER-SOLED SLIPPERS" — FOUR MONTHS AS A DRESSMAKER.

How I Earned the Free Use of a Circulating Library — Books that I Read Sixty Years Ago — Home-made Stays — "Tell your Aunt Mary I can Burn Stays as fast as she can Make them" — Persistent in Purpose — Award of a Medal — Compelled to Withdraw from the Public School — Planning for the Future — I Decide to Learn the Dressmaker's Trade — A Scheme that my Father Frowned upon — Four Months in a Dressmaker's Establishment — Earning Twenty-five Cents a Day — My Admission to Charlestown Female Seminary — Why it was Called the "Rib Factory" — The Happiest Day of my Life — Studying Astronomy at Five O'clock on a Cold Winter's Morning — Days of Anguish and Tears — The Burden Lifted — I am able to Defray all my Expenses — Elected on the Board of Instruction.

I KNEW of only one library in Boston in my girlhood, and that was "Callender's Circulating Library." I do not remember its location, although I passed and repassed it frequently. On occasions, in company with Mr. Callender's niece, who was one of my school friends, I spent many happy hours among the books, for it was a delight to handle them, and to turn over their leaves, reading a sentence here and there as I looked through them. Some of the volumes needed re-covering and repairing, and I called Mr. Callender's attention to them, and offered my services, which he accepted. I took them home, a few at a time, read and repaired them quickly, amply paid for my work by the pleasure it gave me. I was overwhelmed when Mr. Callender gave me the free use of the library under certain easily observed conditions. Books were very rare then, and com-

paratively inaccessible to people of small means, and most of the books I had read were unsuited to my age and tastes.

Not six months before, one of my cousins, who was studying at Harvard College, had taken two or three of my girl companions and myself, through the College Library, whose magnitude filled us with wonder. He impressed the fact upon us at every step that it was not open to women and girls. I was so hurt at what I felt to be an unjust prohibition, that I secretly resolved never again to cross the threshold of that library; and I did not until some dozen years ago, when books and libraries had become abundant, and within the reach of all. I had never expected to see another library, and now there was open to me a whole world of literature. I fancied that I could not read the books in a lifetime. I began first with Harriet Martineau's novels, and reading day and night, with inappeasable hunger, in five weeks I completed the twenty-four novels she wrote in illustration of Adam Smith's "Twenty-four Laws of Political Economy." All the while I attended school, and kept up with my studies.

At this rate Mr. Callender's books were likely to do me more harm than good, and he interfered, I suspect, at my father's suggestion. When at home I was submerged in books, and that I might be subject to no interference, I hid myself in some dimly-lighted corner, where no one would look for me, and forgetting both dinner and supper alike, read on to the last page of the book. After many interviews with Mr. Callender, it was finally settled that I must read more slowly, and that I should write out a synopsis of every book I read, as a help to its better comprehension, and as an aid to memory. I agreed to this, and lived up to the requirement, fearful that the use of the library might be interdicted altogether if I did not acquiesce.

I began to read by Mr. Callender's system immediately, and have followed it in some fashion ever since. After

MY FIRST BOOKS.

I hid myself in some dimly-lighted corner where no one would look for me and read on to the last page of the book.

recently burning a large quantity of synopses and extracts, scrap-books, and "Index Rerums," containing the gist of more than half a century's study and reading, I possess a large variety of the same books awaiting cremation. They are of little use to me to-day. For we live in an age of progress, and the books which serve one generation are but mere waste paper to that which succeeds it. But this method of reading did me good service at the time. It took the place of a diary, as I have always added to my synopsis of a book the names of the author and publisher,

the dates of publication and of my reading, my own impression of its worth or worthlessness, with the mention of any noteworthy occurrence that took place at the time. It has certainly helped me to retain and assimilate what otherwise I should have forgotten.

Sixty years ago there was little attention paid to the physical training of either boys or girls. Perhaps there was less need of it then than now. To be sure, children had to run the gauntlet of homes and schoolhouses warmed by huge open fires which roasted them on one side, while the other froze, for stoves, furnaces, steam-heaters, and anthracite coal were unknown. So were many other modern appliances for physical comfort. But the little people of those days were generally sure of full rations of plain, nourishing food, plenty of sleep, and compulsory stents of daily labor that could not be shirked, and which insured them exercise as well as the sense of being useful. Under such a régime children throve and grew into a strong and vigorous maturity. If ill or delicate by nature, they were nursed, as now, by tender-hearted mothers, and were bled, blistered, and salivated under the heroic treatment of doctors, and survived or succumbed as they were able.

The dress of women and girls was not more hygienic than it is to-day. Every woman, young or old, was encased in barbarous, home-made "stays," from which the modern corset has been evolved. These stays were tightly laced at the back, and were held in place in front by a two-inch wide wooden "busk," as it was called, bent to fit the curves of the figure, and which compelled the wearer to sit and stand as stiff and straight as if she had swallowed a ramrod. Low-necked and short-sleeved dresses were worn universally in summer, and occasionally in winter, with, perhaps, the additional protection of a cape or light shawl.

Slippers of the flimsiest sort, without heels, and laced about the ankle, were the orthodox foot-gear, for the street as well as the house, except in the severest weather. Then "polish boots" and moccasins knitted by women, were worn over the thin shoes and slippers, which were of heavy yarn, warm and comfortable.

I was never inducted into the costume of the time, because my father forbade it. He declared that his daughters should not wear "stays," low-necked dresses, nor "paper-soled slippers" on the street, while he paid the bills. I coveted the tabooed garments, and once attempted to outgeneral him. It was easy to coax my "Aunt Mary" to manufacture for me a pair of stays, for they were wholly home-made, and never sold in the shops. I rejoiced in them for a few hours. But when my father came home, his keen eye observed my constrained movements and cramped figure, and he understood immediately to what they were due. Calling me to his side, he took from his pocket his huge sharp jack-knife, and cut asunder the lacings at the back, and the straps on the shoulder, and they dropped to the floor. Leading me to the kitchen, he thrust the offending stays into the glowing fire with this sententious comment: "Tell your Aunt Mary that I can burn these things just as fast as she can make them!" I knew that he could and would, and discreetly desisted from any further attempt to overrule his authority in the matter of dress.

I owe it to my sensible and resolute father that I was not injured in my youth by unhealthy dress, no matter how much it was the fashion. Ignorant of physiology or anatomy, his good sense stood him in place of scientific knowledge, and I was always loosely attired in fabrics and fashion suitable to the rigorous and changeable climate of my native city. His influence over me was unbounded. I over-

flowed with energy, was persistent in purpose, and tempestuous when interfered with. I was ambitious to excel, and miserable when I failed, subject to moods and storms of emotion produced by seemingly slight causes, which I

FATE OF MY OFFENDING STAYS.

He took from his pocket his sharp jack-knife and cut asunder the lacings at the back, and the straps on the shoulders, and the stays dropped to the floor.

neither comprehended nor was able to control. In every emergency I went to my father, who always gave me the best direction and advice that he was able to offer.

My sense of justice was very keen, and I would brook no invasion of my own rights, nor those of my sisters or friends. If they would not stand up for themselves, then I would stand up for them. My methods of championship frequently brought me under my father's condemnation, and having implicit faith in him, then my conscience took sides against me. I believed myself disapproved of God, and

dropped into the depths of self-execration and abasement. And yet, on the very next provocation I would flame out in resentment of any injustice done to me or mine, defend myself with all the force I could muster, and again drop under the ban of my father and my conscience.

At the age of fourteen and a half years, I graduated from the Hancock School, and received one of the six medals annually awarded to girls for good scholarship and behavior. Benjamin Franklin had left a fund to the city of Boston, the income of which was expended in medals for good scholarship among boys; and later the city government decided to make an annual appropriation for a similar purpose among girls. The award of a medal compelled my retirement from the school. I could have remained until the age of sixteen but for that. The city provided no higher education for girls than that of the grammar schools. There were denominational academies and seminaries that offered something in the way of more advanced education, and fashionable private schools that furnished accomplishments,—a veneer of conventional manners, and a smattering of such knowledge as might be found useful in polite society. The tuition at these latter schools was expensive, and public sentiment was not very warm in their favor.

What I was to do next was not very clear to my parents, and meantime, while my future hung in the balance, I was informed that I was to study at home and help my mother. I had views of my own which did not comport with this ignoble disposition of my time, for there were so many to help in our simple household, that I should have been idle half the time. My uncle Philip, who was master of a coasting vessel, had made me a present of ten dollars, according to his promise, if I should receive a Hancock School medal, and, a little later, had added another ten dollars to this sum

for the purchase of a handsome dress. A young girl of to-day would regard this a very meagre allowance for a dress, but at that time it was a generous sum. I laid away both his gifts, holding them in reserve for the continuance of my education.

It was very irksome to my impatient spirit to await my father's slow decision concerning the next step in my training, and very soon I had formulated plans of my own, and

MY INTERVIEW WITH THE DRESSMAKER.
I sought the establishment of a well-known dressmaker and bargained with her to teach me her trade.

promptly proceeded to execute them. I sought the establishment of a well-known dressmaker in the neighborhood, and bargained with her to teach me her trade. I seemed much older than I really was, and had a serious air for one of my age. She probably thought me skilled in the use of the needle, for she agreed to teach me all she herself knew in four months. My father frowned on this scheme, but my mother favored it. If I learned nothing else, I should now be compelled to learn to sew. The months that followed were very severe, and very wearisome. I lost appetite and flesh under my self-imposed duty. But I was in dead earnest, and determined to learn the art of dressmaking. I fore-

swore all reading and study for the time, and persisted to the end, — not losing an hour, nor missing an opportunity of acquiring the knowledge I sought. I finally mastered what I had undertaken, and was able to cut, fit, sew, and finish such gowns as were worn by women and children, if they were not too elaborately trimmed.

When my apprenticeship was ended, I presented my mother a pretty dress, bought with money I had earned at dressmaking in the evenings, when I worked for my young friends and relatives. Not only had I bought the material, but I had cut, fitted, and made the gown with my own hands, which became her wonderfully. The gift drew from her encomiums and endearing language, which were not elicited by the winning of the Hancock School medal. I never again heard her express fears lest I might become a "shiftless" woman, a characterization as terrible as an anathema, from the lips of a thorough New Englander. I had little opportunity at that time to practice my newly-acquired art outside my own home, nor were the wages to be earned at it sufficiently large to tempt me to follow it. The best and most experienced dressmakers commanded only fifty cents for a day's work of twelve hours, and a novice like myself was paid not more than twenty-five or thirty-seven and a half cents. But the time came in after years when, as wife and mother, my early knowledge of dressmaking was of great value to me.

At last it was decided that I should enter the "Female Seminary" at Charlestown (now included within the limits of Boston) and pursue a regular course of study. This announcement, made by my father at the breakfast table one morning, banished all thoughts of dressmaking, and allayed my anxieties lest my school days were ended. This seminary, established and conducted by the Baptists, was a famous

educational institution in that day of small things, and was considered one of the best in New England. The theological students of the Newton Divinity School spoke of it irreverently as the "rib factory," as many of the young theologues obtained wives from the institution. The male students of those demure days just as inevitably gravitated towards young women's schools as they do at the present time.

Miss Whiting of Hingham, Mass., was the founder and principal of the Seminary, and was cotemporary with Mary Lyon, of Mount Holyoke Seminary. These two women were personal friends, and so much alike in character as to suggest duplicates of the same individuality. It was the wish of Miss Whiting to found a school similar to that of Mount Holyoke; but her friends and advisers, who contributed money to her project, disapproved of her plan so entirely that she was obliged to accede to their wishes. Rev. Rollin H. Neale, my beloved pastor and friend, persuaded my father that this particular school was well suited to my needs; and I think he was right.

It was the happiest moment I had ever known when I found myself inducted into the studious life of the seminary, which throbbed with indefinable aspirations of a noble order. The Faculty was composed of scholarly and lovable young women, all intent on improvement, and on doing their best for the pupils committed to their care. I fell in love with them all immediately, after my headlong fashion, and was so unspeakably happy that I would not have thanked any one for a ticket of admission to heaven. To meet Miss Catherine Badger, the excellent teacher of astronomy, on a cold winter morning at five o'clock, that we might study some phenomena of the heavens through her telescope, was a bliss beyond compare. To be sure, I was obliged to rise

early, between the hours of three and four in the morning, walk a mile or more to her father's house, where her telescope was mounted, and was half frozen in the effort. But what of that? I was compensated by a look through the telescope under her direction, and by listening to her explanations and suggestions, which were sure to set my imagination on fire and give wings to my fancy.

To sit with Miss Richardson, the teacher of Latin, with the Æneid open before us, listening to her comments upon this wonderful poem; her historic account of the days and circumstances under which it was written; to dream of the far-away past when the world seemed to throb with a love of poetry and art as it had not since; to go home laden with books that made more clear the idea of the Roman poet, and over which I was sure to speculate until the evening ran far into the night,—all this enriched my life beyond my power to express. Even Playfair's Euclid, under the instruction of Miss Carter, became more interesting than a novel. I was so absorbed in my studies, so eager to master everything taught in the institution, that I frequently provoked the laughter of my teachers, who would remind me that there was a day after to-day.

There was only one drawback, and that grew out of the ever-present and morbid fear that the expense of my education was encroaching too heavily on the slender resources of my parents. I had suffered from my earliest life, as I have already stated, from this morbid sensitiveness. Whenever I presented a bill to my father for the payment of books and tuition, I counted it a dark day in my calendar, to be observed with anguish and tears. I did not understand that the happiness of both my parents was heightened by their efforts to educate their children, and in witnessing their progress. To them my anxiety seemed so absurd that when I

made any allusion to it, the whole subject was pooh-poohed and instantly dismissed as unworthy of mention. They little realized what torments I endured when I counted the cost to them, of my happy life, and of my preparations for future usefulness.

The burden was unexpectedly lifted from me. Before the first term was ended, one of the teachers in the junior department was compelled to resign her position, on account of death in her father's family, and I was invited by the trustees of the seminary to take her place during the remainder of the term, on the same salary received by her. I was to teach arithmetic, English grammar, history, geography, English composition, and penmanship, for which I was thought competent. The confidence expressed in my ability gave me faith in myself, and I accepted the invitation, which would enable me to provide for the next term at the seminary. I entered immediately upon the discharge of my new duties, the class recitations being conveniently arranged, and other means provided for my own instruction outside of the regular school hours. I was re-elected to the same position the following term as an "Assistant Pupil," and at the same time took more than the full course of study. With unremitting effort and unflagging industry, working almost incessantly day and night, I accomplished in two years the course that was laid out for four, and was elected to the Board of Instruction by the trustees before the day of my graduation. I was to teach both French and Latin, to which afterwards was added instruction in Italian.

early, between the hours of three and four in the morning, walk a mile or more to her father's house, where her telescope was mounted, and was half frozen in the effort. But what of that? I was compensated by a look through the telescope under her direction, and by listening to her explanations and suggestions, which were sure to set my imagination on fire and give wings to my fancy.

To sit with Miss Richardson, the teacher of Latin, with the Æneid open before us, listening to her comments upon this wonderful poem; her historic account of the days and circumstances under which it was written; to dream of the far-away past when the world seemed to throb with a love of poetry and art as it had not since; to go home laden with books that made more clear the idea of the Roman poet, and over which I was sure to speculate until the evening ran far into the night,—all this enriched my life beyond my power to express. Even Playfair's Euclid, under the instruction of Miss Carter, became more interesting than a novel. I was so absorbed in my studies, so eager to master everything taught in the institution, that I frequently provoked the laughter of my teachers, who would remind me that there was a day after to-day.

There was only one drawback, and that grew out of the ever-present and morbid fear that the expense of my education was encroaching too heavily on the slender resources of my parents. I had suffered from my earliest life, as I have already stated, from this morbid sensitiveness. Whenever I presented a bill to my father for the payment of books and tuition, I counted it a dark day in my calendar, to be observed with anguish and tears. I did not understand that the happiness of both my parents was heightened by their efforts to educate their children, and in witnessing their progress. To them my anxiety seemed so absurd that when I

made any allusion to it, the whole subject was pooh-poohed and instantly dismissed as unworthy of mention. They little realized what torments I endured when I counted the cost to them, of my happy life, and of my preparations for future usefulness.

The burden was unexpectedly lifted from me. Before the first term was ended, one of the teachers in the junior department was compelled to resign her position, on account of death in her father's family, and I was invited by the trustees of the seminary to take her place during the remainder of the term, on the same salary received by her. I was to teach arithmetic, English grammar, history, geography, English composition, and penmanship, for which I was thought competent. The confidence expressed in my ability gave me faith in myself, and I accepted the invitation, which would enable me to provide for the next term at the seminary. I entered immediately upon the discharge of my new duties, the class recitations being conveniently arranged, and other means provided for my own instruction outside of the regular school hours. I was re-elected to the same position the following term as an "Assistant Pupil," and at the same time took more than the full course of study. With unremitting effort and unflagging industry, working almost incessantly day and night, I accomplished in two years the course that was laid out for four, and was elected to the Board of Instruction by the trustees before the day of my graduation. I was to teach both French and Latin, to which afterwards was added instruction in Italian.

CHAPTER VII.

MY SISTER RACHEL — HER LOVELY CHARACTER AND UNTIMELY DEATH — A REMARKABLE INTERVIEW — A CRISIS IN MY LIFE.

My Relations to my Sister — We Grow up together and Occupy the Same Room — Failing Visibly before our Eyes — A Patient Sufferer — A Blameless Life — Our very Remarkable Conversation just before her Death — An Impending Sorrow — The Shadow of Death — "No, I am not Afraid to Die!" — A White Dove Flies in at the Window — "Isn't it a Bad Sign when a White Bird Flies into a Room?" — Passing into Unconsciousness — Her Peaceful Death — Inconsolable Anguish of the Family — A Broken-hearted Mother — My Father and I are Plunged in Despair — A Crisis in my Life — Groping in the Dark — Studying the New Testament in the Original — Inquiries, Doubts, and Fears — I am Regarded as a Possible Heretic.

WHILE I was attending the seminary at Charlestown, I reached the pivotal point in my history, on which my future life and character turned. I did not know it then — I see it very clearly now. All the lines of my past experience had been slowly converging towards this one focal point, and when I reached it and had passed through it, the doors of a new life opened to me, never again to close.

My sister Rachel, next in age to myself, and three years younger, was a delicate child from birth. It was only by the most untiring care and watchfulness that she lived through infancy to young girlhood. Had our mother been a less skillful nurse, and less resolute in her unequal battle for the life of her child, she must have died in the first years of her short, sweet life. She was never able to take part in our boisterous plays, but sat near by, a looker-on,

enjoying our games in her quiet way, happy if they progressed peacefully, but withdrawing immediately if any quarrel or disturbance arose. She was ten years old before she attended school, being taught at home in the meantime, and manifesting extraordinary quickness of apprehension, joined to a very tenacious memory.

Always pale, with large brown eyes, her oval face framed in hair like spun sunshine, gentle, and always sweet-tempered, my sister Rachel exerted a perpetual influence for good in our family circle. I was less positive and aggressive when with her, and forgot my own interests while ministering to her. We grew up together, occupying the same room, after the birth of a still younger sister, and such was the imperative need of my care, and of supplementing her weakness with my strength, that my relation to her was far more motherly than sisterly. As she had outlived the perils of infancy and early childhood, and seemed to be gaining in strength with increasing years, our fears and anxieties on her account gradually subsided. Our family physician, Dr. Shurtleff, encouraged us to believe that she would in time become a comparatively healthy and vigorous woman. But during the last two years of her life she suffered extremely from curvature of the spine. The treatment prescribed for the disease caused her more suffering than she was able to bear. To rest on an inclined plane for hours of every day, supported by a strap under the arms to prevent slipping, and another under the chin, while heavy weights were attached to the ankles, for the straightening of the spinal column, was unbearable torture to the delicate child. Everything was done to tone up her system, and to build up her general health, but she failed and faded visibly before our eyes, and yet so sweetly and uncomplainingly that we were hardly aware of her increasing weakness.

Reared by the same parents as myself, and trained in the same religious doctrines, my sister seemed to shed whatever was stern in the belief so fully expounded to us, and to accept only that which was gracious and loving. She followed carefully all the religious observances of the household, never omitted the daily prayer and Bible reading, as marked out by my father, and found happiness where I was plunged into torment. I rarely spoke to her of my mental difficulties, nor of the horror that so frequently brooded over and settled upon me, because of the fear that a terrible doom awaited most of the human race. The dear child sometimes expostulated with me in her gentle way, telling me that I should "serve God with gladness and not with fear." I had learned that my ideas on the subject of religion were unintelligible to many persons who called themselves Christians, but I did not understand what made the difference between us.

The severe heat of the summer had been very exhausting to my sister, and under its torrid atmosphere she had failed so rapidly that we longed for the coming of the cool autumn. The country air did not revive her, nor the beautiful October days with their glorious pageants of morning sunrise and evening sunset, nor yet the cool nights which give refreshing sleep. There was no increase of health to the gentle sufferer. There were nights in which she laid awake in pain during all the long hours. Lying beside her I would fancy that I heard a sobbing near me, and would speak to her; but there was no response, and I would drop asleep again, to be again awakened by the same sound of subdued sobbing. Placing my hand on her face, I would find her weeping, and her pillow wet with tears. It was always pain, a neuralgic pain, which not even my mother's nursing and remedies could wholly allay, that caused this anguish and drove

sleep from her eyes. Still, she took her place at the table day after day, joined the rest of the family at prayers and breakfast, and we talked of her becoming stronger and better.

One afternoon she asked me to bring my books to her chamber, and to study by her bedside. I did as she desired, but there was no chance for study. She was in a mood for talk. Her eyes were exceedingly brilliant, and her cheeks glowed with a vivid flush. She talked incessantly, and of everything while we sat together. I brought her sewing-table and writing-desk to her bedside, and all the small treasures she had accumulated in her short life. She apportioned them all among her kindred and friends, and wrote on each gift the name of the person to whom she bequeathed it, and left all in my charge.

"Why do you give away all your 'keepsakes' and conveniences, Rachel?" I enquired. "It seems almost like preparing to die."

"We never know what may happen," she replied gravely, "and it is well to be ready."

"But, my sister, don't you expect to recover from this illness? We all believe you will, and you are already better. You don't expect to die, Rachel?"

"I cannot tell; I don't think much about it. But if I die, please give these little things to the persons whose names are written on them."

I ventured another question. A premonition of impending sorrow came over me. If my sister was standing on the verge of the other world, I must know if she feared death, or if she anticipated it with hope. And I put the question tenderly, but with a tremulous voice, and with her little hands inclosed in mine.

"My dear sister, you are not afraid to die? You are sure God will receive you, and will welcome you?"

She swept my face with her preternaturally bright eyes, that for a moment searched my thoughts, and then, winding both arms around my neck, she drew me down to her.

"No, Mary, I am not afraid. God will take care of me, even better than you have done! If I die," she continued after a moment's hesitation, "be sure to tell Papa that I cannot remember to have once omitted my prayers, night or morning, in all my life, and that I read the Bible regularly just as he has planned it. And tell Mamma to forgive me if I spoke fretfully when we drove to Dorchester last week, for I was very ill for a few moments, and didn't want her to know it."

The window was open, and just then a tame white dove flew in, and alighting for an instant on the sill, began to flutter about the chamber. It perched on the mantel among the little ornaments, and finally settled on my sister's pillow, when she stroked it with her hand. There were a number of doves in the neighborhood, and this was evidently some one's pet. After a while it flew back to the window-sill, and dropped down out of sight. My sister had watched it with much interest, and turning to me, asked, "Isn't it considered a sign of coming death to a member of the family, when a white bird flies into a room, and settles down in it?" I pooh-poohed at this, and said:

"Of course you don't believe such nonsense. The entrance into a house of a white dove as tame and gentle as that can only mean love and good will." We continued talking on various matters, her thoughts constantly recurring to the subject of death, of which she spoke in a cheerful way, and as if it had no unpleasant associations for her.

The tea hour arrived, and our father came to her chamber and bore her in his strong arms to the dining-room, while she clung around his neck, laid her face against his bearded cheek, patted him softly, and whispered:

"Good papa, to carry his fifteen-year-old baby down stairs in his arms! How can I pay him?"

"By getting well as fast as you can, my daughter!" was his reply.

"Then I'll get well to-morrow!" was her gay answer, smiling in his face.

In an hour we were summoned to her bedside, for she was battling for her life with a cruel assault of pain that was unendurable. Two physicians were called, and both arrived at the same moment, but before they were able even to make a diagnosis of her case, she had passed into unconsciousness, and was gone.

Nobody is ever prepared for death, and we had clung so fondly and tenaciously to the belief that Rachel would recover, that while others saw there was but a hand's breath of life before her, we said to ourselves, "She will surely get well!" My father gathered us around our sister's bedside, and we knelt together, while he poured out to God the anguish of our common bereavement, in language that was burdened with sorrow. He implored our heavenly Father to give us in our own souls the witness of her happiness in the unknown world whither she had gone. He entreated that we might have a spirit of resignation to the great affliction, and not murmur or fault the Divine Providence, when he who gave the beloved one had, in his own good time, taken her away.

I listened as if my soul's salvation depended on the act of hearing. Not one word was uttered of assurance that all was well with the dear sister; not one intimation that she had entered into a larger, nobler, and happier life. Flung out of existence into the dark, a delicate, white-souled child, who had never in the stern discipline of her father's house suffered punishment; who, in all her little life, had never

brought down upon herself one word of criticism or condemnation; who was, in the family, the perpetual Messiah, forever winning us over to that which was right and good, — and now,— where was she? I could not endure the despairing thoughts that enwrapped me like a pall, and when my father had uttered the "Amen" which closed his prayer, involuntarily I broke into a petition myself:

"Our Father! our beloved daughter and sister cometh to Thee! Open thine arms to receive her with divine compassion, and fatherly tenderness. Surround her with loving care and heavenly influences, since neither father, mother, nor sister can follow her whither she has gone. How blameless has been her life! How powerful for good has been her example in the household, she, the weakest and feeblest of us all! Never has she transgressed thy law, — never committed one sin, — never for her has punishment been necessary, — and she has lived among us, an exponent of the Divine Spirit, a transcript of the Divine character. Receive her, O God, with anguish of soul we implore it, — receive her to thy bosom, and enfold her in thy compassionate love!"

My mother, who knelt beside me, enclosed me with her arm, and held me tightly. I had voiced her feelings, as I had my own. My father made no comments, but remained on his knees sobbing, till my unusual prayer was ended. As in all ages, our hearts cried out for the beloved one, who had been wrenched from our embrace, but there came back to us no answer.

The funeral services were as desolate and devoid of comfort as they could be. It was esteemed the proper thing to make them so, in those days. Black, black, everywhere, — no flowers, — no uplifting music, — no helpful words of faith, hope, or blessedness. The tendency of the service

MY FIRST GREAT AFFLICTION—MY SISTER RACHEL'S DEATH.

My mother, who knelt beside me, enclosed me with her arms, and held me tightly. My father made no comments, but remained on his knees sobbing, until my unusual prayer was ended.

was towards instruction, and warning to the young. They were liable to be overtaken by sudden death, and, if unprepared for it, how sad their doom! With solemnity and discordance, they sang a dismal hymn of warning, beside the open coffin of the whitest-souled being I have ever known, on whose glorified face there rested at that very moment, a beatific and smiling content.

I had now reached a crisis in my life. Happiness and I had parted company forever, unless in some certain and assured manner I could be convinced that my sister Rachel was not among the lost. My father was plunged into despair as deep and dark as my own, but he besought heaven if all was well with his child, to give him internal evidence of the fact, and came, in course of time, to believe her one of the "redeemed." There was no such easy way for me out of my mental trouble. I must know how it was, and how could I know? If my sister were lost, then I would follow her, and share with her the eternal anathema of banishment from heaven. And in the half-frenzied conversations I held with our large-hearted, generous, and liberal minister, Dr. Neale, I repeatedly asserted this. In after years he said to me, "If I had understood the Christian religion then as I do now, I might have helped you through that sad phase of your life." For he grew into a larger faith as he became older, and ceased to believe that God would allow any of his creatures to be absolutely lost. And he quoted to me from Tennyson's "In Memoriam," adding, "that is my thought also."

"Oh, yet I trust that somehow good
Shall be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood;—

"That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;—

"That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or, but subserves another's gain.

"Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall,
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

"So runs my dream; but what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light;
And with no language but a cry."

But at the time, he only entreated me not to rebel against God's will, but to accept the inevitable. "Make your own calling and election sure," was his advice, "and be content to leave your sister in the hands of a God who is too good to be unkind, and too wise to be mistaken." It was not advice that I needed, but light in my mental darkness, and rest and peace. I had not an acquaintance who was liberal in religious thought,—not one who was what was called an "unbeliever,"—and I knew of no book, or periodical that taught a different theology, or philosophy of life, from that in which I had been instructed. "Who would be free themselves must strike the blow." And I now began a re-reading of the New Testament, marking all passages which were relied on as teaching "the eternal punishment of the finally impenitent,"—and also those which seemed to refute such a doctrine, and, to my surprise, found the latter many times more numerous than the former.

My mother alone was able to comfort me. Broken-hearted herself at the loss of a child whose well-being from birth had lain upon her heart, and whose delicacy of physique had required more than usual tender and watchful affection, she rejected the idea that Rachel was lost. "Does God command us to be better than He is?" she would inquire, when assailed because of her "unsoundness of faith," as many called it. "Does He command us to forgive as we would be forgiven, and will He then refuse to forgive the least offense, forever? Does He command us 'to do as we would be done by,' and will He then violate his own law to 'all eternity'? If my daughter has failed of heaven, then there is no hope for any one who has ever lived." When reminded that "mere morality" could not save a human being, my mother replied, "Morality is practical good living, and is a part of religion, and those whose lives are noble and helpful to the world show themselves to be followers of Christ, and are Christians."

No amount of theological disputation removed her from her anchorage, and to the day of her death, quiet woman as she was, my mother never hesitated to avow her belief that religion is love to God and love to man; and that it is not possible for God, whose very nature is love, to send into life any creature, knowing that eternal torment awaits him. An infinite fiend might do this, but never an infinite God. I finally decided to read for myself the New Testament in the original. In the disputations and controversies of that time, much was said concerning the incorrect translations of words and phrases of the New Testament, and at last I determined to acquire a sufficient knowledge of Greek to enable me to read the book in the language in which it was written. I succeeded in securing the services of a tutor who was a college graduate, but at that time an ex-minister, who

had retired from his profession on account of ill health. Quietly and almost secretly, I began my work with him. I had studied Greek before, and already knew a little of the language. My teacher was not of the best, and could not give me the time and instruction for which I had stipulated. But the earnestness of my purpose held me steadily to my work, through all hindrances and obstructions. And when I had finished this task of months, to which I had set myself, I closed the New Testament with the firm conviction that the doctrine of endless punishment is not taught in its pages. That punishment follows wrong-doing inevitably, is indeed taught, but punishment that is reformatory, the penalty of violated law, which is not vindictive. "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless, afterward, it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness to them who are exercised thereby." That is the teaching of the Apostle Paul.

I found the gospels and epistles luminous with love and good-will, with compassion and forgiveness, with pity and mercy, and at times my spirits became buoyant at the divine tenderness that glorified the printed page, as I slowly read it in the original. I hardly dared breathe it to myself, for I supposed I was the only person in the world who doubted the accepted belief. I lacked confidence in myself and in my own judgment, and knowing what a host of scholars were arrayed on the other side, and that their views had been held for centuries, I was afraid I was not competent to judge, and was not much happier than before. I wearied my father, Dr. Neale, and my friends in the church, with interminable puzzling questions. I was looked at askance as a possible heretic, by the older members of the church, and was cautioned by others not to allow my rebellious spirit to doubt the authority of God's word.

CHAPTER VIII.

I AM INVITED TO TEACH SCHOOL ON A SOUTHERN PLANTATION—"RUNNING AWAY FROM HOME LIKE A BOY"—MY ARRIVAL IN "OLE VIRGINNY."

An Unexpected Invitation — Am Invited to Teach the Children of a Planter in "Ole Virginny" — Bitter Opposition of Friends and Kindred — Clandestine Preparations — "As you make your bed so you must lie" — Tender Adieus — The Parting of the Ways — Starting on the Journey — Traveling Fifty Years ago — No Baggage Checks in Use — "Come out to the Baggage Kyar, and tend to yer Plunder!" — Reminiscences of Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Benton, John Quincy Adams, Van Buren, and Giddings — Ten Hideous Miles of Staging — "Git Aboard and Quit Foolin'!" — Mules nearly Lost in Mud — Black Jehus — We Endure Terrible Bouncing and Shaking for Hours — Journeying by Carriage to the Plantation — I Reach my Destination — "De Teacher from de Norf" — My Reception by the Henderson Family.

WHILE floundering among problems that I could not solve, I received an invitation to teach the children of a family living in the extreme south of Virginia, with the offer of a salary very much beyond anything that I could obtain in New England. It mattered little to me that the compensation offered was beyond my expectations. I was not in quest of money but light, rest, mental peace,—some explanation of God and human destiny that would make life other than a hideous and cruel dream. If I accepted this invitation I should, at least, get away from the surroundings which continually recalled the tragedy through which I had passed. A new phase of life would be presented to me, and I should not only have a diversion from the memories of the past, but give my friends and kindred a vacation from myself, which I was beginning to feel was a

necessity to them. I decided to go to Virginia, and to battle with myself alone, and if I could not conquer the doubts and fears which shadowed my life, I would learn, like the camel, to struggle mutely with the heaviest load, and like the wolf, die in silence. On making my decision known to my father, he opposed it vehemently.

AN UNEXPECTED INVITATION.

"A daughter should live at home with her father," he declared, "and under his protection, obedient to his laws, until she married, and then she should live under her husband's roof, and be subject to him."

I did not debate the subject, for my desire to get away from home and to enter upon new scenes, amid new surroundings, restrained me, and caused me to put aside all other considerations. I urged my wishes most earnestly, but my father cut short my elaborate portrayal of the advantages of the Southern situation with a wave of his hand and an emphatic shake of his head.

"I do not wish to talk about this subject; please do not mention the matter to me again. You are doing well enough where you are, and had better stay there, and it is my wish that you should."

My wishes were quite as resolutely opposed by other relatives and friends, no one seconded them, not even my beloved minister, Rev. Dr. Neale, and I declined the invitation very reluctantly.

But my Virginian correspondents were loth to accept my declination, and wrote again, making a more advantageous proposal. They had written to the Trustees of the Charlestown Seminary, where I was teaching, and had learned something of my plans and purposes, and their renewed offer was based upon the information they had received from that source. Taking it all in all, it was equivalent to twice the salary I was receiving. I debated the matter silently for a fortnight, counseling with no one. My father had forbidden me to speak again to him on the subject; my mother had told me in her sweet way, "I can accept anything that will be for your good, or that will promote your well-being," and my surviving sister was but eleven years old, too young to care whether I left home or remained. I decided to accept the second invitation to Virginia, and without announcing it, began my preparations for the journey and three years' absence immediately, and with clandestine haste.

I had never been from under my father's roof for a longer time than a week, never journeyed unaccompanied by him, and I was very ignorant of traveling and of the world in general; but I had no misgivings and hoped for success. Up to the last moment I expected my father to interfere, and to interpose his authority to prevent my departure. But in this I was disappointed. When I told him what steps I had taken, and that I should leave for Southern Virginia the next Monday afternoon at four o'clock *via* New York, he was silent for a few moments, and then said, "Do you know that you are running away from home like a boy? I am sure this venture of yours will prove disastrous, and that you will be sorry for the step you are taking. But as you make your bed, so you must lie."

When the time of parting arrived, and my father bade

me "Good-bye," he kissed me most tenderly, and said, "Never forget that you have a father's house always open to you! And if you are not contented in Virginia, and are not well treated, come home! And if you lack money, write, and I will forward it to you." And when my mother added words of tenderness to her adieus, I broke down utterly, and begged pardon for any misdeeds that had caused them anxiety, and assured them that I desired to be a comfort and a help instead. To which they made answer that I was already a comfort and a blessing. Oh, the marvels of parental affection! I did not dream that I was leaving home forever, and that henceforth I should be only a guest in my father's house. I had come to the parting of the ways, but I did not know it. This residence at the South was to change and shape my future career. My religious opinions, my conception of life, my ideas of duty, my aims and purposes, my marriage, indeed the whole tenor of my after life received character and direction from the moulding influences of those three years in Southern Virginia.

The facilities for traveling fifty years ago were not what they are to-day. It was the last of November when I started, and a miserable storm of sleet and snow was raging, which delayed the boat some hours, and when we reached New York the first train had already left for Philadelphia. At that time there were only two daily trains running between these two great cities. The trip occupied between five and six hours, and the next train did not leave until five o'clock in the afternoon. A wheezing, asthmatic little steamer conveyed us to South Amboy, New Jersey, and at that point a train on the Camden & Amboy Railroad transported us to Camden, from whence, after midnight, we were ferried across the Delaware River to Philadelphia, our baggage following early the next morning.

There was no system of travel south of Philadelphia. Railway tickets were bought from point to point, and it was necessary to re-check baggage with every change of ticket. On some of the roads no baggage checks were in use, and where this was the case an employé would thrust his head inside the door of the car and bawl at the top of his voice, "Passengers will please come out to the baggage car and identify their trunks!" or, farther South, "Come out to the baggage kyar and 'tend to yer plunder!" This would occasion a rush, a confused squabble, a good deal of profanity, and, one by one, the passengers returned to their seats with an air of exhaustion.

We left Philadelphia at six in the morning, and arrived at Washington at the same hour in the evening, having traveled continuously during the twelve hours. We crossed the large rivers on the way by means of ferry boats, the baggage being unloaded from the car to the boat in every instance, and reloaded after crossing, from the boat to the car. At Baltimore, where we dined, I saw, for the first time, black slaves, who served us, and whom I regarded with commiseration. My traveling companions, with whom I had left Boston, were detained in Washington for two or three days, and I tarried with them. Congress had just assembled, and at "Giddings' Hotel," where we took rooms, and elsewhere, I saw the intellectual giants of those days who were worshiped as demi-gods by their partisan friends; Webster, Clay, Calhoun, John Quincy Adams, Benton, Giddings, and Van Buren; the latter, then President of the United States, but to be superseded in March by General Harrison, grandfather of the Chief Executive who was inaugurated in 1888.

Henry Clay, the orator, most strongly impressed me. I listened to him as he spoke in the senate chamber, and was

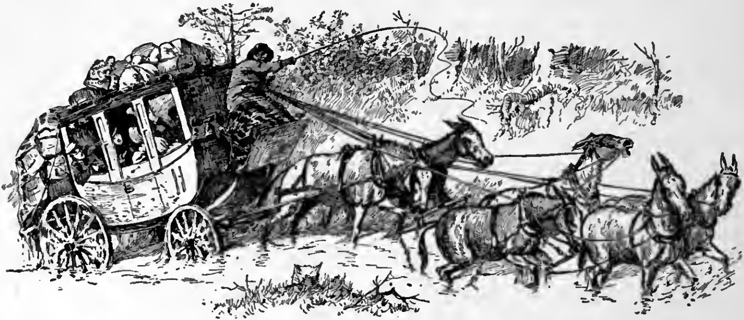
captivated by his magnificent presence, his contagious enthusiasm, and his glowing eloquence; and when I was presented to him at a social gathering, called a "levee," I was immediately put at ease by his graciousness and courtesy; and during the five minutes exchange of talk that ensued, I was conscious of appearing at my best. I had other opportunities of seeing this great man during the three years that I remained at the South, and learned that he possessed the rare gift of evoking from those with whom he entered into conversation, the best that was in them. Under the spell of his magical presence the special gift with which any one was endowed, was brought to the front. His friends very justly dubbed him the "great magician."

A five hours' sail down the Potomac river took us from Washington to Potomac Creek, where we landed, and took stages for Fredericksburg. On the way down the river we passed Mount Vernon, the home and burial place of General and Mrs. Washington, where, as now, the boat halted, and its bell was tolled, while places of interest were pointed out to passengers. Until the Civil War, I was accustomed to speak of those ten miles' staging to Fredericksburg as the roughest ride I ever made; but, during the war, I became acquainted with roads and vehicles much worse than anything I experienced on the way to Fredericksburg. There were nine stage coaches awaiting our arrival, marked one, two, three, four, etc., each passenger having been supplied on the boat with a ticket bearing the number of the coach in which he was to drive. Ticket number one entitled the holder to a seat in coach number one, etc. Each coach was drawn by six mules, — four was the usual complement, but the roads were so much worse than usual, that six were deemed necessary on this occasion, — and nine passengers with their ordinary luggage made a full load for each coach.

Such clumsy, dirty, ugly, comfortless stages I have never seen — neither before nor since. They were so encrusted with mud that the color of the outside could not be distinguished, and the inside was scarcely less free from dust and dirt. We were directed to take our seats in these abominable vehicles, but nobody moved a muscle. We waited to assure ourselves that our individual trunks and boxes were among the luggage that the negroes were wheeling from the boat, whooping and yelling as if they were leading a charge. A lively war of words then ensued, which resulted in a vigorous exchange of coach tickets, each one being determined not to part company with his baggage. We heard doleful accounts, on the route, of trunks that had tumbled off the coaches into the "*slew*," and been left there, the owner not being aboard to look after them, and we had resolved that our trunks and ourselves should go in partnership on the same coach. In spite of the frantic exhortation of the agents to "git aboard an' quit foolin' over yer tickets!" which fell upon ears that heard not, we gave undivided attention to the proper location of our baggage, until we had seen it safely bestowed on the right stage, and securely strapped on, even when placed on top.

At last after a wearisome delay, with noise and confusion enough for a second Babel, the dubious procession of mud-colored coaches started on its way. Almost immediately the mules plunged into mud almost to their bellies, floundered, tugged desperately, and stuck fast. The black drivers encouraged the inelegant but accustomed animals in a dialect utterly unintelligible except to themselves and the mules. Their wonderfully modulated tones indicated sometimes threats, then ridicule, now coaxing, argument, encouragement, praise, or blame. And whenever any remarkable feat was accomplished, when the poor beasts with super-

human effort succeeded in pulling the coach from a hole, where one side was sunk in mire to the windows, the driv-



ON THE WAY TO "OLE VIRGINNY."
As we pulled through the mud, it plashed through the broken windows, and came in at the sides.

ers' jargon betrayed rapturous admiration of their steaming mules. But all the while their language might have been Choctaw, and not have been more unfamiliar to our ears. As we pulled through the mud, it plashed through the broken windows, and came in at the sides, wetting the feet of those who were not wrapped in the noisome buffalo robes.

Suddenly the forward wheels would make a plunge into a slough, throwing the passengers in a heap on the front seats, and making sad havoc of hats and bonnets. Women scrambled frantically out of the arms of men, into which they had been tossed *nolens volens* — and men begged pardon, as they tumbled on the necks and bumped into the faces of women whom they had never seen before. Then the clarion voice of the black driver would ring out like a bugle, his incomprehensible patois resounding with courage, energy, and persuasion, which were accentuated by the sharp crack of a long whip. The stimulated mules would plunge, pull, snort, their muscles tense, nostrils distended,

flanks smoking, and the forward wheels would be lifted out of the hole with a jerk. Then down would go the hind wheels in their turn, and inevitably everybody would be pitched into the back of the stage, and a repetition of the general mixing up inside the coach would follow. This programme was varied by bouncing over long stretches of corduroy road, made by felling trees across swampy places, when we vibrated like shuttlecocks between our seats and the top of the coach, with a vigor that gave us lame and aching backs for many a day. Sometimes the coach wabbled about with a sickening motion, that blanched every face with nausea. A few rods of corduroy road would relieve us, for its bumping proved an effectual restorative.

We endured this horrible battering, bouncing, splashing, and stirring-up for four and a half hours, and then reached Fredericksburg. These ten miles of dismal staging were the terror of all travelers from Washington to Richmond. They could be only avoided by taking a boat from New York or Philadelphia to Richmond, and to delicate persons this was an impossibility. "Hold on, driver," shouted one of the last of the passengers, as he alighted from the hideous stage, "I've been so mixed up with that fellow over there in the corner that I've lost my identity; who's getting out now, he or I?"

My journey by rail ended at Ridgeway, North Carolina, for the Virginia plantation to which I was bound lay partly in that state. At this place, according to instructions, I called on "Major Rainey," whose house adjoined the wretched, unfloored hut called, by courtesy, "the depot-house," and presented to him a letter of introduction from the planter to whose residence I was journeying. I was immediately sent forward to the plantation, some twelve miles distant, in the Major's carriage. The roads of red earth were execra-

ble, the horses slow and poky, and the driver seemed intent on showing me how nearly he could upset the carriage, without actually doing so. Where the road was not a com-

"WHO'S GETTING OUT NOW, HE OR I?"

mon cart-path through the woods, it ran through "old fields," as they were called, entirely grown over with tall, coarse grass. They were once productive tracts of land, but had long since been exhausted by the peculiar method of southern agriculture, which forced successive crops of tobacco or corn, without enriching the soil. When the land was worn out by this wasteful process it was abandoned as though it had been cursed, and no effort made to restore it. It became an "old field," and the grand old forests were felled to furnish more land for the raising of corn and tobacco.

Once we drove through three continuous miles of fragrant pine woods, the road zig-zagging among the close growing trees, until overcome with nausea, I was obliged to leave the carriage and walk on after it.

Just as the sun was setting, and the western sky was all aflame with its dying glory, we came to a broad plateau that swelled gently up from the Roanoke river, two miles away, and the large white plantation house loomed up before me. A little village of white houses clustered around it. The kitchen, the dairy, the ice-house, the smoke-house, the house for spinning and weaving, the laundry, the tool-house, the general store-house, the carriage-house, with a dozen small dwelling-houses,—these last being occupied by the most important and intelligent house-servants,—all glorying in the most brilliant whitewash, were ranged around the great mansion, at the rear, and at varying distances from it. Standing out against the bright background of the sky, they were indescribably cheerful in their appearance, and suggested hospitality, welcome, and comfort; and the loneliness tugging at my heart-strings lessened a little.

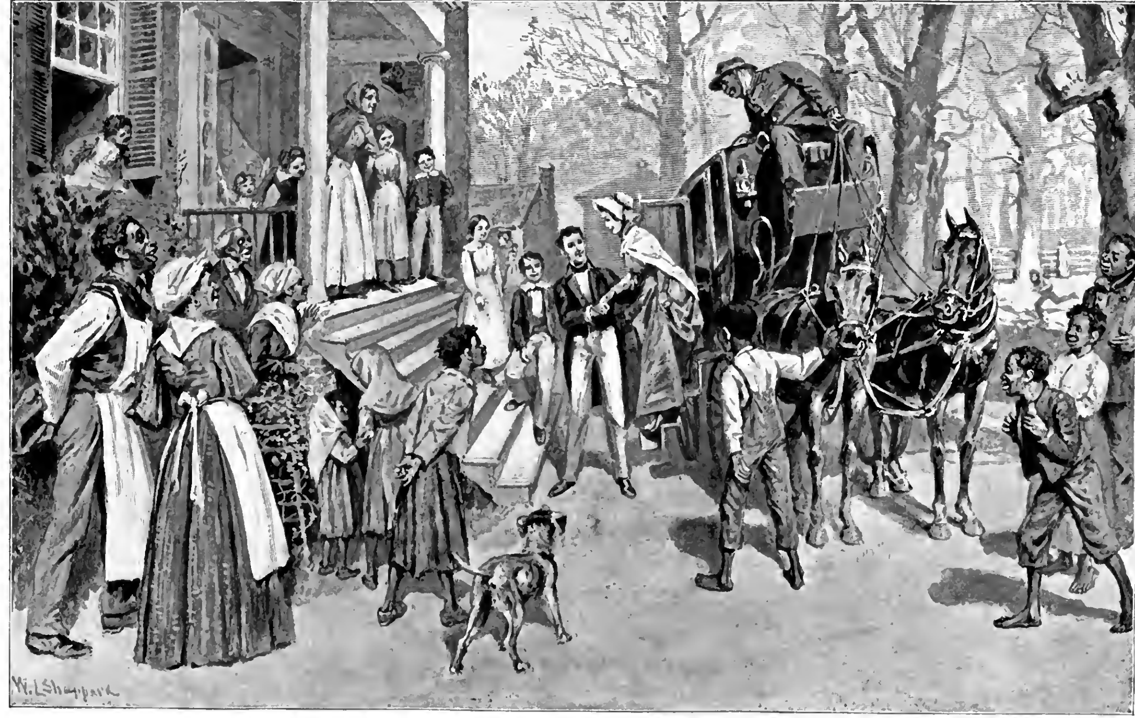
The road was excellent now, and as we drove up to the spacious lawn, green as in June, half a dozen little black tatterdemalions ran to open the gate for us with great chattering, and "ground and lofty tumbling," their rags fluttering in the breeze.

There was some sort of telegraphy between the little ragged ebonies at the gate, and a bevy of the same species that hung about the steps of the handsome mansion. For before we had rolled through the long avenue of noble oaks that lined the carriage road, the whole family were grouped on the piazza to welcome me. Scores of woolly heads, with faces of every shade of duskiness, were framed in the windows, and projected from the doors of the little whitewashed build-

ings, for, "de teacher from de Norf had come." Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, my future host and hostess, gave me a hearty welcome, that almost dissipated the homesickness with which I was already struggling. Laura and Mary, the two older daughters, sixteen and fourteen years old, threw unrestrained heartiness into their greeting, while Jenny and Lily, the two youngest children, were obstreperous in their delight, jumping up and down in their noisy gladness.

As for the boys, Dick and Jamie, twelve and ten years old, they stood shyly apart, as if afraid they might be included in the kissing, and were very non-committal as to their emotions concerning my arrival. To them my coming meant confinement some hours of every day in the little schoolhouse, built by their father at the foot of the hill. It meant a curtailing of their search for terrapins' eggs, ripe persimmons, chinquapin nuts, wild grapes, and bee trees. They were not sure how much time would be allowed them to roam through the forests with their favorite servants, gun in hand, or to paddle up and down the river, angling for fish that were worthless when caught. So the boys very wisely refrained from demonstrations of welcome, and brusquely propounded a question that embodied their thought: "You won't begin school till you're done rested, will you?"

Amid the general laugh that followed, Mrs. Henderson led the way through the long, light, airy hall, which was also the library, and curiosity shop, to the spacious drawing-room, over the polished floor of which I walked very gingerly. Then on through the dining-room, where was a colossal side-board and cupboard, the former well stocked with alcoholic beverages, and the latter with rare china, when we entered the immense family room, much larger than any two of the largest rooms in the establishment.



MY ARRIVAL AT THE PLANTATION IN "OLE VIRGINNY."

The whole family were grouped on the piazza to welcome me. Scores of woolly heads were framed in the windows, and projected from the doors of the little whitewashed buildings, for "de teacher from de Norf had come."

A wood fire blazed in the mighty fire-place; the tall brass andirons were heaped with oak and hickory, keeping in its place a back-log, which had required the united strength of two servants to bring in. There was no fender surrounding this huge fire, and for several weeks I was in constant anxiety, when the family were assembled, lest the clothing of the girls would catch fire, as they darted backwards and forwards, or sat where they were continually threatened by a shower of sparks. The lofty room glowed with heat, and was ruddy with the dancing flame.

A chintz-covered bed stood in one corner, the size of which suggested that it might be occupied by descendants of the Anakims. An equally gigantic mahogany wardrobe occupied another corner, which "Black Peter" was forever polishing with wax, and whose topmost hooks and shelves were only to be reached by a step-ladder concealed in its depths. There was a chest of low drawers surmounted by a desk, heavy with brass ornamentation, in which were hidden all sorts of secret nooks, only revealed by pressing an invisible spring, or removing a false back to a drawer or pigeon-hole. Large, old-fashioned book-cases filled with classical works, and standard English and French authors; — a writing-table heaped with stationery and yellow quill pens, which Mr. Henderson made and mended; — a sewing-table loaded with baskets of needle-work in various stages of accomplishment, and with knitting and crocheting; — a round table always in the center of the room, about which the whole family could group themselves, and which had the latest newspapers, with the Democratic Review, and Littell's Living Age; — a huge medicine chest which served as pharmacy for the five hundred people, black and white, on the plantation; — two chintz-covered sofas, three or four

immense rocking-chairs, a full-length mirror;—a map of Europe and one of the United States; life-size portraits of Napoleon, the Duke of Wellington, and Washington, painted by Mrs. Henderson herself;—these made up the furniture and decorations of this family room.

Large as it was, it had a cosy, home-like appearance. On the high mantel shelf were candelabra, always lighted at night; a smart little French clock which never kept time, and looked very much out of place amid its old-fashioned surroundings; and Mrs. Henderson's stout leather basket of keys, when it was not suspended from her girdle or hanging on her arm. Everything needed for the daily use of all the people on the plantation was kept rigidly under lock and key, being doled out, when required, by Mrs. Henderson, who not only carried the keys of all the pantries, closets, drawers, and chests inside the mansion, but of all the store-houses outside. This was necessary, the negroes were such pilferers; and even with these precautions, thieving was universal among them, and the guilty perpetrators were rarely discovered.

CHAPTER IX.

MY RECEPTION AT THE PLANTATION — NEW FACES AND SCENES — MY ESCORT OF SIX CHILDREN — LIVELY SPARRING — "YOU'RE TOO LAZY TO BREATHE."

Pen Portrait of my Employer — His Wife — A Cold Gray Eye and Shrunken Form — A Woman whom all Feared and Obeyed — Enforcing Obedience with a Rawhide — "We *had* to learn when Ma Taught us, I Tell *you!*" — My Room — The Six Henderson Children — Opening Fire on Dick — "Powerful Laziness" — "Don't be oneasy on my Account" — Aunt Aggy Appears on the Scene — The Air of an African Princess — Great Commotion in the Kitchen — Aunt Phenie, the Cook, Disciplines her Assistants with a Rolling-Pin — Where Punctuality was not a Virtue — Preparing for an Excursion — Jim's Dog, Spitfire — "That's just what he is!" — "Girls are so scart at a Gun!" — A Furious War of Words — Owning a Gun since it was a Pistol — "You Chilluns, clar out o' dat Basket!" — Lawless Little Virginians.

MR. HENDERSON was a native of Virginia, — tall, portly, and commanding in figure, with a massive head covered with clustering black curls, and an expressive dark eye that blazed or melted, threatened or persuaded, commanded or entreated, defied or wooed, according to his mood at the time. Social, genial, well-read, extensively traveled both in our own country and in Europe, courteous and gentle, he was a most attractive man. I comprehended instinctively that he was extremely self-indulgent, hot-tempered, imperious, and yet indolent, and, that under provocation, he might be even terrible. But that was not his prevailing character. He practiced self-control to a greater extent than any other man whom I met in the South during my stay.

Mrs. Henderson was of Scotch descent, and inherited in

a marked degree the leading peculiarities of the Scotch character. She was born in Washington, D. C., a few months after her parents had removed thither from Edinburgh, and was educated at Mrs. Willard's Seminary at Troy, New York. She was entirely lacking in beauty of face or figure, with a manner that fitted her cold gray eye and shrunken form. I think no one heartily loved her, not even her husband and children. But I am sure that every one had a wholesome fear of her; for the stolidest negro on the plantation and the youngest child in the house hastened to obey when she gave orders. She was an exceedingly hard and exacting mistress, and among her belongings on the sewing-table was a rawhide, which, at times, she used over the heads and shoulders of the servants, with a severity that called forth protests from her more indulgent and compassionate husband.

She was skillful in every department of house-keeping, an excellent pianist, very artistic in her tastes, and handled the pencil and brush admirably. Her crayon and India ink sketches, and her paintings in oil hung on the walls of every room in the house. Withal, she spoke French fluently, and with great correctness of accent and idiom. She was morbidly industrious, and held in contempt the indolence of her husband, and of the Southern people generally. The tremendous but quiet energy and immense accomplishment of this reticent, cold, plain little woman, was a continual stimulant to me. If I flagged in the least, or felt inclined to indulge in a few lazy days, during which I would loiter out-of-doors doing nothing and attempting nothing, a few terse, sharp words from her of amazement at my idleness would tone me up immediately. Previous to my advent, she had been the teacher of the children, a circumstance which they discussed with shrugs, nods of the head, and significant inter-

jections. "We *had* to learn when Ma taught us, I tell *you*!" was Dick's explanation, when I expressed surprise at their acquirements.

Both parents were extreme radicals in religion, with no faith in historic Christianity, no belief in an immanent God, and with no more regard for the Bible than for any other book. Singularly enough, however, they desired their children to be taught the Christian religion, and to become church members. They had stipulated with me before I left Boston, that I should conduct morning and evening devotions with them, and give them religious and biblical instruction on Sundays, as the nearest church was twenty-five miles distant. Moreover, a check for money had been sent me, to be expended in the purchase of a Bible for each one of them. Their reasons for this were odd enough. They regarded a religious character as a graceful accomplishment, and declared that church membership gave one a good standing in society, to which they honestly added, that to any one who thoroughly believed it, the Christian religion was evidently a great comfort and delight.

I was accompanied to my room, the night of my arrival, by the whole troop of children, for they had each contributed in some way to its furnishing. It contained the same wide, canopied bed, capacious chest of drawers, and lofty wardrobe as were in the family room below, and a second edition of the same huge fire roared in the broad, deep fire-place. Laura had placed in the book-case a complete edition of Sir Walter Scott's novels, in handsome, uniform binding,—her own personal property. Mary, who had artistic tastes, had hung two or three of her pencilings among the more meritorious pictures on the walls, and shyly asked me, if I thought them good enough for my room. Jenny, aided by her mother, had pieced a handsome silk covering for my

chair. Dick had ornamented the mantel shelf with a wild duck and gray squirrel, of his own shooting, which he had prepared as well as he could with his little knowledge of taxidermy. Jamie had hung a string of various-colored birds' eggs on the mirror, and arranged a dozen gorgeous peacock feathers behind it; while Lily had placed her newest chair beside my own, and seated in it the blackest and most absurd of all her rag babies. This was her favorite.

They were all very beautiful children except Laura, who was even plainer than her mother, lacking, however, her mother's severity of expression; while a wonderful pair of brown eyes redeemed her face from ugliness. All, save Jenny, resembled their father in features, complexion, and disposition. Jenny was a little blonde beauty, with the bluest of blue eyes, the goldenest curls, and the most exquisite pink and white complexion. She was also the most intellectual of the children, thoughtful beyond her years, with quickness of apprehension, and a memory of wonderful tenacity. They forgot all reserve when alone with me, and revealed their thoughts and plans with refreshing frankness.

"To-morrow," said Dick, "we're gwine to take you all over,— down to the Mill, High Rock, the Spring, and Liberty Hill,— the family burial-ground,— and all over. Ole Oncl' Henson's gwine to drive, an' he'll harness the horses into the big carriage d'rec'ly we've eat breakfast; an' I'm gwine on Ole Rock."

"Then I'm going on Black Hawk," burst in Jenny, "and won't I make him gallop! But mebbe you'll be too tired to ride to-morrow?" she inquired, her big blue eyes looking a wish to the contrary. I assured her I should be sufficiently rested after a night's sleep, whereat Jamie gave a prolonged whistle, snapped his fingers, and whirled round

on one leg like a teetotum. Jenny wrapped her arms in her white apron, hugged herself, and shrugged her shoulders in great content.

"Aunt Aggy will go along with the lunch basket," said Laura, "and I'll take Mrs. Hemans' poems to read when we stop." Mrs. Hemans was her latest acquisition, and she was just at the age to be sentimental.

"Oh, g'long with your po'try, sist' Laura," said Dick, turning from her with a boy's contempt; "don't less have any o' that stuff; it spoils everything. P'r'aps you can tell stories;" and he looked at me inquiringly.

"About lions, an' tigers, an' elephants, an' wild horses?" asked Jamie, with great animation. Young as he was, his thoughts ran continuously on wild beasts, soldiers, and battles, and he bore the scars of many an adventure with dogs, horses, woodchucks and coons, pistols and guns. He was the most pugnacious little animal on the whole plantation.

"Do you know how to take sketches from nature?" inquired Mary. "There are some beautiful bits of landscape on Pa's grounds."

"There you go agin, sist' Mary!" again protested contemptuous Dick. "I declar! you an' sist' Laura are enough to make a feller sick, you're all the time makin' such fools o' yourselves with your po'try an' sketches. I should like to know if we're gwine to begin school to-morrer? We ain't, be we? Don't let 'em take books an' things to draw with!" and he turned to me appealingly. "I hate all that!" Every feature of his handsome face looked aversion.

"Our new piano is coming from New York in two weeks," said Jenny, with a radiant face and a desire for peace. She had a passion for music.

"Thar, now you begin, sist' Jenny," again burst in Dick, in tones of desperation. "Thar never was such girls born! They don't know nothin' in the world but books, an' music, an' po'try, an' drawin'—"

"Dick Henderson!" interrupted Jenny, whose patience had given way. She advanced towards him, her blue eyes blazing, her little figure dilating with indignation, and shaking her finger at him, she admonished him with immense solemnity and earnestness. "Dick Henderson! you're an awful lazy boy, too lazy to breathe, an' that's the truth! You hate everything but laziness, runnin' round with the servants, an' huntin', and fishin'!"

At this his sisters opened fire upon him. With one voice they reiterated Jenny's charge, and set his sins duly in order before him. Jamie helped them by declaring that Dick laid down on the horse's back when he rode. Laura testified that she had seen him reading, while he made "Black Peter" hold the book before him and turn the leaves. And Mary had caught him in a peach orchard, standing under a tree with both hands in his pockets, eating ripe peaches from the lower limbs. They all agreed with wonderful unanimity, that there was not so lazy a boy in all Virginia as their brother Dick, and they predicted in chorus, that "he would grow up a regular do-less man, and be no better than the meanest white trash."

Dick was not the least disturbed by this fusilade. He was used to it, for the whole household were continually overhauling him for his indolence.

"Don't you make yoursels' one bit *on*easy on my account, young ladies!" was his nonchalant reply, as he spread his feet apart, plunged both hands deep in his pockets, cocked his head to one side, and half shutting one eye, looked down at them quizzically.

"I've hearn Gran'ma talk, an' she tells that Pa was powerful lazy when he was a boy, an' you can't deny but he's lazy now, an' yet folks about here think he's a mighty smart man. I reckon I'll make a heap sight smarter man than he is."

Every accent and interjection of derision followed Dick's announcement; and Jenny was gathering herself up for another broadside, when Aunt Aggy put her head within the door, with the air of an African princess.

"Chillun! youah ma 'specs yo's makin' heaps o' trouble for dis yer lady, an' says you mus' all tote yersel's off to bed, an' say youah pra'rs, an' go t' sleep. Heah, Car'*line!*" — accent on the last syllable — to the mulatto girl who had followed behind her, "take Miss Lily an' Mas'r Jim to dar Ma's room, an' ondress 'em. Lor' bless youah little soul! does you love youah po' old mammy?" Lily leaped to her shoulder, and wound her tiny arms about the black woman's neck, and kissed her again and again most affectionately. Immediately Jennie and Jamie sprang into her arms also, compelling Aunt Aggy to be seated, and even Dick forgot the endless discussion of his laziness, and forced his way to a seat on her knee, at the same time whispering in her ear, "You'll bake me 'nother ash-cake in your house, won't you; Mammy?"

"Yes, dat I will, honey; lots on 'em, an' for all you chillun;" was her answer, beaming tenderly on the little group, and nodding significantly. I was astonished beyond measure to see white children so fond of this black nurse, for I was much afflicted with colorphobia in those days, and was reluctant to shake hands with colored people. Aunt Aggy was the foster-mother of two of the children, and had been the nurse of all. To all of them she was "Mammy Aggy" when they addressed her, and "Aunt Aggy" only

when they spoke of her. She finally got the whole flock out of my room, and on the way to their beds, Laura and Mary kissing her heartily outside the door. She then returned to me. As she arranged the disordered apartment, in which she declared "dem chillun had kicked up a ter'ble mus," I had an opportunity to observe her more closely.

AUNT AGGY.

She wore a towering bright colored turban, a white neckerchief folded across her bosom, and an immaculate white apron.

She was a most regal-looking woman. Tall and commanding in figure, with a form of perfect symmetry, she moved about with great dignity and almost noiselessly. Her complexion was a light chocolate, her eyes brown, large, and full, now beaming with softness, and, at times, glowing with fierce fire. Her features were not of the negro type, but as perfectly moulded as any Caucasian's of gentle blood. Even her hair was free from any suspicion of kinkiness, and was soft, silky, and wavy. More reticent by habit than any other house-servant, she could be very communicative, and then she spoke her mind without fear or favor. She always wore a towering, bright-colored turban, a white neckerchief folded across her bosom, and, when occupied with the fine needle-work of the household, an immaculate white apron. Although I never saw her sewing on "niggar cloth," as the coarse Osnaburg linen of German manufacture was called, she al-

ways superintended the cutting and making of all the garments.

She was the very right hand of Mrs. Henderson,— an assistant housekeeper, the sub-mistress, the nurse, the humble friend, the almost mother of the master's children, whom she worshiped. She had both husband and children of her own, for whom she had a passionate affection, and her house was the best, and the best furnished of any occupied by the servants. To them, she was an oracle, an umpire, and a law-giver. She was the only servant ever trusted with the keys, and with "giving out" the supplies for the immense establishment.

Having replenished the fire, drawn back the bed-curtains and opened the bed, she ordered Car'line to "tote" in fresh water and candles, and turning to me, said, "Missus tol' me t'help yo' ondress, when you was ready."

"Thank you," was my reply, "but I shall need no assistance."

"Doan you want youah har tooken down an' breshed out?"

I assured her that I always dressed and undressed without assistance, which so astonished Car'line that she stood stock still for a moment, with the ewer of water in hand, and then vented her amazement in the inevitable "Lor me!" Looking at me with wondering eyes, she ventured on the query, often propounded to me during the next three years:

"Doan you have no servan's in de Norf, whar you comes from?"

"Shet youah mouf, gal!" was Aunt

"LOR' ME! WHAR YOU COME FROM?"

Aggy's stern reproof. Car'line was her eldest daughter. And then with imperturbable gravity, she said:

"Martha, one o' de chambe'maids sleeps in de hall jess 'twixt youah room an' de chillun's, if you want anything in de night, Miss!" and she left me to myself.

Although I woke late the next morning, I found only the servants astir. They were putting the house in order for the day, kindling a cheerful fire in every room, and arranging the table for breakfast. They seemed to me unusually well-trained; for their feet were shod with silence, not a tinkle of silver, glass, or china came from their handling, and the doors swung to and fro on noiseless hinges. But out in the kitchen, a little remote from the mansion, there was a great bustle of preparation. The voice of Aunt Phenie, the famous cook of the family for a quarter of a century, was heard above the din of "beating biscuit," whipping eggs, and grinding coffee, giving all sorts of directions to the small host of satellites who attended her while she cooked.

"Yo' Haley! 'tend to dem chickens! You git 'em burnt a' fryin', an' I'll break eb'ry bone you got in youah black skin!" and she took her short pipe from her mouth that she might utter her threat with more emphasis.

"Sam, you brack rascal, take youah fingers outen dat sugah-bowl. Git out o' heah, oncommon lively, or I'll crack youah head!" And she made a rush at him, menacing him with the uplifted rolling-pin, with which she had been "beating biscuit." He evaded the blow by a rapid exit from the kitchen, then turned on his heel, and with a rollicking laugh, mocked Aunt Phenie's order with a gesture of derision.

"Hi, Dinah! who tol' you turn dat batter-cake in de pan? You jess beat dat cake a powerful heap mo', till I tell you t'

stop! Sich a worf'less lot o' niggahs as Missus git me fer dis yer kitchen! I declar! I'm dun beat out wid 'em!"

"Oh — Phyllis!" shouting at the top of her voice from the door: "Oh—Phyllis! Wat's got dat mis'able yaller gal? Foh de Lawd's sake, has she fo'got dat I'm waitin' fo' dem eggs fo' my briled ham? De folks down t' de house won't git no breakfast till t'morrer mawnin'!"

AUNT PHENIE THE COOK.
"Sam, you brack rascal, take youah fingers outen dat sugah-bowl."

All the while, out of the confusion and noise, the smoke and steam, the shiftless hustling to and fro, with the bluster of Aunt Phenie overtopping the whole, the late morning meal was being evolved. It was a tradition of the family that breakfast was served at nine o'clock, but it usually came much later. Punctuality was not a virtue of the Henderson household, nor could it be under the régime of slavery.

Little Lily and Jamie on waking, and before they could create a disturbance, had been spirited away to Aunt Aggy's, where they were bathed, dressed, breakfasted, and entertained. Half an hour after the appointed time, the family began to straggle into the dining-room, one by one, languid, a little low in tone, all wearing a sodden look that came from over-sleeping in heated and unventilated apartments. The breakfast was excellent and abundant. The

fried chicken and corn bread were cooked as I have never seen them north of "Mason and Dixon's line," and the coffee was delicious. Under its stimulating influence all brightened, and there were attempts at conversation, which were continually interrupted by the laughter and sparring of the children. They never came together without debate, which was likely to become sharp, but was usually good-natured.

"Pa," said Mary, whose thoughts were on the drive planned for the day, "don't let Dick tote his gun to High Rock to-day! Make him leave it at home this time! He's always shootin' somethin'!"

"Always shootin' somethin'!" repeated Dick, "why, that's what a gun's for. Such a fuss as you girls make 'bout a gun! I don't believe there's another such a scary set anywhere in Virginny!"

"An', Pa," eagerly interrupted Jenny, "you'd better tell Peter to shut up Jim's dog 'fore we start, or he'll go too, an' he's *such* a nuisance!"

"My gracious! shet up Jim's dog!" exclaimed Dick, aghast at the suggestion. "Pa'd better not do it, for Jim'll make it mighty oncomfortable for Pete, now I tell you, if he catches him shettin' up that dog."

"You don't want Jim's dog along, do you," inquired Jenny, turning suddenly to me, a negative reply being invited by her tone. I wanted to make friends with Dick, and shaped my reply accordingly.

"If the dog is not fierce, I don't object; I like dogs. Why do you object? What is the matter with Jim's dog?"

"He's mighty disagreeable," was her answer. "He spoils all our fun, for he barks all the time, upsets everything, jumps all over everybody, and keeps up a rumpus from mornin' till night. His name's Spitfire, an' that's just what he is."

Dick leaned across the table toward me, and spoke earnestly. "Spitfire trees more coons, hunts more 'possums, an' catches more woodchucks an' rabbits than any dog in Mecklenburg county. He's a furst-rate dog, an' knows a heap o' tricks. Sist' Jenny 'spec's a dog t' sit up an' read po'try, an' sketch, an' play the pianner, jess like a girl. But he ain't no such fool dog as that!" with great contempt in his tone.

"Spitfire has so many accomplishments that I think he must join our company, Jenny. We shall find use for him, I am sure," was my comment, and the child assented.

Dick's handsome face glowed with pleasure. He had carried one point so easily, he ventured on another.

"Well, now, what 'bout my gun? You ain't afeard o' guns?" a coaxing solicitation being thrown into his face and manner.

"I am only afraid of them when they are loaded," I replied.

"Lor' me! what's the good of a gun when 'tain't loaded? Why, that's as bad as sist' Mary."

"Be careful, Dick!" said his mother; "don't be discourteous."

"Well, I don't see what women an' girls are so scart at guns for. Men ain't like that, nor boys. A gun won't hurt you if somebody don't fire it at you!" a truism to which we all assented.

A furious war of words followed. The three girls were vehement in their condemnation of Dick's gun. "Spitfire was bad enough with his everlasting yelping, but that gun, bang, bang, banging all day, made them all crazy." For myself, I very much preferred that the gun should be left behind; but my wish to be on good terms with Dick was paramount. If my advent threatened to

abridge the boy's pleasures too largely and rapidly, a wall of aversion would be sure to arise between us, and I should be powerless to influence him. So, as soon as I could be heard, I proposed, diplomatically, that we should refer the matter to Mr. Henderson for decision. I saw that his sympathies were with Dick, for he had nodded a laughing assent to the boy's propositions from time to time, as he argued his case.

"There's nothing to fear from a gun in Dick's hands," said his father; "he's used to it. Like Paddy, he's owned his gun ever since it was a pistol, and has known how to load, take aim, and fire, since he was four years old. Only, Dick," he continued, as if the matter was settled, "don't go banging round where your sisters are. Give them a wide berth when you fire."

Here the door of the breakfast-room was burst open by Jim and Lily, who made a noisy irruption among us, with the ugly little Spitfire barking at their heels, and nearly wriggling himself in two with excitement.

"Hain't you done breakfast yet?" they shouted. "Oncl' Henson's brought up the carriage, an' Aunt Aggy's got a big lunch basket packed, an' we're all ready. Come, hurry up!"

All left the table instanter, and rushed to the door to inspect the arrangements. "Uncle Henson," who was Aunt Aggy's husband, sat erect on the carriage box, his black face shining with pleasure. Peter, who belonged to Dick, and who was as ragged as a scarecrow, held Old Rock by the bridle, and carried his young master's gun on his shoulder, and his game bag in his hand. Jeff, a bright young mulatto, who was Jim's boy, held Black Hawk for Jenny to ride, and carried traps and snares for Jim's use. Car'line, who was Mary's servant, — for each of the child-

ren was the owner of a slave given at birth, — carried an assortment of sun-bonnets, gloves, shawls, wraps, and a light blanket to spread on the ground when we sat down to lunch. Lizy, Lily's maid, who was to amuse her little mistress, and assist in taking care of her and Jenny, was loaded with rag babies, little wagons, balls, bells, whips, and any other et ceteras they had elected to carry. While Aunt Aggy, gorgeous in her most brilliant turban, presided over the enormous lunch basket, which, without ceremony, the children proceeded to inspect with rough handling. Aunt Aggy protested with authority.

"You chillun, clar out o' dat basket, an' let dat lunch be; you'll jess git it spiled befo' we start."

"We want t' see what you got, Aunt Aggy; any roas' chicken an' ham?"

"Heaps on it, honey; an' roas' turkey, an' ash-cake, an' brandy peaches, an' pusserves, an' jells, an' sponge drop-cakes, dat I make fo' you mysel' dis mawnin', befo' you waked up. An' Aunt Phenie's gib you a big cake all iced, wi' frostin' on top, stuffed jamfull o' plums, dat she baked, when she hearn tell dat a lady gwine to come heah from de Norf. How'dye, Miss? How'dye? an' Good mawnin'!" dropping a courtesy to me.

CHAPTER X.

LIFE IN "OLE VIRGINNY" FIFTY YEARS AGO — PLANTATION SCENES AND NEGRO SONGS — LIFE AMONG BLACK SLAVES.

A Day's Outing in "Ole Virginny" — A Southern Picnic — I am Appalled at the Magnitude of the Party under my Care — Dogs and Guns, Game-Bags and Lunch — Our Destination — Through Pine Forests and across Old Fields — Dick's Intimate Acquaintance with Coons, 'Possums, Woodchucks, and Rabbits — "Mis'able Trundle-Bed Trash" — I Engage in Story-telling — Black Peter — Dick's Quarrel with him — Raining Stinging Blows in Peter's Face — "I ain't gwine to take none of Pete's Sass!" — We Return Home — Arrayed in Bright Leaves and Berries, Greenery and Festoons of Moss — The Field Negroes Returning from Work — Pathetic, Dusky Faces — "How-dye, Miss" — A Unique Procession — Negro Songs in Chorus — The Ragged Pickaninnies at the Gate — "The Laziest Niggers in the County."

IT was a formidable undertaking into which I had been unwittingly enticed. How was I to manage these charmingly lawless little Virginians, whose ideas of occupation and pleasure were so unlike those of any children I had ever met! What could I do with these colored servants who were obedient to the wildest whim of their childish masters and mistresses! I was appalled at the accompaniment of horses and dogs, guns and traps, balls and whips, not to mention the lunch basket, with the possibilities that lurked in the cake "stuffed jam full o' plums," and the "brandied peaches." Should we get through the day unharmed, and return at night in as good condition as we started? I saw in a moment that I must take the responsibility, — I, who was utterly inexperienced, and knew nothing whatever of customs and manners at the South. I re-

solved to pursue the course that I should with children at home, and decided two or three matters in my own mind immediately. The children should have a happy day, but I would hold them in complete control. If possible, the plum cake and brandied peaches should remain unmolested; and Dick's gun should not be fired during our absence.

We started about an hour before noon, Dick and Jenny on horseback, and the remainder of the party in, or on, the old-fashioned carriage, which accommodated six easily. Aunt Aggy, with Lily and Jamie, preferred to ride on the outside, with "Oncl' Henson." Laura, Mary, and myself took the inside, while the servants brought up the rear on foot. It was a beautiful morning, although the month was December. The weather was that of our late Indian summer, mild, breezeless, hazy. The sky was filled with a pale yellow light, which was poured out over field, forest, and river, until a glamour rested on the scenery far and near, and the land of peace and promise seemed to stretch before us. There were no other roads than the common cart-paths, which took us through unfathomable mud, so that Henson was compelled to zigzag through the pine forests and drive through "old fields," which I learned afterwards was the usual route, whenever and wherever one traveled among Southern plantations.

The noisy talk of the children subsided into whispers as we passed Liberty Hill, which had been the family burial-place for generations. It was an unattractive spot, badly located and worse kept, and Henson drove past without even inquiring whether we wished to alight. We halted a few moments at "The Mills," of which Mr. Henderson was proprietor, and which had a local reputation among the planters, who patronized them handsomely. They were running day and night, in true Yankee fashion, at this time, under

the energetic management of Levi Bridgman, the new miller from Troy, N. Y., who informed us that "the planters had jest piled their grists in on to 'im."

We finally reached High Rock, a favorite trysting-place of the children, of which they never wearied. It was indeed a lovely place. A high rock overhung the Roanoke river, which was quite broad at this point, and rolled beneath with a strong, full current. An island bisected the river below us, which, still green and bathed in the hazy atmosphere, suggested indescribable peace. The roar of the river over the dam, with the subdued thunder of the mills, were the only sounds, save those of nature, that broke the eloquent silence. Birds of unfamiliar appearance twittered in the trees above us, and we heard the screams of wild geese disporting in the river below, that had halted for a time in their southward flight, to glean the fields and harvest the berries from trees and shrubs. A quiet brooded over the faded landscape, for the work of the year was ended, and nature sat with folded hands, calmly exhaling her last breath in the rustle of the faded leaves, and the sweet and pungent scents that stole upwards from the depths of the forest.

By common consent we all seated ourselves on the summit of High Rock, and talked of the beautiful scene before us, pointing out to each other the places especially picturesque, and noting the effects produced by the softening light. My pupils had a keen eye for the beauties of natural scenery. Dick's acquaintance with nature far surpassed his knowledge of books, or of his mother-tongue. He could call every tree by its name, tell its habits, and estimate its value as timber or fuel. He knew the birds that flew over our heads, how and where they built their nests and reared their young. 'Coons and 'possums, woodchucks and rabbits yielded to him their secrets; and he knew when

and where to look for wild geese, turkeys, and ducks, and understood the meaning of their calls and cries, as one knows a foreign language he has long studied. A walk with him in the woods when there was nothing to divert his attention, and nobody to laugh at him, was like reading an illustrated book on natural history. His sisters tried to draw him out and show him off, as we sat grouped together on the summit of the rock, but he suspected their purpose, and declined to be put on exhibition.

The two youngest children held themselves apart from us, and rioted with the servants and Spitfire in a torment of noise, that was wholly disproportionate to their size and numbers. Occasionally they burst in upon us, throwing themselves into our arms with screams and simulated fear of the pursuing dog. Then there was a storm of protests, and all united in a violent exorcism of the intruders, whom Dick styled "mis'ble trundle bed trash." At last the noise became unbearable, and, fearing a collision, I arranged with Aunt Aggie to keep her section of the party aloof from us until lunch time.

The other children were soon talking freely and without restraint. Mary gave an account of a picnic they once had on the island, when the river was so low that they all forded it, "Ma with the rest;" and they found "such a monstrous heap o' wild grapes on the farther side o' the island, that Oncl' Henson went down next morning and brought off bushels of 'em."

That reminded Dick of a time when "the wild ducks, one winter, e'en-a-most choked the river plum' full, so that they tumbled one on another, an' the servan's caught 'em in their hands, an' they had roas' duck for a week."

The sight of the rolling river was very suggestive, and Laura, who talked less than any of the children, remembered

their fright when the old mill was burned one night. "The servants all came 'round the house, screaming and wringing their hands, and calling for 'Mas'r James! Mas'r James!' till Pa thought there was an insurrection, and got out the guns and pistols from the inner closet, and armed us all."

"Did you notice Aleck at the Mill this morning?" inquired Mary. "He's the likeliest looking servant on the place; he's run away and been brought back four times! He says he'll kill himself if he's whipped. Pa's watching out for a trader to come along, and will sell him down South, when he can git three thousand dollars for him." I was admitted incontinently into the secrets of the family and the neighborhood, and, before night, was better posted concerning life on Southern plantations than I should have been by a year's reading. As the stream of talk began to run more slowly, Laura pulled out a volume of Mrs. Hemans' poems,

TEMPTATION.
"Oh, Mas'r Dick, Mas'r Dick, come heah, quick, quick, quick!"

at sight of which, Dick, who was sitting beside me, sprang to his feet and was about to run. At the same time black Peter called to him in great excitement.

"Oh, Mas'r Dick! Mas'r Dick! Come heah, quick, quick, quick!" gesticulating wildly. "De mos' oncommon monst'ous big rabbit has jess run 'cross de road, 'way down

'mong dem hick'ry trees. He was mos' as big as a b'ar! You mought a cotched 'im ef yo'd a bin heah!" But I had the runaway by the hand and held him fast.

"Don't run from me the very first day of my coming to live with you, Dick!" I implored. "Don't run away! Please stay here and let the rabbit go!"

Turning a perplexed and disgusted face towards me, he said, "T'aint the rabbit, but I can't b'ar that Hemans book that sist' Laura totes roun' ev'rywhar; I 'spec' she totes it to bed nights. I hate that book!"

I reached out my hand to Laura for the book, which opened as she passed it, at the "Songs of the Troubadours." I glanced at the page and saw my opportunity.

"Come, Dick, I'll make a bargain with you. Sit right down here beside me where you were before, and let me read you one, only one little poem."

The boy hesitated, looked longingly at Peter who was still beckoning furiously, both arms going like those of a windmill, and glancing ruefully at the open book, he slowly crouched down ready to spring in a moment. Still holding him, I thanked him for his compliance as if he had yielded, and then, in the best voice I could command, and as impressively as I was able, I read the poem. It was one with which I was familiar. It narrated in a stirring way the discovery by Blondel, the troubadour, of the secret prison in which the Duke of Austria had confined Richard Coeur-de-Lion after his capture. The troubadour chanted in a loud voice, outside the castle gates, which were closed against him, the song composed by himself and Coeur-de-Lion in more fortunate days. To Blondel's unspeakable joy, when he paused in his singing to listen, he heard the voice of the royal captive continuing the song. To this discovery, the English monarch is said to have owed his release.

I cut the poem to the limit of the patience of my imprisoned auditor, — for I retained his hand in mine, — interpolated appetizing bits of explanation, changed the phraseology to his comprehension, and was rewarded when he lifted his face to mine, and asked, "What is a troubadour?" "What were the Crusades?" asked Mary. "And who was Richard Coeur-de-Lion, and why was he imprisoned in a castle?" I was soon embarked in story-telling, into which I threw all the fervor, romance, and embellishment of which I was capable. My companions were good listeners, and sat spell-bound, with parted lips and bated breath, ready to ply me with questions whenever I paused. An hour passed, and I still romanced, and they were still listening, when Aunt Aggy broke up the seance.

"Please Miss, Mas'r Jim an' Miss Lily are monst'ous tired, an' powerful hungry; an' I specs all de chilluns is ready fo' somet'ing t' eat."

We were all ready, and adjourned without delay to the lunch, which Aunt Aggy had spread on a white cloth under an oak tree, which had not yet shed its sere foliage. We all had good appetites, but, nevertheless, the story-telling was continued, with interruptions, all through the meal. When Aunt Aggy brought on the plum cake and brandied peaches, which I had insisted should be served last, and which she had therefore reserved for dessert, I protested against them.

"Now, we cannot eat them, children," I said, "we have eaten so heartily; and besides, we cannot spare any more time for lunch. It's getting late, and we must soon return. Let's vote upon it! Do you know how to vote? Well, this is the way. All who are in favor of putting the cake and peaches back into Aunt Aggy's basket untouched, will raise their right hands!" Up went one hand, then another, and

soon all hands, both the right and left of each child, were uplifted, and the cake and peaches were tabooed for the day. One of my points was carried.

We now descended the bluff, and stood under the shelving rock at the river's brink, and then I talked to them of floods, and the mighty rivers like the Ganges, the Mississippi, the Orinoco, and the Amazon, and also of tidal waves. All these topics were new to them, and held their attention. They were not hackneyed in story-telling, nor *blasé* from listening to the details of wonderful things; and when from tidal waves I proceeded to earthquakes and volcanoes, and spoke to them of Pompeii and Vesuvius, their excitement became so great that I desisted. I would save these for another time when I wanted to hold them. "We won't have any more stories this afternoon," I said; "I will tell you of Pompeii some other time, and how it was buried by the eruption of a volcano for sixteen hundred years."

"Do you think you know stories enough to last as long as you stay?" asked Jenny.

"Good gracious, sist' Jenny!" remonstrated Dick; "are you hintin' already 'bout her gwine away? P'r'aps she'll git married here, and stay here always!" and he looked up smilingly. I had evidently made an impression on him.

As we reascended the bluff, we found Peter waiting at the top, his rags fluttering in the light breeze which had sprung up, eager to regain possession of his young master.

"Oh, Mas'r Dick! Mas'r Dick!" now burst in Peter like a whirlwind. "While you bin foolin' down dar by de riber, I seed mor'n a hunderd wild turkeys flyin' ober t' dem woods t' roost; we kin kotch 'em, or shoot 'em, ef yo'll come 'long."

"No, you didn't see no wild turkeys nuther, Pete, 'cause 't'aint time for 'em yit. What you see was buzzards!"

"For de Lawd's sake, Mas'r Dick! you tink dis yer niggah doan know turkeys from buzzards? I ain't no sich fool niggah as dat yit. Lemme git youah gun, an' we'll g'long."

"I ain't gwine for no wild turkeys, I tell you, Pete; so shet your mouf!" and the black boy fell back discomfited.

The day was waning; the trees were casting long shadows; there was a slight chillness in the air, and it was time to return to the house. Aunt Aggy brought up Jamie and Lily, with Spitfire following, in as good voice as when we started, notwithstanding he had barked incessantly all day. The three were decorated with festoons of greenery and wreaths of scarlet berries, on seeing which, the elder children proceeded to bedeck themselves in the same fashion. Dick and Jenny were to lead the straggling procession homeward, and just as the former was about to mount Old Rock, Pete appeared, and said something to the boy in a low voice. The angry blood surged to Dick's face, his eyes flashed fire, and in a twinkling he gave the negro blow upon blow with his fist, hitting him squarely in the face. I was astounded, and when I saw the blood flowing from Peter's mouth and nostrils, I reproved Dick severely. The boy reined in his horse, and turned his face toward me, white with astonishment and wrath.

RESENTING PETE'S "SASS."

"I aint gwine to take none o' Pete's sass," he said

haughtily. "In the South we don't 'low niggers to sass white folks. Pete's mad 'cause I hain't been huntin' to-day, an' tells how I've been loafin' an' foolin'."

"But if Peter has done wrong, you should report him to your father, and not punish him yourself. You are only a boy, Dick."

"Lor' me!" said Dick in surprise. "Pa'd la'af at that. Why, Jim licks his black Jeff like blazes, when Jeff don't do nothin', an' Pa never meddles. You haf t' lick niggers, or they'd run over you. You don't know the South yit."

I agreed with him; I did not know the South, but I was in a fair way to learn. We were rid of the gunning to-day, and trouble had come of it. I promised myself, that hereafter, I would be rid of the negroes when I had the children in charge.

The lumbering old carriage was decorated like the children, with red berries, bright leaves, green moss, and other aftermath of the late autumn, and the servants in the rear carried boughs of green holly, glowing with brilliant red berries. As we wound through the woods, and wabbled through the humpy tobacco fields and newly cleared land, bristling with charred stumps, the negroes of the company began to sing, and the children joined in the chorus:

"An' I hope to gain de promis' lan',
Glory, Hallelujah!
Whar de Lawd my Saviour stan',
Glory, Hallelujah!
Whar de mawnin's allers fair,
Glory, Hallelujah!
Whar dar's music in de air,
Glory, Hallelujah!"

The field servants were swarming from the tobacco houses and corn barns as we drove past, for they had been working there under the supervision of the overseer. But

their week's work was ended, and they were going to their homes. Lifting their pathetic, dusky faces, which wore a saddened look that almost made one weep, they all saluted me with bow or courtesy, as we passed them, and with the inevitable "How-dye, Miss!" Then dropping behind the carriage, they caught the key and time of the song, adding volume and melody to the chorus, as the singing proceeded:

> "Whar's a shinin' crown fo' me,
> Glory, Hallelujah!
> Whar de Lawd's w'ite t'rone 'll be,
> Glory, Hallelujah!
> Whar de singin' ribers flow,
> Glory, Hallelujah!
> Whar de cawn no mo' I'll hoe,
> Glory, Hallelujah!"

I leaned back in the carriage and yielded to the impressions of the hour. The glamour of the dying day, which overshot the sky with a tender saffron and pink, and tinted the east with a delicate purple; the minor melody of the negro voices, a hundred or more, blending in one swelling strain, which rose and fell in measured cadences; the weary, worn, black faces of the older servants, intermingled with those of the younger mulattoes and octaroons; the blonde and brunette beauty of the white children, over whom presided the regal figure of Aunt Aggy; the waving branches of glistening holly relieved by the scarlet berries; the constantly increasing numbers of black men and women going home from their work, who joined themselves to our picturesque procession, and added their voices to the chorus,—all these combined made so unusual a scene that I seemed to be wholly separated from the world into which I had been born and reared, and to be translated to another planet.

As the field hands came to the foot-path that led to the

"negro quarters," they would have defiled to the right, and left us, but Dick checked them with the authority of a master, and bade them keep on with us through "Oak Avenue," past the house. The ragged pickaninnies at the gate saw us coming, and swung it wide for our entrance, and Dick dashed ahead on his horse to explain the situation to his father. For the field hands were not allowed in the enclosure occupied by the great house and its dependencies,

PLANTATION SLAVE SINGERS.
All clapped hands in unison, until the air quivered with melody.

except by permission, or when on some special errand to their master or mistress. As we wheeled up the avenue, our numbers ever increasing, the negroes broke into another song, more joyful than the last, and all clapped hands in unison, when they sang the chorus, until the air quivered with melody.

> "I's gwine t' Mas'r Jesus,
> An' he wants me now;
> He turned back Pha'roh's army,
> An' he wants me now;
> His charyot swings low fo' me,
> An' he wants me now;
> He'll b'ar me ober Jordan,
> An' he wants me now;
> Dis worl' am dark an' dreary,
> An' he wants me now;

Oh, less go t' lan' o' Can'an,
An' he wants me now;
Whar de streets am allers gold'n,
An' he wants me now;
Whar my Lawd's a waitin' fo' me,
An' he wants me now;
Glory, glory, how I lub my Saviour!
Glory, glory, dat I do!"

Mr. and Mrs. Henderson came out on the veranda to welcome us back, accompanied by our nearest neighbors, three miles distant, who were making a call of ceremony, and waiting for me.

"One might imagine you were a company of dryads captured in the woods by black satyrs, who were bringing you home in triumph," said Mrs. Henderson.

"Or, to come down from mythology to prosaic fact," said her husband, "one might think that a nigger camp-meeting had just broken up."

The concourse of servants melted quietly away as soon as we reached the house. The children were wild with delight; the house overflowed with their happiness, and their vociferous praise of the day rang from room to room. "They had *never* had so good a time! Spitfire had *never* behaved so well! And Dick was the best boy,—he hadn't fired his gun once!"

"Why, how was that, my boy?" inquired his father. "What has been the matter? Was there nothing in the way of game?"

"I hain't hunted to-day," was Dick's nonchalant reply. "Stories is a heap better'n huntin', an' we've had stories all day."

When the children had left us for the night, and Mr. Henderson could speak with me alone, he inquired concerning Dick's punishment of Pete, which had been reported to

him; and I gave him the circumstances. As I expected, he endorsed Dick's action unqualifiedly.

"The boy had the right of it," he said; "in dealing with niggers,"—this was the universal pronunciation,—"the punishment must always follow swift upon the offense, as when dealing with horses, so that they shall know what it means, or you will soon lose control of them. If you have slaves, you must first, last, and always keep them in their place."

I argued that "if he were right in his position, it was a bad thing to give a boy like Dick such unlimited power over servants; it made him judge, jury, and executioner, and there was danger he might grow to manhood tyrannical and cruel."

A long conversation followed, in which Mrs. Henderson took part. "Slave masters cannot escape becoming tyrannical and cruel," was Mr. Henderson's reply. "They are the most absolute despots in the world, and can commit any outrage on their servants without fear of the law; for a black man in the South can never testify against a white man. Hard as slavery is for the blacks, it is worse for the whites, and is demoralizing and debasing to our young men. We cannot help ourselves. We are not to blame for slavery, for we have inherited it as we have our land. We cannot pauperize ourselves by freeing our slaves, for our land would then be valueless with no one to cultivate it; and if we could, it would be an overwhelming disaster to them, for the negroes are only grown-up children, and cannot take care of themselves. As long as we own slaves, therefore, they must be kept in order like other cattle. I won't have my slaves whipped, however, as other masters do. There are other punishments better than whipping and more effectual; and my wife will tell you that my servants are the laziest, most profitless, and most independent niggers in the county."

I believed Mr. Henderson's assertion, that his slaves were never whipped, and, as the months went by, and the abject and hopeless condition of the poor creatures, many of whom I came to know and to regard with friendly feelings, sank deeper and deeper into my heart, it was my hourly solace that their lot was a little less terrible than that of slaves on other plantations, — for they were never whipped. But there came a day, the horrible experience of which haunted me for years, and the memory of which an eternity can never efface, when I learned to the contrary.

CHAPTER XI.

A NORTHERN TEACHER'S LIFE IN A SOUTHERN PLANTATION SCHOOL—SOME INTERESTING PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

The Little Whitewashed Schoolhouse—How it was Furnished and Decorated—A Remarkable Outfit for School Children—An Eventful Morning—Six Body-Servants for Six Little Pupils—I Propose to Dismiss them—A Storm of Indignant Protests—My Troubles Begin—"Spitfire" Bursts into the Room, with all the Plantation Dogs at his Heels—A Sudden Uproar—Relief at Last—Disarming Black Pete—Unceremonious Departure of all the Children to Eat a Coon Supper—Another Sudden Exodus from the Schoolroom—Aunt Aggy Upsets the Order of School—Arrival of the Weekly Mail—A Great Event—More Commotion—Breaking up the School—My Pupils Scamper after the Mail-Boy, and Fail to Return—My Disgust and Anger—I Decline to Remain as Teacher unless a Change is Made.

MONDAY morning dawned bright and clear, and for once the house was astir early, for school was to open as near nine o'clock as possible. Young feet ran up and down the stairways on all sorts of errands. Young voices resounded through the halls and chambers, with inquiries as to the whereabouts of misplaced school property. Several journeys were made to the kitchen in fruitless attempts to hurry up the breakfast. And yet it was nearly ten o'clock before we were ready to start for the little whitewashed schoolhouse at the foot of the hill, that externally differed in no way from the cabins of the house-servants.

It had been made exquisitely clean under Aunt Aggy's direction. Laura and Mary had hung a few pictures on the bare walls, and had curtained the ugly windows with white muslin tied back with blue ribbon. The other children had

contributed bunches of holly, with its scarlet berries and glossy leaves, masses of peacock feathers, and long drooping festoons of parasitic moss from the swamp, which still farther concealed the rough walls. Mr. Henderson had hung a small map of Virginia, and a large one of the United States on opposite sides of the room, and when the fire blazed in the colossal fireplace, that monopolized the whole north side of the apartment, it was transformed and glorified. The desks were a study. Uncle Isham, the plantation carpenter, had made them of hickory, and, if one could judge by their appearance, had used only a broadaxe in their construction. They were heavy, huge, and clumsy, and so high that it was necessary to cut them down several inches.

It was a very eventful morning. The children were going to school, and that fact was advertised all over the plantation, from the oldest to the youngest of the servants. We started down the hill, a goodly company, the children chattering, laughing and noisy, and following close behind were their "body-servants," Jeff and 'Lizy, Pete and Martha, Car'line and Sally. They were laden with footstools, cushions, wraps, rag babies, whistles, traps, bird-snares, books, papers, pens, inkstands, and whatever else their young masters and mistresses had bidden them to take along. Mrs. Henderson waved us good-bye from the veranda, and Mr. Henderson threw after us a horse-shoe for good luck. Woolly heads were thrust out of open windows, and black faces peered at us from doorways, for an event of great importance was about to take place in the isolated life of the plantation,—"De chillun's school was gwine t' begin." Their conception of the school was very vague and hazy, except in one particular,—it meant more or less confinement of the hitherto untrained children, whom every servant on the

plantation loved devotedly; and they did not hesitate to express disapproval of "de lady from de Norf dat had come t' stop dem chilluns from gwine whar dey'd a min' to."

After the little Hendersons had located themselves in their new quarters to their satisfaction, despatching the ser-

THE FIRST MORNING OF SCHOOL.

vants to the house and tool-shop a dozen times in the process, I undertook to dismiss the black children, and requested them to take Jamie and Lily with them for the day. I raised a storm at once.

"Send the servants away! They've come to stay,—we can't do without 'em. Please don't send the servants off, we must have 'em." And they rose from their seats and protested in great distress. I laughed at their consternation, and repeated the order. "No, no," they cried; "don't say they must go, for we need 'em all the time. We have 'em with us whenever we want 'em; please, please, let 'em stay!" they implored with uplifted hands; and all joined in the vociferous entreaty. "Please try 'em here awhile, you'll like it yourself by-and-by."

I was not yet mistress of the situation, and was feeling my way along very carefully, desiring to inaugurate my system, and regulate their habits with as little friction as possible, so I reluctantly consented to this last proposal, saying, "Very well, we will try them here for a time and see how it works. But as they are of no use here, and your father says cannot be taught, as the laws of Virginia forbid it, I think they had better go to their work."

"Dis yere's ouah work," said Sally, who was Laura's servant, and the eldest of the company. "We takes car' o' de chilluns, an' dresses 'em, an' washes 'em, an' combs and brushes dar ha'r, an' goes eberywhar wid 'em. An' we doan do nuffin mo' only when Missus tell us."

What reply I should have made to this declaration, I cannot tell; for just then Spitfire burst into the room with all the dogs of the plantation at his heels, barking and yelping, growling, wriggling, jumping, tumbling over one another, upsetting everything and everybody. They made an immediate Bedlam of the schoolroom, for every child and every servant shouted commands to the curs at the top of their voices, while Dick, Jamie, Pete, and Jeff tore round to capture the excited canines, with no other result than to increase the unearthly din. Opening wide the door I caught up a broom, and was about to drive out the intruders with blows and force, when Jamie made a desperate plunge, seized Spitfire, and bolted incontinently out of doors with his pet in his arms. Lily, Jeff, and Lizy followed, and the dogs were called out. This reduced the size of my problem, and brought us unexpected relief.

When order and quiet were restored, I proceeded to examine the four children who remained in the room, in reading. I gave one of the Rollo books to Laura, and asked her to read a page aloud in her very best manner, which she

A SUDDEN INVASION OF MY PLANTATION SCHOOLROOM.

Just then Spitfire burst into the room with all the dogs of the plantation at his heels, upsetting everything and everybody. Every child and every servant shouted commands to the curs at the top of their voices, while Dick, Jamie, Pete, and Jeff tore around to capture the excited canines with no other result than to increase the unearthly din. Opening wide the door I caught up a broom and was about to drive out the intruders with blows, and force, etc.

did. She passed the book to Mary, who had taken from her pocket a bit of fancy work, and was crotcheting some coarse cotton lace. Car'line took the book and held it before Mary's eyes, saying, "Lem' me hol' dis yere book an' you read." Mary accepted the suggestion, and, leaning toward Car'line, who held the book awkwardly and with unsteady hands, read blunderingly and without expression.

Black Peter then took the book and held it for Dick to read, who sat with both hands in his pockets, his chair tipped back against the desk, with his feet resting on the rung.

"You've got that book upside down Pete!" was his first comment; "turn it t'other way, — there! that way! so! Now hold it still!" and he read the page assigned to him in a rapid, abominable manner, pronouncing almost every word, and making perfect jargon of the text.

A LAZY PUPIL.
"So! Now hold it still!"

"What hodge-podge you do make of reading!" said Mary. He had read almost as well as she had. "You can't read any better now than when you were six years old."

"Did anybody ask for your opinion, young lady?" inquired Dick with mock politeness.

"Whar you readin', Mas'r Dick?" asked Pete, holding the book sideways and leaning over him. "Lem'me see de place!" to which his young master replied by a back-handed slap, that Peter dodged.

I took the book from Peter and gave it to Jenny, who rose, held it herself, and read admirably, with clearness and expression. Whatever she did was always well done.

An examination in spelling and writing followed. Three or four sentences had been written at my dictation, when Car'line in a distinct *sotto voce* said to Mary:

"I declar' t' gracious, Miss Mary, yer ha'r's a tumblin' all 'bout yer ears! You look like Ole Rock does befo' Allen's curried 'im. I'll jess fix dat ha'r befo' dinner!" and away she ran to the house, presently returning with a variety of toilet implements, with which she proceeded to arrange Mary's disordered tresses, who complained and praised, directed and criticised all through the process, as if no one else were present at the hairdressing.

This breach of propriety could not be passed over without disapproval, which I uttered as mildly as possible, but at the same time speaking very positively. I also repeated my conviction that the servants would prove a hindrance to our school work, and must sooner or later vacate the premises. Mary received my reproof very sweetly, admitted her error, and assured me that she would not transgress again. And then a perfect tempest of orders burst from the children to the servants.

"Sit down you, out o' sight!" "Shut your mouth, and don't you speak again until you're spoken to!" "Git down flat on the floor, you Pete, and stay thar and keep still, or you'll git turned out o' here afore you know it!" And down they all dropped, slinking as far as they could out of sight, and for ten minutes ebony statues could not have been more quiet.

Peter, however, was irrepressible, and a very imp of mischief. Working his way imperceptibly across the floor by a vermicular process, he joined Car'line, Martha, and Sally,

who had crept under Laura's desk, and directly there was trouble. At first there was repressed giggling, which I frowned down; then muttered remonstrances; and finally screams of pretended fright.

"Oh, Mas'r Dick! Pete's got your pistil, an's gwine to shoot me!" screamed Sally.

"Pete's got Mas'r's big knife, an' cut Miss Lorry's shoe-strings!" cried Car'line.

"Pete's tooken Miss Mary's lead pencil an's hid it in his ha'r!" added Martha.

Every child came to the spot to assist in the investigation. Dick dragged Peter to his feet and went through his pockets and his hair, the latter being a famous hiding-place of the servants generally. He relieved the young scamp of the pistol, several knives, one of Mr. Henderson's razors, nutmegs stolen from the kitchen, a bunch of keys, spools of cotton, a needle-book, and other small articles for which he had no earthly use, but which had proved a temptation to his pilfering fingers. I ejected him from the room without ceremony, forbidding him to show his face inside again. At this he was not one whit abashed, but executed a double shuffle on the still green grass, put his fingers in his mouth, and uttered a prolonged shrill whistle which must have been heard over half the plantation. It brought a dozen like whistles in reply, and a score of half-grown black boys appeared in all sorts of places, where, a moment before, not one was visible. Having ascertained where he could find congenial company, Peter shouted a loud "Whoop-la!" and, putting one hand to the ground, he hastened to join the stable boys by a series of revolutions as if he were a hoop-snake.

Then there was peace for a few moments, broken soon, however, by the three colored girls. Lacking the stimulus

of Pete's society, and without occupation, they had gone fast asleep on the floor, and were snoring in chorus so vigorously as to drown all ordinary sounds and to interfere with conversation. I ended the nasal performance by waking the snoring trio, and dismissing them to the negro quarters, Laura and Mary acquiescing in their departure.

"WHOOP-LA!"

At last it seemed possible to organize a school, and my fainting courage revived. The distractions of the morning removed, my pupils gave me their attention and manifested interest in my plans for them. I drew up a plan of work for each of them during the winter, and promised to assist them in studying, as well as reciting their lessons, at which Dick brightened visibly. To study alone was almost an impossibility for him. I suggested a plan for studying botany together out of doors as soon as the spring should be sufficiently advanced, and for learning something of astronomy on clear evenings during the winter. I proposed a review of the week's work and progress in a "Round Table Club," to be organized for that purpose, which would meet in my room for an hour every Saturday evening, when it would be seen how much each one had remembered and how far they had progressed.

I also proposed an hour's practice in chorus singing, under the instruction of the German Professor Lüttner, who rode on horseback fifteen miles to and from the plantation, once a week, to give them a day's instruction in music. I planned for Sunday-school lessons, and Bible-reading under

High Rock, or under the great oak trees that lined the avenue, while talks of my own should be interspersed everywhere and at all times, concerning whatever I knew or had read. I assured them that I had come to the plantation for the express purpose of teaching them, and I urged them to make the most of me and my time while I should stay. They looked pleased at the prospect, and Jenny, who sat beside me, locked her little hand in mine, while Dick, whose interest overcame his inertia, rose and stood before me.

"I didn't know school was like that," he said. "I shall like that fust-rate. Can I study botany and astronomy?"

I assured him that he could, and that we would all begin together.

Laura rarely betrayed any feeling, even when overwhelmed with repressed emotion, but now, with a flushed face, she exclaimed with enthusiasm, "Won't it be grand if we ever get to be scholars!"

There was a sound outside of approaching feet, scuffling and hustling along, and a confused jargon of voices that swelled into an uproar, as if many were talking volubly under excitement. The noisy volume of sound drew nearer, then broke on the threshold; and before we could inquire its meaning, the mischievous Pete and his stuttering brother Allen entered the room, followed by a mob of half-grown servants and children. Clad in every conceivable nondescript kind of garment, an animated collection of many-colored rags and fabrics, they looked like a migration of Yankee scarecrows from northern cornfields.

"Look a heah! Look a heah! Mas'r Dick!" shouted Pete, quivering with excitement, and pointing to a monstrous coon, the feet of which were tied together, and a pole thrust between them, so that the beast could be borne on his and Allen's shoulders.

"See dis yere monst'ous coon dat I cotched all myself! We've toted 'im down heah fo' you t' see! I seed 'im asleep in de crotch ob a gum tree down by de creek, whar Aunt Aggy keeps de geese, an' I doan tell nobody, 'cause I'se gwine t' cotch 'im myself. He jess waitin' dar t' be cotched, an' I go mighty softly down t' Oncl' Henson's house, an' git dat gun o' hisn dat I seed 'im load las' week, an' I crep under dat gum tree, an' fired! Bang! Bang! an' down come Mas'r Coon ker-flop, jess as dead! I nebber has t' fire no mo', dis coon be so dead. He's mighty nice coon. Mas'r Dick, see how fat 'im be!"

LITTLE PETE AND HIS "MONST'OUS" COON.

The congregation of little darkies cast admiring eyes on Pete during this recital. He was a hero to them.

"Wat you gwine t' do wi' de coon?" inquired one.

"Oh, skin 'im an' eat 'im," said Pete with a nonchalant air.

"He-he-he-he'll make a powerful good fry, Mas'r Dick," suggested stuttering Allen; "h-h-h-he's so fat."

"He'll make fust-rate stew," said another. "Aunt Aggy reckons she'll stew dis yere coon fo' you arter he's skinned and cleaned. Please come outen heah, Mas'r Dick, an' le's go t' her house."

I was astonished at the interest my pupils manifested in the coon. Even Laura and Mary caught the contagion, and

detained the little ragamuffins while they catechised Pete, who could not tell his story twice alike, concerning the details of the coon's capture. There was a whole hour before it was time to adjourn school, but nobody paid any heed to that. I doubt if I could have retained the children, only a few minutes before so interested in their school work, even if I had commanded them to stay. I was not yet ready to interpose my authority.

Down they all trooped to Aunt Aggy's, black and white together, without observing the usual courtesy of bidding me adieu. The coon had attractions for them that I neither understood nor possessed, and it was evident that I was no match for him. I closed the door after their departure, and locked myself alone into the little schoolroom, and, for a time, dropped into the depths of despair. I had certainly reckoned without my host, when I came to Virginia to teach a family school. A pretty time I was having, to be sure! A model school this was likely to become, if one were to judge from its initial days And I heartily wished myself back in New England, where people were civilized. I was too disgusted to make any comment on the absence of the children from the supper table that evening, when their father explained, "They were having a royal coon supper at Aggy's;" adding, "happy young people, whom it takes so little to please."

As soon as possible I retired to my room; not to read, nor write, nor sleep, but to relieve my humiliation and homesickness in a prolonged fit of weeping. I was very young in those days.

The next day passed in the schoolroom very much as had its predecessor, save that there were additional interruptions. Mr. Henderson himself was the first transgressor, the next forenoon. Sauntering down the hill with his long

pipe in his mouth, he graciously bowed himself into the small apartment, as if he were entering a drawing-room, and when a chair was offered, seated himself as if he had come to stay. He was profuse in his praise of the simple decorations of the room, noted every arrangement, and commented favorably upon everything he observed, declaring himself the happiest man in the Old Dominion, now that his children were under such excellent instruction. His indirect compliment failed to tone up my flagging spirits. Turning suddenly to Dick, who was occupied with his arithmetic, he inquired, "Well, my boy, how do you like it? This isn't exactly gunning nor fishing, is it, my lad?" I was both surprised and pleased with Dick's reply.

"I'm gwine to like it better bime-by, when we git further on, and study botany and astronomy."

"Botany and astronomy!" repeated his father, with elevated eyebrows. Have you got to that already? I call that rapid progress. And how does my Dulcina del Toboso enjoy being caged?" he added, turning to Mary, his favorite daughter. Mr. Henderson was reading Don Quixote, and was full of allusions to the book. "Pray, what do you do with these woolly heads?" he continued, pointing to the servants who had again accompanied the children, notwithstanding their dismissal on the previous day. "If you propose to teach them, you'll want a beetle and wedge to help you insert knowledge through their thick skulls."

I assured Mr. Henderson that the servants were only the annoying *attachés* to his children, to whom I should rejoice to give a vacation, *sine die*.

"I am afraid our Dulcinas would decidedly object to that," was his answer. "What do you say, girls? Aunt Prudy would like Car'line and Sally to help her in the wash-house; shall we send them there?"

"Oh, no indeed, Pa; Aunt Prudy can't have 'em, we want 'em ourselves; we should have to be running to the house half the day if they weren't here."

"That settles it then," said their father; and, turning to me he added, "these children own these niggers, and largely control them."

Sitting silent awhile, vigorously puffing away at his pipe, and blowing out great clouds of pungent tobacco smoke that nearly choked me, for I was not used to it, he suddenly burst out, "I've got a secret that's too big to keep alone, and I've come to share it with you; your mother's known it for a month. Do you want to hear it?"

Away went books, slates, copy-books, chairs, everything, as the children clustered around him, full of eager curiosity.

"Well," he continued, "Aunt 'Tilda, and Uncle John, and all the children, and Grandma, and Aunt Susy, with her boy and girl, are coming here Christmas to stay for ten days or a fortnight!"

A shout of unutterable delight that ran up among the rafters, and almost lifted the roof, greeted this announcement.

"Goodness gracious!" said Dick; "that's the jolliest news I've heard for a year. Nine of 'em! *Nine of 'em*, girls! Hurrah!" and then the talk ran wild.

"We'll have a big dinner party every day, and invite the Goodes, and the Herricks, and the Baskervilles, and the Fields, and the Lewises, and everybody round for twenty-five miles! We'll have dances and masquerades, and whist parties, as well as dinner parties; and everything good to eat and drink, — ice cream and cake, egg-nog and punch, toddy and flip, venison and oysters, candy and sweetmeats, and everything else to be had!" And Mr. Henderson rattled on with the children as if he were a lad of eighteen,

until they fell upon him in rapturous adoration, and hugged him like "young bears," and then "smothered him with kisses." Then suddenly breaking away from them, he scattered them right and left, and darted out of the door and up the hill like a cat. The whole brood followed in hot pursuit, screaming, shouting, laughing, tumbling over each other, as he eluded them, doubling on his track, running now toward the schoolroom, then back toward the kitchen, until by a feat of unlooked-for agility, he leaped over the railing of the veranda, rushed into the drawing-room, and locked the door after him. It was an exhilarating occasion, and a most delightful episode. I would not have prevented it, and I liked my host the better for his share in it. But it broke up school for the morning, for when my pupils returned, panting, happy, rosy, still laughing over their fun, it was dinner time.

We had been in session only an hour after dinner, when Aunt Aggy put in an appearance, her head surmounted by an unusually picturesque turban, and looking more queenly than ever, if that were possible.

"How-dye, Miss! I hopes you is well dis evenin'! How-dye, chilluns! I 'specs you is a great plague t' dis yere nice lady. Ah, I knows you bery well! Dey's bery bad chilluns sometimes, Miss," with a sly wink at me. "An' I'm sure dey'd be a heap better if dey only knowed wat dere ole mammy bring 'em!" And she lifted her snowy apron from the covered tray she carried.

Away they all went again, overturning chairs and footstools, and scattering books, papers, and pens like summer chaff, each one trying to capture Aunt Aggy's prize, which she held high above her head. "No, chilluns," she said, with a very authoritative air; "dat's no way t' git de t'ings I fetches, an' yo knows it! Jess sit down whar

you b'long an' 'have yersel's!" And not till they were seated and quiet, would she exhibit her gift.

"I fetch dis yere fo' you, Miss," she said, courtesying very low to me as she presented her tray of home-made candies. "De chilluns likes better de candy wi' butt'nuts in it, dat dere ole mammy makes, dan all de painted an' striped sugar stuff der ma buys fer 'em in Richmond. When dey's good you kin gib 'em some o' mammy's candy."

All ran to kiss her as she bowed herself out, and Dick raised a great laugh, as he hugged her tightly and kissed her all over her face, by whispering so loud that we could all hear, "Tell her to give us a great big piece now, mammy, to pay us for being so good since she come."

We went on in this shiftless and unsatisfactory way until Saturday, which was mail day. We had but one mail a week, when, before daylight on Saturday mornings, Allen started on horseback for Boydton, the shire town of the county, carrying the accumulated mail of the week, and receiving in return the bags of mail matter sent to the plantation. The postal facilities of the nation were in those days in the infancy of their development. Postal routes extended not very far outside of the cities, and rates of postage were exceedingly high. The smallest letter sent me from home cost me eighteen and three-quarters cents, for the receiver of a letter at that time paid the postage. Twenty-five cents was the price for a double letter, the postage increasing with the number of sheets and the distance, and I have paid seventy-five cents for a letter of several sheets. But letters were letters in those days,—carefully written, read and re-read, and then put away and preserved during a lifetime.

The arrival of the mail was an event in our plantation life. Everything was subordinated to it, and there was a

halt in the regular routine of the household until after the mail had been examined, papers and magazines taken from their wrappers, and the letters read. As Allen came dashing up the winding avenue under the bare oaks, we could see him from the schoolroom windows, more than half a mile from the house. His horse was the fleetest on the place, and he carried two large bags that hung from each side of his saddle. Some half-dozen of the neighboring planters received their mail from our bags, and their servants, well-mounted, were waiting for their share.

Dick was the first to spy Allen on his return route. He bounded to the door, shouting as he went, "Allen's comin', girls, with two big bags chock full!" and he ran down the avenue like a deer. There was a dash, and a furious scamper of his sisters after him, by whom he was overtaken, and they entered the house some ten minutes in advance of the mail-carrier.

I saw no more of them until I met them at the dinner table, elate with their portion of the mail, which they triumphantly exhibited. No apology was offered for their abrupt departure, and no explanation vouchsafed by their parents, and I understood perfectly that they not only felt at liberty to ignore school duties whenever it pleased them, but that they would probably do so.

I heard them anticipating the pleasure of a week's visit to this and that plantation during the winter, and saw that neither their plans, nor those of Mr. and Mrs. Henderson were arranged with any reference to their education. That must be carried on hap-hazard, as their mother had conducted it, at such odd times and moments as were left when there was nothing elso to do. Before we rose from the dinner table my decision was reached. I would not be a party to such a system, or lack of system, as prevailed in this

house. The mental distress under which I had labored all the week vanished immediately, and in its stead there sprang up in my heart a strong feeling of indignation. I would not have my rights as a teacher ignored any longer. There must be a change, or some one beside myself would be the teacher.

CHAPTER XII.

NEGRO MATT, THE COOPER—SAVAGE BRYSON, THE NEGRO OVERSEER—AN AGONIZING BUT UNAVAILING PLEA FOR MERCY—A SLAVE-WHIPPING AND A TRAGEDY.

A Quiet Talk with Mr. and Mrs. Henderson—My Grievances—"Your Plans are those of a Yankee"—Christmas Guests and Revelry—Burlesque Performances at the "Quarters"—A Severe Winter's Work—Loud and Angry Voices—Savage Threats—I am Petrified with Terror—The Brutal Whipping of Matt, the Cooper—He Pleads for Mercy in Agonizing Appeals—Savage Bryson, the Overseer—"Oh, Massa! fo' de Lawd's Sake doan whip me!"—Tied by the Hands—Jerked up by a Rope Thrown across a Beam—A Never-to-be-forgotten Scene—The Swish of a Long Whip Flashed through the Air—Blow after Blow on Matt's Ensanguined Body—The Cruel Lash—Shrieks that Died into Moans—A Dreadful Spectacle—Matt's Limp and Lifeless Body—I am Dazed by the Awful Tragedy—Confined to my Room a Week—An Ever Present Vision—Why Matt was Whipped.

WHEN the children had retired to their rooms for the night, I laid my grievances before their parents, and told them of the programme of study I had hoped to carry out with my pupils. I made it clear to them that it was utterly impossible for me to do justice to their children in the present condition of things, and I assured them that both money and time were being wasted. Unless a change could be made, I might as well cancel my engagement with them immediately, and return home. I demanded absolute control of the children for six hours daily in the schoolroom, the hours to be fixed and unalterable; the entire expulsion of the servants during school hours; and immunity from all visitors, themselves included, except on my invitation. I also indicated to them that the children should have regular

hours of rising and retiring; regular habits of eating; and should not be allowed to cram their pockets with goodies, on which they nibbled all through the school hours. And I assured my interested auditors that mental quickening and desire for study would be the result of these reforms. With regard to visits of a week or fortnight to neighboring plantations, I expressed the wish that my pupils should be left behind, or that I should be included in the visiting party, with school apparatus and power to continue instruction as at home. It was a very startling programme to them, and a long discussion followed.

Mr. Henderson, indolent and self-indulgent, was sure my programme, if put into practice, would make his children very unhappy. "No Southerner likes work," he said; "he wants ease, jollity, leisure, and a good time. Can't you make education easy and pleasant for the children, so that they will hunger for it as they do now for visiting, hunting, and fishing?"

I was quite sure that I could, if permitted to carry out my plans. "They can be made both studious and ambitious," I argued, "if only I can have control of them."

"But," said Mr. Henderson, "I don't want them to become so studious and ambitious that they will lose interest in me, and in frolic and fun."

"I cannot and do not expect that."

"Your plans are those of a Yankee; they are hard and grim, and there is no place in your schedule for pleasure."

Mrs. Henderson agreed with me from first to last, as her husband said she would do.

"Oh," said he, "with a nonchalant wave of his hand, "you're very much alike. Helen is Scotch and you are Yankee, — both of you are hard task-masters and hard workers; the only difference is, that you, Helen, came

very near being born in Edinburgh, and you," turning to me, "were born in Boston."

After a talk that was prolonged beyond midnight, Mr. Henderson consented with a deep sigh, that I should have *carte blanche* to conduct the education of the children, for a time, as I thought best. "We will see how it works," he added, "only don't begin until after Christmas; and don't take all the life and fun out o' my puir bairnies."

The Christmas holidays came with guests that overran the house, and filled it to repletion with the wildest revelry. They were observed as holidays usually were at the South. The good cheer of the occasion descended almost to dissipation, and I, unaccustomed to the conviviality that prevailed, looked on with apprehension, when egg-nog, punch, and toddy were freely served to the children. The two pianos were in constant requisition, and all through the day the house rang with incessant merry-making, while during half the night the tinkling feet of the dancers kept time to the gay music of the violins, and the spacious house vibrated with rhythmic motion. There was rollicking fun everywhere — indoors and out. And when I stood on the veranda, and listened to the Christmas revelry that sounded from the negro quarters, where rations of whisky had been distributed with the new clothes for the year, and breakdowns were being danced in brogans to the music of discordant fiddles, it seemed almost a burlesque of the performances inside the mansion. The life of the holidays was, to me, so feverish and unnatural, that I rejoiced when the last carriage rolled down the avenue, bearing homeward the limp and exhausted guests, who had wasted in a fortnight the vital energy sufficient for a year.

When school re-opened, I announced to my young pupils the new programme on which their parents and I had

agreed, laid out the work to be done by each one of them, and the conditions under which the school was to be conducted. I expected some show of ill-humor, protests, and perhaps pouting and tears. But wild as were my little Virginians, they were yet very docile and sweet-tempered, and when they must, they yielded gracefully and at once. Their lawlessness was evidently only the result of a previous lack of training. Laura opened the door, and dismissed the servants, bidding them report to Aunt Aggy for employment, adding very positively the injunction, "Don't come here any more, for you are no longer needed!" and the stupid blacks went away wondering.

My troubles began to dwindle from that day. Left unmolested, I was able to slowly work out the problems which confronted me. By degrees the young Hendersons learned to subordinate pleasure to duty, and to conform to regular hours of daily work. I supervised their methods of study, read, wrote, walked, talked, sang, and played with them; I directed their moral and religious education as well as my own immaturity permitted; solved their perplexities, redressed their grievances, and so took in hand their habits of eating, sleeping, and exercise, that their parents complained that they had ceased to be of use to their own children. Under this régime of regularity, supplemented always by my guidance, they made slow but steady progress, and very soon Mr. and Mrs. Henderson began to boast of their acquirements. Laura again voiced the ambition that had taken possession of her, by inquiring, "Do you think we can now be spoken of as scholars?"

The winter was a hard one for me; I had never toiled so laboriously in my life. All my waking hours were given to these children in such assiduous and wasting effort, that night found me bankrupt in vital force, and thoroughly

exhausted. And I had thought the teaching of these half dozen children would be mere pastime! I had brought with me from home, books for study, and had marked out a very long course of reading, which I had expected to accomplish in my leisure time. But such plans were not compatible with the rest and out-door exercise I needed to recuperate from the waste of the day.

As spring approached with its enchanting weather, I took long morning walks alone, before the late breakfast, for which there was always ample time. These proved a most effectual tonic, and soon restored my normal tone, while the glorious mornings in the open air were an amazing spiritual uplift to me.

This was before Emerson had written his "Essay on Nature," in which he declares, "Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous!" But I was in sympathy with its unwritten sentiment every morning, as I walked "the sounding aisles of the dim woods," that rang with chorals such as were never heard in minster or cathedral. I felt the benediction of the returning sun as it flooded the waking earth with warmth and beauty. I heard the tinkling music of hidden streams that sang on their way to the river, in haste to join the sea. I inhaled the subtle fragrance of the forests, clad in tender green, and decorated with a profusion of many-colored flowering shrubs. Look where I would, blossoms of rare beauty and fragrance were welcoming the day.

One morning in early May, I had walked farther than usual, beyond High Rock, and was retracing my steps in haste, that I might not be late for breakfast. I had ascended half way the little hill that overlooked The Mills, the cooper's shop, and blacksmith's forge, when my ears were smitten by the sound of loud and angry voices, as of

men in furious altercation. Savage threats and brutal curses with fierce commands were shrieked into the ear of the morning with indescribable fury, and there was a sound as of preparations for some impending event. I heard the tread of hurrying feet, the guttural tones of subordinates directing one another, a rapid movement of carts and wagons, the pounding of hammers, the rasping of saws, and the expostulations in negro *patois*, of servants criticising each other's work. All the while the fiendish outpouring of blasphemous imprecations continued, and mingling with it I heard a most pitiful appeal for mercy, and an earnest declaration of innocence.

MATT'S PLEA FOR MERCY.
"Oh, Massa, doan have me whipped!"

"Oh, Massa! 'scuse me dis one time! Please Massa, jess dis one time! I sartin didn't go for t' do it! De wheel fell, an' I couldn't cotch it, an' den de tire fell agin you'! 'Scuse me jess dis yere one time, fo' de good Lawd's sake! Oh, I'se mighty sorry you dun got burnt, an' Ise nebber dun no'

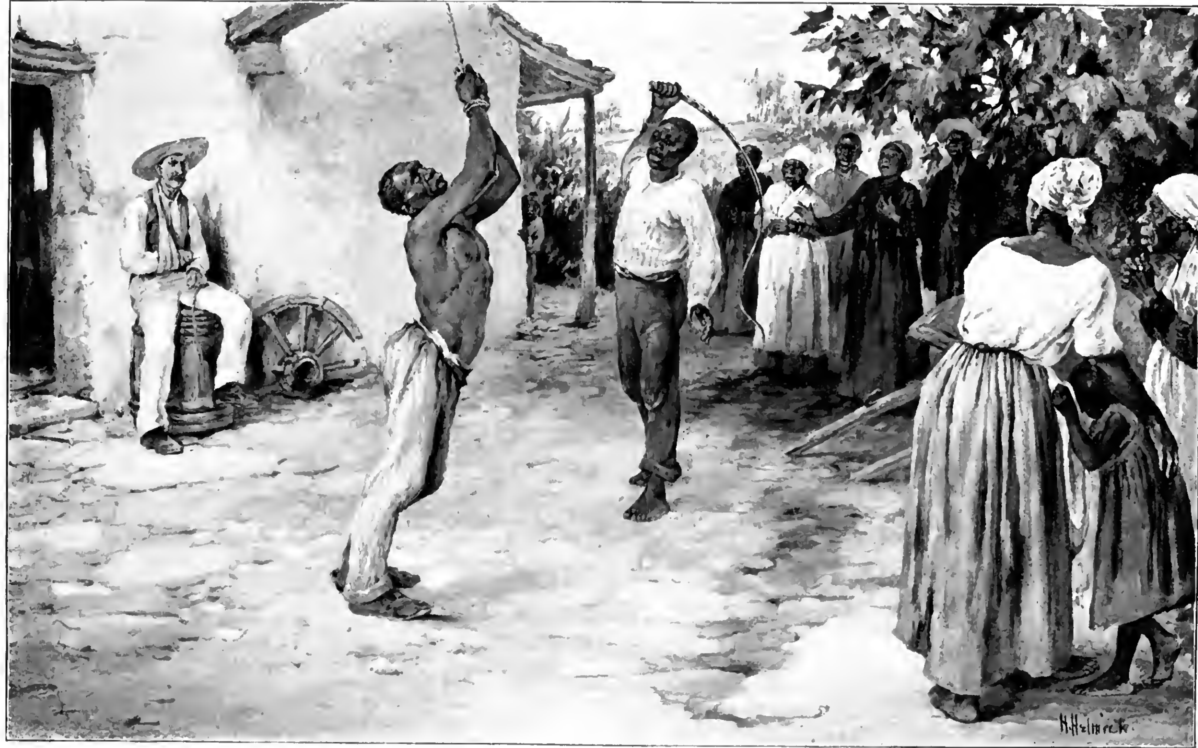
sich t'ing befo'. Oh, Massa, please! fo' de Lawd's sake, 'scuse me! 'scuse me an' doan whip me!"

This agonized appeal for mercy seemed only to call forth a more fiendish outburst of wrath, in which I recognized the voice of Bryson, Mr. Henderson's overseer, a most repulsive man, grim-visaged and evil-eyed, who managed the field hands on the plantation. I had once seen this man in an insane paroxysm of rage over some trivial affair. A premonition of fearful ill made me sick at heart; but I was powerless to flee, and petrified with terror, I stood rooted to the spot.

As I looked, two negroes, one of gigantic size, and both belonging to the plantation, dragged a light mulatto into the open space between the cooper's shop and the forge, where there was no obstruction to my vision, and began to strip him. His heart-breaking appeals for mercy and forgiveness rose on the morning air in an awful cry of anguish. It was Matt, the cooper, a most intelligent and manly fellow, a great favorite with the children and myself, and of whom Mr. Henderson often spoke as a "three-thousand dollar nigger."

"O Massa, doan have me whipped! 'Scuse me only dis yere one time! Fo' de Lawd's sake, doan whip me!" and the piteous cry rang out again, and again, on the morning air.

A rope was roughly tied around the man's wrists, and thrown over a beam projecting from the roof of the shop, by which he was drawn up with jerks, until his toes barely touched the ground. The swish of a long whip that flashed through the air fell upon my ears. The lash sank with a cutting sound into Matt's quivering flesh. An appalling shriek of torture rose above the steady outpour of frenzied curses and demoniac taunts. Blow after blow fell upon the



THE BRUTAL WHIPPING OF MATT.

The swish of a long whip flashed through the air. The lash sank with a cutting sound into Matt's quivering flesh. Shrieks of torture pierced the skies as blow after blow fell upon the body of the suffering man. I stood immovable, sick and faint, and heard and saw it all, paralyzed with horror and fear.

ensanguined body of the suffering man, while the overseer stood by urging on the terrible flagellation, in the most brutal and fiendish manner conceivable. Shriek after shriek pierced the very skies, laden with immitigable suffering, until they died into moans. At last the moans ceased; the head fell forward upon the breast, and the lacerated body hung limp and seemingly lifeless. I stood immovable, sick and faint, and heard and saw it all, paralyzed with horror and fear.

I weep now, after more than fifty years, as I write of the dreadful spectacle which met my eyes on that beautiful spring morning. I did not weep then, for I was dazed by the awful tragedy I had witnessed. I was young, had been reared in tenderness, if in asceticism, and knew nothing of deeds of cruelty. What had poor Matt done? Would he die? Would they harm me if I should go to his cabin and help his wife take care of him, and comfort him? Was there danger that this overseer, if he caught me rendering service to Matt would tie me to that beam, and whip me as he had whipped him? Oh, my gracious God! How could I live longer on this plantation!

How I managed to reach the house I cannot tell, for my feet were like lead, and an indefinable terror which nearly crazed me, took me through the woods by circuitous paths, that I might avoid meeting anyone. It was almost dinner time when I arrived; the children and servants had been sent in search of me, for my absence had caused alarm. But my appearance frightened the household yet more. I seemed to be seriously ill, as I was indeed. Mrs. Henderson and Aunt Aggy assisted me to my room and to my bed, the former completely puzzled over my "attack," as she called it, concerning which I ventured no explanation. I could not talk. I seemed to have lost the power of speech, and I re-

volted from the kindnesses and offers of service which were poured in upon me. I wanted to get away from this horrible place, where such deeds of cruelty were enacted, and where there seemed no safety for anyone. Poor Matt was not more bruised in body than I was in spirit. I had received a nervous shock from which I did not rally for days. The swish of the whip, the cries for mercy, the shrieks of anguish resounded through my brain, and drowned all other sounds; and the poor, bleeding body, hanging limp and exhausted, came between my vision and every other object on which I looked. How could I remain on this plantation!

BRYSON, THE GRIM-VISAGED PLANTATION OVERSEER.

It was the verdict of Mr. and Mrs. Henderson that I was a victim of the process of acclimation, and that my sudden illness was due to this cause — and I did not contradict them. They advised me to keep my room for a few days, and measuring out for me the inevitable doses of calomel and quinine, the panacea of the plantation for all forms of illness, they turned me over to Aunt Aggy's care and nursing.

For the first three or four days I was kept in bed by the kind-hearted and gentle nurse, and there I fought a mighty battle with myself. An almost uncontrollable passion to return home immediately had taken possession of me. A dozen times during the day I overcame the crazy impulse, and resolved to stay at my post of duty until the termination of my engagement. And a dozen times a day this resolution was stampeded by an indefinable fear and a sickening horror, that kept me at fever heat, restless and sleepless. On the fourth day I persisted in rising and dressing, when Aunt Aggy, with deft fingers and the taste of a French maid, arranged my hair. As she stood behind me, intent on her self-imposed task, I broke the silence abruptly, by inquiring, "Aunt Aggy, what had Matt done that he was whipped last Monday?"

"Who tol' you Matt was whipped, honey?" was her diplomatic reply. She had grown tender towards me since I had been placed in her care.

"I saw it myself. I was walking home from High Rock, and was on the hill overlooking The Mills, and saw it all. Oh, Aggy, I can never be happy here again! I must go home next week—as soon as I am able to travel." The consuming desire to get away from slavery and its barbarities came uppermost in a moment.

"Oh, no, honey! you mustn't be gwine away yit. Thar'd be jess as much whippin' heah arter you was gone; but thar'd be nobody t' teach de chilluns, an' dey's larnin' fas' now; an' dey's sech good chilluns! Oh no, honey, you mustn't go away from dese chillun 'cause Matt was whipped."

"Why was he whipped, Aunt Aggy? What had Matt done?"

"Well, you see Matt was a gwine t' put a tire on de

waggin wheel," she said, coming in front of me, "an' wen he got it hot one o' de hans le' go de wheel, an' it rolled away; an' Matt, he tried t' cotch it, an' dat make Matt le' go de hot tire, an' den dat fell agin Bryson's arm, an' burn 'im all de way down from de shoulder t' de wrist. Bryson's had de mos' oncommon mis'ry wi' dat arm sence, an' Missis, she's had t' dress it two times eb'ry day. But Matt didn't go t' do it, an' hadn't orter had thirty-nine lashes on his ba'r back fo' dat; he hain't gwine outen his house yit, an' Bryson's dun spiled 'im fo' dis yere season."

"Did Mr. Henderson order Matt whipped?"

"Lor' bress youah heart, no, honey! Mas'r James nebber orders no whippin's. When any o' de han's cuts up bad, an' doan 'have demsel's, an' querrels an' fights, an' gits ornary an' lazy, like de no 'count free niggahs, Mas'r James sells 'em down Souf. He won't have 'em on his place; but he nebber orders nobody whipped."

"But it is awful to sell them away from their kindred and friends, where they will never see them again."

"Den dey mus' 'have demsel's, dat's all!" said Aggy. "You doan know, honey, how powerful mean a niggah kin git, when he's a min' to."

"How did Bryson dare to whip Matt, if Mr. Henderson had not ordered it?"

"Oh, he knowed Missis 'd allers stan' by 'im, no matter wat he does, an' she kin talk Mas'r James down powerful. She b'lieves de han's orter be whipped, an' she whips 'em herself, sometimes."

"Oh, Aunt Aggy, is that true?"

"You doan know nuffin 'bout t'ings down heah, Miss," replied Aggy, with dignity. "You lives whar dey doan keep servan's an' whips 'em. Missis whipped Patsy mighty bad las' week. I doan 'low Patsy was right; she d'sarved t'

be punished; but Missis punish too much. You see Patsy helps Prudy in de wash-house, an' las' week Prudy's ole man got a mighty mis'ry in his face, an' 't swelled all up an' busted, an' Missis sent Prudy up t' take car' o' him, an' leave Patsy alone dar; an' Patsy's got no sense. She jess lights her pipe, an' sets down an' smokes an' smokes, an' let's de clo'es bile in de biler widout a drop o' water in 'em. Till bime-by Missis smells 'em in de house, an' comes out t' see, an' fines de clo'es all burnt in de biler, black an' spiled, an' Patsy a sittin' thar a smokin' an' a smokin', like a low-down no 'count niggah! I d'clar, 't was 'nuff t' rile Missis! An' she cotched up a stick o' hick'ry, an' she beat Patsy ober de head, till she couldn't leave de wash-house alone, an' her ole man have t' tote her t' de cabin. Now, honey, I shan't tell you no mo', for you is lookin' white agin as ef yo's gwine t' have anoder 'tack. I 'specs 'twas seein' Matt whipped dat gib you dat mis'ry t'oder day."

INDOLENT PATSY.
"A sittin' thar a smokin' an' a smokin'."

"Well, Aunt Aggy, one thing is settled. I cannot stay here in the midst of all these horrors. And I may as well tell Mr. and Mrs. Henderson that I am going to leave immediately."

"Honey," said Aunt Aggy very seriously, "I 'lows you knows best wat you orter do, fo' you kin read de Bible, an'

I can't. Doan it say somewhar t' do jess as you want t' be did by? An' doan it say somewhar else, when you puts youah han' t' de plough, nebber turn back agin? I jess doan know wat'll happen t' dese yere chillun, ef you turn back — an' deys sech powerful good chillun, honey, an' dey loves you so! You mus' 'member dar's a God in hebben, wat'll make all t'ings right. We can't, but he can, an' he will, honey!"

CHAPTER XIII.

A STORMY INTERVIEW — THE WHIPPING OF MATT DISCUSSED — MY VISIT TO MATT'S HOUSE — "RUN AWAY, MATT; I WILL HELP YOU!"

Convalescent — The Children Welcome me — What Happened during my Illness — A Dinner Party and a Ball at the Blackstock's — A Plain Question — We Discuss Matt's Whipping — Mrs. Henderson sides with Bryson — "Matt Needed to be taken down" — A Family Jar — My Visit to the "Negro Quarters" — Black Pickaninnies Herded Together in "Ole Betty's Yard" — Repulsive Quarters — Finding my Way to Matt's Cabin — His Home and Surroundings — My Interview with him — Results — I Urge him to run away — "Get out of this Hell as quick as you can!" — Matt's Sufferings — His Fate — Found Dead Two Years Later — Preparations for the Blackstock Visit — Great Anticipations — Cordial Hospitality.

WHEN Saturday came, Professor Von Luttner, the children's musical instructor, came with it. I went to the music-room to meet him, and found the children assembled, sitting quietly with a very serious look of anxiety on their young faces. My heart went out to them immediately with a great throb of affection, for they made a world of delight and tenderness in this desert of barbarities. The emotion and its utterance were simultaneous.

"Bless you, dear children!" I said; "I can't tell you how happy I am to be with you again; it makes me feel well to see your bright young faces."

Impulsive as their undisciplined teacher, away went their music books, everything was upset and everything forgotten, in their reckless plunge at me. I was almost suffocated in their encircling embraces. They climbed in my lap; they perched on my chair; they crouched on the

floor at my feet; they hemmed me in on every side, and reported all at once, in a breath, the happenings of the last week, which were sufficiently various and numerous to have filled a month.

Lily informed me of the "six bran-new, cunnin' little yellow kitties at the stable." Jamie told of some "new puppies, and the funny way they had of trying to bark." Jenny said that her father had received something curious from New York — "little splinters of wood, that you just scratched on the wall, and they blazed, an' the name of 'em on the box was 'Lucifer Matches'."

"That's a fact," said Dick; for I looked incredulous. Up to this time, the tinder-box, with its flint and steel, was the only means of producing fire.

"You can write all over the wall with 'em," said Dick, "in letters of fire; we'll try 'em after dark. An' what do you think Spitfire's caught? The biggest woodchuck you ever see in all your life! He's ever so fat. I skinned 'im an' nailed up his skin on the back of the schoolhouse. We couldn't eat 'im, he was so fat; so we gave 'im to Pete."

Laura had been watching for a chance to speak for some time. She pulled out a package of books, handsomely bound, and produced "The Neighbors," and "The H.—— Family," two novels by Fredrika Bremer, the Swedish author, whose works, translated by Mary Howitt, were just finding their way across the Atlantic.

"Now," said Mary, rising, "please all of you stop your noise and I'll tell you the best thing you ever heard of. We are all invited to the Blackstock's for the last week in June, and Ma's accepted for all of us. They're going to have a big dinner-party, and a ball in the evening, in honor of their cousin, Mr. Gordon, who's been elected to the United States

Senate. We girls are going to have new dresses from Richmond, and the boys are to have new suits; and an awful stylish dressmaker 's coming here with a seamstress, for a month." And she jumped on a chair, and waved her handkerchief, while the boys hurrahed and shouted, and Jenny hugged herself in a frenzy of delight. The house rang with the noise, Laura alone not joining in the gratulations.

"I hope Ma'll let me stay at home, for I can't go!" she almost groaned.

She had become painfully sensitive concerning her plainness, and would have hidden herself from the eyes of all but her own family, if she had been permitted.

The noise in the music-room caught the ear of Mr. Henderson, always on the *qui vive* for pleasurable occasions, and he walked in among us. He stood smiling at the noisy group of children, who had been so quiet for a week that they had become surcharged with animal spirits, that were now effervescing in song and laughter and aimless waltzing about the room. As soon as he perceived me he advanced with extended hands and welcoming eyes. "It is delightful to see you again among these children," he said, "for it indicates that you are improving. But you must not take them in hand just now, until they have let off steam sufficiently to be safe. They are in a very dangerous condition at present. By the time Von Luttner is done with them this evening, they will be glad to be quiet."

Professor Von Luttner had repaired the damage to his toilet made by his fifteen-miles ride on horseback, and stood ready to begin the lessons of the day. But seeing that his pupils were not yet ready for work, he seated himself at the piano, and played a brilliant waltz which set the children's feet in motion, and away they went, whirling dizzily up and down, until my head fairly spun. The waltz

gave way to a polka, when Mr. Henderson joined them; then came a crazy galop, and the dancing feet seemed winged, so airily did they skim the floor. Faster,—faster,—faster yet,—and down they dropped into chairs, panting, laughing, their faces aglow with heat. Their exuberance was relieved, and after cooling off and resting, they were ready for lessons.

On Mr. Henderson's invitation I accompanied him to the family room, where Aunt Aggy was receiving orders for work from her mistress, which the capable head-servant was to see executed. As soon as she had departed, the conversation naturally turned upon my late "attack," as they phrased it, and I received from Mrs. Henderson hygienic advice which I did not think it worth while to discuss. I was to take no more walks before breakfast, according to her, and no tramps even with the children, after sundown; was not to sit up to read and write after the household had retired. I was to forego my frequent baths, my walks in the woods, my abstemiousness in diet, and so on. These were all unhealthy notions of mine according to southern ideas. I had been reared on similar prohibitions, and her advice fell upon me like rain on the roof.

Suddenly Mrs. Henderson wheeled around and inquired, "Where were you that you saw Bryson punish Matt? Did you know that he was to be punished?"

I colored to the roots of my hair, as if caught in a dishonorable act, but recovering quickly, I narrated the circumstances as briefly as possible, adding that "as I had been informed whipping was not allowed on the plantation, I did not dream that Matt was to be punished."

"Was it that which made you ill?" inquired Mr. Henderson, with entire freedom from the asperity of tone assumed by his wife.

I told my story frankly, but with a feeling that I could neither control nor conceal.

"It was an abominable thing from beginning to end," said Mr. Henderson; "and Bryson acted wholly without orders, whipping Matt on his own responsibility, without cause, and in a blind rage."

"Matt has needed to be taken down for a long time," said Mrs. Henderson, in a hard tone; "his airs have been insufferable. He thinks himself about as good as white folks, and disdains associating with the servants. None of them like him. When he comes here to the house to see about the work, he holds his hat in his hand like a gentleman, and never puts it under his arm respectfully, as the other niggers do. He deserves all that Bryson gave him. There would be no discipline at all on this place, if it were not for Bryson." Her tone, manner, and language were utterly unfeeling.

Mr. Henderson had not looked at his wife while she was speaking, but had kept his face toward the window, and his eyes fixed on vacancy. "Very well," he said, after a silence of some minutes; "Bryson has ruined the best servant I owned by his discipline, for Matt will never be good for anything again."

"That is nonsense;" was her sharp reply. "Bryson will find a way to make him work, I'll promise you that."

"Bryson will let Matt alone hereafter, or he'll leave the plantation. He's a stolid blockhead, and has no conception of a servant like Matt, who is worth a dozen of Bryson, if he were only white. He's a splendid workman, trustworthy, truthful, and always respectful; he's one of the few servants whom an ability to read does not injure. It was Bryson's own fault that he was burned; he got in the way of the hot tire in his blundering fashion, and because it rolled against

him, whipped Matt, who was not in the least to blame. It is hard to get at the truth on this plantation where everybody lies; but I've learned this fact from Bryson himself."

There was a long dead silence, during which I could hear my heart beat. Then Mr. Henderson burst out like a torrent, his large dark eyes ablaze, his face pallid with repressed wrath:

"Good God! Is not the lot of these poor devils hard enough, at the best, without our trying to make it harder? Denied everything that lifts men above brutes; compelled to toil for others without compensation, our tyrannical wills the measure of their enjoyment; doomed from before birth to ignorance and slavery,— is not that enough without our increasing the horror and torture of their abject lives? I hate the whole system! I curse the fate that made me heir to these hundreds of helpless blacks! I commiserate my innocent children who, in turn, are to be visited by a like calamity! To have been born a pauper would have been far less unfortunate!"

"You are talking like a fool, James Henderson!" said his wife very sharply. "Bryson is a very good man for the place he occupies. He has managed your servants and plantations admirably in the past, and he will do well in the future, if you let him alone. Slaves are property, like horses and sheep, and are to be managed in the same way. And all this fine-spun nonsense you've been talking you got from those copies of Garrison's 'Liberator' that came down here a few weeks ago." At Mr. Henderson's request, my father had mailed to his address some half-dozen copies of the Liberator, which Mr. Garrison had been publishing in Boston for eight or ten years previous, an anti-slavery paper regarded in the South as infamous, and forbidden to be sent through the mails.

Mr. Henderson made no farther reply, but taking his hat, he stalked out of the house, and, with long and energetic strides, walked rapidly in the direction of Bryson's house. At the same moment, Aunt Aggy came in for a conference with her mistress, when I took advantage of the diversion to escape to my room,— not sorry that I had been an ear-witness to this colloquy, for, from that moment, I felt safe with Mr. Henderson, and mentally took refuge in him. He never knew how closely I clung to him in my thought, in all the after-experiences of the household.

That evening, after lunch,— all the time after noon was "evening" on the plantation,— I accepted a clamorous invitation from the children to visit the black pickaninnies at the "negro quarters." There were between fifty and sixty of them, of all ages, from three weeks to eight or ten years. They were all herded together in "Ole Betty's yard," which enclosed her log cabin, and three or four huts of the rudest sort. Horace Greeley used to criticise the excessive care bestowed by American mothers on their children, in his time, always contending that they would thrive much better if treated "with judicious neglect." He would have been very strongly fortified in his opinion by a visit to Ole Betty's, for never were children, black or white, more neglected or illy cared for than were these little negro children, and never was there a lustier-looking brood.

The mothers of the black children on the plantation were excused from their work for two or three weeks after the birth of their babies, and allowed to remain in their cabins to recuperate, and to make, in their rude fashion, a very few garments for the new-comers. Then the babies were turned over to Ole Betty's nursery, which was as badly arranged, as dirty and comfortless, as ignorance and incompetence could make it. The porridge, which was the

chief food of these black children, was poured into a series of wooden troughs, raised on legs, out of which each child, old enough to do so, fed itself with a wooden spoon. It was not a pleasant spectacle.

We left the repulsive pickanniny quarters as soon as possible, the children to call on favorite servants, and I, for an altogether different purpose. On finding myself alone, I made my way to Matt's house, which was located on the farthest verge of the quarters. His poor cabin was a little less unattractive than those of the other servants. His room was floored with planks of his own hewing, his door swung on leather hinges, and he had put into the side of the house a window containing four small panes of glass. The house was furnished with a rude bedstead, table, chairs, benches, and a few shelves, all of his own manufacture, on which I found a few dishes of earthenware and tin, and a fragment of the old novel, "Paul and Virginia," then much in vogue. The open fireplace was graced by a hominy pot, and a kettle for boiling purposes. Outside,

ON MY WAY TO MATT'S CABIN.

there was a garden-patch in which melons, sweet corn, and sweet potatoes were growing, and cherokee roses and yellow jasmine were cultivated in great masses near the cabin door. I found Matt sitting on the edge of the poor bed, gloomy and feverish, the pallor of suffering and of mental distress giving to his yellow complexion a ghastly tint. A pail of water in which a gourd was floating stood beside his bed, and on the table lay a pone of corn-bread.

In answer to my inquiry, he said, "I am sick all over." But further than this he could not be prevailed upon to talk. I had come expressly to say that which burned on my tongue for utterance,— which I had lain awake nights formulating,— which was for Matt's ear alone,— and which must be spoken before I could return to the house. So, peering around the cabin in all directions, to satisfy myself that I was unobserved, I sat down beside the suffering man, and narrated to him my experience on the day when he fell a victim to Bryson's insane wrath, expressing my horror at the atrocity committed, assuring him of my sympathy, and quoting to him his master's condemnation of Bryson's cruelty. He listened with wide-open eyes, which looked searchingly into mine with almost fierce intensity.

"Matt," I continued, now whispering in his ear, "why do you stay here? You are a good cooper, and handy at many kinds of work; your master says that you are the best workman on the place. Why don't you run away and go North, as many other slaves do? There you would own yourself and your earnings, and would be respected. Hundreds run away from these plantations every year, and make homes where there are no slaves. I will help you. I will give you letters to people who will receive you, and I will tell you how to find them. I will give you money. See here!" and I opened my purse, and took from it bills.

"Ten dollars! Fifteen dollars! Twenty! Fifty! You shall have whatever you need. Get out of this hell as quick as you can! Run away, Matt! I will help you!"

His eyes burned into mine, the color came to his cheek, his chest heaved, his heart beat wildly, his apathetic despair was gone,— but only for a moment. Slowly his eyes closed, and turning his head wearily, he said, "Eb'rybody dat runs away from dis yere place allers gits cotched an' brung back; an' den Mas'r James sells 'em down Souf, an' *dat's* hell."

I dared not prolong my visit farther, and, as stealthily as if I were on an unholy errand, I departed; not, however, until I had reassured the despairing fellow that I was his friend and stood ready to help him at any time, and in any way that I could. Years after, I was scared at the risk I ran in making this visit; but at the time I was at the happy age when one knows nothing and fears nothing, and I suffered no anxiety lest evil consequences should result from my interview with the poor fellow.

I saw Matt many times after. When he was able to resume his place in the cooper's shop, he was again, as of yore, the reliable workman, the trustworthy servant; but the life had gone out of him. He never rallied from the physical and mental injury he had received,— his wounds had gone too deep. There was never again on his face the grave look of pleasure that used to greet us when we entered his shop,— never a hint of gratification if his work were praised,— never a word of inquiry nor offer of help. He became moody, smileless, taciturn, unapproachable. In the two years that followed, he aged twenty. The fine proportions of his figure shrank, his eyesight failed and grew dim, and he walked with bent form and uncertain step. He avoided everybody, and was avoided in return.

URGING MATT TO FLY TO FREEDOM.—"RUN AWAY, MATT, I WILL HELP YOU."

"See here!" and I opened my purse, and took from it bills. "Ten dollars! Fifteen dollars! Twenty! Fifty! You shall have whatever you need. Get out of this hell as quick as you can!"

His wife complained to her master of his moroseness and indifference, and begged permission to take a new husband. This she did without waiting for Mr. Henderson's consent, deserting Matt, and going to live with another servant. His children ceased to call him "father," and hailed him as "Ole Matt." He always shook his head at my offers of help, and, at last, avoided me as he did everyone else. Just

DEATH OF MATT.
Death had healed all his wounds, and poor Matt was enfolded in her comforting embrace.

before my return to the North, he was found dead one morning on the floor of the cooper's shop, where it was evident that he had lain for some time. Death had finally healed all his wounds, and poor Matt was enfolded in her comforting embrace.

The month of June came on apace, arrayed in a glory that I had never seen it wear at the North, and the time drew near for our visit to the Blackstock plantation. The prospective dinner party concerned the elders of the family, but the ball of the evening occupied all the waking hours of

the young people; they could think and talk of nothing else. Pleasures of this kind were so rare that it was not strange they set a high value on this coming event. Dresses of the latest fashion were ordered from Richmond with all the accessories of boots, gloves, fans, handkerchiefs, and so forth. After all the required measurements had been sent, and special orders been given as to color, fabrics, and styles, Mr. Henderson went himself to the metropolis to superintend the various purchases. His visit was mainly one of business with his commission agents; but his taste and judgment in all matters relating to dress were so faultless, that Mrs. Henderson had insisted upon his inspecting every article before allowing it to be sent home.

The Blackstocks were the oldest and the most aristocratic family in the county, if not in southern Virginia. Their plantations were among the richest and most extensive in the state, their servants very numerous and well-trained, and the descendants of those who had served the family two hundred years before. Their silver, glass, and china were of rare and antique patterns, and they were opulent in household heirlooms. To be invited to the Blackstocks, gave one the "open sesame" to the "first families in Virginia."

They had recently built a new house, which had furnished the county with gossip for a year. Its splendors were the theme of all tongues. It was spacious and lofty, with drawing, reception, music, and dining-rooms, and a library, on the first floor. A broad hall ran through the house, and reached to the roof in the center, where it was lighted by a glass dome that illuminated and ventilated the whole interior. A broad stairway led to a corridor that ran the whole length of the house on each side of the hall, by which the sleeping apartments were entered. The lower

floor of the old house was converted into a dancing-room, with a spring floor, and was connected with the new house by a covered walk, lighted and decorated, while dressing-rooms were arranged above the dance hall.

On Mr. Henderson's return from Richmond with baskets, boxes, bundles, and trunks, the excitement of the family burst all bounds. It was even felt at the "quarters," and many of the field-hands came up to the cabins of the house-servants, at the close of the hard day's work, to get reports of the finery ordered for the visit to the Blackstocks. Laura alone showed no interest in the preparations. The summer seemed to have brought to her an unusual gravity of manner; and while not really ill, there was a downward tendency in her physical condition, for which we could not account.

The children tried on their new costumes, which proved both well-fitting and becoming. But when Laura was wanted, she was missing and found only after a prolonged search. Her ball dress of pink proved a great beautifier. We all admired it and praised it warmly. The children were in raptures over it, and Dick became grandiloquent, declaring that "Sist' Laura would make all the other girls look so homely that they'd wish they'd stayed at home." Laura smiled at her brother's encomiums, but shook her head gravely, and said, "Ah, Dick, it has not pleased God to make me beautiful as he has the rest of you."

The long-looked-for morning dawned at last, — perfect as a June day should be. Laura made a desperate attempt to excuse herself from the party, assuring her mother, in a passion of tears, that she "could never show her homely face among the handsome girls who would be present." Her father's aid was invoked, and, with his usual tact and tenderness, he persuaded her into the carriage beside him, where she wept quietly on his shoulder.

It was indeed a paradisiacal home into which we were ushered, after a trying drive of ten miles over cart-paths, "old fields," and newly cleared tobacco lands bristling with charred stumps. The last two miles' ride took us over a driveway most carefully kept. Sometimes we wound among oak trees of a century's growth. Now, we caught enchanting vistas of the distant river, with low embosoming hills stretching far away. We passed summer houses, overrun with jasmine, and seats arranged under the trees as for a fête. And we all exclaimed in delight, when we drove along the banks of a small lake, on which a boat was floating, and caught a glimpse of a goddess of Silence, standing on the bank, with a finger pressed to her marble lips.

We ascended a gentle slope which brought us to the Blackstock mansion, or rather, series of mansions. For the Blackstocks loved the old place dearly, and only removed when they must. And in the course of years, home after home had been erected in this beautiful location, so that we seemed to have entered a village, sequestered amid these gigantic oaks.

The whole household came forth to meet us, with welcome on their lips and in their eyes, and in the hearty clasp of their hands. There could be no doubt about their pleasure at receiving us. How soothing the soft, subdued light of those lofty rooms, and how refreshing their coolness after our long drive in the glare and heat of the sun! Everything within and without bespoke culture and refinement. Books, pictures, and curios were disposed in convenient nooks and corners, and vied with the various devices of comfort and luxury in adding to our enjoyment. Handsome chambers were assigned us in the different houses, for the Blackstock mansions were both spacious and convenient. Efficient servants had been charged with anticipating our

wants, and we were left to rest and recuperate until lunch was served.

As I closed the door of my room, and shut myself away from the children, all of whom, except the boys, were bestowed in the same house with me, I congratulated myself that I had been included in this visit, and had been welcomed with such cordial hospitality. "What a rare and delightful week of pleasure I shall be able to report to my friends!" I said to myself. "Here I shall forget the horror of Bryson's cruelty that still clings to me; and in this earthly paradise Laura will cease to brood over her plainness of face, and will recover from the strange and morbid fancies with which she is haunted. How fortunately this visit has happened!"

CHAPTER XIV.

I AM THE INNOCENT CAUSE OF A FIGHT — RELIGIOUS SERVICES AMONG THE SLAVES IN "OLE VIRGINNY."

School at the Blackstocks — Furious Quarrel between Jamie and Bob — My Pugnacious Little Pupil — "Bob called you a Yankee!" — After the Battle — "Oh, Jim, how you Look!" — Sunday Services in a Church without a Floor, Windows, or Door — How the Minister "Deaconed off" the Hymn — Reciting Scripture with a "Hop, Skip, and Jump" — Grandiloquent Rant — How the Preacher's Words were Received — Hysterical Sobs and Wails — A Tempest of "Hosannas" and "Hallelujahs" — "How can you Folks up North go every Sunday to such a Row as that?" — A Slave Meeting in Full Blast — Old Uncle Aaron — An Appeal to the Devil — A Quaint Service — "Ike Martin, Quit Stealin'" — "Ben Solger, Stop youah Lyin'" — A "Broomstick Wedding" — Assembly of the Black People.

ON the first morning of our visit I was waiting in my room for my young pupils, when, suddenly, the sound of loud and angry voices came up from below, indicating that a quarrel was in progress. I heard the scuffling of feet, blows following blows, while screams and cries for help rose on the air, mingled with passionate entreaties from the servants. Pushing open the blinds I saw Jamie Henderson and Robert Blackstock engaged in a fierce fight, while Dick stood looking on complacently, with his cap on the back of his head, and both hands buried in his pockets. Robert was four or five years older than Jamie, and every way larger and heavier, but he was evidently getting the worst of it, for my pugnacious pupil was no mean antagonist. His combativeness would have equipped half-a-dozen boys very respectably with the instinct of self-defense.

I called Jamie several times to come to me; but I might as well have given orders to the north wind, so unheeded was my command. I hastened down the stairway, nearly upsetting young Blackstock's mother in my rush, who, with half-a-dozen ladies of the household, stood helplessly in the way, idly calling to the boys to "quit fighting!" The gentlemen had gone off on horseback to inspect the plantation, and were, therefore, beyond reach of appeal. I stepped in between them, and, with difficulty, succeeded in separating the palpitating young combatants, who, blinded with rage, were inflicting upon each other all possible damage that teeth, nails, fists, and feet could accomplish. Robert was crying lustily over his hurts, but Jamie, hardened to iron in every fibre of his irate little body, followed up his opponent with clenched fists, threatening gestures, and resolute face. All the will and force of both his mother and myself were necessary to end the contest, and I fear we should have failed, but for Dick's intervention, which was very grudgingly interposed. His attitude of complacence, if not of complicity, greatly displeased me, knowing, as I did, that he had such influence with his younger brother that he might have prevented this fight if he had chosen.

SETTLING THEIR DIFFERENCES.

Robert Blackstock was taken in charge by his mother, but Jamie refused to accompany Mrs. Henderson, and, at

Dick's suggestion, he was left with me. The bruised and scarred little scamp utterly scorned all my resources of ointment, liniment, court-plaster, and bandage, stoutly declaring that "he wasn't hurt a bit." He sat erect in his chair, blinking out from one unblackened eye, his face abraded of skin in a dozen different places, his fingers bleeding from the crushing effects of the teeth of his antagonist, his jacket and trousers hopelessly demoralized, looking very much like a damaged "survival of the fittest." Dick finally coaxed him off to their room to repair damages. He returned clad in a fresh suit of clothes, a patch of brown paper smeared with lard covering the bruised and blackened eye, his face decorated with numerous plasters of the same original sort, and each finger of the right hand encased in separate clumsy bandages. His sisters received him with a chorus of disapproval, both as to his appearance and behavior.

AFTER THE FIGHT.
"Oh, Jim, how you look!"

"Oh, Jim, how you look!" cried Jenny. "You make me think of Pete's fighting cock, when he's got whipped, with his comb torn, and his tail feathers all out."

"What do you think of yourself?" asked Mary, "to go to fighting the first thing when you go a visiting?"

"I reckon we'll have to send you home," added Laura; "for I don't believe the Blackstocks will want such a quarrelsome boy on their place any longer."

"Now you jess shet up, every one o' you!" sternly commanded Dick. "You don't know nothin' at all about this affair. Bob Blackstock deserved this lickin', an' I'm glad Jim give it to 'im."

"Bob sassed me an' called names!" shouted the unsubdued and unterrified Jim. "I'll lick 'im again when I catch 'im!"

"If Bob Blackstock had sassed me as he did Jim, an' called such names," said Dick, taking the floor, and speaking oracularly, hands in his pockets as usual, "I'd a spiled his pretty face for a year. Jim didn't lick him half enough."

"Oh, Dick, I'm tired of this kind of talk! Must you punish everybody who happens to say what you don't like? Because a boy is vulgar and ungentlemanly, must you drop down to his level, and fight with him as if you were dogs? If a man should be saucy to your father, who is a gentleman, do you suppose he would beat and scratch him, and tear and bite him, as animals do when they are enraged with one another?"

"No," said Dick proudly, standing erect, and holding his head very high, "he'd draw his pistol and shoot him on the spot. Or, if the man was a gentleman, like himself, he'd send him a challenge, an' they'd fight a duel. *I* shall do that when I'm grown up."

This was new doctrine to me at that time, and I looked helplessly around the little group of children, all of whom hastened to endorse Dick's statement.

"He would," they said, nodding assent; "that's the way they do down here."

"Pa would never fight with his fists," said Laura; "no gentleman would. But you know it's different when they fight with pistols. That's gentlemanly."

I was dumb. How could I make it as clear to these children as it was to myself, that this code of morals was wrong, without, at the same time, arraigning their charming father, for whom they had unbounded love and admiration? After a moment or two of helpless silence, I returned again to the discussion.

"Dick, do you remember what you read about Jesus Christ in the Testament a week or two ago? How he was insulted by a cruel mob that finally put him to death?" He nodded assent; still standing and intensely interested.

"Do you remember how they smote him with the palms of their hands, or, as we should say, slapped him in the face, spat in his face, crowned him with thorns that pierced his temples, and insulted and ridiculed him?"

"I never heard such impudence in my life!" said Dick, much moved. They had all wept when reading the story. "Think of treating Jesus Christ in that way! Why didn't he strike 'em dead for their badness? I b'lieve he'd oughter done it. That's the most dreadful story I ever read."

"Do you remember how he received this insulting and wicked treatment, Dick? He did not curse those men of the mob, nor call names, nor strike back, nor fight; but, when dying, prayed for them, — 'Father forgive them, for they know not what they do!' — You think he did right, don't you, Dick?" All the children were listening for Dick's answer.

"Yes, right for him; but you don't expect we can do like Christ did, do you? 'Cause we can't, nohow."

"We can try to do as he did, can't we? And by constantly trying, we shall become more and more like him. He showed us how to live in this world, and we must try to live in the same way, or we cannot be Christians."

"Then," said Dick very positively, "there aint no Christians in the South, for they won't take impudence from nobody."

A dead silence ensued for some minutes, which was broken by Jenny. Leaning tenderly over Jamie, she asked, "What had Robert Blackstock done to you, Jim?"

"I told you once," was the boy's curt reply. "He called names an' talked sass."

"What names did he call you?" she persisted.

"He didn't call me no names."

"Who did he call names, then?" she asked wonderingly.

Bobbing his head toward me, the boy answered, laconically, "Her!"

"Now Sist' Jenny," said Dick, impatiently, "will you quit askin' questions? You won't find out nothin' ef you keep on askin'. But let me tell you, if Jim hadn't licked Bob Blackstock, I should, Christian or no Christian, although I hadn't oughter, 'cause Bob aint a feller o' my size."

I saw that there was something I was not permitted to know, and refrained from intruding upon the boys' secrets. Moreover, Jamie now demanded attention; for his pluck was giving way under the physical pain he was enduring. The fierceness of the doughty little fellow had wholly abated, and he confessed to a headache, and was burning with fever. I took him in my lap without the least opposition from him, and when his little sister Lily, always his faithful companion, brought water and a sponge, he permitted her to bathe his head, and comfort him in other ways. Laura finally succeeded in coaxing him to go to his mother, and tenderly conveyed him thither, reduced to such mildness that he endured our good-bye kisses without remonstrance.

I had been very much disturbed by the affair of the morning, and when, at lunch, I met Mr. Henderson, who invited me to walk with him on the veranda, I gladly accompanied him. As soon as we were alone, he burst into a fit of laughter.

"Our boys are getting on famously," said he; "think of Jim, the little rascal, whipping Bob Blackstock, half as big again as himself, and his host in the bargain, for speaking unhandsomely of a woman, of whom he and Dick are fond! Doesn't that beat the Dutch?"

"Speaking unhandsomely of a woman?" I queried. "Why Jamie said that Bob 'sassed' him, and called him names."

"Called *you* names!" corrected Mr. Henderson.

"Called *me* names? Really, Mr. Henderson, I do not understand you."

"Well, this was the way of it, as Dick tells the story. Jim and he were on their way to your room for the morning lessons, when Bob met them, asked where they were going, and was informed. He attends the academy at Warrenton, and laughed at the boys for having a woman teacher, and a Yankee woman at that. He cursed the Yankees, called them by vile epithets, and informed the boys that nobody that was decent ever spoke to a Yankee, man or woman. Whereat Jim let him have it, springing on Bob's back like a young tiger, and driving into his face with both fists, until Bob threw him, when they had it out on the ground, rolling, tumbling, and fighting like dogs. Dick stood looking on coolly, ready to help Jim if he needed it, both intent on pounding Bob for calling you a Yankee."

This, then, was the boys' secret, and they had delicately refrained from telling me that, according to their standard, I had been insulted, and by little Bob Blackstock. "And

those boys had that furious quarrel over so small an affair as that! Don't they know that Northern people call themselves Yankees, and that they do not regard it as a term of reproach, but are rather proud of it? I must explain it to them."

"No, no, no!" said Mr. Henderson. "I beg your pardon, but you must do nothing of the sort. Bryson, my overseer, and nearly every overseer and slave trader in the South, is regarded as a Yankee; and most of them are from the free states. They are more thoroughly despised than any other class in this section of the country, and even you will admit they are not noble types of manhood. To our boys it was a heinous offense in Bob Blackstock, their host, to call you, their teacher and friend, and a member of their family, a Yankee, with a profane prefix. Even Bob's father admits that his son deserved a thrashing for so forgetting his manners to his guests."

"Now that I understand the situation," I replied, "you must allow me to talk it over with the children."

"No, I can't trust you," said Mr. Henderson, laughing. "Your code of morals is so unlike that of the South that I am afraid you will only confuse the children. Leave it to me, my friend; that is best. I will settle it."

I never knew how he settled it, but we had no farther discussion of the matter, and saw no more of Bob Blackstock during our visit.

During the early morning hours the gentlemen mounted their horses and rode through the woods to the river, where the Blackstock mills were located. The heat forbade a repetition of this exercise later in the day, and cards and billiards were then resorted to, with smoking, feasting, drinking, and sleeping to beguile the time. Their conversation turned mostly on politics of an inflammable type, for the

anti-slavery reform, then a dozen years old, had thoroughly roused the whole South to angry protest and retaliation. Many among them foresaw and predicted the doom that later overtook their barbarous institution.

The male members of the Blackstock family seemed to me hopelessly mediocre. Mr. Henderson, as he moved among them, compared with his hosts as Hyperion to a Satyr. In the evening, when there was music and dancing, in which all joined, they were seen at still greater disadvantage; for the ladies of the household were gentle and refined in manner, and their speech and appearance were a continual rebuke to their coarser and grosser companions.

On Sunday, we were told that religious services would be held in the forenoon, at the little church some three miles distant. A large company from "The Oaks"—the name of the Blackstock plantation—decided to attend these services, and I, who had not entered a church since I left home, was exhilarated at the thought of participating in observances which had so long been denied me.

The early drive through the forest, which might have been primeval, so gigantic were the trees, was charming. The fragrance of unseen wild flowers, the tinkling of little rivulets not yet stayed by the heat, the singing of birds to their mates patiently sitting on their nests, the coolness of the shady road, toned my spirit into a semi-religious mood, and deepened the expectancy of enjoyment from the Sunday service. We came out of the woods on an "old field," where stood the church,—a rude, unpainted frame house, without a floor, windows, or door. This house of worship was never used except in warm weather, and very rarely then, and doors and windows were regarded as superfluities of architecture to a building occupied only once a year. Rough boards, battened together, were nailed over the aper-

tures where these should have been, after the Sunday services were over. The servants had trodden down the tall grass around and inside the church, and had brushed the seats clean of the accumulated dust and litter of a year. On a platform at one end of the room was a small table and chair for the use of the clergyman, who had arrived in advance of his congregation, and was waiting for them to be seated. We were escorted to vacant seats at the front, notwithstanding three times as many people had gathered around the church as could be accommodated within.

When the house was packed, the horses were removed from the clumsy carts and wagons of the poorer people, as well as from the antiquated and dilapidated carriages of the gentry, and these were drawn up to the above-mentioned apertures which served as doors and windows, and were utilized as seats. What a travesty this was! With what contempt I surveyed the paltry arrangements, contrasting them with the spacious auditorium of the church at home, — its carpeted floors, its upholstered pews, its glorious organ, its handsome pulpit, its well-dressed congregation, and eloquent preacher! A church indeed! This was not even a decent barn.

An optimist by birth and development, I unconsciously seek a better side, whenever an unpromising condition of things is forced upon my attention. I recalled the letter of William Wirt, written more than half a century before, and preserved in John Pierpont's "American First Class Book," which, for twenty-five years, had done duty as a reading book in the public schools of Boston. In this very state, not far from the spot where we were sitting, in just such an uncanny old building, William Wirt had happened upon a Sunday service, and had been thrilled by a rare and wonderful eloquence, such as he had never before heard. The

preacher was old and blind; but, according to Wirt, "The lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees, than were those of that aged saint." Perhaps our preacher might prove equally inspired. I would, at least, be patient and receptive.

The service began. Our minister rose, not blind, but wearing green goggles; not old, nor spare, but of middle age, burly and corpulent. He announced the hymn, and then deaconed it off, two lines at a time, for the benefit of those who were to sing it, for there was neither Bible nor hymn-book in the house. He led the singing and had a good voice. It was a fugue tune that was sung, with great waste of energy, in which all the parts chased each other furiously through six long verses. I was glad when the pursuit was given up as hopeless, and the congregation sat down. A Bible recitation followed, which was a veritable pot-pourri, the minister going on a "hop, skip, and jump" from Genesis to Revelation in his selections, and interlarding the whole with a vast deal of Scripture of his own manufacture. He recited with a strong, nasal twang, and a monotonous sing-song, ending every sentence with a falling inflection of voice and a deep respiration, which became an audible sigh, with the force of the syllable, "Ah!" "For I was a stranger and ye took me not in — *ah!* Naked and ye clothed me not — *ah!* Sick and in prison, and ye visited me not — *ah!*" and so on.

Then came the sermon. My vague dream of untutored eloquence was over, and I now braced myself for an hour of grandiloquent rant. The clergyman informed us that he should preach a missionary sermon, and that his text was, "Go preach the Gospel to the nations!" He assured us that the words were "somewhar' between the two *leds* of the Bible, but it was our business to search the scripters and

find it ourselves." "Before I begin my sermon I must take off my stock," he said to himself, *sotto voce*, "for it nearly chokes me." I should have been entirely reconciled if it had quite choked him, then and there.

Relieved of his cumbersome neck gear, which forced his head backwards at an obtuse angle to his body, he proceeded to disrobe himself of his coat, informing himself in a low aside, that "it was a very hot morning." Then he started again, in an inimitable high-pitched sing-song, which rose higher and higher, as he went on, until it seemed like the prolonged wail of a banshee. He grew more dramatic and impassioned every moment, catching his breath convulsively at the end of a sentence, until his huge person shook with the physical effort, the perspiration streamed down his face like rain, and he quivered in every fibre. At times he became hysterical, and sobbed aloud, and wrung his hands, and strode up and down the platform appealing to heaven, while the whole house resounded with the sobs, groans, and cries of the sympathetic people.

A BACKWOODS PREACHER.
"Before I begin my sermon I must take off my stock."

Stopping at last for breath, he clapped his hands, dropped into another key, and shouted in stentorian tones, "Hail, the missionary band! they're marching round the world!" This excited his audience immensely, and brought out an

explosion of "amens" and "hallelujahs," in tones that matched his own. Now he removed his vest, and unbuttoning the collar of his shirt, he poured some water from a brown pitcher into his hand, and sopped his head, face, and throat again and again, and proceeded to dry them on a red bandanna handkerchief which he whipped from his pocket. Refreshed, and relieved of all superfluous impedimenta of clothing, he plunged anew into his sermon, on a key more unendurable than before, screaming so loud that Dick declared "we couldn't hear 'im." It was soon necessary for him to halt again to get breath, when he repeated his former salutation: "Hail, the missionary band! they're marching round the world!" This produced the same effect as before, and awoke a new tempest of "amens," "hosannas," and "hallelujahs." He used this pet greeting thirty-one times during the sermon, which proved as effective at the close as at the beginning of his discourse.

"My gracious!" was Dick's first comment when we were once more in the open air, and driving away from the dreadful ear-splitting racket of the morning. "You're funny folks up North if you can go every Sunday to such a row as that. I can't stand it nohow. I'm mighty glad we don't have many churches down here; I never want to go again. It's worse than studyin' Latin grammar."

"That minister doesn't know anything," said Mary.

"That was the reason he shouted so like a bedlamite, and danced like a dervish. He tried to make up for his poverty of ideas by noise and gymnastics," was Mr. Henderson's comment upon the preaching to which we had listened.

"What is the 'missionary band' that he hailed so many times?" asked Laura.

"Hail the missionary band! they're marchin' round the

world!" shouted the children in the carriage, imitating exactly the voice and gesture of the orator. It was caught up and repeated like a slogan by the youngsters in the rear carriages, until the woods rang with the noisy refrain. They attempted to sing the fugue tunes also, but gave up after two or three unsuccessful trials.

There was but one topic of conversation at the lunch table — the service of the morning. To most of our hosts, as well as to the members of the Henderson family, the performance was as novel an exhibition as to myself. They forbore to endorse these meetings by their presence.

"I honor religion by staying away from such disgusting religious quackery," was Mr. Henderson's comment.

Young Mr. Blackstock informed us of a meeting among his servants that afternoon, about two miles distant, and offered to drive those over who wished to attend. As there was to be a broomstick wedding of two of the field hands after the meeting, three or four of the party, myself included, accepted the invitation.

A terrible insurrection of the slaves in that neighborhood, less than ten years before, in 1831, was headed by one Nat Turner, a powerful negro exhorter, and the massacre was inspired, stimulated, and led by negro preachers. The dreadful details of this affair were fresh in the memories of the white people, who regarded negro preachers with great disfavor, and they were forbidden to preach anywhere except on the plantations where they belonged. "Uncle Aaron," one of Mr. Blackstock's best servants, was to be the preacher of the afternoon. We found nearly two hundred servants assembled, and the meeting in full blast when we arrived. They were singing mightily, in their usual pathetic style, one man leading off in the melodious recitative, and all joining in the chorus with harmonious voices.

"Oh, brethren pray, for cloudy is my way;
Go send dem angels down!
Dere's a fire in de East, an' a fire in de West;
Go send dem angels down!
Ole Satan's mad, an' I am glad;
Go send dem angels down!
He'll miss one soul he t'ought he had;
Go send dem angels down!
I tell yo' now, as I tole yo' befo';
Go send dem angels down!
T' de promis' lan' I'm boun' t' go;
Go send dem angels down!"

UNCLE AARON, THE PREACHER.

and much more of the same sort. Then followed a prayer by Uncle Aaron, who addressed supplications to the Lord, to the angels, to the Great Dragon, to Moses and the Lamb, and finally, to the devil.

"Oh, Mas'r Debble, doan temp' me so mighty bad! I ax you t' stan' off my track, fo' I aint gwine t' git into youah sarvice. I b'longs t' de Lawd, Mas'r Debble, an' so doan bodder me no mo', but git behind my back. An', Mas'r Debble, dar's some heah dat b'longs t' you,—dat steals, an' fights, an' cusses, an' swars. Take 'em along t' de bottomless pit, an' hol' 'em in de brimstone

smoke, but doan drop 'em ir, good Mas'r Debble, fo' p'raps dey'll repent an' do better."

The sermon was an improvement on that of the morning. It was plain and practical, dealing with the shortcomings of his audience in a very matter-of-fact way. "Ef you aint ready t' go t' de Debble jess yit, Ike Martin, quit youah stealin', an' ef you doan, de ole Dragon 'll cotch you in de woods some dark night! Ben Solger, stop youah lyin'!" The surprising thing to me was the solemnity with which the

UNCLE AARON'S ADVICE FROM THE PULPIT.
"Ike Martin, quit youah stealin'."

sermon was delivered and accepted. But Uncle Aaron was believed to be a man of many gifts, — a conjuror who could raise evil spirits, — and a God-man who wore a charm, and could become invisible at any moment, if anyone attempted to harm him.

The broomstick wedding was to take place at Uncle Aaron's house, and under his auspices, and thither we all adjourned.

The bride and groom were in readiness when we arrived

at the cabin, both tricked out in the cast-off clothes of their master and mistress, donated for this occasion. Pompey, the groom, wore a pair of embroidered slippers, much too large for him, and Susan, the bride, stout brogans, too small for her. A half-worn maroon-colored merino gown, too small in the waist, with sleeves slashed at the elbow, because they were too tight, and a skirt three inches too long, completed Susan's bridal attire. Pompey wore checked trousers, a white vest, and a brown linen duster, that would have encased two men of his size. But if he had been an Adonis and a Beau Brummel combined, he could not have been happier nor prouder.

"Now stan' up Pompey an' Susan," commanded Uncle Aaron, "an' take hol' o' han's. You git de broom, Lucy an' Sam, and hol' it in de middle o' de room. Hol' it jess down b'low youah knees,—thar!—so! Now, stiddy! You mus' be very solem', Pompey an' Susan, fo' dis yere is as solem' as a buryin'. Yo's gwine t' jump in t' de married state, an' may God hab mercy on youah souls! Look squar' at de broomstick! I'll count three, an' den you jump. All ready now! One—two—three—jump! Now you is husban' an' wife, an' orter live happy all de rest o' youah days! Lucy an' me wants you t'eat youah first supper heah; an' she'll gib you ash-cake, stewed rabbit, an' lots o' apple toddy."

"De fiel' han's am willin' t' jump de broomstick, but when de house sarvans gwine t' marry, dey wants a white preacher;" said Uncle Aaron; "but de broomstick's jess as bindin' as de preacher." He was right. No marriage was binding among the slaves, if the master or mistress chose to break it. We remained a short time after the ceremony. Pompey was a favorite of Uncle Aaron, and he had arranged for music and dancing, notwithstanding it was Sunday night. His protégé was to have a good send-off. The company

filed in, filling the cabin to the utmost of its small capacity, followed by the black musicians with their banjos and fiddles, and the singing began:

"Now all dis week will be as gay
As am de Chris'mas time;
We'll dance all night, an' all de day,
An' make de banjo chime;
Wi' 'nuff t' eat, an' 'nuff t' drink,
An' not a bit t' pay!"

CHORUS — So shet youah mouf as close as def,
An' all you niggahs hol' youah bref,
An' hear de banjo chime!"

THE BROOMSTICK WEDDING.
"Look squar' at de broomstick! All ready now! one-two-three-jump!"

Another song with a rousing chorus followed, and the air trembled with melody. Half the black people on the plantation had gathered outside to do honor to Pompey's

wedding. I could not enjoy their gaiety and merriment; their very happiness made me sad, — happiness which had so little foundation, and was so short-lived.

GIVING THE BRIDAL COUPLE A GOOD SEND-OFF.
The company filed in, followed by the black musicians with their banjos and fiddles.

Uncle Aaron was loth to say "good-bye" to us, for our presence gave great social prestige to the occasion. I urged our departure on several fictitious grounds, for never was I more homesick than at a slave merry-making. What a strange day it had been! Was I only seven or eight hundred miles from my New England home, or had I been transported to another planet?

CHAPTER XV.

PLANTERS AND SLAVE-HOLDERS OF ANTE-BELLUM DAYS — AT THE GREAT DANCE AND BALL — INSULTS AND THREATS — I LEAVE THE DINING-ROOM IN ANGER.

Elaborate Preparations for the Great Ball — Plantation Housekeepers — Flags, Bunting, and Portraits on Every Side — Laura's Aversion to the Approaching Festivities — A Mother's Criticism — I Defend Laura — Laura Overhears it — An Awful Silence — Tears and Forebodings — Arrival of the Guests — A Crowd of Planters — "The Idol of his Party" — Received with Great Enthusiasm — The Ladies of the Party — Gentle, Refined, but Half-Starved Socially — A Vision of Loveliness — An Animated Scene — Convivial and Noisy Gentlemen — Flushed and Heated Guests — The Storm Bursts — A Tempest of Wrath — A Proposal to Shoot John Quincy Adams — A Threat to "Shovel Boston into the Atlantic," and "Hang Massachusetts Women to the Lamp-post" — I am Amused, then Amazed — I Leave the Table in Anger — The Dinner Party Breaks up.

THE stir and bustle of the final preparations for the great dinner and ball of the week met us like a breeze from the northwest, when we descended the next morning to breakfast. It braced us to activity, and involuntarily we offered our services to our hosts, which were promptly accepted. While all preliminary arrangements were completed, there yet remained a vast deal to be done in the way of decorating the spacious and rarely used state dining-room, which, in its dingy bareness, looked desolate and inhospitable. The ball-room was also to be put in festal array, which was the easier task, as its style of decoration had already been discussed and decided. The cooks of the Blackstock kitchens were quite equal to the occasion. They were the descendants of famous cooks, and had been

trained to their work by mistresses who were skilled in all matters pertaining to the cuisine. But the professional decorator had not made his appearance at the South at that time, nor, indeed, was he known at the North.

In the ante-bellum life of the South, the plantation housekeeper needed a practical knowledge of many trades, such as are rarely practiced in the households of to-day, even when remote from the great centers of civilization. Science has come to the relief of housekeepers, with a division of labor, and with many happy labor-saving inventions. But in the old days, the average plantation household was, necessarily, a self-contained establishment. It killed its own beef, and cured its own bacon, carefully eschewing pork and ham. It made its own butter and cheese; made and laid its own rugs, for carpets it abhorred; did its own baking, brewing, and preserving; maintained at all times its home-made remedies for every species of physical ailment, and its store of home-made delicacies for all kinds of emergencies; dipped and ran it own candles; spun its own yarn, and wove a large part of its own cloth; cut and made the garments of its servants; instructed them after the Southern fashion, and doctored them as skillfully as the average physician of the day could have done.

There was every grade and variety of plantation housekeeping fifty years ago, and it not unfrequently happened that it touched the lowest point where there was the most wealth. For then the planter's family would migrate to Newport, Washington, New Orleans, or Europe, as desire dictated or the season suggested, and the plantation housekeeping was left to the servants. The *ménage* of the Blackstocks was the best I ever saw at the South, and was ideal, according to old-time standards. The house servants were of a higher order, received better treatment, and it had been

possible to train them to unusual efficiency. But even here there was a conspicuous lack of the elaborate thoroughness and completeness, characteristic of the best domestic economy of New England.

Immediately after breakfast we accompanied our hostesses to the "big dining-parlor," as it was called, which, by vigorous use of soap, water, and the scrubbing-brush, had been made thoroughly clean. A score or more of servants were in attendance, and ready for work, with step-ladders, hammers, nails, tacks, saws, polishing brushes, and other like implements. After much discussion it was decided to decorate the room with flags, bunting, and portraits of eminent Southern men, among whom were Washington, Patrick Henry, Randolph of Roanoke, Jefferson, Clay, Calhoun, and others less known to the world. And here let me record, *en passant*, that, with the exception of Webster and John Quincy Adams, I never heard any of the public men of the North alluded to while I lived in the South. The former was generally eulogized, the latter profanely anathematized.

On the morning of the dinner, the final polish was to be given to the floor, and the last touches added to the decorations. Then the golden garniture of the flowering jasmine would be transferred from cabins and fences, arbors and trellises, to glorify the sombre walls of the heavy room. The roses that rioted in the garden would be clustered in jars and vases, to exhale their last breath on mantels and side-boards. Palms and cacti in pots, oleanders and hydrangeas in painted tubs, young orange and lemon trees in blossom and fruit-bearing, were to beautify fireplaces and dark corners, and were receiving festal touches for the occasion. Gay streamers radiated from the chandeliers, brilliant with hundreds of colored candles, to every part of

the lofty ceiling. The windows were draped with lace, which was to be looped back with sprays of jasmine and clusters of yellow tea roses, and baskets of fragrant flowers were to depend from the cornice, that the breeze might catch their perfume, as it stole through the open windows.

While we planned and tried effects, and compared colors, the servants were polishing the family silver, antique and curious in pattern and design, and which brightened the room with its dazzling splendor, as it was heaped upon the tables. Appetizing whiffs of dainty cookery were borne to us from the kitchens, and we caught sounds of beating, grinding, and rolling, which suggested the transformation of eggs, sugar, spices, and flour, into pastry, cake, and confections. The dinner itself was to be a miracle of culinary art, according to Southern standards; and when Mrs. Henderson whispered to me that the pending festivities would probably surpass anything of the kind that had before been attempted in the South, I congratulated myself that I was there to see. The next day our forces were concentrated on the ball-room, hosts and guests equally interested in the adornments. It seemed to me an excellent arrangement that the prevailing color of the room was to be pink, so universally were the ladies brunette in complexion, and the gentlemen of a dark and swarthy type. But I was careful not to utter my thoughts aloud.

The room was already hung with pink tarlatan, tacked in plaits from the cornice to the dado, festoons of the same giving a finish to the upper part of the walls, where they were caught up with cord and tassels of pink. The windows were draped with white lace, with lambrequins and loopings of pink. The white balustrade, inclosing the raised platform occupied by the musicians, was interwoven with pink ribbons, giving to the inclosure a pretty effect of pink

and white basket-work. There was little to be done except to plan for the floral decorations, as the floor was to be polished, and cleared of seats, tables, or pots of plants, for the convenience of the dancers. The dressing-rooms, and little parlors leading from the ball-room, were simply but conveniently arranged, and the broad piazzas encircling the house were set with chairs, stools, settees, and other movable seats. The supper was to be served in the big dining-parlor.

Mary and Jenny had shown much interest in the occupations of these two days, and had made a pretence of helping, which was unusual. Mrs. Henderson had greatly forwarded the work, and had, indeed, been its chief director and inspiration. The Blackstock ladies had promptly recognized her artistic taste, and had invoked her aid; and when she proposed to take charge of the floral decorations of both rooms, asking only the coöperation of her daughters and myself, and the help of such servants as she designated, her offer was accepted with evident delight.

Laura alone had remained listless and indifferent to all that was going on. Unlike the other children, who were almost obstreperous in their gaiety, she manifested no interest, and would have remained in her own room, had I not insisted that she should join the busy workers in the dining and ball rooms. She showed a marked aversion to the scene of the coming festivities, and when she entered the ball-room, glanced around hesitatingly, with a look of apprehension, almost of fear, and dropped into a seat pale and nerveless. She was soon missing. Twice I sought her and coaxed her back. But she was so ill at ease, and appeared at such disadvantage, that I finally advised her to withdraw, if she preferred. Her behavior was a puzzle to her mother as well as to myself, and Mrs. Henderson commented upon it with serious displeasure.

"Laura is conspicuously rude to our friends," she said; "and I am much dissatisfied with her. Jim's quarrelsome spirit and Laura's rudeness will gain for our children the unenviable reputation of being ill-bred." This was spoken in a tone of great severity, and as if she considered me to blame in the matter. I defended Laura, for I knew she had no intention of rudeness, but was under some influence that I did not understand.

"You may be sure that Laura is not well," I answered. "Something is amiss with her. She is uniformly gracious, kindhearted, always very helpful, but never demonstrative. Something is wrong with Laura; she is pale, depressed, much given to weeping when alone, and she grows thinner every day."

Mrs. Henderson disdained my fears. "Laura is the strongest and most vigorous of all the children," was her reply. "She is moody, morbid, and altogether too self-conscious. She is frightfully plain, poor girl, and she knows it; but to fret over it as she does, making herself and everybody else miserable about it, is a very reprehensible thing."

"Laura is anything but 'frightfully plain' to me," I replied. "She has wonderful eyes, of a beauty that would redeem any face from ugliness. She lacks the simple, girlish prettiness of many young women, but the time is coming when she will be very fine looking. Give her a few more years and opportunities for mental development, and you will have no occasion to complain of her lack of beauty. We must be patient with her, Mrs. Henderson, for she is not so easy to understand, nor to train, as her sisters."

"It is to be hoped that you will prove a true prophet. If Laura changes in looks at all, it must be for the better; it could not be for the worse. Had she a better spirit, an immediate improvement in her personal appearance would

be seen. She is envious of the beauty of her sisters, and of other pretty girls, and is averse to their society only because her plainness is intensified by their attractiveness. Can you not make her understand that people have to bear with many unpleasant things in life, and that she must learn to bear her homeliness, and make the best of it? It does not help matters for her to add rudeness to personal ugliness, and you must make this plain to the girl."

Something caused me to turn around, and, to my horror, Laura stood immediately behind her mother's chair, and was listening with wide-open eyes, while her face was ghastly white. Mrs. Henderson rose at the same moment, and turned to leave the veranda, when she faced her daughter, and their eyes met. There were a few seconds of awful silence, and then the mother spoke in her usually hard tone.

"If you have heard what I have been saying, Laura, I hope you will profit by my words. Disagreeable manners are a disadvantage to a pretty girl, but in one who is without personal charm, they are insufferable."

Laura dropped into the chair vacated by her mother as she passed into the hall. I sat down beside her, and drew the poor girl towards me, not knowing what to say. How could I extract the sting of her mother's unmotherly speech? She wept quietly on my shoulder for some time, and then lifting her head, said bitterly, "Why did God give me life, since he could only make me ugly?"

"Believe me, Laura, you are not ugly; you judge yourself too harshly. Where is the girl whose eyes match yours in lustrous midnight beauty? Eyes like yours can glorify any face; and, there are times when you are more than simply pretty, like the girls you know; you are distinguished looking. When you forget your personal appear-

ance, and are stimulated by music or poetry, or the recital of noble deeds,—when you are filled with regard for others, and your heart beats with sympathy, one would not wish to look on a finer face than yours. Why not habitually cultivate the qualities that will ennoble your presence, and cease these useless regrets?"

"I am very unhappy!" she said, after a little hesitation. "I do not want to live, and I am afraid to die. I think I

PREMONITION.

"Something hurts me here."

am not well. Something hurts me here," placing her hand on her left side, "and I cannot lie in bed half the night; it is so difficult to breathe. Can one cultivate a noble presence under the disadvantages of illness, ugliness, and a knowledge that she is neither lovely nor beloved?"

We walked arm in arm up and down the veranda, talking seriously. Laura was very mature for a girl of

seventeen, and more amenable to reason than many a woman of twenty-five. I assured her that beauty is not merely a matter of pink and white complexion, faultless features, wonderful eyes, and shapely figure. That there is an inward beauty of soul that will glorify the most irregular features, and give a radiance to the plainest face. I besought her to cease thinking of herself and her appearance, and to strive for scholarship, since she had an ambition in that direction. I sketched for her a possible future, when, enriched by knowledge, music, and art, refined by association with noble and cultured people, beautified by an indwelling grace that would reveal itself as the light shines through an alabaster vase, she would triumph over the physical defects that now annoyed her.

Her eyes smiled into mine, and she kindled with pleasure as she listened. But when, a few hours later, I went to her room to say "good night," she was sitting alone in the dark, and as I pressed my cheek to hers, I felt it wet with tears. "Oh, that dreadful ball next Thursday night! Can't I escape it?" was her only explanation, when I asked the cause of her grief. It was useless to combat this morbid tendency farther. I must bear with her until the ball was over. I felt sure she would enjoy the pleasures of the evening when fairly launched upon them, in company with her sisters and the young guests of the evening.

"Dear, foolish child!" I replied with laughter. "I shall find you weeping more bitterly next Friday morning, when the ball has become a thing of the past. Is there in all Virginia so incomprehensible a girl as you, my Laura? You will not be presentable at breakfast to-morrow morning, if you sit there crying like a spoiled child, because you are going to a ball. Dry your tears, bathe your eyes, and hurry to bed!" And I left her to herself.

Wednesday morning dawned, transfigured by a clarity of atmosphere resulting from a thunder shower in the night. There was a dash of coolness in the breeze that was laden with the perfume of the revived floral world. A great glory lay upon the earth like a benediction from heaven; and, as bright-plumaged birds flashed through the trees, it seemed as if they must be celestial visitants. I wondered if the other members of the household felt the influence of the rare and perfect day. A sort of spiritual ecstasy seized me. I seemed to tread the air, and walked unsteadily.

We looked into the "big dining-parlor," for a final judgment of the decorations. They were above criticism. Sprays of jasmine and climbing rose trailed over the walls, graciously concealing all defects of time and use. They drooped over the flags, looped up the bunting, and twined round the tarnished picture frames, out of which looked the grim faces of great men, dead and living. On mantels and sideboards were cut-glass bowls of orange-colored and velvety nasturtiums, which arranged themselves carelessly and naturally. And sharing with them the honors of decoration were tall vases of sweet-scented honeysuckle, which twisted around candelabra and bronzes, as if still seeking support.

The dinner was to be served at the early hour of two, as most of the guests wished to drive back to their various homes that night. The damask table-cloth was thick and satiny; the china and glass old and rare, but pretty and well kept, and the abundant and beautiful silver of antique patterns threw a mild sheen over the whole. A handsome epergne holding roses and yellow jasmine, tastefully arranged, occupied the center of a large table. On side tables trays of fruit were piled high — peaches, pears,

plums, and early grapes — whose artistic arrangement and richness of color suggested pictures, and one wondered what the effect would be if they were transferred to canvas. "Only the gods and goddesses from Olympus should dine here to-day!" was my mental comment, as I surveyed the scene.

The guests began to arrive early, and were shown into the large drawing-room, where I, only "a looker-on in Venice," had opportunity to study them. Every one of the gentlemen who were bidden to the feast, held office under the state government of Virginia, or was a member of the National Congress; so that, in one sense, it was a picked company. They were all planters, intelligent men, some of them college graduates, and all more or less suave in manner, which was characteristic of Southern men when in the society of their friends.

When Hon. Mr. Gordon arrived, the newly elected United States senator, the guest of the day, *par excellence*, he received a most effusive welcome. All rushed to the veranda to greet him, and crowded around him with congratulations, and handshakings, and fulsome compliment. The campaign which had resulted in his election was hotly contested by his opponent, but Mr. Gordon had won by a handsome majority. He was escorted to the drawing-room by his political friends as the "conquering chief," "the idol of the party," "the standard-bearer of Southern Virginia." He seemed too small a man for such ponderous titles, and too slow and hesitating in manner and speech for great achievements. He had a good face, and a kind word for everybody, and was evidently a great favorite. And the admiration and regard for his wife, which he manifested in many little ways, warmed my heart towards him, and won me over to the enthusiasts.

The conversation of the gentlemen ran first upon business, — the state of the growing crops, the promise of the harvest, the health of the field hands, the price of tobacco and corn; and then they all plunged into politics, as fish into the sea. In this I felt no interest. Politics at that time was most disgusting rubbish to me, and so I turned with a listening ear toward the ladies. They were discussing the weather, their children, their servants, their household affairs generally. They dealt out to each other morsels of innocent gossip, exchanged compliments concerning each other's appearance, dress, children, and husbands; gave statistics of the recent births and deaths in the extensive neighborhood; announced the number of christenings to be performed, and the "burying (funeral) sermons" to be preached, whenever the bishop would send a minister. It was undoubtedly a pleasure for these women, who were half-starved socially, and doomed, because of their isolated lives, to a narrow range of conversational topics, to be thus gathered together in social intercourse.

Dinner was announced, and we adjourned to the state dining-room in a pre-arranged order of procession, which seated me between Mr. Henderson and a reticent maiden cousin of the Blackstocks, an arrangement for which I was devoutly grateful. I had had no experience in a function like the present, and to blunder in its etiquette would have lowered me in the eyes of our hosts, who were thoroughly *au fait* to the forms of society, and punctilious in their observance. Moreover, a feeling of desolate aloofness from these Southern people had grown upon me during the last hour. Their opinions and speech, their customs and manners were so alien to those in which I had been reared, that I felt leagues away from them, — in need of field-glass and speaking trumpet to see and converse with them.

Involuntary bursts of admiration came from the guests as they passed into the spacious and beautifully decorated dining-room. It was indeed a vision of loveliness that met their gaze, not soon to be forgotton. Since then I have sat at grander feasts, in loftier and more elegant halls, but never have I thrilled with the keen pleasure which this first dinner party awakened. I closely observed Mr. Henderson, and rejoiced at the abstemiousness he practiced. He used wine in great moderation, and maintained his perfect self-poise to the end. The scene soon grew animated. As the wine circulated more and more freely, the talk became vociferous and incoherent. The gentlemen raised their voices in debate to a loud fortissimo. Badinage, repartee, and stories were greeted with boisterous shouts of laughter. There was an incessant clinking of glasses and drinking of healths, and maudlin compliments were passed upon everything, and in reference to everybody. Conviviality ruled the hour.

Among the ladies there was less wine drinking and less noise. They were reduced to quietness by the overwhelming and continuous clamor of their companions, and, for the most part, sat dumb, except when they could exchange words with one another, during an occasional pause for breath among the gentlemen. The tables were being cleared for dessert, and the servants were fanning the flushed and heated guests, who had lapsed into temporary calm. The butler whispered a message in the ear of Mr. Blackstock, senior, who sat at the head of the table, to which he responded, "Bring in the papers and put them on the table!"

The weekly mail had arrived at a most opportune time, for there was always a little delay in serving the dessert; and an examination of the files of the week's papers would pleasantly bridge the chasm. Forthwith the "Washington

Globe," the "National Intelligencer," the "Richmond Inquirer," and other political papers of like nature, were drawn from the packed mail bag. They were clutched by eager hands, and their contents devoured. An immediate hubbub followed, and, in a trice, the dining-room was aflame with excitement. Only the head lines of the political news had been read, but that had evoked a storm.

"Good God! What next?" shouted one. "That dastardly Adams of Massachusetts has presented abolition petitions from women and slaves!"

"Gentlemen, hear this, hear this!" yelled another. "The madman, John Quincy Adams, seeks to incite the slave population to insurrection!"

"What an unparalleled outrage!" rang out from one side of the room.

"Was there ever such flagrant contempt manifested for the dignity of the House!" shouted a loud, swarthy man, who gesticulated frantically as he held the paper aloft?

"What gross insult to the majesty of the South!" resounded through the dining-room in all directions.

The noisy conviviality of the last two hours was, to this sudden tempest of wrath, as the whispering of a summer breeze. All who were able to stand were on their feet, shouting and gesticulating like lunatics.

The disturbing news of the hour related to the action of Hon. John Quincy Adams of Massachusetts, an ex-President, but then a member of the National Congress. The anti-slavery reform had attained portentous proportions, and petitions for the abolition of slavery were pouring into Congress by the hundreds, which, by one dodge or another, refused to receive them. Finally a resolution was passed by the House that "all petitions, memorials, and resolutions relating in any way to slavery or its abolition, should neither

be printed nor referred to a committee, but be laid upon the table and no further action taken therein." This was known as the "gag law," and was the object of unceasing attack by Mr. Adams, who, after nine years of heroic and single-handed conflict, accomplished its repeal.

During the previous week the indomitable "old man eloquent," as his friends fondly called Mr. Adams, had presented an abolition petition from one hundred and forty-eight ladies, citizens of the commonwealth of Massachusetts. It created a scene of indescribable fury in the House. Abuse, vituperation, and invective were heaped on this inflexible champion of the "right of petition," who stood like a rock amid the surging wrath. Taking advantage of a little diversion, Mr. Adams presented another, and another, and yet another petition, and the House was lashed into satanic rage. All this was reported in the partisan sheets that lay upon the table, with indecently scurrilous comments.

At first I was amused at the expressions of wrath made by our guests. They raved incoherently, all scolding at once. They tore the newspapers into fragments, and stamped them on the floor. They pounded on the table with their fists, until the long champagne glasses were shivered from their stems. And all the while they had not read the papers, but the headings only. Some of those among the company who were less excited than the others, succeeded in restoring quiet, sufficiently to read aloud the highly-colored story of Mr. Adams' offense with the editorial abuse that followed. A scene of pandemonium ensued. They exhausted the vocabulary of profanity on the "grand old man." They cursed Massachusetts from center to circumference. They wished that "the women of the state had but one neck, that they might swing them all at once from a lamp-post" to a locality that must here be nameless.

They longed "to shovel Boston out into the Atlantic." They threatened dire vengeance on any Yankee that crossed their path, and through it all made the air sulphurous with profane speech.

My amusement gave way to amazement, as I listened, and, as they continued to heap opprobrium on my country-women, indignation succeeded to amazement. Never before had I been in such society, — never had I received such discourtesy. Forgetting that I was under the protection of Mr. Henderson, who sat beside me cool and unmoved, I astonished him by springing to my feet, and, in a blaze of wrath that fully matched theirs, I addressed the incensed company:

"Gentlemen, I am a Massachusetts woman, and was born in Boston, as were also my mother and grandmother. These women whom you would hang to a lamp-post are my country-women, my kinswomen, my friends, and the noblest women on the earth. I will not be accessory to this abuse of them by sitting any longer at table with their calumniators, and so, I bid you good afternoon." I swept out of the room in a white heat of anger, with something of the dignity, I suspect, of "Christy's Minstrels" playing at tragedy, only halting when within my own apartment.

I never knew what followed after my departure, except that Mr. Henderson took my part and justified my action, declaring that I should have been craven had I done otherwise. I was still smarting under the sting of the discourtesy I had received, when the dinner party broke up, and one after another the guests took their departure. Then Mr. and Mrs. Henderson came to my room. They took the affair much less seriously than I, for they were accustomed to the behavior of men when heated with wine, while this was my first encounter with people in that condition.

"These gentlemen would have bitten off their tongues before they would have been rude to you, if they had not been disguised with wine," said Mr. Henderson. "I know them all, and not one of them is other than kind-hearted, and courteous, in his normal state of being. They meant no rudeness as it was, for they were quite unaware that you came from Massachusetts. You must judge the deed by its motive."

"It isn't surprising that they were enraged at those meddlesome women who petitioned Congress to abolish slavery!" remarked Mrs. Henderson, in her hardest and most metallic tone. "Heavens! it is enough to stir any one's blood, drunk or sober! And these gentlemen understand the situation, — they are statesmen!"

"Softly, my dear;" interrupted her husband. "They are politicians, not statesmen. Don't put them in a false position."

"Do you approve of the action of these women?" inquired Mrs. Henderson, turning to me. "Do you advocate women mixing up with politics? What have Massachusetts women to do with slavery?"

"I know very little about the matter," was my reply, "and I have no opinion to express. But I disapprove entirely of men drinking to excess, until they drown sense and reason, and forget to be gentlemen."

"These men with whom we have dined this evening can never forget to be gentlemen!" was her lofty response.

"I beg your pardon, Madam! They were other than gentlemen this evening."

"They had just cause for their indignation! I was greatly displeased myself!" she added.

"But a gentleman remains a gentleman, even when he is indignant, and he never gets tipsy!" I was still very angry.

"Heigho!" said Mr. Henderson, startled by our strident tones. "Why, you two will be quarreling directly, and we shall not be able to apologize for you on the score of wine drinking. What is in the atmosphere of this house, that everybody who enters it gets pugnacious? It is well that our visit is drawing to a close."

"I should like to return home to-morrow," was my very positive answer.

"What about the children?"

"I would take them out of this house with me."

"But that would be an offense to our friends, the Blackstocks, who are not to blame for what has happened this evening, but who, on the contrary, deprecate it. You profess a higher philosophy than the rest of us, my friend; set us an example! Shall we not meet our hosts to-morrow morning calm and unruffled, and forget our own grievances in a desire to promote the general welfare and happiness?"

He had struck home. He was right and I was wrong, and I answered him, "That is the only way to do, and I stand corrected."

"*Au revoir*, then, until breakfast time. Shall we call for you in the morning?"

I assented. Mr. Henderson extended his hand with a smile; Mrs. Henderson followed his example, and we parted for the night.

CHAPTER XVI.

BLACK PETER'S STARTLING NEWS—BURNING OF MR. HENDERSON'S MILL—"DE DEBBLE BRUNG 'IS FIRE WID 'IM!"

Inquisitive Dick—His Confidential Question—Explanations—Mary Defends the Hilarious Gentlemen—"Taken too much Wine"—A Temperance Discussion—Astounding News—Burning of Mr. Henderson's Mill—Arrival of Black Peter—Ashen with Fear and Excitement—"De Debble's Broke Loose at our Place"—"Yo' can Smell Hell Fire on my Clo'es!"—Consternation and Excitement among the Servants—"De Mill's all dun burnt up!"—Laura's Strange Request—"Don't let me be Buried at Liberty Hill!"—The Young People's First Ball—Fear and Excitement—Surrounded by Horrors—"What Glided across my Room with Stealthy Tread?"—Dick Clamors for Admission—"I ain't gwine to have no more Home-made Clo'es!"—Ashamed of his Baggy Breeches!

THE next morning, as we came out of the breakfast room, the children clustered around me with an air of expectancy. Dick led the way to my room, walking backwards and facing his followers, as if he were a drill-master, shouting orders as he proceeded.

"Round this corner to the oriole's nest! To the right, to the 'simmon (persimmon) tree! It's breaking down with its fruit! Now this way to the yellow roses! There's millions of 'em!" And we followed our leader, making a very circuitous route to our destination.

Jenny put her hand into mine with a downward emphasis, which I had learned to interpret as an intimation of her desire to speak with me confidentially. I bent down to the eager, upturned face of the child, who reached up on tiptoe to inquire, in an anxious whisper, "Are you going home?"

"Not immediately; not for two years, certainly. Why do you ask?"

For answer, she pressed my hand between her small rosy palms, and glanced triumphantly at Dick, while a broad smile of satisfaction suffused her face. Dick dropped his role of leader, and assumed that of inquisitor.

"Did anybody sass you at the dinner yesterday?" he inquired, in a low, apprehensive voice, meant to be confidential.

"O Dick, Dick, don't you know how I abhor that expression? Can't you correct your speech?"

"Well," said he, assuming the defensive, "Uncle Aaron told me they sassed you, an' you got mad, an' left the table."

"Please tell us about it!" begged Mary, who was intensely curious. "Aunt Lucy told me the same story, but she only knew what Uncle Aaron told her."

Wince as I might under the realistic speech of these young people, some explanation was due them, especially as they were familiar with all the small gossip of the plantation. As briefly as possible, and avoiding inconvenient details which would lead to an ethical discussion on the subject of slavery, to which they were not equal and which would have been impolitic as well as discourteous, I made my statement.

"Many of the guests at dinner were much displeased with the men and women of Massachusetts, who had done something to which they object, and they cursed them, and called them infamous names, especially the women. Among these women are all my friends and kindred, — my mother and sister, — and I also am included among them. I could not sit at table and hear this talk, and thus endorse it, without protest; and so from motives of self-respect I withdrew, and went to my room."

"Uncle Aaron said they had been drinking too much," explained Dick.

"Then they were not to blame," said Mary, "and that must be their excuse. They are the first gentlemen of the county; some of them are members of Congress; and they would not have said anything abusive for the world, if they had not been 'drinking'."

"But, Mary dear, they are to blame for taking too much wine. No one should drink until he is intoxicated, and unable to control himself."

"Almost every man in the South does," was her reply. "Not all the time, but sometimes; and we always expect men to get tipsy at a dinner, and nobody ever complains of it."

"Oh, yes, Mary," said Laura; "Ma dreads a dinner party just because there is so much drinking, and I heard her advise Miss Cameron not to marry Dr. Wiltsie, just because he had to be carried away by the servants, neck and heels, from every big dinner to which he was invited."

"She evidently didn't mind his drinking very much, after all," replied Mary, "for she did marry him, and lives with him to-day."

"And just see what an awful sot she's got for a husband! Nobody respects him, and I believe his wife is ashamed of him. She minds his drunkenness now."

I returned to the point in debate. "Why should not all men be as temperate as your father?" I inquired. "He never drinks to excess, and nobody ever sees him intoxicated."

"But Pa aint like other men!" said Dick proudly. "He's a heap sight better; he's the best man that ever did live; he don't drink as much as is good for 'im."

"There is more danger of drinking too much than too

little, my boy, and the safest way is not to drink at all. If you should decide to abstain from drink entirely when you become a man, you would not fail of being as temperate as your father."

"I reckon I'll never be a drunkard, for I despise that more than anything else. Hello! there's Pa this very minute! And as true as I'm alive, there's our miller, Levi Bridgman, with him! I wonder what Levi's come for! Oh, Levi! — Oh, Levi!" — and Dick dashed off to intercept him.

Mr. Henderson and Bridgman halted until Dick came up to them, and then there was a parley between the three. We saw Dick throw up his hands in dismay, and heard his quick characteristic exclamation, "Gracious Goodness!" Then turning to us, he made a trumpet of his hands, and shouted at the top of his voice, "Pa's mill's burned up, an' the cooper's shop, an' the blacksmith's forge, an' everything!"

We hastened to the spot where the three men were standing, for this was astounding news. Levi Bridgman was plied with questions, but, beyond the fact that the fire was discovered about midnight, was then beyond control, and that only the account books were saved from the conflagration, he could tell nothing. It seemed impossible that the fire could have been other than incendiary at this season of the year. There had been no fire in any of the buildings for several weeks past, and there was an entire absence of combustible material about the premises. But then, why should the fire have been set, and who was the incendiary?

"Has there been any trouble between Bryson and the hands?" inquired Mr. Henderson. "Any dissatisfaction among the field servants?"

"Not to my knowledge," replied Miller Bridgman.

It was evident that Mr. Henderson lived in continual anxiety, lest there might be an outbreak among his slave people. This impression was deepened, when he said to me in a low voice, aside: — "That fellow, Bryson, is so severe in his discipline, that I am constantly afraid he may provoke the servants to retaliatory measures. Insurrection is a word whose horrible meaning we well understand in Virginia. If I could replace Bryson with a better man, who would, at the same time, be as good a manager, I would do it immediately."

It was necessary for Mr. Henderson to return with Bridgman, for the conflagration had thrown the servants into consternation, and they were wild with excitement. In their efforts to solve the problem that troubled their master, they drew upon their imaginations, always active, and framed explanations so full of superstition, that those who uttered them as well as those who listened, were overcome with fright. Before leaving us to see his wife, Mr. Henderson expressed regrets that he should miss the ball, and the début of his daughters at their first dancing party, and, with a vast deal of badinage, he sketched the sensation he expected them to create by the charm of their beauty, and the grace of their movements. He exacted from them a promise to report to him faithfully all the gaities he should miss, — to dance every Virginia reel and basket cotillion with the spirit of the days when he was young — and, above all things, to come away from the ball "heart-whole," as he would "tolerate no courting on his plantation except among the darkies." One of the frequent frolics ensued, the children chasing their father round and round the house, and pelting him with flowers, until, overcome with the heat, he surrendered, and recanted his heresies concerning courting, and gave them *carte blanche* for the evening. Then they

forgave him, and promised whatever he asked, ratifying their pledges with a profusion of kisses, the heartiness of which he vowed "had nearly denuded his bearded face of skin." Then taking Laura, who had not participated in the frolic, in his arms, he whispered his good-bye, tenderly kissed her, and darted away to his wife with the lightness of a boy.

"DE MILL'S DUN BURNT UP!"
He looked more like a scarecrow than ever in his flapping rags.

Hardly had we separated in divergent directions, the children still accompanying me, when we ran upon Black Peter, who seemed to have sprung out of the ground. He looked more like a scarecrow than ever in his flapping rags, and was absolutely ashen with fear and excitement. Shouts of astonishment and laughter greeted him; but he took no notice of the demonstration, he was so brimming over with the news he had come to impart.

"How-d'ye, Miss? How-d'ye, Mas'r Dick? How-d'ye, Miss Lorry an' Miss Mary?" was his salutation, as he pulled at his foretop and scraped one foot backwards on the ground. "De mill's dun burnt up, plum clean, an' de cooper's shop, an' eberyt'ing; an' I spec's de big house dun burnt up, too, by dis time!" And he shook from head to foot with fear.

"An' Aunt Aggy an' Oncl' Henson, dey tol' me come up heah an' tell you to stay whar you be, fo' de debble broke

loose down t' our place las' night, an' 's struttin' 'bout dar like he was de cock ob de walk, an' huntin' fo' somet'ing t' d'vour. An' Oncl' Henson's got his snake-skin roun' his neck, an' his horseshoe in his pocket, an' he goes right 'roun' anywhar, 'cause de debble doan dar' t' tech 'im, when he's got dem t'ings! T'ings is mighty bad t' de ole place, Miss Lorry an' Miss Mary! I d'clar t' gracious, I'm dat scart 'bout dat fire, dat I'm shakin' like Missis' jell, what she makes! An' Aunt Aggy says dat de moon was all blood, when she seed it ober her lef' shoul'er; an' dat a white horse gallop'd in de night t' Liberty Hill wi' Death a ridin' 'im, 'an car'rin' somebody in his arms; an' she spec's somet'ing orful's gwine t' happen, — a buryin', or de end ob de worl'!" And he embellished his peroration with such grotesque gesticulations, and bodily contortions and gyrations, as evoked shouts of laughter. Laura alone remained grave. I observed that she started perceptibly at Peter's romance of the white horse galloping to Liberty Hill, the dreary family burial place.

"Pete, if you keep on, you'll make as good a preacher as Uncle Henson, by-and-by," said Mary.

"Yes, Miss Mary, dat's wat I'se strivin' fo'!"

"How did the mill get a-fire?" inquired Dick.

"Oh, 't was de debble, Mas'r Dick; he did it hissel', an' he brung his fire heah wid 'im. Pomp, Patsy's ole man, cotched 'im at it."

"Why didn't Pomp stop him? What did he allow the devil to burn up the mill for?"

"Oh — Ki! Mas'r Dick! Wat's Pomp gwine t' do wi' dat ar debble gwine roun' switchin' fire eberywhar outen his long tail? Ole Pomp's got sense 'nuff t' jess let dat debble 'lone, an' t' take t' de woods hissel'."

"Ole Pomp didn't see no devil switchin' fire!" said Dick contemptuously. "What are you lyin' so for?"

"Foh de Lawd! Mas'r Dick, dat fire was de debble's own doin'. De han's say de debble owes dat mill a grudge, an' dat he dun burnt it down onct befo'." The mill had been burned some eight years before. "Mas'r Dick," asserted Peter with solemnity, "de whole place smell o' him t' day. Doan you smell de hell fire on my clo'es?"

THE QUEST.
They went off together — the fair and beautiful girl, and the impish tatterdemalion negro.

"Oh, shut your mouth, you lying rascal! Make tracks for home, or a real devil will get you with a lash, an' you'll find that worse than a tail o' fire," said Dick. "You've run away, Pete, an' you know it. Nobody sent you here, an' if you're caught off the plantation without a pass, you'll catch it!"

"Hold on a minute!" said kind-hearted Mary, as Peter wheeled swiftly about, and started on the dead run, alarmed by Dick's suggestion. "Come with me to the kitchen," she said, "and I'll see if I can get you a pone of corn bread, for you must be hungry." And they went off together, — the fair and beautiful girl, and the impish, tatterdemalion negro.

While the cook was getting a lunch for Peter, and delaying it as much as possible to listen to his yarns, which he rattled off with amazing fluency, garnishing them with diabolical details of his own improvising, Mary pulled a card from her pocket, and wrote a pass for Peter, as follows:

"Please let my boy, Peter, pass between the Oaks and Buena Vista, June 25th and 26th, and oblige his owner,

RICHARD BISCHOFF HENDERSON."

As she put the card in Peter's hands, now crammed with bread and meat, as was his capacious mouth, she explained to him: "This is a pass from Dick, Pete, and Dick is your owner. If anybody meddles with you on the way, or threatens to flog you, show it to him, and he won't dare to touch you! But you must get home to-night, Pete. If you stay till to-morrow, you'll get into trouble, for the pass runs out to-night."

"Foh de Lawd! Miss Mary, I'll see d' ole place befo' de sun's gone dis yere evenin'. I'se so full o' mis'ry when I see dat mill burnt, I jess had t' come an' see Mas'r Dick!" And away he ran like a young deer. Mary knew that both Dick and her father would endorse the pass, if its authenticity were questioned.

"Let's go over to the ball-room and see how it looks," said Mary, when we were once more alone. "They're at work over there, putting on the last touches."

"Oh, no — no — no!" objected Laura with vehemence; "let's not go there until we're obliged to."

"You're always objectin', sist' Laura," said Dick; "I believe you'd say no, no, if we were startin' for heaven."

"Course she would!" said Mary; "nobody wants to go to heaven till they're obliged to. We'll go, and let sist' Laura go back to the house." And they bounded away over the lawn; the burning of the mill and Peter's preposterous stories alike forgotten, in pleasant anticipations of their first ball.

"Won't you come with us?" I said to Laura after the others had gone. "You walk very little now-a-days, and stay in-doors altogether too much for your good."

"I breathe with great difficulty when I walk!" was her reply. "I pant for breath when I make any exertion!" And she repeated her complaint of pain in the left side, and of insomnia.

I was puzzled and anxious. Laura was certainly not well, and had been "under the weather" for weeks, and I had known it.

"We'll have the doctor from Boydton as soon as we get home," I said, caressing her. "You shall not suffer in this way much longer. He should have been called before we came to The Oaks. Let me assist you back to the house."

She turned quickly and faced me, and putting both hands on my shoulders, spoke earnestly and solemnly:

"I want you to promise me something, will you? Will you? Don't say no. If I die while you are with us, don't let me be buried at Liberty Hill! I cannot be buried there!"

"Oh, Laura, this distresses me beyond measure! You don't believe Peter's foolish yarns? Aunt Aggy is too sensible a woman, if she is a servant, to have made that statement about Liberty Hill. Peter wanted to create a sensation, that was the whole of it. I am surprised that you should attach any importance to Peter's ignorant talk."

"Promise me! Promise me!" she entreated. "Tell Pa that I must not be buried at Liberty Hill! Promise me! Swear it to me!"

"I promise, Laura! I promise solemnly! You shall not be buried on Liberty Hill, nor anywhere else, my dear girl, while I am South. I promise you that. I shall take you North with me in a little less than two years from now, to enter the Academy from which I graduated. I promise you that. I have great ambitions for you, my Laura, and I promise you that you are to live, and not die! Do you hear my promises?"

I could not arouse her to any interest in my plans, or even to a pretence of gaiety. I vainly tried to persuade her to join the young people, and she also declined my proposal to return with her to the house, and read aloud to her while she rested. She was evidently depressed for some reason, and I rejected the suggestion that it was caused by Peter's story. I was sure she was not so superstitious. She was disappointed that her father was not to accompany her to the ball that night, and so was I. My brave words belied my fears. I was very far from feeling as courageous as I had declared myself. Oh, if this ball were only over!

The ball-room was taking on additional attractions under Mrs. Henderson's directions. I regarded her with amazement. She was completely absorbed in devising some novel decoration, trying first one effect and then another, and wearying her assistants with the constant changes. Did she know that her eldest born was passing through bitter travail of soul, and, at that very moment, was in dire need of love and sympathy? No, and she could not have comprehended it, had I tried to explain what I so little understood myself. The paths of mother and daughter diverged, as was inevitable from their mental and temperamental unlikeness, and they would never come together.

After lunch, a long siesta was peremptorily ordered by the powers that be, for all who purposed attending the ball. "You'll dance until morning, after the Southern fashion!" said the elder Mrs. Blackstock; "and you'll need all the sleep you can get in advance to fortify yourselves for such dissipation. So, away to your rooms and couches, until I send some one to awake you!" They scampered off, and in a short time a great quiet had fallen upon the household, like a benediction.

After assuring myself that Laura was resting, I threw

myself upon the lounge; but soon found that sleep was an impossibility. I could not even retain a recumbent position. It seemed as if the inanimate things about me were bewitched. I thought I heard my door creaking as if it were swinging open, and sprang to my feet, only to find it closed and bolted. What glided across my room with stealthy tread? I was erect immediately, with wide-open, far-seeing eyes; but not even the gauzy drapery at the window was stirring in the breezeless atmosphere. Who was creeping along the corridor, with softly shod feet? In a flash I flung open the door, only to find the corridor untenanted, and the slanting sunlight lying along the floor, broken into grotesque patterns by the trees and Venetian blinds, through which it was streaming. Now three loud raps sounded on my door, which sent a thrill through me. "That is Laura!" I said to myself; "I know her rap. Come in!" I waited. "Come in!" Why did she not enter! "*Come in!*" I sprang to the door, and held it at arm's length. Nobody

ALONE.

What glided across my room with stealthy tread? Who was creeping along the corridor, with softly shod feet?

was there. I flew down the stairs, ran around the house, and looked in all directions. If every person on the plantation had been stricken out of existence, it could not have seemed more void of life.

THREE LOUD RAPS SOUNDED ON MY DOOR.
"Come in!" I waited. "*Come in!*" I sprang to the door.
Nobody was there.

What was the matter? Was I getting nervous? What was this vague dread that was closing around me like mist from the sea? I was glad that it was not night; for, in my present mood, only darkness was needed to people my room with horrors. Every nerve in my body was on the surface, and I tingled to the tips of my fingers with physical irritability.

It was a relief when the little community came to life. One after another emerged from the bath of sleep which had washed away all weariness, rosy and refreshed; and amid the noisy chattering, it was not easy for the young people to settle down soberly to the business of dressing for

the ball. Flitting aimlessly, like butterflies, from room to room, they donned each other's costumes as they were brought from the wardrobes by the servants, to see if they would fit, and were becoming. One tried a flower in her hair; another threw a fichu over her shoulders, and ran to the mirror to examine the effect. Mary darted from the hands of her skillful hair-dresser to execute a *pas seul*, for which she sang the music, that her companions might see the difficult step. And ever and anon they were seized with paroxysms of happy merriment, when they hugged each other in their excitement, and whirled up and down the rooms, until they collapsed in shrieks of laughter. Laura alone looked on, and smiled sedately.

At last the musicians arrived, and we heard them tuning their instruments and rehearsing for the evening, long before the excited maidens were costumed in their dainty garments. When once they began, however, they were in as great haste as they had before been dilatory; and in a short time, the pretty simple girls of the plantation were transformed into elegant young ladies. Mrs. Henderson had chosen for Laura a pink silk subdued by an over-dress of white lace, with gloves, fan, and flowers in tasteful accord. Mary's dress was flame color, effectively dashed here and there with a shade of pale blue; and our little blonde Jenny was gowned in white, with "baby blue" trimmings. Dick was clamoring at the door of his sisters' room for admission, and when he was allowed to enter, went into panegyrics over their loveliness.

"Well, I declar' to gracious!" he exclaimed, in his incurably bad grammar, "if there's any prettier girls in that ball-room to-night than these, they must be fetched from some other world than this."

"Do we look so fine?" asked Mary and Jenny, running

to the mirror to behold themselves, and blushing with pleasure at Dick's compliments.

"You look very handsome in your tailor-made clothes!" said Laura, whose eyes beamed brightly on her gallant brother.

"Yes," said Dick, contemplating himself with satisfaction; "I aint gwine to have no more clothes cut an' made by Ma an' Aunt Aggy. I'm gwine to have that Richmond tailor make 'em. Pa does, an' so will I."

"You must not become a man too soon, my son;" said Mrs. Henderson affectionately. "I cannot afford to lose my boy for several years to come."

"Gracious, Ma! I reckon you'll have to, for I aint gwine to wear no more of them baggy breeches you make for me. I'm ashamed of 'em!"

CHAPTER XVII.

THE NIGHT OF THE BALL — THE TRAGEDY DEEPENS — THE HAND OF DEATH — A SORROWFUL RETURN HOME.

The Gay, Dizzy Dances — Launched among the Waltzers — A Presentiment of Approaching Death — A Cry of Dismay — Laura is Borne to her Room — A Young Physician among the Guests — Mr. Henderson Hastens to his Dying Child — "Must she die?" — She Exacts from me a Promise — "Do you think God will make me Beautiful in Heaven?" — Watching with the Sufferer — Anxious Hours — The Hand of Death — Passing from Sleep into Eternal Life — A Stricken Family — Dick's Grief — Return Home with our Beloved Dead — A Desolate Home-coming — Aunt Aggy's Story — Negro Superstitions — Early Events of Laura's Life — "I allers knowed dis yer would happen!" — "Ah, Honey, I knowed! I knowed!"

A LARGE company had assembled when our party entered the ball-room. A grand march had been called, and the procession was forming. But the young Hendersons drew all eyes upon them, as they moved forward with native ease and grace, escorted by the gentlemen of the Blackstock family, and chaperoned by their mother. Mary accepted the invitation of her escort, and took her place in the line; and Dick and Jenny soon followed. Laura preferred to wait a little, and seated herself between her mother and me. She was perfectly self-possessed, but I felt the tumultuous beating of her heart, and noted the ominous rise and fall of her bosom with every respiration. The march ended, and the dancing began. First, a contra-dance, then a quadrille, a basket cotillon, a Virginia reel — and no one had asked Laura as a partner. I was displeased. I had been afraid that she would dance, and now was angry that she did not.

"These young gentlemen are lacking in courtesy," was my unwise remark to her.

"I didn't expect to dance," said Laura; "no one wants an unattractive partner; only pretty girls are asked to dance."

The strains of a waltz sounded through the room, and couple after couple sprang to the floor, ready to float away on the wings of melodious measures, at the first signal of the orchestra. I saw Laura's escort making his way rapidly across the hall to her, — one of the Blackstock nephews, — and she accepted his invitation. Directly they were launched on the sea of melody, and, with the others, were keeping time to the music with feet and hands, and swaying forms. I was startled; a mist swam before my eyes — I felt a momentary faintness. Was anything going to happen?

Laura's eyes met mine, as she whirled past me in the circling dance. She seemed to maintain her self-possession, danced easily and gracefully, and, I hoped, was enjoying herself. Round and round the dancers glided to the measures of the waltz, a brilliant circle of youth and beauty. The scene was new to me; I had never before been in a ball-room; I sat spell-bound, unconsciously taking in all the details of this festive occasion. The unceasing play of color, — the soft illumination of hundreds of candles depending from the ceiling, and projecting from the wall, — the concentrated perfume of flowers, — the bewildering music, to whose cadences my own uninstructed feet involuntarily responded, — all this steeped my senses in languorous pleasure, and suggested the query, whether the anathemas heaped on the dance by my early ethical teachers were just.

There was a halt at the upper end of the hall, — someone had tripped and stumbled. We heard a little cry of dismay,

—gentlemen excused themselves from their partners, and hastened to the spot whence the cry proceeded. Someone was lifted from the floor,— the throng parted right and left, — the throbbing music halted,— and a pink-robed girl was borne tenderly to the veranda. It was Laura. What had happened?

Mrs. Henderson and I saw it all, and hastened to the poor girl, who had been placed in one of the hammocks, her head propped with pillows, while the usual restoratives were being administered. There was a young physician among the guests, and, as he advanced toward the unconscious girl, all made way for him, and awaited his orders. All who surrounded Laura were dismissed save Mrs. Henderson, myself, and a servant, and then aided by us, the young doctor devoted himself to the restoration of his patient. It was an hour before she regained consciousness, and could be taken to her room. There, such fearful paroxysms of physical anguish assailed her as appalled us. She struggled for breath, which came in spasmodic gasps; the beaded sweat was forced out upon her brow; and the veins of her temples were distended almost to bursting. She swooned again and again, and but for our vigorous and united efforts would soon have sunk out of life.

All ordinary appliances of relief were impotent in our hands. Anæsthetics were not in existence, and young Dr. Singleton fell back upon opium as a last resort. Thank God, it gave her relief, and finally induced sleep. But the sun was shining brightly over the plantation before Laura had passed into that peace, which comes from "pain overgot." It was thought best for the doctor to remain with our patient during the day. The family physician lived twenty-five miles distant, and we feared that the unequal battle between life and death might end in defeat, if we waited his

slow coming. If Dr. Singleton was young and inexperienced, he was intelligent, fertile in resources, solicitous, and very tender. After breakfast, both he and Mrs. Henderson retired for rest, and I gladly assumed the care of my pupil while they slept.

I sat down beside the poor girl with a heavy heart. Her face was pinched and pallid, her eyes sunken and encircled by dark rings. Her breathing was labored, short, and fitful. The shadow had indeed fallen over her, and I feared that the eternal morning alone would remove it. How noisily sang the birds in the trees around the house! How gairishly shone the sun through the blinds! Nature takes no heed of human sorrow. How far off in the distance seemed last night's ball, whose music still reverberated mockingly through my brain! How pitiful the pink garniture, resting on the chair where it had been thrown at her disrobing, and in which I had so proudly assisted to array her! Only ten days ago I had congratulated myself on this visit to the Blackstocks, anticipating the pleasant reports of it which I should send home to my friends. What a travesty it had been on human expectations!

Laura had had premonitions of this impending calamity, and had wished to talk them over with me; but I had foolishly held her aloof, believing that I could eradicate her fears by not allowing her to express them. Must she die? Dr. Singleton had not suggested such a termination of her illness — had not even expressed fears of a fatal result. Ah! I could judge for myself! Had not my young sister, near Laura's age, passed out swiftly from our midst in a mysterious and torturing illness? How it all came back to me now, and how I lived it over again, hour by hour! And so my vagrant thoughts ran on, desultory and incoherent, for I was weary from lack of sleep and "exceeding sorrowful."

Laura still slept. Please God, she would wake in improved condition! The house was still, for the revelers of the night before were locked in slumber, and the servants had received orders to maintain unbroken quietness, till they were otherwise bidden.

The sun was slanting westward when Laura woke, and the whole plantation seemed to wake at the same moment. The birds began their vesper songs,— children laughed and shouted at their play,— servants joked with one another, and sang plantation songs while at their work,— the whole outside world seemed gay and glad. We too were happy for one brief hour, and then the cruel anguish of the night again assailed the sick girl, and once more she went down into the valley of death in her agonizing battle for life. I could not endure it longer. It brought back the memory of the never-to-be-forgotten night, when, two years before, I had watched beside my sister Rachel, whose last hours were so filled with pain and torture as to reconcile us to her departure. I hastened to my room and prayed aloud for Laura, as I had for my sister. "O God, receive her! Let this anguish cease, and we will not murmur at her death. We will submit!" Mrs. Henderson, who rarely manifested emotion, was obliged to leave the sick-room to hide the tears that Laura must not see.

There were pauses in her sufferings when the tense muscles relaxed,— when the grip of pain was loosened, and the struggle for breath became less terrible. But midnight came before there was lasting surcease from pain, when, weary and worn, as with months of illness, Laura suddenly fell asleep. Then we faced the situation and discussed the probabilities that confronted us. Dr. Singleton spoke plainly. "She is likely to have a recurrence of this exhausting suffering when she wakes, and she cannot live through an-

other series of paroxysms like these just ended. It is neuralgia of the heart, an almost always fatal ailment. You had better send for Mr. Henderson."

A trustworthy servant, mounted on the fleetest horse, was despatched for Mr. Henderson, with orders to ride fast, and not to return without him. We heard the clatter of the horse's hoofs as he galloped out into the darkness, away down the avenue, speeding on an errand of life and death. We planned for the night while Laura slept, and the watch-

A FATHER'S ANXIETY.

Nearer — nearer — nearer — yes, there were two horses. Mr. Henderson was coming, thank God!

ers at her side sought rest. A trusty servant slept in the hall, and I insisted on sharing with Mrs. Blackstock the vigils of the night,— waking when Laura waked, sleeping when she slept. Day was dawning when I heard the distant hoofs of the returning horseman galloping up the avenue. I listened. Nearer, nearer, nearer, yes, there were two horses. Mr. Henderson was coming, thank God!

The horses stopped at the door. Mr. Henderson threw the reins to the servant, ascended the stairs noiselessly, and, covered with dust and white with anxiety, he entered the room which I opened to him. "Is she alive?" was the question framed by his lips, which emitted no sound. I

nodded in the affirmative, and, advancing to the bed, he gazed at his daughter long and scrutinizingly, with his finger at her wrist. "Poor child! she has suffered fearfully; her face tells the story!"

We had fortified ourselves for a repetition of the fearful scenes which had followed on Laura's waking, and Dr. Singleton was prepared with new remedies, to defend her from a renewal of her losing battle with pain. We waited breathlessly during the first hour of her wakefulness; then through a second,—a third,—and the dreaded suffering came not. We began to breathe more freely. Half the day had waned, and our hopes grew stronger. Laura smiled in our faces, wound her arms about her father's neck, and softly kissed him. I bent above her and whispered, "You are better?" and she assented. Not a throb of pain broke in upon the serenity of the day, which she passed in sleeping and waking. Even Dr. Singleton dared to say, "The crisis has passed, I hope!" Wisely, he still stood on the defensive, and guarded his patient as from an enemy in ambush.

Those of us most interested in the dear girl remained in the house during the night following, in readiness for a summons whenever needed. I was gratified in my desire to sit with my sick pupil during the night, and, as I had rested during the day, was young, strong, and wakeful, I allowed no one to share my vigil, asking only that a servant should sleep in the hall. Darkness and silence encompassed us, and "God gave to our beloved sleep." About midnight Laura woke, still without pain, and being wakeful, was inclined to talk.

"I knew all this was coming," she whispered; "I knew I should faint in the ball-room; I saw it the first day I went there."

"We must not talk now, my Laura; you need sleep to-night."

There were a few moments of silence, and then she spoke again, still very faintly.

"You'll not forget your promise,—about Liberty Hill?"

"I will surely remember it, my dear girl; you can depend upon me."

Another brief silence, and she spoke again.

"Do you think God will make me beautiful in heaven?"

"I am sure he will, but we will talk that over when you are well." Bending over, I kissed her. "That is a kiss of silence; good-night, my Laura!"

"Good-night!" and she dropped asleep like a baby on its mother's breast.

As the night waned and the hours of dawn drew near, the weariest and heaviest hours to one who watches with the sick,—drowsiness overcame me, and for a few moments I succumbed to sleep. I awoke with a start. What had happened? Who called me? Had some one entered the room? I looked at the quiet sleeper, resting in the same reposeful attitude in which she had fallen into slumber. I opened the door into the corridor,—only black Milly lay there, wrapped in her blanket. I lifted the curtain, and saw the eastern horizon brightening; the birds knew that daylight was returning, and with much piping and twittering, were preparing for their morning concert.

I sat down beside my patient and took her little limp hand in mine. An icy chill ran through my veins. I placed my hand over her heart, but detected no pulsation. I pressed my lips to hers, and the touch chilled me. Something had happened,—someone had entered the room, and had borne my dear girl to heaven, where, henceforth, she would be forever beautiful. I summoned Dr. Singleton.

"I am alarmed," I said; "Laura is so unnaturally still." And I gave him the history of the night. His examination was brief, for the insignia of death was unmistakable.

"I did not anticipate this!" was his comment. "Laura has gone. We must call Mr. Henderson."

Only a glance was needed to reveal the dread fact to the father. The full light of the bright morning was shining on his daughter's face when he entered the room. The marble pallor of death was there,—so also was an expression of infinite peace and blessedness which surpasses human understanding. He sat down beside his dead daughter, buried his face in the pillow on which she lay, and yielded to the grief that, like a flood, overwhelmed him.

We gathered at the breakfast table that sorrowful Sunday morning a stricken household, and literally mingled our bread with tears. Mr. Henderson sat with his weeping children, and comforted them by his sustaining presence; speech was not possible to any of us. The younger ones had had no experience of death, and were oppressed by the sorrowful silence, as well as awed by the mystery which they felt, but could not understand. Vainly they sought to penetrate it. Poor little Lily threw herself, in a passion of grief, into her father's arms and he held her to his bosom, where she sobbed out her sorrow.

Mrs. Henderson broke down utterly. She neither wept nor complained, but her iron self-control was gone. She was compelled to keep her bed, and declined alike both food and society. It was necessary to commit her to the medical care of Dr. Singleton, so complete was her collapse. Our hosts were unsurpassed in their kindness and sympathy, and relieved us of all care for our departure. Mrs. Blackstock placed her most competent maid at my service, and she assumed the charge of packing our trunks, and of all

DEATH OF LAURA.—WHAT HAD HAPPENED? WHO CALLED ME?

I took her little limp hand in mine. An icy chill ran through my veins. I placed my hand over her heart, but detected no pulsation. The marble pallor of death was there, and an expression of infinite peace and blessedness which surpassed human understanding.

preparations incidental to our leaving for home in the late afternoon.

I remained with my pupils through the day, for they were very desolate. They talked incessantly of Laura, and appeared to find consolation in recalling her kindnesses to them, in repeating every little *jeu d'esprit* they had ever heard her utter, and in reporting the compliments or eulogies of which she had been the recipient, even when they had come from servants. No one seemed more overwhelmed with grief than Dick. He came to my room in a great burst of anguish, and throwing himself into a chair, he bowed his head upon the table and wept as if his heart were breaking.

"Oh, me!" sobbed the affectionate lad; "Oh! I was n't so good to sister Laura as I oughter ha' been! If she could only come back again for an hour, so that I could ask her to forgive me! I used to behave mighty bad about that Hemans' book she liked so much, and made fun of the pictures she sketched. I know it hurt her when I did so. Oh, if I could only see her once more to tell her that I really love her!" And the poor boy buried his face in his hands, and burst out afresh.

From how many thousands has a like sorrowful plaint rung out, as they have bowed above their dead!

We started from The Oaks late in the afternoon, accompanied by one of the Blackstock brothers and his wife. Dr. Singleton and another brother were to follow later, in the cool of the night, bearing the inanimate form to which our affections clung. How strange it seemed as we drove slowly down the avenue, over which we had passed so short a time before with pleasant anticipations, commenting on the beauty of the landscape that unrolled before us like a panorama! We were glad and light-hearted then,—and now our vision

was blurred with tears. It was an unbroken household then, — and now one had dropped by the way, and the gap could never be filled. How promising the out-going! How desolate the home-coming!

It was dark before we reached the avenue leading to our home. The gates swung wide to admit us, with an absence of the usual noisy chatter of the black boys, who opened and closed them quietly, and with awed faces. We passed the schoolhouse at the foot of the hill, dimly visible in the light of the young moon; and there was another outburst of grief, evoked by the thought that simultaneously took possession of us all, — never again would her feet pass over the threshold. We drew up at the front door. Aunt Aggy stood on the veranda to receive us, with her native courtesy and dignity. But her speech was choked by emotion, and tears were coursing down her cheeks. We passed into the great family sitting-room, and wept together in sympathy.

After Aunt Aggy had made her mistress comfortable for the night, and the children were wrapped in sleep, and the household hushed and still, — all save Mr. Henderson, who was keeping a solitary vigil, awaiting the arrival of his beloved dead, — she came to my room to learn the story of Laura's illness. She was Laura's foster-mother, and had had almost exclusive care of her in infancy and early childhood, loving her as if she were in very deed her own child.

"Missis nebber took t' Mis' Lorry," she said with a sigh; "she was a mos' ornary baby when she was born, — blue an' sick, an' mos'-wise cryin. De Boydton doctor said she'd mis'ry o' de heart, an' could nebber be raised; an' ef I hadn't tooken de chile t' my house, an' my breast, an' turned off my own baby, Car'line, an' jess worked day an' night wi' catnip an' mint, an' hot flannin's, an' dry rubbin's, I 'spect Mis' Lorry nebber would a' bin brung up. Missis nebber

took t' her, an' Mis' Lorry was afeard o' her, an' screeched when her Ma was gwine t' take her, so she was leff wi' me day an' night. Mas'r James reckoned a heap on his 'leetle pickanniny,' dat's what he called her, an' Mis' Lorry would jess jump inter his arms, an' kiss his face all ober, an' cry after her Pa when he went away. But her Ma nebber made no fuss ober her, fo' she was, Miss, a mos' plain leetle baby, but mighty obleegin', as she grew up a teenty girl."

"What do you mean by 'obleegin'?" I inquired.

"Oh, she didn't want eberyt'ing fo' hersel' as mos' chilluns do. She'd save all de drop-cakes I make fo' her,— an' she was mighty fon' o' dem drop-cakes,— an' all de sugar candy, an' gib 'em t' my Car-line an' de oder little niggahs, an' jess set in my lap, a smilin' all ober t' see 'em a gobblin' 'em down."

"Mrs. Henderson has cared for Laura since she was grown, and become a young lady, hasn't she?"

"Yes, Miss, but not jess like she's cared fo' Mis' Mary. She was a mos' oncommon fine chile, allers well, an' mighty pretty wi' her la'fin' eyes, an' her white skin, an' her rosy cheeks. Missus am feelin' mighty bad now. She says her heart am dun broke, an' she's dat mis'a'ble she can't eat, nor set up, nor sleep. Oh, I knowed it,— I knowed dis yere death 'd happen!" And Aunt Aggy shook her head sorrowfully, swaying from side to side and sighing heavily. "I knowed it! I's had solemn warnin's fo' years!"

"What kind of warnings, Aunt Aggy? Do you mean that you have had them lately?"

"Yes, honey, lately an' allers. All de birds used to fly roun' Mis' Lorry's head, when she was a leetle chile a-settin' outen de do'-step an' playin'; an' she wasn't afeard of 'em, but would try t' cotch 'em. An' I allers hab dreamed o' her wearin' a wite frock like she was a angel, an' a ridin'

on a wite hoss. An' when her Pa bought her a pony t' ride on hersel', wat you tink dat man do, but buy a wite pony fo' her! An' when I saw Mas'r James a histin' dat chile up on de back o' dat wite beast, I was dat scart I eenymos' fell down in a mis'ry o' de heart. 'Foh de Lawd's sake, Mas'r James,' I said to him, 'hab you got tired o' Mis' Lorry, dat you want her t' be killed?" An' he larf an' say, 'Jess see how dis yere baby like de pony! She ain't gwine t' be killed, Aunt Aggy, but she's gwine t' git strong an' rosy, an' pretty.' Oh, it jess make de col' shivers run down my back, an' I gits goose-skin all ober me, when I see dat bressed chile a gallopin' away on dat wite pony, an' I looked my two eyes outen my head, a watchin' fo' 'em t' come back, an' 'spectin' she'd nebber come. An' dat night when de mill cotched fire an' burnt up when you was all down t' Blackstocks a visitin', I seed a wite hoss gallopin' t' Liberty Hill, wi' Death a ridin' 'im, an' a carryin' a young girl in 'is arms! Ah, me! I knowed den what's a comin'! Ah, me! I knowed it!"

I had not expected such ignorance and superstition from Aunt Aggy, and I was silent. It was idle to combat it. She evidently interpreted my silence as incredulity, for, after a few minutes, she continued:

"You t'inks I'm mistaken, honey! But I knows t'ings dat de wite folks wid all dar larnin' nebber fin's out, an' nebber sarches fo' nudder. When ole Missus was sick up in de squar' room in de new house,—she was Mas'r James' mudder,—de doctor say, 'Oh dar ain't nottin' de matter wi' youah mudder; she be all right t'morrer. I'se gib her a med'cine t' make her hab a good night's sleep, an' she'll be roun' in a day or two.' But dat night when I leff ole Missus t' go t' my house, I seed old Mas'r what's bin dead an' buried in Liberty Hill twenty year, a standin' on de

porch a waitin', jess lookin' like a man made outen shinin' mist. An' I knowed den dat old Missus' time had come; an' she died nex' day.

"No, honey! De good Lawd doan gib ebery'ting to his wite chilluns. He's gib 'em de wite skin, an' larnin', an' he's made 'em rich an' free. But de brack folks is his chilluns, too, an' he gibs us de brack skin an' no larnin', an' hab make us t' work fo' de wite folks. But de good Lawd gibs us eyes t' see t'ings dey doan see, an' he comes t' me, a poor brack slave woman, an' tells me be patient, 'cause dar's no wite nor brack in hebben. An' de time's comin' when he'll make his brack chilluns free in dis yere worl', an gib 'em larnin', an' good homes, an' good times. Ah! honey, I knows, I knows!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

A SUNSET BURIAL IN THE ROSE GARDEN — AN UNEXPECTED AND AN UNDESIRABLE GUEST — A SLAVE-TRADER AND HIS MISSION — THE "NIGGAH" MARKET.

Mrs. Henderson's Remorse — Laura Bedecked with Flowers as if for a Bridal — Her Grave in the Rose Garden — A Sunset Burial — I Read the Burial Service at Laura's Grave — The Servants' Passionate Demonstrations of Grief — A Break in the Ranks — A Vanished Presence — "Where do You think Sist' Laura has Gone?" — The Unsolved Problem of the Ages — An Awful Mystery — Life Beyond the Grave — The Influence of Laura's Life — I Resume School Sessions — Laggard Dick — A "Slough of Despond" — "I wish the Fellers that writ them Mis'able Latin Grammars had to Eat 'em" — A Solitary Horseman — "Who is He, and What is his Errand?" — A Slave-Trader Makes Us a Visit — A Repulsive and Ill-favored Man — The "Niggah" Market — "Pa's Gwine to Sell Aleck."

THE next morning I called on Mrs. Henderson, who, by the advice of Dr. Singleton, was to keep her room and bed for a few days. She received me with a tenderness of manner she had never before shown, and, drawing me down to the pillow on which she lay, kissed me. All the frigidity of her manner had melted, and she was full of friendliness. In broken words she thanked me for the "invaluable service" I had rendered her and her children, and especially for what I had done for "dear Laura, to whom I had been so devoted." I could not tell whether she was conscious of having failed in motherly tenderness to her daughter, or whether she reproached herself for hardness and indifference towards her. She may not have been aware of her shortcomings in this respect, for both in character and temperament she was so unlike Laura that she

never understood nor sympathized with her. As we sat together, Mr. Henderson entered the room, gracious and kind as was his wont, but with a grave, sad face, and an utter lack of his usual alertness. Nights of wakefulness and grief had left lines on his face, and deepened the hollows of his glorious eyes. He had aged ten years in the last few days. He had come to arrange with his wife the small details of the burial, which was to take place at sunset.

"Where have you selected the burial-place?" I inquired.

"Liberty Hill has long been the family burial-place;" was Mr. Henderson's response.

"Laura had a great horror of Liberty Hill," I answered. "I think she had a presentiment of approaching death. You remember how she shrank from this visit to the Blackstocks, and wished to be left at home,—how she tried to excuse herself from the ball, and was even reluctant to enter the ball-room, while it was being decorated. After her objections had been overruled, she surrendered herself to the inevitable, and resigned herself to her fate. But she exacted from me a promise to tell you of her horror of being buried at Liberty Hill, feeling sure that her wishes would be respected."

A frank conversation followed, and a painful one; but we all reached the same conclusion. Laura had felt the approach of death in every fibre of her sensitive being, and saw its shadow deepening around her. And we were amazed at our own blindness, which saw in her, not a prescience of her departure, but a morbid state of mind, to be disregarded and crushed out. And so we had led her into the arms of the very death from which she strove to be delivered.

"Poor child!" said the tearful mother; "she might be with us now, had we been less dull of comprehension."

"Why not make a resting-place for our child in the garden?" queried Mr. Henderson.

"In the rose-garden," I added; "since Laura had a great love for that spot, and the rose was her favorite flower. We can see the rose garden from the veranda, and from all the south windows; flowers and fragrance abide there during the long summer, and the birds make it their chosen trysting-place. It will soon become a cherished and hallowed spot to the children, and they will lose that dreariness of feeling they now associate with a burial-ground."

And so it was settled. There were to be no funeral services, as there was not a clergyman within thirty miles, and our neighbors were so remote that not a score of them would be present. The custom of plantation life was to bury the dead as circumstances demanded, but to postpone the funeral services until a clergyman could be obtained. Then friends and kindred were invited, and came in large numbers to honor the departed by their presence. The former occasion was called the "burial,"—the latter, the "funeral." I had found in the library an old mutilated Book of Common Prayer, which contained the burial service of the Episcopal Church, and had it, at that moment, in my pocket. I passed the book to Mr. Henderson, saying: "That beautiful service would be very appropriate for the burial, if it could be read impressively."

"Will you read it?" he immediately asked. And though I should have preferred to have it read by Dr. Singleton, or by one of the brothers Blackstock, I consented to Mr. Henderson's wish.

It was customary at the South, as elsewhere, to drape the house of mourning heavily in black, but when I proposed to substitute flowers for these sombre trappings, the change was promptly accepted. The dim cool drawing-

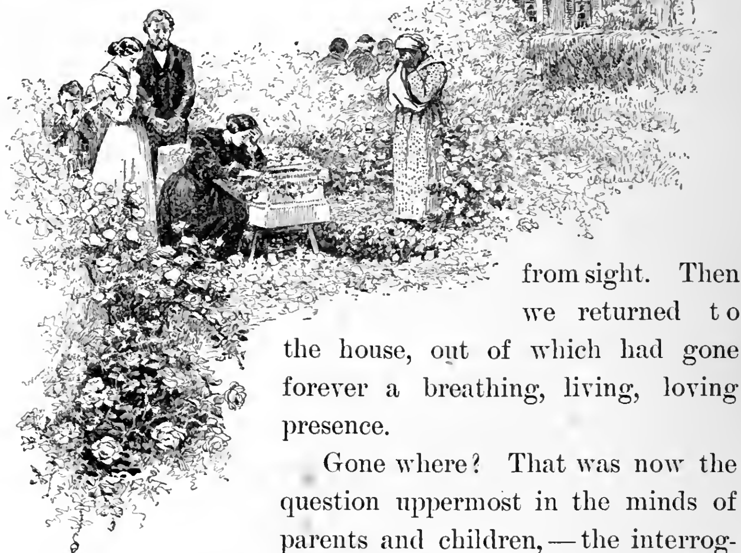
room, where lay in dreamless repose all that was left on earth of our Laura, was beautified with flowers that blossomed in vases, that encircled the picture frames, and festooned the windows. The halls, library, dining-room, and sitting-room also shared in the floral decorations, and the heaviness of our hearts was lightened by these simple tributes of affection. We folded within the pale hands of the dead girl delicate blush roses — Laura's favorite flower. We placed them in her dark hair; they rested on her pulseless bosom, and trailed down the folds of her white robe. What a glory of peace and bliss lay on her marble face! She almost seemed to smile in our faces, as we bedecked her with flowers as if for her bridal.

As the sun was slowly westering, we gathered in the drawing-room for the "burial." I read from the service book of the English Church, as had been previously arranged, and then, at Mr. Henderson's suggestion, we all united in singing the evening hymn, the last verse of which was rendered by the children with fervor and feeling:

> "Soon for me the light of day
> Will forever fade away;
> Then from sin, from sorrow free,
> Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee."

With the metrical prayer still trembling on our lips, we followed the sleeping Laura out into the fading sunlight, and bore her to the very heart of the rose garden, fragrant with the breath of thousands of flowers. A resting-place had been hollowed there, so carpeted and lined with roses that it bore no resemblance to a grave. On one side were ranged the house servants, Aunt Aggy, in snowy turban and with a sorrowful face, at the head. She had begged that they might take "jess one mo' look on Mis' Lorry, befo' she started fo' hebben." The servants, with passion-

ate demonstrations of grief, defiled slowly past the open casket, awed by the beauty and majesty of death, and with sobs returned to their houses. The sun dropped behind the horizon as we knelt beside the bier, and said our "good-byes" with kisses and tears, that rained on the face of the unconscious sleeper. The coffin was gently lowered into its flowery bed, and we strewed roses upon it until it was hidden from sight. Then we returned to the house, out of which had gone forever a breathing, living, loving presence.



DUST TO DUST. — BURIAL OF LAURA.

Gone where? That was now the question uppermost in the minds of parents and children, — the interrogatory propounded whenever there came a pause in the occupations of the household, that gave time for thought. The monotonous life of the plantation afforded no diversion from this problem of the ages, which pressed upon us with awful mystery. Hitherto all the thoughts and plans of the house-

hold had concerned earthly life, and small account was taken of any other. But a break had been made in the ranks, a halt in the march, and one had vanished. Laura had gone. Gone where?

Of all the younger members of the family, Dick seemed more burdened with tender inquiry than the others; his face grew haggard with baffled thought. I had continued my early morning walks, starting out just after daybreak, that I might enjoy the pomp of the morning sunrise. Heretofore my tramps had been unshared, but now Dick surprised me again and again by proposing himself as my companion, in such a beseeching manner that it was impossible to refuse him, and, when we were alone together, the solemn quest of his young soul found expression in words.

"Where do you think Sist' Laura is now? Do you s'pose she wants to see us, as we want to see her? Do you think she likes where she is, away from us, among strangers? Oh, if we could send her a letter, or a message, by somebody that's gwine where she is! I'm afraid that if we live here a good many years, she will alter so that we can never find her again! Where do you s'pose she is?"

More serious and perplexing were the problems proposed by his father. The children did not doubt that their sister was living somewhere, but Mr. Henderson questioned whether his child had survived death, or was living at all. He was a "free-thinker," in the parlance of that day, and his wife had tacitly accepted his views without investigation. He did not believe in the continued existence of the soul after death. To him all life was but the result of chemical agents, and when these were worn out, disarranged, or displaced, so that they ceased to act, life ceased. Reason, will, imagination, hope, thought, love — all the qualities which in combination we call the soul,

were, to him, but chemical results. And death was the exhaustion of chemical factors that had generated reason and thought, imagination and love. As a college boy he had sung with his chums, his cigar between his fingers:

> "My cigar falls to ashes,
> Then another do I take;
> But man, when he falls,
> Is never to awake."

And this doggerel was metamorphosed into mature convictions when he came to man's estate. Charming and gracious, he was yet a civilized pagan, who shamed many a professing Christian by the moral beauty of his life. Now he wished to be converted to a belief in the soul's existence after death, and he searched his library to find proofs of the life immortal. He re-read the works of Hume, Gibbon, Rousseau, Voltaire, and other writers of that school, but declared that the only defense of the doctrine of immortality in his possession that was worth a moment's consideration, was that made by Plato, the immortal Greek.

Our discussions on the subject were endless. When Mr. Henderson asked my reasons for believing that there is a life beyond the grave, I gave them; but only to hear him ruthlessly dissect them, and declare them untenable. At that time, I held unquestioningly to the faith in which I was reared, that the soul survives death, and had had no experience in polemic discussion, nor had I ever before heard the doctrine of immortality assailed. But, though routed in every discussion with him, I was not driven from my anchorage, but was still confident that death is only a circumstance in a life that will never end, and so assured my skeptical opponent. The awful conflict with doubt which assails those who think, and who suffer from bereavement, came to me later in life.

Mrs. Henderson was spared this painful experience. She had assented to her husband's unbelief, without investigation. But now, with a sad sense of loss, she gravitated instinctively to the conviction that Laura still lived somewhere, beyond her ken. When it was suggested that her life might be on a higher plane than it had been here, that it might yield her satisfactions denied on the earth, and that sometime, somewhere, mother and daughter might meet again, Mrs. Henderson stopped not to reason about it, but like most people, clutched at the hope like a drowning person.

She soothed her heart, and, perhaps, her conscience, by shrining all Laura's possessions in her room, kept always in spotless order, and glorified by fresh flowers all through the year. It became her retreat, where she spent many a solitary hour, emerging thence sometimes with a tearful face, and sometimes with a look of radiance. Every day found her at her easel, painting a portrait of Laura from memory. Daguerre had not then discovered the process of taking portraits by the sunlight, which has since been developed into modern photography. The only picture of Laura in the family was a silhouette, cut by a traveling artist, which gave a very good impression of her side face. With this, aided by memory, and our suggestions and criticisms, she wrought patiently, inspired by hitherto unknown emotions. A most excellent portrait of Laura was the result, somewhat idealized, but a source of ineffable comfort to the household. It became to the family what the picture of the Madonna is to the Catholic devotee — a veritable shrine of worship.

What a transformation death effects! Living, Laura's personality had but slightly influenced the household which had loved, criticised, reproved, and worried over her. Removed by death, they had followed her trackless path, eager

to know the secret of the unseen world into which she had vanished. The failings and foibles she had shown when with her kindred were forgotten by them; they had melted away as at the touch of fire. Instead, they magnified her excellences, expatiated on her virtues, and glorified her as the translated member of the family, who had preceded them into the heavens, whither they would never fear to follow her. There was nothing to divert the minds of the Henderson family from this sad epoch in their lives. Like life on the prairie farm, plantation life is a ceaseless iteration, and an unvarying, unending monotony.

It was evident that school duties must be resumed before the close of the summer vacation. Occupation for the young people had become a necessity. And so one beautiful day near the end of July, we assembled once more in the schoolroom. It had been converted by the children into a little greenery; flowers bloomed everywhere; even the rough rafters overhead were hidden by graceful wreaths of moss which Peter had brought from the swamp. The broad fireplace was banked up with roses, tier upon tier, until they met the festoons of vines depending from the mantel-shelf. After repeating the Lord's Prayer together in unison, Mary began the morning exercises by repeating a verse from the New Testament: "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you." The other children followed with a sentence of prose, a verse of poetry, or a scripture text, little Lily closing with the lines which had been taught her, but which were beyond her comprehension:

"'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

With the re-opening of school a happier, healthier spirit took possession of us all. Both Mr. and Mrs. Henderson

manifested a deeper interest in the children's studies, who were encouraged to talk of the books they read, the problems they solved, the tasks they had mastered, and of all the small ambitions they cherished. Satisfactory progress was made by all of them except Dick; he was the only laggard. He read bunglingly, spelled abominably, his grammar was execrable, he was in despair over the multiplication table, and Latin grammar was a veritable "slough of despond" to him. I was compelled to teach him how to study, and to assist him in learning his lessons. We worked together a week over the declension of *penna*, in "Latin for Beginners," before he conquered it; and straightway he forgot it, in much less time than he had taken to learn it. Mr. Henderson wished his son fitted for Yale College, but I had grave fears that old age would overtake the boy before he was ready for admission.

"What's the use o' studyin' Latin? Does anybody talk Latin now-a-days?"

"No, it is a dead language," I replied.

"Aint there enough livin' things to study without botherin' 'bout dead ones? I don't want to go to college! I'm gwine to be a planter, I tell you; an' what's *penna, pennæ, pennam* got to do with raisin' tobacker? I wish the fellers that writ these misa'ble grammars had to eat 'em!"

"But Dick, it will be a dreadful disappointment to your father, if you don't go to college. He wants you to go into political life some day, and he hopes, before he dies, to see you enter Congress."

"Enter Congress!" shouted Dick, with his eyes starting out of his head. "What, be like them fellers that was to the Blackstock's dinner at 'The Oaks,' an' got tipsy, an' cussed, an' drove you away from the table? Humph! I reckon he'll be disappointed then, that's all I've got to say."

"What would you like to study, Dick?" I asked, "if you could make your choice."

"I'd like to learn about things out-doors, — the trees an' how they grow, an' what kind of earth is best for 'em,— the rocks, an' what makes 'em,— an' how the world was made,— an' 'bout birds an' fishes, an' everythin' out-doors. I'd like to study more about that, an' I mean to. I s'pose I'm a dunce, but I don't like books. Oh! I hate them poetry books! I'd throw every one of 'em into the river, if I could have my way. An' Latin grammar! Oh, dear me! it will be the death of me I know!"

I began to wonder if we were taking the right course with Dick. He was a very bright boy in certain directions. I remembered George Combe, author of "The Constitution of Man," the Scotch philosopher, whose lectures I had attended in Boston, and who told his audience "he had never succeeded in mathematics." While taking high rank in psychology, or "mental philosophy," as it was then called, if he gave a salesman a dollar in payment for thirty-seven cents' worth of goods, he could never tell if the right change had been returned to him. "And, ladies and gentlemen," he added with emphasis, "I have never yet been able to learn the multiplication table!" Perhaps Dick was one of these exceptional boys. He was my problem, to be studied and solved,— and I must consult with his father.

The arrival of unexpected guests on the plantation was a very unusual event, and always caused excitement. When, therefore, in the early fall, just at the close of a morning session of school, we saw riding up the avenue a very ordinary-looking man, who, as he passed us lifted his hat, and then, as if on familiar terms with the house, sought admission at the side door, we were consumed with curiosity to know who he was, and what was his errand.

"He isn't a gentleman, anyway," said Mary, after studying him until he had disappeared within the house, "and so hasn't come a visiting. I reckon he's come on some business with Pa."

"I reckon he's a slave-trader," said Dick; "an' that he's come to buy some of Pa's han's; he looks like one."

"Do all slave-traders look alike?" inquired Mary.

"All that I've ever seen, do. They're all long and gawky, an' have no hair on top o' their heads; an' they all squint or are cross-eyed; an' they're all bow-legged, or limp; an' they all spit in the fire, an' they've all had the small-pox, an' they all look jess like this fellar."

THE ILL-FAVORED SLAVE-TRADER.
"They all look jess like this fellar."

We all laughed at Dick's graphic description.

"Pray, how many slave-traders have you seen, in the course of your not very long life?" I asked.

"There's been two here afore, an' there was one down to The Oaks, when we were there. Jim an' me talked with 'im. An' once when me an' Pa went to Boydton, I saw half a dozen of 'em, an' talked with 'em; they're mighty mean ornary men, slave-traders are. They all look jess like this fellar, an' wear jess such baggy, butte'nut breeches, that don't fit 'em. I can tell if this fellar's a slave-trader, quick as wink, when I hear 'im talk."

At the dinner-table we met the ill-favored man, who answered Dick's description perfectly. Mr. Henderson pre-

sented us to him with indifferent and somewhat scant courtesy, which cooled our manner toward him. He seemed unconscious of our frigidity, and made himself at home with perfect *sang froid*, launching out into conversation with Mrs. Henderson, as if she were an old acquaintance, addressing her as "Missis," after the negro fashion. He complimented her on the beauty of her home and its surroundings, and reckoned that she "must have an oncommon likely lot o' house niggahs t' keep things so ship-shape." And then, with a sweeping glance around the table, which he intended should express admiration, he "'lowed that Missis had the peartest brood o' young 'uns of any woman in ole Virginny."

Down went Mrs. Henderson's knife and fork, up went her head in air, and, with elevated eyebrows and clouded face, she rose from her seat, and with the dignity of a duchess, withdrew from the room. Mary, with tip-tilted nose, and flushed and angry face, followed her. Dick seemed immensely amused, and, lowering his head to his plate, indulged in a series of unmistakable snickers, which so encougaged the younger children that they laid back their heads, and laughed immoderately. As for our guest, he seemed bewildered, and looked from one to another in astonishment, evidently puzzled by the commotion which had followed his compliments.

"We are not accustomed to hear our children spoken of in this fashion, Mr. Heath," said Mr. Henderson with dignity. "I must ask you to be less personal in your remarks."

"Beg parding, sir! I'm not much used t' women; I'd no idee Missis was so techy."

Whereat Dick snorted again, more amused than before, and the youngsters, who thought it the proper thing to fol-

ow the lead of their elder brother, again roared with laughter. Jenny, who was prone to follow her sister Mary's example in all things, now thought it time to make her exit from the room, which she acccomplished with many tossings of the head, and a prodigious banging of the door. Mr. Henderson rang for Aunt Aggy to take Jim and Lily in charge, and then, turning to his strange guest, said:

"You seem to be an observing man, Mr. Heath. What do you think of the crops? Is there likely to be an average yield of tobacco and corn this year?"

Diverted from the dangerous business of discussing the house-keeping and the family, Mr. Heath succeeded more satisfactorily. He gave his estimates of the crops quite clearly, and his reasons for his opinions, and then digressed easily to the "raisin' of niggahs," and their value in the market, concerning which subject he displayed a thorough knowledge.

"There's plenty o' eight or nine-hundred-dollar niggahs in the market," said Mr. Heath, with a wave of the hand, "but the mischief is thar's few buyers. The demand is for a higher grade, an' I can sell a dozen eighteen-hundred-dollar niggahs, whar I can't work off one at eight or nine hundred. It's curus," he continued, warming to his subject, with his elbow on the breakfast table, and his chin in the palm of his hand, "what airs these high-priced niggahs take on. 'I ain't none o' yer cheap niggahs,' said one o' these fellers to me the other day, at an auction; 'Massa had to pay nineteen hundred for me, an' dat ain't a cent mo' nor I'm worf.' 'Oh, you g' long!' said another niggah, standin' close by; 'I fetched twenty-two hundred, an' Massa got me mighty cheap at dat. Ef I'd brung enny less, I'd nebber showed mysel' agin enny whar, among folks!'"

Long before this repulsive talk came to an end, I had

settled the question of this man's vocation. He was a slave-trader. But what business had he with Mr. Henderson? I was certain that his visit had been expected. My host had told me that the sale of a slave was his last resort when one was unmanageable. Who, among the servants, were under the ban? What new horror was to be perpetrated?

As we walked to the schoolhouse after dinner, the children criticised their guest, denouncing him as an impudent boor, and an ignorant, ill-bred fellow.

"Pa ought to have sent him to the kitchen to eat, and not have him brought to our table!" said Mary.

"Oh, sister Mary, you can't send a white man to eat with niggahs!" replied Dick, as if that were an unpardonable offense. "What was it he said we were — a peart set o' young 'uns?" And he laughed heartily as he recalled the compliment.

"There's nothin' to laugh at!" said Mary; "he made Ma very angry. She won't sit at table with him again, I can tell you, the ignorant, ill-bred fellow! I wonder what he's here for?"

"Well," said Dick, "it's jess as I told you; he's a slave-trader. Pa's gwine to sell Aleck to 'im; he's undertook to run away again since the Mill burnt. Pa's got to sell 'im or lose 'im."

"Yes," said Mary; "Pa's been going to sell him for some time; he keeps the whole place in a row with his continual attempts to run away. It's best that he should go."

Could these children be expected to think or reason otherwise, reared as they had been? "How long is Mr. Heath going to stay?" I inquired of Dick, for I had resolved to spare myself the suffering of witnessing the enforced exodus of any of these poor black people from their homes and families, in the clutch of a merciless slave-trader.

"I heard Pa say that he was gwine t'morrer mornin' before breakfast," said Dick.

This information was confirmed at supper, by Mr. Henderson, who vainly tried to persuade his wife to resume her place at table, assuring her that this would be Mr. Heath's last appearance, as he was to leave early the following morning.

So the next day, soon after daybreak, I let myself noiselessly out by the front door, and walked briskly down to the river, and thence to "High Rock." It was the first of October, and the earth was full of beauty. A mist hung in the air which the sun soon smote with his scimitar of light, scattering it hither and yon, until it vanished and was gone. The birds still sang in the trees, and the woods were thickly tenanted with these feathered vocalists. They were flying about in flocks and families, lightly skimming the earth, and wheeling in countless aerial evolutions, evidently putting themselves in training for their long journey through the trackless air to their winter homes.

How serenely the bright blue sky arched above me! How placidly lay the almost motionless river, on the surface of which not a ripple was visible! How calmly slept the valley, checkered with gold and green, as the sunlight was filtered upon it through the intervening foliage! Every living, as well as inanimate thing, seemed glad in the presence of the beautiful day, and I felt all care, weariness, and corroding anxiety roll from me, as did the burden from Bunyan's Pilgrim when he stood at the foot of the cross. I, too, caught the spirit of peace, and joined in the universal worship of Nature.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SLAVE-TRADER'S PURCHASE—A SLAVE GANG BOUND FOR THE SOUTH—DISTRESSING SCENES AT PARTING—"WE'LL SHUCK DIS CAWN BEFO' WE GO!"

Our Repulsive Visitor—"Buckets of Honey"—A Perplexed Pupil—An Undercurrent of Thought—What about the Slave-Trader?—The Fearful Forebodings—"Dat Pickaninny dun dead!"—The Story of the Sale out at last—The Slave-Trader Buys Aleck, Mary Harris, and Patsy—A Slave Mother's Agony—The Institution of Slavery—Dick's Chamber of Reptiles—An Embryo Naturalist—"We'll have that Boy in Yale yet!"—A Negro "Corn-Shucking" Party—A Mighty Feast of Coon-stew, Corn Pones, and Sweet Potatoes—Happy Negroes—Dusky Faces and Melodious Voices—A Husking Contest by Torchlight—A Supper Fit for the Gods—Negro Songs—"We'll Shuck dis Cawn befo' we go!"—"An' we'll meet again in de Mawnin'!"

I RETURNED to the house just as the family were sitting down to breakfast, and noted immediately the absence of our repulsive visitor, while detecting no discordant feelings on the faces of the group before me.

"You look as if you had been tramping with Aurora, this morning," said Mr. Henderson, "and had drank the nectar of the gods with her, from brimming flower cups. But that is such an unsubstantial beverage, that if Mrs. Henderson will send you a large cup of coffee and cream, I will complement it from my end of the table, with bacon and eggs and corn batter-cake. We will do better by you than Aurora has done."

My three hours' tramp had given me an appetite, and I did justice to the excellent breakfast which was set before me, joining in the general merriment and good cheer of the

morning. As usual, the children kept up a rattling fire of mild disputation, and Dick, according to custom, was the target for all their sharp shooting. But he kept his temper admirably, even under Mary's merciless fire, and gave her shot for shot.

"I'm gwine with Pete an' Allen, Pa, this evenin'," said Dick, carelessly, as we were leaving the breakfast-room, "an' I reckon we shan't be home till late."

"Going where, my son?"

"To see 'em cut down a bee tree that they've found in the woods, back o' Liberty Hill. They 'spect to git buckets an' buckets of honey, for there's a mighty big hive of wild bees there; they've been watchin' out for 'em for a long time."

A simultaneous protest from his elders, myself included, was immediately entered against Dick's joining in this adventure.

"You'll get more than you bargain for on an expedition of this sort," said his father. "Bees have sense and grit, and don't allow themselves to be dispossessed of their store of summer sweets, without making a fight for their property. If you should go with the boys you would run the risk of being kept in bed for a week, under Aunt Aggy's nursing, so disfigured with bee stings that your own mother would not recognize you."

"In bed for a week!" echoed Mary. "How can you say that to Dick, Pa! Don't you know that the prospect of a week in bed will make that lazy boy crazy to go a bee-hunting to-night?"

The boy shot a reproachful glance at his sister, but she rattled on.

"Don't you know, Pa, that he'd get rid of Latin grammar for a week, if he were in bed all that time! I believe

Dick would consent to have bees sting him every day of his life, if that would rid him of his Latin. I declare! I'm so tired of his *penna*, *pennæ*, *pennam*, and his *amo*, *amas*, *amat*, that I sometimes wish I was deaf as a post, and could only hear through a trumpet like old Mrs. Wylie."

"I only wish you had to learn it, that's all. I don't wish you anything worse than that!" said Dick ruefully.

"If I had it to learn, I would learn it!" said Mary. "I wouldn't be such a dunce as to be stumped by it!"

"Well, I'm jess such a dunce that I *can't* learn it, nor nothin' else. My Latin don't mean nothin', neither, any more than,

> Onetum, twotum, threetum, thrum,
> Whiskum, whaskum, diddledee dum!"

There ain't no use in learnin' such gibberish; an' if I'm kept studyin' it till I'm a gray-headed old man, I never *shall* learn it."

"I don't know what's going to be done with Dick, Pa!" said Mary, with a shade of anxiety. "He don't learn anything at all at the schoolhouse."

"Oh, shut up now, sist' Mary! There's no sense of your makin' it out worse than 't is. I learn a heap ev'ry day from talks, an' walks, an' readin's. One reason why I want to go down to this bee-tree choppin' to-night, is that I may learn somethin' more about bees. They're mighty queer things, bees are. They've very cur'ous ways; but I can't learn nothin' from the books they make to study out of. I'd like to wring the necks of them fellers that make the books."

We all laughed at the amiable desire of the perplexed lad, and then Mary got in a closing word.

"Dick ain't a fool, Pa! but he can't learn in school. What's the matter with him?"

"Will you shet your mouth, sist' Mary?" replied Dick. "I tell you I do learn in school, from my teacher, but not from books."

"My daughter, has any one charged your brother with being a fool?" said Mr. Henderson seriously. "I think you might improve your speech by taking a lesson or two from Mr. Heath, whose effusive compliments cost you the loss of a dinner, yesterday. My son, we will send at once for books, which will give you more information about bees than you would gather from a hundred such adventures as you propose. You shall study Natural History thoroughly, and I am sure you will like that."

"And I will study it with you, Dick," I added, "and we will take the books to the fields, and woods, and swamps, where the bees, caterpillars, butterflies, and all kinds of insects live; and we will learn about them from observation, guided by the books."

"Only peg away a little longer at your Latin, my boy; don't give it up yet, and don't be discouraged! I believe you'll conquer by and by!" And Mr. Henderson smiled tenderly down into the lad's face.

All through the breakfast and its chatter, and during the conversation that followed, an under-current of thought had occupied my mind. What about Aleck, and any other "incorrigible" servants? Whom had Heath bought to add to his slave gang bound for the Southern market? Had a tragedy been so quietly enacted on the plantation that morning, that it had even escaped the knowledge of the children? I hoped I should never know, and I carefully abstained from any allusion to the visit of the slave-trader, not venturing to ask a question that might lead to the disclosure of his errand. And yet the inquiry sounded through my brain, "What about Aleck, and the other 'incorrigible servants?'"

About a fortnight later I was sitting with Mrs. Henderson, when Aunt Aggy entered the room to consult with her mistress regarding some work on hand. She was superintending the manufacture of servants' clothes which were to be distributed at Christmas. Her business concluded, she turned to Mrs. Henderson with a contraction of the brow, which was an indication that she was puzzled, or troubled, or both, and said:

"What in de worl' 'm I gwine t' do wi' dat pickaninny o' Mary Harris? I'se 'fraid 't will die, it's so sick; an' 't won't eat nuffin' 't all."

"Some of the women that have nursing babies must put it to the breast; that will save it, and nothing else will," was her mistress' reply.

"But dey jess won't, none of 'em," said Aunt Aggy, "dey's dat mad wi' de chile's mudder dey'd rudder dat pickaninny 'd die dan not. Dey's mighty obstropolous."

"Who's got a young one, the age of Mary Harris' baby?"

"Jenny Walker has, an' so's Tenny, an' Hepsy."

"You tell Hepsy to take Mary Harris' baby, and nurse it till it gets well. She's larger and stronger than the others, and has less to do. If she disobeys, I'll send her down to Bryson, and see if a flogging won't help her down from her high horse. You tell her what I say, and see that this thing is done, Aggy."

I knew that Mary Harris, so called to distinguish her from other Marys on the plantation, was a very troublesome person, with very undesirable traits of character; but the fear of penetrating to a tragic story sealed my lips, and I asked no questions. One morning, however, a few days later, while Aunt Aggy was busying herself in my room, she turned abruptly to me, and said:

"You 'member Mary Harris' baby dat was so sick, dat I tol' Missus 'bout? well, dat pickaninny's dun dead. I 'spected 't would die w'en its mammy went off, fo' 'twas a sickly chile."

"Went off! Why, where has Mary Harris gone!" I inquired.

"Bress youah soul, honey! didn't you know Mas'r James sold Mary Harris to de trader dat Missus wouldn't eat with? He wouldn't buy de chile, an' o' course Mas'r James wouldn't gib it t'm fo' nuffin', an' so 'twas leff; an' it's dead now."

My heart stood still for a moment, and I could neither see nor hear.

"Why was Mary Harris sold, Aunt Aggy?"

"Oh, she was a triflin', no 'count niggah, makin' a fuss eberywhar. She wouldn't nebber stay wi' no husban' long, but was allers gittin' some o' de oder women's husban's away; an den dere was a fight 'mong de folks, an' dere heads got broke, an' de work was put back. Mas'r James gib her plenty warnin's, but she nebber larnt no sense."

"Did she feel badly about leaving her baby?"

"Oh, Miss, she jess took on orful. 'Pears like she cared mo' fo' dis yere sick baby dan fo' all her oder chillun, an' any husban'. I t'inks she wouldn't a made a fuss if dey'd 'jess 'lowed her t' take dat ar poor pickanninny 'long; but she screeched an' screeched, when she larnt dat de baby was t' be leff, till dat trader had t' gag her, or she'd a waked up all de folks wid her screeches."

"Oh, Aggy, Aggy! What dreadful things are done on this plantation!"

"Dey had heaps o' warnin's from Mas'r James, an' dey'd orter 'haved better."

"Were any other servants sold, Aggy?"

"Yes; Aleck, dat harnsome niggah down t' de Mill; yo's

seen 'im. He's run away heaps o' times, an' got cotched eb'ry time; an' Mas'r b'lieved he was gittin' ready t' go ag'in. Mas'r 'd a los 'im ef he hadn't sold 'im. An' Patsy's sold, too. She was the triflin'est, an' de mos' worfless niggah I eber did see. I tol' you, you 'member, how she put de clo'es on t' bile in de wash-house wi' no water in 'em, an' let 'em all burn t' de kettle. Missis was mighty glad t' have Patsy sold, she was dat worfless! Oh, Miss, you don't know nuffin' 'bout de Souf!"

A MOTHER'S ANGUISH.

"She screeched and screeched when she larnt dat de baby was to be leff."

How clearly I realized that the people at the North knew nothing of the institution of slavery. I had heard them defend it — and depict it as a humane organization. How utterly they failed to comprehend its brutalizing influence on the finest characters, or dreamed of the outrages inflicted on the poor blacks.

The books on Natural History, which had been ordered from New York, arrived in due time, and Dick was unspeakably happy! His possession of them marked an epoch in his life. He began to study from them at once, reading an

hour or two with me every day, then reading by himself, and afterwards, book in hand, verifying the statements of the author by personal investigation of the insect world in woods, and fields, and swamps. His enthusiasm was delightful, and before the end of a fortnight a change in the boy was perceptible. He seemed to have waked up,—his face had brightened,—there was a new tone to his voice, an elasticity to his step,—a new life in his whole bearing.

He began to make collections of butterflies, caterpillars, moths, beetles, and other insects, and, as soon as we were able to learn something of the process of taxidermy, he added birds to his treasures. From this he proceeded to colonize insects and reptiles in a shed near the negro quarters, that he might watch their habits, and observe them raise their young. His father wishing him to be better accommodated for his experiments, Mrs. Henderson put to his service a large sunny chamber in the new addition to the mansion, which had hitherto done duty as a store-room. It soon became the horror of the house, because of the creeping, crawling, slimy, horny, many-legged, web-weaving characteristics of its tenants. It required some courage to enter, and some skill to steer safely through this apartment. One was in danger with every movement of brushing down an impaled butterfly, or sweeping away a patriarchal spider, web and all, by the swish of one's skirt or the waving of one's fan. Indeed, Dick demanded that we should divest ourselves of drapery when we visited him, and enter on tiptoe, under reefed sails, with limp skirts drawn closely around us, lest we should make trouble. The embryo naturalist was developing.

Better than all else, in his father's estimation, he began to grapple in real earnest with his Latin. The complaints and philippics about "a dead language" ceased. He showed

genuine interest in translating the brief exercises in the Latin Reader, and soon mastered ten pages in the time formerly occupied in learning one. Mr. Henderson watched his son with ever-increasing pleasure, and seemed once more like his old self, before death had cast its shadow over him. Often, as he passed me, with his face illuminated, he would smile and say, "We'll have that boy in Yale yet!" He became Dick's inseparable companion; helped him in his studies, and shared his pursuits. We were compelled to banish them both from the schoolroom on account of their noisy disturbance, and from thence they migrated to the music-room, their high-pitched voices and shouts of laughter floating down to us from their place of retreat.

For three or four years Dick had importuned his father to give the servants a "corn-shucking" party. He had never been absolutely refused, but his petition was evaded, and a decisive answer to the boy's request postponed. He was very much attached to the servants, and they gave him a love that was deeper and stronger than that for their own kith and kin. So, when Uncles Henson and Isham, and Aunts Aggy and Phenie began again to agitate the subject of the "corn-shucking," and to glowingly recount its delights, Dick, realizing that a new day had dawned in his sky, half promised them on the spot the coveted gratification.

"I'll ask Pa about it, Mammy," he said to Aunt Aggy, "an' this time I reckon you'll git it."

And, sure enough, when he proffered his request on this occasion, it was granted instanter, without hesitation or debate.

"Yes," said Mr. Henderson, "tell Uncle Henson to go ahead with the 'corn-shucking,' and I'll furnish the supper."

"Who shall they invite?" asked Dick. "They mustn't

ask the people on plantations so far off but what they can easy git home before mornin'."

"Let them invite Mr. Frère's people, the Ashmore's, Field's, Maury's, and Walker's," said Mr. Henderson. "They are our nearest neighbors, and these, with our own hands, will make a big company."

Dick hurried to Aunt Aggy's with the delectable news.

"It's done!" shouted the happy fellow, as he burst into the cabin, tossing up his hat. "We're gwine to have the

UNCLE HENSON "CUTS THE PIGEON WING."

biggest corn-shuckin' ever seen in this county. Pa says Oncl' Henson may invite the people on these five plantations round us, an' he'll give the supper; an' I tell you it'll be a boss supper."

Old as he was, Uncle Henson jumped out of his chair and "cut the pigeon wing." Aunt Aggy pulled Dick into her lap, hugged, and kissed, and slapped him all at once, shouting between whiles, "It takes you, Mas'r Dick!"

Peter rolled over, and over, and over, like a cart wheel, until he tumbled into a ditch; and Allen, his brother, flew as with winged feet over the plantation, proclaiming the great news as he ran; and in twenty minutes the whole place was in a ferment.

Preparations were begun forthwith. The day of the "corn-shucking" was appointed, and messengers were despatched to the neighboring plantations, bearing passes to go and return, from Mr. Henderson, with invitations from Uncle Henson. Every evening, when the working-hours of the day were over, the servants brought in the unhusked corn from the fields, and heaped it around the corn cribs. Pitch pine knots were gathered in large quantities to illuminate the festive occasion, for there was no moon, not even the thinnest crescent of one, to shed its silver light upon the merry-makers. This was a great piece of negligence and indifference on the part of the powers that be, for a round, full moon was regarded as the veritable *sine qua non* of a "corn-shucking."

"We'll show de moon dat we kin git 'long widout her," said wise Uncle Isham, sagely wagging his head.

The cooking began early in the morning of the eventful day. All the resources of the "niggah kitchen," where the meals of the field hands were prepared, were duly monopolized. All the fire-places, turn-spits, big kettles, boiling-pots, and stew pans on the place were brought into requisition. A mighty log heap near the "negro quarters" was fired early, that at the right time, there might be hot ashes and coals for the baking of sweet potatoes and pones of corn bread. A search had been instituted the day before among the hundreds of swine which were never penned, but ran wild until slaughtering time, and a large number of lean young porkers, thought suitable for roasting, had been discovered.

Aunt Aggy contributed a dozen of her fat geese for the supper, and Mrs. Henderson added the same number of turkeys. Some of the negroes had organized a successful coon hunt to glorify the feast, and the savory odor of coon stew, prepared in immense cauldrons under Aunt Aggy's direction, was wafted to our olfactories by every breeze that stole into the windows.

A holiday from school duties was announced; neither teaching nor studying were possible on this momentous occasion. The children insisted that Aunt Aggy and Uncle Henson should do the honors as host and hostess during the evening, and be dressed as became their position. The wardrobes of their parents were overhauled in search of such cast-off clothing and second-hand finery as could be utilized, and by dint of much shortening and taking in of coat and trousers, and an equal amount of letting out and taking down of one of their mother's dresses, these two valuable head servants were so resplendently arrayed by their costumers, that they were the admiration and envy of all their guests. Aunt Aggy's handsome face and figure were well set off by a somewhat *passé* brown silk, and her towering turban and immaculate neckerchief of sheer white muslin. But when did she ever look otherwise than queenly?

The evening sky was full of stars, and the soft, warm air blew lightly upon us as we walked down the avenue, on the look-out for the expected guests. Long before we saw their dusky figures, we heard their melodious songs echoing and re-echoing through the woods as they marched towards the Henderson plantation. They came in four companies from as many different directions, across lots, by cart-paths, and through the forest, all entering upon our field of vision at one and the same time, when they saluted

and marched together. They carried torches which were waved aloft with joyous shouts, as they met; and when they caught sight of hosts and hostesses assembled around the corn cribs, the whole place brilliant with blazing pine knots, their enthusiasm knew no bounds. Shouts of recognition and welcome thrilled the evening air, and fell upon our listening ears.

The greetings and hand-shakings over, the assembled company, costumed in every variety of nondescript garment, with faces of every shade of black, chocolate, and burnt umber, as diverse in aspect as were their garments in fashion, seated themselves in groups around the mounds of unhusked corn. The diversity was accentuated by the flaring torches which wrought continual changes of light, shade, and expression, reminding one of the shifting figures and colors of a kaleidoscope. Flirting and coquetting prevailed among the dusky gallants and belles, and the jokes at each other's expense, and the tricks employed to separate lovers, or to bring the wrong couples into juxtaposition, made half the fun of the evening. All the while they steadily stripped the husks from the magnificent ears of golden corn, tossing them into the cribs with such dexterous fling and accurate aim, that not one fell short of, or exceeded its destination. Some, who were famous huskers, entered into competition with others of like reputation, each side seeking to outdo the other. Then the rivalry became so exciting as to halt the other workers, who watched the contest with shouts and cheers and clapping of hands, until Uncle Henson ordered all to resume work, and declared the contest closed. They sang without cessation while they worked, until the cribs were heaped and overflowing, and all the corn was husked, and then supper was announced.

A PLANTATION "CORN-SHUCKING"—SOCIAL MEETING OF SLAVES

Costumed in every variety of nondescript garments, with faces of every shade of black, as diverse in aspect as were their garments in fashion, they seated themselves in groups around the mounds of unhusked corn.

SOLO. — "Religion's like a bloomin' rose,
CHORUS. — We'll shuck dis cawn befo' we go!
As none but dem dat feels it knows,
We'll shuck dis cawn befo' we go!
I'll praise de Lawd till I git frew,
We'll shuck dis cawn befo' we go!
I was a sinner jess like you,
We'll shuck dis cawn befo' we go!
But sing his praises! Bress de lamb!
We'll shuck dis cawn befo' we go!
Fo' I am saved, indeed I am!
We'll shuck dis cawn befo' we go!
Now stan' up squar' in youah own shoes,
We'll shuck dis cawn befo' we go!
An' put no faith in solem' views,
We'll shuck dis cawn befo' we go!"

And so on and on, from one kind of doggerel to another, pious or amative, or rollicking, according to the leader.

Never was a supper eaten with more zest; never was one eaten up cleaner; there were only bones and potato skins remaining. I had thought beforehand, that the supper would suffice for twice the number that had gathered to eat it. I now believe the guests could easily have disposed of another meal equally abundant. Poor, simple, black men and women! The feast to them was "angels' food" indeed, as they phrased it. The compliments passed on the supper were very amusing:

"Sist' Aggy, dis yere roas' pig's good 'nuff fo' de angel's table in hebben."

"Brudder Henson, I reckon dat coon stew might make a dead man come t' life t' eat it."

"Dis yere's no cheap place, Aunt Phenie, an' yo's got no cheap Mas'r; an' we hain't had t' sharpen our teef t' night t' eat dis yere supper."

Then followed the leave-taking. There was endless smirking and giggling, with resounding kisses and pre-

tended fright or displeasure, reiterated "good-nights," and continued "good-byes." The torches were re-lighted, each company formed under its leader, and the departing guests retraced their homeward steps, across lots, over cart-paths,

THE DEPARTING GUESTS.
Their torches were borne aloft, and their melodious voices rang out in song as they marched away.

and through the forest. Their torches were borne aloft, and again their melodious voices rang out in song as they marched away.

SOLO — "We're gwine home t' die no mo' !
CHORUS — We'll meet ag'in in de mawnin' !
Our frien's are on de oder sho';
We'll meet ag'in in de mawnin' !
I'll lead you safe, so nebber fear,
We'll meet ag'in in de mawnin' !
Oh, brudders, haste ! de day is near !
We'll meet ag'in in de mawnin' !
Who comes dis way will pay no fare,
We'll meet ag'in in de mawnin' !
Oh, hear de music in de air !
We'll meet ag'in in de mawnin' !

CHORUS — Oh! dat mawnin'! dat mawnin'!
We'll meet ag'in in de mawnin'!
Dar'll be no night, fo' hebben is bright,
An' we'll meet ag'in in de mawnin'!"

We watched them as they receded in the distance, the four companies diverging as they reached the road, and pursuing different directions, until, one after another, they entered the forest, and were lost to sight. But long after we ceased to see them, we heard their songs resounding through the woods, which echoed and re-echoed with the prophetic refrain,

"We'll meet ag'in in de mawnin'!"

CHAPTER XX.

CHRISTMAS AT THE NEGRO "QUARTERS"—MY LONELY LIFE BRIGHTENED—AN ARRIVAL FROM THE NORTH.

Preparations for Christmas—Making ready for Guests—The Hubbub of the Kitchen—Dr. Singleton Arrives—The House Beautified with Holly, Mistletoe, and Blooming Flowers—A Warm Welcome—Christmas at the "Quarters"—Swarms of Negroes from other Plantations—Negro Foot-races, Cock Fights, and Revival Meetings—Sectarian Feuds among the Negroes—Dr. Singleton and Mary gravitate towards each other—Divining the Future—"That Man will bear your Daughter away as a Bride"—Our Neighbors' Request—What the Henderson Children Learned—A Solemn Conclave—New Pupils Proposed—I Enlarge my School—An Increase of Salary—Fanny Codman arrives from the North—Her Grace and Loveliness—A Sharp Line of Demarcation.

CHRISTMAS with its holidays and merry-makings again came on apace. The shadows were not yet lifted from the household, and the interest with which the glad season was anticipated was slight compared with the ecstasy of former years. All were quietly occupied in the stealthy preparation of gifts suitable to the occasion, for then, as now, a Christmas gift to be acceptable must be a genuine or simulated surprise. Mrs. Henderson and Aunt Aggy, with a large posse of colored sewing-women, were urging forward the completion of the clothing of the servants for the next year, the distribution of which was a feature of Christmas highly prized by them. To be clad in new garments was indispensable to their enjoyment, when they made visits to their friends and kindred during the holidays.

Dr. Singleton, who had endeared himself to every mem-

ber of the family during Laura's illness and death, had accepted Mrs. Henderson's invitation to spend Christmas at the plantation. The announcement was received with a pleasure that brightened every face, and gladdened every heart. Our neighbors, the Ashmores, Maurys, and Frères, were also included in the invitation for the holidays. An arrangement to that effect was made at the "corn-shucking," at which festivity they were present as spectators, while their servants were conspicuous guests. They had been accompanied by charming sons and daughters, between whom and the young Hendersons there sprang up an enthusiastic friendship, and it was at the instance of the latter that the invitations were issued.

It was customary at this season, whether there were guests or not, to decorate the house profusely. Now that a large addition was to be made to the family circle for a week, other preparations were necessary, compelling an enlargement of sleeping accommodations, and an extension of larder and dining-room facilities. Mrs. Henderson disclaimed the intention of doing anything.

"I have told our invited guests that they must take us as they find us," she said. "I have always entertained handsomely, and have had pride in doing so, but my heart is like lead in my bosom since Laura left us, and I shall never again care for such matters."

Nevertheless, new carpets and rugs were ordered for the guest chambers, and new china and glass to repair the breakages in the dining-room. The furniture was polished by Peter and Allen to a dazzling lustre, and the hard wood floors to a dangerous smoothness. The ornamental brasses of the old-fashioned wardrobes, secretaries, and bureaus were brightened till they gleamed like gold, and the andirons were made to glow with equal brilliancy. The jambs

of the fireplace were reddened, and at the last moment a fresh coat of paint was put on the walls of the dining-room. Aunt Aggy superintended the "doing up" of the white muslin chamber curtains, the ruffles of which were elaborately crimped, knife-plaited, or fluted, according to their quality and location.

All the rooms were beautified with trimmings of mistletoe and holly, the glossy leaves and red berries of the latter lending themselves easily to decoration. Here and there, at points of vantage, were displayed pots of flowers in bloom, a fuchsia, which was a mass of pendent purple and red blossoms, a brilliant cactus in full flower, a rose geranium and white petunias, whose fragrance filled the room. These came from the little winter conservatory, which was Mrs. Henderson's especial property and care. The roses were economized for a garland for Laura's portrait, and wreaths of pine and holly were hung in the windows.

These preparations for invited guests were a delight to the Henderson family. Like all Southerners they were extremely hospitable and social, and never happier than when entertaining friends. They had at command a large force of exceptionally well-trained house-servants, who could be relied on to carry out details or to execute orders, under Aunt Aggy's leadership; but the planning, the direction, and the oversight were furnished by the family, and by Mrs. Henderson especially, who, on all occasions, was a host in herself. She alone ventured into the hubbub of the kitchen at such times, where noise, dirt, chaos, and Aunt Phenie, who always seemed to me an incarnate voice, reigned supreme. If she was inquired for during these absences, her husband would dryly reply:

"She has made a descent into our domestic Hades, and as I am no Orpheus with enchanted lyre to lure her back, I am afraid we have seen the last of her for the present."

"Ma hasn't a lazy bone in her body," said Mary.

"No," said her father, "they are all industrious bones, and, as your mother is only a bag of bones,"— she was a very thin woman — "she has become a phenomenon of industry, which, of necessity, compels me to cultivate laziness most assiduously, that the equilibrium of our marital partnership may be maintained."

Our guests from the neighboring plantations arrived by noon on Christmas day, and were received with a warm and hearty welcome. They were all plain people, not on the same footing with the Hendersons in education and culture, but unmistakably kind-hearted and excellent. They observed the decorations of the house with unconcealed curiosity and admiration, and, by adroit questioning, discovered that the taste and beauty displayed was due to Mrs. Henderson's careful planning and supervision. They were unable to withhold from their hostess the homage which they felt was due her, and Mrs. Ashmore, who acted as spokeswoman, said:

"We have always heard that you were a very gifted person, Madam, but we find that you are a wonder. It is indeed a pity that a lady of such remarkable talents should be buried in a planter's house."

The young Hendersons took immediate possession of the eight children of the party and installed them in the various apartments assigned them. The servants, anticipating their needs and wishes, had made comfortable preparation for them, and in the short space of half an hour, guests and hosts were on most intimate and friendly terms. Dick and Jamie bore off the three boys of the company, and presently I saw them reinforced by black Peter and Allen, carrying guns and game-bags, en route for the Roanoke and the long island lying in its stream, which, just at this time, was the feeding-ground of countless numbers of wild ducks.

Dr. Singleton arrived late, after we had given him up for the night, and our guests had all retired. He had ridden across the country on horseback, had mistaken the route and miscalculated the distance, and, as his own horse had become exhausted, he had been obliged to leave him with a planter, and to take another in his stead, which proved hard to ride and difficult to manage. He was received with a warmth of welcome and cordiality that soon banished all sensations of weariness and fatigue. Never could his hosts forget the heroic but unequal battle that he had waged with death in behalf of their lost daughter, and they made him realize most sensibly that he was to them all as a brother beloved. Watching him closely I saw that this young physician was a man of much promise, attractive in manner and speech, and his fine face glowed with a true nobility of purpose and endeavor.

The young people were astir early the next morning, investigating their long stockings hung at the fireplace, for such largess as Santa Claus might bestow. He had been most generous in his favors, for the many-colored hose had overflowed in heaps upon the hearth. The younger children were wild with excitement, and tooted and shouted and drummed, till Bedlam reigned. The older ones tried to subdue the racket, but only increased the din. In despair I bundled the four younger children off to Aunt Aggy's in care of Car'line, sending their noisy gifts with them, which insured their elders a quiet breakfast, and a chance for digestion.

It was Christmas at the "quarters" in very truth. Discipline was everywhere relaxed. There was no sound of the horn to wake the field hands before daylight, work being suspended for a full week. The "quarters" swarmed with negroes from other plantations who had received passes,

that they might visit their relatives and friends. The clothing for the year was distributed,— two shirts and a pair of trousers being the portion for each male field hand,— and the usual Christmas rations of whiskey were given out among them. Many of the colored people offered for sale articles of their own manufacture,— husk mats, baskets, and brooms of various kinds,— which were made at night after working-hours; these were bought and paid for by white people. Passes were furnished to those of the servants who desired them, giving them liberty to attend the foot-races, cock-fights, and raffles, or to wend their way, as many did, to the revival meetings, which were always held at Christmas by Baptists as well as Methodists. To these two religious denominations the slaves generally belonged.

BROTHERLY ENCOURAGEMENT.
"Go it, brudder, doan gib it up!"

They were bitter sectarians, and each sect stubbornly refused to recognize the other. If a colored Baptist ventured to address a Methodist meeting, notice of his blunder was served on him instanter, for one of his audience, with "throat of brass and leathern lungs supplied," would immediately rise to talk him down. He would be encouraged in this brotherly service by the entire congregation, with a tempestuous backing of "Amen!" "Hallelujah!" "Go it, brudder, doan gib it up!" "Glory t' God!" until the wind of one of the competitors gave out

and ended the contest. A similar fate would befall a black Methodist, should he venture a song at a Baptist meeting. His voice would be drowned by a mighty chorus of Baptist vocalists, intensified by such a furious clapping of horny hands, and stamping of broganed feet, as would make the noise of a thunder storm inaudible. But these unlearned blacks only exaggerated the behavior of cultivated white Christians in the neighborhood, and elsewhere, when members of warring sects chanced to meet in the same conventicle.

I observed that Dr. Singleton and Mary gravitated towards each other on all occasions. Every morning, I would see them standing together beside the tall white obelisk that marked the spot where Laura lay at rest, and almost every evening the last rays of the meek sun shone upon them at the same trysting-place. My prophetic soul divined the future. And when he took his departure, and Mr. and Mrs. Henderson made a compact with him to spend all future Christmases with them, as his parents were not living, and his brothers were settled in the far South, I said to myself, "Ah, dear friends, some future Christmas, this young man will come here and bear away your daughter Mary as his bride, to a home of their own." And so it proved. Four years later my prophecy became reality.

At that time educational advantages in the South were extremely limited. Schools were few in number and poorly equipped, and only a small number of families maintained a home school for their children, as did the Hendersons. It was not surprising, therefore, that our guests were somewhat astonished at the progress in their studies of the Henderson children. They were utterly unaware of what may be accomplished by continuous and systematic teaching. They made many inquiries concerning our school, the les-

sons taught, the amount of time consumed in school work, the advancement that had been made during my terms of teaching, and finally expressed a desire that the little Hendersons should give an exhibition of their attainments.

A programme was accordingly arranged for the following evening, when we assembled in the large drawing-room, where Mr. Henderson felt sure the children would appear to better advantage. Mary began the evening entertainment, by reading, in a full, clear voice, the account of the interview between Rebecca, the Jewess, and Rowena, the Saxon, which closes Scott's novel of Ivanhoe. Jenny, who did everything well, followed her sister with a recitation of Rebecca's song, from the same book. Neither of these selections affords opportunity for elocutionary effect, but they were of Mary's choosing. Our guests, uninstructed in such matters, were amazed at the proficiency in reading and recitation which the two girls displayed, and became almost incredulous as we proceeded with the programme. Jenny and Lily rendered a simple little dialogue, which they had learned some time before, in an artless fashion, and then played together an easy duet taught them by Professor Von Luttner. Mary and Dick, and afterwards Mary and Jenny, played and sang together, and the music was followed by an exhibition of their very moderate accomplishment in pencil and crayon. Our guests were enthusiastic in their admiration, and declared the young Hendersons to be veritable prodigies.

"Have you ever before met children as gifted as these?" asked Mrs. Ashmore, addressing me. "They have, however, a mother of great ability, and they ought to be prodigies."

When I assured her that my pupils were not as advanced as the majority of children of their age at the

North, Mrs. Ashmore looked as if she would like to put me under oath to tell the truth. And when I still further informed her, that the backwardness of the little Hendersons was due only to a neglect of early training, she begged leave to differ with me most positively.

"The ability which these children have manifested in learning to read, sing, play, and draw is a gift," said the lady, "and you cannot confer gifts on children who lack them at birth, by any amount of teaching. The majority of children at the South cannot be taught to read and write, and I do not suppose they are in any way inferior to the children of the North." And she gave me many instances in proof of her assertion.

Thenceforth the conversation took a new turn among the parents, and education became the topic. Mr. Henderson not only showed his guests what it had done for his children, but what it would do in the future. He was more than a match for the ignorance and skepticism of his half-dozen neighbors, answered all their objections, aroused their interest, and made an earnest plea in behalf of as thorough an education of their own bright and beautiful children, as their parents' means would allow.

The next morning Mr. Henderson invited me into the sitting-room, where I found the "united heads" of the four families sitting in solemn conclave. The educational discussion had culminated in a proposition from our neighbors, which my host wished to lay before me. They wished to enlarge my school by the addition of four of their children, — a son and daughter from the Ashmore household, and a daughter from each of the other families. It was thought that in age and attainments they would classify with the pupils already in my charge. The new pupils would board in the Henderson family, and be subject to its customs,—

laws it had none,—from Monday morning until Friday night, and I was to be given *carte blanche* concerning the course of study they would pursue.

"If you approve of the scheme," said Mr. Henderson, "I shall not only increase your salary, but I will engage any competent teacher whom you may recommend, to instruct the children in vocal and instrumental music, as well as in drawing and painting."

Among my dear friends was a gifted young girl who lived in New York city, and who, in a recent letter, to which I had not replied, had asked me to seek her a situation as teacher in the South. Here was just the opportunity for her, and my heart dilated with joyful anticipation. Was there a possibility that this charming friend, whom I loved so devotedly, a genius in her way, whose voice was music, whose manner was grace, a daughter of the North who sympathized with my tastes and views, which, in the South, were tolerated as somewhat *outre* only because of my usefulness,—was there a possibility that she might be my companion and co-worker for the next two years? Why, that would lift this lonely life of mine into divineness, and transform this dreary plantation into a suburb of heaven. I was almost overwhelmed by the sudden influx of happiness that flooded my soul. What if she should come? It was a moment or two before I could speak.

I assured Mr. Henderson that I was not averse to the proposed enlargement of the school. I had realized from the start, that my pupils would make more satisfactory progress, if they had the stimulus of classmates and the spur of healthy competition. I believed I could promise them the services of such a teacher as they had in mind. And I gave them a word picture of my friend, Fanny Codman, as she appeared to my mental vision, which brought my hear-

ers to their feet with congratulations. To assure them I read extracts from her last letter to me, expressing her desire to teach in the South for a year or two, and her wish that she might find a situation near me. I was fairly driven to my room by their eagerness and impatience, to despatch a letter to New York by the next mail. Telegraphic communication was not then in existence, and the mails were slow and irregular, compelling us to be patient until her answer arrived.

The little school opened most auspiciously with the New Year. The new pupils were welcomed with a heartiness that set them at ease immediately, in the ugly and unfamiliar schoolroom, as well as in the home. Their own parents could not surpass Mr. and Mrs. Henderson in fatherly and motherly kindness, and so fearful were their children of appearing to take on airs of superiority, because of their previous advantages, that they feigned an ignorance that was ludicrous, and sometimes embarrassing.

Before the close of the month Miss Codman arrived, and set the plantation wild with her grace and loveliness. To me her advent was an irruption of spring into midwinter,—a burst of sunshine into midnight. I became aware of the tremendous strain under which I had been living. To escape from myself, and from the memory of the haunting sorrow which my sister's death had brought, and the uncertainty that brooded over her future, I had thrown myself into work which did not belong to me, and had been not only the teacher of my pupils, but almost a governess in every department of their domestic life. I wondered at myself, that I had been nourished and comforted by the self-renunciations of the past year, for I had not then learned the divine meaning of the words, "He that loseth his life for my sake, shall find it."

My friend had come to me in the hour of my greatest need, and I gave a loose rein to the motherly instincts of my nature, and ensphered her in the tender care and protection she so much needed. Fanny Codman, reared in wealth and luxury, was now in poverty. Her exquisite voice and passion for art had been most carefully cultivated, and these attractions, added to the grace and beauty of her person, had promised for her a triumphant *entrée* into society. But reverses overtook the family, and the tenor of her life was abruptly changed. She was compelled to put her accomplishments to another service, and to begin the serious business of earning her own living on this Southern plantation. I promised myself that I would make her way easy, and lighten her burden, as far as I was able.

I doubt if the Hendersons ever fully understood the rare type of womanhood that glorified their home when Fanny Codman entered it. They considered themselves fortunate in securing so clever a teacher for their children, one who was so immeasurably superior to Prof. Von Luttner, and they were jubilant over the rapid progress made under her instruction. But in those days people at the South regarded all the world as divided into two classes, — those who worked for a living, and those who lived by the work of others. Between these two classes there was a sharp line of demarcation, over which it was impossible for the broadest and noblest Southerner to pass. To work for a living was almost as foul a blot on one's escutcheon, at that time, as to have negro blood in one's veins.

CHAPTER XXI.

ADIEUS TO THE SUNNY SOUTH—TEN YEARS AFTERWARDS—WHAT BECAME OF THE HENDERSON FAMILY, THEIR SLAVES, AND THEIR PLANTATION.

"The Children Bewitched"—Making Reputation as Teachers—Fanny and I mutually helpful—She shrinks from the Negroes—I defend her from a Knowledge of the Horrors of Slavery—Inducements offered to remain South—Parting with our Friends—We return North—Mary's Wedding with Dr. Singleton—Mr. Henderson's Sickness and Sudden Death—"We shall meet again!"—Ten Years Afterwards—Dick's Career—Enters Yale—His Graduation, Marriage, and Death—Jenny's Marriage to a Confederate Colonel—Jamie becomes Major of a Confederate Regiment—His Death while leading a Charge—Buried on the Field of Battle—What became of the Henderson Slaves—The Plantation sold to a Northern Purchaser—I am welcomed Home as one from the Dead—A Blissful Summer in my Father's House.

FROM the day of Fanny's arrival the little school took on a fresh accession of power and mental quickening. The children were wax in her hands. Her smile compensated them for any effort they made, and if she kissed them, their young faces were illumined with joy. All hindrances vanished, all obstacles retired. She developed in her pupils a surprising passion for work, and there was hardly a moment of the day, when the two pianos were not resounding with their patient practice.

"Miss Codman has bewitched the children!" said Mr. Henderson; "and even Dick has fallen under her spell. A coon supper has no attractions for him now, since Miss Codman has tabooed it. He has forbidden Peter to bring him any more terrapin eggs, since Miss Codman has pro-

nounced them 'vile eating.' He leaves his gun behind when he takes a walk with the school, because Miss Codman 'dislikes the shooting.' And since she has declared against visiting *en famille* on plantations, he denounces visiting as a 'stupid bore.' The school has the right of way now, and the children are certainly doing famously."

We became aware that we were acquiring a reputation in the county as teachers. Trustees of two or three struggling seminaries, in the remote vicinage, sought to negotiate with us for the transfer of our educational efforts to "larger fields of usefulness." Offers of marriage began to perplex my friend, some of them couched in language that took acceptance for granted. One confident swain went so far as to suggest the date of the wedding, and the selection of the officiating clergyman. I declined the overtures to "larger fields of usefulness," as did Fanny those of marriage, and we both held steadily to our one fixed purpose. We were determined to do our utmost for our pupils during our stay at the South,—nothing should divert us from this one aim.

We entered into a compact of mutual helpfulness with one another, and while she taught me to draw and sketch, I assisted her with her classical studies, and together we read the Æneid and Horace. We declined all invitations, except from the neighbors who had visited the Henderson plantation at Christmas, and with them we spent an occasional Sunday. They were convinced before the close of the school year that their children were not devoid of "gifts," and that, like the young Hendersons, they could acquire the art of reading aloud, master arithmetic and penmanship, and sketch, play, and sing.

I had suffered so much during my first year on the plantation from a personal knowledge of the horrors of

slavery, that I defended Fanny from such painful wisdom. She had a constitutional aversion to whatever was repulsive and disagreeable, and even shrank from the grotesque-looking field hands, whom she avoided, in planning her walks with us. Only the house servants knew her by sight, and they saluted her with immense respect, standing stock still until she had passed, and gazing after her till she disappeared from their vision.

Since I could do nothing to change or ameliorate the condition of the slave people, I protected myself from farther suffering during the remainder of my stay. I determined to know nothing more of Bryson's "discipline," nor of the sales of "unmanageable" slaves. I had seen enough of slavery to believe that any deed of cruelty or darkness was possible under its régime — enough to enable me to detect instantly the realism of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," as I read the weekly chapters in the columns of the "New Era," in which it was first published. "The whole system is wrong, and some time, please God, it will be abolished." Such was my thought. But I no more dreamed, than did Mr. Henderson, that a conflict was even then impending between the civilizations of the North and South that would shake the continent, abolish slavery, drench the land in fraternal blood, wrench the plantation from the ownership of his children, and leave his youngest son dead on the battlefield. And yet the strife was not a quarter of a century distant.

"I 'specs dat music teacher from de Norf 'll git cotched up like 'Lijah in a char'yot some day," said Aunt Aggy, as she watched Miss Codman walk daintily through the garden in the early spring.

"Why do you expect that, Aunt Aggy?"

"Oh, she's got dat way wid her when she walks, as if

she's gwine t' fly in a minnit." She had a very elastic step. "An' I nebber sees her a singin' an' a playin' on de pianner, but I t'inks she's half an angel."

"Do you like her singing, Aunty?"

"Laws me, Miss! Doan I? Nobody could sing better 'cept it be de angels in hebben. Did you heah her toder night, when she was singin' dat song to Mas'r James 'bout de man dat leff his wife in de cole groun', wid her baby on her bosom? Dat song make Mas'r James feel powerful bad. It was a rainin' an' a freezin' out dohs, but a heap o' niggahs wi' dere fiddles was a stan'in' dar in dat storm, tryin' t' cotch de chune she was playin'. I was dat mad at dere presum'tion dat I went outen to 'em an' druv 'em off. 'Git 'long dar, you mis'able niggahs!' I said; 'you 'specs you kin larn dat lady's music? You mought 's well 'spec t' steal de chunes de angel Gabrul plays round' de white t'rone.'"

TRYING TO "COTCH DE CHUNE."
"A heap o' niggahs wi' der fiddles was a stan'in' in de storm tryin' t' cotch de chune."

"You see your friend has even bewitched the negroes,"

said Mr. Henderson, who had overheard a part of Aunt Aggy's story. "And she has so completely held you enthralled that we have not had a debate, nor a discussion, nor even a friendly controversy since her arrival."

It was true. Several times we had been fairly embarked in what promised to be a lively debate, but as soon as Fanny perceived its drift, she ran away with a shrug of the shoulders and a ripple of song, and stopped not until fairly outside the door, when she turned and coolly flung back defiance.

"No, I am not coming back to a discussion! I am bored by your religious disputes! I do not understand your theologies, and so I will leave you two to fight it out. When you are tired of your musty, fusty, rusty old arguments, come to the music-room and I will sing to you." Which we were very sure to do.

How the weeks and months flew by! How smoothly ran the machinery! What satisfactory progress was made in the little school, which had often vexed my homesick soul beyond endurance, in the first long, weary year of my life on the plantation! Nearer and nearer approached the day which would complete our engagement,—when we should bid adieu to the sunny South, and set our faces Northward, where kindred and friends were impatiently waiting to welcome us. Inducements were offered us to prolong our stay, but our decision to return home at the stipulated time was unalterable. Perhaps we might return after the needed rest and visit; but no positive promises to that effect were given by either Miss Codman or myself.

Not without sorrow did we say "good-bye" to the weeping, clinging children, and to their kind-hearted parents, who had endeared themselves to us in many ways. Community of interests, of sorrow and joy, as well as mutual forbearance and helpfulness, had given us a oneness with

this Southern household, which we had never known before except among our kindred.

On our journey northward we were compelled to stop in Washington, D. C., as we had not a penny of money current outside the State of Virginia. Those were the days of state banks, and before we could proceed farther on our way, it was necessary to visit a broker's office, and exchange our little horde of Virginia bank notes for money that would be current in New York and Massachusetts. So large a percentage was charged for this accommodation, that our earnings shrank very perceptibly in the transaction.

Home again! Changed ourselves, we detected changes everywhere, and in everybody whom we met. We went away young girls — we came home young women. Life wore more sober hues than before our experience among strangers, in a civilization utterly alien to that in which we had been reared. But we were gainers in knowledge of the world, in courage to meet whatever the future might hold for us, and in steadfast self-reliance, — and this was so much capital in our favor. Although we had helped our friends in Virginia to secure other teachers for their children, we continued to dream of resuming work with them, until marriage outlined a different future for us both.

Shortly after Miss Codman and I were settled in homes of our own, we received cards for Mary Henderson's wedding with Dr. Singleton, and from that time our correspondence with the family languished. Children came to my heart and my home, bringing new cares and new anxieties; and with the consequent absorption of time and thought that their training required, ten years had passed since I bade "good-bye" to the Hendersons, during which time I heard from them irregularly. Then came a letter heavily bordered with black, which bore the sad tidings of Mr. Hen-

derson's death. His illness was short, but painful, and his departure sudden. But the patience and dignity which had marked his life were conspicuous to the end. Even in the last moments of bodily anguish, he tried to console his wife and children, bidding them hope for a reunion with him sometime and somewhere, on a higher plane of being.

"It is clearer to me now than it was in my youth, that the dissolution of the partnership between body and soul will not wreck the latter," was his last utterance. "I am sure, my dear wife and children, that we shall meet again."

Other changes followed. Dick had completed the scientific course at Yale College before his father's death, and honorable mention was made of his acquirements. But his health failed at the North, and physicians detected a tendency to pulmonary disease. He was at home, slowly recuperating, when Mr. Henderson died, and, by Dr. Singleton's advice, he went to Europe, spending a full year in study and travel. His mother's illness and death recalled him to the plantation. From the departure of her husband, Mrs. Henderson lost all interest in life, and slowly faded away, without pain or disease, but from seeming unwillingness to continue to live without him.

Dick then assumed charge of the homestead, married the young girl in Washington to whom he had been engaged for years, and instituted reforms in the management of the plantation, which his father had often outlined and contemplated, but which he had lacked the courage to inaugurate. He was prosperous, and, but for his steadily declining health, would have been happy. Just as the anti-slavery reform had culminated in the election of Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States, and the maddened South had crowned its act of secession by the bombardment of Fort Sumter, the poor fellow ended his battle for life.

Then followed Jenny's hurried marriage to Colonel ——, of the —— Virginia Infantry of the Confederate Army, which was ordered to the front, and with it went her brother Jamie, — Major in the same regiment. The Colonel passed through the vicissitudes of war, suffered wounds and capture, but lives to-day, a Confederate veteran. Jamie was shot dead at the head of his men when leading a charge, and, at his previous request, was buried with them on the field of battle.

DEATH OF JAMIE.

The Emancipation Proclamation, which freed the slaves, completed the ruin of the dismembered family. With the loss of the servants the great plantation became worthless, and was sold to a northern purchaser, a few years after the war ended. Lily found a home with her sister Mary, and married most happily. But, alas! her happiness was of short duration. She died when her first-born child came into life,— a beautiful girl baby, now a radiant belle in Southern society. Only three of that large and promising family of fifty years ago,— two sisters and a sister's child, — survive to-day. They have suffered loss of fortune, loss of home, loss of their beloved; to them the last quarter of a century has been a continuous school of labor, economy, and sacrifice. But a better day is dawning for them. And the New South, in consolation, shall bring to their children and their children's children a larger life, a finer nobility, and a more enduring and honorable prosperity than the Old South ever knew.

My three years life at the South was of great value to me in many ways, and gave me an education I could not have received in any school of the time. It was no small advantage to enjoy for three years the society of a man like Mr. Henderson, — indeed, it was a liberal education in itself. His knowledge of the world, his acquaintance with English literature, his social relations with the prominent political men of the time, who really controlled the affairs of the nation, his thorough understanding of our form of government, of the history of the republic, and of the eminent men who had done so much towards its development, many of whom were prominent actors on the stage at that time,— all this rendered his companionship not only agreeable, but instructive and educational.

I had thought, in my early narrowness, that goodness and moral excellence were the exclusive possessions of the religious sect with which I was connected. I learned while in Virginia, that ethical greatness and a high order of character are to be found among people of all sects, and of no sect, and thenceforth placed character higher than creed.

I had always regarded the Southern people as greater sinners than those of the North, because the former clung to the institution of slavery. But in listening to Mr. Henderson's history of slavery, I learned for the first time, that in the beginning of the nineteenth century, every nation of Europe owned slaves and traded in them, but had gradually freed themselves from this colossal evil, and that our republic was indebted to Great Britain for the existence of slavery on this continent. That when the American colonists shook off their allegiance to the mother country, and became independent, the different hereditary traits of the early colonists, North and South, the difference in the two sections, in climate, agricultural products, and methods of

industry freed the North from slavery, and fastened it on the South, so that the latter did not choose slavery, but found it fastened on them, and were therefore less blamable than I had believed.

Even Mr. Henderson's arguments against historical Christianity were of help to me, for they compelled me to a reconsideration of the whole subject, and of the foundation on which it rested. In pointing out to me what was permanent and what was transient in Christianity, though I never dared accept him as authority on this subject, he yet enlarged my conceptions, gave me a wider breadth of thought, and prepared me to entertain larger views of God, human life, and human destiny.

He was a great reader, and thoroughly mastered what he read. Side by side, in his well-stocked small library, with the works of Hume, Rousseau, Voltaire, Gibbon, and other writers of that stamp, were found Butler's Analogy, Paley's Evidences of Christianity, and books of kindred character. He knew the contents of them all, and directed me in my investigations, always finding time to read himself, and to enter into debate upon vexed questions.

He was a steady student of English literature, and among his books were the early British poets, and the English classics,—Spenser and Milton, Young and Bacon, Dryden and Pope, Sidney and Charles Lamb, and others. With him I read Shakspeare for the first time, and while in his home read Walter Scott's novels and poems. The beauty of their diction and their keen delineations of character have charmed me to a second and a third reading, since those early days.

An idolatrous admirer of Queen Elizabeth, Mr. Henderson had become familiar with as much of her history as was then known to the world. It was the memory of his

eulogistic praise of this great English sovereign that, in later years, compelled me to a complete study of her life and times, which covers the history of the world during the most important epoch of English civilization. Napoleon I. was also an object of almost idolatrous admiration to Mr. Henderson. All that could be found in English or French literature relating to the great Emperor, — his biography, the story of his battles, his life with Josephine and Marie Louise, his defeat, his capture, his imprisonment on the island of St. Helena, the long torture he there endured, his death — all these were matters of thrilling interest to Mr. Henderson, and he would dilate upon them with most impassioned eloquence. His wife copied for him in India ink every picture of Napoleon that took his fancy, and with these treasures he decorated the walls of his little private study. All this opened a new world to me during the three years I spent on the plantation. It was as if I had discovered a way into the literature of all civilized nations.

I returned to my New England home a pronounced abolitionist, accepting from no one any apology for slavery, for I had seen it for myself, in its mildest form, to be sure, under its best administration, and in the most favorable part of the South. If there its characteristics were so hideous, if it was so imbruting and cruel in its régime, violating every humane instinct daily and hourly, and setting at defiance every law of Christianity, what must it be in the more extreme South, where men were coarser and less tender in nature, and where there were almost no restrictions thrown about the master for the protection of the slave! I became a subscriber to "The Liberator," which I read with great regularity until the slaves were emancipated, and the paper discontinued. I attended every accessible anti-slavery meeting, and as a matter of con-

science always added my contribution to the funds of the society, for this I had promised myself to do, when steeped to the lips in horrors on the Virginia plantation.

I reached Boston about the middle of April on a cold, sleety morning, when the northeast wind penetrated to the very marrow, and the snow and ice were lying in patches all along the road from Norwich to Boston. What a contrast to the warm June-like weather of the day that we took the train from Warrenton, North Carolina! We had left strawberries over-ripe for use, peaches set in the orchards, green peas ready for the table. I had anticipated something of a change in climate as we traveled northward, but I was not prepared for anything so extreme. My clothing was insufficient for the weather, and I arrived home so ill that I was soon put in the hands of the family doctor. The hardship of sickness was not to be complained of, when one received such tender care as my beloved kindred bestowed upon me. I would not have repined at an invalidism of months, if the demonstrations of love and superabundant care that encompassed me could have been continued. It is worth while to be ill, when one can be nursed divinely.

I lack language in which to record the tenderness with which my parents received me. They had exaggerated the dangers to which they had believed me exposed, and I came back to them almost like one from the dead. Our hearts had grown stronger and tenderer during our three years' separation. We had learned patience and tolerance of each other's peculiarities, and I remember that summer at home with the small household, as the most blissful I ever passed in my father's house. Our hearts were not yet healed of our great sorrow, but time had soothed the wound, and hope had ministered somewhat of consolation.

CHAPTER XXII.

SOME HAPPY YEARS OF MY LIFE.—THE WASHINGTONIAN REFORM—REMINISCENCES OF THEODORE PARKER AND DANIEL WEBSTER.

The Duxbury School — My Oldest Pupil Five Months my Senior — Neither Rewards offered nor Punishments threatened — A School Orchestra — A well-remembered Excursion — Left by the Tide — The Launching of a Ship breaks up my School — Some of the Happiest Years of my Life — Joys that are Dead and Loved Ones that have Vanished — The Washingtonian Reform — Six Drunkards who met for a "Roaring Good Time" — A Mighty Influence — Pressed into Work for the Cold Water Army — The first Temperance Work of my Life — My first Meeting with Theodore Parker — My Prejudices against him — They are Swept Away by his Gentleness and Fairness — The Strange Adventures of a Cat — Daniel Webster's Summer Residence in Marshfield — Incidents and Events relating to him.

DURING the summer I received several invitations to teach in New England academies, or to take charge of private schools. I desired to continue in the profession I had adopted, but to have leisure for study at the same time, and as the invitation that came to me from the town of Duxbury, Massachusetts, was the most promising in this respect, I accepted it.

A few years before, Mr. George Partridge, a wealthy citizen of the town, had died, leaving a handsome sum of money for the establishment of an educational institution, to be called the "Partridge Academy." By the terms of the will, the money was to remain invested, until it had increased to an amount that would enable the Academy to begin its work on a large scale, which would necessitate a delay of years in its establishment. Some of the more in-

telligent people of the town, who were interested in the advance of higher education, had therefore decided that a private school must be maintained to bridge over this hiatus of years, and to prepare their children for entrance to the Academy.

There was a stir everywhere at that time in behalf of High Schools for girls, and it was hoped that the curriculum of the Academy would be so arranged as to obviate the necessity for a High School in the town. The Academy was to admit both sexes, and to fit boys for college. A committee waited upon me, with a statement of the qualifications they desired in a teacher, and a wish that I would allow myself to be considered a candidate. They put me through a most superficial and impromptu examination on the spot, and told me frankly they would make an engagement with me immediately, if I would accept it. I had been recommended for the position by the cashier of the Duxbury bank, whose wife had been one of my former teachers.

I stipulated that I should be free from interference in the conduct and management of the school, and have freedom to carry out ideas of my own, which, though in actual practice to-day, were regarded by many educators at the time as absurd; that my pupils should not exceed twenty-five in number, should not be under twelve years of age, and should include both sexes.

For a short time, at the outset, the boys preponderated in the school, and were older than the girls. My oldest pupil was a young man five months my senior. His education had been very much neglected in early life, in consequence of a defect of vision, which had only been cured in part after he was twenty years old. He was the most earnest, devoted, and persistent pupil I ever had, and, if I could have allowed it, would have monopolized every moment of my

time out of school hours in giving him instruction. All the young people in my charge belonged to good families, had been well trained, and possessed that polish and refinement of manner that comes from travel and association with intelligent and cultivated people. Most of them were the children of shipmasters, whose wives frequently accompanied their husbands on voyages, and some of my pupils had been born on the ocean, or in foreign ports. Their homes abounded in collections of foreign curiosities, alabaster vases, bronzes, statuettes, curious glasses of exquisite form and mould, in every shade of iridescence, baskets made of bamboo, ivory carvings, painted wood-work, in short, bric-a-brac of all kinds. The town was rich in foreign importations, brought home by the masters of vessels and their crews.

I informed my pupils on the opening day that the school was to be self-governed; there were to be no punishments for offenses, no rewards for well doing. Each one must conform to the rules of the school as a matter of honor, or must leave it. Every young man was expected to be a gentleman, every one of the young girls a lady. They must master their studies, not that they might avoid losing a place in the class, or to gain a better position, but for the sake of the knowledge that would result from their efforts. I required courtesy from the young people in dealing with each other, and desired them to enter the schoolroom from the dressing-room, as they would a private parlor.

I soon discovered that they were largely endowed with musical ability, when we organized a little orchestra of violins, 'cellos, and other instruments, and thereafter every session of the school was opened with music, vocal and instrumental. They sang well and easily, — mastered new tunes, even when complicated. The musical selections for the

week were announced on Monday morning, so that there was opportunity for study and practice. My pupils delighted in the object lessons, and general exercises in arithmetic, spelling, and grammar, which were new to them, and quickened them to great alertness. We abolished the "school readers," and selected instead new publications of the day, either in prose or poetry, which were interesting to young people, and then acquainted ourselves thoroughly with the sketch, story, or poem, and with the history and character of its author.

A class in botany was formed which became very popular, when it was found that much of the work could be accomplished out of doors among the plants, either in the morning or afternoon, as was best adapted to the habits of the particular plant or flower under observation. A general astronomy class was formed, and in the evening when conditions favored it, we took lanterns, celestial maps, and text-books to the top of some high hill, where we could study the heavens in their glory. These occasions were anticipated with delight, and we returned from them awed by the grandeur of the subjects discussed, and thrilling with a desire for further knowledge.

There were certain evenings in the week, and certain hours on Saturday, when my pupils were at liberty to call upon me, socially, or for the presentation of grievances, or requests. A small mail-box was placed in the schoolroom to receive letters which they wrote each other and me, and which was opened daily. A postmaster was selected monthly to take charge of the box, and to distribute the mail.

Our school soon became a little self-centered community in itself, not only in matters relating to education, but to amusement. We went on fishing excursions in Duxbury

Bay, sometimes returning with mackerel enough for the breakfast of the whole town. We organized sailing parties and rowing matches; we picnicked together under the "tea-party tree," in the pine woods, a well-known trysting-place for generations; and in cooler weather, enjoyed the fish and clam-chowder parties, held in some one of the many large kitchens of the town, where the good cheer could be supplemented by music and dancing.

On one holiday excursion we started off for Clark's Island, famed for bearing the name of the master's mate of the *Mayflower*, taking with us games, violins, and lunches, prepared for a day of enjoyment. Time passed so happily and fleetly, that the tide left us before we were aware that it was on the ebb. It was between two and three o'clock in the morning before the tide served for our return, and then the wind had left us, and the boys were obliged to row to the Duxbury shore. Nobody, however, seemed to regret the mishap, for all were in the halcyon days of youth, the hospitable people of the island opened their homes to those who sought shelter from the evening damps, and the boys declared "rowing was the tallest sort of fun," notwithstanding some of them showed blistered hands. And they rowed into town, and walked to their homes in the early morning, lustily singing in chorus,

> "Home again! home again! from a foreign shore!'

as if they had been off a thousand leagues, and absent a year.

After a protracted and violent storm, almost cyclonic in its force and fury, some of my older boy pupils would invite me to a drive to some near, safe point, where we could see the Gurnet lighthouse, bravely upholding its twin lights amid the mighty billows that had raged around it, as if de-

termined on its destruction. And then, with a pardonable boy's pride, I would be told for the twentieth time that it was this high promontory that, A.D. 1004, Thorwald saw, the son of Eric the Red, as he was sailing from Vinland, where he had made his winter quarters.

In winter, when the ice and snow allowed it, my pupils organized coasting and skating parties, in which the girls participated as well as the boys. I was often invited to join in these excursions. It was novel and exhilarating exercise to me. Nothing less than ox-sleds sufficed for these occasions, which the boys knew how, and had the strength to manage. Starting from the summit of the hill, opposite the schoolhouse, the sleds filled with young people to their utmost capacity, they were pushed over the brow of the hill, till the inclination became steep, when they shot down to the mill-pond, and across it, with almost dangerous celerity.

In those days teachers were obliged to fall back on their own resources. There were no normal schools to train them for their work; no teachers' institutes, no educational journals, no graded schools; the text-books were poorly adapted to their uses, and but little was done with the blackboard. If a teacher had a natural aptitude for teaching, and then had been trained himself, he would in some way succeed in doing good work. He would so thoroughly master the subjects he was to teach as to supersede the text-book, and dispense with it, — would be ingenious in devising ways of quickening his pupils and holding their attention, — would keep in constant touch with them, and put much of himself into them, — and in this way, many a teacher of the olden time did better for his pupils than he ever knew. For myself, I enjoyed teaching. It was never irksome. I became attached to my pupils, was eager to do for them all I could, and, inexperienced and untrained as I was, I could always comfort myself

for any failure I made by the knowledge that I had done my very best.

Duxbury was a most interesting town fifty years ago. It was even then a famous ship-building town, although the people declared it was on the decline, and shook their heads sorrowfully, saying, "Duxbury is not what it used to be." There were, however, eight ships on the stocks in the various ship-yards, the first year I spent in the town, and others were projected for the near future. Mr. Ezra Weston, then living at "Powder Point," the present site of Mr. Knapp's famous school for boys, was the largest shipowner of the country at that time, and was extensively engaged in commerce. There were forty-three shipmasters resident in the town, a large number of whom were Atlantic ship captains, and most of them picked up their crews in town. As none of them remained a long time at home, Duxbury was emphatically a town of women and children, and the women were the most capable and intelligent that I had ever met. Thrown on their own resources almost entirely, they had become equal to any emergency, and were as handsome and well-formed as they were executive.

The launching of a ship was as sure to break up my school in Duxbury, for the time, as the arrival of the mail in "Ole Virginny." A favored few would be invited on board during the launching. Others would be asked to take seats in a boat in front of the shipyard, where they could observe the passage of the vessel into the water, and the remainder would petition to be excused from school till the great event was over. I was compelled to make a virtue of a necessity, and give a half-holiday, never sorry to witness the launching myself. The blocks were knocked away rapidly, one after another, and every obstacle in the way of the ship was removed. She was gently urged and

persuaded by the builders to begin her passage from the land to the sea. With seeming timidity she glided slowly down the ways,—grew more courageous, and proceeded faster,—and then, with one swift plunge and a shudder from stem to stern, entered her native element, amid the shouts of the on-lookers.

The names of the Duxbury people were very suggestive. Bradford, Alden, Brewster, Soule, Weston, Sprague, Winsor, Drew, Sampson,—almost all my pupils and acquaintances in town bore some one of these honored names. Of the twenty subscribers to the civil compact signed in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, November, 1620, who survived the first fatal winter, seven of them became inhabitants of Duxbury, and three of them, Elder Brewster, Miles Standish, and John Alden, made the town famous. The memory of Miles Standish is indissolubly linked with Duxbury, and "Captain's Hill," towering above his early residence four hundred yards from the sea, and eighteen hundred feet above its level, now bears a monument to his memory.

Never was there a pleasanter community in which to make one's home than Duxbury, as I knew it. The disintegration of the town had not then fairly set in, and it would be difficult to find a more hospitable, intelligent, social, and cultivated people in any New England town to-day. College presidents and professors, clergymen, librarians, business men of prominence, artists, musicians, teachers, reformers, and leaders of society have been sent out into the world since then by the town of Duxbury, and it has not surprised me to see them taking the positions to which they were ordained from birth. For I felt the brainy qualities of the people, before I had been a resident of Duxbury a month.

The women were superior housekeepers, skilled in all

delicate culinary arts, exquisite needle-women, cunning in embroidery, and adepts in household decoration, and in an accomplishment of higher value, — the art of entertaining so that their guests were entirely comfortable, happy, and at home. The men were very versatile in their general knowledge, and had at their tongues' end any information you might desire concerning the ocean and its idiosyncrasies, ships and all nautical matters, foreign countries, and human nature in general. The majority of the people lived in that part of the town called "The Village," where the houses ranged themselves along the bay, as if they and their occupants feared to lose sight of the salt water. My three and a half years of life in Duxbury were among the most enjoyable I have ever known. Changed as the town is to-day, and bereft of the people who once made life idyllic, I cannot now make a flying visit to the almost deserted locality, without a heartache for joys that are dead, and loved ones who have vanished.

The Washingtonian Total Abstinence Reform was inaugurated in Baltimore in 1840, by a club of six drinking men, who met regularly in a bar-room for a "roaring good time," all going home intoxicated, when their inebriety did not compel them to remain all night. A temperance address, to which all the club listened, led them to sign a pledge of total abstinence, and to commence a crusade against the almost universal drinking habits of the time. It spread like prairie fire, — temperance meetings were held everywhere, — temperance speakers multiplied, — temperance papers were established, — and the movement became phenomenal, and assumed tremendous proportions. Four-fifths of the drunkards of the country signed the pledge, and the reform had still a hold upon the people at the end of fifteen years of temperance work.

A BAR-ROOM AUDIENCE—THE BEGINNING OF THE GREAT TOTAL ABSTINENCE MOVEMENT.

The reform was inaugurated in Baltimore in 1840, by a club of six drinking men, who met regularly in a bar-room for a "roaring good time." A temperance address to which all the club listened led them to sign the pledge of total abstinence.

The town of Duxbury, like almost every town and city of New England, was brought under the spell of this mighty moral influence. A Total Abstinence Society was formed, that included most of the adult population, while a "Cold Water Army" was recruited from the children. Hon. Gershom Weston, the wealthiest and most influential man of the town at that time, was the president of the adult organization, and I was pressed into work for the children. It was the first temperance work of my life, in which I have continued to the present day. To maintain an interest among the little people, frequent meetings were necessary, which must be made attractive, with music and recitation and brief stirring speeches. Papers adapted to their comprehension were published, and books of juvenile temperance stories and songs were soon in circulation. I was placed on the editorial staff of a "Cold Water Army" paper published in Boston, and for two years shirked no duty demanded of me, although crowded with other work growing out of my profession. A compilation of the sketches I wrote for the paper was published in cheap, cloth covers, and was distributed broadcast. I sometimes meet a copy of the unpretentious booklet in some out-of-the-way locality.

On the Fourth of July the Cold Water Army came out in all its glory. The town held its celebration of the day in the pine woods, where the shade was grateful, the air fragrant and spicy, the carpet of pine needles thick under the feet, and where no one was crowded, so wide was the sweep of the amphitheatre of seats. The Army took on its largest proportions on that day, for the promise of the bountifully spread tables sure to be found in the grove on such occasions, drew the entire juvenile population into the ranks, and it marched into the woods with twice its ordinary numbers, resplendent with flags and many-colored ban-

ners, under the escort of a full-fledged band, all palpitating with expectancy.

Then what solemn re-pledging of the little ones to "total abstinence from all that intoxicates!" How vivid the contrast was made between the debauchee, with his tottering and diseased body and his enfeebled intellect, and the man who had never known the thraldom of strong drink! How the traditions of the town and the experiences of the past were marshaled before them, to emphasize the unwisdom of yielding to appetite, and the certain ruin of the inebriate! *Cui bono?* was the question I asked myself when the day was ended, and I was too wearied with its fatigues to sleep. Will any good result from these efforts, and can these children be fortified against the temptations that are sure to meet them?

It did not prove fruitless work. Living to-day in my neighborhood are five men, now verging upon old age, who were boys in that Cold Water Army. Two were sons of intemperate fathers, two were the sons of widows, and one was motherless. The environments of all were unfavorable, and no restraining influence was thrown around them, save what came from that temperance organization of children. To the impressions there received, they attribute their escape from the seductions that enticed them in their early manhood. "We should have fallen by the way, as did other boys in our neighborhood, had we not been held by the Cold Water Army, during the unformed days of our young manhood," is their uniform testimony. No good work is ever lost, and the heavenly seed that is sown will not betray our trust, but will, somewhere, sometime, bourgeon and blossom, and ripen to fruitage.

It was in Duxbury that I first met Theodore Parker. He had just delivered his famous sermon on "The Tran-

sient and Permanent in Christianity," which brought him into great disrepute with the entire Unitarian body; while the Orthodox world was stirred to condemnation of him from one end of the country to the other. Among my acquaintances he was denounced unsparingly; was regarded as an atheist, a dishonest man, a menace to Christianity and civilization, a man of bad manners and worse morals; and it was even thought by some of his severe critics that the law should be invoked to silence him, for the sake of the rising generation. Great was my surprise when I met this quiet, unpretentious man, gentle in speech as in manner, fond of little children, who were always attracted to him, immaculate in life and character, reverent and devout, not only when he spoke of the essentials of Christianity, but also when considering the views which he regarded erroneous, and labored to correct.

I had not intended to listen to Mr. Parker's addresses, but his gentleness and fairness swept away my prejudices, and I ventured to enroll myself as one of the audience that gathered in the parlors of Hon. Gershom Weston, to listen to his series of "Discourses on Matters Pertaining to Religion." From the standpoint of that day they were radical, and yet so reverent was the spirit of the great iconoclast, and so firmly did he hold to the great essentials of the Christian religion, as he regarded them, that no one was shocked. Undoubtedly much of the odium heaped upon his name grew out of his unflinching opposition to slavery, and his scathing criticism of our proslavery public men; for it was a cunning trick of the dastardly politics of that time, when from 1840 to 1860, the whole country, with most of its so-called great men, bowed down before the slaveocracy of the nation, and did its wicked bidding, to assail the characters of those who opposed the "peculiar institution."

While Mr. Parker was reading his lecture one evening, a large maltese cat belonging to the house strayed into the parlor, and making himself entirely at home, walked around among the guests, looking up into their faces, and sniffing at their garments. Having completed his investigation he sat down in front of Mr. Parker for a few moments, winked and blinked at him in a confidential manner, and then with a gentle "mew," as if to say, "By your leave, Sir!" jumped on Mr. Parker's knee, and began to settle himself for a nap. The hostess immediately came to his relief, removed the cat, and shut him out of the room.

In five minutes he was back again by some other door of entrance, and without any circumlocution or preliminaries, jumped again to Mr. Parker's knee, and with a sort of doggedness, hurried to settle himself as quickly as possible. Again the cat was removed, and this time was put out of the house. As luck would have it, a belated attendant on the lectures arrived a few minutes after, and when he entered the house, the cat darted in ahead of him, and before the guest was seated, the cat was again firmly planted on Mr. Parker's knee. All laughed heartily at Tommy's pertinacity, and Mr. Parker halted in his lecture. "Cats are generally fond of me," said the lecturer, "but this fellow is evidently in love with me, and wishes to hear my lecture. Don't remove him! I'll take care of him!" And drawing his silk handkerchief from his pocket, he placed it underneath the cat, drew him closer, stroked him into a quiet assurance, and then continued his discourse, while the cat loudly purred his satisfaction.

Marshfield adjoins Duxbury, where Daniel Webster made his summer home. When the sessions of Congress were over, Mr. Webster always hastened to his "farm by the sea," where among his "honest oxen," as he called

them, and the plain people of the town, he sought rest and recuperation. He was very accessible to the people of Duxbury, who probably saw more of him than did his own townspeople. His visits to the Duxbury bank, with which he transacted business, were quite frequent. Everybody in town knew his horse and buggy, and when they were observed waiting at the door of the bank, there would soon congregate a little company of boys and girls, eager for the courteous bow, or the kind word of greeting, which they were sure to receive when Mr. Webster made his exit, when every lad would lift his cap, and every girl drop a courtesy. Mr. Webster was a most persistent and enthusiastic fisherman, and his boat was as well known to Duxbury people as his buggy. If they encountered his boat when they were out rowing, sailing, or fishing, no matter how objectionable his politics or habits might be to any of the company, they could not be persuaded to pass him without giving him a friendly greeting, and receiving his kind recognition in return.

It was the custom of the young people of Duxbury to drive over to Marshfield to welcome Mr. Webster, when he came down to his farm for the summer. They were careful not to bore him by too long a stay, never to allow refreshments to be served, and when they went in large numbers, they would propose a reception by the great man on the broad piazzas, and not intrude into the not over-spacious parlors. I remember making one of a party of fifty or more, that drove over to Mr. Webster's home one warm afternoon in the latter part of July, when his home-coming was rather late, and had been delayed by political emergencies. We arranged ourselves in a semicircle about the piazza, on the shady side of the house, and when our spokesman had delivered his brief address of welcome, which was

overflowing with the affectionate homage he inspired in young people who came in touch with him, Mr. Webster replied in a voice that was choked with emotion.

He had just experienced a political defeat, and it had greatly depressed him. He did not attempt to conceal his disappointment, and congratulated us on our youth, when we had not learned how rare a thing is true friendship, how unsubstantial is human trust, and how unsatisfying all human life, and public life in particular. He conducted us through his beautiful rose-garden, pointed out to us his fine cattle with pride, and explained some of the agricultural experiments his farmer had undertaken. All the while his manner was so kind and fatherly, and he condescended so charmingly to the humblest and most timid of our company, that we forgot the high distinction he had attained and were untroubled by any oppressive sense of his greatness.

Mr. Webster had one very dear friend in Duxbury — a Mr. C. H. Thomas — whose house he frequented, and where he was always a welcome guest. I was invited, one happy afternoon, to meet the renowned statesman at this gentleman's home. Other guests were present, but I do not recall them. I remember Mr. Webster's simplicity, his seeming forgetfulness of himself, and his utter lack of egotism. He addressed his conversation more to the men of the company than to the women. At tea, some remark brought out the fact that I was a teacher, when, sitting next me, he made some inquiries concerning my school, and then asked, "Do you enjoy teaching?" I replied in the affirmative, and spoke with enthusiasm, I fancy, of the profession, adding that "I got more pleasure out of it than from any other source."

"Ah, me!" said he, with a sigh, "I believe I was happier as a teacher, way back in the old days, than I am in the life I live to-day."

Mr. Thomas's young brother, Ray Thomas, had been Mr. Webster's private secretary, and had died in Washington in his service, early in the year 1840. Mr. Webster was very much attached to the young man, who was highly gifted and much beloved. He sought to comfort the bereaved mother and his brother and sisters in their affliction, and wrote them several consolatory letters, one of which Mr. Thomas gave me, and which I here append. It reveals Mr. Webster as other than the ambitious public man and the scheming politician. The letter is dated Washington, D. C., March 24, 1840.

"To-day, dear friend, you will reach home, and will soon perform the last solemn rites, and leave your beloved brother to sleep with kindred dust. You will then have done, my good friend, all that love and friendship can do; and must reconcile yourself without murmuring to the will of God. His providence is mysterious, but what we know not now we shall know hereafter. Everything is well, because everything is in His hands, without whose notice not a sparrow falls to the ground. I am aware that your mother and sisters will be profoundly penetrated with grief; they will shed many tears; but pray them to be comforted, and enjoy gratefully the recollections connected with the beloved brother, now that they can see his face no more.

"I have lost children dear to me as drops of my own heart's blood. I have lost other relatives and friends, sometimes cut down by most sudden and awful strokes; and I have suffered most keenly from these bereavements. Yet I thank God that those children and those friends have lived. The pain occasioned by their loss is more than compensated by the pleasure of being conscious that they have lived, and that they *do* live, and that the death of the body cannot annihilate their spiritual existence. There is gratification, though a melancholy one, in the recollection connected with a beloved object, even when deceased. The past is a treasure well-secured, and safe against all occurrences.

"And now, dear Henry, and all the members of the family, since love and affection can do no more, leave your son and brother in the hands of God. Be thankful that he has lived on earth so long, and weep not as those without hope. His death, which has happened so early, must have happened some time, and of the proper time God is the only judge. And may His blessing be with you and with us all!

"Yours sincerely,

"DANIEL WEBSTER."

CHAPTER XXIII.

FATE—AN EVENTFUL CHRISTMAS NIGHT—A REMARKABLE SERMON—MY FIRST MEETING WITH MR. LIVERMORE—OUR MARRIAGE—WHAT HAPPENED.

An Old-Fashioned Singing Master — Opposition to a "bellowing Organ" — "When an Organ comes into this Singing Loft, my Violin and I go out!" — A long Tramp in the Moonlight on Christmas Night — Standing beside the Church Door — Shall I enter? — The Door suddenly opens — A Triumphant Burst of Song — I drop into a vacant Seat — A remarkable Sermon — "He shall save his People from their Sins" — A Great Peace steals over me — Introducing myself to the Clergyman — He supplies me with Books and Periodicals — My Teacher becomes my Husband — The Storm bursts upon me — Friends forsake me — My Father Inconsolable — A complete Surrender.

THERE were three churches in Duxbury at that time, the Unitarian, Universalist, and Methodist. The Unitarian congregation was the largest, the wealthiest, and the most cultivated, and stood highest in the social scale. I attended the Methodist church with my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Symmes of the Duxbury Bank. But frequently I walked across the "Major's pasture" to the Unitarian church, where I was always sure of hearing a finely written, practical discourse, which usually occupied an hour in delivery.

I was also sure of hearing one of the finest choirs of the country, taught, trained, and led by John Wilde of Braintree, one of the famous "singing-masters" of the day, whose severe drill was evident in the "precision and decision" with which his choirs sang. There was no organ in the singing-gallery, nor was there a probability of one in

John Wilde's day. For he was as proud of his fine violin, his exquisite playing, and his ringing tenor voice, as he was of his choirs. "When an organ comes into this singing-loft, bellowing like a bull of Bashan, my violin and I will go out!" was his emphatic declaration.

Gradually, many of the more liberal churches had abated their rigorous hostility to Christmas as a church festival, and were accustomed to utilize it regularly, in any manner that made it helpful to their parishes. The Duxbury churches were among the first to forget their prejudices against the day, if they ever had any, and to place it on the church calendar as a day of gladness and cheerful observance. One gave up the holiday to the Sunday-school children, for whom a Christmas tree was hung with promiscuous gifts, which were harvested after an hour of semi-religious exercises, which the little people greatly enjoyed, as the programme was chiefly musical. Another utilized it for the adults of the church, who sat down to a supper, and indulged afterwards in speeches and songs,—a mild prototype of the pretentious banquet of to-day.

The Universalists made a larger use of Christmas than any of the three parishes. On Christmas eve their children were treated to a small feast and a bountiful supply of presents. They played games and frolicked as happy children will. On Christmas night a joyful religious service was held in the church, which was decorated and illuminated most brilliantly, special musical services were arranged, and the sermon was devoted to some topic connected with the day, and the event it was supposed to commemorate,—the coming of Christ. I had never attended a Christmas service, although I had been urgently invited to participate in the pleasant exercises. I had been so reared that it was not easy for me to become interested

in Christmas. It signified nothing to me. So a third time I declined attendance on the Christmas festivities, assigning the true reason, that I needed the time for work.

It was a bright winter day, full of sunshine and beauty. The ground was bare of snow, there had been none of the usual severe weather, and the grass was vividly green in moist places. But beautiful as was the day, I was ill at ease. An intense dissatisfaction with life, and all that it promised, had taken possession of me, and neither by hard work, reading, or philosophizing could I throw it off. What was the meaning of life? Who could solve the great problem of human destiny? Forced into existence without our consent being asked or given, our position arbitrarily assigned us in advance of our coming, compelled to learn the conditions and laws of life by the hardest experiences, through the pain and suffering consequent on our violation of them, we stumble on blindly and ignorantly for a few troubled and reluctant years, and then drop out,— where?

As the evening deepened, and my spirits drooped more heavily, I ceased work, and went out for a long tramp. I passed the Unitarian and Methodist churches, lighted and filled with people, whom I felt no inclination to join. I reached the "village," and neared the Universalist church, which commanded a fine view of the sea, then at flood-tide. The full moon was riding through the heavens, and shone across the wide expanse of water in a broad path of silver light. I stopped to gaze. The cool air blew lightly on my heated face, with grateful refreshing, and I stood quiet and alone, absorbed in moody contemplation, and yet longing for light and peace. The church door, a little way behind me, opened for the admission of visitors, when a triumphant burst of song rang out on the night air: "Glory to God in the highest! on earth peace and good will to men!"

Again and again was the glad song repeated, in higher and more triumphant measures, as if the singers were unable to repress their joy. I listened till the anthem was ended, and then walked across the lawn and stood beside the church door, irresolute. Should I enter? Another group

A CRISIS IN MY LIFE.
I stood beside the church door, irresolute. Should I enter?

of people entered, and the sexton, seeing me, held the door open for my entrance. I dropped into an unoccupied seat near the vestibule, the only vacancy seemingly in that throng of people.

The singing was followed by a fervent, hopeful prayer, from my standpoint unusual in its matter, and unfamiliar in its phraseology. Another burst of Christmas music followed, and then came the sermon. The preacher was a

young man, not more than twenty-five years old, blonde in complexion, with a good voice and a simple, earnest, prepossessing manner. He announced his text, "And thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins."

"Save His people from their *sins!*" I ejaculated mentally; "he has not read that correctly." Taking a New Testament from the book-rack in the pew, I turned to the first chapter of Matthew, twenty-first verse, and read for myself. He had read the verse aright, but it had an unfamiliar look to me, as if I had never before seen it. It was a statement that had never arrested my attention, or made upon me any impression, and there flashed through me the possibility of another gospel than what I had learned.

"It was not from endless punishment, that Christ came to save us," said the young preacher, "but from our sins, from ourselves. He came to teach us how to live, that we might avoid the mistakes and wrong-doings to which we are liable. The all-wise Father caused the world to exist, because He desired it. To intimate that He did not will it, is to suggest the existence of a power higher than God, which compelled its existence, and that would be to orphan the world. He must have called us into being because of love, for any other motive would be unworthy of God, the Good. Our relationship to Him then must be that of a child to its mother and father, and as He is infinite in His power, 'neither death nor life, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other agency, shall be able to separate us from the love of God.'"

These views he expounded and enforced by a wealth of quotations from the New Testament, and illustrations from life. "Had not Jesus, who came to reveal the Father, and who was called the 'brightness of God's glory,'—had he

not commanded us to love our enemies, to bless them that curse us, to do good to them that hate us, and to pray for those who despitefully use us? And for what reason? Because it would uplift us Godward, till we should be worthy of our Father in Heaven, who sends His rain alike on the just and the unjust, and causes His sun to shine on the evil and the good. Did not Jesus instruct us to pardon those who sin against us, not merely seven times, but seventy times seven, or as long as an offense was committed against us? Would God command us, His weak, erring, ignorant children of a day, to be better than Himself? Would He command us to love and forgive forever and forever, as long as there is anything or anybody to be loved and forgiven, and then because of our offenses against Him cast us into outer darkness, to be punished as long as God lives? No!" said the preacher, "a thousand times no! That would make the great Father, with His infinite heart of love, more wretched even than His helpless children, cast out to wander in the void."

He narrated the story of the prodigal son, who spent his living riotously and in debauch, until he was without means to appease his hunger. Then, he "came to himself," and remembering that in his father's house there was abundance, he returned home to confess his unworthiness, and to ask for a servant's place in his father's household. But when he was a great way off, his father saw him coming, and had compassion on him, and ran to meet him, forgiving him before he had asked forgiveness, and welcoming him before he had even made an apology. So great was his joy over this son who had been dead, but was now alive, who had been lost, but now was found, that it awoke the displeasure of the older son, who had never wasted his father's subsistence, and had always lived an orderly and reputable life.

Then he used the illustration of the lost sheep. A shepherd in the mountains with a hundred sheep found that one was missing, when he gathered them in the fold for the night. So enclosing the ninety-and-nine whom it was safe to leave, and who were trustworthy, he went out into the darkness to search for the sheep that was lost. He sought it not a day, nor a week, nor a month, nor a year — but *till he found the lost sheep.* Then carrying it back on his shoulders, he called his friends and neighbors together, and rejoiced with them more over the sheep that was lost and found again, than over the ninety-and-nine which had not gone astray. "What inference can be drawn from such illustrations?" asked the preacher, "but that the boundless love of God surrounds us, and that we are safe in His care, as is the child in that of the mother? If we disobey the laws of God, whether they be moral or physical, we must suffer the penalty of violated law, and no other being can suffer it for us. God has made the path of trangression hard, expressly to drive us into the path of obedience. But through all our sinning and stumbling, and the severe discipline consequent thereon, God will always remain our Father, forgiving us in advance of our asking forgiveness, seeking us with His unfailing love, as did the shepherd his lost sheep, until He finds us."

I had read these quotations and illustrations hundreds of times, and was as familiar with them as with the multiplication table. But I had never used my reason to draw from them the conclusions that legitimately followed, and to which I now listened. A great peace stole over me. A pulsation of love for all the world throbbed through my being. As I glanced over the listening congregation I wished I might shake hands with every person present. How could any one logically escape from the conclusions of this young man,

if one believed the Bible? If he should preach that sermon to an audience composed of people like my father, would they not assent to his comforting teachings? I had my doubts, — but how could they reject them? I would not be rash, nor in haste, but would examine for myself, and obtain from this young preacher the proof of his convictions, and learn by what steps he had entered into this largeness of religious life.

The audience were rapidly filing out into the moonlighted night, and the young minister approached the vestibule near where I stood, waiting. I introduced myself to him, and found that he already knew me by sight and by name, although we had not met before. I had been teaching in the town two years. I frankly avowed my interest in the sermon he had delivered, told him how entirely new it was to me, that I had never heard nor read anything like it before, and that I wished to know more of the views he had advanced. "Would he kindly loan me his sermon for re-reading, which I would return to him in twenty-four hours?" Without hesitation, he placed it in my hand. I wanted more than this, and as a large number of people still lingered in the church, I pushed my inquiries.

FATE. — MY FIRST MEETING WITH MR. LIVERMORE.

Would he kindly loan me his sermon for re-reading?

"Are there many people, sir, who accept the views you have advanced to-night?"

"Yes, a large number, and they are rapidly increasing."

"Do you belong to a denomination?"

"Oh, certainly! You must have heard of the Universalist denomination. This is a Universalist church, and I am an ordained minister of the Universalist denomination."

Yes, I *had* heard of the Universalist denomination, but unfavorably always, as if it were outside the pale of Christian organizations. But I had not thought of this particular church, with its minister and congregation, as constituting an integral part of that body. I continued my questionings.

"Then your denomination must have literature,— books, papers, tracts, magazines?"

"We have."

"Where are your headquarters? I wish to investigate these doctrines, and to pursue a course of reading that will be educational."

"I have a small library of standard theological works, and the best and latest magazines and papers on these subjects. They are at your service. I live at 'The Point,' only two doors below you, and you have a calling acquaintance with the family with whom I board."

I accepted the offer, and made an appointment to meet him at his library, the next day, on my return from school. As I was unable to make a selection, I accepted the works recommended by my new friend, and was soon deep in a course of theological reading and study. I was not interested in all the books he loaned me. Those which were devoted to the exegesis of Scripture texts, then in dispute between the orthodox and liberal sects, I discarded altogether. It seemed too monstrous, too impossible a

thing, that the Deity should make known his will and purposes to the human race, in a revelation so ambiguous, that one body of Christians should construe its meaning to be just the reverse of what was accepted by another body,—both being equally intelligent, learned, and desirous to know the truth. And that, too, when eternal life or death hinged on correctness of belief, as I had been taught to believe.

But there were other books in the young minister's library that were of priceless value to me, and I read and re-read them, and made extracts from them, until they became a part of my mental furnishing, never to be dispensed with. One, I copied entire into my scrap-book, without inquiring if it was for sale at the book stores. It was so entirely beyond the common thought that it did not seem like an article of merchandise. Williamson's "Moral Argument in favor of God's unlimited Love," and Dr. Channing's "Moral Argument against Calvinism," were among the books most helpful to me,—the latter leading me to the ownership of Dr. Channing's works, which opened to me a new world. His essay on Calvinism cleared the moral atmosphere for me, forever, and corrected the unworthy views of God which I held, and which that system ascribes to Him.

The next school vacation I passed at home. I called on the beloved minister who had stood by me in all my trials, even when he failed to comprehend them, and without any reservation, told him of the larger hope and broader faith into which I was inducted, and of the rest, peace, and quiet happiness which had come to me. My opinions concerning the doctrine of punishment were changed. I had no doubt but punishment and wrong-doing are inseparably connected; for this is one of God's unchanging laws. But I had ceased

to believe in *endless* punishment, which had been the horror of my life, had darkened my childhood, and made me old before my time.

Dr. Neale did not disagree with me, nor in any way condemn or criticise my utterances, nor did he object to my course of reading. Once he interrupted me to say that "no one who does his own reading and thinking can avoid changes of belief." And when I was speaking of the dogma of endless punishment, he remarked, "The Christian church will yet be compelled to reconsider and reconstruct this whole question of punishment. For the community is advancing in intelligence and charity, the spirit of the gospel is progressing, and it will not always carry along with it the unchristian phases of the theology of the sixteenth century."

He catechised me more closely than was necessary concerning the Universalist minister who had guided my reading and study, and laughingly advised against cultivating any farther acquaintance with him. "For," said he, "I foresee a greater trouble in store for you than your change of creed will bring. You will be marrying this young clergyman one of these days. And then you will bring down upon yourself the ostracism of your friends and acquaintances, the condemnation of the church, and will break the hearts of your father and mother, for the Universalists have not yet found their way to popular favor." No such result seemed likely to follow, at that time, and I assured Dr. Neale there was no cause for anxiety.

Nevertheless, in less than a year, and just as the Partridge Academy was ready to receive its first class of students, I transferred my pupils to its care, and became the wife of Rev. Daniel Parker Livermore, who had been my teacher and guide in matters of religion. The very events followed, which Dr. Neale had predicted. I was surprised

at the fury of the storm that burst upon me. No similar manifestation of sectarian prejudice would be possible now, for all sects have gained in religious toleration, during the last fifty years. Friends forsook me, acquaintances ostracized me, I was disapproved by the church, and for a time

MR. AND MRS. LIVERMORE.

A reproduction of an old daguerreotype taken the day after their wedding, May 7, 1845.

my father was inconsolable. My mother alone congratulated me upon my marriage with a man, in whose favor she decided on her first interview with him. Dr. Neale was absent in Europe, and I greatly missed the influence he would have exerted in my favor. As my critics were clearly in the wrong, and I realized hourly that the great blessedness into which I had entered more than compensated for

the disfavor into which I had fallen, I could afford to bide my time, and wait for a return of better days.

They came, when Dr. Neale returned from abroad. Through him I sent to the church a statement of my change of belief, and while regretting the fact that our paths must henceforth diverge, I thanked them for all their past love and patience, of which I besought a continuance. The whole matter was placed in the hands of Dr. Neale, to whom life and character were more than dogma, and whose influence was always in favor of peace and harmony,— and it was long years before my name was dropped from the church record — if indeed it ever has been. Through all the changes that came afterward, my friendship with Dr. Neale continued unabated up to the day of his death. He always spoke of me, and presented me, as his "parishioner and friend," and from the very first included my husband in his fraternal regards. At his request, I attended the services of the First Baptist Church on Communion Sundays whenever it was possible, as long as he remained its pastor, and gradually my old friends forgot their disapproval of my marriage, especially after they had made the acquaintance of Mr. Livermore, and found that he was a mild-mannered and refined gentleman.

It took longer for my father to conquer his unhappiness concerning his heterodox son-in-law. But courtesy, kindness, and manliness are winning qualities, and one cannot withstand them forever. In the long run they are omnipotent. In Mrs. Humphrey Ward's first novel, — "Robert Elsmere," — Catharine, the wife of the hero, and who is the real heroine of the story, abandons herself for weeks to immitigable sorrow over her husband's departure from the rigid faith in which he was reared, and which he had been ordained to preach. But at last, light breaks in upon her, and she

enters her husband's presence one morning, a transformed woman, and thus addresses him:

"Robert, I have thought that God speaks to all people in one voice. But He has shown me that I am mistaken, and that He speaks to different people in many different voices!"

So the time came, at last, when my father's mental vision was illumined, and seeking my husband in his study, he said:

"I have been in the habit of thinking that there is but one way of approach to God the Father, and that all people must find it, or fail of being received by Him. But I have been enlightened, and know now that there are diverse ways of seeking after God, and that those alone will find Him who seek Him in earnest. I cannot deny that you have found Him, for your daily life is the proof."

It was a complete surrender. From that day they were the dearest friends, the most sympathetic father and son, the most congenial companions, and each became the best helper of the other.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WE COMMENCE HOUSEKEEPING — SOME COMICAL EXPERIENCES — MY FIRST FISH CHOWDER AND ITS IGNOMINIOUS FATE — A PATIENT HUSBAND.

The Operatives of Fall River Fifty Years ago — My Husband and I make the Acquaintance of his Parish — Our House of Six Rooms — I win a Prize of Fifty Dollars for writing the best Story — We commence Housekeeping — Wendell Phillips on Housekeeping — Trying Times — My Culinary Experiments — Results — My Husband's Remarks — "We never gauged the Heat of an Oven by a Thermometer, when I was a Boy" — Cook-Books not very Abundant — Impossible Directions — My First Fish Chowder — A Formidable Receipt — We bury the Chowder in the Garden in the Darkness of Night — My Sister comes to my Relief — The Terrors of Housekeeping vanish — Our little Home takes on Beauty — A Tangle of Miscellaneous Work — Decide on a Change of Location.

SOME few months before our marriage, Mr. Livermore had removed to Fall River, Massachusetts, having accepted the pastorate of a church in that town, which was then small in population and importance as compared with to-day. In some respects it was more desirable as a place of residence than now, for the people were almost wholly Americans. Not only the owners of the factories, but the operatives were of New England stock, had been trained in the common schools, were identified with the various churches of the town, held their own at the town meetings, assisted at conference meetings, Sunday-schools, and Bible classes,— agreeable, intelligent, and well-behaved men and women. The invasion of New England by Canada had not then begun.

It was an entirely different community from any in which I had lived before. Democratic and unconventional,

it was alert, thoughtful, and easily interested, and I soon adjusted myself to the new conditions. For the first few months of my married life I was not burdened with the affairs of housekeeping, and found myself with an unusual amount of leisure on hand, which I utilized in making the acquaintance of the parish, in company with my husband. The young people were eager for work, and readily entered into any plans that were proposed. An organization for charitable work was formed, that included most of the active members of the church, within which there was an ample field for all their efforts. Two reading-clubs were formed, one of young people who started off with Maria Edgeworth's works,—and the other of men and women much older, who began a course of reading relating to the Bible, with commentaries and all other available accessories. Mr. Livermore took charge of it and I became one of its members.

In addition, what was really a "Current Events Club" was organized, though it never received so dignified and imposing a cognomen. About a dozen young people, four of whom were unusually bright and studious young men, and all of whom were factory operatives, met in our parlor on alternate Saturday evenings to talk over "The Happenings of the Week," and that was the name by which the little society was known. We kept wholly within the limit of state and national events of importance; and, as the anti-slavery reform was now forging ahead, and with its scathing criticisms was making matters very lively for both political parties, our embryo club, among whom were three or four strongly in favor of slavery, often blazed with exciting debates which lasted till midnight.

I had written more or less for publication for years, and was desirous of continuing literary practice. Not that I

was amoitious of a literary life, but I desired to acquire the power of expression, so as to be able to write readily, correctly, and intelligently, and this requires practice. I soon found myself with an abundance of literary occupation on hand: stories for the impecunious and short-lived magazines that started out under various auspices; hymns and poems for all sorts of occasions; and essays, sketchés, and verses for the local papers. Notwithstanding there were few writers in those days, literary work, even when it was of the best, received most beggarly compensation, and it was not expected that one could live by literature, even when one was a prolific and popular bookmaker. "That can be done in England," it was said, "where government aids literary people with pensions, but it never can be done in America, for who would read an American book?"

One of the great state temperance organizations of Massachusetts offered a prize of fifty dollars for the best story, based on fact, illustrative of the Washingtonian temperance reform. Three eminent gentlemen of Boston were elected a committee to examine the manuscripts, and award the prize,—Walter Channing, M.D., Professor Elizur Wright, Jr., and Charles Marsh, M.D. I competed for the prize, and won it. My story was entitled, "Thirty Years too Late," and was considered the best among two hundred and fifty manuscripts received by the committee. It had a large circulation when published as a booklet, and was republished in England, where it ran through several editions.

It had been out of print for a quarter of a century, when, in 1876, it was reproduced in Boston by Lockwood, Brooks & Company, at the desire of many temperance workers, who perceived a similarity between the Washingtonian movement of the last generation and the reform movement of that day. The simplicity of the story, which illustrated

only the moral reform work undertaken by the Washingtonians, has led to its translation into several languages by missionaries, so that altogether the unpretentious little sketch has run quite an eventful life. Nearly a year later, Abel Tompkins, a publisher on Cornhill, offered a similar prize for a story which should elucidate the changes wrought in one's life and character by a vital change of religious belief. I was competent to write a sketch of that kind, and needed only to narrate my own experience, which I did, in part, and I won that prize also. It was not successful in winning the interest of the public, as its publisher had hoped, and was re-written, and changed in plan, and then published under a new title, "A Mental Transformation." But it won no larger success than at first.

At last we stumbled upon the location and the house which suited our tastes and purse exactly, hired it, and went to "housekeeping." Wendell Phillips used to protest against "American housekeeping." "When two persons in America marry and go to keeping house," he used to say, "they hire more rooms than they need, buy double the things they want, hire two or three people to help them, and then all of them just devote themselves to keeping the establishment in order." We tried to avoid the unwisdom which he censured, and to arrange our home on so simple a scale, that it should include only the indispensable accessories to decent and comfortable living, which should not burden us with their care. "We would not be slaves to a house!" we said.

Our house contained but six rooms, modestly furnished, and, as my husband added, "conveniently arranged." I did not know whether they were or not, for I had had no experience, and was very ignorant concerning domestic affairs. This was a new phase of life to me, to be mastered just as

every other new department of work had been in the past. I decided to become my own housekeeper, and, despite the protests of my husband, my own servant also, at first, especially as there were charwomen in the vicinity, on whom I could call for assistance in laundry work, scrubbing, and cleaning.

It must be confessed that for a few months we had a trying time. My husband's good nature was unfailing, and, though he laughed over my "experiments" in the culinary art, which were rarely successful, he never complained. He was, moreover, much better posted in the science and philosophy of domestic business than myself. He was the youngest of a family of nine children, all of whom were born on their father's farm, in Leicester, Massachusetts, where each one, in turn, was obliged to assist both the father and mother in farm, house, and dairy work. The daughters of the family were married, and settled in homes of their own, before my husband was born. As he grew into a strong boyhood he was put to the service of his mother, to whom he was greatly attached, and who needed him in the large dairy, and also in the kitchen, where most of the time there was a strong and vigorous force of "farm hands" to be provided for. In this way he had acquired a general knowledge of the fundamental laws which underlie good housekeeping, and knew something of the art of cooking, household sanitation, laundry work, etc.

We had a small brick oven in our hired house, and remembering how easily my mother had managed a larger one, and how much she had accomplished with it, I resolved to make use of the more convenient one at my service, and, one day, heated it. After the bed of glowing coals had been removed from the oven, it remained intensely hot, and I had no idea at what temperature it should be used. So,

thermometer in hand, I mounted the stairs to my husband's study, and laid my "newest grief" before him. He had become used to listening to my perplexities, and accustomed to my interruptions.

"Do you know at what degree the thermometer must stand in a brick oven, when it is hot enough for baking?"

"Oh, we never used thermometers to gauge the heat of an oven when I was a boy; my mother would hold her hand in the oven till she could count twenty. When she could do that, the oven was at the right heat."

By an by, I ran across another problem. I was baking cake, and was puzzled to know when it was baked sufficiently. Was there any rule which would determine? Another ascent of the stairs, — another invasion of my poor husband's premises, — another question from the domestic catechism.

"Excuse me for coming again, but, really, I don't seem to know anything. I'm baking cake, and you know half the time it doesn't get done in the middle. Can you tell me how a person can be sure that a loaf of cake is baked through?"

"This was my mother's test. She ran a broom straw through the middle of the cake. If it came out clean the cake was done. But if it was moist and sticky, it needed more baking. I have tried cake for her with a broom straw many a time."

"What am I to do with these packages of 'cooking soda' and 'cream of tartar?' No directions have come with them for their use."

"In that new cook-book I brought you last night there are rules for using them. Yes, here they are: — 'One part of soda to two parts of cream of tartar.' That is a spoonful of one to two of the other."

Cook-books were not as abundant as they are now, and were of little value when obtained. They were generally written by women who were ignorant of practical housekeeping, and who utterly lacked ability to express themselves clearly and intelligently; and I soon found that it was unsafe to follow the receipts literally. One day I de-

LAYING MY "NEWEST GRIEF" BEFORE MY HUSBAND.
"What am I to do with these packages of 'cooking soda' and 'cream of tartar?'"

cided on a fish chowder for dinner. I had seen chowders made and had watched the process, which I remembered as simple and requiring little skill, and it seemed to me there was no opportunity for the stupidest person to blunder in their preparation. I took down the cook-book confidently, for I was sure I knew all about the matter, and turned to the receipt. What a formidable set of directions!

"Take eight pounds of fresh cod, although striped bass

will answer; put eight good-sized slices of salt pork in the bottom of an iron pot and fry till crisp, chop the pork fine, put in the pot a layer of fish, then a layer of split crackers, and some of the chopped pork; scatter in a little chopped onion, a little salt, and black pepper, with a sprinkle of red; add a pinch of thyme, one of parsley, a tablespoonful of mushroom catsup, and half a dozen large oysters. Put in another layer of fish, split crackers, chopped pork and seasoning, and so on. Cover with water, and stew slowly for an hour, or till the fish is thoroughly done. Thicken the gravy with rolled cracker or flour, and add to it just before taking up, a little catsup, port wine, and lemon juice. Some like it better with these omitted."

And I had imagined in my ignorance, that it was a simple thing to make a fish chowder! Where was I to get a "pinch of thyme" and a "pinch of parsley," "mushroom catsup," and "port wine"? Cook-books were full of impossible ingredients, and the less one consulted them the better! And I tossed the book on the table with inexpressible contempt. What was I to do? I had not an acquaintance in town who was a mature housewife, I was fifty miles away from my all-knowing mother, and I had drawn on my husband's skill and information till he could help me no farther. At that moment, I would have exchanged all I had ever learned from books and in schools for the practical knowledge of a competent cook

But the dinner must be prepared. No one must know the despair and self-contempt into which I had fallen, nor imagine for a moment that I had weakly succumbed before so simple a culinary task, as the preparation of a fish chowder. I reduced the eight pounds of fish one-half, as there were but two of us to dine, and struck out from the list of condiments specified, the thyme, parsley, catsup,

oysters, and port wine, and then proceeded to arrange the layers of fish and crackers, as I had seen it done. It filled the kettle to overflowing, and after gently boiling the savory concoction twice as long as directed, it still remained uncooked on top, while at the bottom it was chowder indeed, and badly scorched in addition. It was uneatable. And after dark that night, the masculine head of the house quietly buried it in a corner of the garden, that the incompetence of his wife, as a cook, might never be discovered and bruited abroad.

AN UNSEEN WITNESS.

My youngest sister was a born housekeeper. She seemed to have an intuitive knowledge of domestic affairs, and enjoyed housekeeping and all the work and care it brings. She could cook perfectly, and bring most appetizing results out of most meagre materials. An adept in fine laundry work, skilled in all delicate operations demanded in a household, she was almost a terror in household sanitation, so thorough were her notions of cleanliness, and so rigorously did she enforce her views on the individuals of the family. I engaged her to come to my relief as I would a tutor, and put myself under her instruction.

IGNOMINIOUS FATE OF MY FIRST FISH CHOWDER.

After dark, that night, the masculine head of the house quietly buried it in a corner of the garden.

She remained with us for months. I subordinated all other occupations to a study of domestic business, mastering the general principles of cookery, and then putting them into practice, under her supervision, and always with successful results. "My cooking school would be much more interesting," she would say, "if it contained a half dozen pupils. It is rather monotonous with only one, and that one prodding me with an everlasting 'Why?' and insisting half the time that she knows as much as her teacher."

While we have been vigorously pushing the higher education of women these last thirty years, we have almost ignored what Canon Kingsley used to call their "lower education." We seem to have forgotten the fact that while the world stands, the majority of women will always be wives, mothers, and mistresses of homes, and that for these positions they require thorough and special training. The real humanizing and civilizing of the world is carried forward in homes, and as the aggregate of these may be, so will the nation be. To say nothing of the high moral qualities necessary to good home-making, the housekeeper needs to know what are the hygienic laws to be obeyed under her roof,—the laws of ventilation, scrupulous cleanliness, and nutrition,—what constitutes healthful food, and how to prepare it,—the care of infancy, and the nursing of the sick, with many other industries of domestic life, even if her means allow her to employ servants. For a woman cannot tell when she is well served unless she knows what good work is. The widespread and intelligent interest in "domestic economy," which has been developed among women during the last ten or fifteen years, is ominous of good to future generations. Cooking schools have been established, national organizations formed for the study of all questions connected with domestic economy, monthly

magazines, ably edited, and beautifully illustrated, are published in the same interest, and colleges for women announce "Courses of lectures on Domestic Science" as a part of their curriculum. This is as it should be. The higher and "lower education" of women should keep pace with equal step.

Housekeeping was robbed of its terrors from the day of my sister's advent to our home. I had no more fear of ironing day than I had of the kitchen, and though I had much to learn in all departments, I had made a good start, and now lacked neither courage nor interest. If my husband brought home an unexpected guest, it did not frighten me out of my wits. I even dared to give some three or four tea-parties, to cancel my indebtedness to those who had shown us social attentions. Our little home began to take on beauty and individuality. It was extremely simple, boasting few decorations, but abounding in comfort, rest, and quiet, exquisite in its perfect neatness, and glorified by sunlight, during the long cold months of winter and early spring.

And when, one happy day, my husband came home from a picture sale with three framed oil paintings, and half a dozen framed steel engravings which he had "bid off" for a ridiculously small sum, I would not have exchanged places with Queen Victoria. The gift of one of Raphael's masterpieces would not make me so happy to-day. I was so childish in my pleasure, that twice in the night I stole softly out of bed and lighted the parlor lamps, to feast my eyes on our new possessions. What a light of their own the paintings added to the parlor, and how the engravings relieved the walls of the somewhat bare little study! The oil paintings have stood the test of almost fifty years in the enlarged family, and are still honored by a place on the walls, for they do not lack merit.

But, notwithstanding my husband's success in the work of the parish, and my growing delight in our home, we were uneasy. Mr. Livermore had converted the hideous hall where the parish held its religious services, when we

MY HUSBAND ARRIVES HOME FROM A PICTURE SALE.

first went to Fall River, into a pretty and commodious church, which was paid for, and had been dedicated. Prosperity had attended all the organizations for study, charity, or social purposes, and my clubs and reading societies were more popular than at the beginning. Our home had outrun our ideal, and seemed to us a veritable suburb of heaven. But we could not secure a moment of leisure. Reading, study, literary work, a discussion of the questions of the day,— we could not devote to them an hour of the week. It was only because I stood guard at his study door, and held back intruders, that my husband was able to command time to prepare his sermons for Sunday. We attended the

weekly lyceum lectures of the town, delivered by Charles Sumner, Dr. Chapin, Horace Greeley, Theodore Parker, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, and men of like calibre, but we found no time for a review of the lectures afterwards.

There was an incessant ringing of the door-bell, and calls for some sort of service. There were funerals to attend, as well as marriages to solemnize,— sick people to visit,— poor people to relieve,— agents in the interest of every conceivable Christian, religious, and moral enterprise to meet and entertain, who must be introduced personally, to everybody possessing money or influence,— there were committee meetings, conference meetings, society meetings, church meetings, anti-slavery meetings, temperance meetings, all with fixed regular dates, that could not be avoided,— parish calls to be made and returned,— the cares and perplexities of housekeeping, to which time and thought must be given,— to say nothing of the unexpected events and occasions that "happen" almost daily,— was there no way out of this tangle of unclassified and unsystematized work? No, there was not. We had begun wrong. We had made no reservation of ourselves, or our time, at the start, but had placed all that we had and were at the service of the people, and it was too late to make a change.

It was a mistake, and we saw it. No one, however large may be his mental equipment, can afford to spend himself in any service, without constant replenishing. We were pauperizing ourselves, mentally and spiritually. If we were going to work for others, we must have seasons of withdrawal from friends even, when we could study, think, and repair the inevitable waste of one's self that comes from labor or pleasure. We could not continue this fearful rush from one engagement to another, — this ending of one form

of exhausting work, to enter, without rest, upon some other labor, more fatiguing, — to lie down at night with a remorseful sense of non-accomplishment, and a bitter conviction that the next day would witness no improvement on its predecessor.

We must make a change of residence, and start anew, with a carefully arranged programme, that would leave us time to bestow on ourselves, in any way that would conduce to mental and spiritual growth.

As soon as possible my husband resigned his position, where we had spent between three and four years. And as he now coveted a pastorate, that to many clergymen would seem undesirable, he was not long in finding one. He desired a location for the present in a country town, remote from any great center of population, not caring if the salary was less than he had previously received, if he could reduce his work to a system, and secure for himself some hours of daily leisure. He received an invitation from a small town in northern Connecticut, — Stafford, lying on the boundary line of Massachusetts, — and went thither for a week's visit, to make the acquaintance of the place and people. He returned with a favorable report, and thither we soon removed, bearing our Lares and Penates with us.

CHAPTER XXV.

A MINISTER'S HOUSE A FREE HOTEL — MY HOSPITALITY TRESPASSED UPON — I TRY MY HAND AT TAILORING — A REMARKABLE PAIR OF TROUSERS.

Connecticut Thrift — The Stafford Parish — We become House-owners — Transforming our Desolate Purchase into a Place of Beauty — Our House Headquarters for all Itinerants — "It is nothing when you get used to it!" — The Ominous Summons of the Door-Bell — The "State Missionary" and his Wife — A Proceeding that took my Breath away — My Dilemma — Friends come to my Rescue — Leading my Uninvited Guests to the Spare Chamber — "I knew that Horse and Chaise in a Moment, and have come to help you" — Prodigious Work — Getting Settled — Our Need of Economy — How I paid for the "National Era" — Earning the Money for it by a job of Tailoring — Making a Pair of Trousers for my Husband — "Whoever heard of making Trousers that way?" — My Husband's Astonishment.

THE nearest railroad station to the town of Stafford was Palmer, Massachusetts, on the Boston & Albany Railroad, fourteen miles distant. The town covered a large area, territorially, its population must have been less than three thousand, and its industries were both manufacturing and agricultural. Its manufactures of cotton and cloth had caused the formation of three or four villages in the town, that in no wise resembled the factory villages of to-day; for the operatives were wholly American, most of them owned stock in the factories, as well as their homes, and all of them were interested in town affairs. The managers of the factories resided in the town, were personally acquainted with their employés, were men of character and position, and leaders in all that related to church and school matters, and to the development of the town, morally and socially.

Agriculturally, the town of Stafford cannot be extolled. It lies in the heart of a country district, which is much like the county of Sussex in England, of which Mrs. Humphrey Ward writes as follows:

"It is very difficult to persuade nature to make herself useful in Sussex county. If you succeed in coaxing her to put her vital force into corn or vegetables until they are near the harvest, she will suddenly remember that this is not her mission in that section of country, and will proceed to undo speedily what she has accomplished, by sending some night, when you are not looking for it, a black frost that will obliterate her waste of herself in the early season, and that will warn you that it is not her mission to be useful, but to be beautiful. But she will break her heart in throwing over every rock, and streamlet, and ravine, and into every valley, and glen, and dale, such varied and marvelous beauty in the way of blossoms and fine ferns, that you will give yourself up to rioting with her in color and fragrance."

And yet the farmers of the town were thrifty, their homes comfortable, there was no lack of luxury, on occasion, they were prompt in the payment of town taxes and church dues, and never seemed to lack money. Severely as they must have toiled to win such abundance from the reluctant soil, they had as much leisure as any of their fellow-townsmen, and at church "sociables" and "mite parties" were the jolliest of the guests.

Our home was in Stafford Centre, the most important village of the town. The townhouse, hotel, post-office, stores, and churches were located here, as also the largest "mills," which brought hither the entire population of the town, on Saturday and Sunday. Never was a town more picturesquely located among the hills, — never one where

nature was so prodigal of beautiful effects, in the arrangement of hill and valley, grove, river, and meadow. Not being able to rent a house that suited us, we bought one whose charm of location had attracted us from the outset. It stood a little apart from the other homes of the village, on the southern slope of a gentle elevation, and commanded an extensive view of the town and surrounding country. A branch of the Willimantic River, which furnished power to the factories above us, ran through our valley, where it was halted by a mill-dam, that it might turn the wheels of other factories located on the stream below. The mill-pond lay in the very lap of the valley, and was the glory of the town, for it took on the proportions and beauty of a lake, in which the encompassing hills mirrored themselves, as well as the steeples of the churches, and the cupolas of the mills. The southern and western windows of our house took in the pretty picture of the pond in its grassy banks, and the view of the town beyond, which, after stepping daintily down the long hill, house by house, had ranged itself in the valley, in the regular form of a crescent.

Behind our house was a grove of maple and beech trees, whose abundant foliage formed its background from early spring until the last red and flame-colored leaves dropped in the autumn. Then the denuded trees, serried in irregular clumps, protected us from the strong sweep of winter winds, which sometimes rushed down the valley with relentless fury. Attractive as was the house and its location, it utterly lacked conveniences, and was desolate and undesirable within. The builder had partitioned it off into seventeen rooms, some of them so small that three persons crowded them, and had almost entirely ignored such trifling conveniences as pantries, closets, clothes-presses, and kitchen arrangements. One room would have sufficed for a kitchen as well

as another. With the aid of a carpenter, the seventeen rooms were reduced to eight, a kitchen was fitted up with proper appurtenances, clothes-presses, storerooms, and closets were added, and when papered, and painted inside and out, it lacked neither prettiness nor household accommodations.

The Stafford parish was one of the oldest in that section of country, and, at that time, possessed both wealth and influence. Among its members were some of the leading men and women in the State of Connecticut, — the Lieutenant-Governor of the State, the State Comptroller, one of the State Senators, the Attorney-General of the State, with other prominent men of the county. They were men of affairs, largely interested in State politics, which they discussed *ad nauseam*, were careful to keep in touch with the community, and were affable, genial, and intelligent. I soon perceived that their opinions and our own concerning some of the great questions before the country would not harmonize, and that when action became necessary on the anti-slavery and temperance reforms, we should inevitably range ourselves on opposite sides.

The women were better educated, and more delightful socially, than one expected to find them in so remote a rural district. Many had enjoyed advantages of early education in some of the boarding-schools of Western Massachusetts, — and many more were in the habit of accompanying their husbands on their frequent journeys to New York and Washington, whither they went on errands of business or politics. They welcomed me simply, but very heartily, and were so cordial and considerate that we became friends immediately. They knew that I was an inexperienced housekeeper, and, without becoming either intrusive or meddlesome, quietly placed their superior skill at my service. And if to-

day I am credited with a practical knowledge of good housewifery, the credit of it must be largely given to the women of Stafford, with whom I was associated for six happy and never-to-be-forgotten years, who excelled in the science of good home-making, and perfect housekeeping, and who bore me on their hearts as if I had been their sister.

In country districts, in those days, the minister's house was considered a free hotel. Any one traveling for a denominational publishing house, an academy, a missionary cause, an impecunious church, an embryo college, a temperance organization, or in the interest of any movement that could be classified as reformatory, moral, or religious, regarded the minister's house as his proper headquarters.

If he wished to pass Sunday "decently and in order," to put in for repairs, or to refresh himself with a little wholesome visiting and high-toned gossip, he drove straightway to the minister's house, as if he had been invited and was expected. He surrendered his horse and buggy to the minister's care and keeping, and then planted himself squarely on the hospitality of the minister's wife, who could not dodge him, and was expected to take charge of him, whenever her husband shut himself within his study.

I was notified of this custom of the country, but at the same time was informed that "it was nothing when you got used to it." As I was a new-comer, I hoped an exception might be made in my case, and as months passed, and my hospitality was not trespassed upon, I began to believe that my wish would be verified. But one Saturday afternoon, a horse and chaise halted at our front door, and when I responded to the summons of the bell, "the state missionary" and his wife were on the steps, and presented themselves as candidates for my hospitality.

"I have written to Brother Livermore that I desired to

present the cause of state missions to his congregation, and as he approved, and it was convenient for me to attend to the matter to-morrow, I have set my own time, and come on without farther preliminaries. This is Mrs. ———, my wife, who already feels acquainted with you, as she has an uncle, with a large family, living in Boston, where you came from, if I remember aright."

HELPING ME OUT OF A DILEMMA.
Lifting the napkin from a basket she carried, revealed a pair of roasted chickens.

The whole proceeding was so cool, so much a matter of custom and precedent, that it took my breath away, and I meekly led the way to the guest chamber, and saw them and their numerous bags, boxes, and bundles bestowed within the cosy room, and then informed my husband of the charming outlook for Sunday. Descending to the kitchen, I took an inventory of the larder. A family of two with no expectation of guests, cannot readily cater for twice that number of people over Sunday, in a town like Stafford, and I was beginning to wonder what I should do, when I became aware that there was a neighborly hastening to my relief. A tap at the door was followed by the entrance of one of my good women friends, a long-time housekeeper, who, lifting the napkin from a basket she carried, revealed a pair of roasted chickens.

"I knew that horse and chaise in a moment," she said, laughingly, "and that you were in for company over Sun-

day, and would be glad of a little help. No, don't hesitate to accept them," she urged, "we've a large family you know, and plenty of help."

Hardly had she disappeared, when from another source came a pot of jam and a loaf of cake,—then a fresh loaf of bread was contributed,—and before I had time to get flurried over my double duty as cook and hostess, all anxieties were at an end. Nor was this a solitary instance of the kindness of the large-hearted women among whom my lot was cast. They were notable helpers one of another, and came promptly to each other's relief in times of sickness, extra labor, or in any case of emergency. As to myself, the women of the entire parish bore me in continual kind remembrance. And I never had occasion to remember that I was living in a community isolated from the world, remote from my kindred, and learning to adjust myself to unusual phases of life, by any neglect or inconsiderateness on the part of Stafford women.

As soon as we had established ourselves in our home, we made our plans for work, and then proceeded to carry them out. My husband was inexorable in his determination to devote the hours of the morning to work in his study. I never intruded upon him at that time, unless absolutely obliged to do so, and stood between him and all visitors, holding them in abeyance until the afternoon. The incessant calling on all occasions, and upon no occasion, was disapproved by these country people, who believed that calls should be postponed until the afternoon and evening. They expected the minister and his wife to visit every family once a year, when they would be entertained at dinner, or tea,—and it was their custom to reciprocate the visit *en masse*, once a year, at the annual "donation party." We were, however, punctilious in making parish calls, for we

wished to acquaint ourselves with the people. We took the summer afternoons for calls on the farmers, and in that way made long drives through the beautiful country. We toiled up the steep hills, and worked our way down into swamps, whence exhaled spicy, aromatic odors. We penetrated the woods, musical with the call of birds, the varied noises of the forest population, and the tinkling of unseen streamlets hastening to join the Willimantic; and we generally returned home from these rambles laden with natural curiosities that rewarded our quest.

We rose early, and took advantage of every hour of daylight for reading and study. We reviewed our later mathematics, which we wished to better understand, algebra, geometry, conic sections. My husband plunged into his Greek studies; together we read the Æneid, Mosheim, Niebuhr, D'Aubigne, Macaulay, Milman, and began Plato, Swedenborg, Goethe, Shakespeare, and Carlyle. I found time for an occasional article for the "Galaxy," and "Putnam's Magazine," and contributed quite regularly to the "Ladies' Repository," magazines then popular, which paid something to contributors, but which have since become defunct. For a few years I was editor of the "Lily of the Valley," one of the annual periodicals very much in vogue at that time, which were profusely illustrated, and published in the highest style of the typographical art. This work added two or three hundred dollars yearly to our modest income, which was very welcome, for, in the purchase and fitting up of our house, we had incurred a not very large debt.

The economy we felt obliged to practice forbade a large expenditure for books and magazines, and this was our severest deprivation. The Stafford people were not literary in their tastes, and rarely subscribed for the new periodicals, or purchased the new books we saw advertised, while they

so attracted us, that every day of our lives we broke the tenth commandment with all our might and main. "The New York Daily Tribune," edited by Horace Greeley, who was then at his best, came to us day by day, freighted with the news of the world, with reports of lectures (that sometimes were entire reproductions), with able reviews of books worth reading, and with full information of any advance movement in reform, literature, or science.

Through this journal we learned of the "National Era," published in Washington, and edited by Gamaliel Bailey, in the columns of which first appeared Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's great anti-slavery novel, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The story attracted unusual attention, for the anti-slavery agitation of the country was continually on the increase, and the entrance of Mrs. Stowe into the arena with her thrilling book, was a tremendous reinforcement of power to the Abolitionists. Our first impulse was to subscribe for the paper, but we had decided on a rigorous system of self-denial till we were free from debt, and would not yield to the temptation which assailed us. We would wait, notwithstanding our desire to possess the coveted paper increased with our knowledge of it.

It happened, one day, that some exigency of family affairs summoned my husband to his father's home in Leicester, Massachusetts, where he was likely to be detained for a week or ten days. Just before leaving he remarked carelessly:

"I am sorry that I took that cloth to Salisbury's; I was to go down to his shop this afternoon, to be measured for my new trousers."

"What can be done about it?"

"Can you notify him that I shall be absent for a week, and explain why I didn't keep my engagement?"

"Certainly. What do you pay Salisbury for cutting and making a pair of trousers?"

"Probably two dollars and a half, or three dollars."

There were no "ready-made clothing stores" for men or women in those days, and it was a rare thing for an ordinary tailor to furnish the material for the garments he manufactured for his patrons. When he did, his charges were fabulous. Men and women selected the fabrics for their clothing, and then employed a tailor or dressmaker.

The subscription price of the National Era was three dollars, and a suggestion flashed through my mind, as I heard my husband's statement, which soon crystallized into a purpose. I had attained such proficiency in household affairs that my confidence in myself had greatly increased, and I was not afraid to undertake work of which I was ignorant. If I could get the cloth from Mr. Salisbury's tailor shop, I would cut and make the trousers myself, and with the money thus saved, we could conscientiously send for the National Era. I had no difficulty in getting the cloth, which had been properly sponged, with which I hurried home in tremulous delight. The trousers which best fitted my husband, and were most comfortable, hung in his clothes press, and from these I obtained a pattern, by separating one leg from the other, ripping it carefully in pieces, pressing them flat, and then cutting an exact counterpart of them in firm paper, when it was comparatively easy to cut the garments.

Sewing machines had not been invented, but by sewing diligently, stitch by stitch, day and night, with doors locked and curtains down, that I might not be interrupted nor spied upon, I had completed the new trousers, in less than two days, and had pressed them as perfectly as a tailor could have done. I then reunited the pair that I had

severed for a pattern, pressed those to the newness of look they had worn before I had meddled with them, hung them in their accustomed place and my work was done. I was well satisfied with it, and full of pleasurable anticipation.

But here was a dilemma. If I presented the new trousers to my husband, with the statement that I had cut and made them in his absence, he would be alarmed, and protest that they were ruined. I had given no proof that I was capable of such work, and he had reason for doubting my skill. Only by some ruse could I obtain his unbiased judgment of them. So carefully brushing and pressing them once more, I folded them neatly in brown paper, directed the parcel in a bold, flourishing hand to "Rev. D. P. Livermore," and on the day following his return, took them to his study, and laid the package on his table, with the equivocal statement that it was "probably his cloth from Mr. Salisbury."

A SECRET EXPERIMENT.

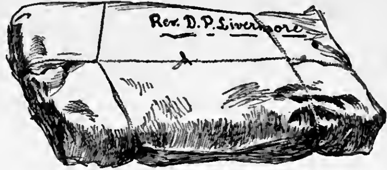
With doors locked and curtains drawn I completed the new trousers in less than two days.

Untying the package, and shaking out the garments, he looked puzzled, and inquired, "Pray, what are these?"

"Mr. Salisbury evidently knew what you were going to do with that cloth, and he has made it into trousers for you."

"Made it into trousers for me!" echoed my husband; "Why, how would he know my measure?"

"I presume he has observed your figure in church, and perhaps compared it with that of some of his other customers, who are about your size, and then has guessed at your measure as well as he could. I shouldn't wonder if they proved a good fit."



AN INNOCENT LOOKING PACKAGE.

I folded the trousers neatly in brown paper, and directed the parcel to "Rev. D. P. Livermore."

"Well, I should wonder very much! Trousers are not made in that slipshod way, as women's gowns are. A man's exact measure must be taken for trousers, for they must fit, without crease or wrinkle. I am sorry Salisbury has done this, for these trousers cannot fit. If he were not a country bumpkin, he never would have done it. Who ever heard of making trousers that way? I am provoked about it."

"Don't get provoked till you know how they fit! No two tailors, probably, do their work alike."

"Oh, pshaw, wife!" said my husband with a touch of impatience; "you know nothing about these things!"

He was right. I did not. But I finally persuaded him to try them on, and when he beheld himself in the glass, attired in as perfect a fitting pair of trousers as he had ever worn, his surprise equaled my delight. They were neither too large, nor too small, anywhere. And after he had strained, and bent, and leaned over, and sat down, and risen up, and tested them in every conceivable way, he pronounced them perfect.

"I declare I don't see how Salisbury did it! I wouldn't have dreamed that it could be done. I must see the fellow and tell him that he beats all the tailors I ever have known!"

After the trousers had passed the test of three or four days' wear, I ventured to reveal myself to my husband as their manufacturer. I shall never forget the incredulous look on his face, as he heard my statement.

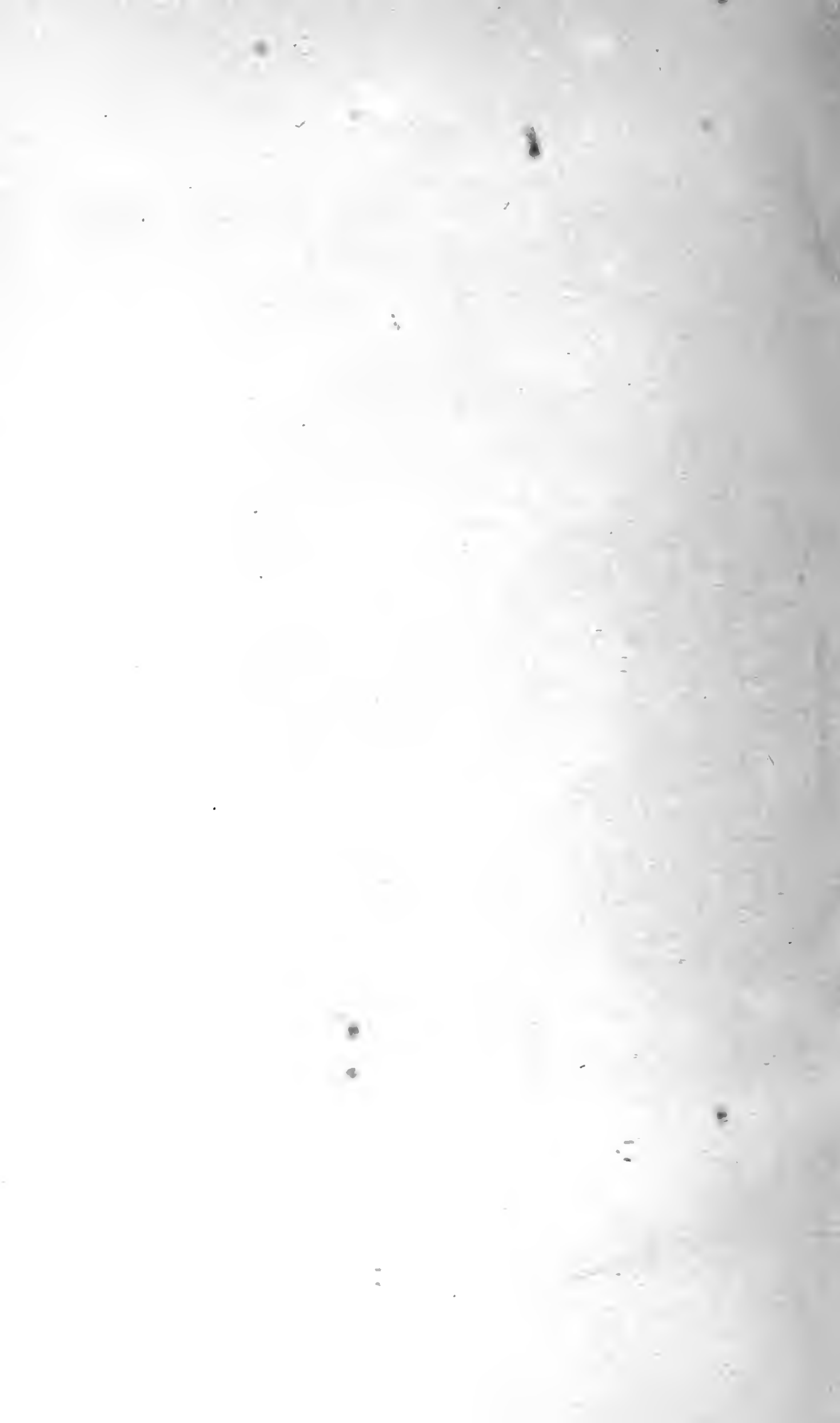
"*You!* Do you mean to say that *you* cut and made these garments? It is almost — why, you know nothing of tailoring! How could you cut them without measuring for them? I cannot believe you mean it, — you must be joking!"

And then I told him the story in detail, ending with the suggestion, that as I had saved the money by doing the work myself, we could now afford to take the National Era, — and it was ordered forthwith. It was the best literary paper then in existence, and had the right ring to it. It was entirely free from namby-pambyism, took the right stand on the great questions of the day, and maintained a high ethical standard. Among its contributors were Harriet Beecher Stowe, J. G. Whittier, Gail Hamilton, Phebe and Alice Cary, and other writers who afterwards became famous in the world of letters.

While still handicapped from a paucity of books, we were supplied temporarily from an unexpected quarter. There was a large and flourishing lodge of Odd Fellows in town, which included every man of means and prominence in the three villages. Odd Fellowship was in its palmiest days at that time, and was in high repute because of the excellent care and relief it bestowed on its sick and dying members, and the kindred of those who deceased. The fees and assessments of the Stafford Lodge had accumulated in the

PAYING FOR OUR NEWSPAPER BY MAKING A PAIR OF TROUSERS FOR MY HUSBAND.

I ventured to reveal myself to my husband as their manufacturer. I shall never forget the incredulous look on his face as he heard my statement. "*You!* Do you mean to say that *you* cut and made these garments?"



treasury to a large amount, for its membership was extensive, and its immunity from sickness and death had been remarkable. At one of the meetings a vote was passed, appropriating five hundred dollars to the purchase of a library, which for the present should remain in the control of the Lodge, but which it was hoped would prove the nucleus of a town institution.

My husband suggested that the proposed library should include a certain proportion of books of reference, which were sorely needed by pupils of the highest grade of schools in town. The suggestion was accepted, and he was made chairman of the purchasing committee. In a short time the town rejoiced in a library of nearly five hundred volumes, all standard works, including cyclopedias and dictionaries of reference, which proved an inspiration and a help, not only to the advanced students of the schools, but to struggling professional men who were too poor to own them.

CHAPTER XXVI.

OUR FIRST AND LAST "DONATION PARTY" — UTTER DEMORALIZATION OF OUR HOME — LEADING THE TEMPERANCE CAMPAIGN — TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS.

Our first Donation Party — A Timely Hint — An Unpleasant Experience — The Invasion — The whole Proceeding Repugnant to me — "On with the Dance" — Unspoken Misgivings — Every Room showed Sign of Rough Usage — Supper was Scattered Everywhere — Dismayed and Discouraged — "Whew ! what will you do with all these Turkeys and Pies ?" — The Maine Liquor Law — Its Effects in New England and the Northern States — My Husband Works for it — A Hotly Contested Campaign — Personal Violence threatened — A Visit from a Drunkard — His Sudden Death — What Happened at His Funeral — A Violent Outpouring of Wrath — Excitement and Threats — I Accompany my Husband to the Polls — "Three Cheers for Livermore !" — The Last Sunday in the Stafford Pulpit — Our first Bereavement.

IT was the custom in many country societies, for the minister to receive a portion of his salary in the form of a donation party, which, in Stafford, was given annually at the beginning of the new year. With our first donation party came our first unpleasant experience in this charming rural parish. I had had no personal knowledge of these occasions, but was informed that they were very delightful, and were enjoyed by everybody. We were notified that "the people" would make us a visit on a specified day of the week, between the hours of ten in the morning and ten at night; that no preparations on our part were necessary, and that we were only expected to remain at home, and receive our friends. Accordingly, at an early hour, our house and ourselves were in reception order, and we entered the parlor with the amiable purpose of mak-

ing ourselves as agreeable as possible to all who might come.

Very few, however, made their appearance until the middle of the afternoon. Instead of the people, goods of all kinds were constantly arriving at the parsonage. Loads of wood; pots of butter; bags of flour; cheese in pieces, and small whole cheeses; calico and delaine for dresses; hand-knit socks and stockings; cotton cloth, bleached and unbleached, in various lengths; uncooked hams and turkeys, with much else in the way of edibles and household materials. There were also donations of cooked food for the supper, which came in quantities beyond the capacity of a hungry regiment. Pans of biscuit; loaves of cake; pies of every variety, but chiefly mince; cold roast turkeys; boiled hams and tongues; butter, cheese, preserves, apple-butter, pickles, and relishes of various kinds; in short, every variety of dainty to be found in a country larder was in evidence for the supper table.

As evening approached, the house became crowded. The whole parish had turned out for the occasion, and, moving freely among them were many men evidently from the factories and furnaces, whom I had never seen. Supper was served without much regard to table etiquette. Every one received in the dining-room whatever food he desired, and then ate where he could find a place, — in the hall, in the parlor, in the sitting-room, on the stairs, in the guest-chamber, in the study. I watched the proceedings with an unquiet eye, and unspoken misgivings. How my cosy house was being despoiled of its beauty and neatness! On the center-table, in the parlor, an open box was set, into which money was dropped by people, not of the parish, who contributed to the receipts of the day, either from good will, or in payment for services rendered during the year, or for the

evening's entertainment. Another box beside it contained small gifts for me, — rolls of hand-knit lace, embroidery, home-made handkerchiefs, elaborate with hem-stitching, fag-goting and trimming of lace, with carefully written notes, containing small sums of money, and eloquent expressions of love and regard from the donor.

The supper ended, there was a general "clearing up," a removal of furniture from the sitting and dining-rooms, and dancing began. Although it was January, there was rain instead of snow, and, with a sinking of the heart, I remembered that my guests were shod in heavy winter boots and shoes, which presaged ill for my new but cheap carpets. A parlor chair was overthrown, and the back broken. The dancing increased in vigor, and the stove-pipe of the sitting-room was shaken down, scattering soot on the carpet. Somebody's elbow came in collision with a pane of widow-glass, to the detriment of the latter. Then came a crash from the parlor,— and my "astral lamp," the pride of the room, was thrown from the table to the floor, in a friendly scuffle between two young people. The glass shade was shivered into a hundred pieces, the glass pendants with which the lamp was thickly

A MINISTER'S DONATION PARTY.
The dancing increased in vigor, and the stove-pipe of the sitting-room was shaken down.

hung were broken into fragments, and the whale-oil with which it was filled streamed over the carpet.

It was very near midnight when our guests bade us "good night," and departed, leaving my husband and myself alone in our demoralized home. The freshness, the beauty, the charm of our lovely house was gone. As I took in the damage that had been wrought, and realized the labor and money that must be expended in repairs, I broke down utterly. My husband tried to comfort me with the assurance that a night's sleep would enable us to face the mischief of

AFTER THE DONATION PARTY.

I broke down utterly.

the evening with greater equanimity, and tone up our courage to bear it.

"But I don't propose to bear it!" was my reply. "I propose to see the trustees of the church to-morrow, and persuade them never to give us another donation party, but instead, its equivalent in money. If they will not do this, you must seek another parish, where donation parties are not in vogue. I never can, and never will face another such storming of my home as this!"

While he laughed at my demonstrative displeasure, and promised that I should think better of the whole affair in the morning, he repeated my words most earnestly: "I will never go through another donation party! I'll give you my hand on that."

It was not necessary for me to call on the trustees, as I had promised, for at an early hour the next morning, the chairman of that body, Hon. Mr. H., intelligent, pleasant, and gentlemanly, called on us. Some man connected with his factory had died the evening before, and my husband's services were in requisition by the bereaved family, and later for the funeral. We had already begun the work of repair when he called, and as he expressed dismay at the demolished lamp in the parlor, and the new carpet saturated with nauseous whale-oil, I invited him to accompany me on a tour of inspection through the house. There was not a room, not even my husband's study, that did not show signs of rough usage. The writing-table had been stripped of its conveniences, and converted into a supper-table; and fragments of mince pie, ham, cheese, bread and butter, preserves and pickles, tea and coffee, were mixed up with papers and books, ink and quill pens, letters and sermons. The straw matting of the guest-chamber was torn by the nails in the heels of stout boots, and the "Marseilles quilt" was bedaubed with cranberry sauce and cream pie. The *débris* of the improvised supper was scattered over the stairway, trodden into the hall carpet, and swept by the skirts of long dresses into the parlor. The powers of misrule and disorder seemed to have had full sway.

When we reached the kitchen, there was an exclamation of astonishment from Mr. H. "Whew! What will you do with all this food?" There were seven turkeys, dressed and undressed, and in various stages of leanness and fatness:

eleven mince and pumpkin pies; nine loaves of cake; with loaves of bread, pans of biscuit, spice cakes, seed cakes, cookies, crullers, jumbles, and other varieties of cereal dain-

"WHEW." OUR DEMORALIZED KITCHEN.
I invited him to accompany me on a tour of inspection.

ties, sufficient to stock a small baker's shop. Heaps of broken food, unwashed china, soiled napkins, a ceiling blackened by a smoking lamp, a floor whose original color could not be guessed through its coating of miscellaneous dirt, a sink full of platters, pans, and cooking utensils, — these made up the *tout ensemble* of the most untidy kitchen I ever beheld. My courage quailed before it.

"A donation party is sure to be a very democratic affair," said Mr. H.; "for every person in town feels free to visit the minister's house, whether belonging to his parish or to some other, or to none. If he has any doubt as to his welcome, he has only to carry with him a respectable gift, or to contribute money on the spot. I observed half a dozen

people in the gathering last night, whom I have never seen inside our church, and whom our people never would have invited here. I cannot believe your parishioners are responsible for this damage. But I will see that you have help in putting your house to rights; you cannot do it alone."

To this we put in a vigorous demurrer; what help we needed we would obtain. But I made an earnest plea against being made the victim of another donation party, and assured our friend that we preferred the commutation of the gifts into money, even though the sum was less than the nominal value of the goods. It was not an easy thing to persuade the parish to forego their annual frolic, in their minister's house. It was a custom of generations, and had never before been seriously opposed. They believed it better to reform the donation party, and admit guests only by ticket. They were sure its objectionable features could be removed, that the annual parish party could be continued, and they besought me to give it one more trial. But the whole affair was so repugnant to me that I could not reconsider my decision. I promised them a continuance of their annual visit to their minister's house, but arranged differently, so as to be pleasanter for all, and more agreeable to me. My husband endorsed my position, and stood manfully by me in the long debate — and the change was carried. That was our first and last donation party, and the Stafford parish never gave another.

The Maine Liquor Law was enacted June 2, 1851, and Maine became the prohibition state that it is to-day. Immediately, all the New England and Northern states were in a blaze. For a few years, the great question of deliverance from the evils of the grog-shop had been predominant. Connecticut was more sorely cursed by drunkenness than any of the New England states at that time, and the tem-

perance people, who had vainly striven to abate the horrible nuisance, now took heart, and sought to bring their state under the control of this beneficent law. The Connecticut legislature decided to submit the question of the Maine Liquor Law to the people, and the campaign began. Never was a measure more hotly contested,—never was there a campaign into which the people, men and women equally, threw themselves with so much war-like ardor. The women generally favored the Maine law. It was the exceptional women, the low and foreign born, the illiterate, or those whose husbands lived by the liquor traffic, who were its opponents.

Mr. Livermore had always been a temperance man, and his interest in the reform had deepened with his knowledge of its need, and with increased experience in his parish work, of the woes occasioned by intemperance. He decided now to put the best there was in him into this campaign until the election, and calling the leading men of the parish together, he notified them of his purpose. It was a sorry thing that the bitterest and most unscrupulous opposition to the Maine Law came from his own people,—from men holding office in the town, county, and state,—men of means, intelligence, and influence, but who were owners of hotels, and stockholders in distilleries. With this one exception they were men of character, large-hearted and noble, and among them were my husband's warmest personal friends. They tried to dissuade him from his "quixotic determination to fight windmills," as they called it, but he was immovable. It was a matter of conscience with him.

"It is my duty to take a stand," was his reply to their appeals, "and although it is the hardest duty I have ever been called upon to perform, I must not flinch."

They shook hands after the interview and parted,— my husband to shape public opinion in favor of the Maine Law, that it might be incorporated into the code of the state, — they to block the wheels of legislation, and to retain on the statute book a law which is prolific of wrong-doing, and which tends steadily to pauperism, crime, and moral deterioration. Night after night Mr. Livermore was absent from home on business connected with the campaign, for he had agreed to accept invitations to address audiences within twenty miles of his home. Never before had he shown himself so eloquent an orator, never so consummate a logician, never had he talked with such power. He brought before his hearers the appalling suffering and vice which were the fruits of their present license law, and which were within the knowledge of every one who listened to him; and then, with a fervor born of youth and hope, he employed argument and persuasion to induce them to choose the new statute, which was the only effectual remedy for the ills which weighted them with woe.

The opponents of the Maine Law were unsparing in their denunciations of him,— a minister who "dragged the white ermine of his profession into the dirty pool of politics." They appealed to his parish to repudiate him; they even threatened him with personal violence, and for the first time in his life he was the object of foul detraction. I think I felt more keenly the scurrility of these attacks than my husband did. He was so fired with enthusiasm for the great cause, was so confident of its ultimate triumph, and so eager to enlist recruits under its banner, that he was almost unaware of opposition, and went forward unconscious and fearless. As he expected, many of his warmest friends in the parish forsook him; they gave up their pews in the church, and ceased to attend the Sunday services.

From preaching to the largest congregation in town his audiences dwindled to a comparative handful of people, most of whom were women. They stood by him firmly, and did not hesitate to express their sympathy with and sorrow for him. Many of them had been scorched by the fire — the evil of strong drink had invaded their homes. Some were obliged to stand aloof from the controversy, on account of the bitterness engendered among their fathers, husbands, and sons. Women have been the victims of the insatiate appetite for strong drink through all ages. What does the drunken man know of loss, suffering, or wretchedness, who is muddled from year's end to year's end of his worthless life! Sodden and brutish, hope and lofty ambition are extinct within him, and he has descended to the depths of animalism,— but he does not know it. It is his mother or his wife who is the sufferer, who feels the disgrace entailed on herself and her children by her companion, who lives in hourly fear of violence from his hand, and sees poverty stalking in at the door like an armed man.

While the campaign was at its most exciting point, an event occurred in Stafford that was like oil to the flames. A man who was a lifelong resident of the town, and whose family were regular attendants of my husband's church, was greatly addicted to the use of intoxicants. This was his one failing. He was a kind husband, an affectionate father, in the main a good citizen, and a very fair business man. He was not habitually intemperate, but about once in six months he would forsake business, home, and society, and give himself up for weeks to terrible debauchery, when he became utterly irresponsible and almost insane. To every one's surprise, this man enrolled himself in favor of the Maine Liquor law, and during the campaign attended the meetings with great interest and persistence. Sometimes he

called with his horse and buggy to take my husband to his appointments, always declaring that he should work for the Maine law till it was carried, and, if he lived, should vote for it on the day of election.

One morning he called on my husband and had a long talk with him, and in the course of the conversation gave his reasons for advocating the Maine law.

"My wife will tell you," said he, "that never during our married life have I carried home alcoholic liquors, not even cider; whatever I drink, I take outside. My children have never seen me tippling from a bottle in the cupboard, nor have they ever been sent to buy me a dram. If liquor were not offered me, and I were not pressed to drink by my acquaintances, I should probably in time become a total abstainer, and eventually overcome this dreadful habit, which I deplore and abhor. But wherever I go, my reputation has preceded me, some one offers to treat, I smell the fumes of the liquor, and then the associations of the grog-shop, and the entreaties of my friends overpower me, and I make a beast of myself. If we can carry this Maine liquor law, Mr. Livermore, I shall be a redeemed man. It will make my wife the happiest woman in the State of Connecticut, and it will give my six beautiful children a self-governed father, whom they can respect. I shall vote for the law at the election if I'm alive, and I am doing what I can to induce other drinking men like myself to pursue the same course."

As he was leaving, Mr. Livermore called his attention to the axle of his wagon, which was so nearly broken, that unless he drove cautiously, there was danger of his losing a wheel. He was aware of the danger, and was then on his way to Stafford Springs for the repair of the wagon, and, bidding us "good-bye," he drove from the house.

The new departure which this man had taken was a great annoyance to his tippling friends, and they were untiring in their efforts to regain possession of him. Thus far, he had eluded them. The vilest grog-shops of the town were located on the road to the Springs, and the men who conducted them were among the worst law-breakers in the

LURED TO RUIN. — THE CUP OF DEATH.

He was enticed into one saloon after another, drinking in all of them, until he became thoroughly crazed with liquor.

county. Our friend was obliged to run the gauntlet of them all, in his drive to the wagon shop. This time he did not escape. He was enticed into one saloon after another, drinking in all of them, until he became thoroughly crazed with liquor, when he started on his way home, with his horse unfed, and his wagon unrepaired. As he reached the summit of the long steep hill on his return, and began its descent, he saw over his shoulder that the Hartford stage was close behind him, and as if unwilling it should

pass him, he whipped up his horse, and dashed down the hill at a furious speed. As Mr. Livermore had predicted, one of the wheels of the wagon rolled off, and he was thrown with great violence against a boulder by the roadside. His skull was fractured, he was taken up dead, and carried home.

His bereaved wife was prostrated by her husband's shocking death, and for a time yielded to overwhelming grief. His attitude on the subject of the Maine law had given her hope for a better future for herself and her children. She thought she beheld the dawning of a brighter day, and this tragedy plunged her into deeper darkness than ever. She had united with him most earnestly in advocacy of the Maine law, had tried to guard him from temptation, and as the election drew on apace, she almost dared believe he would go through the campaign unscathed, despite the numerous grog-shops.

In accordance with the prevailing custom of the community, her husband was to be buried from the church, and she desired Mr. Livermore to preach the funeral sermon, and to make it as far as possible a temperance address. At the close, she wished him to read her written arraignment of the liquor-sellers, who had enticed her husband to his ruin and whom she held responsible for his death. "As far as the law of the land is concerned," was the conclusion of her paper, "you are safe. But there is a law higher than that of this world, and a tribunal where we shall all be arraigned, where God is the judge. To Him I carry my appeal."

All the dead man's "friends," as they styled themselves, took part in the obsequies. They offered their services as pall-bearers, furnished flowers for the funeral, and even called on Mr. Livermore to assist in arranging the order of exercises. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity,

WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE? A DRUNKARD'S RACE THAT ENDED IN DEATH.

As he reached the summit of the long steep hill on his return, and began its descent, he saw over his shoulder that the stage was close behind him. He whipped up his horse and dashed down the hill at a furious speed. One of the wheels of the wagon rolled off, and he was thrown with great violence against a boulder by the roadside. His skull was fractured. He was taken up and carried home dead.

and as the weather was warm, the windows were taken from their casings, and wagons filled with people eager to see and to hear were backed up against the openings on the outside of the church building. Mr. Livermore portrayed the character of the deceased as the people of the town knew him,—excellent in every relation of life, when he was himself, and not even a brutal husband and father when under the influence of strong drink, which he never took into his house, but always drank in the bar-rooms of hotels or in grog-shops. He narrated the conversation he held with the man on the day of his death, and repeated with emphasis his last solemn promise: "I shall vote for the Maine Liquor law, on the day of election, if I live until that time comes." He then read the arraignment written by his wife, in a hush so intense that we could almost hear the beatings of each others' hearts; and laying down the document at the conclusion, he said, "I endorse the arraignment of the bereaved widow, as I think every right-minded person in the town will do."

There were no visible signs of the excitement, into which the liquor fraternity was lashed by the events of the day. A lawyer was interviewed to see if it were possible to put Mr. Livermore under arrest, or to prosecute him for libel; but they finally decided to call upon him in a body, and express to him their sense of the insult they had received in the church. We expected a stormy visit and a violent outpouring of wrath, and met our visitors toned up to self-control and patience, to the end of the interview. But there was no call for self-control, or for self-defense. The men were courteous almost to obsequiousness, and came, as they said, "to thank Mr. Livermore for his kind offices to their dead friend."

I was never more glad in my life than when election day

came. The strain upon me for a few weeks had been almost beyond endurance, and was all the more severe, because I could take no active part in the campaign. Our youngest child was only three months old, and for her sake I was obliged, as much as possible, to keep aloof from excitement. But the campaign had been so bitter, the threats so menacing, and we had suffered so much from small annoyances during the contest, that I was wrought into a most feverish anxiety. Undoubtedly, I exaggerated the hostility of my husband's opponents, but I feared that he would be attacked at the polls, where there would be no one to defend him. I resolved to accompany him to the town-house, believing that my presence would be a protection to him in the absence of any other. My resolution was opposed by Mr. Livermore, who pooh-poohed my fears, assuring me that his friends would outnumber his enemies at the polls, and that they would be quick to fly to his relief, if any personal violence were offered him.

I could not, however, be persuaded to remain at home, and walked by his side through the great crowd of men gathered around the town-house, haranguing, debating, electioneering, after the fashion of a country election in the olden time. The crowd opened courteously to make way for us, and we entered the town hall together. I was conscious that all color had fled from my face and lips, my knees knocked together, and I trembled so violently that I walked unsteadily. Glancing at my husband, I saw that he also was deathly pale, but perfectly calm and collected, greeting his personal friends and acquaintance on the right and on the left, as if the casting of a ballot that had cost him so dearly were an every-day transaction. As we turned to leave the hall, I dropped a little behind him, to defend him from any attack in the rear. I had become

demoralized by the severe nervous strain to which I had been so long subjected. Once more the throng opened for our exit, and as it closed behind us, there rang out a shout from our friends: "Three cheers for Livermore!"

The Maine law won that day in Connecticut, as it did in all the New England states, earlier or later!

AN EXPECTED ATTACK.
I dropped a little behind him, to defend him from any attack in the rear.

My husband entered the Stafford pulpit for the last time, on the Sunday following the election. He had tendered his resignation to the trustees, and had asked for an immediate release from the pastorate. By his contract, they were entitled to three months' notice when he wished to withdraw from the parish, and the same courtesy was required of them, if they desired his resignation. His request for an immediate release was granted, and his resignation accepted. It was best that the minister and his people should separate without

delay. He took leave of the congregation on the next Sunday morning. He briefly reviewed the events of the few previous weeks, and expressed regret that the line of action to which he was compelled by a sense of duty had alienated his friends and supporters. It was not easy for a man to be loyal to the right, when it cost him the affection of his friends, and the ostracism of his acquaintances, but he thanked God that he had not flinched in the hour of trial. He was sure they would agree with him by and by, and if they could no longer be pastor and people, they could be friends and well-wishers.

I was sorry to leave the little, inconspicuous town where I had enjoyed much, and learned more. I should have been glad to continue our residence among the kind-hearted women, to whom I was attached, for another period of six years. Two children had come to bless our home, and to broaden and beautify our lives; we had settled ourselves as permanent residents, lived in our own house, were identified with the town, and it was like tearing ourselves up by the roots to go elsewhere. But there was no other way than to accept the inevitable, and in a few weeks we had returned to Boston and vicinity, where we spent the next six years of our lives.

Before we removed from Stafford, a re-action set in, and the parish which had so bitterly opposed my husband's temperance work, appointed a committee to wait upon him and ask him to recall his resignation, and resume pastoral relations with them. This committee was composed of those who had been his warmest friends, but who had also been most bitter in their opposition to him. It was, however, too late to accept these overtures, gratifying as it was to receive them, even had it been wise to do so. We had made other arrangements, and bade the people a tender "good-bye," and

went forth from what had been to me an Eden, laden with gifts and keepsakes, which the people pressed upon us. The once pretty and bustling village of Stafford Centre has lost its importance since these occurrences, forty or more years ago. Deaths, the migration of the young people to other localities, business failures, the destruction of the factories by freshets, and other losses have caused its decline. And Stafford Springs, two miles down the valley, connected with the world by railroad, is the leading village of the town today. It abounds in picturesque scenery, and is beautiful in situation, but in no other respect does it resemble the interesting old village of Stafford Centre.

The six years that immediately followed the Stafford pastorate were spent mainly in the Massachusetts towns of Weymouth and Malden, where we found abundant occupation, kind and hearty co-operators, made friends whose steadfast affection is, to this day, a part of the joy of our lives, and where we also met sorrow, which, for a time, seemed to have separated us from happiness forever.

It was in Weymouth that we met with our first bereavement. Our eldest daughter, a sweet child of five years, full of promise and with most endearing traits of character, passed out of life after a brief and agonizing illness. There is no sorrow more exquisite, nor more difficult to bear, than that of a mother who gives up a young child to death. She has always been its refuge, it has depended upon her for constant ministration. Who will be its guide and comforter, and lead it safely in its wanderings, in the unknown world whither it has vanished? Who will pillow its precious head in weariness, and hold its little hands in calm assurance in moments of fear? Not for a night, hardly for an hour, has its tiny figure been beyond her vision, or her knowledge. How can she consign it to the night of the

grave, and live henceforth with empty arms, in a solitude which it had once peopled with its childish creations? Even the supporting faith of the immortal life will sometimes drop away, in the speechless sorrow that invades the soul of the bereft mother. She cannot believe it possible that her child can be happy without her, or be other than affrighted when it misses her assuring voice, even though the glories of heaven surround it. Only the ministrations of time, and the growth of a Christian philosophy can bring her relief.

CHAPTER XXVII.

EXCITING TIMES — WE JOIN A COLONY OF PIONEERS AND START FOR KANSAS — CHICAGO IN THE FIFTIES — THE WAR CLOUD BURSTS.

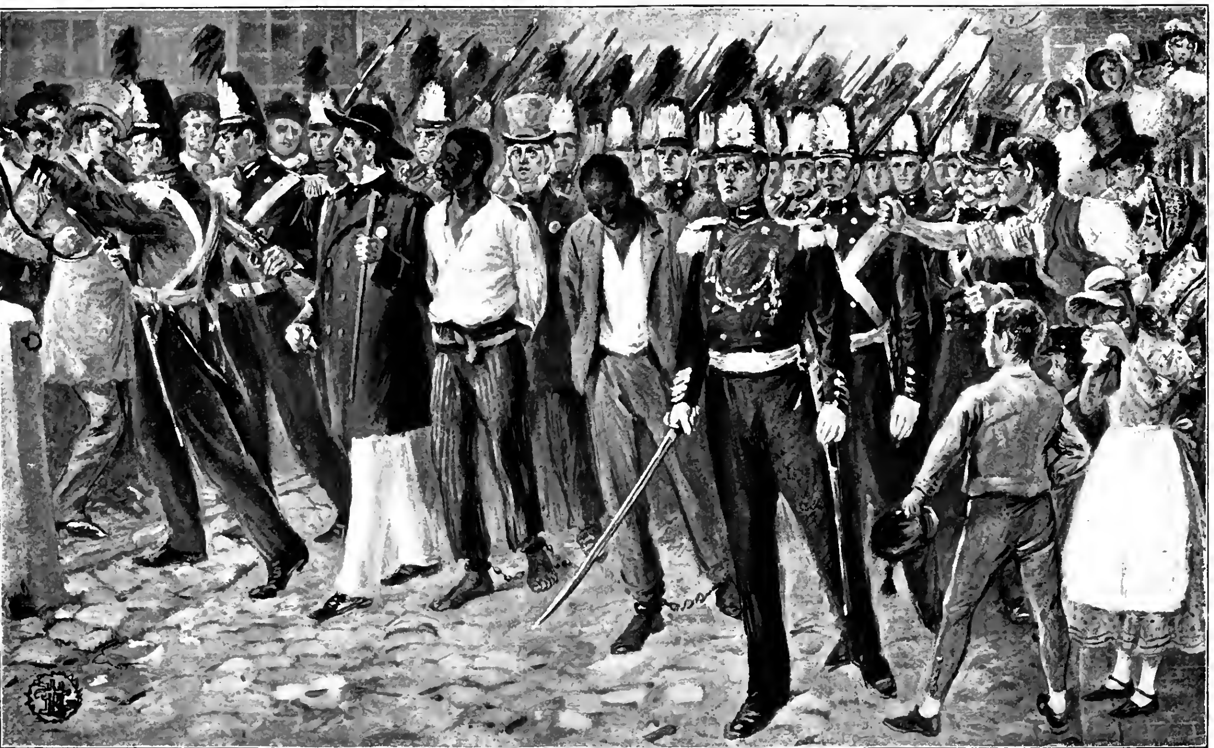
Increasing Excitement on the Subject of Slavery — An Approaching Crisis — Rendition of Burns and Sims to Their Southern Masters — My Husband Sorely Smitten with "Western Fever" — We Join a Colony and Start for Kansas — My Tastes and Training Opposed to a Pioneer Life — Detained in Chicago by Sickness — My Husband Enters on a New Phase of Life, as Editor and Publisher — My Capacity for Work — Chicago in the Fifties — No Gas, Sewerage, or Water — Stuck in the Mud en route to Church — Going to a Tea Party in a Four-Horse Wagon — "Tears and the Dumps" — Uneasy Times — The Impending Crisis — The Beginning of the War for the Union — The Great Awakening — Exciting Events and Scenes.

THE intense excitement of the anti-slavery reform, then approaching its crisis, made the pastoral relation, at that time, a most difficult one. The South was solid in its determination to maintain slavery at any cost. It scorned the idea of being limited to any territory, or of being kept within any bounds. Robert G. Toombs of South Carolina declared on the floor of Congress, that he would yet "call the roll of his slaves on Bunker Hill," and that the slave states would brook neither interference nor dictation. It began to be evident to the most superficial observer, that the country must eventually become "all free or all slave," and, as the North had developed hostility toward this relic of barbarism that could not be silenced, and would not surrender, men and women alike looked forward to the future with anxiety, and wondered what the end would be.

Ministers who accepted invitations to become pastors of

parishes, found both sides of the slavery question represented in their congregations. If there were earnest anti-slavery men, who could not conceal their convictions, and would not be dumb, when the truth needed to be spoken, it was impossible not to offend the pro-slavery constituents of the parish. If, on the other hand, clergymen attempted to defend slavery and its advocates, even on Biblical authority, and quoted chapter and verse of scripture in its endorsement, they were hustled out of the parish by the reformers, in hot haste, and bade not to "stay on the order of their going, but go at once."

My husband and I had become very decided in our convictions. Not only did the ethics of the great question compel us to oppose slavery, but it seemed to us the only wise and safe course, for national reasons, to eliminate slavery from the Republic. Not to say this when we were questioned, not to advocate our opinions, not to manifest our belief by attendance at anti-slavery meetings, and by the patronage of anti-slavery papers, was impossible. The position of the settled minister became very undesirable, for not only were churches sundered by the anti-slavery reform, but denominations were rent in twain, and the divisions had no fellowship with each another. The commercial and mercantile interests of Massachusetts rendered her exceedingly conservative on the slavery question. The South regarded her as the leader in anti-slavery reform, and she certainly was. It was here that Garrison established his unflinching and remorseless Liberator, and enrolled men under his banner, who for ability, intellectual power, and moral courage have never been surpassed. The threats of South Carolina to Massachusetts were continual. "Unless you forbid the publication of the Liberator, arrest Garrison, and Phillips, Emerson, and Lowell, and the other great men who have joined



THE RUNAWAY SLAVES, ANTHONY BURNS AND THOMAS SIMS, RETURNED TO SLAVERY—THEIR MARCH THROUGH THE STREETS OF BOSTON.

With pinioned arms and manacled feet they marched between files of soldiers to a steamer bound for South Carolina from whence they had fled. Vast throngs of men and women watched the procession, many weeping as they gazed.

hands with him, unless you enforce the Fugitive Slave Law," — which proposed to turn the whole State, and the whole North, into a hunting ground for slaves, — "we will never sell you another pound of cotton, we will never buy a penny's worth of your manufactured goods, we will rend all party bonds, and will dissolve the Union."

The rendition of fugitive slaves from all parts of the North intensified the excitement. It was not believed that slaves could be returned to their masters from the city of Boston, where many had located, and were engaged in various employments, with a feeling of perfect security. Public sentiment had become so hostile to slave-hunting, that it was thought that state and national officers in Massachusetts would resign their positions, rather than aid in the return of a fugitive to slavery. And yet escaped slaves were returned at noon-day, military authority being called out to prevent the interference of the people, who were determined on their rescue.

Anthony Burns and Thomas Sims, with pinioned arms and manacled feet, were led out from the courthouse, which was engirt with chains, and marched between files of soldiers to the steamer, bound for South Carolina from whence they had fled. Cannon shotted to the very muzzle were planted at the street crossings, which would have mowed down the people like grass in June, had there been an uprising against the heinous proceeding. Vast throngs of men and women watched the sad procession pass down the street, many weeping as they gazed, and all feeling themselves utterly powerless to strike a blow for the right. This increased the number of converts to the cause of anti-slavery, and drew the line of demarcation between the friends and foes of the "peculiar institution" more sharply. There was uneasiness and anxiety everywhere, and a fearful

foreboding of the inevitable collision, which was fast approaching.

While Mr. Livermore had no wish to withdraw from the ministry, he found the position of the settled pastor so undesirable during those years, that he began to think of seeking temporarily some other occupation. Freedom of speech was a necessity to both of us in those troublous times, when such mighty interests were at stake, and the whole country was fiercely and forcibly debating the colossal question of Amercan slavery. To my husband, therefore, it seemed most opportune, when a large number of his friends in Auburn, New York, organized a colony to start for Kansas, and urgently invited him to join them. The "Western fever" was at its height, and migrations to the West were so incessant and in such large bodies, as almost to depopulate sections of the East. This colony numbered forty-six families, all of the right sort, and most of them acquainted with farming. My husband gave his name and influence to the enterprise, and put money and labor at its service, but did not promise to settle with the colony.

I had grave doubts as to the wisdom of our joining the colony. I knew that Mr. Livermore was a great worker, and would make a good farmer, if he gave himself to that business. But I also knew that I should utterly fail as a farmer's wife, and as a pioneer. Neither life had any attraction for me. All my tastes were in a different direction, and my early training had fitted me for other work. But as my husband was in an advanced stage of the "Western fever," we finally decided to accompany the van of the colony as far as Chicago, where I was to tarry with our little children, while he proceeded to Kansas to do his own prospecting. He returned in a few weeks, not very enthusiastic, but with a settled conviction that the large ex-

pectations of the colonists would eventually be met, if they had pluck and persistence.

They had selected a large tract of land, and entered it in the Land Office, not far from Atchison, in the northeastern part of the territory, — a not undesirable location. The ranks of the colonists were increased by the addition of fifteen families, bringing the total number to sixty-one, — all of them people of intelligence and character, and all possessed of moderate means. All were imbued with a desire to assist in making Kansas "a free state," which was one of the many side issues of the time. Its history was like that of many colonies. Some of them had a great boom at the time, which left them suddenly, and they dropped into non-existence. Others moved on "like a sick man in his sleep, three paces, and then faltered," but ultimately they became prosperous communities. The Auburn colonists laid out a town which they named "Cayuga." I think it is still in existence, but, as a body, they never realized the expectations with which the project was undertaken.

What ultimate decision we might have reached with regard to joining the Kansas colonists, I cannot tell; but the matter was sadly and sternly settled for us, by a grave family affliction. Our youngest daughter, a child of tender years, broke down into a most hopeless and mysterious illness, from which she did not recover for years. I was compelled to remain in Chicago with her, and all my care and thoughts were centered on the little sufferer. My husband made three or four necessary trips to the colony, remaining as long as he dared be absent, and assisting the pioneer community with his advice and encouragement. As months went by, it became more and more certain that our child would remain an invalid for years, requiring tender care, skillful nursing, and the best medical treatment, such as

could not be obtained on the frontier, and we decided not to remove farther west than Chicago. I met the colonists for the first time fifteen years after, and I visited their location some dozen years ago.

Just at this emergency in our affairs, when we were seemingly held fast in Chicago, the unexpected happened. My husband had held a mortgage for some three or four years on "The New Covenant," the Universalist paper of the Northwest, and also on the small publishing house and book store connected with it, all located in Chicago. The proprietor of the establishment was in failing health, and desired to sell the property, and Mr. Livermore bought it. It was his intention to improve the paper, put the whole establishment on a good business footing, and then offer it for sale. But fate decided otherwise. It was evidently written that the city of Chicago should be our next home.

The financial panic of 1857 still weighed heavily on the industries and business of the country, and my husband found himself plunged in a struggle that was severe. Although sickness still cast its shadow over our home, I was able to render him aid in the management of his paper, and became his "associate editor." Certain departments were entirely in my charge; and during his frequent and sometimes prolonged absences, necessitated by business and church work, I wrote for every department of the paper, except the theological, and took entire charge of the business. In 1863, a volume of the stories I had contributed to "The New Covenant" was published under the title of "Pen Pictures," and ran through several editions. I did much reportorial work in those days, and at the convention in the "Chicago Wigwam," where Abraham Lincoln was nominated for the presidency, I was the only woman reporter present, and was furnished with a ticket, and assigned a

place among the men reporters, numbering a hundred or two.

As our daughter improved in health, I was drawn into much outside work. I found time to assist in the church and Sunday-school, and for years conducted a class of sixteen young men, all of whom entered the army at the opening of the war in 1861. I was untiring in my labors for the Chicago Home of the Friendless, one of the most philanthropic and useful institutions in the city, then and now. It was so elastic in its methods, that it accomplished a vast amount of work which did not properly belong to it, but for which there was then no other provision. I assisted in the establishment of the Home for Aged Women, and also the Hospital for Women and Children, then in its feeble infancy, but now a strong and well-ordered institution.

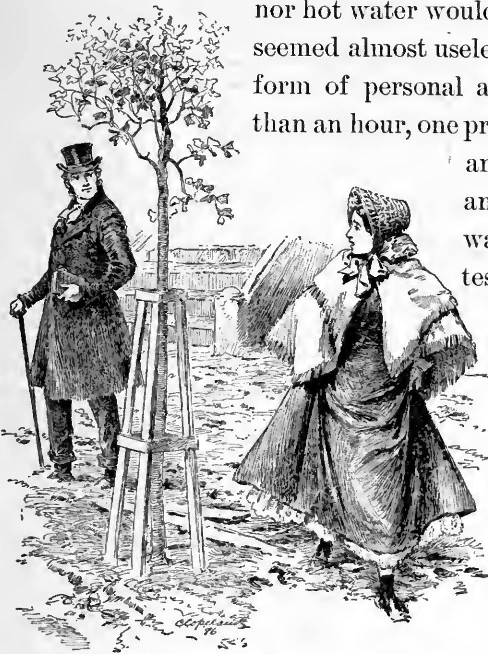
All the while I was my own housekeeper, directed my servants, gave personal supervision to the education and training of my children, and exercised a large hospitality towards my husband's patrons and friends, which was required by circumstances. I was endowed with an almost phenomenal capacity for work, and could work without friction with those associated with me. It was easy for me to hold sleep in abeyance, if the task on which I was engaged made it necessary, and to make up the loss when leisure permitted.

To a New Englander of to-day, accustomed to well-kept streets, close-shaven lawns, vines carefully trimmed, and houses immaculate in fresh paint, Chicago is always, at first, a somewhat astonishing city, in which mud, dust, dirt, and smoke seem to predominate. Imagine its appearance in the fifties, when I first beheld it! Michigan Avenue was the only paved street in the city, and the only one with decent sidewalks. Elsewhere the sidewalks were of very simple con-

struction. Scantlings were laid on the prairie soil, to which planks were spiked, and as these soon sank into the ground, green and black slime oozed up between the cracks in wet weather, splashing the face of the pedestrian and befouling his clothes. The drinking water of the city was furnished by the lake, then as now; but then it was pumped from the basin inside the breakwater, and was sold by the barrel, and it was not safe to use it until it was filtered and boiled. A small section of the South side was lighted by gas; elsewhere some kind of oil was the illuminant for streets and houses.

Chicago was then without a system of sewerage. In lieu of sewers, deep ditches were cut on both sides of a street, its whole length, and these were bridged by planks in front of the houses. In wet weather the streets were rivers of mud; in the dry season they were veritable Saharas of dust. The prairie breeze not only kept the dust in perpetual motion, but caught up the litter and *débris* strewn about the streets, and sent that whirling through the air in clouds that blinded the eyes, and choked the throat and nostrils. People bore these inflictions with much good nature, because they were optimistic and expected better things in the future. They even joked over their discomforts. An omnibus was stuck fast in the mud in the middle of Clark street, and remained there until it was frozen in; and all through the winter it upheld a signboard bearing the prohibition, "Keep off the grass!" The houses corresponded with the streets. Thrown together in a hurry, without the conveniences for respectable housekeeping, to say nothing of decent living, it was not an easy thing for a New England housekeeper who had brought with her the Lares and Penates of her Eastern home, to know how and where to bestow them in a Chicago domicile of that day.

The streets were even then overcrowded, in spite of their unusual width; and, as everybody walked at a furious pace, as if bent on some errand of life or death, there was inevitable colliding and jostling, which sometimes resulted in a tumble of one or both of the parties into the open sewer. How to keep clean was the appalling problem that confronted us in those early days. The mud, when removed from one's person or clothes, left a stain that neither soap nor hot water would entirely efface. It seemed almost useless to undertake any form of personal ablution, for in less than an hour, one presented as begrimed and sooty an appearance as if soap and water had never been tested.



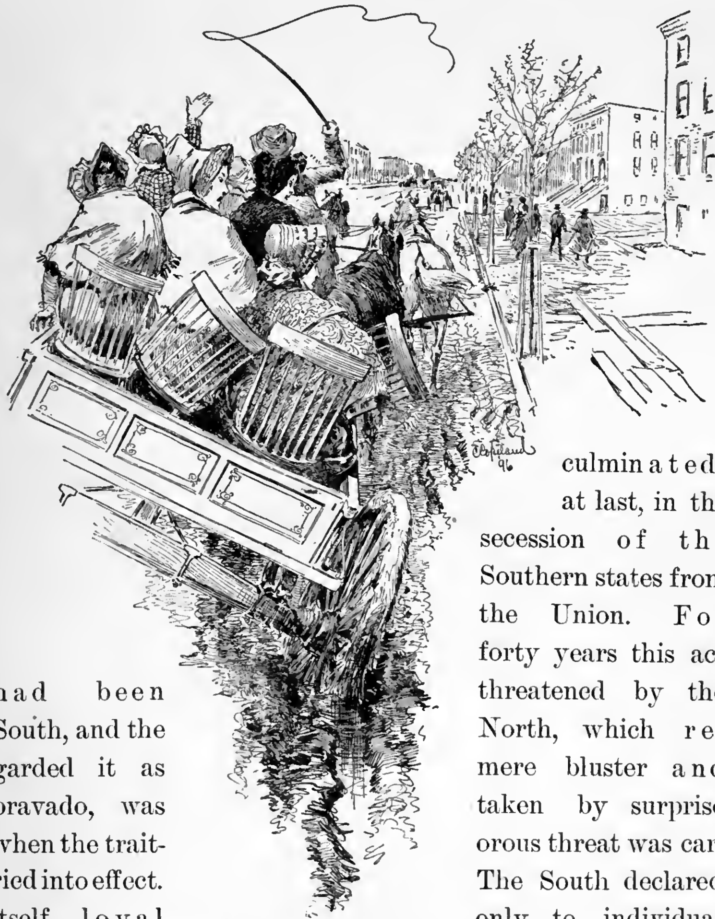
A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE WITH CHICAGO MUD.
I bid Mr. Livermore go to church and praise God, if he could.

The first Sunday that I accompanied my husband to church was a mild day in early spring, after a rain, and before the ground had become settled. I followed closely in his footsteps, for the dropsical soil that would upbear his weight would uphold me also; but in following my leader, my foot slipped and slid into a hole, from which I could not extricate it. My husband came to my rescue, and pulled out the foot from the tenacious mud, minus its rubber shoe. In attempting the next step forward the other foot sank deeper than the first,

and was held so fast by the glutinous mud that my husband's aid was again invoked, who assisted me to a footing on the solid earth. People were prevented from passing, by our compulsory gymnastics in Illinois mud, but no one uttered advice or comment, and took the matter coolly as an everyday occurrence. They knew how it was themselves. This experience was not the best possible preparation for divine worship, so, bidding Mr. Livermore "Go on to church and praise God, if he could!" I returned home to repair damages.

On one occasion I was invited to an old-fashioned tea-party, and was informed that a carriage would call for me at four o'clock. Promptly at the appointed hour a large Studebaker wagon arrived. The bottom was covered with fresh straw in which chairs were set. The wagon backed up to the doorsteps, and I took my seat amid the gay company, all of whom were Eastern women, much given to tears and the dumps whenever they came together by themselves, for they were afflicted with homesickness. Our hostess had determined that there should be no weeping on this occasion, and had included a number of gentlemen among her guests. They were always gay, even to hilarity, for, if Chicago was muddy and dirty and comfortless, they were making money, and would have refused to change their residence to the New Jerusalem. When we reached the house of our friend, the four-horse wagon backed up at her door, and with great care we alighted, the skirts of our dresses tucked up out of sight, that they might not become defiled with the polluting mud. When the visit was over we were returned to our homes in the same manner. We had fun enough both coming and going, with an occasional scare, when one side of the wagon dumped down so deeply in the mud, that we all had to jump to the other side, to change the center of gravity and prevent an upset.

The war burst in fury on the land. The insolent aggressiveness of the South, and the growing determination of the North to aid and abet the continuance of slavery no longer, culminated, at last, in the secession of the Southern states from the Union. For forty years this act had been threatened by the South, and the North, which regarded it as mere bluster and bravado, was taken by surprise when the traitorous threat was carried into effect. The South declared itself loyal only to individual states; the North announced itself loyal to the Union of states, and a fight to the death was imminent.



A NARROW ESCAPE.
We all had to jump to the other side.

Chicago was the place, 1860 the date, and the nomination of Abraham Lincoln for the Presidency by a Republican

Convention the circumstance, which marked a new epoch in the career of the republic. The East would still have hesitated and compromised with the South, if it could have been done; but the great Northwest would brook neither compromise nor delay, and by its tremendous push and its indomitable determination, the nomination of Abraham Lincoln was carried, and in the autumn of that year he was elected President of the United States.

It is not possible for anyone who did not live at the time, to understand the mental condition of the North during the winter of 1860-61. Although elected to the presidency in November, 1860, Mr. Lincoln could not assume its powers until the following March, and it was the winter of secession. As state after state rushed from the national constellation, it seemed to the states that remained faithful behind as if the nation were lapsing into chaos. Men looked into each other's faces with mute inquiry, wondering what the end would be; and women, who had never before concerned themselves with politics, took the daily papers to their rooms, that teemed with the dreary records of secession, and wept over them. All eyes were turned to Washington, with the hope that the Chief Executive of the nation would stay this rapid disintegration. But the Government was in the hands of the secessionists and gave no sign. The very paralysis of death seemed to have settled upon the North. There was nothing to do but to wait the incoming of the new administration, and the winter passed drearily away. Who that lived through it will ever forget it? State after state continued to secede. Northern men were driven from the South. Northern women found there were treated with nameless indignities. All national property located on Southern territory was seized by the secessionists,— post-offices, custom houses, mints, sub-treasuries, navy

yards with ships of war, cannon, forts, and fortifications. During that terrible winter, over forty millions of federal property were filched from the control of the nation.

Hitherto the national flag had always been respected, even in times of the highest excitement. But now, flying from the mast-head of a government vessel as it steamed into Charleston Harbor, with provisions for the brave little garrison at Fort Sumter, it was fired upon. Then the seceded states came together, formed what they called a "Southern Confederacy," elected Jefferson Davis their President, who delivered his inaugural message, and the South gave itself up to a very intoxication of delight. Still the North remained inactive. This inaction was called cowardice by the South, and our neutral enemies on the other side of the water interpreted it as lack of patriotism. It was neither. It was the ominous hush that preludes the coming tempest,—the repressed eagerness of an animal at bay preparing for a deadlier spring,—the awful pause preceding the inevitable collision between two mighty combatants, the crash of which would shake the continent.

Running the very gauntlet of assassination, and passing the conspirators against his life in such disguise that they failed to recognize him, Mr. Lincoln proceeded to Washington, and was inaugurated President of the United States. Never had one of his predecessors in office faced so awful a term of service as he; and a premonition of its dread events and tragic termination closed round him like a pall. The five months of national disintegration now reached their climax. A volcanic fire of fifty heavy breaching guns was poured upon Fort Sumter by the infuriated South, and as its walls crashed and crumbled under the fierce bombardment, the loyal little garrison that had sought to hold it for the nation, was compelled to surrender. The news of the

fall of Sumter fell like a thunderbolt upon the land. The North had regarded the blustering threats of the South as empty gasconade, but this bombardment of a national fort meant war. Hostilities had begun. There was an end to the sorely-tried patience of the North, and the new government now moved swiftly and with decisive action.

The voice of President Lincoln rang out above the intense excitement, calling for seventy-five thousand volunteers for three months' service, for the defense of the national capital and the property of the government,— and the whole North rose to its feet as one man. There was to be war; and this terrible certainty was a relief after the terrible suspense of the winter. All the ordinary habits of the people were immediately changed. Every city, town, and village became a recruiting station, and ten times seventy-five thousand volunteers could have been sent forward had they been asked. The drum and fife filled the air with their stirring call, drowning even the church bell and organ on Sunday. The plow was left in the furrow, the carpenter forsook his bench, the lawyer bade good-bye to his clients, the student postponed the day of his graduation, and the clerk hastened from the counting-room to the tented field. Even clergymen transformed their pulpits into recruiting stations; and, with the national flag festooned above and around them, preached the gospel of freedom for the black man, and the duty of patriotism for all. Military bands electrified the people with their patriotic strains of music, and the streets echoed with the measured tramp of soldiers marching to camps of rendezvous. Young men surged through the crowded streets, saluting the national colors with loud huzzas, wherever they were unfurled; and white-haired men lifted their hats reverently, and with tearful eyes, to the flag that represented the authority of

a once united people. It had been dragged in the dirt at Fort Sumter; it had been dishonored; and the insult should be avenged.

My home was in Chicago during the war, but I had been summoned to Boston just before the bombardment of Sumter, by the illness of my aged father, and was there during the opening scenes of the four years' conflict. I had never seen anything in New England like the excitement that prevailed. People seemed to forget to eat and sleep. All ordinary business was suspended. There was but one thought, one topic of conversation,—the war! the war! the war! The day after the call of the President for seventy-five thousand volunteers, cartridges for the departing regiment were made in Boston by the hundred thousand. Army rifles from the Springfield Armory were ordered in like quantity. Fifteen hundred workmen were engaged for the Charlestown navy yard. At the recruiting offices hundreds of the best citizens enlisted, and to the dependent families which many left behind them, there was pledged personal and pecuniary aid. Whatever of skill, knowledge, or wealth was possessed by the people was put at the service of the Government. Banks in the city and out of it were princely in their offers of help.

Enthusiastic meetings were held in every part of the North. Money was offered the Government by wealthy citizens in large amounts. Legislatures made munificent appropriations, and responded with ardor to the calls of the loyal governors. Love for the old flag became a passion, and women crocheted it prettily in silk, and wore it as a decoration on their bonnets and in their bosoms. One could not get beyond the music of patriotic songs which thrilled the listening air. Regiments marching to encampments, or to Washington, were impeded in their progress

by the shouting, cheering, frenzied crowds, that ran before them and followed on after them, with ringing acclamations.

The bombardment of Sumter had stunned and paralyzed the North at the moment; but it was only the slow settling back of the billow that now broke in thunder on the shore. After a short stay in Boston, I left for Chicago. Everywhere the same excited groups of people were met, and everywhere was displayed the national flag. At Albany, where we halted for dinner, we heard of the reception given the Massachusetts Sixth Infantry in its passage through Baltimore. A vast and angry mob had opposed its progress; showers of stones, brickbats, and other missiles were hurled upon their heads from the house-tops, and thrown at them from the streets, killing some and injuring others. It was startling news, and appalled those who read the exaggerated accounts of the papers. The war had indeed begun.

In Chicago, there was even more stir and excitement than I had seen elsewhere. Everybody was engrossed with the war news and the war preparations. The day was full of din and bustle, and the night was hardly more quiet. On the evening of the very day that Fort Sumter capitulated to the secessionists, an immense meeting of Chicago's citizens was held in the great republican wigwam, where Abraham Lincoln had been nominated for the presidency, and ten thousand men of all religious creeds and party affiliations came together to deliberate on the crisis of the hour. There was no talking for effect. All the speeches were short and to the point. The time for harangue was over, the time for action had come. Before the vast assemblage separated, Judge Mannière, one of the most eminent and popular men of the city, administered to this great body of people, the oath of loyalty to the government. The multi-

tude rose, and with uncovered heads and upraised right hands, repeated the words of the following oath:

"I do solemnly swear in the presence of Almighty God, that I will faithfully support the constitution of the United States, and of the State of Illinois. So help me God!"

Eight days after the fall of Sumter, troops were despatched from Chicago to Cairo, a point of great strategic importance. It is situated at the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and is the key to the navigation of both. It is also the southern terminus of several railroads, of which the northern termini are in the very heart of the great grain-bearing region of the Northwest. Its importance as a military post at that time could not be over-estimated. If the South had seized it, it could have controlled the railway combinations of the Northwest, and closed the navigation of the two great rivers. Southern leaders were well aware of the value of Cairo as a railway and river center, and were hurrying their preparations to take possession of the town. But their plans were checkmated by Chicago. In less than forty-eight hours, a body of infantry and a company of artillery, composed entirely of young men from the best families in the state, were ready to start for Cairo.

A long train of twenty-six cars, with two powerful engines attached, waited at the station, panting, puffing, and shrieking, as if eager to be gone. As it moved slowly out along the pier, tens of thousands of people, who lined the lake shore, bade the soldiers farewell with deafening cheers. Round after round of hurrahs rang out from the Prairie City, and were seconded by the long, shrill shrieks of all the locomotives employed in the neighborhood, and waiting at the different railway stations. They were none too soon in their occupation of Cairo, for many of the inhabitants were credited with a heavy leaning toward secession, and would

have been glad to welcome Southern instead of Northern troops. The South was in earnest, and the North now began to believe it.

The President of the Southern Confederacy had also called for volunteers, and for men to take out letters of marque, as privateers, to destroy the commerce of the North; and his proclamation was received with an enthusiastic response. To meet this, President Lincoln declared all Southern ports blockaded, and denounced as pirates the commissioned privateers. Nothing daunted, the Southern leaders sent messengers to Europe, to obtain a recognition of the Confederacy as an equal nation contending with the North. As an inducement to England to break the blockade, they promised her an ample supply of cotton, and to establish free trade with her. All these events fired the North, and kept the war spirit of the country at fever heat. In six weeks from the fall of Sumter, over half a million of men had volunteered for the defense of the Union, nearly two hundred thousand of whom had been accepted, and were on the march or drilling, preparatory to active service.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MY PERSONAL WORK AND EXPERIENCES IN THE CIVIL WAR—THE SANITARY COMMISSION—CIRCUMSTANCES THAT LED TO MY LECTURE WORK.

The Civil War—The Relief Work of Women—The Sanitary Commission—Blessed Memories—Woman Suffragists renew their Work—"The First Woman Suffrage Lecture I ever Heard, I gave Myself"—"The First Woman Suffragist Convention I ever Attended, I called, and Presided over Myself"—I am Invited to Become Editor-in-Chief of the Woman's Journal, in Boston—We remove from Chicago to Melrose, Massachusetts—I enter the Lecture Field with Reluctance—No Ambition for Public Life—James Redpath, Founder of the Lecture Bureau—The Great Impetus he gave to Public Lecturing—"It is preposterous that you should continue to bake and brew, to sweep and dust, to make, to mend, and to launder."

TO protect Washington was the agony of the Northern people. To re-open the Mississippi, which had been blockaded below Cairo by the secessionists, was the passion of the West. Regiment after regiment was ordered forward in haste, and although illy equipped for their work, and no preparations had been made to receive them, inevitably entailing on them much privation and suffering, there was no complaint. Both chambers of Congress were occupied by troops for some time, as well as the public squares, and the President's house. Arms were stacked in the rotunda of the Capitol, and the building itself was turned into a fortification. Washington had all the appearance of a besieged city.

The entire North was one great camp, and the clash of arms and the music of military bands utterly drowned the old hum of industry. A military frenzy stirred the great

Northwest, and her sons gathered in uncounted thousands for the defense of the nation. The lines were sharply drawn between the loyal and the disloyal states, and after the disastrous battle of Bull Run, the whole country accepted the situation, and girt itself with strength and patience for a long fratricidal war.

It was months after the war opened before the Sanitary Commission was organized and in the field, and it was yet longer, before relief work for the soldiers was generally carried forward under its admirable system. But women did not wait for that. They refused to release their hold upon the men of their households, although the government had taken them out of the home and organized them into an army. Whether sick or well, the women were determined that they should receive home care, such as had never before been known to soldiers, and that was the prevalent feeling of the country. No failure of their plans of relief abated the ardor of the women, and no discouragements stayed the stream of their beneficence. Relief societies were organized everywhere, working independently, and in accordance with their best judgment. There was very little co-operation of societies in the beginning, and not unfrequently there was clashing.

Some of them proposed to follow the volunteers of their neighborhoods with their benefactions, or, as they phrased it, "to provide them with home comforts when well, and with hospital supplies and nurses when wounded and sick. If such a plan could have been carried out, it would have been admirable, but the difficulties in the way, and the failure of their attempts, soon brought that method into disrepute. The constant movement of troops rendered it impossible for express agents to forward boxes to special regiments, and, as much of the freight sent to the soldiers

by these Relief Societies was perishable, baggage cars were flooded with decaying fruit and vegetables, pastry and cake, and badly canned meats and soups, which became spoiled and were thrown away en route. For a time there was great waste of the lavish outpouring of women. It did not, however, check their liberality, but it compelled better methods, and out of this chaos of individual benevolence and abounding patriotism, the Sanitary Commission finally emerged with its marvelous system.

I was reluctant to enter upon the work of the Commission in an official capacity, for I saw that it would take me from home, break up my habits of study and literary work, and take me altogether too much from my husband and children. But the need of relief work for the sick and wounded men of the army became more and more imperative,— the necessity of a better organization and wiser methods were more keenly felt,— and the government was preparing for a more vigorous prosecution of the war than it had yet ventured upon,— and I felt compelled to withdraw all objections and obey the call of my country. My husband was very desirous that I should enroll myself regularly in the work of the Commission, and aided me in finding a suitable housekeeper, and governess for the children, so that home interests should not suffer because of my absences. And when Dr. Bellows, president of the United States Sanitary Commission, proposed that my friend, Mrs. Jane C. Hoge, and myself should become associate members of the Commission, with headquarters at Chicago, we consented, and remained at our posts until the October after the war closed.

The Relief Societies, all through the Northwest, very quickly affiliated themselves in some way with the Northwestern branch of the Sanitary Commission at Chicago.

And, as new societies were formed, they also wheeled into line, and adopted our methods of work, until we had, not only through the Northwest, but through the entire North, a compact organization of aid societies, auxiliary to the Commission.

The work of the next three or four years was severe in the extreme. Many women broke down under the incessant strain, and some of them died. I resigned all positions save that on my husband's paper, and subordinated all demands on my time to those of the Commission. I organized Soldiers' Aid Societies, delivered public addresses, to stimulate supplies and donations of money in the principal cities and towns of the Northwest; wrote letters by the thousand, personally and by amanuenses; answered all that I received, wrote the circulars, bulletins, and monthly reports of the Commission; made trips to the front with sanitary stores, to the distribution of which I gave personal attention; brought back large numbers of invalid soldiers, who were discharged that they might die at home, and accompanied them in person, or by proxy, to their several destinations; assisted to plan, organize, and conduct colossal sanitary fairs, the histories of which I wrote at their close; detailed women nurses for the hospitals by order of Secretary Stanton, and accompanied them to their posts; in short, the story of women's work during the war has never been fully told, and can never be understood save by those connected with it. Whatever of mine was published during this period, or whatever related to my work during those stormy times, was carefully preserved by my husband.

It is not necessary for me to give a detailed account of those memorable years of work in this place; for I have already given my personal experiences and reminiscences of those crucial days in a large volume fully illustrated with

plates and famous battle flags, entitled "My Story of the War,"* which has reached a sale of about sixty thousand copies. I shall never fail to congratulate myself, that I was identified with the work of the Sanitary Commission during the great Civil War. In no other way could I have learned

> "How close to grandeur is our dust,
> How near to God is man,"

than through my labors at the rear of battle-fields, in hospitals, and in camps. If there had ever been a time in my life, when I regarded the lowest tier of human beings with indifference or aversion, I outgrew it during the war. History boasts of one Philip Sydney, who forgot his rank and his anguish, and yielded the cup of water from which he was about to slake his thirst, to a dying soldier, whose longing eyes were fastened upon it. But I knew scores of brave fellows, who not only endured the keenest suffering patiently, that others more needy than themselves might first receive attention, but who declined the furlough that would have taken them home for a fortnight's vacation among kindred and friends, in behalf of some poor fellow who was so homesick that only the sight of his humble home, his wife and children, could save him from death.

On one occasion, when going from ward to ward of a hospital, in Helena, Arkansas, I came upon a poor fellow evidently near death. He accepted my offer to write a letter to his mother, but, pointing to a comrade in the next bed, said,

---

*MY STORY OF THE WAR: A woman's narrative of four years' personal experience as nurse in the Union Army. A complete and thrilling record of the author's experiences among sick and wounded soldiers in hospitals, camps, at the front, and on the battle-field. With many anecdotes, pathetic incidents, and touching scenes, portraying the lights and shadows of the war "as seen by a woman." Beautifully illustrated with steel-plates, and many famous battle flags printed in sixteen colors. Royal octavo. 700 pages. Sixtieth thousand.

See last page of this volume for full description and how to obtain it.

"Write for him first; I can wait."

I doubted if he could wait, for already the pallor of death was overshadowing his face, and I urged him again, saying:

"Speak as rapidly as you can, and I will write rapidly; there is time for both letters."

But he persisted; "Take him first!" and I was obliged to obey. Writing as rapidly as possible, I watched the brave fellow who had given up his last earthly comfort to his comrade, and who was failing fast. Noticing that my eyes sought him constantly, he beckoned feebly to one of the nurses, who turned him in bed that I might not be disturbed by his whitening face and shortening breath. And when I moved to his bedside to receive his dictation, he had passed beyond the need of my services.

We are accustomed to think that men are more impatient in illness, and bear pain with less fortitude than women. But I have passed through wards of hospitals, every bed of which was occupied by a sick or wounded soldier, where the stillness was oppressive and unnatural, because every man was nerving himself to bear his suffering without a groan or exclamation. No one would admit that he regretted his enlistment, or accept the compliments offered to his heroism. "I am no better and no worse off than the rest!" was the answer given me again and again. The memory of the grateful looks of dying men who needed light as they passed down the dark valley, — the broken words of thankful convalescents, removed from the hospital to the Soldiers' Home, happy in the prospect of regaining health, — the pressure of hands, that had acquired womanly softness by long illness, when I have written at dictation a letter to distant mothers, wives, or sweethearts, — the affectionate "Good-bye!" of whole wards of maimed, wan,

ENTERING THE DARK VALLEY—"WRITE FOR HIM FIRST; I CAN WAIT."

I came upon a poor fellow evidently near death. He accepted my offer to write a letter to his mother, but, pointing to a comrade in the next bed, said, "Write for him first; I can wait," and I was obliged to obey. Noticing that my eyes sought him constantly, he beckoned feebly to one of the nurses, who turned him in the bed that I might not be disturbed by his whitening face and shortening breath. And when I moved to his bedside to receive his dictation he had passed beyond the need of my services.

emaciated soldier invalids, as I have taken leave of them for my home in the North, — these are among the most blessed memories of my life.

All through the war I was buoyed up by the sympathy of my co-workers, and by demonstrations of gratitude from the brave men for whom I labored. At one time three somewhat decimated regiments, returning from the front to Minnesota, with one to Wisconsin, reached Chicago, completely exhausted by their long comfortless ride and lack of food. For them to go farther in their weary and famished condition was hardly possible. Their arrival was unexpected, and the members of the Sanitary Commission and Soldiers' Home were all engaged elsewhere on important duties, except Mrs. Hoge and myself. It devolved upon us to provide a dinner for the men, and to furnish the lunch which they must take with them for the last stage of their journey. It was a very simple and easy thing to do, only requiring us to give orders to subordinates in the Soldiers' Home near our headquarters, where there was always an abundance of food, cooked and uncooked, in every variety, and to supervise the work.

But the hungry fellows were overwhelmed with gratitude, and magnified this little service into a generous deed of great importance. When they departed, they left with one of the clergymen of Chicago a contribution from their hard-earned and scanty savings, for the purchase of a testimonial to Mrs. Hoge and myself. We were each presented with a gold-lined silver goblet, and a verd-antique table bell of rare shape,— the former bearing on one side the inscription, "*Poculum qui meruit fuit;*" and on the opposite side, "*Mihi fecistis.*" But the most highly prized gifts I have received have been the comparatively inexpensive souvenirs of every sort and variety, made by individual soldiers, to

whom I have ministered, manufactured from all kinds of material, with scanty and imperfect tools. Among them were fourteen photograph albums bought of sutlers, of every shape, in every style of binding, with every conceivable decoration and embellishment, each emblazoned with a photographic frontispiece of the maimed or emaciated soldier who gave it.

The Sanitary Commission could not disband immediately at the close of the war. The hospitals were filled with soldiers suffering from sickness and wounds, still needing surgical and medical treatment, nursing, and sick diet. The depositories of the Commission were bursting with supplies which would be wasted, if not served to the sick and convalescent soldiers for whom they were provided. So we remained on duty, our work growing less and less every day, the hospitals rapidly thinning out; for the happy fellows were eager to return to their homes, now that service to their country no longer required their absence. Their impatience often led them to undertake the journey before they were sufficiently strong, and as they were mustered out of the service, and were civilians, on reaching Chicago, they dropped into the care of the Commission, until they were able to proceed. Sometimes we accompanied a poor fellow to his journey's end, only to see him succumb to death in the presence of welcoming kindred and friends. We were mustered out of the service in October, 1865, the work being then about over.

Never was a nation more profoundly thankful for the return of peace than were the American people. They turned to the duties of quiet life with infinite gladness, and sought to forget the dark days of conflict through which they had toiled. The vast army of nearly a million of men resolved itself into its original elements,— and soldiers

again became civilians, members of homes and components of families. Peace had returned, such as mothers prayed for, when they kissed their sons "good-bye" with quivering lips, and sent them to battle,—peace, such as the brave men who had thrown themselves into the conflict had fought for, and believed in,—the nation was saved, and slavery abolished. The people have not forgotten those who died that the nation might live, and the numerous State and National Soldiers' Homes tenderly care for those who were disabled in the struggle, and are indigent and homeless.

The war over, I resumed the former tenor of my life, and again took up the literary and philanthropic work which I had temporarily relinquished.

The Woman Suffrage movement which had been inaugurated by Lucretia Mott and Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, some dozen years before the war, had been suspended during the struggle, when the nation's life trembled in the balance. With the return of peace it was resuscitated, and I became identified with it. I had kept the columns of my husband's paper ablaze with demands for the opening to women of colleges and professional schools; for the repeal of unjust laws that blocked their progress; and for the enlargement of their industrial opportunities, that they might become self-supporting. But I believed that all these things could be accomplished without giving them the ballot. During the war, and as the result of my own observations, I became aware that a large portion of the nation's work was badly done, or not done at all, because woman was not recognized as a factor in the political world. In the work of public school education, and municipal government,—in the struggle with the liquor traffic, and with organized social impurity,—in the protracted duel between labor and capital, and in the imperative demand for a

higher standard of business honesty,—in the work of charity and correction, and in the care of the dependent, defective, and delinquent classes, men and women should stand shoulder to shoulder, equals before the law; and until this is attained, the highest success in these departments of work and reform can never be accomplished.

I saw how women are degraded by disfranchisement, and, in the eyes of men, are lowered to the level of the pauper, the convict, the idiot, and the lunatic, and are put in the same category with them, and with their own infant children. Under a republican form of government, the possession of the ballot by woman can alone make her the legal equal of man, and without this legal equality, she is robbed of her natural rights. She is not allowed equal ownership in her minor children with her husband, has no choice of domicile, and is herself the legal property of her husband, who controls her earnings and her children;—her only compensation being such board and clothing as he chooses to bestow on her. "Women of England!" thundered Canon Kingsley, when English women were struggling for equal ownership of their own children with their husbands, and for property rights, "You must first secure legal equality with men, and then shall you have social equity!" The good men of the nation, just, large-minded, and fair, are better than the laws that are made for women, and they protect the women of their households from the legal injustice and severity that ruin the lives of many, and break the hearts of more. Laws are not especially made for the protection of those who are safe in the anchorage of manly respect and affection, but for the weak and defenceless, those who are wronged and outraged, and who are placed at the mercy of the semi-civilized and conscienceless human beings who still infest society. "I go for all sharing the

privileges of the government," said Abraham Lincoln, "who assist in bearing its burdens, by no means excluding women."

I had been reared and had lived all my life among the best and noblest men; my estimate of men in general was a lofty one; and my faith in them was so strong, that I firmly believed it was only necessary to present to them the wrongs and injustice done to women, to obtain prompt and complete redress. A hundred times in those early and verdant days I said with the greatest confidence, "Men are in every way so excellent that you may be sure when we carry to them our grievances, they will hasten to do us justice; when we lay before them our need of enfranchisement, they will be prompt to confer on us the ballot; we have only to compel their attention, and our cause is won." Alas! experience has taught me a very different lesson. In the present composition of political and legislative bodies, no cause, whose claims are based *only* on eternal right and justice, need appeal to politicians, legislatures, or congresses, with expectations of success.

I began immediately to promulgate my Woman Suffrage views through the columns of my husband's paper, and also through the daily press of Chicago which was open to me. My first invitation to lecture on the subject of "Woman's Rights and Wrongs," came from a Baptist clergyman of the city, whose standing was of the highest, and who put his church at my service, and became in part my advertiser, for he wished to raise money from the lecture. The audience was large, filling the lofty auditorium completely, among whom were many men and women who, for years, had held the same views as those which I advocated, but had not expressed them.

At their suggestion, I soon arranged for a Suffrage Con-

vention to be held in Chicago, the first ever attempted in that city. The leading clergymen of Chicago participated in it, — men like Revs. Dr. Edward Beecher, Edward Eggleston, Dr. Hammond, Robert Collyer, and others equally well known. Several able lawyers, chief of whom was Judge James B. Bradwell, came to the platform, espoused the cause, and answered the objections of those who were timid, hesitating, or opposed. I had invited prominent advocates of the movement from various parts of the country to be present,— Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Anna Dickinson, —and the convention proved a notable success. It was the first Woman Suffrage Convention I ever attended,— as the lecture which I delivered in the Baptist Church was the first Woman Suffrage lecture I ever heard. As far as I was concerned, I was a pioneer in the reform. Soon afterwards, the Illinois Woman Suffrage Association was organized, and I was elected its first president.

In January, 1869, at my own cost and risk, I established a woman suffrage paper, "The Agitator," which, from the start, espoused the temperance cause, as well as that of woman suffrage. I conducted the paper for a year, and with the help of my husband, who took charge of the business, made it a success, and lost no money. In January, 1870, the "Woman's Journal" of Boston was founded by Mrs. Lucy Stone, and a joint stock company was formed for its weekly publication. I was invited to merge my paper in this new and promising advocate of the suffrage reform, and to become its editor-in-chief. I accepted the invitation with much hesitation. For there were associated with me as "editorial contributors," Mrs. Lucy Stone, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Colonel Thomas W. Higginson, William Lloyd Garrison, and Henry B. Blackwell, — so brilliant a coterie of men and women, as caused me to doubt my fitness for the editor-

ship, notwithstanding my large experience in newspaper work.

For two years I occupied this position, aided superbly by my husband, for my services were continually sought in the lecture field, and then I resigned all editorial work, and gave myself wholly to lecturing. In the meantime, Mr. Livermore had disposed of his paper in Chicago, with the entire publishing business, and returned to the East with our children. We made our home in Melrose, Massachusetts, where we have since resided.

Twenty-five years of the civilized life of to-day is a long period of time, for we measure life by accomplishment rather than years. "That life is long which answers life's great end." The life of the present age is illumined by knowledge, refined by art, literature, and music, stimulated by incentives to noble living, and glorified by hope, aspiration, and love. One year of civilized life measured by its quality counts for more, and is longer, than a hundred years among savage and barbarous peoples, and whoever has lived, — not vegetated, — through the last twenty-five years, has lived longer than Methuselah.

It has been my fortune, during this last quarter of a century, to occupy the position of a public lecturer on the Lyceum platform. It was not one of my seeking. I had no ambition for public life. With my pen, the care of my family, and my interest in the philanthropic organizations to which I gave devoted work, I was well content. But my acceptance of an active membership in the Sanitary Commission, carried me inevitably into methods of work different from any that I had before known. It was necessary for me to organize women into Soldiers' Aid Societies, — to induct them into ways and means of work which should meet the imperative needs of the hour, — to go to the front with

hospital nurses, and place them where they were needed, or accompany boat-loads of supplies, for the proper distribution of which I was responsible. I was obliged to narrate publicly my experiences and observations while engaged in this work, to quicken the activity of other workers, and stimulate the collection of hospital supplies. And when some great enterprise like a colossal Sanitary Fair was to be inaugurated, it was necessary to arouse the enthusiasm of the people, and mass the various forces into a solidarity. All this called for public speech; I could not escape from it.

The public lecture courses of the country, then as now, always in quest of "novelties," came forward with their bids for service.

"Arrange in the form of a lecture your own varied experiences in the office, the camp, the hospital, and at the front; deliver it in our course, and we will give the entire receipts of the evening to the Sanitary Commission."

The bribe was potent, and the task proposed not difficult, and before the close of the war, I was, in the parlance of the press, a "public lecturer." There was such eagerness to hear every detail concerning the war and the army, that I was forced into positions without my consent being asked or given, from which I should certainly have shrunk had there been time for a half hour's deliberation. If I hesitated from early prejudice against women orators, or from lack of preparation, a pressure was brought to bear upon me, and I was asked, "Are you not willing to be a voice in the service of your country, after having seen battlefields where tens of thousands of men have given their lives to save it?" And I was obliged to surrender. I saw the quiet days of the past vanishing in the ever-receding distance like a lost paradise, but was comforted by the thought that when the war finally ended they would return. Peace came at last, but during

those days of hardship and struggle, the ordinary tenor of woman's life had changed. She had developed potencies and possibilities of whose existence she had not been aware, and which surprised her, as it did those who witnessed her marvelous achievements.

A movement for the higher education of women was inaugurated. Colleges, universities, and professional schools were opening their doors to women. Industries, trades, and remunerative vocations, which hitherto had ignored them, now invited their coöperation, and women were becoming self-supporting members of the community. Hard and unjust laws which had grievously hindered them were repealed, and others affording larger protection and opportunity were enacted. Great organizations of women for missionary work were formed, and managed solely by themselves. Women by the hundred thousand wheeled into line for temperance work. Women's clubs sprang into being, — clubs for social enjoyment and mutual instruction and help. Woman Suffrage Leagues multiplied. Everywhere there was a call for women to be up and doing, with voice and pen, with hand and head and heart.

I continued to receive invitations from the lecture courses of the country, flattering in tone and persuasive with promised compensation. James Redpath, chief of the Lyceum Bureau which bears his name, and of which he was the founder, was brainy to his finger tips, magnetic in speech and manner, and could concoct more schemes over night than half a dozen men could manage. He gave an impetus to the business of public lecturing, which lasted beyond his day, and is felt at the present time. Had it not been for Mr. Redpath, I should never have entered the lecture field at the close of the war. He arranged all details, and in the beginning made the way easy for me. Understanding the

popular taste as I did not, he suggested lecture topics, made engagements, and, altogether, was the most indefatigable of agents. My friends, and notably my husband, coöperated with him in this undertaking.

"It is preposterous," said Mr. Livermore, "for you to continue baking and brewing, making and mending, sweeping, dusting, and laundering, when work of a better and higher order seeks you. By entering upon it, you can advance your views, make converts to the reforms with which you are identified, and openings for two or three women who can do this housework as well as you. You need not forsake your home, nor your family; only take occasional absences from them, returning fresher and more interesting because of your varied experiences."

There was force in his manner of stating it, and the matter was settled.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AFTER THE WAR — MY PLATFORM CAREER — A LECTURE DELIVERED OVER EIGHT HUNDRED TIMES — THE COMICAL SIDE OF A LECTURER'S LIFE.

Intellectual Giants in those Days — Stern and Inspiring Times — The People at a White Heat of Intellectual Life — My First Lecture — The Life of a Lecturer — James Redpath's Lyceum Bureau — Brainy to the Tips of His Fingers — Erratic but Magnetic — The Prince of Managers — Beginning of my Platform Career — My Resolve to Work for Women during my Life — Do "Women who miss Marriage miss Everything?" — Titles of Lectures most frequently called for — Entertained in Private Homes — Faith in the Future of our Country — Kindly Lovers of our Race — When a Frolic is in Order and a Good Laugh comes in — A Bridegroom's Valise in Place of my own — "Oh, dry up!" — Some Amusing Experiences — Oliver Wendell Holmes' Fee of Two Dollars and a Half — "The Lecture warn't as funny as expected" — Billed as "Live Stock."

A HOST of vital but tempestuous questions were launched upon the country, demanding immediate consideration. The nation was still palpitating with the passion and agony of the fierce civil conflict. A million of men, North and South, had gone into death, or into an invalidism or mutilation which is worse than death. And through them, four or five times a million women and children had been plunged into widowhood and orphanage, — were grief-stricken and desolate, — to whom life could never again be the same that it was before the war. An army of a million soldiers who had been trained to waste, burn, destroy, ravage, and slaughter, and who had been practicing what they had been taught for three or four years, had been disbanded, and the men sent to their homes.

Would they resume their former law-obeying, law-abiding habits, and melt away into the peaceful haunts of industry? Ill-concealed anxiety on this subject was present everywhere.

The South was utterly impoverished, stripped, peeled, and ruined. It had lost everything for which it had flung down the gage of battle,— its importance in the national government,— its slaves,— its fortunes,— its cause,— and the very flower of its young men. Disappointed and defiant, it sat down in the ashes of its dead hopes, in despair. Four millions of black slaves had been flung out of the depths of an imbruting chattelism, and had become owners of themselves. Overweighted with the ignorance and hereditary vices of slavery; trained to have no thought for the morrow; without preparation for freedom or self-support; without leadership, industrial aid, or a dollar of capital; they were suddenly lifted to the level of self-supporting men and women, and told to take care of themselves.

A vast debt of thousands of millions of dollars had been incurred in defense of the nation. How was it to be paid? The currency of the country was depreciated, and specie had entirely disappeared from circulation. How was this to be remedied? Hundreds of thousands of the disbanded soldiers were physical wrecks, unfit for labor, and yet poor, without homes, or with families dependent upon them for support. What must be done for them? The great President, who had piloted the nation through the stormy sea of war into the haven of peace, and who would have been the leader in the work of reconstruction, had been ruthlessly assassinated. And the incapable and inconsequential man who succeeded to his great office proved a marplot, whose plans were so big with mischief, that constant surveillance was necessary in order to checkmate them.

But the people were not left without leaders. There were giants in those days. Secretaries Seward and Stanton, although in declining health, were able to render good service, as also were Sumner of Massachusetts, Fessenden of Maine, Chandler of Michigan, Ben. Wade and Josh. Giddings of Ohio, and the brainy, loyal brothers Washburne of Maine, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. The great war governors of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Indiana — Andrew, Curtin, and Morton — were on the alert, as of yore, for the honor and welfare of their country. Generals Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan were in government service, as likewise, in some capacity, were Generals Meade, Hooker, Logan, Burnside, Thomas, Garfield, and others of equal worth. Horace Greeley was editor of the New York Tribune, Henry Ward Beecher was in the pulpit of Plymouth Church, Chief Justice Chase was on the Supreme Bench of the United States, and George William Curtis kept the pages of Harper's publication aglow with the demands of right, justice, and a high standard of political morality.

On the lecture platform, William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips discussed the questions of the hour, with remorseless moral logic and brilliant oratory. Thither Emerson carried to somewhat mystified audiences his wonderful philosophy of life, delivered mostly in aphorisms. Bayard Taylor led them "up the Rhine and over the Alps" with a knapsack, and later into prehistoric Egypt. Bishop Simpson brought the authority of religion, and the doctrines of the great church of which he was the head, to the illumination of problems to be solved. "Petroleum V. Nasby," with cutting irony and withering satire, exposed the fallacies of the enemies of union and freedom. While Anna Dickinson, the untrained Quaker girl, who had come to the front like a second Joan of Arc, saved state after state for the republican

party by her magnetic oratory, and made it possible for any woman who had anything to say, and knew how to say it, to follow her on the platform.

For a few years the nation was at a white heat of intellectual life and activity, and the questions which had arisen have been so rapidly settled, that future students of history will marvel as they read the story. The abolition of slavery by constitutional amendment, and the enfranchisement of the colored male population of voting age, ended the long sectional strife between the North and the South, and they were reunited, not as before, in loose confederation, but in the indissoluble bands of national coherence, firmly welded by four years of war, suffering, and immeasurable loss.

It was in these stern and inspiring times that I was called to the lecture platform. I never sought the place, for I realized my disadvantages. I was no longer young, and lacked grace and beauty, and in those days it was most heterodox to intimate that there was a ghost of a chance for a woman, if she lacked either of these over-prized charms. Moreover, I had never received an hour's training in elocution or voice culture, and had paid no attention to the study of oratory, having had no ambition in that direction. But I possessed magnificent health and vigor, was pre-eminent among women for a power of persistent, unflagging work that could hold sleep in abeyance until my task was completed, and could endure any amount of fatiguing labor or travel with only temporary disadvantage. I had always been a student and worker, so that I entered on the new life, without dropping out entirely from the old.

Neither school, college, nor university could have given me the education I have received in the lecture field. Generally, before the end of the season, the work for the next year has been planned, the lecture bureau and local commit-

tees aiding by suggestions, and expressions of preference with regard to subjects of lectures. The work of investigation and preparation has followed, and the days of reading and research in libraries, aided by most intelligent and courteous assistants, have been fruitful in varied and valuable information. The severer work in my own study, where I have put into systematic form the material collected, culling, pruning, consolidating, illustrating, and shaping, has always been a delight. The largest freedom of utterance on the lecture platform has been allowed me, a freedom I have sought not to abuse, and I have been careful not to intrude my own particular "hobbies" upon an audience, unless requested to "trot them out."

The subjects of my lectures have included a wide range of topics, — have been biographical, historical, political, religious, reformatory, and sociological. My first lecture in lyceum courses related to women. The great awakening of women, which is one of the phenomena of the closing nineteenth century, was just then making itself felt. I realized that it was the young women of the country, rather than those of middle age, who would be most largely benefited by it, and who most needed stimulating and instruction. They were our future; the civilization of the next half century would be shaped by them in a large measure, and they needed help as they stood on the threshold of womanhood.

The men and women who have reached the age of forty years and upwards, and who have lived good lives, in faithful and honorable activities, are likely to continue in that same line of well doing, and to be a power for good to the end. But if it has been otherwise, and they have passed the half-way house of life in ignorance, stupidity, and frivolity, without any high or earnest purpose in life, content to be the driftwood of society, and to be borne hither and yon as

its current may carry them, we can expect nothing better of them as they hasten on to the final goal. It is not easy to teach the adult of twenty-one the simple art of reading; and much more hopeless is the attempt to galvanize into life the atrophied mental and moral natures of mature men or women. I determined, if possible, to reach our young women, and entitled my first lecture, "What shall we do with our daughters?" I advocated the thorough physical training of our young girls; equal education — not necessarily the same — with young men in colleges and universities; that every girl should be equipped for the future of life with a trade, a profession, or a remunerative vocation, and that the doors of trades, paying employments, and suitable business should be open to them; that they should receive the most careful moral culture, and the wisest domestic training, as they are to be the wives and mothers of the future; and that they should be given an equal legal status with young men by the American government.

Feeling that I had "received a call" to this work, to quote the phrase of the clerical profession, I was constrained to speak more freely and fully than had been customary. This brought upon me some small unfavorable criticism in the beginning of my platform career. But I was so confident that I was right, that I received it without reply, giving it no attention whatever, and continued to say what I believed ought to be said. I have delivered this lecture over eight hundred times in twenty-five years, and in every part of the country from Maine to Santa Barbara. It has been published in book form, and even now is called for, on an average, a dozen times a year, and is yearly revised, and re-shaped to adapt it to the changing conditions and circumstances of women, in this latter half of the nineteenth century.

Following out a purpose to work for women, my next lecture was entitled, "Superfluous Women." It was suggested by Mr. Gregg's essays on "Redundant Women," as he calls those who are unmarried, and who exceed men in England in large numbers, as they do in sixteen of the United States, on the Atlantic sea-board and Gulf coast. In this lecture I maintained my opinion that marriage is not the *only* legitimate business of women, and that Dr. Maudsley is not right when he declares that "the women who miss marriage, miss everything." Before the mental vision of every one there arise hosts of women, who *in* marriage "have missed everything." What then? Dr. Maudsley does not tell us. All women do not marry, and cannot, and we are, for many reasons, entering an era when a large minority of our most gifted, scholarly, and useful women will decline marriage. My lecture was a plea that women should receive so complete a training, that, married or unmarried, they would have firmness and fibre, and be able to stand on their own feet, self-supporting, happy in themselves, and helpful to the world.

Another lecture was "The Women of the War," and then followed "The Women of the Revolution." I was requested to prepare a series of biographical lectures on distinguished women,—"Queen Elizabeth," "Maria Theresa of Hungary," "Madame Roland," "Madame de Stäel," "Ann Hazeltine Judson," and "Harriet Martineau." They were called for by schools and academies.

In the course of the next ten or twelve years, the whole country was seething with interest in the questions that relate to women. The doors of colleges and universities, professional and technical schools, that had been closed to them for ages, opened to them, and women were invited to pursue the same courses of study as their brothers, and were

graduated with the same diplomas. Trades, business, and remunerative vocations sought them; and even laws which feel the change in public opinion very slowly,— usually dragging a whole generation behind it,— even these were annually revised and amended, and yet failed to keep abreast of the advancing civilization. All these changes are prefatory and prophetic of the time, when, for women, law will be synonymous with justice, and when no opportunity for knowledge or development will be denied them on the score of sex.

I prepared and delivered other lectures suggested by the times, among which were: "A Dream of To-morrow"; "The Perils of the Republic"; "The New Aristocracy"; "Has the Night of Death no Morning?" "The Learned Women of Bologna"; "The Problems of the New West"; "The Battle of Money"; "The Battle of Life"; "Beyond the Sea"; "The Boy of To-day"; "Concerning Husbands," etc. My Sunday lecture work has been very extensive. Wherever the Sunday has found me, when on a lecture trip, usually some clergyman has offered me the use of his pulpit, or invited me to speak on some special topic. During the twenty-five years of my life on the platform, I have spoken once from somebody's pulpit, more than half the Sundays of the year. To meet this demand, I have prepared lectures adapted to the place and occasion, always unsectarian, and always ethical or religious: "The Highest Type of Manhood"; "Bearing One Another's Burdens"; "Shall we survive Death?" "The Christianity of Christ"; "Do thyself no Harm"; "Does Liquor Traffic Pay?" and others.

In the beginning of my lecture work, Mr. Redpath advised me to ignore the two vexed questions, Woman Suffrage and Temperance. "Let these subjects alone, and

never talk of them publicly; never lecture in courses that are run by women; allow us always to make your engagements and fix the compensation, and in twenty years you shall be a rich woman." I will not deny that I took time to consider his proposition, for I had known the want of money in the past. My decision was soon reached, for freedom is a necessity to me, and I have bought it with so large a price that I can never relinquish it. I have delivered temperance lectures whenever invited, attended Woman Suffrage conventions in all parts of the country, and have never declined to lecture in a "Woman's Course," if I was free from other engagements.

I cannot understand how one who makes lecturing a profession can fail of becoming optimistic. It is true one learns much more than is desirable concerning the evils of society, when itinerating through the country. But to offset this, in no other way can one so well understand the heavenly side of humanity, or comprehend the nobleness of our common nature. If a tender philanthropy has blossomed into an organization that is doing noble work;—if a free school has been formed for the incapable children of recently arrived emigrants, who cannot speak our language;—if a childless mother has adopted into her abundant home the desolate orphans whom death has kindly bereft of worthless parents;—or a generous man endowed a town with a public library and reading-room, which will prove a liberal education to children yet unborn, the lecturer is sure to be informed of the divine deed, and is likely also to be brought into personal contact with it.

A woman lecturer is more generally entertained in private homes than in hotels, unless she expresses a wish to the contrary. Here one learns faith in the future of the country. Not through exhibitions of splendid talents, or the narra-

tions of illustrious deeds, but by quietly observing how almost universal is the desire of the average father and mother, to train their children to a loftier standard than they have themselves attained; by noting the habitual self-control so necessary to usefulness, and the habitual self-denial, on which so many have been nourished and grown strong; by seeing how the children of the family are educated out of waywardness and animalism, into subordination to the law of right; by the gentle patience and forbearance of the mother, and the wise good-temper of the father, maintained even when reproof is administered. One's estimate of values changes with these observations, and, in time, one comes to rate brilliancy of talent and dazzling achievements a little lower than the meek and quiet virtues, which transform many homes into the highest ethical training-schools. One Niagara, with its thunderous waters, is enough for a continent; but that same continent needs tens of thousands of gentle streams, that shall fructify every meadow and farm.

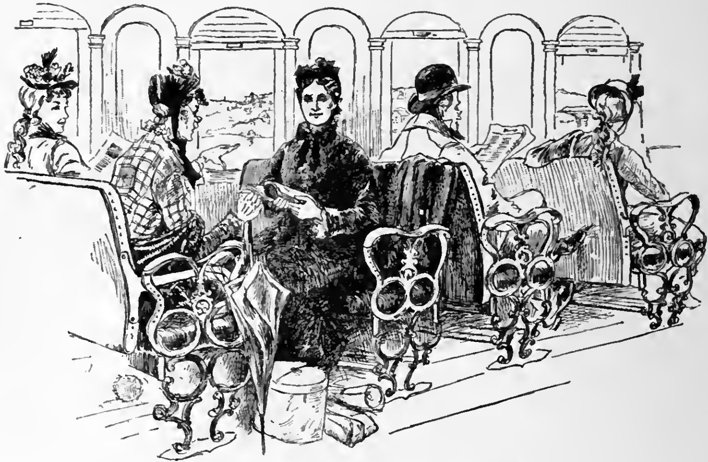
My last quarter of a century of life, a good half of which has been spent on the lecture platform, has taught me that there is more good than evil in the world. Comparatively few deliberately choose the wrong, and persistently follow it from day to day, and the moral quality of an action always inheres in the motive. Passion and appetite hurry many into evil courses, whose better natures, in calmer moments, do not consent to their misdoing. And poverty on one hand, and wealth and luxury on the other, are alike responsible for sins differing in character and degree. We talk much of the contagion of evil, and deplore it. We rarely speak of the rarer contagion of good which is abroad in the world, inspiring reforms, correcting abuses, redressing wrongs, and stimulating an almost omniscient philanthropy.

Our country abounds in kindly lovers of the race, who

think profoundly on the great questions now surging to the front, that concern the bettering of the world. I have met them here and there in my journeyings, and listened spell-bound to their plans and prophecies, till I too "have seen distant gates of Eden gleam." Shall not the dream of the ages be realized? It was the belief in "a good time coming" that inspired Plato's divine "Republic,"—that planned Sir Thomas More's "Utopia,"—that suggested the "Arcadia" of Sir Philp Sydney,—that stimulated Harrington to sing his "Oceana,"—that stirred Fourier to plan his blundering labor paradise,—that led Jesus and the apostles to foretell the new heaven and the new earth. Shall this hope which humanity has carried in its heart like a heavenly seed through the ages never come to fruitage?

But is there no "fun" in the life of a lecturer? Is there never a time when a frolic is in order, and a good laugh comes in? Assuredly, and it comes at unexpected times, and from unlooked-for sources. Vexed though I was at first, I laughed heartily afterwards, when, on one occasion, I opened my valise, to take therefrom the orthodox black silk gown which I was to wear in the evening, and found it missing. In its place, I beheld with dismay, the wedding garments of a stalwart bridegroom, who was to have arrayed himself for his wedding that night, in white satin vest and necktie, white kid gloves, delicate hosiery, and patent leather shoes of the latest fashion. A careless porter at the hotel had misplaced the checks on our not dissimilar valises. I began to feel the importance of revising my facial expression, when a woman who sat opposite me on a train, and had stared me out of countenance for an hour, informed me in a confidential whisper, that she "recognized me as a trance medium the moment I stepped into the car, for I had the expression of one."

One evening I was presented to my audience by a young lawyer, whose dead mother had been one of my girl friends, and who evidently desired to make the occasion as pleasant as possible for me. He had personally attended to the



I AM TAKEN FOR A TRANCE MEDIUM.

decoration of the platform, which was bright and fragrant with flowers. This was his introduction:

"Ladies and gentlemen: I have great pleasure in presenting to you this evening, a lady of whom you have read and heard for forty years. During that time she has written and lectured extensively under the *nom de plume* of Lucy Stone. To-night I present her by her true name, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore."

I had great difficulty in persuading the young fellow that I knew who I was better than he did. When finally convinced that Lucy Stone was the real name of a very much alive woman, I think he was somewhat appalled to find there were two of us.

On another occasion, I delivered the opening lecture of the first course ever arranged in a small city of Western

New York. The chairman of the lecture committee who was to introduce me, was somewhat bumptious in manner and speech, and I was informed that he had a "talent for oratory." As he proceeded in his presentation speech, I became interested, for he gave the audience my biography,— a romantic narration, but unfortunately not a word of it was true. According to his story, I was born in Chicago at a time "when wolves howled about the cabin," and "Indians screeched in chorus." He had talked for nearly twenty minutes, when suddenly, from the midst of the densely packed house, some one called out in a tone of intense disgust, "Oh, dry up!" For a time it seemed as if no lecture would be given that night. The whole affair was so ludicrous, that it was difficult for us to subside into decorous gravity.

The very next week Robert Collyer gave me a "send off" before a Western audience in this sententious fashion:

"Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, who will talk to you this evening, was born in Boston, and is so proud of it that she has ever since refused to be born again."

I remember an evening passed with Mr. and Mrs. James T. Fields, in their home at Manchester-by-the-Sea, in Massachusetts. Somehow the conversation turned on the experiences of lecturers, and several amusing "yarns" were told, all vouched for as authentic. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes declared that he had received the smallest fee ever paid a lecturer. He was promised five dollars, but was paid only half that amount. In explanation of the reduction of the fee the comment was thrown in, that "the lecture warn't as funny as folks expected." Charles Sumner had been sued in Iowa by a lecture committee for five hundred dollars, the amount of damages due them. Overtaken en route by an attack of illness, he had failed to meet his lecture engage-

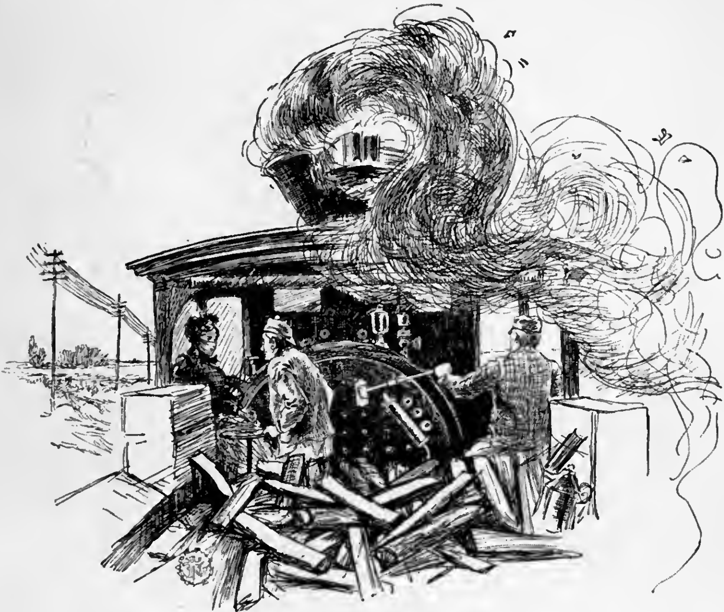
ment, and they demanded "damages" or another date, which he could not give them.

Wendell Phillips had reached his destination, but found the lecture committee unable to decide which of two of his lectures to choose for the evening. "Perhaps I had better deliver them both," said Mr. Phillips pleasantly. On reaching the lecture hall, he was gravely informed by the committee that "they had decided to take his advice and hear both lectures. They would arrange for a half hour's intermission between them, when the audience would be glad to meet him socially, and shake hands with him." "All of which," said Mr. Phillips, "came off according to programme, but I am sorry to say they paid me but one fee."

I was on my way to fill an engagement at Big Rapids, Michigan, when the engine broke down, and we stopped twenty-five miles from the town for repairs. I telegraphed the committee that it would be impossible for me to reach Big Rapids before nine o'clock that evening. After asking another date for the engagement, which I was unable to give, they directed me to come on with the train. We reached Big Rapids at half past ten. A lad on horseback was waiting at the station, and galloped to the hall to stop the "promenade concert," with which the audience was beguiling the time until my arrival. A carriage, containing the committee and the lecturer, followed after. My lecture began at eleven o'clock, and we left the hall at midnight.

Unity Club in Cincinnati has maintained a most successful course of Sunday afternoon lectures for nearly twenty years. On one occasion, when I had an engagement in this course, my agent arranged for a lecture on the Saturday evening previous, to be given in a large town some fifty miles from Cincinnati. There was but one train by which I could reach Cincinnati on Sunday, and that passed through

the town at five o'clock in the morning. It was so important a matter that I would run no risk, and made my own arrangements with the proprietor of the best livery stable in the town, who agreed to call for me and drive me to the station in season for this early train. I was informed by the committee that I need give no further thought to the matter, as the man was known to be perfectly reliable, and

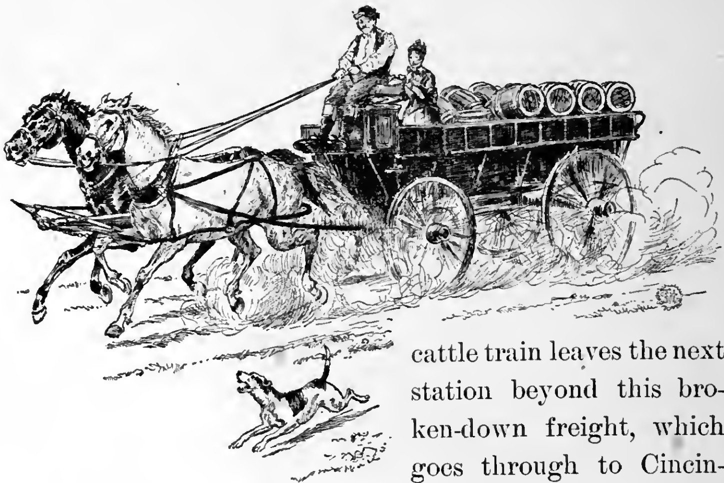


IN THE ENGINEER'S CAB.
Keeping a lecture engagement under difficulties.

had never failed to keep an engagement. "Give yourself no anxiety, Madam," were the parting words of the stable proprietor; "if I am alive to-morrow morning, I shall call for you promptly."

It is fair to assume that the man died suddenly during the night, for I never saw him after this interview. I waited on the piazza of my friend's house, "gripsack" in hand, and trunk by my side,—and heard the morning train

whistle into town and whistle out again, and I was left. As soon as the telegraph offices were open, I notified the Cincinnati committee of the *contretemps* that had befallen me. No one could be found on so short notice to take my place, and the committee proposed to send an engine for me, if I were willing to ride in the engineer's cab. This was the best arrangement that could be made, for it was Sunday. I had traveled on a locomotive before in emergencies, and so at one o'clock, dressed for the lecture, and wrapped from head to foot as a protection from dust and cinders, I started with the engineer. We spun along merrily until within sixteen miles of our destination, and then we came upon a derailed freight train. We could go no farther. Consulting various time tables that hung in the cab, the engineer's face suddenly brightened. "In seven minutes," said he, "a fast cattle train leaves the next station beyond this broken-down freight, which goes through to Cincinnati without stopping. We must catch that train, Madam."



MY RIDE IN A BEER WAGON.

There was no seat for me, so I stood behind the driver.

He assisted me to alight, and then to mount into a beer wagon which some one had hitched to a post, climbed in

himself, and drove rapidly. There was no seat for me, so I stood behind the driver and steadied myself with my hands on his shoulders, not a little concerned about my feet, over which the empty beer kegs in the bottom of the wagon were in danger of rolling. Just as the conductor of the cattle train was giving the signal to start, we reached the station, and I asked him for passage to Cincinnati. Producing his

I AM BILLED AS "LIVE STOCK."

printed instructions, which forbade him to carry any freight but "live stock," or any passengers but the drovers of the animals, the conductor refused my request, saying:

"You see that I cannot take you, Madam; you will have to wait for another train."

"If I am not 'live stock,' will you please tell me what I am?" I queried impatiently and in dismay.

There was a laugh, a hurried parley between the two men, and then the conductor of the cattle train decided to transport me to Cincinnati, if I would go as "live stock." I was weighed as "live stock," billed as "live stock,"—but put into the caboose, not into the cattle car,—and when I reached my destination, my bill was made out according to my weight avoirdupois, and I did what my four-footed traveling companions never do,—I paid my bill, and took a receipt for it. It was a hard, weary afternoon's work, but I kept my engagement, and was enthusiastically welcomed by the audience that had waited for me an hour and a half, in a packed and crowded Opera House.

CHAPTER XXX.

KEEPING LECTURE ENGAGEMENTS UNDER DIFFICULTIES — THE VICTIM OF A PRACTICAL JOKE — NARROW ESCAPES FROM ACCIDENTS — PLATFORM EXPERIENCES.

How I Kept my Lecture Engagements — Traveling by Special Train— My Earnest Efforts not to Disappoint an Audience — A Company of Young Men take Possession of my Wearing Apparel — Having a Gay Time — Taken by Surprise — An Intoxicated Auditor — "Shut Up" and "Keep Still" — A Wag in the Gallery — "Ben Butler!" — Some Narrow Escapes — Collision of Passenger Trains — Falling through Bridges — My Experience on a Missouri Ferryboat — The Hoarse Cry of a Dozen Voices — "Fire! Fire! Fire!" — A Weird Experience — Our First Trip to Europe — Why Americans go Beyond the Sea — Experiences of an Ocean Voyage — A Storm at Sea — The Steward who knew "Nothin' 'bout the Storm" — "'T was the Cap'n's Business" — On the Threshold of the Old World.

ON another occasion I had an engagement at Lansing, Michigan. We were two hours late when we reached Jackson, Michigan, and failed to make connection with the train to Lansing. I have always been very punctilious in keeping my engagements, and doubt whether any lecturer has disappointed audiences less frequently than myself. Desiring to reach Lansing if it could be done, I sought the Division Superintendent of the road, and bargained for a special train to Lansing, for which I was to pay almost the entire amount of the lecture fee promised me. I telegraphed the lecture committee the cause of my detention, and that they might expect me twenty minutes behind time. I had lectured in that course three years in succession, and was quite certain of the patience and good nature of the audience.

On my arrival, I was conducted to a large parlor adjoining the lecture room, handsome in its appointments, and evidently the headquarters of a society or club. Here I hurriedly changed my dress, leaving my traveling suit, bonnet, cloak, and other discarded articles of apparel on chairs and sofas, in a very helter-skelter fashion. My large valise wide open on the floor, revealed its contents at a glance, which were of a miscellaneous character, an abbreviated hoopskirt with a bustle attachment, such as was worn at that time, being among them. There was no time for an orderly arrangement of my belongings, and I supposed the apartment was at my service until after the lecture.

I was detained in the lecture hall at the close some ten or fifteen minutes, by old friends, and when I returned to the parlor to pack my valise, I found a company of young men in possession, not only of the room, but of my goods and chattels. It was their club room, and its occupancy had been given me without their knowledge, their consent to my use of it being taken for granted. They were having a gay time, and the hall resounded with their badinage and shouts of laughter. One of them, with his hat on one side, and a cigar in his mouth, was attired in my hoopskirt, and was strutting about with a great pretence of being hampered by it. Another had donned my traveling dress, and was caricaturing a woman's way of managing skirts. A third had dressed himself in my bonnet, which he had put on hind side before, and then tied on with my veil to keep it on his head, and was marching about the room wrapped in my long winter cloak. Others were rumaging my valise, in quest of something for their transformation or adornment, while a few were protesting against the performance. To say that they were surprised at my appearance is to state the situation feebly. Never was a company of young

AN AWKWARD MISTAKE—A COMPANY OF YOUNG MEN IN POSSESSION OF MY ROOM AND BELONGINGS.

To say that they were surprised at my appearance is to state the situation feebly. They were having a gay time. One of them with his hat on one side, and a cigar in his mouth, was attired in my hoopskirt. Another had donned my traveling dress. A third had dressed himself in my bonnet, which he had put on hind side before, and others were rummaging my valise.

people so abashed as they. They tried to escape from the room, but their unaccustomed garments impeded their progress. Nor could they easily remove them. They had fastened themselves into my clothes, but they could not get out of them without my assistance, and I was obliged to unbuckle, unhook, untie, and unbutton the "feminine attire," into which they had intruded.

On still another occasion when I had missed my connections, I was obliged to take a special train from Springfield, Ohio, to fill an engagement on the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railroad. The train was made up of a locomotive, tender, and one short car for the accommodation of the conductor and myself. The former was a most genial, elderly man, whom I had known at the East, as a conductor, almost fatherly in his aspect and demeanor, but at the same time bubbling over with fun, and greatly addicted to practical jokes. We passed through several large towns and inland cities on the way, when the train "slowed up" as a precautionary measure, for it was running out of time, and was only expected by the officials at the stations. As we approached one of these towns, the conductor said to me:

"I wish you would look out the window as we go through this next town, and observe the curiosity on the faces of these people. They know that something unusual is taking this short train over the road at this hour, and they are dying of curiosity to know what it is. Just observe them!"

The car was without fixed seats, and contained only chairs, one of which the conductor placed near the window so that I could study the faces upturned to the passing train.

"I must run to the door," he said, "to see that every-

thing is right; you may be sure these people will want to know what's up."

The faces of the crowd did indeed express curiosity. All eyes were fastened upon the windows of the car as the train maintained its slow progress through the streets; the people ran along by its side and kept up with it, as if they expected something was to happen. I learned afterwards that the waggish conductor, as he stood on the steps of the platform, informed the people that he had on board the train the wife of General Grant, then an object of intense public interest, and was taking her to Toledo to meet her husband.

I was one of the speakers at a temperance mass meeting held in the Opera House at Taunton, Massachusetts. Some matter of local interest had caused great excitement, and the hall was crowded to its utmost capacity. In my address, I made the statement that the habitual use of intoxicating drinks robs men of their intelligence, stunts their mentality, and deprives them of will power and moral force. And I backed up my assertion by illustrations.

"You are all aware," I said, "that a man lies in Charles Street Jail, in Boston, soon to be executed for murder. Before the sentence of death was passed upon him, the Judge asked him if he had anything to say before his doom was pronounced. Rising slowly to his feet, he said: 'Your Honor, I have listened attentively while my trial has been in progress, and I am compelled to say that I think I have had a fair trial, and that the crime of murder has been conclusively proved against me. But, Your Honor,' continued the wretched man, 'I have this to say, solemnly, in the presence of God, before whom I shall shortly appear: I have no more knowledge of going to East Boston and murdering Mrs. Bingham in her cellar than an unborn child. From the moment I left my home at the North End, till I awoke in

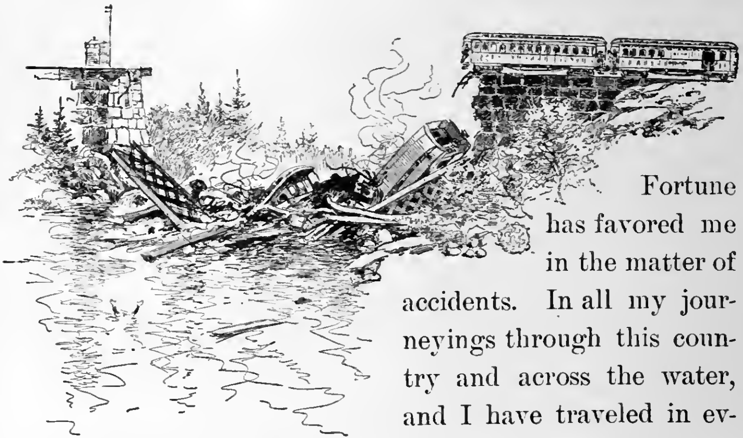
Charles Street jail, a period of two weeks, during which the murder was committed, all is a blank to me. I was drinking heavily at the time.'"

A tall, fine looking man, handsomely dressed, but grossly intoxicated, rose in the audience, some half-dozen seats from the platform, and steadying himself by holding to the chair in front of him, cried out in stentorian tones:

AN UNEXPECTED INTERRUPTION.
"Mis' speaker, I demand er name er wretched man."

"Mis' Speaker, gi' us er name er wretched man!" He was immediately pulled down into his seat by the men sitting around him, and I proceeded. A second time he struggled to his feet, and called out louder than before: "Mis' Speaker, I demand er name er wretched man!" A second time he was pulled down, and exhorted from all parts of the house to "Shut up!" and "Keep still!" with an accompaniment of hisses, and ejaculations of disapprobation. I resumed my address, but the moment the man was released from the imprisoning clutch of his neighbors, he was again on his feet with a more imperative demand: "Mis' Speaker, yer shan't perceed t'll yer gi' us er name er wretched man!"

I was about to comply, for the sake of order, and half a dozen men sprang from their seats to remove him from the hall. But all proceedings were halted, and the drunken fellow quieted, by a wag in the remote part of the gallery, who shouted in a clear ringing tone, "Ben Butler!" The press and the politicians were very busy with Butler at that time, and it was quite the fashion for them to charge him with every conceivable misdoing. After the laughter had subsided, my tipsy interlocutor again rose, and bowing to me with drunken gravity, said, "Mis' Speaker, I'm sas'fied!" At which there was another burst of laughter.



ON THE VERGE OF DESTRUCTION.
We were saved before we knew our danger.

Fortune has favored me in the matter of accidents. In all my journeyings through this country and across the water, and I have traveled in every state of the Union but two, and in every territory but two, no harm has befallen me. I have been on trains that have collided, where my fellow travelers have met death and frightful injury; but I have been unharmed. The locomotive and forward cars of a train on which I was traveling went through a bridge, drowning some and maiming others. But the car in which I was riding was checked, and held by the brakeman, on the very verge of destruction, and we were saved before we knew of our danger. The side of

the car where I had been quietly sitting for two hours was torn entirely out by collision with empty, derailed freight cars at one time, as we were entering Canandaigua, New York. Again I escaped injury, while every other passenger on that side was more or less cut or bruised. Not three seconds before the collision, I sprang from the seat where I was dozing and reclining against the window, for an unaccountable feeling of fear seized me, for which there was no visible reason, and the accident found me unharmed, standing in the aisle.

I was snowed up on a train in Iowa for thirty-six hours, when the weather had dropped to thirty degrees below zero, but suffered only temporary inconvenience. Food was brought us by farmers in the vicinity, who traveled on snow shoes, and fuel was supplied from the immediate locality of the train, the superintendent telegraphing the conductor to use the station house for fuel if necessary.

Before the bridge was built that spans the Missouri river from Council Bluffs to Omaha, it was crossed by transfer boats, large or small, as the occasion demanded. I arrived at Council Bluffs, at one time, during a violent wind-storm, which had prevented boats from crossing for forty-eight hours. Crowds of passengers, on both sides the river, were impatiently importuning the transfer company to take them across. And as the throng increased with the arrival of every train, and the wind had lulled a little, it was decided to start one of the large transfer boats and cross if possible. Hardly had we put out from shore, when it became evident to those in charge that the crossing could not be made in so large a boat; so we put back for a smaller one, into which we were packed like sardines in a box. While making the change from the large to the small boat, we noticed that the crew of the small boat were so intoxicated as to be almost

helpless. Not expecting to be called on duty that day, they had given themselves to a general carouse.

At three o'clock in the afternoon we were fairly started on our way. It was necessary to lengthen the journey, in order to go round a sand-bar, which the fearful gale of the past forty-eight hours had made very prominent, and we steamed up the river a mile. Before we had rounded the bar, or made half the distance across, the terrible cry of "Fire! Fire! Fire!" rang out over the boat. The wind was still blowing with great fury. I had taken my position near the door of the small cabin in which we were sheltered, and had kept it ajar for ventilation. Pushing it open, I saw, to my consternation, that the forward part of the boat was in flames, and that we were steaming in the very teeth of the wind. I looked out upon the river to measure my chances for life, should I be obliged to jump overboard. I saw that the current would bear me away from the boat and not draw me under. I found that I could easily lift the unpaneled door from its hinges, that it was neither large nor heavy, and I believed that I could jump with it into the water, retain my hold of it, and be borne to the shore by the current. I remembered the local proverb, "Whoever is drowned in the Missouri, is not only drowned, but buried." The great quantity of sediment, which is carried in the water of this river, soon fills the garments of the unfortunate who has fallen into the turbid stream, and weighs him down like lead.

Without delay I unfastened my clothing, so that I could shake it to the ground in an instant, and I unbuttoned my heavy boots. "I do not believe I shall be drowned, if I have to jump overboard," was my mental comment. All this planning was the work of an instant. I felt no fear, nor was I aware that I was making an effort to maintain my

A MEMORABLE EXPERIENCE—THE TERRIBLE CRY OF FIRE! FIRE! FIRE! RANG OUT OVER THE BOAT.

Pushing the door open I saw to my consternation that the boat was in flames. I looked out upon the river to measure my chances for life, should I be obliged to jump overboard. I unfastened my clothing so that I could shake it to the deck in an instant, and I unbuttoned my heavy boots. All this planning was the work of an instant in the midst of the shrieking and fainting women, frightened children, and equally frightened men.

calmness and self-possession in the midst of the shrieking, fainting women, frightened children and equally frightened men. There were courageous men among us, who rushed out to the bow of the boat, seized the axes and hatchets from the hands of the drunken crew, and while they were singed and scorched, they hewed away the burning timbers, when others helped to extinguish the flames with water, and the danger of a terrible catastrophe was averted. I congratulated myself that I had not lost my presence of mind during the excitement, and was grateful for the superb health which gave me strong nerves and a calm temperament, that did not fail me in time of danger.

I reached Omaha in season to keep my lecture engagement, but lectured to a small audience, owing to the terrific storm of wind which even then had not subsided. The Opera House was lighted by an arrangement of gas jets just above the cornice, which the wind continually extinguished, so that it became necessary to turn off the gas except from the footlights. I lectured into total darkness, unable to see one of my audience, while I was visible to them. It was a weird experience, intensified by the roaring of the wind around the building.

I was obliged to return to Council Bluffs by the first boat the next morning, a trip which I could only think of with dread.

Just as I was dropping asleep after the fatigue and excitement of the day, I heard the cry of a dozen voices: "Fire! Fire! Fire!" I sprang to my feet, quivering in every muscle like a frightened animal and drenched with perspiration. But no fire was to be seen, the hotel was quiet, the wind had sobbed itself asleep, and hearing no repetition of the alarm either inside or outside the house, I went back to bed. A second time I was wakened in the

same way, only to find again that the alarm was false, and I began to wonder if my nerves were serving me a trick. Still a third and a fourth time was my sleep broken by the cry of "Fire!" and at last I understood that my nervous system had sustained a severe shock, although I had been able to hold myself in good control in time of danger.

There is no lack of variety, excitement, and interest in the life of a lecturer, and I have had my full share of its amusing and serious phases. But as I look back over the past, I like, best of all, to recall the noble people whom I have met,—the good fathers and mothers, and the beautiful homes, which are the centers of a nation's strength and a nation's honor. As the aggregate of these may be, so will a nation be. I like to remember that the number of good, unselfish men and women is everywhere increasing, and that they are exerting a right influence in every community. I rejoice in the vast material progress of the age, in the widening spread of popular instruction, and the advance in higher education. I rejoice, too, in the growing triumphs of art, literature, and science, and in what they promise for the future. I grow young again as I realize that a new day has dawned for women,—a day prophetic of good to men as well as women, since one sex cannot be uplifted without the other sharing in the gain. In observing the general upward trend of human life, signs of which are detected all about us, we can prophesy a larger, nobler, and finer civilization yet to come. It cannot ultimately fail, for are not these the signs of its coming, as the first faint streaks of light in the gray east portend the coming of the day?

Early in the spring of 1878, Mr. Livermore and I made our first trip to Europe. We had long contemplated a visit to the Old World, and had gradually prepared ourselves for it by a careful study of some of the world-famous works of

art, which we hoped to see, historic localities, eminent personages, and mountain scenery. We wished to travel by ourselves, and would not accompany even our friends on an excursion trip. We had definite aims and plans with which others might not sympathize, and so we would make this long-contemplated visit together.

To most Americans the realm of enchantment lies beyond the sea. We are happily remote from the traditions, prejudices, and usages of the Old World, and move with audacious rapidity to the solution of social problems that relate to universal civilization. This is probably the reason why Americans are driven across the ocean by an irresistible impulse. They are always welcome to the European localities which they frequent, as are heavily-fleeced sheep to the wool-buyer, or geese plethoric of down to the feather merchant, and for the same reason: they pluck well. Then, too, we are an offshoot of European races, and it is perfectly natural that we should wish to see the land of our ancestors, and look into the faces of our kindred beyond the sea. We know what energy, enterprise, smartness, and speed can accomplish; but standing in the midst of their exuberant results, we have an idea that patience, art, and genius have also accomplished much in the long ages that have gone, and we desire to see for ourselves.

Our nation and our government smack of yesterday, and are almost tiresome in their newness; and we desire to know something of those governments, the roots of which reach back into a prehistoric antiquity, and which rest on foundations that were laid thousands of years ago.

Foreign travel really begins with the first day at sea. For the ocean is an unknown locality, and the huge ship on which we embark and on which we are to live for a week or more, inhabited by eight or ten hundred human beings, is worth

exploring, and is from the first an object of intense interest. I never wearied of studying its conveniences and elaborate arrangements. The ocean itself seemed to me more grand and vast than I had ever imagined, although I was born and reared on its shores. It was a watery highway through which our steamer glided like a fish, at a speed of four or five hundred miles a day. I had started with something of terror at the thought of crossing the trackless ocean; but in less than twenty-four hours my fears were gone. And I laughed as I recalled Mark Twain's declaration, that it is "safer to live on a Cunard steamer than on shore, since people are dying all the time on shore, while no Cunarder has lost a passenger since the steamship company was organized."

The eternal vigilance that is the law of the ship impressed me greatly. All through the day I saw the captain on the bridge, the helmsman at the wheel, and I heard the constant piping of the boatswain's whistle calling the men to duty, to which they promptly responded. I plucked up courage to accompany my husband "down below," where, amid fire and smoke, heat, soot, and noise, a little army of men bestowed on the monster engines more than a mother's devotion, and could not be enticed from their duty for a moment, by the strongest temptation they know, — the promise of a dram. All through the dense fog I heard the incessant bellowing of the steam whistle, uttering its hoarse warning to the ships that might be in our pathway, and, through the night as through the day, alike in calm weather and tempest, I heard the ship's bells ring out the hour, and the response in sonorous tones of the night watchman, "All's well!"

In mid-ocean we were overtaken by a storm. At the call of the tempest, the rising and swelling expanse of green

water was transformed into a battle-field, where Titans struggled for mastery. Huge, black waves, crested with foam, careered wrathfully as far as eye could reach, and charged on the ship like a squadron of advancing cavalry. Tons of water were hurled over the lofty bulwarks, and the salt spray was dashed high over the smoke-stack. Giant waves smote the steamer fore and aft and on either side, until she reeled from the shock, and shuddered with a sickening throe from stem to stern. Then, after a moment, gathering new energy from the fiery heart beating within her, and throwing off the mountains of water, as a racehorse shakes the raindrops from his mane, she rushed again to the attack, wrestling with the watery squadrons, and riding triumphantly over them, never swerving from her course, and only partially abating her speed for forty-eight hours, when the sea acknowledged its mistress and abated its hostility. At her pier the vessel seemed colossal in size; but when wrestling with the awful storm, now climbing aloft to the summit of watery mountains, and now submerged in the depths of the sea, she seemed but an atom between her passengers and eternity.

I called to mind with wonder and reverence the early navigators, the great pioneers of the ocean, and was amazed that any one could choose the life of a sailor, and thrilled with an overwhelming sense of man's power and of his victory over nature. Just as we were becoming familiar with life on board ship, lo! the voyage was over, and we stood on the threshold of the Old World.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THROUGH EUROPE — THE CATACOMBS UNDERNEATH ROME — NINE HUNDRED MILES OF SILENT UNDERGROUND STREETS — SIX MILLION DEAD BURIED THERE.

The Road from Marseilles to Rome — The Museum of all the Ages — A World in Itself — The Eternal City — Giving Ourselves up to Sight-seeing — The Campagna that once Contained over Thirty Towns and Cities — Peopled by over Three Million Inhabitants — "Where Cæsar fell, slain by the Hands of Traitors" — "Hannibal Encamped on Yonder Hills" — The Arena of the Colosseum — Drenched with the Blood of Christians thrown to Wild Beasts — Sixty Thousand Soldiers in St Peter's, and the Church not Crowded — Fifteen Miles through the Grounds of the Vatican — The Vatican Museum — The Sistine Chapel — The Catacombs — Where the Early Christians Buried their Dead — The Resting-place of Six Million Dead — Inscriptions on the Walls — A History of Conflict and Blood — Besieged by Beggars — Pompeii — Buried by an Overflow of Vesuvius for Sixteen Centuries.

WE had planned for a visit of two months in Italy, amid the classic antiquities of Rome, Florence, Naples, Venice, and other world-renowned cities. Rome was our first objective point, and thither we hastened, stopping only at Marseilles by the way. Few public highways combine in themselves such elements of natural beauty as the road from Marseilles to Rome. The Mediterranean is on one side, with its deep blue waters, the Apennines are to the north, with united, wavy outline, and overhead is the heavenliest azure sky. All the way a panoramic picture entrances the vision, in which are mingled groves of orange and lemon, groups of fantastic olive trees, clad in silvery sage-green foliage, oriental palms, spreading fig trees, hedges of tamarisk, aloes, and oleander,—all enhanced by a bril-

liant transparency of atmosphere, all blent together in soft gradations of tone.

Rome is the center of interest, because it is the center of European history. That is made up of two parts,—the first, narrating the conquest by Rome, of the old nations which she subjugated, and brought under her government; and secondly, the formation of the European nations of our own days, which were slowly constructed from the ruin of the Roman Empire. When the progenitors of the great Teutonic race, from which are descended the English, German, and American people, had conquered Rome, they settled within her dominions, and learned from the fallen mistress of the world, arts, laws, manners, language, and religion. Rome is the enthralling city of all Europe,—it is the museum of all the ages,—it is to-day a world in itself; for whatever has possessed greatness in the western world of the past, has left its traces in this city, in a crowd of monuments.

As we walked the streets of this fascinating city, we continually met monuments of a still older civilization, compared with which that of Rome seems modern. The Roman emperors brought as spoils from the nations they conquered, works of art, and monuments of antiquity that still adorn the city. And as we stood before the obelisk of the Lateran, the largest obelisk of the world, cut in red granite, in honor of the Pharaoh Thotmes IV, 1740 B.C., which once stood in front of the Temple of the Sun, in Thebes, Egypt, we realized that we were indeed in the presence of antiquity. As our stay in Rome was to be a matter of a few weeks only, we would not waste them in an unknowing and aimless wandering about the city, even with Bædeker's Guide Book as companion. We sought out the most notable guide of Rome, Flaviano Ciolfi, a gentle-

man and a scholar, an enthusiast in Roman art, literature, and history, a man born and reared in Rome, who spoke perfect English. We presented our letters of introduction to him from Americans whom he had served so satisfactorily as to awaken their gratitude, and arranged with him to show us what was most notable and best worth seeing, in the time at our command.

The best way to obtain a panoramic view of all that Rome was, when it was the theatre of mighty events, is to ascend the tower on the top of Capitol Hill. This hill is the highest point of Rome, and it was the hill of kings, the *sanctum sanctorum* of the Roman state, the birthplace of the most important events of Roman history. From Capitol Hill you are presented with an area more densely crowded with the footprints of history, than from any other point on the face of the earth. The Eternal City lies at your feet in the center of the vast plain called the Campagna,—a vast billowy plain, stretching far and wide, covered with grayish brown moss and coarse grass. In the early morning and evening, it is veiled with a semi-transparent mist, that lies in the hollows of the Campagna, and broods over the whole.

Once it contained over thirty towns and cities, say the authorities, which were inhabited by two or three million people, who saw, afar off, on one side, the rugged chain of the Apennines, and on the other an expanse of ocean, terminating their view. Here was room enough for the mighty Roman armies of the past, and space enough for their encampments. Over the Campagna, triumphant legions marched homeward, leading captive kings in their train,—savage beasts were borne from Africa which were dragged to the Colosseum, for the slaughter of Christians, that the appetite of Roman men and women for scenes of blood and

cruelty might be gratified—and embassadors from Oriental princes hastened, eager to implore the favor of the Roman senate.

As you look down from your eyrie on Capitol Hill, at your very feet lie the sublime and melancholy ruins of the ancient city. In front is the Forum, where once crowds hung on the eloquence of Cicero, and where "great Cæsar" fell, slain by "the steel of traitors." The remaining columns of the temple of Jupiter upbear themselves as perfect in architectural beauty, as when they first came from the hands of the sculptor, and the Arch of Septimius Severus still bears the inscription placed on it more than two thousand years ago. On the far-away hills Hannibal encamped with his Carthaginian army, burning with savage desire to destroy Rome. And through the distant gates of the city marched the invincible Roman legions that conquered the world. You can trace the Sacred Way, along which victorious generals marched in triumph. And the Appian Way, the "Queen of roads," as the Romans called it, stretches before you, mile after mile, almost as perfect as when first completed, flanked on either side by ruined tombs and splendid mausoleums.

Under the guidance of Ciolfi, our admirable guide, who called for us punctually every morning, with horses, carriage, and driver of his own selection, we gave ourselves up to sight-seeing. We visited the Colosseum, the great Amphitheater, which, oval in form, covered six acres of ground, and accommodated comfortably one hundred thousand spectators. About one-third of the gigantic structure is still remaining, in good preservation, the remainder is in ruins. As the pyramids of Egypt were erected by captive Hebrews, who were the slaves of the Egyptians, so was the Colosseum built by captive Jews, brought to Rome by

the Emperor Titus, after he had conquered and destroyed Jerusalem. The amphitheater was dedicated to gladiatorial combats, naval contests, — when the arena was flooded with water, — to terrible warfare between wild animals, and to whatever was savage and murderous. For three centuries it was drenched with the blood of Christian martyrs, who were thrown to savage beasts, and yielded up their lives in unspeakable agony, rather than deny the religion of Christ. The passion of the Romans at this stage of their civilization, was for spectacular butchery, and no pastime was grateful to them, which did not reek of blood, and was not savage and merciless in its cruelty.

Little inferior in interest to the Colosseum, but less impressive architecturally, is the Arch of Titus, commemorating his triumph over the Jews. It consists of a single arch of Grecian marble of exquisite proportions, with fluted columns on either side. The frieze, which gives it special interest, represents almost perfectly in its marble sculptures the captive Jews, who walked as slaves in the triumphal procession, bearing the silver trumpets of the jubilee, the massive golden table of the shew-bread, and the golden candlestick with its seven branches, which to them was holy. From the day that Jerusalem was destroyed, and the Jews were brought captives to Rome, by the Emperor Titus, indescribable indignities have been heaped upon them by all civilized nations, until within the last half century. The Christian world has vied with the Pagan in its contempt for them, and its remorseless persecutions. We were told in Rome that no Jew would voluntarily pass under the Arch of Titus, which commemorates the destruction of his nation. The emperor is conspicuous in the frieze of the Arch, seated in a lofty chariot, and towering above the procession. But the Jews have decapitated the marble statue of Titus, for

every one has hurled a stone at its head when he has had opportunity, till the figure itself is nearly destroyed.

We studied the Roman Forum, with Ciolfi, till we gained a comprehension of it. It covered about four acres, and was not simply a place for orators. For here were located a court of justice, public exchange, public square, house of representatives, market place, and public assembly. It must have been a superb spectacle in its prime, with its beautiful temples, arches, and statues, the magnificent manifestations of Rome's power, luxury, and art. But the hand of time has been laid heavily upon it. Temples, arches, rostra, and columns have fallen, till but a few crumbling relics remain. Rome has been fought, besieged, stormed, plundered and sacked, again and again, for twelve hundred years, up to 1870, and has been made to drink to the dregs of the cup which she had often pressed to the lips of other cities. Immense accumulations of refuse and debris have, in consequence, buried ancient Rome under the modern city, fifteen, twenty, thirty, and forty feet deep. And the original site of the Roman Forum lies twenty feet under the soil of to-day.

We could not leave the Capitoline Hill and the Roman Forum without a visit to the historic dungeon, known as the Mamertine Prison. It consists of two chambers, one below the other, the real dungeon seeming to have been hollowed out of the eternal rock. It was formerly accessible only through a hole in the vaulted ceiling. For twenty-three centuries it has witnessed most terrible scenes of torture and suffering, and its stone floors have been wet with the blood of emperors, chieftains, senators, kings, and royal captives. It is affirmed that the Apostle Paul was immured in this dungeon, while awaiting execution by the order of Nero, and these pitiless walls undoubtedly resounded with his praise

and prayer. It was a relief to emerge from the damp, cold horror of this underground prison into the light of day, to breathe once more the genial air, and to gaze again on the heavenly sky of Italy.

No one can have any conception of ancient Roman baths, nor the use made of them, and the luxury connected with them, except by a visit to the ruins of Caracalla's Baths, in the company of a good guide, or some one perfectly familiar with their history. The ruins are a mile in circumference. The floors were of mosaic throughout in the days of their perfection, the walls were frescoed, the ceilings were lofty, there were baths of porphyry for private use, a swimming bath open to the sky where a thousand could swim at once, marble statues, elegant carvings and bas-reliefs, with vases of alabaster and marble artistically arranged, wherever they would create pleasing effect. Sixteen hundred bathers could be accommodated at one time, and the smallest Roman coin was the price of a bath.

In addition to baths of different temperatures, there was a disrobing room, and a perfuming and anointing room, where the bather was perfumed or anointed with fragrant oil. Not only were the baths for ablution and cleansing, but for amusement, entertainment, and luxurious enjoyment. There were gardens, fountains, libraries, rooms for discussion, theatres for athletic games, shady and pleasant walks, refreshment shops, perfume and fancy bazars, halls in which poets recited their verses, lecture rooms, and theatres for comic performances, with seats for spectators.

But it is impossible to give an idea of this wonderful city by any description, or even by a series of pictorial illustrations. It must be seen leisurely and studied to be comprehended. Even those who have lived in Rome for years are continually making new discoveries in localities

with which they are familiar; while to the traveler, who returns to the ancient city year after year, with never-waning delight and enthusiasm, it is never twice alike. Day after day we wandered among its underground ruins, its basilicas, churches, monuments, palaces, gardens, and galleries of art. These remain the great teachers of the world. For after our students of art have exhausted all modern instruction, they cross the sea, and sit down at the feet of the great artists of the past, and learn of them through their masterpieces.

We made repeated visits to St. Peter's, whose dimensions are simply stupendous. Rome was the center of pagan civilization, and the massive Colosseum, with its brutal record, best defines it. Rome was also the birthplace of the Christian civilization, and St. Peter's, with its harmonious and perfect proportions, is its best exponent. Almost every one is disappointed on first entering this magnificent temple, for it appears smaller than one has anticipated, and this is caused by its very perfection of form, and harmony of proportion. It is only by repeated visits that its vastness becomes apparent, and that one comprehends its grandeur, its perfect adjustment, and its faultless interior.

Distant people appear like children. The fluting of a column makes a niche large enough for a life-size statue. The cherubs that support a vessel of holy water, and which are seemingly infantile in dimensions, prove to be six feet tall, as you approach them. As you walk slowly up the long nave, empaneled with the richest marbles,—as through lofty arches you catch opening views of side-chapels, large as ordinary churches, and visions of wonderfully sculptured altars and tombs,—as the eye soars up into the magnificent dome with its resplendent decorations, you are

aware of a sense of satisfaction which you have no words to express. The unsurpassed and unequaled dome, made by Michael Angelo, rises three hundred and eight feet above the roof. It is surmounted by a copper ball that appears the size of a foot-ball from the ground, but it accommodates inside sixteen persons.

Ciolfi told us that Victor Emanuel, on his entrance into Rome, when he was made king of unified Italy, took sixty thousand of his soldiers into St. Peter's, and that twenty thousand more could have been easily accommodated. I cannot vouch for the truth of this statement, although he declared himself an eye-witness of the event.

The Vatican adjoins St. Peter's, and is the palace of the Pope and his residence. It is not only the most extensive palace in the world, but it is also a Museum of Antiquities, and contains a Library of priceless value. The antiquities in marble and bronze that have been exhumed from the soil of Rome fill numerous halls of the Vatican, while, undoubtedly, enough still remain buried in the earth, and in the bed of the river Tiber, to fill as many more. The Vatican is said to contain eight grand staircases, two hundred smaller ones, twenty courts, five thousand chambers, and eleven thousand halls, chapels, and private apartments. While the grounds of the Vatican are so extensive that one can ride or walk fifteen miles through them without crossing one's track.

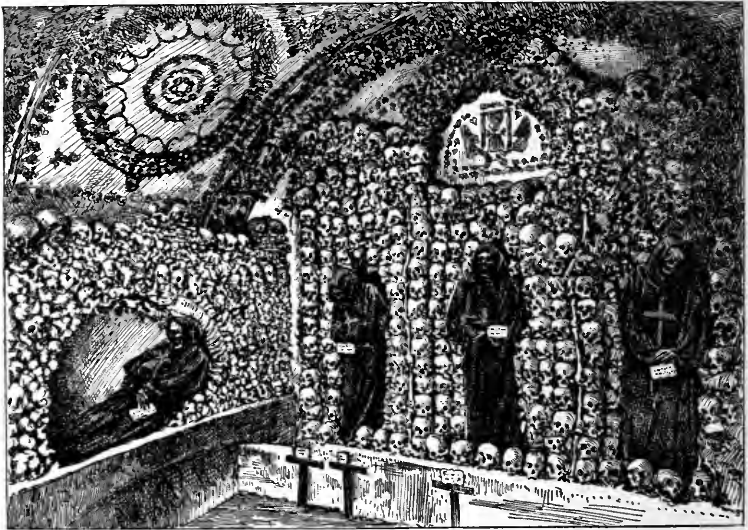
It is not possible to describe or see a hundredth part of the priceless collections in the Vatican museum. They are the grandest in the world. Among them are the Chambers of Raphael and the Sistine Chapel. The former are four or five dark, cold, gloomy rooms, some thirty feet square, the four sides of whose walls are covered by the works of Raphael, in fresco. The ceiling of the Sistine Chapel and

the western end of the church was painted in fresco by Michael Angelo. The central scenes of the ceiling represent the creation, in which appears the figure of Eve as she springs into being from the side of the recumbent Adam, and approaches her Creator with love and reverence. It is regarded as the most graceful and beautiful figure of woman ever painted. The same master genius upheaved the wonderful dome that crowns St. Peter's, and released from the imprisoning marble the marvelous statues of Night and Day, Morning and Evening, and the colossal figures of David and Moses.

The wondrous treasures of European museums are spoils from the ruins of Rome. In the museums of Naples, Florence, Munich, and Berlin, in the galleries of the Louvre at Paris,—in the British Museum at London,—in all European cities interested in art, you meet pictures and statues, which are reproductions of those found originally in Rome.

But of all the monuments relating to a prehistoric past, nothing interested me more than the Catacombs, to which we gave more time and study than to any other of the city's historic wonders. Concerning their construction and early history, nothing is known with certainty. It is, however, generally believed that these Catacombs, which are subterranean galleries, running underneath the city, and far out under the Campagna, were quarried by prehistoric inhabitants for building purposes. In the lack of building material, the early Romans excavated underneath the site of their future city, taking thence the abundant stone, which was soft and of volcanic formation. Like the streets and alleys of a city, these underground galleries continually intersect each other in endless entanglement and confusion. One is effectually and hopelessly lost, if he attempts to explore them without a guide.

On entering the Catacombs a lighted torch was given us, and carefully following the guide who led the way, we bent low under the arch of the chamber, and soon found ourselves in a black darkness, that was but dimly relieved by the single file of torches borne by ourselves, and the exploring party who accompanied us. Again and again, as we wound our way through the narrow, tortuous under-



TOMBS IN THE CATACOMBS MADE OF HUMAN SKULLS.

ground passages, turning to right, or to left, at almost every step, we lost sight of the foremost torches.

The sides of all the galleries are thickly perforated with tombs, which are oblong, horizontal niches, arranged like shelves, two, three, and sometimes six of them, one above another, from the floor to the roof, in which the dead bodies were laid and then sealed in. They remind one of the berths in a sleeping car, — or, to use the words of another, "they are the shelves of a vast library, where death has arranged his works." They may well be termed vast, for

the most experienced archæologists have calculated the combined length of these underground galleries at upwards of nine hundred miles, and they assert that more than six millions of dead have been entombed in them. Here were the early Christians buried during the hot days of persecution, from the time of Christ's crucifixion to the conversion of Constantine, 300 A. D. Painted, or carved, on the outside of the tombs of a later period, one sees the palm branch, the symbol of conquest. Though they had been slain, they were conquerors. On the outside of other tombs is carved the dove and the olive-branch. The storms of life were over to those buried within, and they were at rest and in peace.

In course of time, one of the popes, who wished to signalize his reign by some wonderful deed, ordered the tombs of the Catacombs opened, in which the bodies of Christian martyrs had been buried, and Christian sepulture to be given their remains. Their re-interment in consecrated burial places was the occasion of a great pageant. During the term of the pope next in succession, the rude inscriptions which had been cut on the slabs that shut in the dead were removed, and are now to be seen in the great "Hall of Inscriptions" in the Vatican Museum. The most important and interesting of these have been collected, and arranged in a manner that shows the contrast between them and those taken from pagan sarcophagi and cinerary urns, which occupy the opposite wall of the hall. The floor of the "Hall of Inscriptions" is of tessellated marble, and the ceiling is covered with fine frescoes. The stained glass windows impart a religious solemnity to the lofty room, where, on opposite sides, the inscriptions are inserted in the walls as high, and as low, as one can read them. Those taken from the Catacombs are full of hope, charity, and love, and express firm faith in the resurrection. I transcribed a few of them:

"Weep not, dear husband and daughters, Petronia lives in God, and is buried in peace."

"My wife Albans, I grieve thy loss, for the divine Author gave thee to me as a sacred gift. Yet sleep in peace, for thou wilt arise, and temporary rest is granted thee."

"Here sleeps Gorgonius, friend of all, and enemy of none."

"Farewell, sweetest child! when thou shalt, in bliss, enter the Kingdom of Christ, forget not thy mother, and from son become guardian."

"Here Gordianus, Messenger from Gaul, with all his family, slain for the faith, rest in peace. Theophila, their servant, had this done."

The pagan inscriptions express only grief and dismay,—neither hope, nor a belief in immortality. They present a strange contrast to those of the Christian dead.

"Marius has been snatched away from light and life."

"Rest lightly on the bosom of Caius, Oh earth, who has been thrust out of life and light into darkness."

"Lucia Vera, wife of Claudius, has been dragged by the cruel gods to the shades of darkness. Let them be accursed."

Whatever may have been the origin of the Catacombs, which undermined pagan Rome and the surrounding country, it is evident that they became a refuge for the persecuted, a dwelling-place for martyrs, and a rest for the dead. The Roman law protected before all, and above everything in the world, the places sacred to sepulture. Neither will, testament, nor donation could alienate the burial place. Thus protected by the respect of the Roman people for the dead, the early Christians prepared their cemeteries, which were also their temples, without fear of molestation.

It was difficult to quit Rome, the fallen mistress of the world, the enthralling city of one's heart, when not a hundredth of its wonders had been explored, when we had only begun to comprehend the lessons it is forever teaching the world, when our acquaintance with it was so fascinating, but so brief. But after one more lingering walk through St. Peter's, one more moonlight ride round the Colosseum, one more drive at sunset over the Appian Way, between its massive tombs and superb mausoleums, one more drink from the fountain of Trevi,— for it is a "philtre of return," and you will come back to Rome, if you drink from this fountain before leaving,— we went to Florence.

Beautiful Florence! This is the exclamation that bursts from all lips, when this city is beheld from a distant height. But the beauty disappears as you enter Florence, and you are enraptured no more. You are walled in between buildings of great height, built of very dark stone,— massive iron gratings protect the windows at the lower stories,— the palaces look as if they might be inquisitions,— the convents and monasteries as if they were penitentiaries. And well they may, for almost every palace, apartment, and window has its history of conflict and blood.

Florence is the Athens of Italy,— art constitutes its existence. Its three great galleries of art almost rival those of the Louvre in Paris,— the Uffizzi and Pitti galleries, and the Academy of Fine Arts. The Pitti gallery contains about six hundred works of art, pronounced by experts as unsurpassable of their kind. They are exhibited in about twenty regal halls, each sumptuously decorated with painted ceilings, costly furniture, and mosaic floors.

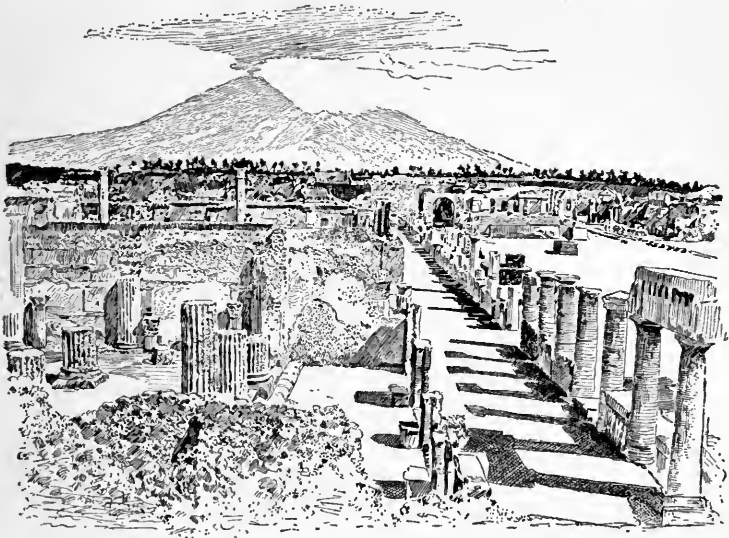
The dome of its famous cathedral was built in the tenth century, before that of St. Peter's, and served Michael Angelo as a model. "Like thee I will not build, and better I

cannot!" he was accustomed to say, as he gazed upon it in admiration and despair. But his dome of St. Peter's far surpasses it in grace and beauty. We did not fail to see the famous bronze doors of the Baptistery, made in the fourteenth century, pronounced by Michael Angelo, "worthy to be the gates of Paradise."

As you walk the streets of Florence, you recall the names of the great men who were born in that city, and who have been eminent in art, science, religion, politics, and literature: Boccacio, Dante, Savonarola, Michael Angelo, Galileo, Fra Angelico, the Medici, Machiavelli, and others. Among them are some of the greatest names known to the world. Before leaving Florence, we visited the beautiful English cemetery, where rest the remains of Theodore Parker and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. It was towards sunset, and an Italian sunset, in spring, is the divinest exhibit of beauty that nature can show us. There was a twittering of birds, flitting here and there before seeking their nests for the night. The perfume of shrubs and flowers stole softly upon our senses; the distant sound of vesper bells came soothingly to our ears; the softest breeze fanned us; the bluest of skies bent over us like a dome. It seemed a fit resting place for the gentle poet, who breathed her life away in the arms of the husband who loved her, and for the stalwart warrior, who had fought a good fight with the powers of evil, and only laid off his armor at the mouth of the grave.

Few would visit Naples who were not *en route* for Pompeii, for it lacks moral and historic interest. The beauty of its location, as one approaches it from the sea, is always a surprise. The waters are intensely blue, and so clear that fish can be seen disporting beneath the surface. The cliffs are buff, deepening in tone here and there to the warm grayish-brown color of sepia. The city curves round the

bay like an amphitheater, and rises up the slopes that culminate in the precipitous rock, on which the castle of St. Elmo stands. Right across the bay, and seemingly at only a little

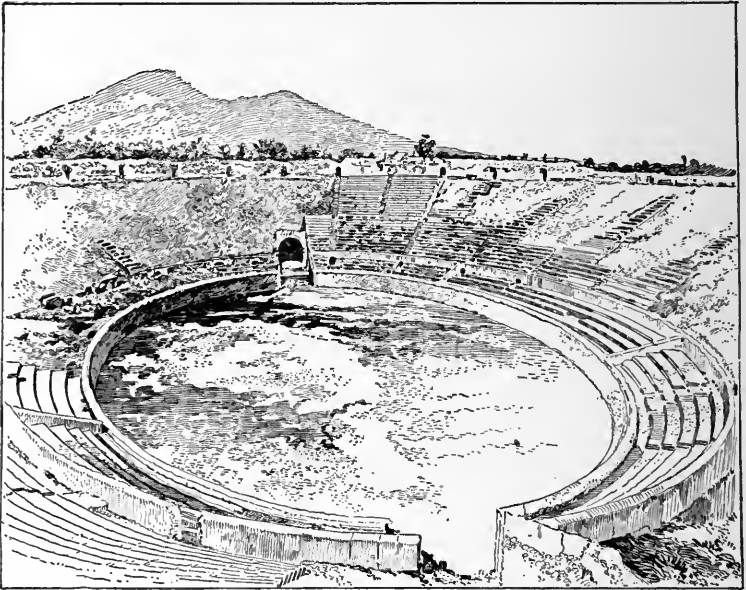


MOUNT VESUVIUS AS SEEN FROM THE RUINED STREETS OF POMPEII.
[From a recent photograph.]

distance, stands Vesuvius, the terrible mountain which has wrought so much destruction in the past. It remains a perpetual menace, belching incessant clouds of black smoke by day, which are lighted at night by the internal fires of the volcano, that rise and fall like the tides of the sea.

Naples is a city of noise, laziness, dirt, beggars, and of cruelty to animals. No one walks who can ride, no one is silent or quiet who can talk or make a noise. Neapolitans talk all day and half the night,—gesticulating, shouting, screaming, as if the person addressed were half a mile away. The number of carriages on the streets is incredible,—all rushing at the top of their speed, while the drivers shout to their poor beasts in fierce tones, and belabor them with a

whip or cudgel unmercifully. Every species of labor is dragged into the open streets and performed there, — cooking, laundering, sewing, mending boots and shoes, cutting hair, shampooing and shaving, tailoring, even washing and dressing babies and children. You are besieged by beggars whenever you step outdoors. If you bestow alms on any of them you are undone. From that moment you are spotted

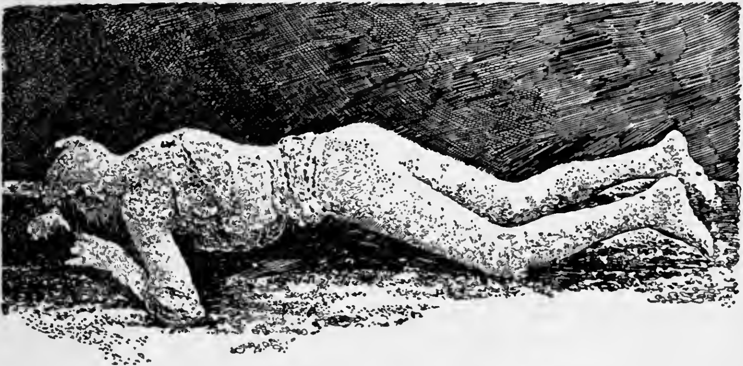


THE AMPHITHEATER — POMPEII.
[From a recent photograph.]

by the begging fraternity. If you ride or walk, the whole pack will follow you for miles, like hungry wolves, entreating and importuning charity in the name of the good God and the Holy Virgin. And when you refuse, they will curse you in stentorian tones, in the name of all the saints at once.

It is with a strange feeling that one buys a ticket at a railway station, to a city which was buried for more than

sixteen centuries. Stranger still is the sensation when the conductor of the train shouts "Pompeii!" and one alights, and walks through streets deserted for nearly two thousand years, and enters houses and shops that have long been tenantless. The marks of the chariot wheels that had worn the pavements, — the grotesque figures cut on the walls of the schoolhouse by the Pompeiian boy, — the apothecaries' shop, where were unearthed bottles of medicine and perfumery, — the baker's shop, where bread was baking in the

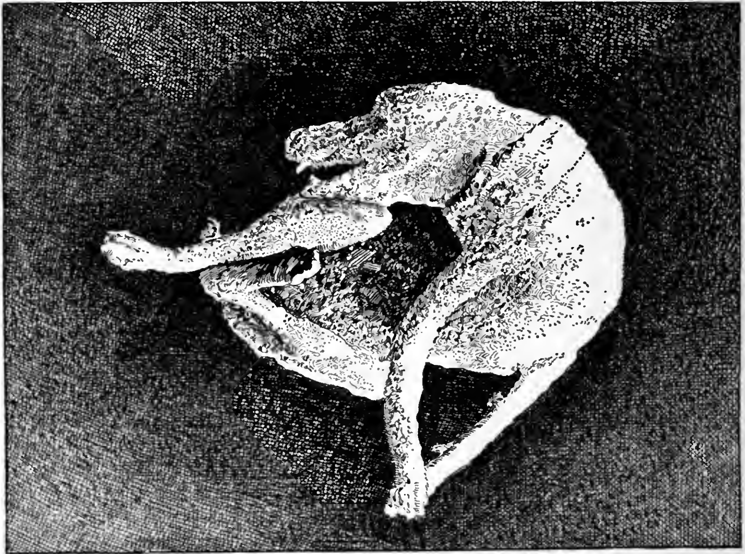


CAST OF A HUMAN BODY FOUND AT POMPEII.
Buried for more than eighteen hundred years.
[From a recent photograph.]

ovens when the city was buried by an eruption of Vesuvius, A.D. 79, — the bird shops, where the partially melted bronze cages were found, with heaps of calcined canary seed, — all these are shown you to-day.

You enter the houses decorated with beautiful paintings in fresco, whose colors have survived the storm of hot ashes and molten lava, you inspect the churches, and take a seat in the amphitheater with your companions, for half the city has been thoroughly excavated, in a most systematic manner. Whatever articles have been found in the excavated houses and streets, as the earth has been care-

fully sifted, have been placed in the Pompeian Museum at Naples, where Pompeian housekeeping has been reproduced. Neapolitans are accustomed to say that Vesuvius will fulfill the prophecy long since made, and bury Naples, as it has Pompeii and Herculaneum. A strange fate, indeed, if the



CAST OF A DOG FOUND AT POMPEII.
Buried for more than eighteen hundred years.
[From a recent photograph.]

household utensils and works of art recovered from these buried cities should be re-entombed in the ashes of Vesuvius!

From Naples we went to Venice, a city of silence, as Naples is of noise. For there streets give place to canals of water, and the ordinary scenes and sounds of the street are not. Not a carriage, not a cart, not an omnibus, not a hearse, not even a wheelbarrow is in Venice, — neither horses, nor oxen, nor donkeys — for Venice has no need of them. The gondola and gondolier supply the means of transportation. One pays visits of ceremony in a gondola,

attends a wedding in a gondola, goes shopping in a gondola, and solemnly proceeds to a funeral in a gondola. This graceful little boat is propelled by a gondolier, who rows with one oar, shouting a warning cry, to those who may be coming from an opposite direction, as he turns from one canal into another. Every location has a history, or a legend, or a romance connected with it. And as the gondolier calls out the names of places passed, they recall a flood of memories to the Venetian student. Venice should be seen in the daytime, when it is alive with small traffic. But it should be traversed by starlight, when the marble palaces are all alight, and echoing with song and laughter, and when the gondola leaves a trail of phosphorescence in the water.

There are many lovely cities in Italy, each one of which is famed for some wonder of art, or architecture, some historical event of world-wide importance, or for being the birthplace or burial-ground of some personage of eminent celebrity. The great glory of Milan is its wonderful cathedral, a forest of marble pinnacles, a church populous with statues. Pisa boasts its leaning tower, and its much renowned Campo Santo. Bologna is proud of its University, founded in 1119, with its corps of learned women professors. Verona points to its amphitheater built A.D. 284, where twenty-five thousand people could sit, and seventy thousand stand. Genoa, the superb, vaunts itself on the fact that Christopher Columbus was born there, and Ravenna that it contains Dante's tomb. We were fortunate in having our trip so arranged that we could stop over to see these interesting specialties, and sometimes, as at Bologna and Milan, to do even more.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE SIMPLON PASS — A STUMBLING MULE AND AN IRATE GUIDE — "DO-YOU-SPEAK-ENGLISH ?" — THE UNIVERSAL YANKEE — GAY AND BEAUTIFUL PARIS.

The Valley of Chamouni — Clad in a vast Mantle of Snow — "Hold your Tongue!" — A Cathedral over Six Hundred Years in Process of Erection — The Foundation had decayed when the Tower was finished — "Do you speak English?" — "Good Lord! I should think I might!" — A Yankee from the Pine Tree State — We walk the Streets till Morning — The Universal Yankee everywhere — Gay and Beautiful Paris — The Playground and the Sewer of all Civilized People — Masterpieces of Art — Experiences in Paris — The Politeness of Parisians — A Veneer of Custom put on for Selfish Ends.

AFTER a visit to the Italian lakes, and a rest of a few days at beautiful Bellagio, on Lake Como, — the most delightful spot in the lake district of upper Italy, — we crossed the Alps by the Simplon Pass, to Martigny. From thence we drove over Tête-Noire, in an open wagon, to Chamouni. We toiled up the precipitous and stony road to the summit of Tête-Noire, where we stopped to dine, for we all needed rest and refreshment. We dared not make the descent in the rickety wagon, in which they had bestowed us at Martigny, for we were afraid it would collapse, while the horse stumbled, and the stupid driver spoke only an unintelligible patois. Our road led into a deep, sombre valley, and was bounded on one side by lofty, pine-clad mountains, from which avalanches perpetually descended. On the other side of the narrow zigzag road were sheer precipices, glacier rivers pouring into the gorge, and cataracts tumbling over the wall of rock, whose thunder we could hear, as we sat at the dining-room window.

We had climbed mountains, and rode through cañons of dangerous reputation in Colorado. We had descended into the Yosemite Valley of California, and thence, sometimes afoot, and sometimes on the backs of trained mustangs, had climbed the ascents to Glacier Point, Nevada Falls, and Clouds' Rest, and had not been disturbed by an emotion of fear. But there we had strong and comfortable wagons, sure-footed and intelligent animals, and drivers and guides who spoke English, if ungrammatically, — and we had a feeling of safety, as we had not here. We would not risk ourselves with the only means of transportation at our service, and arranging with the drivers to follow on behind, with our valises and hand luggage, we walked down to Chamouni. We dared not send them ahead, lest they should ignore us altogether, and leave us to find the way alone.

At Chamouni, we got our first view of Mont Blanc. It had been cloudy and raining in the valley for several days, and the hotel was crowded with tourists, who had come hither on a pilgrimage to the dread Monarch of the Alps, who were impatiently waiting for clear weather. We joined the guests of the house in the parlor, and finding several acquaintances among them, spent the evening pleasantly. Before separating for the night, we went out on the piazza, when lo, the rain had ceased, not a cloud was visible, the sky was full of stars, and rising in majesty right before us, was the ponderous mass of the mighty mountain, with the evening star poised above its " bald, awful head." We were surprised and awed, and for a few moments not a word was spoken. A gentleman from Illinois, who evidently was well versed in English literature, broke the silence with a quotation from Coleridge's Apostrophe to Mont Blanc, delivered most impressively :

"Oh, silent mountain, sole and bare,
Oh, blacker than the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn co-herald!"

The next day we made the ascent of the Montanvert, where we saw the three glaciers that fill the highest gorges of the Mont Blanc chain, and at length unite in a huge glacier, the Glacier des Bois, that slowly descends into the valley of Chamouni. The upper glacier is the Mer de Glace, whose surface has the appearance of frozen billows, as if while the torrent was dashing down the side of the mountain it was lashed into billows by a tempest, raging above and around it, and then was suddenly stiffened by the fiat of God, and "stopped at once amid its maddest plunge!" With the aid of guides, one of whom went ahead and hewed steps in the ice to give us solid footing, while another helped us over the enormous crevasses that intersect the great ice waves, we crossed the Mer de Glace to the Chapeau which lies opposite. It was not at all hazardous, only fatiguing.

The day following, we ascended La Flégère, another elevation more difficult to climb than Montanvert, especially if one was mounted on a stumbling mule, as was again my fate. I was so much displeased with the awkward, ugly beast that had been assigned me, that I vented my dissatisfaction in unmistakable terms to the guide, which greatly incensed him. With angry face, and wicked eyes, he told me "if I did not hold my tongue, he would complain of me to the Master!" — pointing to my husband, toiling slowly up the ascent ahead of us. But I forgot both the stumbling mule and the irate guide, when we reached the summit, for, shining in a clear atmosphere, Mont Blanc was disclosed to us in all its grandeur, clad in a vast mantle of snow from

summit to base. We had crossed the ocean to see "this kingly mountain throned amid the hills," and had been prepared for disappointment; for we were told that the occasions are rare when it throws aside its draperies of clouds, and reveals its majestic proportions. We had been favored beyond most tourists, and giving the mules to the care of the guides, walked down the easy bridle-path much of the way, happy in the realization of one of our large desires.

After a week in Geneva, and its most interesting environs, we hastened to Antwerp by way of Cologne, only stopping in the latter city long enough for a hurried look at its great cathedral. It was commenced A. D. 1248, and was just nearing completion. It had been so long in process of erection that the foundations had decayed, and a larger force of workmen were occupied in repairing and fortifying those, than in the erection of the second tower. We reached Antwerp early one Sunday morning, in company with a large number of travelers whom we had happened to meet on the route, and who, like ourselves, were booked for the Hotel de l'Europe. After we were seated in the carriages awaiting us, one of the uniformed police came to us with the request that we would return to the waiting-room for a brief time. His language was such a mixture of Flemish and French, that we understood him only because he was good at pantomime. An election had been held in Belgium during the previous week, which chiefly concerned the cause of secular education. The radical party had carried the day, and the schools of the country were to be largely taken from the control of the Catholic Church. The joy of the winning party was so great, that Sunday was appointed as a day of festivity and rejoicing.

Delegation after delegation came in from the neighbor-

ing towns, and took its place in the procession that was forming, each accompanied by a band of music, and all bringing with them a display of banners, flags, mottoes, and illuminations, for the evening parade through the streets. All the while we were detained at the station, and not allowed to move until after the arrival of the last delegation, when it was near noon. At last the procession began its march up-town, when carriages and omnibuses were allowed to follow slowly behind, but never to press upon it, or break through it. Throngs of people crowded the sidewalks, filled the balconies of the houses, looked from the windows, and occupied every inch of vantage ground, clapping, cheering, saluting the campaign orators, and waving flags and banners, all of them radiant with delight.

The bands played the air of a campaign song, and straightway thirty thousand men's voices rang out on the air, singing the words, all beating time furiously with their sticks, and gesticulating to the crowds to unite in the swelling chorus. A favorite campaign orator was discovered marching in the procession, and was called on so imperiously for a speech that a halt was sounded, and without debate or delay, he was lifted to the shoulders of his comrades, and helped to maintain his position, while he delivered a stirring address in Flemish, when the air resounded with bravos and cheers, the bands joining in the applause. What was the occasion of this demonstration? What had stirred Belgium from center to circumference, for in all other large cities of the country the same jubilant proceedings were the order of the day. We urged our inquiries right and left, but neither policemen nor spectators gave us a satisfactory answer, nor one that we could comprehend.

Slowly and with some difficulty we made our way through the dense crowds to our hotel on Place Verte, where the proprietor received us, and from him we requested an explanation of the great procession. His reply was in worse French than any of us could speak or interpret. As the people of Belgium generally speak either Flemish or French, according to their locality and education, I fancied the cause of his obscure reply arose from his speaking French with a Flemish accent. So pushing pencil and paper towards him, I asked him to please write his reply, and that showed us that he did not understand French. I made another attempt at conversation. Speaking slowly and with great distinctness, I inquired,

"Do — you — talk — any — English?"

Throwing back his head with an amused laugh, he replied,

"Good Lord! I should think I might; I was born in Eastport, Maine, and my name there was Edward Barbour."

We had had a similar experience at Milan. Needing a guide to show us through some parts of the city not usually visited by tourists, a man was sent us who brought excellent recommendations. One of the party addressed him in Italian. His answer gave proof that he was not a proficient in that language. As he was much fairer than the ordinary Italian, it was thought he might be a German, and he was accosted in that language. He shook his head and made no response. Then I tried him in French, but he looked discouraged, retreated from us a little, and said faintly, "Non, Madame!"

"Well," said one of the company, "we must have a guide that can speak a language that some one of us can understand, French, Italian, German, or English."

"I can speak English," said he quickly, with a brightening face, "if that's what you want. My father and mother were born here, but my wife and I were born in New York, and have only been here five years. We shall go back to New York, by and by, for we are Americans."

My husband and I were in Berne, Switzerland, in the railway station, waiting for a train. As I stood at the door of the waiting-room, I observed a porter at a little distance, who walked with an artificial leg, and who wore the familiar badge of the Grand Army of the Republic. I could not pass him without recognition, and addressing him in French, I inquired, "how it happened that he, a Swiss railway porter, was wearing the badge of the army veterans of my own country?" He replied in perfect English:

"Madam, I entered the infantry service of the United States army in June, 1861, and was mustered out in August, 1865, four months after the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox."

"Where did you lose your leg?"

"At Gettysburg."

"And then returned to the army?"

"Yes, I enlisted for the war, and I asked to be transferred to the Hospital Corps, and did duty in the hospitals till I was mustered out. I receive a pension from the United States government, which comes to me with such regularity that I can almost tell the day of the month by its arrival.

"Are you living here in Switzerland?"

"Yes, for the present. The old father and mother need one of their children to see them through, and all but myself are married, and living in the States. So I came, but when they are gone, I shall go back to my home, for I am a naturalized American citizen."

In fact, we found the "Universal Yankee" almost everywhere. And judging from the signs of many of the shops, even in Italian cities, which advertised "Milwaukee Lager Beer," "Chicago Beef and Hams," "American Celluloid Cuffs and Collars," and other unique American products, we reached the conclusion that he had also gone into business almost everywhere.

To return to Antwerp. The procession disbanded after parading the city, and festivities were not resumed until evening. Then followed a night of revelry. The city was ablaze with light, for there was a general illumination of the public buildings, and of the private houses of those who sympathized with the great political victory. Flexible tubes, pierced for gas jets, outlined the exquisite details of the architecture of the Cathedral; every tower and spire seemed traced against the sky in lines of fire. Its famous carillon of sixty bells rang out in joyous peals, and companies of men and women, sometimes led by bands of music, paraded the streets, singing songs of victory. A mighty fair was opened at sunset, the proceeds of which were to be applied to the payment of campaign expenses, and the booths were filled with lively traffickers.

Accompanied by a guide who spoke English, French, and Flemish, we walked the streets of Antwerp until near morning, and studied the people. We sometimes came across groups engaged in heated discussions of the political situation, when one side would attack the Catholic clergy as unfit to have charge of public instruction, on account of their ignorance, disloyalty to the government, and immorality, from which gross charges the conservatives would defend them with equal vehemence. But there were no riotous proceedings, no brawls nor fights, no shooting, stabbing, nor cutting, nor did we meet an intoxicated person, even when

walking through the poorest and roughest sections of the city. We wondered if there were a city in the United States where a similar fête could be held through the night, and such marked differences of opinion and freedom of movement be allowed, without manifestations of drunkenness, rioting, and serious disorder.

We remained some little time in Antwerp, for it is a most interesting city. It was the birthplace of Rubens, and is full of his pictures, which even the uninstructed come to know at a glance, from the artist's skill in rich and brilliant coloring. An atmosphere of art pervades Antwerp, and no European city, except Rome, can boast more costly art treasures. The quaint, high-gabled, old-fashioned houses, — the ancient streets, — the peasantry, quaintly costumed and displaying old-time Flemish headgear, — the brilliantly uniformed soldiers, — the sombre priests, — the little milk-carts, drawn by dogs, and driven by women, who serve their customers from shining brass cans, — the gingerbread shops, — all these, with other features, give picturesqueness to the city which attracts tourists from all parts of the world.

We made a flying visit to Brussels, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and The Hague, which, though full of interest, we could not stop to enjoy, and hastened to Paris, where a World's Fair was being held. No city in the world is better known to Americans, and none is more frequneted by them. It is at once the playground, and the sewer of all civilized peoples. Its motto is, first attract, and then amuse; and to do this, everything gay, bright, beautiful, and bewildering is brought within the city. The galleries of Paris contain master-pieces of art in every age. The Palais du Louvre attracts more attention than any other building in Paris, not only because of its architecture, but because of its immense number of works of art.

It is a series of enormous buildings, which, with the Tuileries, before its destruction, covered an area of nearly fifty acres. It has been estimated that the galleries of the Louvre contain seven miles of pictures. The catalogue of these makes a volume of seven hundred pages, the sale of which amounts to forty thousand dollars a year. The charge for the care of canes and umbrellas, left at the door, is not more than two or three cents for each. But the daily number of visitors to the Louvre is so large, that the aggregate of these small collections is twenty thousand dollars a year.

To judge from the styles of dress seen on the streets of Paris, one would never imagine that that city dictated the fashions of the whole civilized world. The colored plates sent to America, which pretend to illustrate Paris fashions, are never found in the shops of that city, nor are garments of their style seen on the streets. As a rule, the women of all classes are neatly and plainly dressed; those of the better classes are well-gloved, sensibly shod, with bonnets for street wear that are irreproachable, the predominant colors being dark, or wholly black. Even at receptions, and at the opera, American women were more richly dressed than those of Paris, and with an elegance of style and a perfection of fit that seem to be distinctively American. I went to Bon Marché for a light shoulder-wrap, and the young saleswoman brought me some flimsy garments of crêpe, embroidered showily, and trimmed with fringe. While I was regarding them dubiously, a more experienced attendant lifted them from the counter, and put before me silk-lined capes of camel's hair, properly trimmed,—suitable for the street, which were the very articles I was seeking.

"American women never wear those things!" was her comment to the little sales-girl, pointing to the crêpe gar-

ments, with a slight gesture of disdain. Turning to me with a bright face and a charming manner, she added, "American women prefer something better!" I am not sure but her tactful bit of flattery of the taste of my country-women would have sold the cape if I had not wanted it.

I made a visit to a Girls' Normal School in Paris, and was politely shown through the various recitation rooms. The classes in history and geography were occupied with the study of the geography and history of France, and had been for a year. I passed into the class in literature, and found it studying French literature. I ventured to inquire if the young ladies studied only what concerned their own country. With a courteous bow and smile, the principal replied to my question by asking another:

"Is not that best, since France leads the world in literature, art, and civilization?"

The French have accomplished very little in the way of mechanical inventions. Compared with the sewing-machines of America, those made in France are clumsy and ill-looking. This is also true of household furniture and conveniences, carriages, and other similar things. Art and skill, in France, do not appear to have been applied to the manufacture of the homely and necessary conveniences of life, as in America. They have ill-concealed contempt for mechanical invention, and hide sneers under the compliments they pay to American machinery.

One day while in the American machinery department of the French Exposition, I overheard the conversation of a group of French women near me, who were trying to puzzle out the uses of a complicated machine in front of them. They were so curious about it, that I should have ventured to explain it to them, if I had understood it, but it was as great a mystery to me as to them.

"Americans do everything by machinery," said one of the company to the others; "I am told they play their pianos and organs by machinery."

With an apology for intruding, I corrected her error as delicately as possible, and assured her that the piano and organ were played in America as in Paris, by hand, the real difference being that French people always achieve higher and finer results in all arts than is possible in America or any other country. Thanking me with exquisite politeness, she said:

"My brother, then, who goes often to New York, must have made a mistake. For, alas! he loves your America more than our beautiful France, and would die rather than say anything ill of her."

The French people have a reputation for politeness that is unsurpassed. If cordial speech, gracious manners, and an observance of artificial forms and conventionalities constitute politeness, then they are the most polite people in the world. But if it be true that genuine politeness is the kind expression of truly kind feelings, and that unselfishness is one of its integral qualities, it may be doubted if much that passes for politeness in France is not a mere veneer of artificial custom, which is used for selfish ends. There is too much ceremony in French politeness, and too little heartiness, too much cringing and bowing and grimacing. It does not require much study, or a long residence in Paris, to open one's eyes to its hollowness and hypocrisy. One is treated with less profuse courtesy in England, but it is evidently more sincere. And while it is not easy for Americans to reciprocate the florid politeness accorded them in Paris, they accept that of England in good faith, and with pleasure, and form attachments in the "mother country" that are life-lasting.

Among the many congresses that were held in Paris, during the French Exposition, was the International Women's Rights Congress, which assembled in July and August of that year. Sixteen different organizations from England, France, Russia, Italy, Holland, Switzerland, and America sent delegates. There was a large attendance of men and women, other than delegates, from all parts of Europe, who sympathized with the reform. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Theodore Stanton, the son of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and myself, were the members of the American committee who called the Congress. It was opened by M. Leon Richer, editor of *Le Droit Des Femmes*, a most able man, whom I had known for some time through his very pronounced magazine, and by correspondence. At the very first meeting addresses were made by two American women, Mrs. Howe of Boston, and Mrs. Jane G. Jones of Chicago, whose daughter delivered the address of the mother. Both addresses were received with enthusiasm.

At the third session Miss Louise M. Hotchkiss of Boston, a teacher in its public schools, delivered a very able and earnest address on "The Education of Women in America." She demanded co-education and equal advantages for both sexes. She enforced her demand by logic and precedent, and illustrated the beneficent results sure to follow, by well-authenticated facts. As soon as Miss Hotchkiss had taken her seat, a member of the Paris municipal council offered a resolution, advocating the reforms she had outlined,—equal and co-education for boys and girls, young men and young women,—and it was carried unanimously without debate.

I was unable to attend any but the preliminary meetings, in which the work of the Congress was planned. For we were due in London the last of July, and our tickets were purchased before the first public meeting was held.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FACE TO FACE WITH OUR ENGLISH COUSINS — EMINENT PEOPLE WHOM I MET — TURNING OUR FACES HOMEWARD.

Our English Civilization — London the great World Center — Its Gay and Courtly Life — A Storehouse of Universal Knowledge — Effects of Unequal Distribution of Wealth — Given to Excessive Drinking — English Social Life — An Embarrassing Situation — The Early Friend of George Eliot — The Minister of Finsbury Place Chapel — "I hope the Men of America will emigrate where Women will be kept in their Places" — The Coffee House System of England — "Free and Easies" — Miss Martineau's Scrupulous Cleanliness — Treating a Cow like a Lady — Giving her Pig a Bath — A Long Struggle — Turning our Faces Homeward.

TO Americans, a return to England after sojourn on the continent, is like going home. Again we are among people of our own race and blood, who speak with us a common language. Our civilization is only a continuation of the English civilization under different conditions, some of them more favorable, some of them less so. Whatever Americans are doing or beginning in the way of a high civilization, English people have also been doing for years, or are now attempting. In fact, the English civilization has affected that of all countries, and, to-day, the aims and the culture of the world are more or less Anglicized. Our libraries are pauperized if they lack the works of Shakspeare, Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Bacon, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, James and Harriet Martineau, Tennyson, Frances Power Cobbe, Tyndall, Huxley, Lecky, Lubbock, D'Israeli, Gladstone, and of scores of other authors of high rank. Notwithstanding Americans grumble

at England, and criticise her at times most severely, at heart they are proud of their "mother country."

One finds it difficult, while in England, to realize how small is her territory, it is so crowded with cities, towns, cathedrals, palaces, villas, country seats, museums, churches, hospitals, and — people. The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland has a population of between thirty and forty millions. Yet England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales together are little larger in territory than the states of North and South Carolina and Georgia. It is the boast of England that she holds truth and facts in higher estimation than any other nation, but her regard for these is surpassed by the homage she pays to wealth. In no country is wealth more worshiped than in England. And yet one never sees the vulgar display of wealth, nor the wasteful extravagance of it, which is so common in America. Every household practices a careful economy, and when people cannot pay for luxuries, as a rule, they do not buy them. You will always find American travelers in the first-class railway carriages, while wealthy Englishmen travel in those which are second-class.

The grandeur of London, with its gay and courtly life, its points of historical interest which one touches at every step; its inexhaustible stores of museums, picture galleries, libraries, churches, abbeys, and towers, is beyond description. It was a great city of over one hundred and forty thousand inhabitants in the days of Queen Elizabeth; but to-day it has a population of between five and six millions. Walk the streets of London when you may, they are always crowded to overflowing, and the rush of its commerce and trade is like the roar of the sea. The river Thames, which divides the great city, is the most populous river in the world. A hundred ships a day sail out of its mouth to the

four quarters of the globe — north, south, east, and west. A dozen magnificent bridges span it, and on either side sits London, as unchangeable and unalterable as her historic tower, or her venerable Abbey.

One cannot in a year familiarize himself with the scenes and localities of London, immortalized by history, romance, and poetry, or become acquainted with the geography of its highways and byways, as they were in the historic past, and as they are to-day. So much is London a great world center, a vast storehouse of universal knowledge, that one can learn more in that metropolis, at the proper headquarters, concerning the political, industrial, and social status of countries like China and India, than by traveling through them with intelligent guides. Their history, geography, climatic conditions, the peculiarities of their people, with all other desired information, can be acquired from the same sources. The same is true of the ancient and dead cities of the past.

If one may choose the time for visiting England, let it be early in the month of May, the very first, if possible. Then with a season that is from four to six weeks in advance of our climate, one can comprehend and appreciate "the dance around the May pole," the "crowning of the May queen," and the Maying parties of which Tennyson and other authors have so often sung. Then is the air of England soft and balmy; everywhere flowers are in bloom, and the earth is covered with a carpet of green velvet. There is a charm about travel in England that is found nowhere else in the world. The absolute finish and perfection of everything is mellowed and beautified by time.

We can never have the green turf, nor the mantling ivy, that hides the decay of venerated but ruined structures, and which gracefully drapes castle and tower, hall and country-

seat throughout that island garden. The fierce heat of our summers, and the rigor of our long winters forbid such perennial verdure. There are no waste places in England, such as we have in America, no long stretches of wild forest, hacked and hewed in recklessness, and then burned over from sheer prodigality,— no hillsides gashed with deep fissures,— nor is the earth upheaved in mighty billows, as if Titans were disemboweling it, every few miles of one's progress through the beautiful country. The small territory of England is in the hands of a comparatively few gentlemen, who keep it neat and orderly, and give to it care and culture.

One cannot avoid observing the evil effects of the unequal distribution of wealth, that prevails in England. She has not suffered from a war of invasion for eight hundred years, and has not had a civil war for two centuries. Her acquired wealth is immense, and this, added to her increased power of producing and amassing, has made her the richest nation of the world, until within a few years, when our country has outstripped her in the race for wealth. The real estate of England, by right of primogeniture, descends to the eldest son, and the rest of the children must shirk for themselves, so that in the course of years, the landed estates of England have passed into the possession of a relatively small number. This, with other unfair advantages in favor of the wealthy, has really locked up the enormous property of the "mother country" in the hands of a few, rendering the poor, poorer, year by year, and constantly increasing their number. One sees such poverty in England, and in London especially, as makes the poverty of America almost competence. While the excessive drinking of the English people, surpassing what we see in our own country, almost minimizes the inebriety of America into

sobriety. Is there not a tendency in our own country to this condition of things?

We chose as our abiding place in London the Inns of Court Hotel, in High Holborn. Unpretentious in its external appearance, one does not imagine it can be a comfortable hotel, for, outwardly, it is devoid of what we regard as attractive hotel features. To reach our apartments, we passed through the main building on High Holborn, crossed the street by a covered gallery to the "Annex," which was new, handsome, and convenient, and then walked through that to a second street. Here were our rooms, large, airy, light, and well-furnished, and fronting on the street. They looked out upon a beautiful park, where flowers were in blossom, fountains playing, and birds singing in the leafy shades of the fine old trees. Here we found genuine comfort and quiet, undisturbed by the noise and dust of the streets, and a home feeling settled upon us, when we returned to them fatigued with sight-seeing. It seemed as if we were located in our charming quarters for life.

As soon as we presented our letters of introduction, we began to learn something of the hospitable nature of our English cousins, and to get glimpses of English social life. Men and women with whom we had corresponded for years, but who were somewhat mythical to our imagination, we now met face to face, and found them as interesting in conversation, as they were entertaining in correspondence. Before we could accept the numerous invitations of our friends, it was necessary for us to go "shopping," and to consult tailors and dressmakers. For our wardrobes had been prepared for travel, sight-seeing, and hotel life, and not for social functions.

Our first visit was to the house of Mrs. Peter Alfred Taylor, whose husband was a member of Parliament, a lib-

eral in politics, and an adherent and friend of Gladstone. Mrs. Taylor was a lifelong and valued friend of George Eliot. In the autobiography of this great woman, arranged by Mr. John Cross, in which the story of her life is told by extracts from her letters and journals, at Mrs. Taylor's suggestion, there are many interesting letters written by George Eliot to Mrs. Taylor, which reveal their mutual love and faith in one another. Mrs. Taylor stood firmly by the friend of her early days, to the last, defending and upholding her against all hostile critics, and glorying in the fame which crowned her first among the literary English women of the time.

Among the guests whom we met at Mrs. Taylor's were Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Bright, and Miss Caroline Biggs, editor of the Englishwomen's Magazine; Miss Helen Taylor, the gifted step-daughter of John Stuart Mill; Hon. Duncan MacLaren, member of Parliament from Edinburgh; and his lovely wife, Mrs. Priscilla MacLaren, the sister of John and Jacob Bright; the Ashworths; the Stansfelds; the Ashursts; Miss Lydia Becker, the leader, among women, of the English Woman Suffrage movement and the editor of the "Suffrage Journal"; Mrs. Josephine E. Butler, who had temporarily abandoned her studies, and her work for the higher education of women, that she might lead the increasing opposition to the "Contagious Diseases' Acts" of England, which were fearfully inimical to women of the lowest class; Madame Venturi, the friend and biographer of Mazzini, the Italian patriot; and Mrs. Margaret Lucas, another sister of the Brights, who was the president of the British Women's Temperance Association until her death, when she was succeeded by Lady Henry Somerset, who has already won the regard of the world by her noble deeds and courageous leadership.

A large number of Americans were present: — Colonel Thomas W. Higginson of Cambridge, Massachusetts, who was spending a year abroad; Mrs. Jenny June Croly, whose name is identified with the New York press; William Henry Channing, nephew of Rev. Dr. Channing, whose permanent home was in England, but most of whose life had been passed in America; and Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Moncure D. Conway. Mr. Conway was the minister of Finsbury Place Chapel, where on Sunday morning, one was not only sure to meet a most interesting congregation, but to hear a philosophical address on some religious topic, that was unsurpassable in clearness of statement, and lofty ethical aim.

Mrs. Taylor has given the best part of her life to reform movements. She has won for every cause which she has espoused the respect of the public, and has drawn into its service liberal men and women, who have rendered it invaluable aid. She identified herself with the movement for the unification of Italy, and worked untiringly until it was accomplished. She was the leader of the movement for the higher education of English women, until her labors were no longer necessary. During the American Civil War, she formed a society in England for the assistance of the freed people of the South. And she was one of the earliest advocates for the enfranchisement of English women, giving to the work time, money, and thought, always ready to aid when her services were needed. Gentle, dignified, and of charming presence, she remains to-day the center of a circle of friends who regard her with respect and affection.

We had the great pleasure of meeting John Bright, "the grand old commoner," and his favorite sister, Mrs. Duncan MacLaren of Edinburgh, with other members of the Bright family, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomasson. Mr. Thomasson was a nephew of the Brights, and also a member

of Parliament. John Bright so closely resembled the pictures I had seen of him, that it seemed as if he must have stepped from one of the picture frames, to dine with the assembled company. Massive and strongly built, with a certain air of power and authority in his bearing, the man would have made an immediate impression upon me, even had I never before heard of him. He was the central figure at the dinner table, and led the conversation, which had started off in a discussion of the differences between the English and American governments. Mr. Bright considered the government of England, in many respects, vastly superior to that of America, and it would have been strange if he had not thought so. The women of the company conversed equally well, and spoke as pertinently on the subject of monarchial and republican governments as did the men, all of whom were connected with the English government; sometimes differing in opinion with the honorable gentlemen, and sometimes complaining that they failed to do justice to America. It was evident that Mr. Bright's family and kindred were very proud of him; yet this did not prevent their criticising him, and even taking sides against him, when they thought him in the wrong.

The conversation finally drifted to the subject of woman suffrage, and Mr. Bright, always brusque in speech, even at times, to rudeness, blurted out an emphatic dissent to the statement made by his sister, Mrs. MacLaren, that the cause of woman suffrage was gaining ground in England. A discussion followed in which I took sides with her, and said that "not only was the reform gaining in England, but in America, and everywhere throughout the world." I added that there was little doubt on our side the water that ultimately the women of the United States would be enfranchised on the same terms as men.

"When that time comes," said Mr. Bright very emphatically, "I hope the men of America will have pluck enough to emigrate somewhere where women will be kept in their places."

"Bless your soul!" said Mrs. MacLaren, "I wonder that the women of America, and of England too, have not long ago emigrated, and left men to themselves."

All this was said without any display of temper on the part of either, but with the brusqueness characteristic of Mr. Bright's manner and speech, whether in society or in Parliament.

Mr. Jacob Bright was a very different man from his distinguished brother, while not at all his inferior in ability. We were guests at his house on several occasions, when we always met bright and charming people, and were made perfectly at home by the large and gracious hospitality of both host and hostess.

We were dining with Mr. and Mrs. Bright and a few friends, on one occasion, when I found myself in a somewhat embarrassing situation. I was seated beside my host, and was so interested in his conversation, that I neglected to turn down my glasses, to indicate that I wished no wine. Before I was aware of it, the butler had poured me four different kinds of wine, in as many different glasses. Mr. Bright observed it, and turning to me, said politely:

"Now you must tell me what kind of wine Mr. Livermore and you are in the habit of taking, for evidently we haven't it on the table."

When I assured him that we took no wine of any kind, and, in answer to his inquiries, that we were equally abstinent in the matter of malt liquors, brandy, and all distilled spirits, he asked, in surprise,

"You don't mean to tell me that you are teetotalers?"

"Yes," I replied, "we are teetotalers, and always have been."

"And why, pray, if I may be allowed to inquire? Do you fear that you may lose control of yourselves, and not keep within a moderate use of these beverages?"

"No," I replied, "we have never been obliged to consider that possibility. We have never used wine, are not fond of alcoholic drinks, and entirely abstain from them, without even thinking of them." Thinking I might as well explain our position fully, and avow the great principle underlying our refusal of wine, I continued:

"If we enjoyed wine, ale, and the stronger drinks, Mr. Bright, and were sure that we could hold ourselves in check, and never go beyond the line of safety, I see so many people in your country and mine who are unequal to this self-control, and who are continually steeped to the lips in misery, poverty, and crime because of excessive drinking, that I am compelled to listen to the voice sounding down through the ages: 'they that are strong *ought* to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please themselves.'"

During our conversation, the chat at the dinner table had grown less and less, and finally had ceased altogether. And though I was surprised, I was glad that a low murmur of assent came from all, and that Mr. Bright reached out his hand to me in hearty endorsement, saying:

"You are right, Mrs. Livermore; we all ought to do the same."

I had the great pleasure of meeting Miss Frances Power Cobbe on several occasions. She was intensely interested in the subject of anti-vivisection, and was fighting the battle of the dumb animals and maintaining their right to life and the pursuit of happiness, with as much energy and zeal as if they were human beings suffering physical torture, under

the plea of scientific investigation. Miss Cobbe was also much interested in the advancement of women, and had the great cause been without a leader, or were it likely to fail for lack of championship, she would have rushed to the front as she had done in earlier days. But there was a large contingent of men and women at work for woman's higher education and enfranchisement, and Miss Cobbe felt free to lead in the cause which lay so near her heart, that of anti-vivisection, into which she was putting all her great force. The cause of liberal religion had been dear to her from her early youth, and, with tears in her eyes, she told me how much she regretted that there was no pulpit open to her, from which she could utter her highest and holiest thoughts.

Through Miss Cobbe I became acquainted with the Drs. Hoggan, husband and wife, who, like herself, were interested in all reform movements. And I passed a most delightful morning with her, listening to her comical story of her early experiences in the Ragged schools and Reformatories of Bristol, where she worked with Mary Carpenter. She has incorporated the whole facetious and interesting narration in her recent "Autobiography."

I was invited to deliver an address in St. George's Hall, on "The Duties of Women in Regard to the Life of a Nation." Mrs. Duncan MacLaren presided, and among the large number of superior women on the platform was Miss Cobbe. She followed me in a speech of nearly half an hour, full of force and fire, and glittering with the satire which she knows how to use upon illogical opponents. I had opportunities of hearing many of the great public orators of England, sitting at times half the night behind the lattice, which encloses the unventilated and uncomfortable pen in the House of Congress, called by courtesy, "The

Ladies' Gallery," that I might hear distinguished members of Parliament. I also had opportunities of hearing the leading women of England, and found that they equaled the men in both matter and manner. Neither men nor women seemed to have any special training for public speech, nor indeed could I learn of any English system of education, that corresponds to what we term "voice-culture."

We were also exceedingly fortunate in meeting the Misses Abby and Susan Martineau and their brother, the favorite nieces and nephew of Harriet Martineau, the eminent literary Englishwoman of the last century. We enjoyed a few days visit with them, in their pleasant home at Edgbaston, Birmingham, and learned from them many interesting incidents in the life of their aunt not mentioned by any biographer.

The Misses Martineau were actively engaged in ministering to the working-women of Birmingham. Noon rests were established for them, where they could bring their lunches, and enjoy the comfort and conveniences of well-furnished rooms, to which lavatories were attached. Two or three of their benefactors were always in attendance, to render service to their protegées. The Misses Martineau were also instrumental in establishing lecture courses for women of all classes, which instructed them in their own physiology, domestic science, the care of their children, household sanitation, and how to meet the various emergencies that are constantly occurring in households. For young women there was special teaching on the subjects of hygiene, healthful dress, ethics, and whatever might be of service in their daily vocations. Entertainments were provided, concerts, dramatic recitations, exhibitions of stereopticon views, and the women were constantly visited in their

homes, so that there was direct personal contact between the so-called upper classes of women, and their working sisters. It seemed impossible that the working women of Birmingham could drop very low, either in morals or the amenities of daily life, while this wise and kind befriending of them was maintained.

The Coffee House System of Birmingham, which prevails more or less throughout all England, won my admiration. At the time of my visit there were nineteen of these houses in Birmingham, which in their appointments ranged all the way from handsome, well-furnished establishments, to those in cellars, which the most abject human beings might feel free to enter. They were all scrupulously clean, and, practically, run upon the same plan. Coffee, cocoa, and good tea, with milk, were served from the counters, with a simple and excellent lunch of bread and meat, and sometimes other eatables, at the lowest possible figures. Connected with each Coffee House was a hall, where its patrons gathered for social enjoyment, entertainments of their own, and the maintaining of their "free and easies." There were also lavatories and smoking rooms for their exclusive use. At certain times and hours the men were allowed to bring the women and children of their families, to enjoy with them the social occasions. Alcoholic liquors in every form were tabooed in these Coffee Houses. The patrons were expected to be clean, orderly, and polite in their behavior, and to take care of the house property.

At hours when the workingmen were at leisure, I did not see a Coffee House that was not well filled with them. They are managed by a company of stockholders, and the stock, at the time of my visit, paid so large a per cent. that the Earl of Derby sent a hundred pounds to Mr. Martineau for investment in it. The houses established in the best

localities of the city make money ; others lose; but on an average, Coffee House stock was paying ten per cent. when I was in Birmingham. They are morally beneficial to the community, and do much for the education and general improvement of workingmen and women. They are rivals to the public houses, and provide the club-house for temperance workingmen and women, which the drinking man claims he finds in the saloon and gin-palace.

We happened to be in London when Rev. Dr. James Martineau, the great Unitarian divine of England, delivered his last sermon in Portland Street Chapel,—a very remarkable discourse to be delivered at any time of a man's life, but still more remarkable in consideration of Dr. Martineau's advanced age. It was almost as great a pleasure to meet Rev. Mr. Gaskell, whose wife was Charlotte Brontë's biographer. He assisted in the preliminary services. I sought an interview with the venerable clergyman, with whose deceased wife I had corresponded, during the period when she was the historian of the Brontës, and afterwards met Dr. Martineau in his own home. The large, ripe scholarship of one, and the Christian courtesy and charity of both, that added lustre and serenity to their old age, was the logical result of glorious living through a long term of years. As I listened to them, and admiringly observed them, an undertone of petition was running through my thoughts,—"May my last days be like theirs!"

"Do not mention the woman question in your talk with Dr. Martineau," was the advice given me by one of his friends; "it is an unpleasant topic to him on account of the long estrangement from him of his sister Harriet, and of circumstances connected with it." I was well acquainted with the details of that sad alienation, and needed no caution to avoid even a remote allusion to it.

I wished very much to visit the old home of Harriet Martineau at Ambleside in the lake country, and was fortunate in obtaining from one of her nephews a letter of introduction to the present occupants of the "little farm," which opened to me the house and grounds. It was interesting to sit in the library where this gifted woman had wrought so bravely in defense of the right, or for the extermination of the wrong, or to help forward some struggling enterprise or heroic reform. But the chamber where for fifteen years she calmly confronted death, and yet wasted no time while waiting for its coming, seemed almost holy ground. Ready to depart on the briefest summons, she busied herself with work for the world, never divorcing herself from human interests, never deaf to the plea of suffering, and quick to hear the cry of the oppressed, until the day came when she passed through the low gateway, and entered that other chamber of the King, larger than this and lovelier. In the evening I walked out upon the terrace as she did, "to meet the midnight," as she said; or, as her religious friends declared, "to meet her God." I rejoiced in the contemplation of what had been achieved in the past and for the promise of the future, and longed to congratulate the noble woman for what she had done to bring in a better day.

I visited the Harriet Martineau cottages, built of Westmoreland granite, which look as if they might last a thousand years, and which she had persuaded the villagers to erect with the savings they accumulated, by foregoing their nightly visits to the public houses. And I passed a half-day with the devoted couple, who for more than twenty years had been in charge of Miss Martineau's farm, living in a stone cottage she erected for them. They had never desired a change, although their mistress "had some peculiarities," as the good wife told me.

One of these was Miss Martineau's passion for scrupulous cleanliness. Everybody and everything about her must be clean — very clean. She would have the cow washed, curried, combed, and provided with clean bedding almost every day. "She would have her treated like a lady!" the woman explained. "Cows are clever beasts," she continued, "and when they are kind and affectionate you do not mind doing a good turn for them. But the big pig Miss Martineau always had, — he was another kind of fellow, I can tell you."

And then she proceeded to tell us how they were ordered to put the pig into a tub of warm soap suds every week, and scrub, and comb, and dry him. His feet were washed as carefully as those of a baby; the stone floor of his pen was scrubbed and dried, and clean litter put in every day for piggy's bed. "This warnt no small job now, I tell you," said the woman. "Piggy never liked these proceedings, and from the minute the washing began until I got through he squealed so that I was deaf for a whole day afterward. You never heard such squealing in your life! And what good did it all do? The pig liked to be dirty, and he tried to be dirty; and by the end of the next day he was as nasty a pig as could be found anywhere. Nevertheless we had to do it. But then, the dear lady was so good to the poor, and to little children, and to my man and me when we were sick, that I didn't used to make a bit of fuss about washing him; it was little enough I could do to pay her for all her kindness."

Through Miss Frances Power Cobbe, I received an invitation to a conference held at the house of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, and there, among other eminent people, met the Bishop of London and Cardinal Manning. The latter impressed me immensely. He seemed more like a spirit

than a human being. He was so spare of flesh that it was said of him, "he had hardly body enough to conceal the nakedness of his soul," and this sentence fails to give one an idea of his attenuation.

I do not remember the object of this meeting at the house of Lord Coleridge, though I have an idea it related to anti-vivisection, nor was I as much interested in it as in the people who attended it. Of those who addressed the meeting, Cardinal Manning's utterances were the most notable. Although an old man, there was no sign of age or infirmity about him. He spoke with authority, and his words were accepted as finalities. His eyes burned with a dull but intense fire, as if they gave out heat, and his look seemed to penetrate to one's soul. He was deferred to as a being of a higher order than any other of the company. I observed that he deferred most respectfully to Miss Cobbe whenever she spoke, and in one or two instances when she uttered most pronounced opinions, he assented instantly and heartily, without waiting for the endorsement of others.

We availed ourselves of the general invitation of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Conway, and attended their Monday afternoon receptions as frequently as possible. Here we always met most interesting people, — authors, philanthropists, reformers, and scholars; members of the Brahmo Somaj of India; officials from Mohammedan countries, who spoke Arabic, and were almost converts to the religion of the prophet, so orderly and civilized were the lives of his followers, among whom they had dwelt; polyglot people, who talked German with one, addressed another in the Japanese tongue, to whom it was native, and discussed Nihilism in the Russian language with a third, from St. Petersburg. There were always Americans present: Henrietta Beebe, the vocalist, from New York; William Henry

Channing, beloved on both sides the water; Miss Clara Spence, a friend of Miss Beebe, and an accomplished dramatic reader; Col. T. W. Higginson, our eminent littérateur; Mr. George W. Smalley, whose wife is an adopted daughter of Wendell Phillips; Howells, the novelist; in short, all wide-awake Americans visiting England were sure to find their way to the Conway receptions, always conducted on the most liberal scale. I was invited by Mr. Conway twice to speak from his pulpit. The first discourse was on "The Highest Type of Manhood," and my subject on the second occasion was, "Has the Night of Death no Morning?"

At Cambridge I met Mrs. Josephine Butler, who was hard at work for the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts. She was a very beautiful woman, but much worn with the long struggle, the leadership of which had devolved mainly upon her. She had consecrated herself to the work, with no thought of withdrawing from it until the Acts should be repealed. Knowing no fear, she had appealed to the best people of every nation in Europe, and had drawn them into the contest, leading them so wisely throughout the whole nauseous contention that she retained their loving confidence, and challenged the admiration of the world. One cannot but hope that some great joy will crown the life of this noble woman, to compensate her for those awful years when she went down into Hades to save her fallen sisters. Professor Stuart of Cambridge, the personal friend of Mrs. Butler, and her efficient co-worker, directed our sight-seeing in that town of great antiquity. Although our stay was short, we were taken to whatever was most noteworthy in the university, which is composed of seventeen colleges and halls, located in various parts of the town.

We spent some little time in the city of Leeds, at Adel Grange, in the family of Mrs. Hannah Ford, who, with her

three gifted daughters, made our stay most delightful. There were daily excursions to the various places of interest in the neighborhood of Leeds, — to the quaint old city of York, to York Minster, the ruined Abbey of Fountains, to Haworth, the home of the Brontés, as well as their burial-place, and to a number of beautiful country seats. Everywhere we met charming people, who made us forget that we were strangers in a strange land. Among them were Mrs. Scatcherd, a prominent woman suffragist, who has visited America since then and assisted in conventions. We also called on Dr. Edith Pechy, one of the women physicians sent to the women of India, under the auspices of the Queen. My hostesses had arranged a lecture for me in Leeds, which brought out a large number of liberal people, possessed of wealth, culture, and position, all interested in the great question of woman's advancement. My topic was, "What shall we do for and with Superfluous Women?" It is a most pertinent question in England, since it is announced that only forty-three per cent. of the women of England and Wales can marry, on account of the lack of men.

While we were in Dublin, Honorable William Parsons, the eloquent Irish lecturer in American lyceum courses for twenty years, was continually on the alert to show us the bright side of his beloved Ireland. For although he had traveled extensively, he was a most enthusiastic Irishman. He came to our rooms in the Shelborne House one day in a tempest of excitement.

"You are in luck, great luck, dear friends!" was his hearty salutation. "To-morrow is the grand day of the Agricultural Fair, and the Lord Lieutenant will award the premiums. All the landed gentry will be present, and there will be horse-racing for prizes in the afternoon, and a grand ball in the evening, which will be opened by the Lord Lieu-

tenant and the Duchess of ——, and I have tickets for the 'whole business,' as you Americans say. Oh, to-morrow, I'll show you here in old Ireland such magnificent horses, such splendid bulls, such superb cows, such beautiful sheep, and such handsome, captivating, entrancing women as the world elsewhere does not produce!" and, holding aloft his pasteboard cards, he bowed and pirouetted about the room like a Frenchman.

We set off for the fair grounds the next day in a jaunting-car, that we might see the beauty of the country. The moisture of the climate had clad everything with verdure, even the miserable, thatched, and rotting cabins of the Irish peasantry. Nature seems determined to mantle with beauty the poverty and squalor that disfigures Ireland. The peasants were at work in the fields, gathering the late crops, the women with the men; and there was not an inch of available ground that was not carefully cultivated. I watched the toiling people with sympathetic interest. "Poor toiling brothers and sisters," was my unspoken thought, "the soil you are tilling is not yours, and never can be. You create wealth for absentee landlords, who spend it mostly in riotous living, on the continent or elsewhere, and you do not receive a fair share of the bounty you win from the earth. Your pleasures are derived from the fiery whisky, of which Ireland yearly distils ten millions of gallons; or from the brown stout, which is brewed in Dublin at the rate of two hundred and fifty thousand gallons a day. Ah, I am sorry for you, for I care more for you than for the Lord Lieutenant, the landed gentry, or the entrancing women."

As we reached the fair grounds, a gay scene was spread out before us. The greensward rolled away in luxuriant waves to the ivy-clad tower; marqueés flying bright-colored flags and streamers dotted the landscape; and groups of

Her Majesty's soldiers, clad in their dazzling scarlet uniforms, were everywhere. The race ground was a perfect riot of color, when the brilliantly costumed jockeys trotted out their horses, and the showy equipages, radiant with gaily attired occupants, drove slowly down the line to secure advantageous positions. The grand stand looked like a colossal flower garden, in which a new blossom unfolded itself every moment, as some lady, bedecked with corruscating gems, climbed to her seat, or some officer, resplendent in gold lace and jeweled decorations, rose to assist her. Chaperoned by Mr. Parsons, our carriage followed slowly, our friend pointing out the distinguished personages in the crowd, of whose history he gave a brief and graphic résumé, lifting his hat and bowing to one and another as we passed.

"But where are the people?" I inquired of Mr. Parsons. "Where are the farmers? These ladies and gentlemen did not raise the fine vegetables displayed in yonder booths. They do not use the agricultural instruments which are attracting so much attention. They have not reared these magnificent horses and bulls, these almost human cows and sheep. Where are the farmers and laborers whose work is here on exhibition, and to whom the prizes are to be awarded?"

"Oh," said he, "this is the fair of the gentry. The peasantry do not come here. Their fairs are of a different order, and are better suited to them. You have nothing like this in America, for you have no hereditary nobility, and know nothing of the caste which it creates. In your country the people rule."

"Thank God for that," was my reply.

The whole brilliant scene lost its attraction. My pulses ceased to thrill with pleasurable excitement, and when the gay throng of people rose to their feet with shouts and

cheers, and blare of trumpets, to greet the winning horses, my thoughts were busy with the horny-handed men and women without, who were shut away from the inspiring spectacle. Their toil had provided the means for this festive occasion, but they were not allowed to have a share in it. They sowed; others reaped. And I recalled the accusation made nearly a century ago by Lord Byron, that "the union of England with Ireland was that of the shark with its prey." Here was an illustrated object lesson. Crushed by five centuries of oppression, impoverished by aliens who have taken from them every acre of their native soil, and abdicating government of themselves in favor of the potent whisky that paralyzes the brain,—here they were still grinding in their prison house, like blind Samson of old, and when their lords wished to make merry and rejoice, like that ancient giant, they helped make sport for them.

Oh, farmers of the mighty West, rejoice that your agricultural fairs represent the work of the people, and are shared by the people! That the people own and till the soil, gather its fruits, and rejoice together over the bounty of the common earth! May you retain your right to an inviolable home, and your share of the wealth that you help to create, which is the legitimate fruit of your toil!

Our time for sight-seeing in Europe was over. We had accomplished all and much more than we had planned, before setting out on this long journey. We had visited the temples of the Druids at Stonehenge, and the Isle of Anglesea; had explored Fingal's Cave, and the Giant's Causeway; had walked the streets of exhumed and deserted Pompeii, and gazed on the awful face of Mont Blanc; had followed a guide through the Catacombs of Rome, and explored the sub-structures of the palaces of the Cæsars on

Palatine Hill; had seen the glories of Paris, and felt the enthralling influence of Rome and London; had visited picture galleries and cathedrals, castles and abbeys, ruins and historic localities to satiety; had listened to Dean Stanley in Westminster Abbey, and Canon Farrar in St. Margaret's Church; had stood by the graves of Wordsworth and Coleridge, and attended divine service in the thousand-year-old church adjoining the cemetery where they sleep; had bought curios of decorated and tinted glass from the bazars of the Piazza San Marco in Venice, mosaics from the shops of Florence, corals from Naples, and pictures from Rome. It was time to set our faces homeward.

Later, when the itinerant blood in our veins rose to fever heat, and was not cooled by a trip to the Pacific Coast, Southern California, Florida, and through the South, we sailed once more across the sea. Then we saw Switzerland and the Tyrol, as we had not before, traveled through Germany and Austria, sailed down the castled and storied Rhine, reveled in the wild grandeur and picturesque beauty of the Black Forest, and rested for a month in the beautiful Mother Land, dear to the American heart.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE WOMEN'S TEMPERANCE CRUSADE—UNCOMPROMISING HOSTILITY TO THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC—EMINENT MEN AND WOMEN OF MY ACQUAINTANCE.

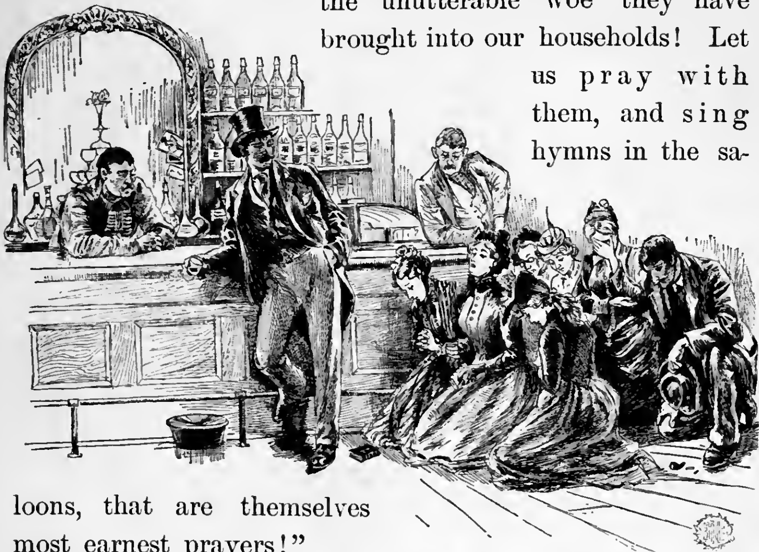
The Women's Crusade—It spreads like Prairie Fire—Women invade Saloons—Transforming Saloons into Prayer Meetings—Where the Women crusaded—"God is leading us, and we shall wait for Him to show the way"—Dawn of a new Day to Women—The Woman Suffrage Question the largest now before the Public—Reasons why the Reform should win—Anticipation of Ostracism and Derision not realized—Eminent Men and Women of my Acquaintance—A Company of Glorious Women and Noble Men—My Husband's never-failing Good will and efficient Assistance—More indebted to him than to all others—My Lover, Friend, and Helpmate.

SOME three years before our first European trip, a new work came to my hands and my heart, which I felt compelled to accept.

During the winter of 1873–74, the movement known as the Women's Temperance Crusade appeared in Southern Ohio. It was phenomenal and emotional, and sprang up suddenly, like a fire from spontaneous combustion. Nobody planned it, nor engineered it, and it spent itself in a very few months. It was the anguished protest of hopeless and life-sick women against the drunkenness of the time, which threatened to fill the land with beggary and crime, and forced women and children to hide in terror from the brutality of the men, who had sworn to be their protectors. The liquor dealers were intrenched in the law, sheltered by the courts, and protected by the strong arm of the government. There was no redress for the wronged and outraged woman.

In their despair, they organized themselves into visiting companies of twenty, forty, sixty, or a hundred, and "went out on the street," two by two, and called on the saloon-keepers.

"Let us plead with them to abandon their ruinous business," was their womanly suggestion, "and narrate to them the unutterable woe they have brought into our households! Let us pray with them, and sing hymns in the saloons, that are themselves most earnest prayers!"



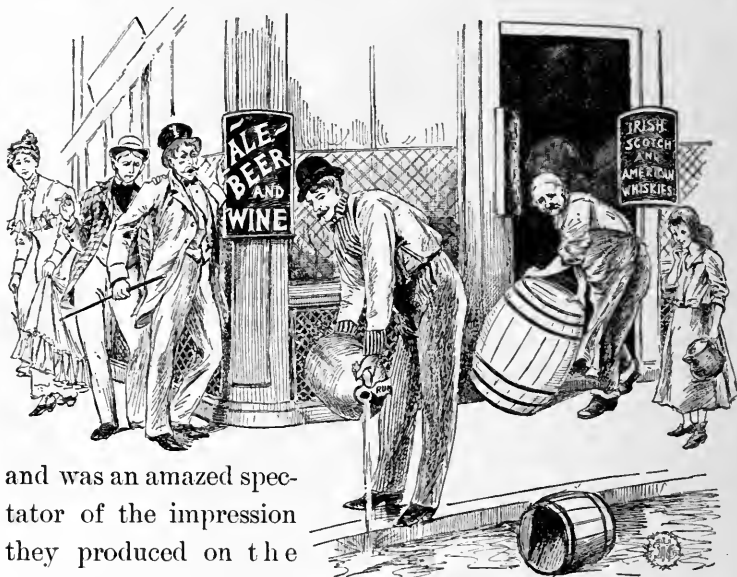
THE WOMEN'S TEMPERANCE CRUSADE.—A BAND OF PRAYING WOMEN IN A SALOON.

I accompanied the women to the saloons, and was an amazed spectator of the impression they produced.

In an inconceivably short time, the saloons of Southern Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois were invaded by a little army of praying, pleading women, for the movement spread like prairie fire. It was amazing to behold the effects wrought by these crusaders. To-day, it would be said that they hypnotized the saloon-keepers. For they dropped on their knees, in many instances, beside the praying women, and prayed for themselves. They signed total abstinence pledges, and renounced liquor drinking and liquor selling forever. They emptied into gutters and ditches their kegs

and barrels of alcoholic liquors, and joined the crusaders as they sped on to achieve still greater victories.

My lecture engagements took me into towns and villages for four weeks, where the crusade was in progress, and I had opportunities of witnessing its methods and results. I accompanied the women in their visitations to the saloons, and was an amazed spectator of the impression they produced on the habitués of the grog-shops and their proprietors, and wondered greatly how all this would end. When I inquired of the women concerning their plans for the future, they answered simply:



RENOUNCING LIQUOR SELLING FOREVER.
They emptied into gutters and ditches their kegs and barrels of alcoholic liquors, and joined the crusaders.

"This movement was not planned by us; we were forced into it by a power beyond ourselves. We believe God is leading us, and we shall wait for him to show us the way."

The crusade spent itself, the saloons re-opened, and the press announced that "the pious whirlwind evoked by the

women of the West had exhausted its fanatical fury!" But the next summer, as soon as these temperance crusaders could come together for consultation, they organized the National Women's Christian Temperance Union, which, under the splendid leadership of Frances Willard, now numbers a constituency of adult, honorary, and junior members of over half a million.

While passing through the scenes of the crusade, in my lecture tour, I wrote letters to some of the Boston papers, to correct the sensational misrepresentations of the press, relating to this wonderful movement. They were extensively read and copied. On my return in the spring, I was invited by Rev. Dr. Neale, my old pastor and friend, to tell the story of the crusade as I saw it, from the pulpit of his church, then located on Somerset Street, Boston, where now stands the College of Liberal Arts of Boston University. The church was packed with men and women of all classes and sects. So vital an interest was awakened that it led to the organization of a Women's Temperance Union, of which I became president, after the first year of its existence. This office I held for ten years, having associated with me as secretary, a woman of rare ability, who was my lifelong friend and early schoolmate, Mrs. L. B. Barrett. Her death compelled my resignation. I had lost my better half, and no one could fill her place to me, as adviser, confidant, lover, and co-worker.

Those ten years of work were full of perplexities, and my faith and patience were taxed to the utmost. The hostility of the liquor traffic, which recognized in the organization a new element of danger to its interests, — the jealous sectarianism of the women, most of whom had never before engaged in any work except for their individual churches, — the fear of many of the clergy that this aggres-

sive temperance work would absorb too much of the money and time of their women members, — the ignorance of parliamentary law, which led many women, when voted down, or compelled to abide by the adverse decisions of the chair, or the house, to consider themselves aggrieved or insulted, — the lack of money to carry on the work, and the faint-heartedness of the workers, when means were devised for the raising of funds, — all this, with many lesser annoyances, rendered the office of president of the Massachusetts Woman's Christian Temperance Union, during its first ten years, anything but a sinecure.

The experience of years has changed all this. And if the members of the Union throughout the country have lost their early enthusiasm, it is because of a clearer comprehension of the magnitude of their work, and of its awful discouragements. They are more wisely informed concerning the subject of inebriety than ever before, they understand better the causes which lead to it, the methods by which it should be treated, and are making a public sentiment, that shall, by and by, manifest itself in the election of better legislators and more effective temperance legislation. Better than all else, they are almost unanimous in their conviction that the possession of the ballot is necessary to women, when dealing with an evil protected by law and defended by government, and they are working for the enfranchisement of women.

I have worked steadily for temperance, within and without the organization, from its earliest beginnings; have given thousands of addresses in its behalf in every section of the country; have assisted to form organizations within its lines, both of adults and minors; and have spoken from the platform and the pulpit, at political meetings, and before legislative committees, at Chautauqua assemblies and grove

meetings, summer schools, and camp meetings, that I might advance its interests, win recruits to its ranks, or put money into its treasury. I shall remain a member of the Union while I live. And while I no longer hold office in the organization, I lend a hand to its work wherever I am most needed, and as frequently as is consistent with my numerous other engagements.

My work for thirty years has, therefore, been threefold. My public lecturing has been more extensive, and longer continued, than that of any other woman. It has been distinct from my reform work, and I have never carried my hobbies to the lecture platform, unless especially invited to do so by the committees of the Lyceum courses. The work that I have undertaken for temperance and for woman suffrage, although the two organizations are entirely distinct, has nevertheless more or less intermingled. It is difficult to advocate one, without encroaching on the boundary of the other. The woman suffrage question is, however, to me the largest now before the public. It underlies all temperance reform work; it means the freeing and developing of half the human race, for, through the long past, the female half of the human family has lived in a world of hindrance and repression, of disability and servitude. All races and peoples of the world have, at one time or another, and some of them at all times, relegated woman to an injustice and ignorance, to which men always doom those whom they regard as inferiors. Until within a comparatively short time, the finest qualities of womanhood have been latent; there has been no opportunity for their development and manifestation, for the world has been, and is still, to a large extent, under the dominion of brute force, and might still triumphs over right.

For nearly forty years I have been convinced that if

the world is to be helped onward in its progress, and assisted towards a nobler civilization, it can only be accomplished by as complete a freedom and development of women, as is accorded to men. For this reason, I have felt compelled to give much of the best years and ablest efforts of my life to the service of this great reform, which is making a radical change in the status and activities of women. Women do not make one class and men another; together they make one class, for the two are only halves of that one great whole which we call humanity. The man is the masculine half, the woman the feminine half. The two halves are equal, but different, each complementing and supplementing the other, each designed to be the best friend and helper of the other. The man is never to be measured by the woman, nor is the woman to be measured by the man; for they are intended to be different, while, at the same time, one is as important to the whole as is the other.

If we call man the head, we call woman the heart. If Swedenborg announces man to be wisdom, he declares that woman is love, and then proceeds to show that love is wisdom, strength, inspiration, life, home, and God. If we call the man logic, the woman is intuition. If we speak of the man as ambition, the woman is inspiration. If we say that the man is scientific, we know that the woman is artistic, — and so on through the whole range of the faculties. There is not a manliness which has not its complementary womanliness, and alas! it is not easy to condemn an unmanliness, without recalling the unwomanliness which matches it. We are two halves of one whole. "We rise or fall together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free."

This mental duality is matched by a corresponding physical duality. We have two eyes for one vision; two nostrils for one odor; two lips for one speech; two ears for

one sound; two hands for one movement; two feet for one step; two lobes of the brain for one thought; two bony plates cover the brain; two kinds of corpuscles in the blood, one red, one white; two lobes of the lungs for one breath; two divisions of the heart for one pulsation, and these two parts again divide themselves; and so on. But this duality of organs makes but one man and one woman, as the duality of the sexes, one man and one woman, makes but one humanity.

The highest civilization is not material only, but mental, moral, and spiritual, and the best qualities of manhood and womanhood united are necessary to its development. It becomes, therefore, the duty of women who are interested in the welfare of the race, and who desire the advancement of the Kingdom of God upon earth, to seek the enfranchisement of their sex. For legal as well as social measures are necessary to check vice and crime, and to uproot great moral and social evils. To-day, women of the largest administrative talent, of the highest culture, of the most far-reaching philanthropy, and with a Christ-like passion for promoting the public well-being, are doomed to enforced inactivity, because their hands are tied, and their feet manacled by disfranchisement. They are regarded by men as inferior to themselves, and with logical correctness. For under a republican government, women can only become the legal equals of men by possession of the ballot. This legal inferiority, this degradation of disfranchisement loses to the world the best qualities of womanhood, and makes it impos sible for women to bring their sense of justice and righteousness to bear upon public questions.

As I have said elsewhere, I delivered the first lecture on woman suffrage that I ever heard, and called and conducted the first woman suffrage convention I ever attended. My

husband, through the teachings of his mother, had become a believer in the enfranchisement of woman long before our marriage, and did not hesitate to broach the subject at proper times in his own pulpit. I had therefore no opposition to encounter in my own household, when I publicly espoused the great reform, but, on the contrary, the largest help and encouragement. I expected that my new departure would bring upon me social ostracism, loss of friends and gain of enemies, and I entered on the work fully prepared to make great sacrifices, and to accept the consequences, whatever they might be.

How different has been my experience! Instead of finding myself an object of scorn and derision, I was speedily lifted into the atmosphere of a larger life, where I breathed a freer air, and had a broader and clearer outlook. I was obliged to sacrifice nothing for which I cared in my heart of hearts, and found myself associated with men and women of a grand and noble order, who had worked for the extinction of American slavery, and had infused into the republic an interpretation of liberty that includes the human race. They were altruists, before altruism became the fad of the day, and the ideal reformer whom they sought to emulate was Jesus, the Christ.

Among them have been Mrs. Lucy Stone, and her excellent husband, Mr. Henry B. Blackwell, the two united in an ideal marriage. I have been continuously associated with them for a quarter of a century. Gentle, sweet-voiced, winning, persuasive, and withal persevering and undaunted, she began her work for woman suffrage in 1847. She delivered the first address ever made in its behalf in this country, in the church of her brother, a Congregationalist clergyman, in Gardner, Massachusetts. This was a year previous to the famous woman suffrage con-

vention called by Mrs. Lucretia Mott and Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, at Seneca Falls, New York. To Mrs. Stone the reform was more than life. And stimulated by the great love he bore her, her husband worked with her, all through the years, till her death,—assisting her to forge her thunderbolts, to tip with force and directness her arrows, to plan her campaigns, which took them both into the enemy's country, whence they returned with new recruits, leaving behind hosts of friends, and a diminished and weakened opposition.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has been another of my beloved co-workers, who brought her gracious presence, her large mental equipment, as well as her literary reputation, to the aid of the suffrage cause. Mrs. Lydia Maria Child preceded Mrs. Howe as a reformer, and at the start sacrificed her literary prospects to the cause of the slave,—and later, when slavery was abolished, entered the lists for the emancipation of women. Clara Barton, my famous co-worker in the Sanitary Commission during the late civil war,—who afterwards gave her services to the hospitals during the Franco-Prussian war, at the request of the Empress Augusta,—and later was made chief of the Red Cross Society to which she was appointed by President Garfield,—and who now is almoner of the charities of the United States to the hunted, starving, persecuted Armenians, the victims of Moslem hate,—is proud to associate herself with woman suffragists. So are Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, a pupil of Margaret Fuller, the author of many valuable books, the tireless worker for the Boston Woman's Hospital,—Dr. Marie Zachrzewska, one of the world's three pioneer medical women, and the founder of the Woman's Hospital,—Alice Freeman Palmer, the ex-President of Wellesley College, and Dean of Women Students in Chicago University,

the tireless young champion of college and university education for women, — Harriet Hosmer and Anne Whitney, our American sculptors, whose sympathy with what is noblest in human character and loftiest in human deeds is expressed in statuary.

What a brilliant coterie of gifted and famous men I found associated in this new work for women! George William Curtis, the Chevalier Bayard of the movement, "without fear and without reproach," — Henry Ward Beecher, who always carried his audiences by storm when he pleaded for women,— Wendell Phillips, the beloved orator with the silver tongue, who never failed us, when there was need of him,— William Lloyd Garrison, who lived to see the anti-slavery reform which he had inaugurated completely successful, and was hailed as their deliverer by four million black slaves,— Ralph Waldo Emerson, the philosopher, poet, and seer, with Bronson Alcott, the transcendentalist,— James T. Fields, the author and publisher,— Rev. Samuel J. May of New York, a "born saint" and a grand man, with his cousin, Rev. Samuel May of Massachusetts, equally loyal to the right,— Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clarke, the one firm friend of Theodore Parker, when all others "forsook him and fled," — Col. Thomas W. Higginson, always the friend and helper of woman,— ex-Governors William Claflin and John D. Long, politicians of unblemished moral repute, and as able and influential as they were excellent,— Hon. George F. Hoar, who has put the strength of his great name and influence to our service in every emergency,— what other reform has started off with so notable an array of men and women?

It was my good fortune in early life to have a brief but profitable acquaintance with Horace Mann, whom I always

remember as the great educator; and also with "Father Taylor," the seaman's preacher, whose genius for his work, and whose untutored eloquence made him famous the world over. Frederick Douglass, the runaway slave, the freed man, the orator and leader of his people, whom to know was to love, has been our frequent guest in the past. To live in the near neighborhood of Whittier, Holmes, Longfellow, and Lowell, to enjoy a personal acquaintance with them, to receive their greetings as they passed, to be able to appreciate their growing fame and their noble development, has been a great educator. I remember them all when they were young, and recall my first introduction to Longfellow at Harvard College, when I was less than eighteen years old. "Professor Longfellow will be heard from one of these days," said my young student friend, "for there is the making of a grand man in him." He was famous then. I still retain the sense of gratitude to Professor Agassiz, enkindled by his nobleness towards women, more than a quarter of a century ago, who opened his lectures to women in advance of all other Harvard professors, and even gave his time and services to them gratuitously, when they lacked means to pay him. May his memory be green forever!

I was also brought in touch and became well acquainted with Mrs. Lucretia Mott and Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who first organized the woman suffrage sentiment in 1848. Mrs. Mott was a Quaker preacher, frail in appearance, but of whom George Combe, the Scotch philosopher, who lectured in Boston in 1838, declared that she was "the most intellectual woman he had met in America." Mrs. Stanton was in the prime of life when I first met her, making herself felt wherever she went, in behalf of woman's advancement. Brave, unselfish, clear-headed, and

a friend to all women, her labors have been invaluable to her sex. The same may be said of Miss Susan B. Anthony, who has been intimately associated with Mrs. Stanton for almost half a century. Having neither husband, nor children, nor home cares, she has been free to devote her life to work for women. So nobly has she served the cause she espoused, that the world at large recognizes her nobility and pays homage to her worth. The younger suffragists hold her in filial regard, and rally around her, as daughters about a mother.

There have been but few of the eminent women of the last forty years whom I have not known or met. One of my earliest friendships when we removed to Chicago was with Mrs. Jane Swisshelm, who had been the editor of the Pittsburg "Saturday Visitor" in the days of Daniel Webster. A bright, vivacious woman in private life, she wielded so sharp a pen when writing of the misdoings of congressmen at Washington, who were legitimate subjects of criticism in those days, that she was regarded with fear. She was a strong Abolitionist, and an early advocate of woman's rights. I recall two eminent women of half a century ago,—Mrs. Maria Weston Chapman and Mrs. Wendell Phillips. The former, the most beautiful woman of America in her day, was the niece of the wealthy founder of the Boston Public Library, and was educated abroad in the best schools of London and Paris. My friendship with this gifted woman, in the last years of her life, is one of my most blessed memories. She was the efficient coadjutor of Garrison, in his anti-slavery work, and the great friend of Harriet Martineau, the foremost literary Englishwoman of the last century, and her biographer. Mrs. Phillips was a beautiful and gifted girl, but in delicate health, when she became the bride of the peer-

less orator of the country. Through the ideally happy half-century of their marriage, she sank into hopeless invalidism, when her husband became her tireless and devoted nurse and care-taker. "Wendell is my better three-quarters," she always said of him. But he called her his "counselor" and "spiritual instructor," and craved her suggestions in the preparation of his lectures, and her criticism when they were completed.

I remember Mary Lyon, the founder of Mount Holyoke Seminary, who visited the Charlestown Female Seminary while I was in attendance as a student, and later, as a teacher. She was the immediate predecessor of the noble women who have worked for the opening of colleges and universities to the girls of our day. Wise beyond the women of her generation, she adopted, as motives to progress, principles that later were successfully employed at Rugby by Dr. Arnold, and built her school on such solid foundations that it lives to-day, and has developed into a well-equipped college. Later, I was enriched by the acquaintance of two other superb pioneer teachers, — Catherine Beecher, the eldest sister of Henry Ward Beecher, who, in the utter absence of normal schools, established a training school for teachers herself, and sent large numbers of them West. Elizabeth Peabody, the intimate friend and biographer of Dr. Channing, and a very superior educator, laid all mothers under obligations of gratitude by establishing the Kindergarten in America, and so, in one sense, became the mother of all children.

I was associated with Dorothea Dix, during the war, in hospital work and the superintendence of nurses. "This work is only an episode in my life," she said to me; "my life work is to found insane asylums, and to better the condition of paupers, lunatics, and prisoners." Philanthropy was her

passion. I was not able to appreciate Margaret Fuller in her day. She was many years my senior. On the two or three occasions when I was in her society, I was so profoundly impressed by the majesty of her genius that I was dumb in her presence. I wrote her a note of thankfulness when she published "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," which brought me a characteristic reply that I still carefully treasure. I esteem myself fortunate in the acquaintance of the pioneer medical sisters, Doctors Elizabeth and Emily Blackwell, who trod flinty paths with bleeding feet in their early struggles for medical education and position, and made it possible for all competent women to enter the medical profession.

I knew Charlotte Cushman in her youth, when she was battling against fearful odds. For forty years she walked the paths of a profession dangerous to woman — its most eminent tragedienne — and never, by word or deed, brought a blush to the cheek of the most fastidious. I carry the memory of Maria Mitchell in my heart, as a talisman, to defend me from unworthy aims. Wearing a gold medal from the King of Denmark for telescopic discoveries, commissioned by the government to make calculations for use in its coast-survey, and the compilation of its Nautical Almanac, professor of astronomy at Vassar College, and holding a high position in the scientific world, she was so severely simple, and so unflinchingly loyal to truth, that pretence and artifice shrank abashed from her presence. Never shall I forget the day I spent with Adelaide Phillips in her home in Marshfield a short time before her death. A prima donna of the lyric stage, her interest extended beyond the musical world, and her heart went out to all toilers for the betterment of the world. I had given a morning lecture in Marshfield, which interested her, and she invited me home

with her, where her concert troupe were arranging work for the next season. "You shall be our audience," said Adelaide, "and we will give you a concert this afternoon." And for nearly two hours I sat a rapt listener to the most exquisite music.

How they throng about me, the shadows of the departed noble women I have known, and the forms and faces of those who tarry a little longer! Louise Lee Schuyler, to whom the country was mainly indebted for the organization of the Sanitary Commission, and later, the city of New York for the inauguration of its Associated Charities,—Abby W. May and Professor Mary Safford, beloved of soldiers for their philanthropic work during the war, the former of whom Governor Ames of Massachusetts appointed on the State Board of Education, while the latter was elected to a professorship in the Medical School of Boston University,—Louisa Alcott, who sent out book after book, as fast as the steam-worked press could bring them out, which were a benediction to the youth of both sexes; who guided the feet of her aged parents down the dark valley, and folded their tired hands beneath the daisies; who adopted her widowed sister and fatherless sons; who aided another sister in her education in art, till she became famous; who asked nothing for herself, but all for her friends; and whose life was shortened a quarter of a century by overwork for the comfort of those she loved; Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, who, from the retirement of invalidism, has rendered women valiant service in many departments of literature; Alice and Phebe Cary, the gifted daughters of song, who, buffeted by every species of unkind fate, forgot their own griefs in comforting others; Frances Willard, who leads her countrywomen in righteous hostility to the dram-shops and saloon; and Rev. Augusta J. Chapin, D.D., the only living woman minister

who has received that honor, and who bears it worthily by virtue of her thirty years' service in the ministry, as also by her large scholarship.

While residing in Chicago I heard Fanny Kemble render three of Shakspeare's plays to a large audience. She was a whole stock company in herself, and the minor parts were as well expressed as the leading roles. She made the scenes vivid without scenery or costumes, and, with closed eyes, one could easily have believed a full company was interpreting the play.

Far different the interest awakened not only in my own heart but throughout the country, by Ramabai, "the little brown woman from India," and Lady Henry Somerset, the gracious and peerless leader from Eastnor Castle, England. Indomitable in spirit and persistent in purpose, it was yet very pathetic to listen to the pleas of the Pundita Ramabai in behalf of the high caste widows of her country, and all felt moved to aid her. Her mission was in a measure successful, for she has recently completed a bungalow for her widows' school at an expense of $12,000, contributed by American women.

All the world loves a wise and gracious leader, and Lady Somerset has renounced so much that the world most highly esteems, and has taken on herself so many self-imposed duties, that are sometimes thankless in themselves, and at all times arduous, that she may lessen the sum of human misery and send light into dark places, that the love and homage of all are accorded her.

The list lengthens. To paragraph the names and deeds of the glorious women and noble men who have honored me with their acquaintance and friendship, is to rehearse a fragment of the roll-call of God's saints, when he opens wide the doors of his heaven and bids the faithful enter. The gentle-

men of the Sanitary Commission with whom I was immediately associated, and who honored me with their confidence and coöperation, were of the highest type of manhood, — Rev. Dr. H. W. Bellows, the president; Rev. Frederick Knapp, the special relief agent; Frederick Law Olmsted, the secretary; Professor J. S. Newberry of Cleveland, Ohio; Honorable Mark Skinner and E. S. Blatchford of Chicago, Illinois, — whose kind helpfulness I shall never forget.

I formed many friendships with army men during the war, many of which death has interrupted, but others have continued to the present time. I have had personal acquaintance with very few unworthy men in all my long life, and know of their existence mainly through the press, which, unwisely, as I think, reveals to us day by day the dark, evil, vicious side of life, rather than that which is ennobling, helpful, and Christ-like. I recall with a mournful pleasure my acquaintance and frequent interviews with President Lincoln, General Grant, and Secretary Stanton. I have written of this in detail in "My Story of the War." They never refused me an interview, and always granted my requests. President Lincoln gave me the manuscript of his Proclamation of Emancipation for the Chicago Sanitary Fair, which was sold to Hon. Thomas B. Bryan of Chicago for $3,000, after we had photographed it, that we might make facsimile copies for sale. The favors I received from Secretary Stanton and General Grant are too numerous to recount here. They were solicited not for myself, but for some phase of the work with which I was connected, and in which both of these eminent men so entirely believed, that they never hesitated to endorse or aid it.

In all the labors that I have undertaken, during the last fifty years, or in which I am still engaged, I have been superbly helped by my husband. His never-failing good

will and hearty and efficient assistance have lightened my cares, and transmuted unwelcome duties to pleasures. Whatever his own occupations have been,—and until 1885 he had the charge of a parish,—he has found time to search

REV. DANIEL P. LIVERMORE.
From a photograph taken at the age of seventy.

the libraries for the facts I needed in the preparation of a lecture, the inditing of a magazine article, or the writing of a book. He has personally accompanied me to lectures, debates, conferences, and symposiums, rejoicing more when I have achieved a success than any of my audience. If my Western lecture trips have extended through two or three months, at the end of every third week my husband has made me a visit, when there have been a few days' rest and recreation, which have toned me up for the continuance of

the winter's work. We have been housekeepers over fifty years, and in all the manifold cares and perplexities of the home-making and home-keeping, in the rearing of children, their training and education, their sickness, death, marriage, and settlement in homes of their own, I have been sure not only of sympathy and appreciation from my husband, but of active, wise, hearty coöperation. To no other person am I so deeply indebted, as to him, who has been for more than fifty years my lover, friend, husband, housemate, and efficient helpmate.

CHAPTER XXXV.

OCCUPATIONS OPEN TO WOMEN — OUR "GOLDEN WEDDING" — ONE OF THE PLEASANTEST EVENTS OF MY LIFE.

Occupations Open to Women — One Hnndred and Fifty Women Ministers — Women Lawyers Admitted to the Bar — Colleges, Universities, Professional and Technical Schools now Admit Women — Changes in the Laws for Women — Keeping Pace with Educational Advances — States and Territories where Women Vote — Various Philanthropic Societies with which I am Affiliated — Our "Golden Wedding" — No Invitations Sent Out — "The Latch-string Hung Out" — Shaking Hands with Fifteen Hundred People — Passing the Limit of "Three Score Years and Ten — The Immanent God and Human Destiny — The Future Radiant with the Glory of a Nobler Civilization.

WHILE work for the enfranchisement of woman has been steadily maintained for half a century, widening, deepening, and gaining ground the world over, her status and activities have almost entirely changed, in both England and America. When Harriet Martineau visited this country in 1832, she found but seven occupations open to women. They could be milliners, dressmakers, tailoresses, seamstresses, operatives in factories, teachers of a low grade, and domestic servants. Honorable Carroll D. Wright, Chief of the National Bureau of the Statistics of Labor, has recently published the statement that there are now three hundred and fifty occupations in which women are engaged, and that there is really no opposition to their undertaking any work for which they have capacity and fitness. Women are accountants, pharmacists, cashiers, telegraphers, stenographers, type-writers, book-keepers, dentists, authors, lecturers, journalists, painters, architects, and

sculptors. They are elected or appointed to such offices as those of county clerk, registrar of deeds, pension agent, prison commissioner, state librarian, overseer of the poor, school superintendent, and school supervisor. They serve as executors, administrators of estates, trustees and guardians of property, trusts, and children, engrossing clerks of state legislatures, superintendents of state prisons for women, college presidents, professors, members of state boards of charities, lunacy, and correction, police matrons, and postmistresses. The census of 1880 records about twenty-five hundred duly qualified women physicians in the United States, who can practice medicine according to law, and when the census for 1890 shall be published, a large increase in the number of women following this profession will be noted.

About one hundred and fifty women have been ordained to the ministry by the various religious denominations. An equal number of women have entered the legal profession, and are practicing law at the bar of some state. And any woman admitted to practice law at the bar of her own state is also admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the United States. In some parts of the country women have acted as police judges, justices of the peace, grand and petit jurors, federal and state court clerks, deputy clerks, official stenographers and reporters for federal and state courts, special examiners, referees, court appraisers, court record writers, notaries public, legislative clerks, deputy constables, examiners in chancery, examiners of applicants for admission to the board of state and federal court commissioners, and many cases have been tried before them.

The capacity of women for public affairs receives large recognition at the present time. In many of the positions that have been named women serve with men, who

graciously acknowledge the practical wisdom and virtue that they bring to their duties. "And although many women have been appointed to positions in government departments, and to important employments and trusts," said Senator Blair of New Hampshire from his seat in Congress, "as far as your committee is aware, no charge of incompetence or malfeasance in office has ever been sustained against a woman."

The movement for the higher education of women began very soon after the organized demand for the ballot, and was seemingly the result of the demand. Immediately there was noted an increase in the number of High and Normal schools for women; schools for the instruction of women in the higher branches of knowledge to enable them to take up special courses of study, with reference to particular work in contemplation, or because of their desire for education. But it was not until after the war, that the demand for the admission of women to colleges and universities became very marked. In September, 1865, the year in which the war ended, Vassar College was opened to women, and graduated its first class in 1869.

In quick succession, there followed the opening of Boston University, which admits both sexes, Smith and Wellesley Colleges, and the establishing of the "Harvard Annex," which has since developed into Radcliffe College. In the West, which is not bound by the conventionalities of the older Eastern states, the tendency to open all colleges, universities, and technical schools to women is very marked. On the average, taking the whole country through, eight-tenths of the higher educational institutions of the land, at the present time, admit women to their courses of study, they pursue the same curriculum as their brothers, and graduate with the same diplomas.

The change in the laws has kept pace with the educational advances. Some of the most unjust and restrictive laws relating to women have been repealed, giving them increased opportunity, greater freedom, and larger ownership of themselves, their property, and their earnings. The new states of the West have generally adopted codes of laws more favorable to women than those of the East, and then have lifted women to a higher level, by generous legislation in their favor. Wyoming, Colorado, and Utah have given women full suffrage on the same terms as men, and other Western states will ere long increase the list. Full municipal suffrage has been granted in Kansas, and partial suffrage in Iowa; while school suffrage has been given women in twenty-two states and two territories. In Mississippi and Arkansas women can petition or remonstrate in their own homes against the granting of liquor licenses.

In England and Scotland municipal suffrage is granted to women on the same terms as to men. English women vote in Parish and County Councils equally with men, which is a great advantage to them and to English affairs. In New Zealand, South Australia, and New South Wales women have full suffrage, and in other Australian colonies they have municipal suffrage. In every province of Canada, municipal suffrage is granted to unmarried women and widows on the same property qualification as to men. All this seems strange to me, and almost incredible, as I write it. It is so vast a departure from the old order of things, into which I was born, and in which I lived during the first half century of my life, that although I helped inaugurate this peaceful revolution, and have worked unceasingly for twenty-five years to make it successful, it sometimes seems to me as unreal as a dream.

While I am president of the Massachusetts Woman Suf-

frage Association, and the honorary president of the Massachusetts Woman's Christian Temperance Union, I do not hold myself aloof from the philanthropic work of society. For fifteen years I have been president of the "Beneficent Society of the New England Conservatory of Music," in Boston. It assists indigent young people, who have musical gifts, to the education and training which will fit them for service to the world, or to obtain their own livelihood.

With the Boston Women's Educational and Industrial Union, I have been connected from the beginning of its existence, and am one of its life members. Its office is to befriend needy women in every department of their lives. The Protective Bureau of the Union guards the earnings of women wage-workers, so that they are rarely defrauded of what is justly their own. Its Women's Exchange finds a sale for the various products of women for which there is no recognized market, to the amount of forty and fifty thousand dollars a year. Its lectures and library, and its large reception or waiting-room, are at the service of women of all classes, who make large use of their privileges. Its lunch-room is extensively patronized by women, who, with limited means, have dainty appetites; its Employment Bureau finds occupation for women who are skilled in a grade of work higher than domestic service. It maintains evening and day classes for the instruction of women in pursuits by which they can earn a living. It is a most beneficent and many-sided institution, which becomes more potential in its helpfulness to women, with every passing year.

I am also indentified with the Massachusetts Indian Association, and the National Conference of Charities and Correction. I am a member of the Woman's Relief Corps, and of the Aid Society of the Massachusetts

Soldiers' Home, where are sheltered from one hundred to one hundred and fifty aged and indigent veterans, who, but for the Home, would be in the poorhouse. Although unable to attend the regular meetings of more than one of the many literary clubs which have sprung into existence during the last few years, I am a member of several, with whose work I maintain an acquaintance, and of whose meetings I attend one annually.

MR. AND MRS. LIVERMORE'S HOME, MELROSE, MASS.

Twice I have been sent by the republicans of my own town, as a delegate to the Massachusetts State Republican Convention, charged with the presentation of temperance and woman suffrage resolutions, which were accepted and incorporated into the party platform.

One of the pleasantest events of my life has taken place while I have been writing these last pages. The fiftieth

anniversary of our marriage came on the sixth of May, 1895. It was our intention to observe the day quietly, with our children and grandchildren, sisters, nephews, and nieces, who are living in Melrose. Our friends and neighbors objected, and insisted on a larger celebration of the occasion, when "the latch-string should hang out" for all friends and acquaintances who might choose to come. We yielded our preferences, and in the end were not sorry that our friends overruled us. The following description of our "golden wedding" is copied from the Woman's and the Melrose Journals.

In their pleasant home in Melrose, surrounded by green lawns and trees just bursting into leaf, with a charming view in the rear of Crystal Lake, was celebrated on Monday, May 6th, the fiftieth anniversary of the wedding day of Rev. Daniel Parker and Mary Ashton Livermore.

The day was golden with sunshine, and the house, open to catch the breeze, was filled with flowers in which yellow predominated.

The town was in gala mood, and from the Town Hall, the fire engine house, and the schoolhouses, the stars and stripes were floated.

It had been the intention to issue cards of invitation for the anniversary reception, but as the list of names ran up into the thousands, before a "good beginning" had been made, it was decided to make the affair informal, and invite "all the United States" — that is, "all the people in the United States who cared to come."

From two o'clock until seven in the afternoon, the house was thronged with guests. Standing in front of the bay window, banked with roses and palms, the wedded couple of fifty years ago received their friends, and revived their youthful enthusiasm, amid the cordial expressions of love and good will that were showered upon them.

In the sitting-room at the right, beautiful and numerous gifts were exhibited, while in the dining-room, handsomely decorated, a bevy of lovely girls served refreshments. Mr. John O. Norris and his wife, Mrs. Henrietta Livermore Norris, the daughter and son-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. Livermore, were the master and mistress of ceremonies on this occasion.

The school-children of Melrose are great admirers of Mrs. Livermore. One of the handsome schoolhouses of the town has been named for her, and a bronze tablet inserted in the stone work of the building, bears the legend, "Mary A. Livermore School." At two o'clock arrived a committee

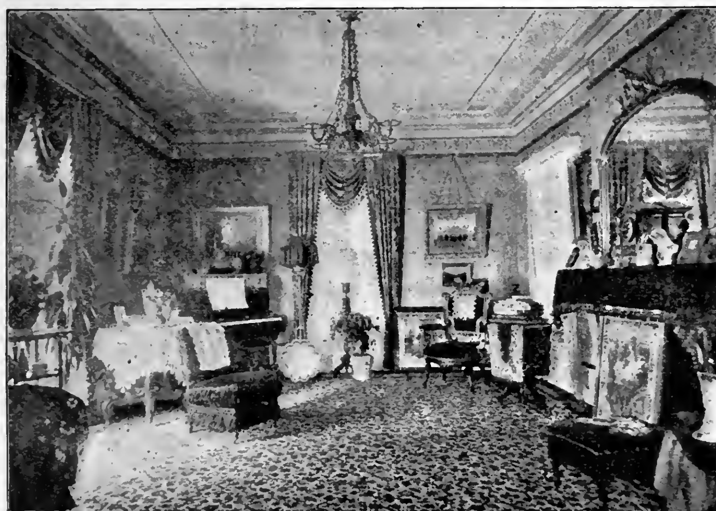
representing the teachers and pupils of the High School. Miss Chaloner, presenting fifty American Beauty roses, said:

"The members of the High School, desiring to manifest their love and esteem for you, who have done so much for humanity, present you with these fifty roses."

Mrs. Livermore was touched, and replied:

"I do not belong to your generation, and it is very sweet of you to remember me."

With the hour of three, arrived a private carriage, bearing two little tots from the primary department, little Miss Hazel Loveland and Master



PARLOR IN MRS. LIVERMORE'S HOUSE.

Harold Curtis. They presented a pin with five ribbons of gold, formed like petals, and inlaid with blue enamel forget-me-nots. In the center was a large diamond, surrounded by five smaller ones. With it was a stick pin, which matched it admirably. This present was specially interesting, as all the teachers and scholars of the various grammar and primary schools of Melrose gave something towards it.

Many and exquisite were the gifts, although Mr. and Mrs. Livermore had requested that no presents should be given. From Mrs. Ole Bull came a large basket of delicate-hued violets. The Melrose Woman's Club gave fifty yellow roses, while from the W. C. T. U. came a large bouquet of pinks. The Mary A. Livermore Tent No. 17, Daughters of Veterans, sent Mrs. Livermore some beautiful flowers with the following note:—

"To her, whose honored name we bear,
On this, her golden wedding day,
We bring these flowers, sweet and fair."

The Massachusetts W. C. T. U., sending love and greetings, presented a case containing a salad fork, a large berry spoon, and a sugar-sifter, all of Roman gold with Dresden enamel decorations. From the Melrose W. C. T. U., for which Mrs. Livermore has done so much, came a bag of fifty gold pieces, while Mrs. Lincoln Bangs of Cambridge, and many others, brought flowers. Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Norris, the daughter and son-in-law of Mrs. Livermore, presented a handsome clock, and Mrs. McKay of Indianapolis sent exquisite busts of Eros and Hermes. The Beneficent Society of the New England Conservatory of Music gave a beautiful Benares gold ware salver, handsomely inscribed on the back, and a bouquet of bride roses tied with a ribbon of gold satin. A set of gold coffee spoons came from Rev. J. S Dennis of Passadena, California, an intimate friend of Mr. Livermore, and Mrs. Annie L. Smith, an adopted sister of Mrs. Livermore, gave a set of gold jelly and berry spoons.

Books exquisite in their bindings and illustrations were among the gifts, a rare water-color, the work of an intimate friend of Mrs. Livermore, and an exquisite table cover of Indian embroidery, sent by Mrs. Dr. Mansell, one of the medical missionaries of India, who is stationed at the foot of the Himalaya Mountains.

About four o'clock a battalion of boys from the Melrose public schools, representing the Anti-Tobacco League, which numbers two hundred and ninety members, marched to the house, led by Master Ralph H. Murphy. They were ushered through the house in military order, and shifting their guns to the left shoulder, shook hands with Mrs. Livermore, who had assisted them to organize, and who spoke to each as he passed. They were then escorted to the lawn in the rear of the house, where they sat on the grass and were served with refreshments, after which they marched to the Mary A Livermore School to disband.

Among other committees who came to pay their respects was a delegation from the U. S. Grant Post 4, of the G. A. R., — delegations from the Woman's Relief Corps, — from the Hancock School Association, of which Mrs. Livermore is a member, and from clubs and societies by the score.

A cablegram from Lady Henry Somerset expressed "congratulations, great love, and wishes for continued health, life, and usefulness." Similar messages from over the water were also received from Miss Frances Willard and Miss Anna Gordon, while telegrams were received from California, Wisconsin, Illinois, Minnesota, Indiana, Ohio, New York, Maine, Massachusetts, Tennessee, Louisiana, and Georgia.

In the back parlor, where the gifts were displayed, Mrs. Abbie Coffin, Mrs. Livermore's sister, who is the only living person who witnessed her

marriage, and Miss Eliza Livermore, Mr. Livermore's sister, a hale and sprightly lady of eighty-six, received much pleasant attention. Both these ladies are members of Mrs. Livermore's family.

Mrs. John O. Norris, the daughter of Mrs. Livermore, presided in the dining-room, where, among other charming young ladies, the granddaughters, Miss Marion K. Norris and Mary Livermore Norris, who came home from Wellesley for the occasion, poured chocolate and coffee, and made themselves generally useful, as well as agreeable. Among the ushers were the grandsons, Edson and George Norris, while the smaller grandchildren, Ethel and John Norris, were flitting in and out continually.

During the afternoon Mrs. Julia Houston West sang "My ain Fireside," most exquisitely, and John Hutchinson rendered in a most spirited manner several of the old-time songs and ballads, that stirred the pulses of the people during the exciting days of the Anti-slavery crusade.

The following poem, received from a friend of Mrs. Livermore, — Mrs. C. G. Whiton-Stone of South Boston, — was read aloud to an audience that filled the parlor:

"Golden wedding day!" I said; —
Was that day, before, more fair,
When a bride in sunlit air,
'Neath the blossoms, growing red,
Lo! your "wedding march" was chorused,
By the singing birds o'erhead?

Though a maiden sweet and true,
Though the flush of youth you wore,
In your heart strange dreams you bore.
And your aspirations grew,
Till your eager soul was lifted
To the work you longed to do.

Yours, a lofty scorn for wrong, —
Yours, an earnest quest for truth; —
These the dreams you dreamed in youth.
And your life work, grand and strong,
Day by day has grown diviner,
Like the measures of a song.

"Golden wedding day!" I said; —
And again, you stand in air,
Than that sunlit day more fair,
And 'neath blossoms growing red,
Hear the "wedding march" repeated,
By the singing birds o'erhead.

Over fifteen hundred people paid their respects to Mr. and Mrs. Livermore during the afternoon, and nearly eight hundred more remembered them in letters, notes, cards, cablegrams, telegrams, and gifts. It was an exceedingly pleasant and notable occasion.

When Tufts College was founded by the Universalist denomination, nearly fifty years ago, there was a very general expectation that it would, on the start, admit both sexes to its educational opportunities. Although public sentiment was opposed to the college education of women at that time, many Universalist clergymen and laymen desired it, and advocated it. But a new college has a struggle for existence, and cannot immediately execute all its purposes. It lacked money, prestige, and powerful friends, and had to contend with bigoted prejudice, because of the broad faith of its founders. These and other hindrances delayed the admission of women to Tufts College until 1892. Then its doors were opened widely, and women were admitted to all its departments, — its College of Liberal Arts, its Theological and Medical Schools.

It graduated its first class of women June 17, 1896, at its annual commencement. At the same time the college conferred upon me the honorary degree of LL.D. It was a great surprise, and entirely unsolicited. It was complimentary, a gracious recognition of the college authorities, and an honor conferred by them, and was gratefully received.

My story is ended. I have passed "the three-score years and ten," which the Psalmist regarded as the limit of earthly life, and am still blessed with health, a love of work, and an interest in all that concerns humanity. Only two of my early friends remain — Mrs. S. G. Shipley of Brookline, Massachusetts, and Mrs. Henrietta A. S. White of Syracuse, New York. With them I have enjoyed an uninterrupted friendship of sixty-five years. Of my father's family, only two

survive — my sister, Mrs. Abbie Coffin, whose home is with me, and myself. Her children, like my own, reside in our immediate neighborhood, for we have drawn more closely together as our ranks have thinned. An adopted sister resides in Boston, Mrs. Annie L. Smith, who came to my mother's heart and arms, an orphan baby, two years old, at the time of the death of my sister Rachel.

False early conceptions of God and human destiny darkened my childhood and youth. My later comprehension of the immanent God, "in whom we live, and move, and have our being," whom we know by his indwelling presence, and in whom we rest and trust as a child in its mother's arms, has given me a noble and abiding faith in human destiny. It has slowly built up within me an unswerving trust that "good shall be the final goal of ill" — that not one of God's children shall become a "castaway," or be "thrown as rubbish to the void."

For ages the world has carried in its heart a dream of a better day for the race. When, in mute despair, it has thrown itself on "the altar-stairs that slope through darkness up to God," and implored deliverance, its sorrow has been comforted by the vision of a divine, far-off civilization, when peace and love shall displace strife and hate, and "righteousness shall fill the earth as the waters fill the sea." The future is radiant with its coming glory; the "statelier Eden" reveals itself in clearer proportions, a beatific reality; and, led by Infinite Love and Wisdom, the whole humanity is slowly but surely moving forward to where it beckons.

I am happy in a brighter outlook than I knew in my youth; happy in my pleasant home, and in the society of my husband, children, grandchildren, sisters, and friends; happy that I may still lend a hand to the weak and struggling, or strike a blow for the right against the wrong; and

happy, above all, that I have reached the unshaken conviction that death is but an incident in a life that will never end, and that I shall survive when my body ceases to live.

> "And so, beside the silent sea,
> I wait the muffled oar;
> No harm *can* come from God to me,
> On ocean or on shore."

MARBLE BUST OF MARY A. LIVERMORE,

Made at the request of the Massachusetts Women's Christian Temperance Union.

INTRODUCTION TO LECTURES.

I HAVE reluctantly consented to append to this biography, half a dozen lectures, which my friends have selected from my list. They have been written at various intervals during the last twenty-five years, and have been prepared for a special purpose, or to meet a demand of lecture committees.

As I have said elsewhere, "What shall we do with our Daughters?" was my first lecture. The potencies and possibilities of American womanhood were revealed during our civil war, and the growing public sentiment in favor of the higher education of woman was making itself felt everywhere. I, therefore, followed my own promptings, and made my appeal, in 1867, for the daughters of the household. "The Boy of To-day," written a dozen years later, was suggested by mothers, teachers, and clergymen.

One winter, four lecturers discussed wives in the Lyceum courses. "The Model Wife," "The Wife of the Bible," "The Wife who is a Helpmate," and "The Wife of To-day," were their subjects. They were mainly mild protests against the general awakening of women, which was manifesting itself in demands for higher education, and opportunities for self-support, in protests against injustice, and a plea for natural rights. As the reverend gentlemen — for they were all clergymen — had ventilated their opinions concerning women very freely, I thought a lecture "Con-

cerning Husbands" would not be inappropriate, and my audiences were manifestly of the same opinion.

While I have always written out my lectures most carefully, when preparing them, I have never used manuscript, nor notes even, when delivering them. I have had the reputation of speaking extemporaneously, but unless called on unexpectedly, I have always made preparation for even brief addresses. Speaking without manuscript, and never memorizing my lectures, I have gradually departed not only from the text, but from the order observed in their composition,— and very soon the manuscript lectures have become valueless to me.

In their stead, I have carried an epitome of each one in mind, carefully systematized, and well packed away, which was always at command, when needed. With the acquired habit of thinking quickly on my feet, which comes of much public speaking, I have been able to trust to the excitement of the occasion for the language and illustrations necessary to the subject. If there is a sacrifice of elegant diction in this method, there is a gain of direct personal contact with an audience, which is always desirable. A manuscript interposed between a speaker and his audience becomes, at times, a veritable non-conductor.

The following lectures are from manuscript, and although I have revised them, in part, there is still a discrepancy between them and the lectures as delivered,— and for this, the reader must make allowance.

MARY A. LIVERMORE.

LECTURES.

What shall we do with our Daughters?

ON THE LECTURE PLATFORM.

IT is more than fifty years since Margaret Fuller, standing, as she said, "in the sunny noon of life," wrote a little book, which she launched on the current of thought and society. It was entitled "Woman in the Nineteenth Century"; and as the truths it proclaimed and the reforms it advocated were far in advance of public acceptance, its appearance was the signal for an immediate widespread newspaper controversy, that raged with great violence. I was young then, and as I took the book from the hands of the bookseller, wondering what the contents of the thin little volume could be, to provoke so wordy a strife, I opened at the first page. My attention was immediately arrested, and a train of thought started, by the two mottoes at the head of the opening chapter,— one underneath the other, one contradicting the other.

The first was an old-time adage, endorsed by Shakspeare, believed in by the world, and quoted in that day very generally. It is not yet entirely obselete. "Frailty, thy name is Woman." Underneath it, and unlike it, was the other,—"The Earth waits for her Queen." The first described woman as she has been understood in the past; as she has masqueraded in history; as she has figured in literature; as she has, in a certain sense, existed. The other prophesied of that grander type of woman, towards which to-day the whole sex is moving,—consciously or unconsciously, willingly or unwillingly,—because the current sets that way, and there is no escape from it.

No one who has studied history, even superficially, will for a moment dispute the statement, that, during the years of which we have had historic account, there has brooded very steadily over the female half of the human family an air of repression, of limitation, of hindrance, of disability, of gloom, of servitude. If there have been epochs during which women have been regarded equal to men, they have been brief and abnormal. Among the Hindoos, woman was the slave of man, forbidden to speak the language of her master, and compelled to use the *patois* of slaves. The Hebrews pronounced her an after-thought of the Deity, and the mother of all evil. The Greek law regarded her as a child, and held her in life-long tutelage. The Greek philosophers proclaimed her a "monster," "an accidental production." Mediæval councils declared her unfit for instruction. The early Christian fathers denounced her as a "noxious animal," a "painted temptress," a "necessary evil," a "desirable calamity," a "domestic peril." From the English Heptarchy to the Reformation, the law proclaimed the wife to be "in all cases, and under all circumstances, her

husband's creature, servant, slave." To Diderot, the French philosopher, even in the eighteenth century, she was only a "courtesan"; to Montesquieu, an "attractive child"; to Rousseau, "an object of pleasure to man." To Michelet, nearly a century later, she was a "natural invalid." Mme. de Stael wrote truly, "that, of all the faculties with which Nature has gifted woman, she had been able to exercise fully but one,— the faculty of suffering."

The contemptuous opinion entertained of woman in the past has found expression, not alone in literature, but also in unjust laws and customs. "In marriage she has been a serf; as a mother she has been robbed of her children; in public instruction she has been ignored; in labor she has been a menial, and then inadequately compensated; civilly she has been a minor, and politically she has had no existence. She has been the equal of man only when punishment and the payment of taxes were in question."

Born and bred for generations under such conditions of hindrance, it has not been possible for women to rise much above the arbitrary standards of inferiority persistently set before them. Here and there through the ages, some woman, endowed with phenomenal force of character, has towered above the mediocrity of her sex, hinting at the qualities imprisoned in the feminine nature. It is not strange that these instances have been rare; it is strange, indeed, that women have held their own during these ages of degradation. And as, by a general law of heredity, "the inheritance of traits of character is persistent in proportion to the length of time they have been inherited," it is easy to account for the conservatism of women to-day, and for the indifference, not to say hostility, with which many regard the movements for their advancement.

For humanity has moved forward to an era where

wrong and slavery are being displaced, and reason and justice are being recognized as the rule of life. Science is extending immeasurably the bounds of knowledge and power; art is refining life, giving to it beauty and grace; literature bears in her hands whole ages of comfort and sympathy; industry, aided by the hundred-handed elements of nature, is increasing the world's wealth, and invention is economizing its labor. The age looks steadily to the redressing of wrong, to the righting of every form of error and injustice; and the tireless and prying philanthropy, which is almost omniscient, is one of the most hopeful characteristics of the time.

It could not be possible in such an era, but that women should share in the justice and kindliness with which the time is fraught. A great wave is lifting them to higher levels. The leadership of the world is being taken from the hands of the brutal and low, and the race is making its way to a higher ideal than once it knew. It is the evolution of this tendency that is lifting women out of their subject condition, that is emancipating them from the seclusion of the past, and adding to the sum total of the world's worth and wisdom, by giving to them the cultivation human beings need. The demand for their education,—technical and industrial, as well as intellectual,—and for their civil and political rights, is being urged each year by an increasing host, and with more emphatic utterance.

The doors of colleges, professional schools, and universities, closed against them for ages, are opening to them. They are invited to pursue the same courses of study as their brothers, and are graduated with the same diplomas. Trades, businesses, remunerative vocations, and learned professions seek them; and even the laws, which are the last to feel the change in public opinion,—usually dragging a

whole generation behind,—even these are being annually revised and amended, and then they fail to keep abreast of the advancing civilization.

All this is but prefatory and prophetic of the time when, for women, law will be synonymous with justice, and no opportunity for knowledge or effort will be denied them on the score of sex.

As I listen to the debates that attend their progress, and weigh the prophecies of evil always inspired by a growing reform, as I hear the clash of the scientific raid upon women by the small pseudo-scientists of the day,—who weigh their brains and measure their bones to prove their inferiority to men,—my thoughts turn to the young women of the present time. "What shall we do with our daughters?" is really the sum and substance of what, in popular phrase, is called "the woman question." For if to-morrow all should be done that is demanded by the wisest reformer and the truest friend of woman, it would not materially affect the condition of the adult women of society. Their positions are taken, their futures are forecast, and they are harnessed into the places they occupy, not unfrequently by invisible, but omnipotent ties of love or duty. Obedience to the behests of duty gives peace, even when love is lacking; and peace is a diviner thing than happiness.

It is for our young women that the great changes of the time promise the most; it is for our daughters,—the fair, bright girls who are the charm of society and the delight of home; the sources of infinite comfort to fathers and mothers, and the sources of great anxiety also. What shall we do with them,—and what shall they do with and for themselves?

> "New occasions teach new duties,
> Time makes ancient good uncouth,"—

and the training of fifty years ago is not sufficient for the girls of to-day. The changed conditions of life which our young women confront compel greater care and thought on the part of those charged with their education, than has heretofore been deemed necessary. They are to be weighted with larger duties, and to assume heavier responsibilities; for the days of tutelage seem to be ended for civilized women, and they are to think and act for themselves.

Let no one, therefore, say this question of the training of our daughters is a small question. No question can be small that relates to half the human race. The training of boys is not more important than that of girls. The hope of many is so centered in the "coming man," that the only questions of interest to them are such as those propounded by James Parton in "The Atlantic Monthly,"—"Will the Coming Man Smoke?" "Will He Drink Wine?" and so on to the end of the catechism. But let it not be forgotten that before this "coming man" will make his appearance, his mother will always precede him, and that he will be very largely what his mother will make him. Men are to-day confessing their need of the aid of women by appointing them on school committees, boards of charities, as prison commissioners, physicians to insane asylums, positions which they cannot worthily fill without preparation.

Therefore, not only for their own sakes, but for the sake of the human family, of which women make one-half, should we look carefully to the training of our daughters. Nature has so constituted us that the sexes act and react upon each other, making every "woman's cause" a man's cause, and every man's cause a woman's cause; so that we

> "Rise or sink
> Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free."

And they are the foes of the race, albeit not always intentional, who set themselves against the removal of woman's disabilities, shut in their faces the doors of education or opportunity, or deny them any but the smallest and most incomplete training. For it is true that "who educates a woman educates a race."

Good health is a great prerequisite of successful or happy living. To live worthily or happily, to accomplish much for one's self or others when suffering much from pain and disease, is attended with difficulty. Dr. Johnson used to say that "every man is a rascal when he is sick." And very much of the peevishness, irritability, capriciousness, and impatience seen in men and women has its root in bodily illness. The very morals suffer from disease of the body. Therefore I would give to "our daughters" a good physical education.

We shall by-and-by come to recognize the right of every child to be well born, — sound in body, with inherited tendencies towards mental and moral health. We have learned that it is possible to direct the operations of nature so as to have finer breeds of horses, cattle, and fowls, to improve our fruits, flowers, and grains. Science searches for the prenatal laws of being, and comes to the aid of all who wish to improve the lower creation. When shall an enlightened public sentiment demand that those who seek of God the gift of little children shall make themselves worthy the gift, by healthful and noble living, practical acquaintance with prenatal laws of being, and all that relates to the hereditary transmission of qualities.

If we would give to our daughters a good physiological training we must attend carefully to their dress. The dress of women at the present time is about as unhygienic as it well can be. And many of our girls are made the victims

of disease and weakness for life, through the evils of the dress they wear from birth. The causes of their invalidism are sought in hard study, co-education, too much exercise, or lack of rest and quiet in certain periods when nature demands it. All the while the medical attendant is silent concerning the "glove-fitting," steel-clasped corset; the heavy, dragging skirts, the bands engirding the body, and the pinching, distorting boot. These will account for much of the feebleness of women and girls; for they exhaust energy, make freedom of movement a painful impossibility, and frequently shipwreck our young daughter before she gets out of port.

While it is undoubted true that the practice of tight lacing is regarded with growing disfavor, it is also true that the corsets in vogue, at present, are more objectionable than those worn even half a century ago. For those were home-made, and, while they could be very tightly laced, did not fit the figure well, were free from the torture of whalebones and steel front pieces, all stitched in; while broad straps passing over the shoulders supported them, and the clothing hung upon them. But the modern corset is so ingeniously woven that it presses in upon the body, the muscular walls, the floating ribs, the stomach, the hips, and the abdomen, compelling them to take the form the corset-maker has devised, in lieu of that God has given. Stiff whalebones behind, and finely "tempered steel-fronts" pressing into the stomach and curving over the abdomen, keep the figure of the girl erect and unbending, while Nature has made the spine supple with joints.

Physicians have persistently condemned the corset for half a century, even when it was not so harmful an article of dress as it is to-day. The educated women physicians, who are gaining in numbers, influence, and practice, de-

nounce it unqualifiedly, lay to its charge no small amount of the dire diseases on whose treatment gynæcologists fatten, and declare that it enhances the peril of maternity, and inflicts upon the world inferior children. Men condemn corsets in the abstract, and sometimes are brave enough to insist that the women of their households shall be emancipated from them; and yet their eyes have been so generally educated to the approval of the small waist, and the hour-glass figure, that they often hinder women who seek a hygienic style of dress.

It is a mistake on the part of our daughters that the corset will give them beauty of figure. The young American girl is usually lithe and slender, and requires no artificial intensifying of her slightness. The corset will give her only stiffness of appearance, and interferes with that grace of motion, which is one of the charms of young girls. The basque under-waist, made as a substitute for the corset, and beginning to supersede it, fits the figure trimly, revealing its graceful contour, and is kept in place,—not by bones, or slips of steel, or thickly stitched-in stiff cords,—but by the weight of the skirts buttoned on the lower part. Over this under-waist the outer dress can be fitted; and its waist will be smooth and unwrinkled,—a desideratum to most women.

The stout woman, who wears a corset to diminish her proportions, only distorts her figure; for her pinched waist causes her broad shoulders and hips to look broader by contrast, while the pressure upon the heart and blood-vessels gives to her face that permanent blowzy flush, that suggests apoplexy.

John Burroughs, in his "Winter Sunshine," expresses the fear that "the American is becoming disqualified for the manly art of walking, by a falling-off in the size of his foot. . . . A small, trim foot," he tells us, "well booted or

gaitered, is the national vanity. How we stare at the big feet of foreigners, and wonder what may be the price of leather in those countries, and where all the aristocratic blood is, that these plebeian extremities so predominate!"

The prevailing French boots made for women, and exhibited in the shop-windows, are painfully suggestive. Pointed and elongated, they prophesy cramped and atrophied toes; while the high and narrow heel, that slides down under the instep, throws the whole body into an unnatural position in walking, creating diseases which are difficult of cure. "Show me her boots!" said a physician, called to a young lady suffering from unendurable pain in the back and knee-joints, which extended and engirt her, till, to use her own language, "she was solid pain downwards from the waist." "There's the trouble!" was his sententious comment, as he tossed the fashionable torturing boot from him after examination.

While the clothing of our daughters should not deform the figure nor injure the health, it need be neither inelegant nor inartistic. No particular style of dress can be recommended, but each one should choose what is most becoming and appropriate in fashion and material. With sacred regard to the laws of health, and without too large expenditure of time and money, every woman should aim to present an attractive exterior to her friends and the world. So, indeed, should every man; for it is the duty of all human beings to be as beautiful as possible.

I have spoken at length of dress, because of the physical discomfort and hindrance caused by the prevailing dress of women, and because it is also a prolific source of disease, which becomes chronic and incurable. But food, sleep, exercise, and other matters demand attention when one is intrusted with the education of girls. American children,

unlike those which we see abroad, generally sit at table with their parents, eat the same food, keep the same late hours, and share with them the excitement of evening guests, evening meetings and lectures, and the dissipation of theatres, operas, balls, and receptions. This is unwise indulgence. Children require simple food, early hours for retiring, and abundance of sleep, as well as freedom from social and religious excitements.

Signs multiply about us that the women of the future will have healthy and strong physiques. Dress-reform associations are organized in the principal American cities, and agencies established to furnish under-garments, or patterns for them, demanded by common sense and vigorous health. For it is the under-garments that the dress-reform proposes to change. The outer garments may be safely left to the taste of the individual who has accepted the principles of the dress-reform in the construction of the under-garments.

Health is a means to an end. It is an investment for the future. That end is worthy work and noble living. And life has little to offer the young girl who has dropped into physical deterioration, which cuts her off from the activities of the time, and makes existence to her synonymous with endurance.

It is hardly necessary that anything should be said, in advocacy of the higher intellectual education of our daughters. For the question of woman's collegiate education is practically settled; and it is almost as easy to-day for a woman to obtain the highest university education, as it is for a man.

But no phase of the great movement for the advancement of women has progressed so slowly, as that which demands their technical and industrial training. To be sure, the last fifty years, which have brought great changes to

the women of America, have largely increased the number of remunerative employments they are permitted to enter. When Harriet Martineau visited America in 1840, she found but seven employments open to women. At the present time, according to Hon. Carroll D. Wright, Chief of the National Bureau of the Statistics of Labor, there are about three hundred and fifty industrial occupations open to women.

And yet it is true, however, that women have received very little special industrial training to fit them for the work they are doing, or for a higher kind of work which will give them better pay. Perhaps almost the same may be said concerning the technical training of men in this country.

I cannot leave this topic of women's industrial training, without speaking of our culpability in neglecting to give our daughters some knowledge of business affairs. With utter indifference on our part, they are allowed to grow to womanhood unfamiliar with the most ordinary forms of business transactions, — how to make out bills and to give receipts; how to draw bank-checks; how to make notes, and what are the cautions to be observed concerning them; what is the best method of transmitting funds to a distance, whether by postal orders or bank drafts; what are safe rates of interest; how to purchase a life annuity, or effect an insurance on life or property, and so on.

If property is to pass into their possession, our daughters certainly need to know much more than this, that they may be able to manage it with wisdom, or even to retain it securely. They need to know what are the elements of financial security; what may be considered safe investments; how to rent, improve, or sell property; what margin of property above the amount of the loan should be

required, when it is made on real estate; what constitutes a valid title to property; what cautions are to be observed concerning mortgages; what are the property-rights of married women in the states of their residence, with other like information.

We talk much of preparing our daughters to be good wives, mothers, and home-makers. Do we systematically attempt this? Do we conduct the education of girls with this object? Do we not trust almost entirely to natural instinct and aptitude, which, in the woman, is incomparably strong in the direction of wifehood, motherhood, and the home? For the mighty reason that the majority of women will always, while the world stands, be wives, mothers, and mistresses of homes, they should receive the largest, completest, and most thorough training. It is not possible to state this too strongly; for these positions are the most important that woman can occupy. Education, religion, human affection, and civil law, all should conspire to aid her in these departments, to do the best work of which she is capable.

The very highest function of woman is to raise and train the family; it is the very highest function of man also. Indeed, civilization has but this end in view,—the perpetuation and improvement of the race. The establishment of homes, the rearing of families, the founding of schools and colleges, the planting of institutions, the maintaining of governments, all are but means to this end. As Humboldt said years ago, "Governments, religion, property, books, are but the scaffolding to build men. Earth holds up to her Master no fruit, but the finished man."

The duties of the mother begin long before her child comes into life,—ay, and the duties of the father also. She needs to know all that science can teach of the pre-

natal laws of being, and of the laws of heredity. Her acquaintance with physiology should not be the superficial knowledge, given in the ordinary school or college even. It should be a thorough exposition of the mysteries of her own physical being, with a clear statement of the hygienic laws she must obey, if she would grow into healthy, enduring, glorious womanhood. She should be taught the laws of ventilation and nutrition; what constitutes healthful food; the care of infancy; the nursing of the sick; and in what that vigilant and scrupulous cleanliness consists, which almost prohibits certain forms of disease from passing under one's roof. Intelligence, system, economy, industry, patience, good nature, firmness, good health, a fine moral sense, all these are called into action. So is a knowledge of cooking, laundry work, how to make and repair clothing, together with the other industries of domestic life, even when one has means to employ servants to perform this work; for a woman cannot tell when she is well served, unless she knows what good work is. It requires a very high order of woman to be a good wife, mother, and housekeeper; and she who makes a success in these departments possesses such a combination of admirable qualities, both mental and moral, that, with proper training, she might make a success in almost any department.

We should never forget that moral and religious training underlies and permeates all other training when it is wisely and judiciously given. The education of the will to the customs and habits of good society begins long before the child is old enough to reason on the subject. But its education to the law of right, its submission to the will of God, while it must be begun early, cannot be carried on to perfection until the child's reason is developed and its

moral nature evolved sufficiently to feel how paramount to all other demands are those of right and duty.

Let our sons and daughters be taught that they are children of God, so divine in ancestry, so royal of parentage, that they must carry themselves nobly, and not consent to meanness, low, selfish lives, and vice. Let them be taught that to love God is to love whatever is good and just and true; and that loving brothers, sisters, schoolmates, and humanity as a whole, is also loving God, since God is our common Father, and "we are all brethren."

They should be trained to regard earthly life as the first school of the soul, where there are lessons to be learned, tasks to be mastered, hardships to be borne, and where God's divinest agent of help is often hindrance; and that only as we learn well the lessons given us here, may we expect to go joyfully forward to that higher school to which we shall be promoted, where the tasks will be nobler, the lessons grander, the outlook broader, and where life will be on a loftier plane. While the coldness of skepticism seems to be creeping over the age,—mainly, I believe, because of its great immersion in materialism of life and activity,—it is possible to train children to such a far-reaching, telescopic religious vision that they will overlook all fogs and mists of doubt. The low fears and dismaying presages that weigh down so many souls, will be dispelled by the clear atmosphere in which they will dwell; and with hearts throbbing evenly with the heart of God, they will say confidently, "Because He lives, I shall live also."

The Boy of To-day.

DURING the last fifteen hundred years,— if you count out the last hundred,— the civilization of the world has received its character and direction from the nations of Central and Western Europe,— Italy, France, Germany, and England. I say, "if you count out the last hundred years." For, during the last century, there have been certain unmistakable signs, all the while growing stronger and clearer, that the leadership of the world's civilization, which has changed hands many times in the past, is slowly changing hands again, and is passing away from the nations of the Old World, to this nation of the New World, this continent of the future.

Hon. Mr. Gladstone declares that "America has a natural base for the greatest continuous empire ever established by man." And he predicts that "America will become the head-servant in the great household of the world, the employer of all employés, because her service will be the most and the ablest." After his return to England from an extensive lecture tour through the United States, Matthew Arnold said, "A republican form of government is the only eventual form for the whole world, and America holds the future." Another intelligent Englishman, one of the most traveled and most cultured, Hon. Joseph Hatton, declares that "Ten years in the history of America is half a century of European progress."

Our fathers crossed the ocean to inaugurate the new departure in human government and human society which has accomplished this grand result. They left behind the

traditions, usages, and customs of the Old World, for they would have impeded their progress, and put into the new government and new society much of themselves,—much of the genuine, sturdy, almost divine manhood they themselves lived out, and the result has been that the Republic has gone forward with mighty stride, while men have waked, and while they have slept. A century of its national life is worth more, in practical value, than a thousand years in the days of Solomon, Alexander, and Charlemagne.

The republic started on its national career with a population of three millions, six hundred thousand of whom were black slaves, even then a menace and a source of danger to the young nation. It numbers seventy million people to-day, who are made akin by the railway and the steamship, the telegraph and the telephone. They carry to the remotest village news from the uttermost parts of the earth, with the latest wonders of human effort and invention, and the last word of art, science, and literature.

It began its existence bankrupt in all save hope and energy, its towns and villages were in ashes, the flower of its young men had been slain in battle, or were maimed and crippled for life. It had neither an army, nor a navy, it lacked commerce, trade, and manufactures, there was not a market in the world open to it, it had nothing to sell, and neither money nor credit with which to buy. It had not a friend, nor a well-wisher among the nations of the earth, with the sole exception of France, whose friendship was based, in part, on the hope that her young ally would cripple her ancient enemy, England.

To-day our republic is the richest nation in the world, having long ago outstripped England in the acquisition of wealth, with its two thousand years of history and its thousand years of civilization. In 1889, the actual wealth of the

United States was declared to be $61,459,000,000, exclusive of public property, and of three billions of private property invested and owned abroad. We are on the outer verge of an ocean of incomputable wealth which no one can calculate, because of the vagueness of the knowledge of our half-revealed resources. These are to prove a mighty factor in the ultimate supremacy of the Republic. Our grain-bearing lands, when fully developed, will sustain and enrich a thousand million people. Half the gold and silver used by the world to-day is furnished by the United States. Iron ore is mined in twenty-three states, and our coal measures are simply inexhaustible. "The mining industries of our country exceed those of Great Britain, and are greater than those of all continental Europe, Asia, Africa, South America, Mexico, and the British colonies united."

The pulse and pace of humanity have been so marvelously quickened in our country, that in all the developments that pertain to nineteenth century civilization it has surpassed all other nations. The first steamboat made its trial trip in 1807. The first railway for passenger travel was built in 1830. The first steamship crossed the Atlantic in 1838. The first telegram was sent in 1844. And now these wonderful inventions have become commonplace, by the side of the marvelous achievements of the American inventor and mechanic, who is spurred on mightily by the combined forces of steam and electricity. The Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor for 1879 quotes Herbert Spencer as testifying that "Beyond question, in respect of mechanical appliances, the Americans are ahead of all nations." Superiority of tools and machinery imply that we have the best mechanics in the world. We may, therefore, by a "scientific use of the imagination," easily believe that the wonder-working mind and hand of our inventors

and mechanics, aided by modern and future science, will make of the United States the future "mighty workshop of the world."

Add to this our immense territorial domain, which stretches from ocean to ocean, and from the great lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, and it is apparent that we have in America the physical basis of empire. Our geographical area could be carved into sixty states, each as large as England and Wales. Seventy million people could live in Texas, and be fed from its soil, and it would then be less densely peopled than Germany. Or, if they were located in the Dakotas, the population would not equal in compactness that of England,—or if in New Mexico, that of Belgium. All this vast territory is unified by railways, rivers, and lakes, so that we travel easily and rapidly from one part of the country to the other.

Nor have the gains of the Republic been wholly material. It has provided for an early training of its children and youth that tells through life, and which aims to make of them solid men and women. We expend six times as much for education, *per capita*, as is spent in Europe, and the education given is no longer wholly literary. It comprehends physical, manual, and moral training, as well as literary, and the whole child is put to school. The drift of the nation is steadily towards universal compulsory education, for a republic is not safe, and cannot live, with an ignorant and an immoral constituency behind it. The phenomenal elevation of woman which the last half-century has witnessed, has given to civilization an added power of brain, spiritual insight, and moral force, with an organization of the humanities, to which the world has hitherto been a stranger.

Our country abounds in charitable, philanthropic, reformatory, and religious institutions. Churches as well as

schoolhouses are among the first buildings erected by pioneers in the far West, and every church is more or less a power for good, socially, morally, and spiritually. Humaneness is a distinguishing characteristic of the American people, who build and endow hospitals, found homes, establish asylums, and organize "Boards of Associated Charities," with the large-hearted intent of reaching all classes of the unfortunate and defective. Organizations exist for the substitution of international arbitration to take the place of war,—for the conversion of prisons into moral reformatories, schools for fallen humanity,—for the suppression of intemperance, and the reformation of the inebriate,—for the enforcement of law,—for the improvement of towns and villages,—and for the bettering of society in all directions.

It cannot, however, be denied that grave perils beset our republic. An invasion of migrating peoples, outnumbering the Goths and Vandals that overran the south of Europe, has brought to our shores a host of undesirable aliens, who greatly complicate the problems with which the country has to deal. Unlike the earlier and desirable immigrants, who have helped the republic attain its present greatness, these hinder its development. They are discharged convicts, paupers, lunatics, imbeciles, persons suffering from loathsome and contagious diseases, incapables, illiterates, defective, contract laborers, who are smuggled hither to work for reduced wages, and who crowd out our native workingmen and women. Our jails, houses of correction, prisons, poorhouses, and insane asylums are crowded with these aliens.

Our cities are growing with frightful rapidity, and already include one-fourth of the population. All the dangerous and undesirable elements of the nineteenth century civilization concentrate in them. Here the power of the colossal liquor traffic is triumphant. With an immense

capital invested in the business, and a compact organization behind it, it is a mighty menace to the Republic. The liquor saloons control the local politics of the cities, and place their interests and institutions in the hands of the lowest, vilest, and most unscrupulous demagogues, thus imperiling civilization.

In the cities, the plans are made and executed which concentrate an enormous per cent. of the nation's wealth in the hands of a few capitalists. Confronting that extreme of society which is made by the dangerously rich, is the other extreme made by the dangerously poor, who have lost heart and hope and ambition, and who live in pauperism, crime, filth, and disease. Their incapacity and animalism are transmitted to their children, who multiply rapidly, and become hereditary paupers, with vicious tendencies that are hard to stamp out. The chronic quarrel between capital and labor is continually fomented by unscrupulous agitators, who devote their lives to this wretched business, and who are satisfied if they can develop an outbreak of strikes and boycotts, riots and mobs. A general distrust of men and measures prevails among the working people, who are the bone and sinew of the nation, and they are dominated by a widespread discontent. The great need of the hour is moral conviction,—an organization of forces on the basis of the ten commandments and the golden rule,—a breath of God that shall clear our moral atmosphere, and tone our desponding and lethargic souls to institute in the land sobriety and honesty, purity and justice.

Into this condition of things the boy of to-day is born —the American boy. He comes into the world with a background of illustrious history behind him, such as no Greek nor Roman youth ever knew, and he confronts a national future of such promise, as is not revealed to the

lad of any other nation. In the main, he is a brainy boy, with plenty of ability, pluck, and ambition, and long before he can express his convictions in language, he is stirred by the possibilities of his future. It is possible for the average American boy to accomplish almost anything, in the long run, at which he may aim with persistent, energetic, and unflagging purpose. Is he, like the majority of his countrymen, a worshiper of Mammon, and does he covet wealth? The conditions of American business and the average length of a business life are not favorable to his becoming a millionaire, honestly. And unless our millionaires have inherited their fortunes, or married them,—which is a favorite method of acquisition,—they must rest under suspicion of having gained them by equivocal methods, which a rigorous honesty would condemn.

But the average boy can become possessed of a handsome property honestly, by industry and economy, and by adding the moderate gains of one year to those of the next. By the time he has reached adult life, he may find himself the owner of a competence, enough for the inevitable "rainy days," and for the comfort of his declining years, enough, if he is not careful, to ruin his children. Does he aim at something higher than this? Does he wish to become one of the great leaders of the world's civilization,—an honest clergyman, always seen at the front, as was the white plume of Navarre on the battlefield? Does he desire to become a successful physician, ministering to the suffering, holding death in abeyance, and watched for in the sick room, as we long for the coming of the morning during the darkness of the night? Or, will he be an honest lawyer, whose aim is to settle quarrels, and not to foment them, and to bring about a condition of things where law and justice shall be synonymous terms?

It is possible for the American boy to attain a professional life, if he has the ability, even though he may lack the means, for nowhere in the world is more done for the education of young men than in our own country. He who has an ambition for a studious life and a desire for education and fails of them because of poverty, must be singularly lacking in knowledge of the helps that are provided for him, or in force of character necessary to secure them. The future is so full of promise to young men, and the various institutions of the country are so ready to help them, that I find it hard to forgive them, when they turn their backs upon the noble life that wooes them, and are content to plunge into the black waters of dissipation, and to wreck their future on the rocks of a dissolute life.

All boys enter life with appetites and passions common to humanity. These should be their servants, the driving-wheels of their higher natures, and never their masters. But not unfrequently, long before their moral natures are developed or their judgment formed, they stand by our side in the full maturity of passion and appetite, even before we ourselves are aware of it. To them come such temptations as their fathers and grandfathers did not know. They could walk the streets of our great cities without being enticed by ten thousand saloons, gambling hells, and houses of vice, made attractive by art and wealth, and all under the protection of law.

Then the boy of to-day comes into life with the genius of Anglo-Saxondom in his blood. Every nation has a genius of its own, as well as a specially besetting sin. The genius of Greece was a genius for art. So superbly developed was the art of Greece, that the remains of the Greek masters are the teachers of our art students to-day, when they have exhausted all modern instruction. The genius of

Rome was for law, and whenever a student desires to be a legal scholar, who is more than a practitioner, he must begin his studies with Roman law, as the Roman code of law underlies the jurisprudence of the civilized world. The genius of the Hebrew people was for religion, and consequently they have given to the world three of its greatest religions, Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism. The genius of Anglo-Saxons is a genius for power. The Anglo-Saxon race seeks the control of all elements of power in the world. It expects to give laws, and not to accept them. It has come down through the ages so strong, as to have contempt for weak races, which it has trodden down and trodden out in its progress. Physiologists tell us that the test of strength is endurance, and this is the marked characteristic of Anglo-Saxons, physically and mentally, when they live wisely and well. They expect to control, to absorb, to conquer. It is their determination to be always uppermost, and this is a race trait. The Afro-American and the Indian belong to weak races, and they have found it hard to live among Anglo-Saxon people. Only as Americans have heard the divine voice sounding down through the centuries, "They that are strong *ought* to bear the infirmities of the weak," have they been allowed a chance to live, and be civilized in our midst.

The boy of to-day feels this regnant spirit in his nature, and is inclined very early in life to dictate, to rule, to take the bits between his teeth and go his own way. Theodore Parker used to say that the average American boy, from the time he was twelve until he was eighteen, was a barbarian, and when people disputed his statement, he would answer, "If you doubt it, ask their sisters."

I am frequently entertained in homes, where I discover during the first fifteen minutes of my stay, that the whole

house is under the control of a boy who is entering young manhood. Even the servants in the kitchen, whom his mother cannot manage, are obedient to his sway. If this tendency is left unchecked, and the boy is allowed to develop this domineering spirit and this impatience of restraint, it will be sure to hinder his progress and to make him an uncomfortable man in the future.

What shall we do with the boy of our household, and what shall we train him to do with himself? I hope no one will answer, as I have sometimes heard fathers say, "Oh, let him alone! Let him come up naturally; he will make blunders and mistakes, to be sure, but he will learn by them. Do not vex him with training and restraint, with objections and advice. His future will take care of itself." I beg to remind you that we do not take this course with anything that we are accustomed to rear or to raise. If we are simply interested in the raising of corn and potatoes, we do not allow them to grow without our direction. We run the cultivator through them, we cut away weeds, we give them a chance for air, we nourish them with fertilizers. We will not allow cattle or poultry to grow as it may happen, if we are aiming to make a success in raising them. We give them the best possible surroundings, and restrain and educate all the way along. Shall the boy, who is higher and more valuable than they, be relieved of this educative and training process?

I have no doubt that most people will dispute me when I say that boys should have careful physical training. I am told again and again that this is not necessary, that boys get physical training themselves; that they run, and row, and swim, and skate, and jump, and climb, and live out doors to the utmost of their bent; that they have unlimited appetites, and almost unlimited food for the gratification of them, and

have such a capacity for storing away supplies that their mothers sometimes think their very bones must be hollow; that you cannot prevent them from putting a solid bar of sleep between night and day, so that they awake in the morning refreshed and newborn. "It is the girls, dear madam," I am told, "who need physical training. Look out for them! They squeeze themselves into mummies with their glove-fitting corsets! They bandage their feet to the proportions of the Chinese woman; they weigh themselves down with heavy skirts, and live so artificial a life that there are few healthy women in the country."

While I am not ignorant of the physical dangers that beset our young women, nor indifferent to them, nor silent concerning them, I still contend that boys have need of careful physical training. The United States Navy takes into its service, annually, a large number of apprentice boys, who are sent all over the world, and taught to be thorough sailors. It has been the policy of the government, since the war, to educate the "blue jacket," upon the principle that the more intelligent a man is the better sailor he is likely to become. There is no lack of candidates for these positions. The applicants must be fourteen years old, and not over eighteen. Hundreds of boys apply, but are rejected because they cannot pass the physical examination. Major Houston, one of the Marine Corps, and who was formerly in charge of the Navy Yard Barracks at Washington, D. C., is authority for the statement that one-fifth of all the boys examined are rejected on account of heart disease.

His first question to a boy who desires to enlist is, "Do you smoke?" The invariable response is, "No, sir!" But the tell-tale discoloration of the fingers at once shows the truth. The naval surgeons say that cigarette smoking by boys produces heart disease, and that in ninety-nine cases

out of a hundred, the apprentice boys who are rejected after the physical examination are cigarette smokers. This is a remarkable statement, coming, as it does, from so high an authority, and based upon actual examinations going on month after month.

Dr. Albert H. Gihon, the senior medical officer of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland, in 1881 made a report concerning the ill effects of tobacco upon growing boys. He says: "I have urged upon the superintendent of the Academy, as my last official utterance, the fact of the truth, of which five years' experience as head officer of this institution has satisfied me,—that beyond all other things, the future health and usefulness of the lads educated at this naval school require the absolute interdiction of tobacco. Regulations against its use in any form cannot be too stringent. I have myself, several times, rejected candidates for admission into the Academy on account of defective vision, who confessed to the premature use of tobacco, one from the age of seven. Many candidates for admission are annually rejected for disturbances of the heart, who admit the use of tobacco. And during one year, ten in a thousand were rejected for functional lesions of the heart, caused by tobacco poisoning. Then the antidotal effect of tobacco makes the drinking of stimulating liquors the natural consequence of smoking. Therefore, in my opinion, as a sanitary officer, at whatever cost of vigilance, the use of tobacco should be rigidly interdicted at the Naval Academy."

Dr. Seaver, of Yale College, who is a physician, a scientist, and professor of athletics, has recently published a remarkable budget of statistics. For eight years, he has been observing the effects of tobacco-smoking upon the bodies and minds of Yale students. He informs the public

that the students who smoke are inferior in physical vigor and mental ability to those who do not; that they have less lung power, less chest capacity, less bodily weight, and are of less height, than the non-smokers. He says the muscular and nervous power of the smokers is noticeably less than that of the non-smoking students, and that the smoking habit is disadvantageous to scholarship. Of those students, who, within a given time, have received honorary appointments, only five per cent. were smokers. These Yale statistics should be carefully pondered by those who unhesitatingly declare that tobacco is harmless to boys, and growing young men.

The same lesson is taught by the reports of similar institutions in our country, and in the old world. Prohibition of tobacco exists in almost all government schools of all nations. Now when, day after day, we see little lads on the streets, and young boys in our public schools, both grammar and high, using tobacco in the form of cigars and cigarettes with the utmost freedom, and when we know that many are already addicted to the use of beer, cider, and other alcoholic beverages early in life, is there not need that parents and teachers should give careful early training to the physical culture of boys? I am not now discussing the use of tobacco by adult men. I am speaking entirely of the use of tobacco by boys. And when a scientific man of experience, like Dr. Hammond, the superb ex-Surgeon-General of the United States during the civil war, asserts positively that no young boy or growing young man can use tobacco without permanent injury, I am sure that no one will deny that I am correct, in asking for a better physical training of our boys than they are to-day receiving.

Neither is the boy of to-day receiving the careful moral

home training to which he is entitled,—neither, indeed, are the girls. The fathers of families, at the present time, are not able to do much for the moral and home training of their children. They are absorbed in business and politics that so exhaust them, that their great need in the home is for rest and recuperation, and the early moral training of the children devolves mainly upon the mother. I am inclined to believe that she has always been their chief moral instructor. This is well, if the mother herself is not so absorbed in the outside pursuits of life as to leave her no time for this work, and if she does not take it for granted that her children's teachers will attend to it. If her patience and wisdom equal her love, it may indeed be well. The unfortunate thing is that the moral training of the mother must be given in the house, and the average boy is an upsetting creature in the house, and interferes with the mother's fine sense of fitness and order. The daughter is in the society of her mother much of the time, except when in school. She easily becomes her mother's helper and companion, and enjoys reading aloud to her while she is sewing, is pleased to assist her in the washing of the fine china and silver, and is not unwilling to lend a hand in the preparation of desserts, and the manufacture of cake and pastry.

But a boy has a holy horror of being useful in the house. The sight of an empty wood-box or coal scuttle will remind him immediately of business of his own, that must be transacted in a hurry, and he shoots out of the house as if he were a bomb projected from a bomb mortar. It is his delight to gallop bareback on a horse from morning till night, to ride the bicycle as a "scorcher," at the risk of his neck, to run to a fire, to play base-ball from noon till night, with the thermometer ranging in the nineties,—and yet he will not confess to fatigue. But if he is called upon

to split a few kindlings for a fire in the morning, or to pick up a few chips, he wilts, and if you did not know you would think he was past all recuperation. You send him to school immaculate in his new jacket and trousers, spotless as to his collar, crowned with a new cap, and shod in polished boots. You drop a kiss upon his bright upturned face as you bid him good-by,—for with all his annoying peculiarities, the boy of to-day is a loving and lovable little fellow, and the hearts of mothers and of women generally go out to him.

He comes home with jacket rent, trousers hopelessly demoralized, collar gone, or tucked into his pocket, his cap has been lost *en route*, and the lustre of his boots is dimmed. He has a black eye or a broken finger, and as you look at him in amazement, and wonder what calamity has befallen him, he bestows on you a nonchalant explanation: "He met a feller out here to whom he owed a lickin'!" You are left to guess the rest, which is that he got the licking he meant to give, and has been pretty nearly thrashed out of his boots. Sunday comes, and you find him full of expedients to avoid the Sunday-school and to dodge the church door, while his sister is as eager to put in an appearance at both places as he is reluctant. I do not wonder that the patience of mothers gives out, at times, altogether, and that their hearts give out also. It would not be very surprising if they thought favorably of the advice that Carlyle gave them. The old curmudgeon, who had no children of his own, was so sorely vexed at the ways of lads that he exclaimed, "Barrel up your boy babies when they are born, and keep them there till they are twenty-one, and don't let the world see them until then."

And yet there is in the heart of this troublesome lad a mighty passion of love for his mother, his baby sister, his

lady teacher, or for any woman who takes an interest in him, and befriends him. How he delights to pour out the wealth of his little heart in passionate talk and caresses when he is alone with them! He does not want a spectator, or an auditor, not even his father. Going into the house of a neighbor one morning, and being bidden by the servant to go to the sewing-room where the mistress of the house was occupied,—as it was she whom I went to see,—I halted a moment at the door. She sat at the sewing-machine with her back toward me, and her little son, eight years old, had his arm about her neck, and was making love to her in the most approved fashion. "O mamma, I do love you so! and it isn't because you are so pretty. Papa says you are the prettiest woman in town, and I think so too, but that isn't what makes me love you; it is because you are so good to me. Don't you think I try to do as well as I can?"

And the mother said, "You are a great comfort to me, my son, and you are a very obedient little boy."

"Well, I try to be, mamma. I learned to swim before you told me I mustn't go into the water, without permission, but I never swim now without asking your leave. And I can skate, and I ain't one of the lubbers that skate into air-holes, but I don't go on the ice now, until papa says it's safe, because I promised you I wouldn't. The boys laugh at me, and say I'm tied to my mother's apron-strings, but I won't do anything to make you worry."

The mother drew him down to the level of her lips, and kissed him, and then he burst forth more rapturously. "Mamma, when I grow up I'm going to do everything for you! You shall take my arm and walk up the church steps to the pew, and I will buy a span of horses and take you out to ride every day, and you shan't run a sewing-machine

any more, or go into the kitchen to make pies. I love you so much, mamma, that if papa hadn't married you, and you'd waited till I'd growed up, I should have married you myself." And when he had said that, he had made the strongest declaration of love that his affectionate little heart could frame.

When the boys of to-day, and of all time, are young, they are largely in the hands of women, who have the fashioning and the shaping of them to a great extent. The father's influence is more powerful later. It is a thousand pities that mothers lose patience, at times, over the rough and helter skelter ways of boys in early life. Do not confound disorderly habits with immorality. Do not say to the lad "You are the worst boy I ever knew." Do not tell him that "he makes more trouble than all his sisters put together," and refrain from exhorting him to "go out doors to play, and to stay there until he is called in." If you cannot train him to order while in your care, remember that by and by he will enter some office, or engage in some business, where order is a necessity, and must be observed. And if all other means shall prove ineffectual, some bright, orderly girl will, in time, take him and his belongings into her care, for love of him, who may transform him into an orderly man, or — she may not. If she should fail, her experience would not be a new one, by any means.

Every boy should be trained to respect womanhood, and in our country this ought not to be difficult. For there are no men so courteous to women as American men, and there is no country in the world where women receive the kindness, courtesy, and attention that they do in America. When I was in Berlin, at one time, I saw a husband and wife start out together on some errand, or to engage in some kind of work. The hands of both were filled with

parcels and bundles, which the man carried so clumsily, that some one of them was constantly dropping. He bade his wife halt, and laying his packages at her feet, ran back into the house for a basket which would hold sixty pounds. He held it while she strapped it to her back, and then proceeded to pack it with their common belongings. A pair of heavy boots that had seen much service would not go into the basket, and rolled off when laid on top. So he brought out from the depths of his pocket a stout string, which he ran through the straps, and then slung them about her neck. With the odoriferous boots close under her nostrils, and loaded like a pack-mule, she ambled along with somewhat of the grace of that useful beast, but with less agility. After the husband had brought out his everlasting pipe, and lighted it, he walked on beside her in beatific content, enshrouded in smoke.

I have never met an American man so ungallant as to transform his wife into a beast of burden. I doubt if any of my audience have the acquaintance of an American woman whom it would be safe to attempt to utilize in this German fashion.

Every boy should have a careful training in personal purity. No calamity can befall our young men comparable to that of being sodden in vice, and familiarized with coarse, sensual pleasures. The "fast" young man not only ruins his health, vitiates his appetite for higher pleasures, and makes it impossible for him to face the work or the business of the world with anything but aversion, but he sullies his manhood past all reparation. God forgives us our sins when we are penitent and ask for forgiveness, but the natural laws of life are such that nature seems to know no forgiveness. There is no alchemy this side of eternity, that can bring back the early sweetness of life and character to

the young man, who has been dissipated. Every mother should therefore carefully guard her boy against the outside temptations he is sure to meet. If because of indolence or prudery, or a disinclination to meddle in the matter, she neglects this, I warn her that just across the threshold, at the corner of the street, at the grocery store, at the railroad station, there are teachers waiting for her son who will give him that education, which, in after years, he would give all he possesses to be rid of.

"Do you expect to train boys to the same standard of morality as girls?" I am asked. "It cannot be done. Boys will be boys, and young men will have their time of sewing wild oats." And this is said as cavalierly, as if "wild oats," when sowed, never came to harvest. As God lives, "*whatsoever* a man soweth, *that* shall he reap," — "wild oats," or whatever else. It is possible to train boys to the same standard of purity that is upheld for their sisters. It is not safe, and it is indeed cruel, to ignore this, when we consider the physical consequences and the moral debasement of a dissipated life.

Every boy should be trained to courtesy, self-possession, and a regard for the rights and wishes of others. Emerson says that good manners give the entrance to fortunes and palaces. And certain it is, that the best passport to society that a young man can have, next to a clean character, is the possession of fine manners. There is no reason why a boy should be allowed to wear his hat in the house, as he stands talking with his parents or elders. He should not be permitted to sit on the corner of a chair, rocking backwards and forwards while in company; to enter a parlor with soiled boots, to interrupt a conversation with remarks of his own, or to violate table etiquette in a way that disgusts those who are associated with him. All these and similar

indications of bad manners are simply the result of neglect in his early training.

I remember very distinctly the kind of commercial men who were sent out by business houses, in the early time. They were utterly unlike the same class of men to-day. Then they were rude and boisterous, lacking in ordinary politeness, eagerly rushing for the best seats in the cars, and the best places at table, talking loudly, and sometimes profanely, to the annoyance of their fellow-travelers, and frequently appearing at hotels in a state of intoxication. To-day, unless you have had some experience, you will hardly be able to tell a commercial man from any other well-bred traveler, for he is a gentleman in his bearing. One of the head men of a great business house told me that he would as soon think of sending out a man who was utterly ignorant of his business, as one who was ill-bred, coarse, rude, or forgetful of polite manners. Good manners are essential to success in every department of life.

Every boy should have a special fitting for some aim in life. He should not be allowed to grow up in aimlessness and idleness, with the feeling that he can depend upon his parents or older brothers until some attractive employment shall turn up, with large pay for little work. He should be trained to some one employment for which he has capacity and inclination, and his own tastes should be consulted in the matter. Industry is a great means of grace. Very few of the convicts in our state prisons and penitentiaries have had an industrial training to fit them for life. They have come up in a haphazard way, picking up an honest living when it was easy, and dropping into dishonesty on the first temptation. In short, the training of our boys should be towards manliness, — towards gentle-manliness; so that they will be tender to children, courteous to women, helpful

to the unable, and quick to recognize those in need of assistance. They should be so strong morally as quickly to repel temptation; so trained in the habit of doing right that it will not be easy for them to do wrong.

Some one once asked Charles Sumner what bribes had been offered him in the course of his political career. "What bribes!" he replied. "No bribe has ever been offered me. I have never been solicited, with promise of payment, to pursue any course whatever." It could not have been otherwise with Sumner. He was not a man to solicit temptation, or to dally with it, and people knew it. Usually, the people who are tempted are known to be in the market, with principles to sell. But Charles Sumner, like some other great men of our country, had not a reputation of this kind.

Thomas Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown at Rugby," has written a little book called "The Manliness of Christ." It would be an excellent thing if our young men became sufficiently interested in this book to read it. After describing the character of Christ, the author says, reverently, that he was "the first gentleman of the world," and he suggests that Christ's is the quality of manliness at which our boys should aim. Our nation, heterogeneous in population, with interests springing up in various sections that are antagonistic to those of other parts of the country, with great wrongs that wait to be redressed, and great principles to be put in practice, has need of manly men to-day. A manly man is the noblest character this side of Infinite God. Manliness is made up of the aggregate of all noble human qualities; and if you multiply these by infinity, you have Infinite God. If the ranks of manly men can be increased among us, and then be supplemented by large numbers of womanly women, — which now seems probable, — we need not fear for the

future of the nation. It will outride the fiercest storms it may encounter in its pathway, and it will overcome the evil tendencies which are sure to manifest themselves.

I do not take any stock in the croaking that I hear about me, and I am far from believing that the day is near at hand when the Republic shall give up the ghost. It is contrary to all the precedents of history that a nation shall go down in the first stage of its voyage, in sight of the port from which it took its departure. America carries earthly immortality within her. She is trying, on a grand and complicated scale, the great experiment of self-government, which all nations are yet to undertake for themselves, and she is going to succeed. Not in any near day of the future shall the Atlantic surges wail her requiem; nor shall the dead nations that lie in the highway of the past crowd together to make room for our America, — larger than them all. The Mississippi valley shall not make her a grave, as has been predicted, nor will the Rocky Mountains yield granite for her monument. She is to live, and not die. Undoubtedly God will be so good to her that he will continue to discipline her, as He has in the past. She may be visited by calamity, and advanced by adversity. For God's divinest agent of help for nations, as for individuals, is frequently hindrance. But through all she shall slowly, but steadily, go on toward the great goal which the fathers saw, when they laid the foundations of the country in blood and tears, in agony and sacrifice, — the goal of a truly Christian Republic. She shall be the Messiah of nations, and shall draw after her all other kingdoms of the world, winning them to the same high destiny, — as the moon draws to itself the great tides of water, and as the sun draws at its chariot wheels the vast planetary universe.

Concerning Husbands and Wives.

THE relation of men and women as husbands and wives antedate all other relations of the sexes. And whenever this one relation comes into complete harmony with the immutable and eternal laws of right, all other relations of the sexes will adjust themselves accordingly. What then has been the status of the husband and wife in the past, what has been his estimate of woman, and what the status he has given her, and the laws he has made for her government?

The early savage man, like the savage of to-day, knew few wants save those of food, shelter, and warmth, which move the lower animals. Brute force predominated, and the man was the master of the woman, who was completely subordinated to him in all matters. The sole pursuits of those days being hunting and fighting, the qualities then of highest value were muscular strength and physical courage, swiftness of foot and keenness of vision, and in these qualities women were indisputably inferior to men. So we find the men of the early time holding woman in such low estimate, that among all races and nations there were legends professing to account for the introduction of women into the world, that were as ridiculous as they were contemptible. All of them gave evidence of the fact that woman was regarded as immeasurably man's inferior, — "the mother of all evil, the open doorway of hell."

In the ancient Hindoo civilization the status of the husband was that of master; the status of the wife that of

slave. For her husband bought her, and when he brought her home, put on her neck the little collar which was the badge of ownership, as you put a collar on the neck of your dog, on which your name is engraven, that you may reclaim him if he wanders or is stolen. He could at any time sell her, she was taken for debt, he could lend her, he could gamble her away, he made for her the laws, he affixed the penalties, he executed them, he was her jury, judge, and executioner. The Hindoo wife did not speak the same language as man, her master, but talked in the *patois*, or dialect of slaves. She cooked his food, stood behind and served him, first tasting of every article, that her husband might be sure she was not poisoning him, and making her meal of what he left, if he left anything.

The husband was enjoined by the law-makers of the time "to keep his wife in subjection both by day and by night, and on no account to allow her to be mistress of her own actions, as she would surely behave herself amiss, although she might have sprung from superior caste. For the badness of men is better than the goodness of women. Therefore a wife shall never go out of the house without her husband's permission, nor laugh without drawing her veil before her face."

For the wife a code of laws was framed, whose influence has extended to the present time. "A woman has no other god on earth than her husband. The most excellent of the good works she can perform is to gratify him with the strictest obedience and devotion."

"Her husband may be crooked, old, infirm, offensive in his manners, choleric, dissipated, a sot, a gambler, a debauchee, reckless of his domestic affairs, restless as a demon, destitute of honor, deaf and blind; his crimes and infirmities, may crush him; yet shall his wife regard him as her God,

serve him in all things, detect no defect in him, nor cause him disquiet."

In the ancient civilization of China there was nominally a little improvement, for the husband held his wife as a ward. And yet, to all intents and purposes, the relation between them was that of master and slave. The birth of a daughter was counted a disaster, and so wretched was the condition of Chinese wives that female infanticide prevailed to a great extent. The feet of Chinese women were compressed in youth to misshapen stumps, compelling them to hobble along slowly and very awkwardly, and the singular practice is cruelly continued to the present time. Some writers among the Chinese explain that this method was adopted centuries ago, as a safeguard against the intrigues of women, their rigorous seclusion from the eyes of men not availing to prevent them. No Chinese woman was allowed to leave the Celestial Empire, nor was a foreign woman permitted to pass the frontiers. A wife was not allowed to eat with her husband; she could not quit her apartments without permission, and if she entered a temple she was arrested and imprisoned till some one appeared to claim her. Fathers, husbands, brothers, sons, or other male relatives were commanded to keep women at home, under penalty of severe punishment, which was duly administered, when they put in an appearance for an imprisoned woman.

Next to abject and unconditional submission of women to men, industry was inculcated as the greatest female virtue, and the labors and fatigues of women were as severe as those of men. "Employment is the guardian of female innocence," wrote one of the Chinese teachers; "do not allow women for a moment to be idle. Let them be the first dressed, and the last undressed, all the year round."

"No indoor household work is repugnant to a modest and sensible woman. The shuttle and the needle are to be the sole occupations of her leisure; the neatness of her house shall be her pride; and it shall be her glory either to nurse the sick or prepare a repast. The pearls and precious stones, the silk and gold with which a woman bedecks herself, are a transparent varnish which renders her defects apparent."

In the old Egyptian civilization there was an entirely different order of things. Egypt was the home of early civilization, science, law, and religion, and the ancient Egyptians have been objects of interest to the civilized world in all ages. Renowned for its discoveries in art and science, it was the world's university, where Moses and Pythagoras, Herodotus and Plato, all philosophers and lawgivers, went to school. Menes, the founder of the Egyptian Empire, according to some chronologists, lived B.C. 9150. Others consider the reign of Menes as old as B.C. 3500. A surprisingly large number of inventions, hitherto supposed to be modern, were known to the ancient Egyptians. It is a wonder to-day because of its ancient grand and massive architecture, now in ruins, its colossal statuary, its mural paintings, its arts of design, and its knowledge of astronomy, geometry, chemistry, mining, anatomy, and the practice of medicine. Those who make archaeology a study, and who know Egypt through its prehistoric revelations, declare that there are few new things in our nineteenth century civilization. Egypt had anticipated many of its inventions and discoveries.

In this highly civilized and ancient empire, which had reached the height of its grandeur and was beginning to decay, when nations which we call ancient were in their infancy, the status of the husband was that of the wife,

and the twain were the two halves of one whole. The Egyptian bridegroom married his bride, as the Christian bridegroom marries his to-day, with a gold ring. And as he placed it on her finger, he used the same language as is used in the Church of England marriage service at the present time, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow;" —language which means nothing whatever to-day, but which in ancient Egypt meant exactly what was said. The bride also endowed the groom with her property, and the husband and wife became joint and equal owners of their united estates, whether they were large or small. Clemens, one of the early Christian fathers, tells us that the custom of marrying with a ring was derived by the early Christians from the Egyptians.

The ancient Egyptians believed in several trinities of gods, supreme among which was the trinity of God the Father, Osiris,—God the Mother, Isis,—God the Son, Horus. The worship of Isis, the Mother, with her son Horus in her arms, was as popular a worship in Egypt in the days of the Roman Emperor Augustus, as is the worship of the Virgin Mary and the infant Jesus in Italy to-day. Juvenal says that "the painters of Rome almost lived by painting the goddess, Isis," who was the Madonna of Egypt. No Egyptian house was considered properly furnished, on whose walls there did not hang a picture of the Egyptian Madonna, with her child in her arms.

Now it could not be possible in such a civilization, where the husband and wife were married on terms of equality, and decorated the walls of their home, almost universally, with the divinest and holiest picture of motherhood they could conceive,—it was not possible in such an age, for the husband to regard his wife as his slave, or for the father to treat the mother of his children with super-

cilious contempt, as his inferior. He must have had some spiritual comprehension of the relation of the man to the woman, and of the husband to the wife. But in modern Egypt all this is lost, and the status of the husband there is the same as elsewhere in the Orient,—he is the master. When the phrase "Oriental degradation of woman" is used, it expresses the very *ne plus ultra* of debasement. There is for women nothing lower or deeper.

Those who are familiar with the Koran will remember that Mohammed promises the Mohammedan wives of the faithful, admission to heaven, because of their marriage with Mohammedans. The Mohammedan and Mormon theologies are alike in this particular, for in Mormondom no unmarried woman can enter heaven. And when a Mormon maiden dies she is hurriedly married by some hocus pocus to some man, dead or living, that she may be whisked into heaven when her husband enters.

The most grimly Orthodox of the Mohammedan teachers in the East to-day declare that no women can enter heaven, as it is already peopled with most beautiful women who await the coming of the faithful. They emphasize the teaching of the Koran, that no dog, pig, woman, or other impure thing can enter a mosque,—that no drunkard, madman, decrepit person, or woman can call the hour of prayer. And the woman who should attempt to violate either of these laws would pay the forfeit of her life.

The elevated table-land of Central Asia, now known as "the plateau of Iran," appears to have been the early homestead of the human race. "It was at least," says Samuel Johnson, a scholarly writer, "the ancestral abode of those races which have hitherto led the movement of civilization." They called themselves the Aryas, or "noble people," and from them have descended the principal mod-

ern races of the world, with the exception of Jews, Turks, Magyars, North American Indians, and some declining remnants of peoples. They had fixed habitations on their elevated plateau, kept herds, tilled the soil, were rich in cattle, wrought in metals, spun and wove, made musical instruments, calculated time by the movements of the heavenly bodies, and cultivated affectionate and respectful domestic relations.

As this table-land became densely peopled by the natural growth of the human family, migrations were necessary. Sometimes they were occasioned by changes in the level of the earth's surface, which made their rivers waterless, and rendered life insupportable to themselves and their herds. An army may pass from the Pacific to the Atlantic, through Asia into Europe, without encountering any elevation of more than a few hundred feet. So avoiding the mountains that could not be scaled, and the rivers that could not be forded, great bodies of Oriental emigrants moved out from Central Asia, to the East and the South, but in yet larger numbers to the West, when they passed over into Europe. Here they settled on the first desirable territory, always finding men and women in possession, which gives a hint of the antiquity of the race. These they killed, enslaved, or incorporated among themselves,—sometimes carrying forward all three processes at the same time.

The successive waves of migration took different routes, one column going to the North, and the other to the South. The climate of Europe was not the same then as now, for geologists tell us that "since the tertiary period, two-thirds of Europe have been lifted above the sea." The Alps have been upheaved from two thousand to three thousand feet, and the Appenines from one to two thousand feet. Those

who went to the south of Europe took possession of what we call to-day Portugal, Spain, Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor, and developed one kind of civilization. Those who went to the North took possession of Scandinavia,—Norway, Sweden, and Denmark,—and developed another civilization.

What was the status of husbands and wives in these civilizations? "The northern races gradually developed a love of freedom, a passion for liberty; the southern people gave themselves to culture and social organization. The northern races stood for the development of the individual soul; those who went to the south became devoted to philosophy, art, and law. The northern people had a high ideal of woman, recognizing her as their other half and their equal, and developing a civilization that in a semi-barbarous way gave prominence to this great truth, while the southern races simply indulged in romantic admiration of the beauty and graces of woman."

The world will never be so wise, nor so old, as to regard with indifference the marvelous civilization of Greece. No nations, dead or living, have ever surpassed the Greeks in their development of art. When our students of art can learn no more of modern teachers, they cross the ocean, and study under the old Greek artists, through their masterpieces, scattered through the European galleries. The exquisite language of the Greeks and their various phases of philosophy are studied to-day, and enter into the culture of the schools. They were the wisest, most intellectual, and wittiest people of their time. But they retained the Oriental estimate of women, and were not good husbands.

They held woman in everlasting tutelage from the cradle to her gray-haired old age. No Greek wife could sit at table with her husband. No Greek bride could speak to

her husband for months after her marriage, until he first spoke to her. No Greek wife could speak to a man without her husband's permission, nor appear at the door, where the eyes of other men might behold her. There were instances where the wife rushed to the door to welcome her husband home from a victorious battle, and was stricken down by him, because the eyes of his subordinate officers had rested upon her. The rooms of Greek women were in the rear of the house, and were only reached through the apartments of the men. They were poorly furnished, and in marked contrast with those of men which were glorified by art, and fitted up for comfort. The woman's kitchen was a rude portable furnace, or crude stove in the back yard, knee deep in dust in summer, and knee deep in mud in winter.

It was only possible to maintain this degradation of Greek women, by keeping them in ignorance, for they inherited the Greek intellect as well as their brothers and husbands. So the law, or a public opinion that had the force of law, denied education to Greek women. They could not talk correctly the beautiful language spoken by their husbands, nor read the literature they created. Their occupations were spinning, weaving, superintending their slaves, cultivating their own physical beauty, and that of their children. If a Greek woman was educated, she immediately lost caste, and was compelled to take her rank with the *hetirae*, or courtesans of the day. We need not ask the result, for there is no sacrifice that women will not make for their good name. And Greece, fertile above all other lands in great men, was remarkably barren of great women.

But all Greek women did not accept this order of things. There were women who spurned marriage, since it sank them more deeply in ignorance and servitude, and who demanded for their sex education and culture. They were

"the strong-minded" women of their day, who boldly proclaimed their rights. "Call us by what odious names you please!" was their defiant challenge; "Calling us vile women does not make us so. We repudiate marriage; we will not receive Greek husbands, for marriage is slavery, and we will have freedom. We will have education; knowledge is our right!"

They availed themselves of their freedom to acquire a degree of knowledge that rendered them fascinating to the philosophers, poets, artists, and historians of their time. Cultivating personal beauty, and studying graces of manner and expression, they stepped into the social position that the ignorant Greek wives could never have filled, and became the center of a matchless literary society. Pindar sang their praises; Praxiteles cut their statues in marble, and carved them in ivory and gold; Apelles painted their portraits; even Socrates attended their assemblies, and learned all the rhetoric he ever knew of one of them. The great men of the day rallied around them, and Greece was dominated by a class of women unlike any other that has appeared in history. So unexampled was their elevation that legal marriage was brought into disrepute, and illicit connections were formed generally and openly. And when Greece died, it was not for lack of culture or knowledge,—but because of moral rottenness.

Among the ancient Romans, husbands vested themselves with absolute power over their wives, as did the early Greeks. Monogamic marriage was strictly enforced, and when a man married, his wife became his property, he owned her, her earnings, her children, and her fortune. He became her priest, lawgiver, ruler, judge, jury, and executioner. At no time of her life was a wife independent. She passed from the control of her father to that of her hus-

band, and when he died, a guardian was appointed for her. The Roman husband possessed almost unlimited power of divorce from his wife. But it was the boast of the early Roman republic, which gave freedom to the few, and enslaved the overwhelming majority, that not one divorce was obtained in Rome, during the first five hundred and twenty years of its history, so great was the purity of the family life.

That women suffered from the tyranny of Roman husbands is evident from the fact that a temple was dedicated to the goddess Viriplaca, in the city of Rome, whose mission was to appease angry husbands, and Roman wives thronged her courts in supplication, and to worship her. Livy tells us that during the boasted Republic of Rome, a vast conspiracy was discovered among Roman wives, to poison their husbands, which certainly does not speak favorably of the love inspired by them. Pliny informs us that it was contrary to Roman law for women to drink wine, and that the penalty of the violated law was death. And we read of noble Roman men who scourged, and starved, and tortured to death the women whom they even suspected of tasting wine. Cato says that Roman men only kissed women to ascertain if they smelled of wine.

The closing years of the Roman Republic, and the dawn of the Roman Empire, were marked by great decline in morals. Rome had become the mistress of the world. The intoxication of wealth, acquired by universal conquest of the richest provinces of the Orient, the presence of vast multitudes of imported slaves who relieved the Romans of all labor, and an inundation of Eastern luxury, and Eastern morals, that submerged the old habits of austere simplicity, brought in a period of appalling vice, which attained its climax under the Cæsars. Corruption invaded every class

of society, from the lowest to the highest. The extreme coarseness of the Roman disposition, and the unnatural passion of the people for cruelty, added to the utter loss of faith in the Roman religion, intensified the debasement of the age, and swept away all safeguards of honor, virtue, and character.

Women were overwhelmed by the demoralizing tide which flowed in upon Rome; it invaded domestic life, and broke down honorable marriage. When the great Augustus became Emperor of Rome, he strove against the laxity of morals which disinclined men and women to marry, and to form illicit relations. He imposed fines on bachelors who remained unmarried after they were twenty-five. But although the fines were increased with increasing years, if they remained celibate, it availed little, for women refused their proposals of marriage. They boasted of the marital compacts they had already formed, that had lasted for a year, a month, or a week, and gloried in the number of husbands they had accepted, and from whom they had divorced themselves at pleasure. The last centuries of Rome were dominated by a brutal, hideous, ghastly promiscuity, glorified to-day in certain circles under the specious name of "free love." And Rome died!

History tells us that the Eternal City succumbed to the incursions of the Goths and Vandals, who swarmed from the North for hundreds of years, one generation following another, with slaughter, and pillage, and ruthless destruction. But not until the very heart of the Roman people was eaten out by luxury and beastly immorality, did the barbarians of the North prevail against them.

Among the Northern people of Europe there was another phase of civilization. The Romans called these Northmen "barbarians," for they had no written literature,

and knew nothing of art. We cannot fail to be interested in them, because, as Anglo-Saxons, we are their descendants. Most of our information concerning them comes from Tacitus, the Roman historian. They were republican in government, and elected their rulers in rude conventions of the people; were the authors of the system of trial by jury; were lovers of liberty, courageous, and strong-willed, and were purer in morals than the Greeks or Romans. They regarded women as semi-divine, and were content with one wife. When the old Scandinavian chief was asked concerning his religion, he said, "Ask our women, for they stand near to God, and what they tell us we believe, though we do not always live up to it." An outrage upon a woman was punished with death, and if she violated the marital compact, she was chased by her own sex into the wilderness.

The women objected to the frequent feasts of the men, when they drank heavily of strong liquors and became grossly intoxicated. The regulation of the drinking was therefore placed in the hands of women, and men pledged themselves to regard their wishes. The use of intoxicating drinks was forbidden to ancient Scandinavian women. But they sat at the rear of the banqueting hall, and watched the progress of the feast. And when they rose, as a signal for the drinking to be discontinued, every man set his drinking horn on the table, even though it was lifted half way to his lips. Although war was the main business of their lives, these Northmen never made war without the consent of their women. Before attacking their enemies, they called a meeting of the women councilors appointed for this purpose, and laid before them the cause of the quarrel, and the advantages to be derived from war and conquest. The women were then left to debate the matter.

If they declared for peace, all hostile demonstrations ceased, and the warriors occupied themselves with peaceful pursuits. If they pronounced for war, fierce conflicts followed, in which women engaged equally with men. For the Northern women not only marched with the men in their migrations, and endured with them continual hardships and dangers, but they accompanied them in their warlike expeditions, and cared for the horses and chariots at the rear, while the men engaged the enemy in front. Not unfrequently, they were placed in line of battle behind the fighting men, as a reserve force. Tacitus tells us that women defeated the Roman legions under the great general Marius, not only once, but in five separate engagements. Not only did they drive back the Romans, but they utterly routed them, and turned the defeat sustained by the men into an overwhelming victory.

Although these experiences developed in the Northern women, to a high degree, the characteristics of courage, strength of will, endurance, and fortitude, they were admired and beloved by their husbands, who held them in high esteem, and seemingly placed them on a footing of equality with themselves. Plutarch, Tacitus, and Strabo, all Roman writers, and enemies of the Northern people, who were perpetually at war with Rome, made the Northern women the subject of eulogy, because of their beauty, chastity, pure morals, and wifely qualities. They were never degraded to the abject position of the early Greek and Roman women, but asserted their natural influence in family life, in which they were sustained by their husbands.

Almost coeval with the downfall of the Roman empire, and its moral and social disorganization, there came a decay of the polytheistic religions, and a decline of the Greek philosophy. The ancient religions of Greece and Rome passed

away. The national legends became mere fictions,—the ancient miracles were seen to be only feats of legerdemain,—and philosophers and statesmen cast away the ancient gods, and only outwardly paid them respect. A philosophy was slowly substituted for the ancient religion, which threw some light on the problems of God, duty, and human destiny. But it gave way before Christianity, which announced the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man; which condemned the low morality that prevailed, and demanded inner purity of thought and soul, to be shown in corresponding purity of life. It taught an unending life beyond the grave; it declared that all were equal before God, and swept away the unjust distinctions that had heretofore existed between bond and free, Jew and Greek, male and female.

The contrast between the Christian and Pagan view of the family was wonderful. The Pagan religions made the husband and father absolute ruler and owner of the wife and children, even when the latter had reached the adult age. Christianity put the husband and wife on a footing of equality. The writings of the Apostle Paul are often quoted, as teaching the subordination of the wife. But when carefully studied they teach no such thing, their purpose being the uplifting of the Greek ideal of marriage, which was exceedingly low. Paul does indeed command, "Wives obey your husbands in the Lord." But he has also an injunction for husbands. "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it, . . . that he might present it to himself a glorious church. . . . So ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his wife loveth himself." Eph. 5: 21–28.

All these instructions of Paul concerning marriage and family life were given to churches in Greece, never to those

in Rome, or Judea. For the Greek husband was, as a rule, intellectual and educated, while the Greek wife was deplorably ignorant, as law and custom at that time required. This fact explains another oft-quoted direction of the Apostle. "Let your women keep silence in the churches, for it is not permitted unto them to speak. And if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home." 1 Cor. 14: 34, 35. This was not uttered as a principle, but as a local and temporary precept. If Paul gave the direction as binding upon all women for all time, he laid down a law to which universal obedience is impossible. For in these days of woman's higher education, many a husband is incompetent to teach his wife at home, for she has had a large training in the schools, and he, the narrower education in trade, commerce, and manufacture.

Paul was a great tactician, as well as a great apostle. He saw the low standard of marriage prevailing in Greece, where the husband was immeasurably the superior of the wife, and sought to uplift it, by inculcating patience, tender training, and mighty love to the husband, and acquiescence on the part of the wife. He was to be her teacher, and to bridge over the distance between them by his affection, and ultimately to lift her to the level of his own development. She was not to bring the new religion into disrepute by her ignorant speech, for the men of her nation were the brightest and most cultivated in the world. She must "learn of her husband at home."

Prepared for Christianity by their loss of faith in the ancient religion, the Greek and Latin races slowly accepted the Christian faith, followed afterwards by the Goths and Vandals, Lombards and Franks, and then by the Saxons, Danes, and Normans. Every scholar will tell you, that the part of women in the formation or maintenance of moral or

religious opinion among the Greeks or Romans was very small. But they did solid work in the early diffusion of Christianity. Jesus himself manifested great regard for the faith in him, and the aid given him by women. The apostle John addressed his second letter, or "epistle" to a woman convert, "the elect lady and her children." And Paul, writing a last letter before his death, remembers affectionately, and by name, the noble women who had worked with him, and incidentally reveals his great indebtedness to them. Men began to realize that women throbbed with the same high aims, and were instinct with the same life as themselves; that whatever their claims as men, their wives and daughters had just the same. Most of the great teachers of the early church fully recognized the equality of woman with man, and the new religion silently advanced her to a real partnership with him, and also rendered him worthier such companionship. A new era had dawned for women.

For a time, it seemed as if Christianity, with all the gains it brought the race, would dominate the world. But reforms do not advance to complete fruition, without retrogression and halting step. The downfall of Rome destroyed all strong, central European government, and the phenomenal period, called "the dark ages", set in. The world retrograded steadily, and seemed to forget what it had learned. Christianity remained the nominal religion of Europe, but so grossly perverted, and so wickedly misinterpreted, that a respectable paganism would have done it better service. And in the sixteenth century, wife-whipping had become so universal, that in many houses the stick hung over the door, with which the husband was expected to keep his wife in order.

The Welsh law declared "that a husband might whip his wife when she lied to him, cursed him, or disobeyed

his commandment. But he must never give her but three blows at a time, and then must use a broomstick." In Shakspeare's play of "Taming the Shrew," Petruchio's treatment of Kate shows that the discipline of wives, at that time, included beating and other like heroic treatment. If men were wife-beaters, it cannot be denied that women were termagants. How could it be otherwise? Beaten by husbands according to law, without redress in the courts, and lacking the brawn and muscle to return their blows, with interest, there was left them only the use of the tongue. And many a wife-beating husband was routed by his sharp-tongued wife, who, with woman's keen instinct, knew his most vulnerable point, and pounced upon it with words that stung like hornets, until he was glad to beat a retreat.

But the law came to the husband's relief in this case also. If the wife "scolded," he could "toss her in a blanket," "duck her in a horse-pond," or compel her to wear "the scold's bridle." This was an ingenious headgear, somewhat resembling a dog's muzzle, which closed the mouth, and pressed down the tongue with a long, stiff needle, which transfixed the offending member if the woman attempted to speak.

Proverbs are the legitimate outgrowth of the social life of a people, and express the general opinions of the time. It is hardly possible to find a complimentary proverb, relating to women, in the literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. I quote a few of them that you may understand the contempt with which women were generally regarded at that time:

"The husband that hath a fair wife needs more than two eyes."

"Women and dogs set men by the ears."

"The husband that tells his wife news is but newly married."

"Women, wind, and fortune are forever changing."

"The husbands are in heaven whose wives scold not."

"Every woman would rather be handsome than good."

"A house full of daughters is a cellar full of sour beer."

"Three daughters and their mother are four devils for the father."

"A man of straw is worth a woman of gold."

"A happy couple is a husband deaf and a wife blind."

"He that loseth his wife and a sixpence on the same day, hath great sorrow for the loss of his sixpence."

"If one woman hath one cow, and another hath two, marry her that hath two cows; for there never yet was a cow's difference between any two women."

There were husbands who carried their satirical contempt for their wives to the grave, as some of the old English churchyards testify. The following inscription was placed on his wife's gravestone by a brutal husband:

> "Here lies, thank God! a woman, who
> Quarreled and stormed her whole life through;
> Tread gently o'er her mouldering form,
> Or else you'll raise another storm."

Another inscription overflows with glee over the grave of the departed wife:

> "Here lies my wife, — here lies she!
> Hallelujah! Hallelujee!"

There is a story of a husband and wife who had lived in a very cat-and-dog fashion. The husband was the first to yield to death, and perceiving its approach, he ordered his gravestone, and had it inscribed with an epitaph of his own composition, not daring to leave it to his wife. After he was snugly tucked away underground, his wife took a stone-cutter to the churchyard, and completed it by the addition of a sentiment of her own. The inscription, thus amended, reads as follows:

"Youthful reader, passing by,
What you are now so once was I;
As I am now so you must be;
Therefore prepare to follow me."

The wife's addition suggested a little doubt as to her husband's destination:

"To follow you I'm not content,
Until I know which way you went."

She certainly had the last word in the controversy, which is said to be very dear to the heart of women.

To-day we do not live under the laws of feudalism, nor those of the Orient. And in our country, in this latter half of the nineteenth century, the notoriously bad husband receives as severe condemnation from men as from women. The old common law declared that the husband and wife were one, and that one the husband, but this legal fiction has given place to a nobler estimate of women. The tendency of legislation is to lift the wife to the plane of equality with the husband, so that they shall stand in law as two legal halves of one whole, neither being superior nor inferior, but each the complement of the other. And this is the outcome of a better comprehension of woman's nature.

Woman has attributes of her own, as woman — as man has of his own, as man. If man is force, woman is attraction. If man is the head, woman is the heart. If man is logic, woman is intuition. If man is ambition, woman is aspiration. If man is wisdom, woman is love. If man is scientific, woman is artistic. If "man is inductive, seeing facts, woman is deductive, seeing truth." Only through the union and co-operation of man and woman can the best development come to both. Notwithstanding the great gains of the past, there is need of advancing marriage to a

higher level than it has yet attained, both legally and morally. Laws are still retained on the statute books that are unjust, and harmful to married women and their children. As yet, only seven states of the Union make the father and mother equal legal owners and guardians of the minor children,— New York, New Jersey, Michigan, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, and Oregon. In all other states the father has the legal ownership and control of the minor children. It is easy to see what power over the mother this law gives to a husband, who may be tyrannical, drunken, or brutal.

The law which gives the husband sole power to choose the domicile is sometimes so used as to make the life of the wife and children almost nomadic. So often are they compelled to change their residence by the fiat of the husband, that they cannot take root anywhere, and are homeless in their feeling. The laws that give the husband the ownership of the wife's person and the control of her earnings, which still disgrace the statute books of many states, are responsible for much of the unrest and unhappiness of the marriage relation. While the laws that dispose of the estate of a husband and father, who dies intestate, are often unjust and cruel.

Rarely do men pay women the same wages when they do the same work, and the relations of the government are so arranged, that while women help to bear its burdens, its benefits are mostly conferred upon men. In some states there are severer penalties for crimes committed, when women are the criminals, and in all states save three, Wyoming, Colorado, and Utah, women stand on a legal equality with men only when punishment and the payment of taxes are in question. All these unjust inequalities are survivals of the long ages of servitude through which women have passed, and which have not entirely ceased to

exist. "We are wont," says Emerson, "to think that we are at the meridian of civilization. We are only at the cock-crowing and the morning star." Neither men nor women have yet outgrown the low conditions of society, which obtained when the doctrine of male superiority was universally accepted.

One of the most serious and widespread evils of our time is the inebriety of men, alike in high life and low life, and in all classes of society. When these inebriate men are husbands,—as most of them are,—it is impossible to frame a statement of the evil consequences, that will give an adequate idea of their magnitude and enormity. Fearful as are the visible results of inebriety, they only faintly indicate the evil wrought within. For the inebriate drowns his moral nature, extinguishes his reason, and brings himself to the level of the brute. He inflicts on his wife a life of torture, who passes through the extremes of fear and despair, and entails upon his children enfeebled constitutions and diseased appetites, which shadow and hamper them through life.

While visiting an art gallery, my attention was called to a work of art, remarkable alike for its admirable technique and its unmitigated repulsiveness. It represented, in marble, the figure of the drunken god, Silenus, astride an ass. The only sober object in the sculpture was the ass, bestrode by the marble god, whose every feature, muscle, and fibre drooped in senseless inebriety. On the other side the gallery was an ivory satyr, with pointed face, short horns, leering eyes, and lolling tongue, the whole expression indicating beastly sensuality. And locked within a glass case, to protect it from the handling of the curious, was the head of a Bacchante, one of the female worshipers of the boosy god, Bacchus. It was cut in the pellucid crystal of a gem,

bluer than God's heaven, the head was thrown back, the hair dishevelled, the eyes stared in terror, the face was distorted, and the mouth wide open, as if shrieking in drunken frenzy.

Let there be sufficient time, and these works of art will cease to be. The marble god, the ivory satyr, and the Bacchante will disintegrate into sand and dust. But the drunken father is also an artist. And he sends out into the world hideous caricatures of the living God, in the persons of his own children, who reel through life insane, imbecile, deformed, and depraved, when they should be men and women born in the image of the Heavenly Father. The woman who dares marry a libertine, or a drunkard, with the hope of reforming him, or the expectation of finding happiness with him, ought to have a chance in a lunatic asylum, or a home for imbeciles.

Before all forms of government, all types of civilization, all social institutions, and all advance in education, the relations of the husband and wife make the everlasting granite on which the whole world rests. Just so fast and just so far as these relations are what they ought to be, just so fast and just so far will society be uplifted, — no faster and no farther. Monarchies, democracies, and republics have their benefits and their uplifting tendencies, but it is the family and the home that lay the foundations of country. All other influences are fitful and fragmentary. The home influence alone is steady and sufficient, and that depends upon the relation of the husband and wife — the father and mother. Unless there is on both sides first, respect, and then love with its all-embracing sympathy, the child's head will be pillowed upon discord, it will be rocked by restlessness, and will develop unsymmetrical in character.

One of the great questions of the day is, "How shall we

purify public life?" We can purify public life no faster than we purify private life in the home, for the public life is only the public expression of the private life of a people. The advance of a nation comes only through the improvement of the homes of a nation. As the aggregate of these may be, so will the nation be. The greatness of a nation is not made by its extensive territorial domain, nor by its vast wealth, nor yet by its impregnable fortifications, its battle-ships, and trained soldiery. It may possess all these material insignia of greatness, and yet be weak, and, like Rome, fall a prey to barbarian hordes. The greatness of a nation is made by its true men and women who have been well born, in good homes, where they have been fashioned into a lofty type of enduring manhood and womanhood.

I would make marriage what the Catholic church calls it, but does not make it, — a "sacrament." A marriage which unites a man, presumably for life, with one who is his pronounced legal inferior, whom he is to control, and whose person, earnings, and children he legally owns, cannot be made a "sacrament." It is, instead, a form of slavery. But shall not the husband be the head of the wife? Ay, he shall be, if he will. The true wife desires nothing more than that her husband shall be king in his own right, and by his own act, for then shall she be queen. But when instead of wearing the royal purple of an incomparable manhood, he clothes himself in the rags of a dissolute life, she too fails of the throne, and the sceptre drops from her hands. I would lift marriage from the level of the market, and from the domain of political economy. It does not belong there. It is not alone the cradle of the human race, but its crown. It should be the symbol of a marriage that shall be immortal.

I would have the young man woo his bride as did Pygmalion of old. He had chiseled a statue so beautiful that

he loved it more than any maiden of Greece, and he besought the gods, "Give me, for bride, a maiden symbolized by my beautiful statue." And they answered, "When thou art worthy the gift, it shall be thine." And this he sought to become, until one day as he prayed, he took the hands of his stone maiden within his own, when lo, the marvel! The veins throbbed with life, the face flushed with crimson, the eyes gazed fondly into his, the lips parted, and the silent maiden spoke. "I am thy bride, and thy holy and reverent affection has invoked life into the statue thine own hands have made." It is but a graceful tale of the old Greek mythology. But it has been a verity in the lives of hundreds of women, who, by the holy living and reverent love of noble husbands, have been lifted to a bliss, compared with which their former life was death.

I would have the husband take the wife to the marriage feast, as Aurelian took Zenobia to Rome, — a captive, to be sure, but a willing captive. She should not walk afar in the procession, as did Zenobia, with manacled hands, reluctant feet, and despairing eyes. But she should sit beside her conqueror, his beloved equal, and the banner floating over them should be that of love. When men shall seek women with the irresistible magnetism of pure affection, clad in the purity they expect women to wear, stainless in manhood and commanding in character, women will match them in nobleness of endeavor, and in high attainments, glorifying the marital union with a blessedness never yet more than half developed.

Then will "the statelier Eden come again to man." Then shall the pillars of the home they build reach to Heaven. Then shall human fatherhood and human motherhood take on something of the tenderness, wisdom, and divineness of very Godhood.

The Battle of Life.

OUR estimates of earthly life vary according to our positions and experiences. To one life is a "vale of tears." His nature is pitched on a minor key, so that he becomes very sensitive to the undertones of complaint and sorrow with which the world is filled. He identifies himself with the unhappy and dissatisfied, and like the river sponge, is forever saturated with the passing streams of other people's woes. To another, life is a "pilgrimage to a better country," and he counts off the days as they fleet by, satisfied, for each one brings him nearer to his destination. To a third, life is only an "inscrutable mystery," a problem that cannot be solved, a riddle whose meaning is past finding out. To him, the oft-propounded questions, "Who are we? Whence came we? Whither are we going?" have no satisfactory answer. A fourth is overwhelmed by a sense of the brevity of life. It is a "tale that is told;" "a dream of the night;" "the mist of the morning;" "the grass that flourisheth in the morning, and which, at night is cut down, and withered." Others will tell you that "life is a great game," and that they are the skillful players who win; — that it is "a time of probation, in which we may escape from hell, and flee to heaven;" — that it is a brief "gala day," when we should "eat, drink, and be merry, since to-morrow we die;" — and so on, through the whole range of metaphor and symbolry.

But when it is declared that life is a battle, a statement is made that appeals to every one who has reached adult life; aye, and to a great multitude who are only a little way across

its threshold. As our experience deepens, we realize that the whole world is one vast encampment, and that every man and woman is a soldier. We have not voluntarily enlisted into this service, with an understanding of the hardness of the warfare, and an acceptance of its terms and conditions, but have been drafted into the conflict, and cannot escape taking part in it. We were not even allowed to choose our place in the ranks, but have been pushed into life, to our seeming, arbitrarily, and cannot be discharged, until mustered out by death. Nor is it permitted us to furnish a substitute, though we have the wealth of a Rockefeller at command, and the powerful and far-reaching influence of the Czar of all the Russias. We may prove deserters or traitors, and straggle to the rear during the conflict, or go over to the enemy, and fight under the black flag of wrong. But the fact remains that we are all drafted into the battle of life, and are expected to do our duty according to the best of our ability.

Do you ask, "Why should life be packed so full of conflict? Why was it not planned to be harmonious and congenial?" I am unable to answer that question, and do not propose in this address to discuss the "origin of evil," which has vexed the various schools of philosophy. I accept the fact that the whole world has been a scene of conflict, as far back as we know anything about it. The literature of every nation resounds with it, and the poets, teachers, philosophers, and historians of all languages bear uniform and universal testimony to the fact that "the whole creation has always groaned and travailed in pain." Victory has alternated with defeat, and every experience of development in the animal creation has been purchased with a sharp emphasis of pain. For the world has many lives poured into it, which are sustained only as "each living

thing is up with bill, or beak, or tooth, or claw, or toilsome hand, or sweating brow, to conquer the means of living."

We cannot look at the world as it is to-day, a scene of vast and universal conflict, without believing it to be organic, and the design of the Creator. We cannot study history, and see how every step of progress made by the human race has been won by the hardest efforts, and represents ages of conflict behind it, — how every great truth of religion, or science, every social reform, and every noble interpretation of liberty has fought its way to supremacy in the face of hindrance, detraction, persecution, and death, and conclude that this has been accidental, or contrary to the will of God. We cannot escape the deduction that the world has been purposely constructed, not as a harmonious machine, but as a vast realm of experience, where effort and struggle, trouble and sorrow are appointed as the necessary educators of the race; — and this, not through the malevolence, but the benignity of the Creator.

"There is a simple and central law which governs this matter," says a scientific writer; "and that is this; every definite action is conditioned upon a definite resistance, and is impossible without it. We are only able to walk, because the earth resists the foot, and are unable to tread the air and water, because they deny the foot the opposition which it requires. The bird and the steamer are hindered by air and water, which presses upwards, downwards, laterally, and in all directions. But the bird with its wings, and the steamer with its paddle, apply themselves to this hindrance to their progress, and overcome it. So, were not their motion obstructed, progress would be impossible."

"The same law governs not actions only, but all definite effects whatever. If the air did not resist the vibrations of a resonant object, and strive to preserve its own form, the

sound-waves could not be created, and propagated. If the tympanum of the ear did not resist those waves of sound, it would not transmit their suggestiveness to the brain. If any given object does not resist the sun's rays,—in other words reflect them,—it will not be visible. These instances might be multiplied *ad libitum*, since *there is literally no exception to the law*. Some resistance is indispensable, although this is by no means alone indispensable, nor are all modes and kinds of resistance of equal value."

Is it not possible, then, that the hindrances which arrest our progress, and the obstacles that lie broadly in our path, are the divinest agents of help which our Creator could give us? And that "man is better cared for when he is not cared for too much"? The painful struggles to overcome and remove them develop in us strength, courage, self-reliance, and heroism. They are the hammer and chisel that release the statue from the imprisoning marble,—the plow and the harrow that break up the soil, and mellow it for the reception of the seed that shall yield an abundant harvest. Perfection lies that way.

It is not difficult to see what makes our earthly life a battle. When a child is ushered into the world, he is born ignorant of everything. His health and happiness depend on his obedience to the laws of nature, of which he knows nothing, and of which he can know nothing for months and years. Some one with knowledge and experience protects him, at first, from violating laws which would injure or destroy him, and slowly he learns to care for himself. By putting his hand in the fire, he learns that fire burns. By tumbling down stairs in a heap, he takes his first lesson in gravitation, and learns to descend the stairway in an orderly fashion, in safety. It is only through stumbling and bruising and constant physical injury, that he becomes acquainted

with the simplest material laws, and learns to obey them. He enters on a scene of more or less conflict as soon as he is born. To acquire any considerable self-knowledge and self-control, to understand the social environment into which he is born, with its civil, industrial, and economic laws, only intensifies the struggle, and lifts the campaign to a higher warfare.

Not only is the child ignorant of himself at birth, but he is entrusted to the care of parents and guardians who are wofully lacking in the same kind of knowledge. He does not come into the world with a bill of items, that state his mental and moral make-up. If we could know in advance what were his mental and moral qualities, in what direction he was richly endowed, and in what he was weak, in what part of his nature he needed to be fortified, and in what to be restrained, we might be wiser in our educational training. But in our ignorance we put one in the shop whom nature intended for the studio, and force another through college whose tastes would have taken him to the farm and cattle-ranch, and so poorly equip both for the battle of life. We load them down with a mass of crude misinformation, which they unlearn before they have attained their majority, and throw away as useless impedimenta.

The newly-born child is not an original creature, as we sometimes assume; he is not the first of a series. Instead of this, he is one of a long series that reaches far back into a prehistoric antiquity, and there are in him hereditary tendencies, which have come down to him from progenitors of whom he never heard. And as by a general law of heredity, "the inheritance of traits of character is persistent in proportion to the length of time they have been inherited," it is easy to account for the fact, that in members of the same family there reappear incongruities of physique and of mentality,

generation after generation, which it is not easy to eradicate. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says, that "our bodies are vehicles in which our ancestors ride." And he might have included our souls in this statement, without fear of contradiction.

Sometimes the child is born with a body which is only "organized disease." It is the result of the vicious lives of his predecessors, and will hamper him in all the struggles of life. Another comes into life a wailing bundle of feebleness. He is constitutionally tired from the beginning, and the battle is sure to go against him. Others are children of vice and crime. They were mortgaged to the devil before they were born, and will become the determined foes of society, unless the wise and philanthropic can accomplish their early regeneration. Others are born with defective physiques. They lack the sense of vision, which no oculist can ever give them. Or, they are denied the sense of hearing, and are deaf alike to the tones of joy or sorrow, to the language of love or hate. Or, nature has withheld from them powers of locomotion, and they swing through life painfully, on crutches, or are wheeled in invalid chairs.

"The problem of life is indeed hard to solve," said Harriet Martineau, the foremost literary Englishwoman of the century now closing, "when out of five senses one is endowed with but two." She spoke from experience, for she was defrauded of the senses of taste, smell, and hearing, and, in addition, was an invalid all her life. And yet, so indomitable was the royal soul imprisoned in this defective and distempered body, that she overcame all obstacles, and came off victorious in her wrestling with herself, and an adverse fate, that would have crushed a less heroic spirit. She became a benefactor of society, — one of the leaders of her age, — and not only identified herself actively with all move-

ments for the public welfare, but at her death left nearly one hundred and fifty volumes on the shelves of the booksellers, every one of which she had written to help the world, and through every one of which there runs a high moral purpose.

During the late Civil War, a man did not become a soldier of the United States army by simply entering his name in the book of the recruiting office. That only signified his willingness to serve his country. He was then conducted to the office of the examining surgeon, where he passed through a most rigorous inspection. If he was defective in vision, had lost front teeth and could not bite off the end of a cartridge, a rignt thumb and could not cover the vent-hole of a cannon, if he was color-blind, and could not distinguish the colors of flags, uniforms, and signal lights; if his heart was weak, or his lungs lacked soundness, that he could not keep up on the march;—if, indeed, there was any discoverable unhealth in his physical organization, he was rejected by the inspecting officer, and could not don the blue of the Union Army. Only those whose physiques showed health, and promised a continuity of physical force, were mustered into the service. For the warfare was to be severe and protracted, and would tax the strongest and most enduring. But of the countless host who are drafted into the battle of life, from which there is no discharge until death, fully one-half are badly equipped for the struggle by the shabby bodies into which they are born. And for that, we must ever remember, they are not to blame.

The fact that we are obliged to provide for our physical needs, and for those who are dependent on us, makes of life a perpetual struggle. Nature has not dealt with us as with her brute children. For them, in the habitat to which they are native, there is food, water, clothing, and shelter.

Everything is provided for them. But with us nature has dealt otherwise. She has given us light for our eyes, air for our lungs, earth from which to win food, clothing and shelter, and water for our thirst. Everything else that we need, or wish, we must win by the hardest. As civilization has progressed, we have lost two of our natural rights, possession of land and water, and must pay the price demanded for them. And if men by business combination could take possession of air and light, we should lose those also, and be allowed only as much air to breathe, and light for our eyes, as we were able to pay for.

In our battle for physical existence, there are times when the elements of nature seemed arrayed against us. The farmer plows and harrows his fields, and with bountiful hand sows his carefully selected seed, and prophesies a harvest. But the clouds withhold their rain, the heavens become brass, and the earth iron, and a fierce drought parches the soil of a whole kingdom, and burns the growing grain to stubble,—and there is a famine. The accidental upsetting of a lamp starts a tiny fire. Combustibles feed it, winds fan it, and it becomes a roaring conflagration, in which granite and iron melt like lead, a city is consumed by the devouring flames, and hundreds of thousands are rendered homeless and helpless. We launch our proud ship, into which have gone the strength of oak, the tenacity of iron, and the skillful workmanship of honorable men. We give to its transportation an argosy of wealth, and to its passengers we gaily toss a "good-bye," confident of their speedy arrival at their destination. But days pass by, then weeks and months, and no message reaches us from this traveler of the sea, and its fate is a matter of conjecture alone. Some iceberg of the North has crushed it, or it has succumbed to the fury of the tempest, or some unrevealed

weakness of construction has betrayed it to ruin in mid-ocean. Volcanoes and earthquakes, cyclones and hurricanes, storms and tempests,— how helpless we are when overtaken by their wrath, and how heedless they are of human suffering.

When we enter the world of trade and commerce, "the business world," to use the vernacular of the day, we find the battle of life raging intensely. The fierce competition that leads one man to tread down others, that he may rise on their ruin,— the financial panics, which recur decade after decade, of whose cause and cure the wisest and shrewdest are ignorant,— the business dishonesty, which, at times, threatens to make dishonesty and business interchangeable terms,— the insane and vulgar greed for riches that actuates corporations, monopolies, trusts, and other like organizations, whose tendency is to deprive the wage-earner of a fair share of the wealth that he helps create, that their gains may be larger and increase more rapidly,— all these, and many other practices which obtain in the money-making world, embitter the struggle for existence, and render the failure of the majority inevitable.

Only two or three weeks ago, two men in the town of my residence committed suicide on the same day, and for the same reason,— the battle went sore against them, and they could not continue the hopeless conflict longer. One had been discharged from a position that he had held for twenty-seven years, to make room for a younger man. The other had been out of employment for months, and there seemed no need of him, and no place for him in any workshop. Both were about fifty years of age, both had families that loved them, both had always been temperate and industrious men, and yet neither of them left money enough to pay his funeral expenses.

To my thinking, the business civilization of the day is antagonistic to Christianity. The essential principle of the Christian religion requires individuals, and the aggregations of individuals we call "nations," to do as they would be done by. It proclaims the duty of strength to assist weakness; that wealth should lend a hand to the helping of poverty; that prosperity should take care of misfortune. "The Golden Rule," said a college president, in a recent baccalaureate address, "is fundamental to all right relations. Applied to the adjustment of the serious problems of America, they could be settled in five minutes." Christianity has extended itself very widely in intellectual directions. It has incorporated itself in creeds, and churches, but the time has not yet come when nations are moulded by it.

It is yet to conquer the realm of trade and commerce, and to re-adjust all the relations of man with man, on the basis of human brotherhood. It will not then be possible for a million or more of men, with hungry wives and children, to beg for work, which will be refused them by millionaire employers, living in luxury. We shall not read of women and children starving and freezing in the midst of our nation's abundance, nor of daily suicides in our great cities, because of homelessness, lack of friends, inability to obtain work, and utter despair of any change for the better. Our papers will not drip as now with the foul accounts of business frauds and betrayal of trusts, with reports of defalcations and embezzlements, and the dishonesty of trusted officials. Armenians will not be hunted like "partridges on the mountains," and tortured and slaughtered by Moslem hate, while all the civilized world stands idly looking on. It will then be possible for an inferior race to live comfortably amid dominant Anglo-Saxon people, with no danger of being enslaved or destroyed by them.

There is another factor that enters into the battle of life. No matter how large or small the community in which we live,—a city, a town, a village, or a hamlet, there are public questions always coming to the front, which challenge our interest. It may be a small evil that is likely to grow to a nuisance, and must be nipped in the bud. Or it may be a matter of town sanitation, a question of drainage and sewerage, the problem of a sure water supply, town lighting, or good roads, or the duty of providing for public school education, with all the weighty considerations connected with this question. If we have any public spirit in us,—and we are comparatively valueless if we are indifferent to the public welfare,—we are compelled to throw our influence on the right side of the discussions that decide the action of the community. If it be a question of public morals, and the town is threatened with the establishment of legalized liquor saloons, gambling resorts, or other public places of immorality, there is a peremptory call to all who stand for a higher civilization to enter the lists against these moral pest-houses. No fiercer battle rages in the world, than that now in progress between the friends and foes of a loftier standard of municipal and national life.

There are few of us whose inmost souls are not the arena of a life-long conflict, known only to ourselves and God. Passion and appetite, which should be the driving-wheels of the human creature, struggle for mastery of him. Selfishness, that asks all for itself; anger, that leaps like a tiger from the jungles, with words of fury and deeds of savagery; envy and hate, that burn out the soul and poison the life; revenge, that, like a sleuth-hound, follows the track of those who have injured us; sensuality, that converts the beautiful body into a charnel house, full of inconceivable horrors,—how these plunge us into unrest and sorrow, and abase us in

our own estimation! We never recount to others the story of our conflicts with ourself. No one hears the self-reproaches we heap on our own weakness and cowardice, nor sees the tears we shed over the humiliation of our defeat. All through youth and middle life the struggle continues. Happy are we when the prolonged conflict ends in self-conquest, and we are masters of ourselves. Then have we indeed learned the lesson of life, and been taught "how divine a thing it is to suffer and be strong."

We do not live many years in the world before we understand that every one is anchored shoulders deep in trouble and care. There is almost no exception to the statement. If, on a superficial acquaintance, we think we have discovered that impossible personage who "has never had an ungratified wish," and "never known a sorrow," we are by and by undeceived; for there comes a day when the shining veil that has masked him is rent, and we behold him buffeting his way against head winds, and bearing heavy burdens, in common with the universal humanity. One would think that this knowledge would incline us to a general kindliness of spirit, and a large tolerance for each other's peculiarities; that instead of dealing out denunciation upon the blundering and erring, we should be pitiful, and lend a helping hand to those who come in our way, weak, stumbling, and ready to perish. There is too much intentional wounding of our comrades in life. Many who are in the main charitable are yet sharp, brusque, and quick to blame one who comes to grief. Henry Ward Beecher used to say they were like "the bee that goes head-foremost into a flower for honey, but is always sure to carry a sting thrust out for the pleasure of wounding."

I remember, during the war, going in an ambulance some twenty miles to visit field hospitals. It was not long

after the battle of Murfreesboro, and a division of the army, that had encamped in the neighborhood, was soon to break camp for a march in the direction of my own route. I was ordered to move with it for safety, as guerillas were reported very numerous along the way. We kept beside the straggling column, that was not compelled to march with exactness, but traveled as was most comfortable. As we moved along I observed the profanity of the men. Their speech was so interlarded with oaths as to render it almost unintelligible. When the chaplain rode to my ambulance he said, "How terribly these men swear! When they meet the enemy they are in search of, there will be a battle. Think how unprepared they are to die!" At first I sympathized with the remark; and I wondered if I was not manifesting a quixotic spirit, in leaving my home and pursuits for these rough scenes of disorder, amid coarse and foul-mouthed men.

But the day grew hot, and the dust became intolerable. The men began to drop, one after another, in a state of exhaustion. The ambulances picked them up till they were filled. Then here and there an officer would dismount, and the fallen soldier would be lifted to his seat, with a stronger comrade behind in charge of him. When nothing else could be done, the feeble fellows were left in the shade of a clump of trees, or in "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," with canteens of water, and supplies of rations and healthy men to care for them, who were to bring them on to the bivouac for the night, when the torrid day had grown cooler, and the wilted men had rallied. Not a man was left behind on the march to die. Not once did the officers regard the fallen soldiers with indifference, and command the marching column to leave them where they fell. And when we were bestowed in our tents for the night, and

the drum had beat the tattoo for retiring, I heard the soldiers who had been detailed to the service of their weaker comrades as they came into camp, bringing them with them.

All the while these men, to whom so much care was given, were good for nothing for soldiering purposes, and the officers and many of the rank and file knew it. If their physical condition had been understood by the examining surgeon, they would not have been mustered into the army. Their future could easily be predicted. They would be permanent fixtures in the hospital after a little time, a care to doctors and attendants, an expense to the government, dying slowly, or discharged and sent home to their kindred and friends. And yet the brotherly feeling that prevailed in the ranks forbade their being left on the march uncared for. And I said to the chaplain: "These men in the army, rough fellows though they be, are better than we who remain at home, and never defile our lips with coarseness and profanity. We continually tread down the people who are weak, and because they cannot keep step with those who are strong, we hold them in contempt, and think them unworthy of assistance. But see the rough tenderness with which these soldiers treat the feeblest and most worthless of their number!"

When you travel in Switzerland, in the neighborhood of the high mountains, you will sometimes come across a group of people in the valley, who are intently observing some object through a powerful glass. On inquiry, you will learn that a company of tourists, with guides, are making the ascent of Mount Blanc. You take your place amid the sight-seers. And while you watch the group slowly making their perilous way along the dizzy heights, two or three lose their footing, drop suddenly out of sight,

and are gone. Your heart stops its beating; — you are sure they have fallen to a horrible death, down the steep, jagged rocks into the inaccessible depths below. You look again. No, they are not lost; one is restored to his place in the long line of climbers, and slowly the others struggle up into view, and cautiously they resume their upward march. What is the explanation?

Before they came to the dangerous places, they tied themselves together with strong ropes, both the tourists and the guides, and braced themselves at every step with their steel-pointed alpenstocks, which they planted firmly in the frozen snow and ice. Those who dropped down behind the treacherous ridges were held by the strength of their companions on either side, who, firmly braced, arrested their descent into the horrors below, and drew them back into line, in safety. So it is in life. Many a one is saved from ruin by the wise and strong love of the friends who retain their hold upon him, and halt him in his downward plunge. They will not allow him to destroy himself, but will gradually win him back to their own safe vantage ground. And if he shall fall again, they will again interpose for his redemption, — not twice only, but again and again, as often as his stumbling feet may require. Alas, for him who has neither friend nor lover, and who is struggling for the mastery! For human nature requires so much mothering, and is so dependent on love and sympathy, that he must be of the divinest calibre who wins in the conflict of life, with none to be glad of his victory, and none who would sorrow over his defeat.

As much as we criticise the world, there is a vast amount of good in it. The transition from barbarous to civilized life has been made very gradually, by slow ascents of progress, through thousands of years. Every advance of

the race in the mastery of the material world has been accompanied by a corresponding development of intellectual power, and the conquest of man by himself. Then came a comprehension of right and wrong, and a moral standard was uplifted, which has been immeasurably advanced during the last century. It has come at last to include the golden rule, which is as fundamental in the world of duty and happiness, as is Newton's law of gravitation in the world of matter. It has organized our charities, enlarged our system of education, abolished slavery, infused itself into society, it seeks the extinction of war, and calls for the elimination of public abuses, and the purification of government. It will yet relieve the battle of life of its hardness, its hopelessness, and its brutality.

We are approaching the era when war shall be no more. The world is ready for it. Unconsciously, and unintentionally, the powers that be have been preparing for it. For they have increased the destructive power of the enginery of war so marvelously, that the nations employing it against each other will both suffer almost irreparable injury. When a handful of men can blow up a navy, and another handful can annihilate an army, war ceases to be war, and becomes assassination. If we should wake to-morrow to find that all civilized nations had agreed to arbitrate their quarrels, that all armies were to be disbanded, all fortifications to be dismantled, and the giant battle-ships transformed into vessels for peaceful uses, how much the world would gain by the change!

Ten million of soldiers, in European camps, or in readiness for war, now withdrawn from productive industries, would be returned to their families, and to the farms and workshops of the world. The women of Europe, now dewomanized and dehumanized by being thrust into the employments

of men unsuitable for them, would drop back into home life, or would seek their livelihood in occupations that would not destroy their feminine nature. The prophecy of two thousand years ago that there should be "peace on earth and good-will to men" would begin to be verified. Between two and three billions of dollars, now wrung annually from the people by exorbitant taxation, for the support of armies, and for military purposes, would not then be called for, and would increase the resources of the masses, and add to their material comforts. How the certainty that war had ceased forever would loosen the brakes now held down on the wheels of the world's progress!

If we should wake on some other morning to find that every grogshop in the country was closed forever, that all distilleries and breweries had abandoned the manufacture of alcoholic liquors for drinking purposes, that men had lost the appetite for intoxicating beverages, and would henceforth be sober and in their right minds, how that would add to the gains of the world! The American nation would be richer at the close of every year than it now is, by nine hundred million dollars, which is the sum total of its annual drink bill. With that vast sum saved, how the comfort of the toiling masses could be increased. Their poverty would be translated to competence, their homes made hygienic and comfortable, industrial and scientific schools established for them, and the immitigable sorrows of their wives and children would be comforted. The prisons and penitentiaries of the present time would be relieved of three-fifths, and in many cases, of four-fifths of their inmates, the insane asylums would be depleted, and fewer children would come into life with defective minds and bodies.

If these two reforms were carried,— the peace reform and the temperance reform, — the world would take a

mighty leap forward into "the good time coming." They will probably never eventuate as we have planned them, nor accomplish just what we anticipate, but they will prove an immense gain to the race, and will eliminate from the battle of life many of its worst and most dreaded features. Believe me, both of these reforms are coming up the steeps of time, and are yet to be verities. Some of you will live to behold the near approach of their full fruition, and will catch the foregleam of the glory of the Lord as it breaks on the world. Whoever works for the bettering of humanity, for the lessening of the evil things in life, and the increase of what is good and helpful, has his hand in the hand of God, and takes on something of God's almightiness. Those who work with God will always win, and though victory may be postponed for a time, the right ultimately triumphs.

Already the distinguishing characteristic of our nineteenth century civilization is its intense humaneness. It looks steadily to the redressing of all wrongs, to the righting of every form of error and injustice, and an intense and prying philanthropy, which is almost omniscient, is one of the marked features of the age. It has multiplied charitable institutions till they cover almost every form of suffering and want, and it gives to the poor the tonic of friendship and hope. It demands that international arbitration shall take the place of war, and reiterates the immortal declaration of Charles Sumner, that "that the true grandeur of nations is peace." It bombards the legal enactments that make for drunkenness with million-voiced petitions, and pursues the inebriate with kind and loving persuasion. It hears the demand of Howard, the philanthropist, sounding down the century, and re-formulates his plea that "prisons be made over into moral reformatories,— schools for fallen humanity."

Not only does the spirit of helpfulness invade the

realm of material want and suffering, it enters the list against ignorance and mental poverty. It not only establishes schools for children, but for adults also, who were defrauded of education in early life. It has opened colleges and universities to women which have been closed to them through all ages, and has provided for them professional and technical schools, where they compete with men. The doors of art and science, of professions and trades, and of industries and gainful callings are no longer closed against them, and they are rising from the ranks of dependence and subjection, into those of dignified self-support. It seeks the education of the hand and of the body in its provisions for physical culture and manual training. It establishes free libraries for the people, art museums, natural history rooms, free reading rooms, free lectures, open-air concerts, free baths and swimming schools, and free parks, where nature ministers to the distempered and desponding. There are noble men and women in all communities who thrill with a divine passion to help the world; and there are millionaires who dare not die, till they have put a portion of their wealth to the service of the public welfare.

This new spirit of helpfulness which is making itself felt in the world is not limited to any community or nation. It is extending itself throughout civilized life. A few years since, and shortly after the close of the civil war, Memphis was sorely smitten with a pestilence. The living were not sufficient to care for the sick, nor to bury the dead, and all egress from the city was forbidden, lest the contagion might spread. The North forgot the four years' war with the embattled South, and sent to its relief volunteer physicians and nurses who were unafraid of death, and millions of money, and Memphis was purified and rehabilitated, and the pestilence stamped out.

Floods washed away the city of Johnstown and buried thousands of its inhabitants under the *débris*. Hardly had the waters subsided, when a great tide of benevolence set towards the ruined town. Relief committees were despatched to the suffering people, to whom *carte blanche* was given as to methods and means. Hospitals were opened for the wounded, and those whom fright and loss of home and friends had demented. And so abundant was the largess bestowed on those who survived the horror of the flood, that a new city has risen on the wreck of the old one, and, except in the memories of those who experienced its ruin, no traces of it remain.

Have we forgotten when Chicago lay burning in a roaring conflagration, that stretched seven miles along the lake shore, while a hundred thousand of her people were encamped on the shelterless prairie? Telegrams flashed the sad news to every state and territory of the nation, and cablegrams wailed it to the old world, when lo, the marvel! The astonished earth rolled on its axis, belted and re-belted with telegrams and cablegrams promising help. So royally were these promises kept, that after those who had applied for relief had received it, and the Relief Committee had placarded the streets for three months with the information that there was aid for those who needed it, there remained in bank nearly a million and a half of the relief funds, in excess of applications for help. The world could not have afforded to have missed the conflagration of Chicago. It was the greatest investment ever made by disaster, for it burned two hundred millions of property into ashes. But it was a poor, cheap, paltry price to pay for the great knowledge that made the world rich. For when Chicago was melting away in the heat of its great conflagration, we touched the hour when all the world believed in human brotherhood.

These instances are indications of the better day that is dawning. As when in the east we see the first faint tinges of light brightening the horizon, we foretell the coming day, so can we predict a higher and nobler civilization that shall yet include the race, when we see what divineness has here and there interpenetrated the last half century. I am not prophesying any quick-coming millenium. It has taken God a millenium of milleniums to bring us where we are; and He need not be in a hurry, as He has all eternity to work in. I only speak as one

> "Who, rowing hard against the stream,
> Sees distant gates of Eden gleam,
> And does not deem it all a dream."

But as I count over the gains of the world in the past, and see how the mightiest forces of the age are moral, and realize that the Immanent God who works for righteousness is the unseen Commander who directs the battle of life, I am sure that—

> "In the long days of God,
> In the world's paths untrod,
> The world will yet be led,
> Its heart be comforted.
>
> "Others may sing the song,
> Others will right the wrong,—
> Finish what we begin,
> And all we fail of, win.
>
> "The airs of heaven blow o'er us,
> And visions rise before us,
> Of what mankind will be,—
> Pure, generous, grand, and free.
>
> "Then ring, bells, in unreared steeples,
> The joy of unborn peoples;
> Sound, trumpets, far-off blown,—
> Your triumph is our own."

Does the Liquor Traffic Pay?

THERE is one standard of value in the business world of our country, by which all things are measured. Whatever meets the requirements of this standard, the capitalistic community endorses, and it finds its way to popular favor, even when repulsive and undesirable in itself. Whatever is short of these demands, when measured by the business standard, is condemned, even when it possesses intrinsic worth. "Will it pay?" is asked of any enterprise that comes up for adoption. "Does it pay?" is the searching inquiry propounded to any new business that has been inaugurated. If, after a fair trial, it appears that the cost of the business exceeds its profits, and that this must be its permanent status, never to be remedied, it is abandoned. We say, "there is no money in it."

This evening, I propose to measure the liquor traffic of the nation by this one standard. It calls itself grandiloquently, "the largest and most profitable industry of the United States." Let us see if it can make its boasting true. "Does it pay?"

In the first place, what does the liquor traffic cost the country in money? The Chief of the National Bureau of Statistics at Washington is a United States official, who is appointed by the national government, and whose facts are facts, for he is sworn to tell the truth. From this department, we learn that the drink bill of the United States is nine hundred million dollars annually. That is, the people of the country drink alcoholic liquors, every year, to the amount of nine hundred million dollars. This statement is

made from the annual returns of the liquor traffic, so that in a certain sense it is a record of business made by those who are engaged in it. It is not an easy thing for us to comprehend this statement. It is too vast. We are not able to think a million, and when it comes to nine hundred million, we have only a vague impression of immensity.

Let me put this abstract statement into a concrete form. Most of us remember the year 1871, when the city of Chicago was burned. There was a crackling, roaring conflagration seven miles along the front of Lake Michigan, and a hundred thousand people were driven out on the shelterless prairie by the pursuing flames. Fire-proof buildings went down in the intense heat, as if made of card-board, and mighty edifices of stone melted as if constructed of lead. It was so vast a calamity, so unprecedented a conflagration, that for a time the world forgot its business, and its quarrels, its loves and its hates, and turned its thoughts towards the doomed city of the prairies. For forty-eight hours, this old world of ours was belted and re-belted with telegrams and cablegrams, all promising help, which promises they kept most royally, and saved the desolated city from despair and death.

What was the money loss of this vast conflagration? Two hundred million dollars! Not only was this amount of property burned to ashes, but the insurance companies generally broke down under the appalling burden, and were unable to keep faith with those whom they had insured. This large amount of money was as hopelessly lost as if it had been dropped in bullion into the Pacific depths. It must be re-made, to be restored. Now, if the people of the United States would to-night take a pledge of total abstinence from all that intoxicates, and keep it religiously for one year, we could, during that year, burn up four

Chicagos, and indemnify every one who lost to the uttermost, and then be one hundred million dollars richer than we now shall be. It is a simple problem in arithmetic. Two hundred million dollars' worth of property were burned to ashes in Chicago, and four times that sum are eight hundred million dollars. The difference between this amount and nine hundred million dollars,— which is the drink bill of the nation,— is one hundred million dollars. You see why there is poverty and starvation in the land, why children cry for bread, and the poorhouses are full to overflowing, and why beggarly tramps, to the number of nearly a hundred thousand, are stalking through the country, living by their wits, sometimes by thieving, and sometimes unfed. There is another cause for this destitution than "hard times," "financial panics," and lack of employment. If we could stop the waste that comes through the annual expenditure of nine hundred million dollars for strong drink, there would soon be competence, where there is now abject poverty.

If a money loss were the only one occasioned by the drinking habits of the people, we could afford it. The nation is rich enough to spend that sum for the pleasures of its people, if it caused no other loss. A few weeks since, I visited the Woman's Reformatory Prison at Sherborn, Massachusetts. I went through the various departments, and met the women convicts in the chapel, under the guidance of its woman warden, Mrs. Ellen C. Johnson,— a woman who cannot be duplicated in the United States, so marvelous are her qualifications for the office she holds. I inquired how many of the women in this institution were the victims of strong drink? We went to the office and examined the books of commitment, where every woman's name is recorded, with the crime for which she is incarcerated,

and its inciting cause. We found that ninety-seven out of every hundred of them were in prison through the use of intoxicating liquors. "Shut up the grog shops of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts," said this wise woman warden, "and ninety-seven out of every hundred of the women who come here will come here no more forever! And the State of Massachusetts can take this splendid pile of buildings and this large and productive farm for the use of some of its charities, or for some philanthropic purpose."

If you visit the Charlestown State Prison, or the Concord Reformatory Prison for men, you will receive the statement that from eighty to ninety out of every hundred in these institutions are brought to their sad fate by strong drink. I have visited thirteen state prisons in various parts of the country, and the same statistics are given in all, with slight variation. This liquor traffic costs the nation more than money. It costs us men and women, who, but for its deteriorating influence, would be productive citizens, members of happy homes, self-respecting members of society.

It you take the reports of the various insane asylums, and study them carefully, you will find that about sixty out of every hundred of the insane are the product of strong drink. It is not always the people who drink who become insane. Neither is it always their children, for the hereditary taint that leads to drunkenness, which has come down to us through countless generations, frequently shows itself in the second, third, and fourth generation. It may not always appear as drunkenness, but the grandchildren of the drunken parent may be born with a disordered nervous system, easily jangled and thrown on the other side of sanity. They may be born epileptics, which is usually insanity, or with some moral obliquity, or with a generally diseased physical system, so that they break down easily and early,

and pass out of life. Science tells us that a drunken parent transmits to his posterity a tendency to the bad, that will not spend itself until after the fourth generation, so that the drunken father reaches out a hand from beyond the grave, and weighs down his posterity with unfortunate tendencies for four generations. If now the children of drunken parents themselves become drunkards, the curse to posterity is pushed one generation farther, and it is in this way that the woe and brutishness of the race has been perpetuated.

The liquor traffic costs us more than this. At one time during the life of Dr. Samuel G. Howe, he was asked how many of the imbecile children in the institution at South Boston were the offspring of drunken parents. He immediately instituted proceedings for ascertaining, and found that one hundred and forty-five of every three hundred children in the institution were of drunken parentage. Those are the figures for only one institution. When we remember that there are ninety-six thousand imbecile and feeble-minded persons in the United States, — less than five thousand of whom are in institutions, — we can gain a faint idea of the horrors created by intemperance, which are increasing daily, since ninety thousand of these are propagating their kind at large. The waves of intemperance break on a boundless shore in this direction.

The State of Massachusetts at one time maintained an institution at Monson, Massachusetts, for the little children that had come under its control and care, through the crime, death, or intemperance of parents. It was called the "State Primary School." Once I made a visit to the school when there were nearly six hundred children in its care. It was Sunday, and the superintendent invited me to remain during the chapel exercises, and make a little talk to the children. They filed down the side aisles in nondescript

uniform, singing a marching Sunday-school song, and passed directly in front of the platform, up the broad aisle, to their seats. As I observed them, my attention was arrested by the unfortunate appearance of many. One little girl who sang like a lark, was fair-haired, blue-eyed, and rosy-cheeked, wore an empty dress-sleeve, — one arm was gone. The superintendent answered my inquiry by explaining that she was thrown out of a third-story chamber window, by a drunken mother. A little boy swung painfully along on crutches, assisted by a comrade on each side of him. His face was twisted and distorted. The superintendent explained his condition thus: "This little fellow had typhoid fever when he was two years old. While he was still weak as a new-born babe, his drunken mother took him into the kitchen in her arms, and dropped him on a red-hot cook-stove, and he was only rescued when the smell of burning flesh invaded the next apartment. He is ruined for life; it is a pity that he survived." Another boy had lost an eye. "Gouged out by a drunken father!" was the superintendent's explanation.

Long before the time came for me to speak I was past the power of speech. Will you tell me what I could have said to them? I remembered that I belonged to a class of the community whose men vote yearly for the maintenance of the liquor traffic; that they send representatives to the legislature that enacts laws for its maintenance; that the state takes this liquor traffic under its protection, and accepts fees for licensing it to do this evil work; and I found myself unable to say anything. These children had been robbed of all the rights of childhood, — the right to be well born, — the right to the love of father and mother, — the right to home, education, and protection. They had been born into misery, homelessness, and brutality. So accus-

tomed were they to their sorrowful lot, that they were unaware of it, and did not dream that they were objects of pity. One little girl leaned over to her teacher, and asked, "Why does the lady cry?" I asked the superintendent, "How many of these children have drunken parents?" "Every one of them," was his reply, "every one of them!"

At Tewksbury, Massachusetts, there is a large state poorhouse, where there is an average of a thousand paupers all the while, and in the course of a year, about three thousand. In a visit which I made to that institution, some few years ago, I looked over the motley company of human beings that had assembled, many of them so repulsive in appearance that one hesitated to shake hands with them, and then asked the attendant in charge, how many of them owed their pauperism to strong drink? "Oh, almost all of them!" said he. "Drunkenness, with all the related vices of drunkenness, has brought them into this condition of pauperism and disability."

Ah, dear friends, strong drink costs us more than nine hundred million dollars a year! It is estimated that the care of these delinquent, defective, and criminal classes, with the costs of courts which try them, the officers in charge of them, the care of them in sickness, their food, clothing, and shelter, makes up a sum total of about nine hundred million dollars more, taking the various states of the Union together. That is, the liquor traffic costs the nation, as a whole, the incredible amount of eighteen hundred million dollars,—nearly two billions of money. Is it strange that the gaunt spectre of poverty stalks through the land?

Who can give us the statistics of the drunkard's home? Who can make up an estimate of the want and woe, the fear and horror that brood over the household, to which the father returns, night after night, in the ever-varying moods

of intoxication? Who can picture the woes of the drunkard's wife and children, their shame at his maudlin condition, their sense of loss of joy and happiness, and their utter despair of a better future, while the author of their wretchedness lives! I sometimes wonder, when I hear the statement, which I yet believe with all my heart, that God is our Father, and loves us all with more than a fatherly and motherly affection, how it can be possible for Him to be happy, when the knowledge that I have of the woes wrought by drunkenness are multiplied in his consciousness a million fold? How could the morning stars sing together for joy? Why did they not send back a wail that would echo through the universe?

During one of the battles of our late civil war, when nothing had been gained during the first day of the fight, it was decided to renew the battle on the morrow. But General Thomas discovered that his men were nearly out of ammunition, and that they had rations for only one more meal. He could not therefore engage the enemy the next morning as he had intended, but sent for the reserves who were waiting to be called, and made a feint of preparing for a battle, to divert the enemy's attention, till the reinforcements should arrive. The forenoon passed, and the afternoon was declining, and still the reserves had not appeared. A cloud was discerned on the distant horizon. It rose to the zenith, it became more dense and impenetrable, and at last, looking eagerly through powerful field-glasses, lo! the reinforcements were coming. The artillery was leading. The men were astride the horses, lashing them to their utmost speed; the cavalry following in hot haste, and the infantry struggling with all their might and main to make the best time possible. General Thomas and his staff rode forward to meet them. General Geary was in command.

The situation was explained to him. "If this day ends in victory for our forces, it must be by the help of your command;" said General Thomas. "My men are without rations, and they have not ammunition for a battle. We must overpower the enemy, and prevent them from going North over the pass we are seeking to hold. Can your men drive them from their position, and beat them back, and so gain the day?" "We will try," said General Geary.

The word of command was given and immediately a series of evolutions began. Battalion after battalion wheeled into line, division followed division, all taking the positions to which they were assigned, in preparation for the coming struggle. The enemy now comprehended that they had been deceived, and that they had been played with during the day, until General Thomas should be reinforced with fresh troops. They now sought to prevent the military manœuvres which they perfectly understood, and dropped shot and shell among the serried hosts, which caused death, and maiming worse than death, but which did not halt the preparations. Stepping over the dead and the dying, the ranks closed up, and when at last the clouds of dust were laid, and the military movements had ended in the proper placing of the men, the enemy saw confronting them a wall of solid human masonry, in army blue and bristling steel.

The attack began. Gathering up all the men that were available, a charge was made upon the Union forces, with fixed bayonets. It was received by the boys in blue, with the front rank kneeling, their guns planted on the ground, and the shock of the compact was so great that men were transfixed by each other's bayonets, and fell to the earth, pinned together. The enemy were beaten back, with great loss. A second charge was ordered, and, like the first, was

made with frantic shouts and yells. But again the enemy were driven. A third time a charge was ordered. And then no less a personage than General Bragg led the desperate, rushing host,—a splendid target for the bullets of the Union men,—and in tones of authority, and almost of agony, he commanded his men to break through the ranks at whatever cost. But they were received by the well-provisioned and well-disciplined soldiers, upon whom they threw themselves, with such steadiness and energy, that they made no break in the ranks, and were themselves dashed backwards in dismay. As the rock-bound coast of New England, in a fierce southeasterly storm, receives the mountainous waves that are dashed upon it, only to throw them back into the depths, disintegrated into spray, so were these confederate hosts thrown back upon themselves, broken, defeated, and slaughtered.

"Now, boys, down after them, and drive them!" shouted General Geary. And away they went, like a western cyclone, over the dead, over the living, trampling all under foot in war's merciless way. General Thomas and his staff watched the complete rout of the enemy, until they were sure that they were beaten and thoroughly demoralized, and then there went up from the field a shout of victory that rang out over the noise of war, the boom of guns, and the shouts of the victors.

"This is Geary's victory!" said General Thomas to his staff. "How superbly he handled his men! How like animated granite they stood! It is to him that we owe the victory. Where is he? He must be congratulated on the spot, he must be breveted on the field!" And they went in search of him. One said he was leading the pursuit,—another, that he had gone to his tent. At last, one of his brother officers found him in his tent, sitting in the light of

a candle burning in the upturned handle of a bayonet, his arms folded over his breast, every feature of his face and every muscle of his body indicating dejection. His friend rushed in upon him with congratulations. "General Geary, don't you hear the shouts? Don't you know that we have won the day, and that it is to you the glory belongs? General Thomas has sent me to escort you to the field, where he and his staff are waiting. You are to be breveted on the field for bravery! And the best of it is that you have not received a scratch."

"Do not, I entreat you, congratulate me!" said General Geary. "I cannot go to General Thomas. I do not wish for promotion! I do not care for congratulation! Please excuse me to General Thomas and tell him I cannot come."

"You do not expect me to return with that answer to our commander!" said the messenger. "Come, let me escort you to General Thomas; they are all waiting for you. We are all so glad that you are unharmed!"

"O, said General Geary, "I *am* injured! I *am* wounded! I am shot through the heart!"

"What do you mean?" said his friend.

"I am so sorely wounded that there is no balm in all the world that can ease my pain. I am so mortally hurt that there is no surgery that can ever cure my wound. I shall carry my aching and wounded heart through life, and no surgical skill can ever heal it." And rising, he tottered to the corner of the tent, and turning back the blanket, revealed the dead body of his only son, his chief of staff, who, following his father in that hot pursuit, had received a minie ball in his heart. As he reeled in the saddle, his father caught him in his arms, and bore him away to his own tent, the sounds of rejoicing sounding in his ears like mockery, and the victory of the day turned for him into

defeat. With the experiences and confidences of the last twenty years, during which I have been very much occupied in the temperance reform, I never talk to an audience on the subject of temperance without remembering this incident. If I could unroof the souls of those whom I am addressing, and look in upon their secret griefs known only to God, how many of you should I find refusing to be comforted, because of the ruin of the son in whom you had garnered your hopes, or the destruction of the daughter who was the very light of your life. Does the liquor traffic pay, dear friends? Will one of you say, now that you know the pecuniary loss, and the waste of men and women to which the liquor traffic subjects us, that it is a paying business? The money loss of this nefarious traffic should alone be sufficient reason for its extirpation. Honorable Carroll D. Wright, Chief of the National Bureau of the Statistics of Labor, is authority for the statement that for every dollar paid in by the saloons for their licenses, twenty-one dollars are paid out by the people, who are compelled to bear the cost and waste and damage, that are incidental to the business of the saloon. Honorable Edward Atkinson, one of the leading fiscal statisticians of our times, tells us that while it costs but five dollars *per capita* to run the government, the annual cost of spirits, beer, and wine is fifteen dollars a head. From whatever standpoint the estimate is made the liquor traffic is a losing business. It robs the people,—it demoralizes the community,—it engenders vice and crime, and is a steady menace to civilization.

If we would see the deadliest work wrought by the liquor traffic, and the appetite for strong drink, we must go to the "slums." In all cities there are "slums," — unclean, festering, seething, ruinous, uncanny quarters, where human be-

ings are crowded, as no decent man herds his cattle. These poor brothers and sisters of ours have fallen so low that the world wishes them kept out of sight. We used to have contempt for the Salvation Army, with its tambourines and drums, its discordant music, its cheap processions, and high-sounding military titles, and thought it was well that the municipal authorities desired to put a stop to their parades. But it was the Salvation Army that gave us a revelation of the "slums," and inspired the movement for their redemption. They, alone, for a time, had the divine courage to attempt the rescue of these human wrecks, who had sunk to the depths of such an abyss that they were bereft of heart, hope, and moral nature, were absolutely without friends and means of livelihood. The police hounded them down, decent society forgot them, the church ignored them, they were seemingly abandoned of God.

In the old days of Indian warfare, when they would take a captive who seemed strong, lithe, and fleet, they would allow him to "run the gauntlet" for his life. Leading him out to the head of two lines of dusky savages, who were not to move an iota from the places assigned them, the great chief would say, "If you can run through this line of warriors, every one of whom may strike at you as you fly, and yet escape unharmed, you shall have your life, and go free." And looking down the long lines, where every brave, warrior, and squaw stood with uplifted hatchet, tomahawk, club, or gleaming knife, ready to strike at the flying captive as he sped down the line, he would sometimes decline to "run the terrible gauntlet."

But the boys and girls of the "slums" are obliged to run a more horrible gauntlet than this, — for theirs is the gauntlet of the grog-shops and their annexes of vice, — and they cannot escape them unscathed, but are struck down,

and there is no hope for them in the present order of things. Here and there are "slum settlements," sometimes made by hopeful college girls, who are inspired with a Christ-like passion to save the lost, sometimes by Andover men, and sometimes by young Catholic priests, who establish themselves in the midst of these earthly hells, and begin to let hope and light into very dark places. But all the while, the protected and licensed traffic in intoxicating beverages goes on around them, and where the "settlements" rescue one from ruin, the low groggeries of the locality manufacture half a dozen battered wrecks.

Not only among the sunken and drifting "jetsam and flotsam" of humanity does the traffic in intoxicating drinks work woe, as I have said before, it invades the highest circles of society. There is hardly a household in the land that does not bewail its ravages, — there are few families where it has not left one dead.

Do not, for an instant, imagine that I am hopeless of ultimate success in the temperance battle we are waging. It is a struggle for the right, for a higher manhood, a nobler civilization. Whatever is right, is of God, and takes on his omnipotence, and immortality, and ultimately, sometime, somewhere, must and will win. It cannot ultimately fail. The victory may be deferred, but it will surely come, for in the long run the right comes uppermost. Never does a reform eventuate as we plan it. Many prophecies were made concerning the manner of death that should overtake the colossal evil of slavery, which, swept elsewhere from the face of the earth, had entrenched itself in America, and was making a last desperate fight for existence.

But whoever sketched the downfall of slavery in this fashion? The North and South will become embattled.

The North will put two millions of men in the field and the South a million and a half. There will be a four-years war. The continent will tremble under the tramp of armed men, and the heavens will glow with the fire of artillery. A million men, North and South, will go down into death, or into an invalidism worse than death. Five million women and children, through this bereavement, will lose their joy in life, their hope for the future. The flower of our young men will lie dead on the field, the horses will be red with blood to their bridles, the rivers will run with blood. A mountain of debt will be heaped up for posterity to pay, as the price of a nation's redemption. And when all other measures fail to end the war, the President will issue a Proclamation of Emancipation, — not as a moral measure, — but as a "military necessity," — and then the chains shall drop from four million of slaves!

Who made this prediction? No one! It was never even suggested. And yet this was the way out of the evil of slavery. History will tell this story to our children, and our children's children, down to the latest generation. No one can yet see the way out from under the awful curse of the liquor traffic which overshadows us. But there is a way out, and we shall yet find it. And the time is coming, in the not far-distant future, when we shall celebrate our temperance victory, as, some thirty years ago, we all rejoiced in the death of slavery. Whether this side the dark river, or beyond, baptized in immortality, we shall all unite in the grand refrain, "Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"

Has the Night of Death no Morning?

EVERY problem must be wrought out in the department in which it belongs. We do not take a purely mathematical question into the chemical laboratory for solution, nor do we take problems of chemistry into the observatory of the astronomer. While the various divisions of scientific knowledge and research sometimes overlap, and are always more or less nearly related, they are at the same time independent in themselves.

The great question of the continued life of the soul after death,—the problem of the immortal life,—cannot be solved by any logical process alone, nor yet by scientific demonstration. It receives its highest endorsement from our spiritual nature, and that is the last and noblest development to which the human being attains. It is only reached by a conquest of the animal within us, by an unswerving love of truth, and by such love for our fellow-beings that our greatest happiness is found in helping them, and rendering them service.

This is not an easy condition to reach, nor to maintain. It is accomplished only by struggle, by discipline, and by an earnest desire, and an honest purpose to grow steadily Godward. It is the nature of man to grow intellectually, and also spiritually, but the progress is often very slow. We continually meet people who are so conscious of the pettiness of our daily life, as it is usually lived, so painfully aware of their own unworthiness, and of the groveling aims and methods of those by whom they are surrounded, that they have serious doubts whether

it be worth while for the Infinite to continue human life, when it ends on earth, — whether there is enough in man, at the best, to warrant the bestowal upon him of immortality.

We are like the weavers of tapestry that we see in the old world. The weaver sits behind his web, or sometimes obliquely under it, with his pattern at his side, and weaves slowly by hand. As he compares his work with the pattern given him to copy, he sees only jagged knots and ends, and an elongated and distorted caricature of the model, for he is looking at the wrong side of the tapestry. He thinks he is justified in condemning it. "This work is not worth doing," he might say, in the same spirit in which we complain, "this life is not worth living." "What a waste of my time and strength! Who will care for this badly-wrought work, distorted and hideous, with its jagged knots and ends? It is folly to continue it; it would have been better if I had never undertaken it." But the superintendent of the factory, who has assigned the task to the weaver, and given him that for which he has capacity, looks at the work from the upper side, and sees growing under the hand of the workman a perfect transcript of the copy set before him.

We are like these weavers. We look at life and at its occupations from the underneath side, and rarely seem to be able to project ourselves beyond this life, to get a glimpse of it from an upper and higher standpoint.

Taking people as we meet them, their estimate of human life varies according to the standpoint that they occupy, and this is for the most part petty and unworthy. What should we say to a man who owned a large estate of wonderful beauty and fertility, with a palatial mansion in the center that stretched up into the blue some five or six stories,

crowned with an observatory on top, if he persisted in living in the basement of his house? Artists seek him, and, unrolling their sketches, reveal to him landscapes of exquisite beauty, which they have transcribed from his far-stretching domain. Poets sing to him of the lake sleeping at the foot of the hills, of the green valleys where sleek herds are peacefully grazing, of the shimmering river hastening to the sea, of the leafy woodland which is a harborage of birds, — and congratulate him that he is the fortunate possessor of this rare grouping of natural scenery. Looking out the windows of the basement, he remonstrates: "Mock me not, I beseech you! I am, alas! not the happy personage you assume me to be. I look out the window and see only sticks and stones and earth and dirt. The beauty of which you rave lies wholly in your imagination. I know my estate and all its belongings, for can I not at any time estimate them by looking out the window?" What would you say to him? "My dear sir, this is not the way for you to judge of your estate. Leave the basement of your house, and mount, flight above flight, to the observatory on the roof, and then look off with far-reaching vision and your eyes will be gladdened by the beauty we have seen."

We are like the man who lives in the basement of his house. We are obliged to occupy the basement of our natures at times, for we have animal wants that must be regarded. "What shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" are demands that must be answered, not only for ourselves, but for those dependent upon us. Too many of us are content to remain in the realm of material and animal life. Not until our low dwelling-place is invaded by floods of sorrow, when our beloved drop into the arms of death, or our earthly possessions vanish like the mists of the morning, do we realize

that we have any other resort. Then, compelled to flee to the heights in our desolation, we sometimes obtain a glimpse of our great inheritance, and realize that while we have lost all, we are yet rich.

"If a man die, shall he live again?" is a question propounded so long ago, that it antedates chronology. It has echoed down the ages ever since, and is urged to-day with as much importunate and tender pathos as when first it was uttered. No one is so certain of the continued life of the soul that he would not gladly be more certain, while to a large number it is a question of supreme importance. Life is, to them, of no value, till it is proven to be unending, and they grope on aimlessly without a motive-power, till they shall be convinced that death is but an incident in an unbroken existence, which the soul survives. That fact, when proved beyond a peradventure, will, to them, lift life to the height of an unspeakably blessed endowment. They can then work for lasting results,—their plans will have the scope of eternity. Is there proof of a conscious, personal life after death? Does death end all, or will a to-morrow break upon its darkness?

It is a remarkable fact that there has been a well-nigh universal hope of a future life among all peoples in the past, as in the present. When we go back to one of the oldest nations of antiquity, which was the great leader of the early civilization, of whom the Greeks learned practical wisdom, we find abundant proof that the Egyptians believed in a life after death. They embalmed the bodies of the dead, to prevent their decay, for they believed the soul lingered about its earthly tenement, while it resisted decomposition, and was interested in the events of earth that were transpiring, and so with unkind kindness they strove to make the body immortal, and but for the destructive vandals of civil-

ization would have very nearly succeeded. When the mummy pits were opened by European investigators, and the cerements were removed in which the mummies had been enwrapped, they found a cross marked on the last covering that enfolded the breast. What did it signify? It could have no reference to the Christian religion, for this was thousands of years before the advent of Christ. When the hieroglyphic, or picture language of Egypt was mastered, they found that this cross was simply a defiance to death. Its interpretation was an assurance to surviving friends that the soul had not departed,—for the cross on the breast was the declaration, "I still live!"

Sometimes the mummified bodies were deposited in tombs hewn out of the solid rock. In many instances the walls of the interior were decorated with pictures representing the passage of the soul through various stages of being, in the life beyond. In that dry and rainless climate, these pictures have been preserved intact, and we learn from them that the Egyptians, who were the highly civilized people of their day, believed in an active life beyond the grave.

How is it with savage people, who are outside the pale of a high civilization? Some years ago when visiting Minnesota, I was a guest at the same hotel with the officers of a company of soldiers, who had assisted in the removal of a tribe of Indians to a new reservation. As the Indians were unwilling to leave their own settlement for another less desirable, it became necessary for a company of infantry to escort them to their new home. Having accomplished their work, the soldiers were now on their return. I became much interested in the stories of the officers concerning these red aborigines, who had been compelled like others of their race to "move on," and were "made willing" only by

a show of force. I was specially interested in the narrations of the chaplain. Among the migrating Indians, was a mother with a sick papoose. When the child was kept in perfect quiet, it did not seem to suffer much, but when the mother carried it on her back, it shrieked with pain. So, folding her blanket for a pallet, she placed the baby upon it, and bore it carefully on her outstretched arms, endeavoring to steady herself as she walked, that the child might not feel the motion of her body. But it still moaned and moaned, and appeared in great suffering.

At last the savage father became enraged at the wailings of the little papoose, and waited until his wife came up with him, when he took the baby by the legs, and dashing out its brains against a tree, he threw the lifeless body on the ground. The poor mother made no complaint, and shed no tears. It would have been worse than useless, and she knew it. She waited until the marching column had passed out of sight, the chaplain remaining with her. He explained to her that her baby was dead, and that the only thing she could give it now was decent burial. They hollowed a grave in the soft earth, the mother made a bed of leaves for the little one to rest upon, and then taking from under her garments a string of wampum, which had taken more months to make than her child had lived, she folded it between the little hands, and proceeded to fill the grave with leaves and earth. The chaplain remonstrated. "The baby is dead," he said; "it will never need the wampum. Keep it yourself; it may be useful to you by and by." But the mother, looking up into his eyes mournfully, replied, "I have put the money into my baby's hands, that she may be able to pay her passage, for she has gone into the land of the Great Spirit, where the pale faces will not drive their red brethren from their homes, and where fathers will not

murder their children." Ignorant, debased, downtrodden, without instruction or opportunity, this Indian mother asserted positively that her baby, dead at her feet, was still living, and was going to its Father, the Great Spirit.

Now it signifies something, when we find that all races and classes of people, whether civilized or uncivilized, cultured or uncultured, believe in the continued existence of the soul after death. James Freeman Clarke used to say, "We do not try to prove the doctrine of the immortality of the soul because we disbelieve it, but because believing it, in spite of ourselves, we want to be able to give a reason for our faith." What is the explanation of this instinct of life within us? Whence comes this longing after immortality? It is sometimes the strongest at the very moment when body and soul seem about to dissolve partnership forever. It buoys us up continually as our friends drop away from our encompassing arms, into those of death, and we are baffled in our efforts to follow them on their trackless path, into larger life and nobler experiences. Is not this hope, this strong assurance of eternal life, that springs up within us in our darkest moments, as much a part of our mental and moral constitution as is the instinct of love? Has the great Creator implanted within us this aspiration for immortality, only to dash us against the wall of blank annihilation, when the hour comes for Him to redeem his promise? Will not God keep faith with us?

> "Tell me, O Death,—
> If that thou rul'st the earth; if 'dust to dust'
> Shall be the end of love, and hope, and strife,—
> From what rare land is blown this living breath
> Which shapes itself to whispers of strong trust,
> And tells the lie—if *'tis* a lie—*of life?*"

We will suppose that a father is rearing a family of children in great poverty. They have insufficient food, and

that of the coarsest kind. They are cheaply clad in poor fabrics, and lack even a sufficiency of this shabby clothing. The home which shelters them is but a cabin, through whose chinks there enter the wind and the storm, the rain and the snow. But the father promises the children that when they attain their majority, there shall be a change for the better in their condition. "You shall then throw off the rags which now cover you," he assures them, "and be clad in garments of enduring fabrics, as beautiful as they shall be lasting. You shall gratify your appetite for food at a table that shall be spread with appetizing viands, and shall know the luxury of good food, well prepared. You shall step out of this poor hut into a spacious mansion, substantially built, and well furnished with every device for enjoyment and convenience." The children develop to maturity, and become men and women of great expectations. They will not allow themselves to be pauperized by their present bare surroundings. They are looking forward to the day when they are to enter upon their great inheritance, and they live with dignity, and are not dragged down to the level of their wretched environment.

The day at last arrives when they attain their majority, and are palpitating with expectation. The father comes to them, not to fulfil his long made predictions, but to confess himself a fraud. He coolly informs them that "the promise of a wonderful change in their condition must go unredeemed. I have never intended to verify it; I lack both the power and the inclination. If there is to be any change whatever in the future, it is to be a further deterioration downward. I have simply cheated you all through the years of your growth and development." What reply could children make to so unfatherly a father? And what could we say of God, our Heavenly Father, if the promise He has

implanted within us of a nobler career hereafter should be as ruthlessly mocked?

There is another thought. We are the children of God. "In our spirits does his spirit shine, as shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew." The possibilities of the human soul are therefore limitless. But our life upon earth is so brief, and the necessities of existence so frequently compel us to develop our lower natures first, that very few have anything like a fair unfolding of their higher faculties. Life is not long enough, and we lack opportunity to show what there is in us. Beethoven, the great musical composer, whose wonderful sonatas and symphonies sound the depths of all human feeling and passion, was yet good for nothing else in life. He was so shabby a business man, and so impecunious, that his rich brother was very careful to write his own name "Beethoven, the land-owner," that he might not be confounded with his shiftless, musical brother. Beethoven, the musical composer, hearing of this, wrote his name, "Beethoven, the brain-owner." And if Beethoven the brain-owner had not lived, and written music that is so much the outcome of the human soul as to possess earthly immortality, we should not know that Beethoven the land-owner had ever existed. There is no doubt in my mind but that Beethoven the brain-owner, the musician, had he lived long enough and been instructed, might have been developed as a business man, and would have accomplished a vast deal in other departments of life.

Claude, the great painter, was a common menial until he was past thirty years of age. One day, as he entered a studio with an armful of wood, he caught a glimpse of the pictures on the easels at which the students were working. "Why, I could do that if I were taught!" was his exclamation. "I make pictures with charcoal on walls and fences."

So rapt was he in admiration, that his pictures were examined, and it was found that he had a correct eye for drawing. He was put under instruction, and in a short time surpassed his masters, and became the teacher of those who had taught him. Year after year our artists, who have learned all that modern instruction can teach, cross the Atlantic and sit at the feet of Claude to learn of him, through his pictures in the great galleries. They try to catch the trick of his coloring, which is as vivid and tender as when he painted, hundreds of years ago. They seek to understand the method by which he snatched the glamour that lies upon the earth and sea, and transferred it to his canvas, and which the modern artist does not seem to attain. Suppose Claude had died before he was thirty, and had never made that visit to the studio. What would have become of that undeveloped gift of depicting the beautiful which has given him a hold upon the centuries, and makes him a power in the world of art to-day? If death ends all, what would have become of Claude's godlike endowment, if he had died while it lay latent within him?

Most of us, who have reached adult life, have at some time stood in the chamber of the dying, as they have been making the passage of the valley of the shadow of death alone. We have seen them already transfigured. They have listened to music and song that our ears heard not. They have conversed with personages who were not revealed to our vision, and we have sometimes felt that a flash of the great glory into which they have entered has dazzled our eyes, and forbade us to weep.

Starr King, a New England stripling, but an intellectual Hercules, was beloved and petted to so great an extent that he went to California, as he said, "to find out if there was any manliness in him." There he threw himself into a three-

fold work with the energy of a Titan. He gathered a church and became its minister, and soon impressed the reckless society of San Francisco with the divineness of his spirit. The demon of secession, which sought to destroy the Union, laid its toils for the capture of California. But the loyal soul of Starr King revolted against such treachery, and he entered the lists against the secessionists. Going up and down the Pacific coast with eloquent speech and magnetic power, he won the state for the intact and undivided nation. In those days, many young men and women who had found their way to the golden state were lost in the vile purlieus of San Francisco, or had dropped into the abysses of vice from which few are rescued. Fired with a divine passion for saving the lost, Starr King plunged into the haunts of vice and crime, and while his own pure spirit caught no stain from contact with evil, he upheaved those who had fallen with the force of his own divine mightiness.

In the midst of this triple work, which engrossed him to the utmost, he was met by the angel of death. He had been ill for a few days, and the family physician was summoned.

"Mr. King," said the doctor, who was a member of his parish, "if you knew you were soon to die, have you much to do in the way of preparation?"

"O yes," replied the sick man, "I should have a great deal to do in the way of placing my work in the hands of others."

"Then, my dear friend," said the doctor, "I beseech you to address yourself to that work with all despatch, for you have but a half-hour of life."

It was not possible for the young man to understand it. He was so full of life, even at that last hour, that he could not understand that the last moment of his life drew on

apace. "I have always believed," he said, "that whenever the time came for me to die, I should know it; but I do not feel that the end has come."

When convinced that the next duty before him was the duty of dying, he made brief and clear preparations for his departure, placing the interests of his church in the hands of trustees, bidding farewell to his wife and little children, and then sketching the work he had begun for others to complete.

"All the possibilities of my immortality come over me!" was his triumphant declaration, as the pallor of his face deepened, and the ashen hue of death was clearly marked. So glowing was his speech concerning the life on which he was entering, that, although any of the friends around his bedside would have gone gladly to death to have given him a longer lease of life, not one broke in upon the eloquence of the dying man with tears or lamentations. Do you say that this man had preached the doctrine of immortality, and discussed the life beyond the grave, until when he came to die, the wish was father to the thought, and he converted himself to his own theory? Then what will you say to this incident?

A little child in my neighborhood, only five years old, whose happy, brief life had never been shadowed by a knowledge of sickness or death, the darling of the household, was smitten with diphtheria, and passed swiftly to death in great suffering. Her anguish was so great that her mother could not witness it, and fainted at the bedside. She was placed in the care of a nurse, and I took the place of the poor mother as well as I was able. As the child lay panting in a paroxysm of pain, the little mouth flecked with bloody foam, and the sweet face distorted with agony, she said to her father, "Papa, I am so very sick I am afraid I

am going to die, and, papa, I can't die! I am afraid to die. If mamma, or you, or brother or sister, would die with me, to show me the way, then I should not be afraid. But I am a little girl, papa, and I do not know the way, and I cannot go alone."

With wonderful self-control, the father said, "My daughter, God does not ask anybody to go alone, when death comes. He does not ask grown people to do it. When the time comes for you to die, and you let go of papa's hand, and step out of this world into the other, you will find the angels of God waiting for you whom He has sent to accompany you, and they will go with you all the way, and you will not go alone. So, my dear child, do not worry about it." The little one was comforted, and, the next morning, when we hoped she was better, because she was free from pain, she lay quietly in bed looking about the room. Suddenly she turned to her father with a bright and eager face, and said, "Papa, it is just as you told me. The angels have come for me, and want me to go. There's Freddie, and Mary, and Lucy, and Willie, and Charlie. Kiss me papa, and there is another kiss for mamma, and now good-bye!" Raising herself from the pillow, she stretched out her hands towards attendants whom we did not see, a smile flashed over her face, — the eyes closed slowly, — the arms drooped, — and the passage was made from the chamber of sickness to that larger chamber of the King. Did that little girl deceive herself? Was she the victim of her own imaginings?

A good many years ago, on a certain tenth day of January, the Pemberton mill collapsed at Lawrence, Massachusetts. It had been badly built, and its downfall and destruction had been predicted. There was a sharp report of cracking timbers, a loosening of the girders, a displacement of

the floors, a sliding of the machinery,—and then, the horror-stricken occupants of the factory, many hundreds in number, went down with the building, in a crash that shook the town like an earthquake. All business was suspended. The alarm bells were rung, great crowds gathered about the ruined building, and relief parties were organized that went in under the arching timbers, removing the dead and dying, and assisting the living to escape.

Some one called out that large timbers barred the way, so that a company of twenty or thirty in one room could not make their exit from the ruin. Forgetting that the gas was pouring into the doomed building when it fell, and had not been turned off at the meter, some one carried a lighted lamp into the wreck. An explosion followed. Dense clouds of smoke poured out from the building, and lurid tongues of flame leaped forth with destructive power. A cry of horror rang through the crowd, for now the imprisoned operatives were threatened with a death whose terrors could not be exaggerated. For a moment all were held in a paralysis of despair, not knowing what to do. Suddenly, right where the smoke was densest, and the forked flames were shooting fiercely skyward, the awful silence was broken by the voice of a girl, singing:

"This life's a dream, an empty show,
But to a brighter world I go;
I'm drifting to a heavenly shore,—
I'm going home, to die no more;—
O God be thanked, to die no more!"

She had not reached the end of the first line, when a pathetic alto voice joined her. Then there came in the soaring, ringing, triumphant tenor. Bass voices added their volume of music to the song. And there went up to God, in that chariot of fire, some twenty-five or thirty Sunday-school

children, singing in chorus, "We're going home to die no more!" It was a defiance to death all the way! What sang? The indestructible soul, which is never so sure of its eternal tenure of life, as when it is about to part company with the body forever! Never so certain that it cannot die, as at the moment when what we call the process of death is taking place.

To many eternal life seems incredible, because of their low estimate of humanity. They would gladly accept this largeness of hope, but say, "It is too good to be true! It is too much to believe! We are only the poor creatures of a day, tossed hither and yon by the currents of life, unable to see a hand's breadth before us, the sport of passion and appetite, and of circumstances beyond our control. What are we, that God should give us a hold upon the life immortal? We are so infinitesimal that it is not worth while for God to continue us in existence. He had better employ His power in work more worthy of Him."

This was the trouble with Harriet Martineau. She had so small an estimate of herself, and of the work that she had done for the world, that, when she came to pass out of life, she said, "If I were God I would not continue Harriet Martineau. It is not worth His while. He had better do something worthier of God, and let me drop out." It never occurred to her that it was worth God's while to give her being and to usher her into life, when she was a delicate and helpless infant; to take charge of her through her long career, during which she had never one moment of perfect health, but lived and wrought under the disadvantage of lacking three out of the five senses, with which most people are endowed. She forgot that while she was thus handicapped, she had been able to write over one hundred books in the interest of humanity, through every one of which

there ran character, and a noble purpose, as steadily as a trade-wind blows. She had brought the world in her debt, by her lifelong work for its advancement. And now, when she had been developed as a mighty moral force, and had become a power for good, she thought it not worth while for God to continue her in existence.

It does not seem to me incredible that we shall live on after death. I am lost in wonder over the fact that we have been born into life, and are here to-day. If our existence were not an accomplished fact, but a matter of prediction, — a mere prophecy only, — we might disbelieve *that.* It would seem too utterly impossible. Follow me, if you can, in a most insupposable journey outside the gate of life, where there waits a disembodied, unborn baby soul in the chilly void and darkness. Suppose an angel from heaven should visit that unclothed, tiny soul, that unlighted spark of more than Promethean fire, and predict the future: "You are to be born into life. You are to be clothed with a body so wonderful in its complicated mechanism, that after it has been studied by the most scientific men for tens of thousands of years, it will still hold its secrets. You are to be born into the arms of a mother who is waiting for you, with a love that surpasses all love, save that of the Infinite God. A father is ready to overshadow you with his protecting care, and to interpose his affection, as a shield between you and all harm. Little brothers and sisters will leap up with joy at your coming, and will welcome you with kisses, and caresses, and childish gifts. You shall be lapped in affection. You shall be encompassed with love and care which it is not possible to overstate. You shall grow, and develop eyes that will be gladdened with the beauty of earth, — hands that shall acquaint you with the varied forms of nature, — and feet that will carry you on a perpetual pil-

grimage of pleasure, amid flowers and playmates and childish joys.

"Then the time will come, when you shall be put to school, for mental instruction. All the lore of the past will be at your service. Science will conduct you through its wonderland. Music will translate you to a heaven of spiritual joy. All who have ever lived and wrought in the past, from Moses to Washington, shall be your teachers, and what they have accomplished shall enter into your mental furnishing. At last you shall enter the dual life of wedded love, and know the bliss of parenthood. Little children shall nestle in your heart and wind their arms about your neck, and you shall know the divineness of earthly fatherhood and motherhood. This new experience will give you a broader development, and you will learn to pity your brothers and sisters less fortunate than yourself. You will love them, and seek to help them. You will forget yourself, and will ask for their comfort and education. You will swear hostility to the wickedness of the world, and will work for its extirpation. You will be able to do all things that will help bring in a better world, a larger life, a nobler civilization." How incredible such a prediction would seem! Who would dare believe it?

But, dear friends, we are here! To many of us this forecast has become a reality. Others have traveled a long way on the path that I have sketched. All have passed through infancy and childhood, and on many rests the glamour of youth. As for myself, standing now at the foot of the hill of life, with the dusty way that I have come stretching far behind me, and the low gateway confronting me, which opens outward once for every human being, but never inward, I stand with my arms outstretched to the future with this pledge upon my lips: "After my experience

of life, which has been packed with marvels, and has taught me what is highest and best and most enduring, I will believe Thee, O God, though thy promise of the future may seem impossible. The life that I have lived I feel to be preparatory, and prophetic of one greater, now out of sight."

I am convinced that a belief in the existence of the soul after death depends very much upon our manner of living. The higher we attain, and the more we strive after what is best and noblest in life, the more we take hold of immortality, the surer we are of our heavenly destiny. And there are those, whose lives are so noble, and who go through life shining brighter and brighter, like the sun as it tends to the zenith, that they coast near to the heavenly shore, and need no word wasted on them in argument, since they are already convinced.

Victor Hugo, a man of great attainments, who had served the cause of liberty and truth, and rendered invaluable service to his fellows, when near the close of life, said:

"For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and verse. History, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, and song, — I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave, I can say, like so many others, 'I have finished my day's work.' But I cannot say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley,— it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight to open with the dawn. I improve every hour, because I love this world as my fatherland, and because the truth compels me. My work is only a beginning. My monument is hardly above its foundations. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite proves infinity!"

THE END.

SIXTIETH THOUSAND.

A WOMAN'S NARRATIVE

OF

FOUR YEARS' PERSONAL EXPERIENCE AS NURSE IN THE UNION ARMY.

A COMPLETE AND THRILLING RECORD OF THE AUTHOR'S PERSONAL WORK AS FIELD AND HOSPITAL NURSE DURING THE WAR OF THE REBELLION, AND OF HER LABORS AND EXPERIENCES AMONG SICK AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS IN HOSPITALS, CAMPS, AT THE FRONT, AND ON THE BATTLE-FIELD; WITH MANY ANECDOTES, PATHETIC INCIDENTS, AND TOUCHING SCENES, PORTRAYING THE

Lights and Shadows of the War

"As Seen by a Woman."

By MARY A. LIVERMORE.

MRS. LIVERMORE left a happy home and family and devoted nearly four years of her life to the relief and care of sick and wounded soldiers of the War of the Rebellion. The conspicuous service she rendered to the rank and file of the Union army, as a nurse in hospitals, camps, at the front, and on the battle-field, earned for her the gratitude of a nation. To portray her work and experiences during these years, and to present a vivid inner picture of the **WOMANLY SIDE OF THE WAR** *is the prime object of this volume.*

It is a wholly unique work, for it presents what may be termed the **heavenly side of the war,** and this has never hitherto been written. It is replete with the most touching tales, the most stirring anecdotes and incidents, coupled with striking experiences and personal reminiscences. In every chapter she weaves in anecdote after anecdote, incident after incident, story after story, and the reader's attention is held spellbound to

the end of the volume. ☞ *Should every other book on the war be blotted out of existence this one would completely reflect the spirit and work of the women of the North.*

From thousands of testimonials only the following can be given here: —

* * * "*We repeat our belief that no man could write such a book.* The keenness of her insight; the tenderness of her sympathies; the warmth of her language; the pathos of her style; the fullness of her details; the order of the events narrated; the completeness of the scenes described; the vivacity of her expression; combine to make it not merely a unique but *the only standard record of woman's work in our civil war. The country has long been waiting for a work of this kind. It must take high rank at once.*" — ***Methodist Review, New York.***

"*It is, in short, a wonderful story.* My experience as secretary of the Iowa Sanitary Commission had so prepared me to appreciate this rare story, that *after opening it I found it difficult to lay it down, even for a moment. Every word of the 700 handsome pages had to be read.* It was largely done with swelling of heart and not a few tears. Did ever a gifted and eloquent woman have such a tale to tell before? Did ever a tender-hearted, patriotic, and right-loving woman of any land do such a work as is here recorded? Were there ever such memoirs of courage, sacrifice, great-heartedness, and love 'stronger than death' to be gathered up and enshrined by the heart and mind of one who was so largely a part of it all? *Until sensibility to what is most affecting in real life and real woe is dead in men, Mrs. Livermore's book will be a noble one, a moving one.*" — ***Rev. George Magoun, D. D., Late President Iowa College, Grinnell, Iowa.***

"*I have never shed so many tears over one book as I have over this one.* Many times while reading this thrilling story I have said audibly, '*God bless Mrs. Livermore for writing it*'. *It is my heartfelt wish that a million copies of it may be sent out through this broad land. It will do good whenever and wherever read.* I have often asked myself what is the real secret of this book? The only answer I can frame is, that *it is full of 'heart power.' It comes from the heart. The subject is great, the author is great, and the book could not but be great.*" — ***Rev. A. M. Collins, Cameron, Mo.***

"Hospital life with all its thrilling experiences has never been more effectively and pathetically portrayed. *It is written with such power and with such pathos* as only one who had nerve enough and heart enough to place herself at the head of that great heroic enterprise could write, and in a style as natural and easy as if telling a little circle of friends in her own home of the stirring scenes through which she has passed." — ***The Chautauquan, Meadville, Pa.***

"MY STORY OF THE WAR" contains 700 Royal Octavo pages, illustrated with a fine steel-plate portrait of the author from a photograph taken at the age of sixty, and portraits of other famous nurses. It contains a series of magnificent steel-plate engravings illustrating hospital scenes and incidents in the war life of the author; also a series of Chromo-lithograph Plates of *famous old battle-flags,* under whose folds many brave soldiers fell, printed in *sixteen colors* from one hundred and twenty-eight engraved stones, showing all the colors, tints, blood stains, rents, shot-holes, and splintered staffs exactly as they appear in the original flags, of which these plates are in every respect *perfect facsimiles.*

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

IN FINE CLOTH, FULLY ILLUSTRATED, by mail, postage paid, **$3.25**

☞ *Sent by mail to any address, on receipt of the price.*

☞ In remitting send a Post-office Money Order, Express Money Order, or a Bank Draft, payable to the undersigned.

Address A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Publishers, Hartford, Conn.

FIFTY-FIFTH THOUSAND.

DARKNESS AND DAYLIGHT

OR

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF NEW YORK LIFE.

A Pictorial Record

OF

THRILLING PERSONAL EXPERIENCES IN MISSION AND RESCUE WORK, AND LIFE SCENES BY DAY AND NIGHT IN THE GREAT UNDER-WORLD OF NEW YORK.

By Mrs. HELEN CAMPBELL,

Rev. LYMAN ABBOTT, D.D., **Col. THOMAS W. KNOX,**

Detective THOMAS BYRNES.

THE MOTHER'S LAST KISS.

NO publication on any subject or by any author has commanded more attention from the press, the pulpit, and the reading public than this truthful, impressive, and startling volume; nor has any other called forth such unstinted praise and ringing words of "God-speed" from leading ministers of all denominations.

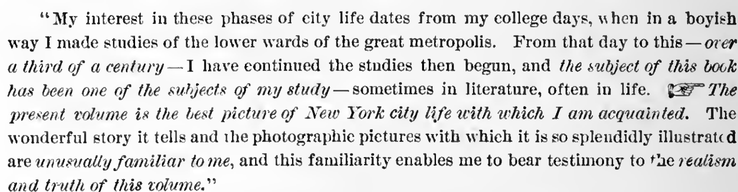
Its authorship is fourfold, *viz.:* **Mrs. Helen Campbell,** *Author and Philanthropist;* **Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D.,** *Editor of "The Outlook," and Pastor of Plymouth Church;* **Col. Thomas W. Knox,** *Famous Author and Journalist;* **Detective Thomas Byrnes,** *the World-Renowned Chief of New York Police and head of the Detective Bureau.*

Mrs. Campbell portrays life in New York as seen by a woman while ministering "In His Name" to the homeless and the oppressed, as well as to desperate men, women, and children in their own haunts, literally in

"Darkest New York." Her heavenly mission gained for her access to their homes and hearts, and brought her face to face with the great underworld of New York *by day and by night.* Her story is overflowing with wonderfully touching and pathetic incidents. Her narrative describing how all night missionaries search for the lost; of the marvelous effect of familiar hymns sung in haunts of vice; of the life of homeless girls, street and newsboys, etc., is a story that will draw tears of compassion from every eye. She conducts us to cellar haunts and stale-beer dives, where rescue bands and mission workers go down into the depths of desolation and woe in the spirit of Christ to rescue the perishing.

No one but a tender-hearted woman could so touchingly describe these scenes. She also gives the *bright* side which Christian effort has produced, for this book possesses a humor all its own, and the reader is often moved to uncontrollable laughter in spite of every effort to control his feelings.

Rev. Lyman Abbot says in his Introduction: —

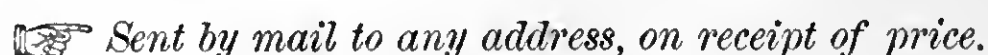

"My interest in these phases of city life dates from my college days, when in a boyish way I made studies of the lower wards of the great metropolis. From that day to this — *over a third of a century* — I have continued the studies then begun, and *the subject of this book has been one of the subjects of my study* — sometimes in literature, often in life. ☞ *The present volume is the best picture of New York city life with which I am acquainted.* The wonderful story it tells and the photographic pictures with which it is so splendidly illustrated are *unusually familiar to me*, and this familiarity enables me to bear testimony to the *realism and truth of this volume.*"

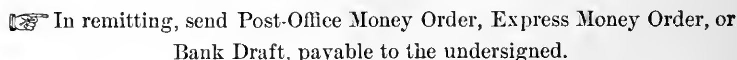
Bright, pure, elevating, and good from beginning to end, this is in every sense a book for Christian homes, and for the young and old of the family circle.

"DARKNESS AND DAYLIGHT" contains 740 Royal Octavo pages, beautifully illustrated with **252** superb illustrations, every one of them *made from photographs taken from life, mostly by flash-light, at all hours of the day and night.* These life-like illustrations rivet the attention of every beholder, for every face is a portrait, every scene a stern reality.

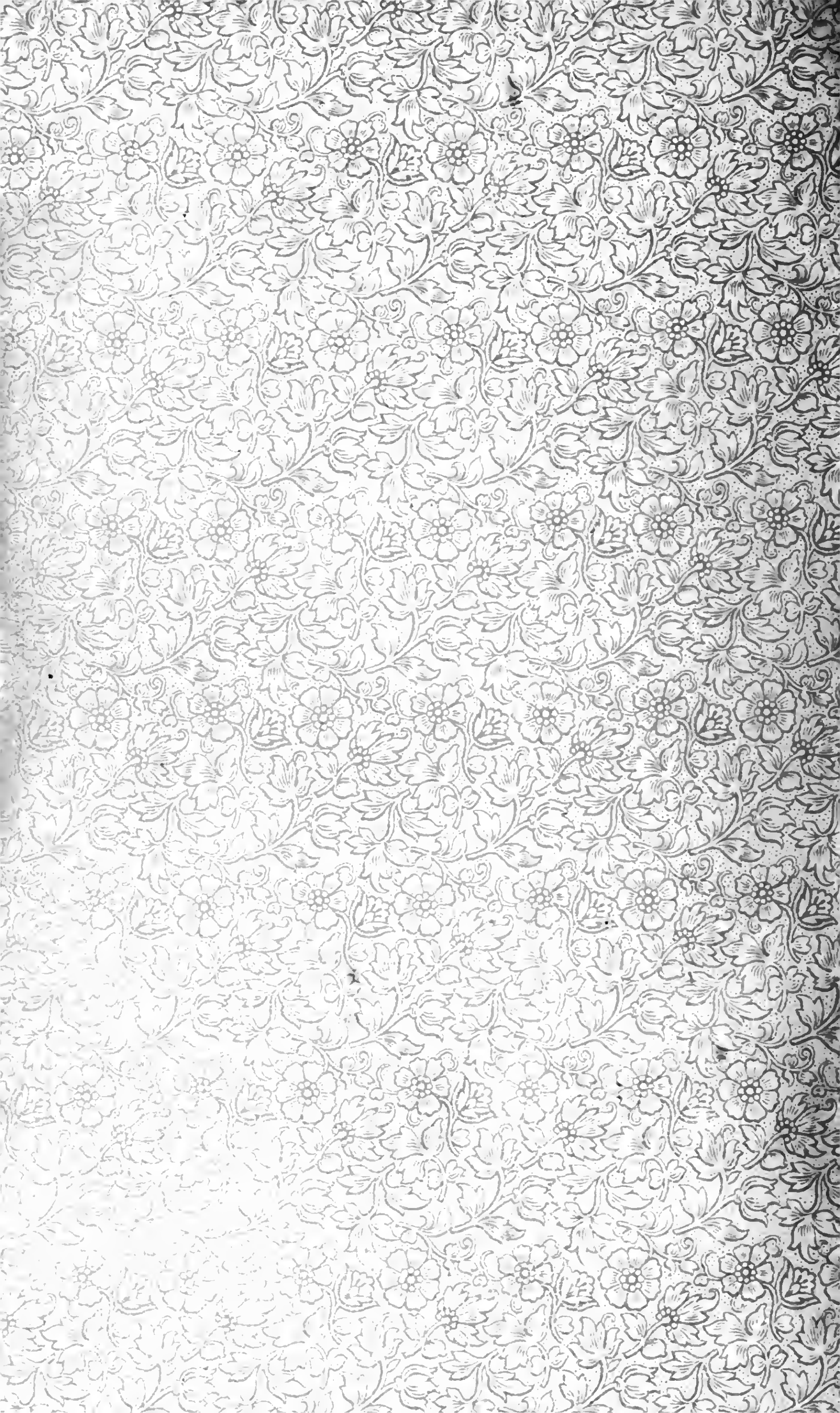
TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

IN FINE CLOTH, FULLY ILLUSTRATED, by mail, postage paid, **$3.00**


☞ *Sent by mail to any address, on receipt of price.*


☞ In remitting, send Post-Office Money Order, Express Money Order, or Bank Draft, payable to the undersigned.

Address A. D. WORTHINGTON & Co., Publishers, Hartford, Conn.



PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

CT 275 L5A3 1899 cop.3
Livermore, Mary Ashton
The story of my life